

Wanted... of the Dominion... tile Goods... neat designs on the... big profits to be re... sent by mail upon... Send for circular.

WANTED... Montreal, Que.

College of Canada... FOR CANDID... The Imperial Regular... for each term... apply to the Deputy... Ottawa, Ontario.

Trustees... we do not sell the... American Maps... W. & A. K... Wall Maps... recognized in the world... FRASER, 27 YEARS.

FRASER, 27 YEARS... and is now open for... who have heretofore... of long... and other... gradually awaken... spots on the Continent... lovely climate, bathing... overlooking... of 150 feet, and com... view of the beautiful... Fraser... for 200 guests. The pro... addition to the... room has been removed... and other... of Detroit River Railway... connecting at Long... FRASER, Proprietor.

FRASER, 27 YEARS... and is now open for... who have heretofore... of long... and other... gradually awaken... spots on the Continent... lovely climate, bathing... overlooking... of 150 feet, and com... view of the beautiful... Fraser... for 200 guests. The pro... addition to the... room has been removed... and other... of Detroit River Railway... connecting at Long... FRASER, Proprietor.

FRASER, 27 YEARS... and is now open for... who have heretofore... of long... and other... gradually awaken... spots on the Continent... lovely climate, bathing... overlooking... of 150 feet, and com... view of the beautiful... Fraser... for 200 guests. The pro... addition to the... room has been removed... and other... of Detroit River Railway... connecting at Long... FRASER, Proprietor.

FRASER, 27 YEARS... and is now open for... who have heretofore... of long... and other... gradually awaken... spots on the Continent... lovely climate, bathing... overlooking... of 150 feet, and com... view of the beautiful... Fraser... for 200 guests. The pro... addition to the... room has been removed... and other... of Detroit River Railway... connecting at Long... FRASER, Proprietor.

FRASER, 27 YEARS... and is now open for... who have heretofore... of long... and other... gradually awaken... spots on the Continent... lovely climate, bathing... overlooking... of 150 feet, and com... view of the beautiful... Fraser... for 200 guests. The pro... addition to the... room has been removed... and other... of Detroit River Railway... connecting at Long... FRASER, Proprietor.

FRASER, 27 YEARS... and is now open for... who have heretofore... of long... and other... gradually awaken... spots on the Continent... lovely climate, bathing... overlooking... of 150 feet, and com... view of the beautiful... Fraser... for 200 guests. The pro... addition to the... room has been removed... and other... of Detroit River Railway... connecting at Long... FRASER, Proprietor.

FRASER, 27 YEARS... and is now open for... who have heretofore... of long... and other... gradually awaken... spots on the Continent... lovely climate, bathing... overlooking... of 150 feet, and com... view of the beautiful... Fraser... for 200 guests. The pro... addition to the... room has been removed... and other... of Detroit River Railway... connecting at Long... FRASER, Proprietor.

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1897.

NO. 973.

SISTERHOODS IN LONDON.

A Protestant Minister on the Labors of These Ministering Angels in the Metropolis.

Writing in the Glasgow Observer, Rev. Harold Rylett, a Protestant minister, says:

Life in London is very much what it is elsewhere, only there is a great deal more of everything. And if it be true of the small provincial town that one-half the people know not how the other half live, it is much more the case in London. London strikes me as a huge battlefield, where the struggle for life is proceeding with a fierceness and an even a savagery that I never dreamed of before. One half of the population probably gets along fairly well on the average. It includes the very rich, the small shopkeepers and the skilled artisan. But the other half is probably in a chronic state of poverty—a chronic condition of uncertainty as to where the next meal is to come from. There is no obvious struggle between these two halves of the population for the good things of life, but the struggle is going on sure enough. The result is that there are always vast numbers of wounded in both camps who need attention.

THE MORALLY WOUNDED. There are, we must never forget, the wounded of other kinds—the morally wounded—who especially require help; the lost sheep who so sorely need the Good Shepherd's loving care.

And the Catholic Church meets both these needs in, to me, a perfectly wonderful manner. At East Finchley, away in the north of London, there is a convent, known as the Convent of the Good Shepherd, where the Sisters devote themselves to the care of no fewer than two hundred and forty lost sheep, whom they have found wandering far from the fold and have carried to safety. Another convent of the same Sisterhood exists at Hammersmith, in the west of London. Here, again, the Sisters have charge of as many as two hundred and thirty or more poor unfortunate. Many of them, of course, through sickness and infirmity, are so reduced as to be unable to do work of any kind, and the Sisters maintain them as best they can.

Both convents are in great need of financial aid, and the Hammersmith institution is in some debt. But the good Sisters are full of faith that the necessary funds will be forthcoming to enable them to clear off their liabilities and afford them a prospect of becoming self-supporting by means of laundry and needlework. How can such work be spoken of? I frankly confess my own inability to speak of it in such terms as it deserves. I can only say that I know no more Christ-like work than this of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd (beautiful name!). They hear of a lost sheep and away they go, after the manner of the Good Shepherd Himself, and they open their arms and their hearts, and the poor, forlorn, broken-hearted creature finds shelter and comfort and tender love and care.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd, however, are not alone in this work. There are the Poor Servants of the Mother of God and the Poor, whose London home is at 4 Percy street, Rathbone place, Oxford street. The Sisters here residing visit the poor of several missions and have charge of the Refuge of Our Lady of Pity for Penitents. I say no more Christ-like work is conceivable. And now, when, as often happens, I meet a couple of good Sisters making their way through the crowded London streets, I quietly thank God that some poor wounded creature in the great fight is about to be succored.

NURSING SISTERS. But these are not by any means the only functions of Catholic women who have devoted themselves to the religious life. There are, for example, the Sisters Servants of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—a congregation of Sisters having establishments in France, Belgium, Germany and Austria, and of which the provincial house in England is at Hasset Road, Homerton, in the east of London. The Sisters take a special vow to devote themselves to nursing the sick among the working classes, going to the people's homes both day and night and, doing this regardless of the religious denomination to which the people belong. In England these Sisters undertake the care of day schools attached to missions, and at Hasset Road they carry on a middle class school for girls similar to that already described in connection with the Sisters of Charity at Lower Seymour street, and an orphanage for girls taken from workhouses, the work being of the same character as that going on at the Hammersmith Orphanage. These nursing Sisterhoods are scattered all over London. The Sisters du Bon Secours have one home, for example, at 166 Westbourne Grove, in the west of London, and another at Upper Park Road, Haverstock Hill, in the north-west. The Sisters of Hope have their home at Hope House, Quez Road, Kilburn, N. W. Both Sisterhoods devote themselves to nursing the sick at their own homes, regardless of religious distinctions. Then there are the Little Sisters of the Assumption or Nursing Sisters of the Poor. These ladies spend their lives in nursing the sick poor both day and night, and also without regard to religious differences.

They assume the entire management of domestic affairs wherever necessary, looking after the children, sending them to school, and so on, and, in fact, constitute themselves for the time being domestic servants of the poor and of their families. They accept no payment for their services and return to the convent always for their own meals, taking care, however, in cases of necessity to leave another Sister in charge of the patient at the house meanwhile.

THE VALUE OF SUCH WORK. Who can doubt the value of such work? We make much fuss when a dozen ladies go out to nurse the sick and wounded in a war between Turks and Greeks, but we take comparatively little account of work just as noble done amongst the sick and wounded in the great battle of life going on immediately around us. I, for my part, am very grateful for the opportunity I have enjoyed during the past few weeks of seeing how the great Mother Church cares for the poor; and if these sketches of the charitable work of the Catholic Church in London have served to interest any one or have moved any one to think more kindly of their poor fellow creatures, or have stirred the hearts of any and impelled them to give a little more generously to the support of the several institutions I have endeavored to describe, I shall be greatly gratified.

THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL. One thing I have learned in particular. I am afraid few Protestants are very generally impressed with the idea that the life of the Sister or nun is a joyless sort of existence. Now, my recent experiences have quite removed that impression from my mind at all events. I have not seen the nuns under Arcadian conditions, but under conditions the very reverse of Arcadian. I have seen them engaged in all sorts of occupations in the heart of this great city of London. The casual visitor might find one Sister acting as kitchen maid and another as cook. He might find still another on her knees scrubbing a floor.

But he would find all happy. They are leading the life beautiful. It is not the only life beautiful, of course. But it is in a special sense the life beautiful, because it is a voluntary renunciation of the ordinary way of life and the deliberate adoption of a life of self-sacrificing, devoted service to the poor, the suffering and the sinful, and I repeat, what I have so often said before, that while our present social system lasts and one half of the world knows not and cares not how the other half lives, it is evidence of the reality and persistence of Divine Redemptive Power that all over this vast metropolis the Catholic Church maintains institutions to which the prodigal and the penitent may retreat and find peace and healing, and where helpless children or infirm and forlorn old men and women may have loving care, and other institutions from which women with hearts brimming over with love will go to the help of the poor and suffering. I thank God that this good work is being done. I pray that it may be abundantly blessed. And I frankly confess that the Church that does such work has no occasion to apologize for its existence, but is, on the contrary, entitled to the respectful consideration of all right-minded men and women.

THE SACRED HEART. Behold of what delicate work. The bubbles we pursue on earth. The shape we chase. Amid a world of treachery: They vanish ere death shuts the eye. And leave no trace. —Coplas De Manrique.

These beautiful and pensive lines are from the pen of a young Spanish nobleman who, in our opinion, has written the most touching elegy that can be found in any language. The death of the poet's father, the brave and magnificent Rodrigo Manrique, gave occasion to the poem. There runs through the entire piece, a most just appreciation of all that is earthly—of all that is not qualified to raise our aspirations to something higher, nobler. We never read the lines of the quotation which we have given, without feeling a deep reverence for the staunch heroic faith of the Spanish poet. His father was lord of immense estates, and his vassals and retainers formed an army that conquered the Moor on many a hard-fought battlefield. The wealth of Spain and Europe were at his feet. All these possessions descended to the son. But, like Solomon, he soon perceived that one thing alone is valuable, priceless, worthy of our whole energy and constant care—and that is to love God and to do His holy will. This, too, is our only important affair—to find out what God wants us to do, and then to do it. He who does this pursues not bubbles they will be secure. And to do God's will! Do you think it a hard, sad, weary, troublesome task? Our Divine Lord is truly itself and cannot fail. Let us inquire of Him, what does He answer, "My yoke is sweet, and My burden light."

Let those then who wish to be happy all the day long; who wish to be at peace with themselves and their neighbors; who wish to make their lives fruitful, and be called the children of God, seek Jesus where He can

always be found—in a heart free from sin. Bear upon your person the badge of His Sacred Heart; and from time to time ask Him to make your heart like unto His. This will not be difficult—will not make you sad, will not make you lose one instant of joy, but on the contrary, will add to your treasure a thousand fold.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA

St. Anthony is a saint of the order of St. Francis of Assisi. He was born in Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, on the 15th of August, 1195, and died June 13, 1231, in Padua; hence he is called St. Anthony of Padua. St. Anthony is renowned as one of the greatest preachers of the word of God and as one of the greatest workers of miracles. Of him we can truly say, what the Gospel says of the Apostles: "He confirmed his words with the signs and miracles that followed." He went all over Italy, Sicily and the southern part of France. Wherever he appeared, his fame had traveled before him. Whole towns and counties were on foot to hear him. Sores were shut up and workshops deserted; every one ran to see and to hear the servant of God. The crowds of people were so large that the largest churches could not contain them, and he was frequently obliged to preach from pulpits erected in churchyards and public squares. The most obstinate heretics and the most hardened sinners threw themselves at his feet and declared themselves conquered by his superhuman eloquence. Thousands and tens of thousands were converted and returned into the fold of the Church. His fame as preacher of the word of God was so great that even Bishops and Cardinals and Pope Gregory IX. himself came to hear him.

Innumerable were the miracles which he wrought after his sermons, so that the days of the Apostles seemed to have returned once more. At his word sickness fled, broken limbs were made whole, the dead came to life again, lost things were found, etc., and even in distant lands his power was felt by those who asked for his help. Padua was the principal seat of his labors. Here he died June 13, 1231, at the age of thirty six years, broken down by his hard work and the severity of his life. On account of the great merits and virtues of his life and the innumerable miracles wrought at his tomb, he was canonized the next year by Gregory IX., who had been personally acquainted with him and was a great admirer of his virtues. Thirty-two years after his death a stately church was built in Padua for the Franciscans, and his remains translated into it. The flesh of his body was all decayed, but his tongue was found in whorl, red and as fresh as it was whilst he was living. St. Bonaventura, who was then General of the Order of St. Francis, took it into his hands, kissed it with tears of joy in his eyes, put it in a costly case and placed it in the new church, where it is kept until now.

This is, in short, the life of St. Anthony of Padua. Now what about his statue? He is generally represented by the Infant Jesus on his left arm, and a lily in his right hand. This representation has its origin in the fact that the Infant Jesus frequently appeared to him during his prayers, appearing with him in the most delightful manner. The lily in his right hand signifies his great purity and innocence.

St. Anthony was buried on the Tuesday following his death, and on that day all the sick who were taken to his grave recovered suddenly. And since that time the inhabitants of Padua and the members of the three Orders of St. Francis have kept every Tuesday in honor of St. Anthony, and within a very short time the devotion spread over the whole world. However, nearly four centuries elapsed before the so-called Novena of Tuesdays in honor of St. Anthony was introduced. It happened thus: In the city of Bologna there lived a noble lady who had very much to suffer in her married state. She began to pray to St. Anthony, visited his altar in the Franciscan church and prayed fervently. St. Anthony appeared to her and told her to visit his altar in the Franciscan church on the nine successive Tuesdays and to receive the holy sacraments of penance and of the Blessed Eucharist. She did so and obtained health and consolation. And from this time the devotion of the Novena of Tuesdays spread rapidly over the whole Christian world, and wherever there is a Franciscan church there you find also this devotion to St. Anthony, and innumerable are the graces and blessings obtained through the intercession of this saint. Many Popes have sanctioned this devotion, and also our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has sanctioned it, and on the 14th of June, 1894, he granted for all churches of the Franciscan Order a Plenary Indulgence in honor of St. Anthony on all Tuesdays throughout the whole year.

Now if you wish to make a novena to St. Anthony, to gain the plenary indulgence on every Tuesday, what

must you do? You must comply with the following conditions:

1. You must make a good confession and receive Holy Communion worthily; both may be done in any church.
2. You must visit a Church of the Franciscan Order during the time that the Blessed Sacrament is exposed for adoration and say some prayers for the intention of the Holy Father; five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys will do.

After having complied with these two conditions, and thus cleansed your soul from all sin and temporal punishments due to your sins, pray to St. Anthony with all the fervor and devotion of your hearts and with great confidence—and put also, if possible, an alms into the poor box; for if God sees that we are charitable and merciful towards the poor and needy and assist them in their necessities, He will show us mercy, hear our prayers and grant us graces and favors.

The novena with the Plenary Indulgence was begun in St. Peter's Church on the first Tuesday of September, 1894. First there were only a few persons who made it, but their number increased rapidly, so much so that since the spring of 1895 until to day there have been from 600 to 700 Communions every Tuesday and sometimes even over 800. And why did this devotion spread so rapidly? Because hundreds of persons proclaimed that their prayers were heard and their requests granted in a most wonderful manner; great sinners were converted, sick persons were cured, law suits were won, positions were obtained, lost things were found, property was successfully sold, etc., etc.

THE ROSARY AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.—THE EUCHARIST AND THE ACTIVE LIFE.

Rev. J. M. L. Moosabré, O. P. The Holy Ghost, mysterious principle of activity, filling the apostles' lives with so many marvellous and sublime works, is communicated to us in the sacraments. In baptism He gives us the germ of supernatural virtues, which grace will cause to spring forth when the time of our free co-operation will have arrived. In confirmation He sheds upon us the abundance of His gifts, and perfects our spiritual regeneration. Though, properly speaking, the Eucharist is the sacrament of the Flesh and Blood of Jesus, the Holy Ghost is not absent from it, for there, where Jesus is, there also is His Spirit.

The Word by God begotten, is not some word; it is the Word breathing love, as St. Thomas declares. Love breathed forth by the Word is the Holy Ghost. Every intimate union with Christ puts us in relation with His Spirit. He fulfills, when taking possession of our soul by Holy Communion, the promise made to the apostles: "I will send you My Paraclete . . . He breathes Him forth."

Do we not owe all the great works of Christian life to this mysterious respiration of Jesus in souls—works of intelligence, of strength, above all, of love? These works disappear or decrease whenever the respiration of Jesus is suspended or slackened. Such a one's salvation is in jeopardy; he barely retains of the active part of the spiritual life, the actions common to natural benevolence, and these are restricted in their expansion, and are fatally arrested by self. Even the Catholic countries, wherein piety is limited to the strict observance of the Church's laws, are inferior as regards active charity to those wherein frequent Communion is in honor.

"Take and eat this Bread of life." Such is the pressing invitation of all the pious inventors and organizers of charitable works. They have understood that the gift of self-sacrificial springs from the Gifts which Christ makes of Himself in the Eucharist; that it is impossible often to approach the Holy Table without becoming in some sort the slave of the loving provocations of the Jesus, our Divine Victim.

I was not content with opening My liberal hands to thee, says our Saviour to the one who possesses Him; I was not content with pouring upon thee, from the height of Heaven, the gifts of nature and grace with which thy life overflows; I gave Myself entirely—My Body, My Blood, My Soul My Divinity. Do not limit thyself to slothful gifts of which thou dost not feel the privation. Give thy own self—thy solicitude, affection, prayers, eager excess by time, thy health, thy life. Give thyself to the poor, the afflicted, the infirm; to those who seemed disowned by earth, for King of poverty and pain, I am in all who suffer. Give thyself to the ignorant, the infidels, the sinners, for I came to bring light, faith, salvation, divine life, and to multiply the members of My Mystical Body. Give thyself to every misfortune, for in giving thyself it is to Me the gift is made.

Admirable current of love! What comes from Jesus returns to Jesus. Be, thou blessed, O God of the Eucharist, for all the miracles of charity which honor Thy Holy Church; for all generous men, the devoted women who con-

secrate their life to the relief of misery; for as many heroic apostles who, at the cost of so many sacrifices, labor for the conversion of a sinful world. It is the Holy Ghost who enkindles their hearts; but if I ask them whence they received Him, they will show me the tabernacle, the altar, and the holy table.

I am not astonished at the egotism of worldlings who never share in our sacred banquets, at the coldness of imperfect Christians who only, as it passing by, ask for the Bread of Love. But whence comes it that I communicate so often, and that my charity is so indolent that I find it as difficult to get out of myself, and to give myself to Thee in the person of the unfortunate, my brethren? Hast Thou, then, more than one measure for those who receive Thee? No, my Jesus, Thou givest Thyself to all without reserve. But in my communions without fervor, I suspend by my distractions, my reticence, my unkind affections, Thy holy respiration; I stop the loving effusion of Thy Spirit, and instead of receiving the gift of expansion, I remain at the mercy of my enemies' forces which bring me back to myself. Thus do I languish near the source of life. Henceforth, I wish to recollect myself, to break all my bones, and deliver myself to Thee. Breathe at ease in my soul, when coming there in Holy Communion. "Send forth Thy Holy Spirit, and create in me the holy activities of the deeds of love."

O Mary! my Mother, make me as thy loving Rosarian and Child, faithful to the lessons which my Saviour teaches us in this blessed mystery of thy Beads.—The Rosary Magazine.

THE CONSTANT STRUGGLE.

What a happiness many Christians have at the Easter time through confession and Communion, and how desirable it is that this happiness should continue! To be always thus happy wage a constant warfare against your evil passions; for sin is the only thing that can deprive you of the joy which you now have. But you will say, "It is hard to be always striving." We answer that the victor in any contest do not notice the labor which their triumph costs. Defeat is what makes warfare painful. For your consolation, remember that you have only to be resolute and arm yourself with God's grace, which is given most abundantly, and defeat is impossible. God has provided help for you in all possible difficulties. He will not abandon you unless you throw down your arms! You have already gained much in obtaining God's friendship. Your hardest fight was when you were doing penance to get this friendship. What a pity it would be to throw away what has cost you much labor!

Be prudent, therefore; do not let yourselves be ensnared again by evil. Consider the great happiness which you now have, and compare it with your great misery when you were in danger of being lost forever. Experience is a great teacher, and it is folly not to profit by it. See how it has been with you. When you consented to sin you were cheated by a pleasure that you found to be unreal, you had to suffer an hour of pain for every moment of gratification, and your soul was agitated, depressed, and sorrowful. Besides, in this unhappy state you deserved only everlasting pains.

Now that you have the happiness of being in God's favor, how you ought to strive not to lose it! Show your gratitude by "watching in prayers." Since the Paschal Communion have you watched yourself? or have the old habits of neglect once more begun to appear? Have those morning and evening prayers been omitted? Watch. These are the beginnings which prepare the way for a fall into sin. Your prayers are your chief defence. God's assistance is continually necessary for all, and it is granted through prayer.

The assistance of God continues while the habit of prayer lasts, but no longer. Pray, and all will be well with you. If you do not pray, nothing will save you. Watch for your failings in duty of prayer and continually repair and correct them. No temptation can move one who is faithful to prayer. Such a one's salvation is infallibly certain. If you do not pray, you are without excuse, because all, even the greatest sinners, can pray. It is a maxim of the spiritual life that one who is faithful in prayer is faithful in all things. Prayer cures all the disorders of the soul, diminishes one's daily faults, takes away the temporal punishment due to sin, increases one's merits and finally conduces to paradise.—Sacred Heart Review.

When shall we bear in mind this plain truth, that the future perfection of the saints is not a translation from one state or disposition of the soul into another diverse from the former, but the carrying out, and as it were the blossoming and the fruitage of one and the same principle of spiritual life which, through their whole career on earth, has been growing with an even strength, putting itself forth in the beginnings and promise of perfection, reaching upward with steadfast aspiration after perfect holiness.—Cardinal Manning.

TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS.

American Catholic Quarterly Review.

During all their march through the desert, and it lasted several weeks, Dom Regis, the Trappist, and Horace Vernet rode side by side. They ate together, the same tent sheltered both, and when at length the summoned tribe brought tribute and hostages and owned themselves subject to France, the Governor, after receiving their oath of fidelity, returned their money presents, bestowed new dignities on the now subservient sheiks, and, returning to Dom Regis, said: "Now you shall have the honor of finishing this ceremony." The "finish" was—an altar raised in the desert. And such an altar! One feels that it was erected under the hand and eye of an artist. One great oak, leveled by the sappers attached to the expeditionary corps, was fashioned into a huge rustic cross which towered high in the air; beneath it, row upon row, a pile of drums formed a unique platform for the portable altar raised upon them, which, garlanded with some of the rare desert flowers gathered near the spot, was still further decked with a contribution from a steamer, which lay at anchor near, two enormous ship lanterns, supplementing the usual and necessary liturgical wax candles on either side. As the commanding figure of the Trappist monk, robed in his abbatial insignia and vestments, stood before the altar, the painter's eye swept over a strange and picturesque sight.

The whole army corps, ranged in a semi-circle, stood in serried ranks, their General and his staff in the midst; outside this circle a throng of white-robed Arabs, wondering and watchful; away in the distance a long stretch of desert on one side; on the other the blue Mediterranean sparkled beneath the sun. He was so struck with the scene that he has immortalized it in one of his most famous pictures, "Une Messe en Kabylie," in which, as he said himself, he offered to God "the expression of his gratitude for having been brought back to Him." The time chosen by the painter is the moment of the elevation. Dom Regis himself, served by a Trappist brother and a secular priest, stands in full view before the temporary altar, on a platform supported by piles of drums, and surmounted by the gigantic cross. To the left kneels now row of Chasseurs d'Afrique, in the picturesque Zouave jackets and full trousers, while graceful Arab figures, in turban and ample white burnous, fill the foreground, and far away in the middle distance the white tents of the soldiers stand out against a background of tall mountains, while the cannon smoke, which marks the moment of adoration—"sole incense of such a sacrifice"—hangs over all.

WOMAN'S TRUE SPHERE.

God Made Her to Preside over the Cares of Home.

There is a growing restlessness on the part of the *fin de siècle* woman to get out into the world, whether necessity summons her there or not. For one whom circumstances call away from home, who must woo fortune through the medium of the work a day world, there is only commendation. But how many are there who, from choice, take up this manner of living when they could find work in their own homes, and plenty of it which must now go undone?

Duty, like charity, begins at home. There are so many things to be done there, so many responsibilities we might lift from older shoulders that have borne the burden so long, and so many ways of making life easier and pleasanter for those who, in our younger days, may have had very little time for enjoyment. True, it is comfortable to feel we have an independent income; but at the same time remember there may be hearts at home that would sacrifice much in order to have us devote to them some of the time spent away in the busy world, and who now listen in vain for the pleasant word that the cares of business life seem to have banished from our lips.

It is not necessary to go outside the home sphere to find work to do. A good rule is "Do the duty that lies nearest thee," and whether it be a great work or small, whether it gains for you the admiration of the world, or is the most commonplace of household duties, if we perform it in the proper spirit it will bring to us the satisfaction of knowing we have accomplished the work the Master of the vineyard has allotted to us.—Catholic Columbian.

Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, desired nothing more than to kindle the flame of charity by which His Heart was burning in all ways in the hearts of men; but that He might the more kindly this fire of charity, it was His will that the veneration and worship of His Sacred Heart should be instituted and promoted; and to Blessed Margaret, fervently praying before the most august sacrament of the Eucharist, it was made known by Christ, our Lord, that it would be more grateful to Him if the worship of His Most Sacred Heart, burning with the fire of charity for mankind, should be instituted.—Pope Pius IX.

WANTED... College... BARRISTERS, ETC.

Horrors of Dyspepsia

Sour Stomach, Heart Palpitation, Nervous, Sleepless

Now Able to Do All the Housework - What Cured Her.

The excellent qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a stomach tonic and appetizer enable it to relieve and cure dyspepsia even when cure seems hopeless.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:" "Gentlemen:—I have been sick for about six years with dyspepsia with all its horrible nightmarish, such as sour stomach, flatulency, palpitation of the heart, insomnia, etc., and all that time I have tried almost every known remedy and the best doctors in the state, but nothing did me any good. I was very

Weak and Nervous.

About five months ago I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using five bottles I am able to do all my housework and feel better than I have in several years.

My husband had pneumonia last winter and his blood got very bad; he had rheumatism and could scarcely walk. He commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a short time he was better in every way, his rheumatism has left him and is in better health than for a long time." Mrs. W. J. WILLETT, Mt. Holly, N. C.

Still Praising Hood's.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:" "Dear Sirs:—I am still praising Hood's Sarsaparilla for the great benefit both myself and husband derived from No. 2. Its use and I do not hesitate to say it is the best medicine we have ever used in our family."

Mrs. W. J. WILLETT, Mt. Holly, N. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

For Cures of Liver Ills and Sick Headache.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

Berlin, Ont. Complete Classical, Philological and Commercial Courses.

And Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars apply to Rev. Theo. Spetz, President.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH

212-214 Dundas Street. The studies embrace the Classics and Commercial courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$15 per annum.

THE PINES URSULINE ACADEMY

Chatham, Ont. The Educational Course comprises every branch suitable for young ladies.

Superior advantages afforded for the cultivation of Music, Painting, Drawing, and the Domestic Arts.

SPECIAL COURSE for girls preparing for Matriculation, Commercial Diplomas, Stenography and Typewriting.

For particulars address THE LADY SUPERIOR.

The London Business University and Academy of Shorthand and Typewriting

(Formerly London Commercial College.) We solicit the same liberal patronage which the readers of THE RECORD extended to us in the past. Satisfaction guaranteed.

W. N. YERZ, Principal.

NORTHERN Business College

180 KING STREET. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, The leading Undertakers and Embalmers.

Telephone—Home, 378. Factory, 548.

Mustard - THAT'S - Mustard

Dunn's Mustard

MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE FROM RICH FLAVOURED ENGLISH SEED

SOLD IN 5c. and 10c. TINS. Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard

ALCOHOLISM—THE LIQUOR HABIT.

A new home treatment known as the "Dyke Cure" by which every victim of the liquor habit can be permanently cured of all craving or desire for intoxicants.

In from three to five days all craving for stimulants is removed and at the end of twenty one days treatment the patient is restored to the condition he was in before he acquired the habit.

This is a purely vegetable medicine taken by the mouth, and can be taken without the knowledge of any other person. No injections. No minerals. No bad after effects, and no loss of time from business duties. Correspondence strictly confidential. Copies of testimonials from patients cured in many parts of Canada, by permission sent on application. Care guaranteed in every instance where the remedy is taken as directed. Fee for treatment, \$25 in advance, which may be remitted to the proprietor of the CATHOLIC RECORD in London, Ont., or sent direct to Dr. A. McTaggart, 554 Queen's Avenue, London, Ontario.

*We can speak from personal knowledge of the good work done in this city by the Dyke Cure for Intemperance, and the consulting physician, Dr. A. McTaggart, guarantees that the remedy will do all that is claimed for it. In proof of this he is willing that we become the custodians of each fee paid, until the end of the treatment, when in the event of its failure to cure, we are authorized to return the same to the party who sent it.

Many cases in this city have been cured since August last, and only such families can truly appreciate the great happiness they now enjoy.

Thos. Coffey, Publisher CATHOLIC RECORD.

NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

By KATHLEEN O'MEARA. CHAPTER III.

The wolf hunt proved a failure. The sportsmen came home without having seen or scented the game of which they had gone in search. It had been discovered, however, that a peasant in one of Larchoff's villages had trapped a cub two days before, and carried it off to his father in the village beyond Yrakow. This discovery was a great relief to the population, and calmed their terrors by giving a natural explanation of the premature appearance of the unwelcome visitor. It was evidently the mother that had come down to look for her stolen cub.

"All the same," Narka remarked, "I wish the week were past, and that we were safe over the adventure."

"You don't seriously believe that it forebodes evil, mademoiselle?" said M. de Beaurillon, looking at her with amused incredulity.

"I seriously believe in precedent and tradition," replied Narka. "It is a thing unprecedented for the wolf to come down before the snow without some calamity suddenly following. In the Prince's childhood a wolf was seen in the village one night in October, and the next day a fire broke out, and two thirds of the houses were burnt down."

"That is conclusive evidence, certainly; the wolf was evidently an incendiary," observed M. de Beaurillon, gravely.

"It is very well for you to laugh, Gaston," said Sibyl; "but you have your superstitions in Burgundy too, and a score of precedents that everybody at Beaurillon believes in. I wish we were safe out of the week."

"A week is the limit of the danger?" said Gaston, with provoking coolness.

"If it is not fulfilled within that time, the wolf is voted a false prophet?"

"It so happens that hitherto it always has been fulfilled within the week," replied Sibyl.

M. de Beaurillon in his secret soul hoped that it would be fulfilled this week. He was beginning to feel the place so deadly dull that it would have been a mercy if the wolf brought any change to enliven things. Even a fire in the village would be better than nothing. Gaston had only been three weeks at Yrakow, and it was palling on him horribly. The magnificent vastness of the castle, the barbaric splendor of the interior, the immensity of the grounds, the immensity of the forest, the scale of immensity on which everything within and without was constructed, made the sense of desolation produced by the smallness of the social element proportionately immense. The immobility of life in this enormous palace, with its galleries as long as streets, and its rooms as big as courts, and its halls as vast as ordinary squares, was overpowering. There were seventy servants in the household, but they made no more life in the place than the flies on the pane. M. de Beaurillon sauntered through the vast apartments, and smoked countless cigars, and felt as if he were walking in an enchanted castle where everybody was under a spell of somnolence. Basil was an excellent host, and did all he could to wake up the sleeping inhabitants, but Basil himself was under the spell. He did not understand the need for being always awake; he went spasmodically from mercurial activity to absolute idleness, from hunting a wolf, and similar outdoor exercises, to lounging by the hour on the flat of his back with a cigar in his mouth; he spent hours dreaming and writing in his private study, emerging thence in alternate moods of high excitement and profound melancholy. M. de Beaurillon was very fond of his brother-in-law, but he did not understand him; Basil, for all his physical strength and reckless courage, seemed to him more a woman than a man, a creature made of contradictions, of impulses, of passionate emotions and exaggerations.

The day after the hunt, Marguerite and Narka went out for a ride. As they passed through the village, Narka pointed out the cottage where she and her mother resided since Sibyl's marriage.

"You must take me to pay a visit to Madame Larik as soon as she's well enough," said Marguerite. "When will that be?"

"In a few days, I hope," Narka replied, looking pleased and grateful.

CATARRH

Mrs. Dobell, of London, Ont., Cured for 25 Cents

Doctors Could Help, but Couldn't Cure—Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure Released the Prisoner, and To-day She is as Well as Ever—She Says It is a Great Remedy

"Yes, I am Mrs. Dobell," said a comely, pleasant-faced woman at her home on Horton street to a News reporter to-day, "and I will very gladly tell you what you want to know. About three years ago my husband was very ill, and I had frequently occasion to rise in the night and go for a doctor or to the druggist. In my hurry I often neglected to properly clothe myself, and contracted several heavy colds, which turned at last to chronic catarrh. I tried doctors, who helped me, but did not cure me, and several special catarrh medicines. I was relieved but not cured. I was suffering intolerably when Mr. Shuff recommended me to try CHASE'S CATARRH CURE, and it began at once to help, and in about two months had entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this remarkable medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from catarrh. The blower included is a great help to sufferers.

"She has been much better this last week, and has had good nights; that is why I have been able to stay at the castle. It is seldom that her rheumatism is so bad at this season, poor, dear mother!"

"Ought she not to go to some German baths for it?" said Marguerite.

"Yes, she ought; and I hope some day to be able to take her to Aix-la-Chapelle. Some day sounds vague," Narka added, in answer to a look in Marguerite's face; "but we are waiting on a legacy that is to come to us from an old relative of mother's. I have never seen him, so it is not very cynical of me to look forward to enjoy his money—is it? And the doctor assures me Aix would do wonders for my mother."

"And then you will come on and spend the autumn at Beaurillon and the winter in Paris."

"That would be a charming programme," said Narka, smiling, "but mother has a great desire to spend a month in Munich, her native place, and then to make a little tour in Germany; and I don't know whether the legacy would admit of all that and a journey to France. Though, with our simple habits, a little money would go a long way."

Marguerite had lost sight of this fact in Narka's position, that she and her mother were very poor, dependent almost wholly on the generosity of the Zorokoffs, who had given them a cottage and a large garden.

"But you have travelled already?" Marguerite said.

"I have been to St. Petersburg several times with the Princess; we spent some winters there, and had masters. It was there chiefly that I learned singing. The Princess had me taught by a great Italian master from Rome. What a delightful man he was, and how I did enjoy his lessons! We used to go twice a week to the opera—your aunt was so good to me! She was an angel, the Princess. I was always sorry she was not Russian."

Marguerite smiled. "I hope you will come soon to France and stay with us," she said. "I do so long to convert you!"

"That would be a cruel trick to play me. I should be the either sent to Siberia or put into a dungeon for the rest of my life."

"Oh! I did not mean a religious conversion; I meant to convert you to being a little more French and a little less Russian. They would not put you in prison for that?"

"No, they would not put me in prison for that. But ought you not to be satisfied with having converted Sibyl? Don't you think she is a very creditable convert?"

"On the whole; but she has many heresies still; she maintains, for instance, that the climate here is better than in France, that she never felt so cold in St. Petersburg as she does in Paris. She also clings to the belief that a paternal Muscovite government is the best in the world. There is only one point on which her conversion is entirely satisfactory. She admits that French husbands are perfection. Would it be hopeless to try to convert you to that belief, Narka?"

"Quite!"—spoken very emphatically.

"How heartily you say that! I don't wonder you owe a grudge to the race for having stolen away Sibyl. What a loss she must have been to you!"

"And not to me only. Her departure left all these poor people"—glancing round over the country—"glancing at the Jews and the bureaucrats who prey on them like wolves."

"But don't the Prince and Basil protect them?"

"Basil does what he can; but he has not much power. As to the Prince, he is nearly always at St. Petersburg, looking after the future. Meanwhile the Stanovoi, who is a grasping, cruel man, has it all his own way; he and Larchoff are in league—a pair of devils."

"The Prince must be a very odd man," Marguerite said, looking confidential. "My maid tells me stories about his goings on when he is here that would make one think he was stark, staring mad."

Narka laughed. "I dare say he would be looked up as a lunatic in any country but Russia; but his madness is harmless enough—more so, indeed, than his sanity. He keeps every body in commotion day and night while he is here. He never goes to bed or undresses at night; he smokes and drops asleep in a chair, sitting bolt upright; every now and then he falls off his chair and bangs himself on the ground; and then he starts up, seizes his gun, that is always beside him, rushes to the window, and fires out at the night. He does this four times, rushing to the four sides of the house as fast as he can go, and throwing open the windows with as much noise as he can make. Sibyl and Basil had the greatest difficulty to prevent him doing it this last time; they said you would all be so frightened, and they should not know what to say to you to explain it."

Marguerite's eyes grew round with amazement. "And was that why the Prince ran away in such a hurry?"

"Probably that had something to do with his flight. He says he can never sleep a night through here without exercising himself in fire-arms, and he pretends it is protection to the village against wolves and Larchoff."

"He certainly would pass for a lunatic in France," said Marguerite, her face breaking into dimples of suppressed laughter. "And used he go on in that way when Aunt Isabelle was alive?"

"Not so badly. She kept him in order. He gave her his word once

that he would not shoot at the night for a month; but one night he jumped out of bed and emptied his revolver through the window as fast as he could shoot; the Princess rushed in and caught him in the act, and he declared he had been asleep and dreaming, and had no intention of breaking his word. He went back to bed; but presently she and all of us heard a noise from down-stairs of some one howling in pain. We all rushed out to see what was the matter, and there in the middle of the hall was the Prince whipping himself with all his might, and roaring like a bull. He said he could not go to sleep with remorse for having broken his word, and felt he must get up and whip himself as he would have had one of the servants whipped for offending in the same way. The Princess besought him to stop, but he would not; he went on whipping and yelling till he had given himself the number of stripes he thought proper, and then he went up to bed; his back was scarred with welts, and hurt him for days."

Marguerite was seized with such an immoderate fit of laughter that she had to rein in her horse and go at a foot's pace till it was over. "Why, he is as mad as any maniac in Charenton!" she exclaimed, when she was able to speak.

"He is a little eccentric," said Narka; "but his eccentricities are all very harmless. The Princess kept them within bounds, and so did Sibyl in a lesser degree."

"I don't wonder you miss Sibyl." Marguerite said.

"There is one good thing that has come to me out of Sibyl's departure," Narka resumed. "It has led to mother's and my living in the village. You can't get really to sympathize with the sufferings of people, and help them, until you come close enough to share them; we never realize them so long as we are in a fool's paradise of luxury and ease. The pain of poverty is like every other pain; nothing but personal experience can make us understand it, and teach us the kind of relief it wants. It is like a man born in the tropics trying to realize cold from a description in a book. He never could do it. No description could give him the physical sensation of feet and hands tingling and perishing, of blood chilled in his veins, of eyes blinded and smarting in a bitter icy wind. He must leave the tropics and go up into a Northern climate to know what it all means. To live in a great palace amidst luxury and abundance of every sort is like living in the tropics. I never realized what our wretched peasants had to endure until I came to live amongst them in the village, and saw how they suffer in every way—from poverty, from the climate, from ignorance, and, above all, from the cruelty of the Jews and the government officials."

"But is there no redress? Is there no justice to be had for them?"

"Father Christopher keeps telling them they will get justice in the next world."

"Even in this there are laws to protect the weak against the strong. God has not left Himself without witnesses on the earth."

"I wonder where His witnesses are in Russia?" Narka laughed.

"The people themselves are His witnesses; they believe and they hope in Him."

"Then why does He let them be crushed and tortured and destroyed?"

"Oh, Narka, that pagan 'why' is always in your mouth!"

"It is in the mouth of the people everywhere—everywhere. They are downtrodden, and oppressed, and made to suffer injustice."

"Not in France," protested Marguerite. "The people are not downtrodden there."

"They are in Russia. Why are they? Why does God permit it? If His justice is anywhere on earth, it ought to be everywhere—in Russia as well as in France."

"Wrong cannot be made right in a day. We must be patient."

"We are patient, heroically patient—under the wrongs and sufferings of others." The passionate irony in Narka's voice sounded more bitter than the words themselves.

"I am sure we are trying to make the world less bad and life less hard on the poor," said Marguerite. "Don't you think that they have much less to suffer now than they had a thousand years ago—or even a hundred?"

"In France, I dare say, thanks to your glorious Revolution."

"Oh, Narka! you call it glorious? That dreadful reign of terror, when the people rose up against God and murdered the King!" Marguerite felt again that vague repulsion which had made her more than once shrink away from Narka.

"The people rose against a reign of tyranny that had ended by driving them mad. Would that Russia could follow the example of France, and have her revolution!"

Marguerite was shocked at the passionate hatred expressed in Narka's tone and words; but she remembered her father dropping on the road into exile, and her young brother dying in Siberia, and revulsion gave way to pity.

"If you ever make a revolution in Russia," she said, "let it be a revolution of love, not of hate."

Narka laughed. "And burst our chains by kissing them."

"There is nothing love might not do if people would only believe in it," said Marguerite; "if only they would let it rule the world instead of hatred. If they would let it have its way like the blessed sunshine it would turn this world into a paradise. I wonder why people can't believe in love?"

As she threw back her head, and put this question to the winter sky, there was a light in her eyes that contrasted strikingly with the flame in Narka's—the light of love and the flame of hate—hate just in its cause and cruelly provoked, but even in those beautiful eyes its effect was repulsive.

Narka was surprised to see what strength of feeling lay beneath the bright, buoyant, and seemingly thoughtless happiness of the young French girl. Sibyl was right: there were slumbering forces underlying Marguerite's nature which only needed certain opportunities to develop. Narka felt this recognition forced upon her, and she would not perhaps have acknowledged that the discovery caused her something like a sense of alarm or disappointment. The two girls, as by tacit consent, put their horses into a canter, and rode on a long way without exchanging a word.

At last Narka said, "We must not forget that we have to get back." She looked at her watch, and saw that it was 4 o'clock. They turned their horses' heads homeward.

In those Northeastern countries the twilight is short, and night closes in almost as suddenly as the dropping of a curtain. When they re-entered the village of Yrakow it was growing dark; the moon had risen, and a few stars had sprung out. Just as the castle came in sight the two riders were startled by shrieks that seemed to come from the forest. They pulled up their horses and stopped to listen. In a moment the groom, whom a curve in the road had hidden, came trotting up, and said something in Russian which evidently alarmed Narka. She was going to turn back, when some further information from the servant caused her to change her intention, and she went on.

"What has happened?" inquired Marguerite.

"He does not know, but he saw Sophie Gorff running from the road without anything on her head."

"Was she running from the wolf, do you think?"

"That is not likely; the wolf would have been pursuing her." Narka stopped her horse again and hesitated; but after a short parley with the groom she rode on again.

"Sophie is out of harm's way now, at any rate," she said. "Dmitri saw her cross the road toward her own house. What could it have been?"

Moved by lingering curiosity, they both cast a backward glance toward the forest. As they looked, they heard the report of a gun.

"Who can be shooting at this hour?" exclaimed Narka. "It must be as black as night in the forest."

Presently they saw the figure of a man carrying a gun emerging from the road adjoining the park.

"It is Basil, I do believe," said Marguerite. "I dare say it was he who frightened Sophie." She called out and made signs with her whip, but Basil held on his way, and strode across the park without looking round.

"How stupid of him not to hear!" said Marguerite.

"Perhaps he hears, but does not want to come out of his way."

"Is he such a boor as to do that? No Frenchman alive would be capable of anything so rude," protested Marguerite, indignantly.

Narka's face positively beamed as she looked at her. "You think Frenchmen are so much more gallant? You think Russians are boors?"

"I think Basil is behaving like a boor, and I shall tell him so," said Marguerite, with the prettiest show of offended dignity.

Narka gave a light laugh that sounded musically sweet.

"I want to stop a few minutes here," Marguerite said, as they came to the little Catholic chapel. "Do you mind going on alone, and leaving Dmitri to mind my horse?"

"Why may I not wait and come in with you?" said Narka.

"Oh! if you don't mind."

They both alighted and went in.

The chapel was merely an oratory attached to the house where Father Christopher lived. It had been built for him by the Princess when his office of tutor to Basil came to an end. The Roman Catholics at Yrakow were few, and these with others scattered through neighboring villages on Prince Zorokoff's estates were the persons who profited by the old priest's ministry. His congregation was composed chiefly of foreigners—professors and servants—residing in families or living in the village; but, small as it was, it gave him a good deal to do, owing to the distances over which it was scattered. He had to visit the sick in places a long way off, and these distant visits were one of the whips that Larchoff held over the Father's head. They afforded an outward semblance of truth to the charge of proselytizing which Larchoff was constantly threatening to bring against him, and which in Russia is regarded as a heinous crime, visited, like high treason, with the penalty of death.

The little chapel was almost dark; there was no light but the red glow of the sanctuary lamp. A few worshippers were kneeling in the shadows, waiting for Father Christopher to come into the confessional. Marguerite knelt down at the altar rail, and was at once absorbed in her devotions. Narka, from a *prois dieu* a little behind, watched her with an odd mixture of admiration, envy, and satisfaction. The faith that could thus absorb a human being in an instant must be very strong—too strong to be shaken by any earthly feelings, by any mundane interests, by any promptings of passion. Narka had had a glimpse into Mar-

guerite's nature, and that glimpse had shown her, beneath the light child-like exterior, a woman endowed with a supernatural creed which makes the weakest creature invulnerable against self, fitting her to cope victoriously with perils against which mere natural strength is frail and faithless. How fervently the girl prayed! In the red light of the lamp above her Narka could see her lips moving rapidly. She envied her being able to pray like that. But it was easy for Marguerite to do so; it was easy for her to believe in God's love, and call Him Father, and ask that His will might be done. He had not tried her faith by injustice and cruel wrong; He had not confounded her hope and turned it to despair. This loss of faith in an Almighty love was perhaps the bitterest suffering which the hard ways of God and man inflicted on their helpless victims, Narka thought, as she watched the happy young French girl praying.

They had not been many minutes in the chapel when Father Christopher entered from the sacristy, and after kneeling a moment before the tabernacle, went into the confessional.

Marguerite stood up, and whispered to Narka.

"Would there be time for me to wait and go to confession now?"

"Oh no," Narka replied; "it is too late. You had better come to-morrow morning. You will find him before Mass."

Marguerite assented, and they went out and rode home.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Bible.

Lyman Abbot expressed a profound, though generally overlooked, truth when, in a recent address to the New Jersey Congregationalist Conference, he said, speaking of the Bible:

"We find that the book is a growth and that it grew out of the Church of God. The Bible was founded on the Church. There is no question about that."

It is their inspiration that gives authoritative character to the collection of books called the Bible. As this inspiration is a fact that does not fall under any of all of the senses, it can become known to us only by means of external authority. The only external authority competent to testify to the inspiration of these books is the Church of Christ, commissioned, enlightened and directed by Him. The Church affirms the inspiration of the books, and this affirmation makes them the Bible. Thus the Bible rests on the Church, not the Church on the Bible. The Church is the first fact, the Bible the second. Hence to proceed in logical order we must seek the Bible through the Church, not the Church through the Bible.

But why then quote the Bible to prove the Church? We do not. These books are quoted not as Bible, or inspired writings, but as histories, just as Josephus, Tacitus, Livy and other historians are quoted to prove a fact of history recorded by them. The fact sought is the establishment of the Church. To prove this fact we quote Matthew, Mark, Luke and John simply as historians, and with reference or thought of their inspiration, for as yet we know not and cannot know that fact. Having, by means of these historical records, established the institution of the Church and its character—as through Livy and Tacitus and others who had the institution of the Roman Empire follow Christ's admonition and hear the Church. It informs us that certain of the records we have been consulting are more than ordinary histories; that their authors were inspired by Almighty God. This information is what gives the books their authority among Christians.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Winter Cough of Children

is often a source of anxiety to parents, and properly so, for if neglected the seeds of consumption or bronchitis may take root. Cough medicines are objectionable owing to their tendency to upset the stomach and to impair the appetite, thus reducing the nutritive power of the body and adding to the emaciation and incidentally to the pulmonary irritation. It is of importance to know that Maltine with Cod Liver Oil and Phosphates is admirably suited to these cases, not only because of its efficient action, but none the less on account of its palatability, for children soon grow fond of it. The remedial action of the oil is fortified by the nutritive value of wheat, oats, and barley of the maltine, and further by its action upon starch foods, which are rendered soluble, and thereby become, as it were, a source of nourishment which after all is the essential medicine in these cases. Nourish well and the cough will cease. Maltine, with Cod Liver Oil, for these reasons possesses ten times the remedial value of any emulsion.

More Curative power is contained in Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any similar preparation. It costs the proprietor and manufacturer more to the consumer. More skill is required in its preparation and it combines more remedial qualities than any other medicine advertised. Its sales are more than those of any other preparation. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to buy because it is an honest medicine and thousands of testimonials prove that it does actually and permanently cure disease.

In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Windsor Salt

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.

EARLY E

Relation of the An Church to t

Rev. Father Cross a course of lectures Anglo Saxon church

In his first lec showed that the Ch Saxo period was a hall marks of Popen then as now belie

Eucharist and Com used devotion to kn for the Church serv

his arguments fath tensively from histo that all these belie

EARLY ENGLAND.

Relation of the Ancient Anglo-Saxon Church to the Papacy.

Rev. Father Cross has been giving a course of lectures at Liverpool on the Anglo-Saxon church.

In his first lecture Father Cross showed that the Church of the Anglo-Saxon period was "stamped with the hall marks of Popery," for the people then as now believed in the Holy Eucharist and Confession, and practised devotion to Our Lady and prayed for the Church suffering.

In his second lecture he demonstrated that the Church in Anglo-Saxon times was not a national sect; it was the Church in England, and not a separated English Church, as the "Bishop" of Selsey, Dean Hook, and other modern historians falsely endeavored to maintain.

The strongest argument of the whole Anglican case was considered in this lecture. This argument has to do with the action of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, who in the year 678 divided into three sees and sent St. Wilfrid to Lindisfarne.

In the first place they mistook altogether the nature of Wilfrid's appeal. That appeal, as carried before the Court of Rome, went no further than asking that instead of strangers among Bishops to be chosen from among his own clergy might be validly appointed and consecrated for the new sees.

Secondly, Anglicans falsified plain historical facts by reading into them a meaning and suggesting motives of conduct which were absolutely unsupported by any documentary evidence.

Thirdly, Anglicans falsified the historical facts by reading into them a meaning and suggesting motives of conduct which were absolutely unsupported by any documentary evidence.

Fourthly, Anglicans falsified the historical facts by reading into them a meaning and suggesting motives of conduct which were absolutely unsupported by any documentary evidence.

Fifthly, Anglicans falsified the historical facts by reading into them a meaning and suggesting motives of conduct which were absolutely unsupported by any documentary evidence.

Sixthly, Anglicans falsified the historical facts by reading into them a meaning and suggesting motives of conduct which were absolutely unsupported by any documentary evidence.

Seventhly, Anglicans falsified the historical facts by reading into them a meaning and suggesting motives of conduct which were absolutely unsupported by any documentary evidence.

AN ENGLISH EVENT.

Celebration of the Thirteenth Century of St. Augustine.

An event of no little importance and interest to the Catholic world, particularly to the English portion of it, will be the celebration of the thirteenth century of the landing of St. Augustine on the East Angles, from which event is generally dated the conversion of England to that faith which her people preferred steadily until a libidinous monarch quarrelled with Rome, because of his refusal to sanction the religious brethren when he undertook his great mission, a Benedictine Bishop, Dr. Hedley of Newport and Nenevia, will sing the anniversary Mass, and about him, as he represents, will be grouped at least forty representatives of the illustrious order which gave England her great apostle.

The exact date of Augustine's landing in England was in all probability in the fall of the year 597, and it was Ethelbert, King of Kent, to whom he first addressed himself. That ruler received the missionaries graciously, treated them kindly, and to the number of 10,000, embraced the Christian faith.

Mr. Files is as strong on grammar as on history. Thus he says: "Every one who reads or hears statements made by Catholics themselves are well aware that Romanism is a political system, despotic in its organization," etc., etc.

"Pope Leo XIII. says on page 3 of his encyclical letter dated January 10, 1890: 'But if the laws of the State are openly at variance with the law of the Pope, if they inflict injury upon the Roman Catholic Church or sit at naught the authority of Jesus Christ, which is vested in the Supreme Pontiff Leo XIII., then indeed it becomes a duty to resist them, a sin to render obedience.'"

"If differences arise between the government and the Pope, as the head of the Church, every official professing to be a good Catholic must obey the Pope alone."

"The grammar is all Mr. Files' own when he says: 'In the parochial school the child is taught that there is a higher temporal power than the law of the land and any school that teaches that doctrine should be treated as dens of treason and abolished.'"

Mr. Files is equally independent in his orthography, nobly upholding what he calls, several times, the "principals" of the A. P. A. The *Dirigo Patriot* promises to reform several things, including the English language down in Maine, and no doubt it will be, and in fact already is, a wonder.—Boston Pilot.

Mischief in the Lodge. The May number of the *North American Review* contains a long and elaborate article on "Secret Societies," in the course of which the author says:—"But while these secret orders are a vast power for good in giving aid and comfort to the members, in caring for the sick and ministering to the distressed in mind, body and estate; while they give vast sums in beneficence and afford wide opportunity for developing the social side of their members yet they are not an unmixt blessing to the race. The newspaper paragraphs have a sound basis, in fact, for their threadbare joke about the man who cannot find his latch key hole when he reaches home after the lodge banquet."

"This is not the place to discuss the temperance question, or to dwell upon the evils of intemperance, but one should take into consideration of the vast influence of these fraternal organizations the inimical possibilities of conviviality."

"Yet another danger must be considered in estimating the influence of secret societies. One does not trifle with truth in saying that no human gauge can measure the sorrow that comes to some families through the too close attention of husband and father to the lodge-room. There is a strange and powerful attraction for some men in the mysticism of the ritual. There is a peculiar fascination in the unruliness of the initiation, an allurements about fine 'team' work, a charm of deep potency in the unrestrictive, out of the world atmosphere which surrounds the scenes where men are knit together by the closest ties, bound by the most solemn obligations to maintain secrecy as to the events which transpire within their walls."

A healthy appetite, with perfect digestion and assimilation, may be secured by the use of Ayer's Pills. They cleanse and strengthen the whole alimentary canal and remove all obstructions to the natural functions of either sex, without any unpleasant effects.

GEMS FROM A NEW MINE.

The *Dirigo Patriot* is the name of an A. P. A. organ, established at Waterville, Me., and conducted by two patriots with the impressive names of Irville J. Gupitill and G. Wallace Files. Volume I, Number 1, appeared on May 1. The leading article is by Mr. Files on Parado.

In the second paragraph it quotes an alleged remark by Dr. O. A. Brownson "in the *Catholic Review* a short time ago." Dr. Brownson died in April, 1876.

Mr. Files is as strong on grammar as on history. Thus he says: "Every one who reads or hears statements made by Catholics themselves are well aware that Romanism is a political system, despotic in its organization," etc., etc.

"Pope Leo XIII. says on page 3 of his encyclical letter dated January 10, 1890: 'But if the laws of the State are openly at variance with the law of the Pope, if they inflict injury upon the Roman Catholic Church or sit at naught the authority of Jesus Christ, which is vested in the Supreme Pontiff Leo XIII., then indeed it becomes a duty to resist them, a sin to render obedience.'"

"If differences arise between the government and the Pope, as the head of the Church, every official professing to be a good Catholic must obey the Pope alone."

"The grammar is all Mr. Files' own when he says: 'In the parochial school the child is taught that there is a higher temporal power than the law of the land and any school that teaches that doctrine should be treated as dens of treason and abolished.'"

Mr. Files is equally independent in his orthography, nobly upholding what he calls, several times, the "principals" of the A. P. A. The *Dirigo Patriot* promises to reform several things, including the English language down in Maine, and no doubt it will be, and in fact already is, a wonder.—Boston Pilot.

Mischief in the Lodge. The May number of the *North American Review* contains a long and elaborate article on "Secret Societies," in the course of which the author says:—"But while these secret orders are a vast power for good in giving aid and comfort to the members, in caring for the sick and ministering to the distressed in mind, body and estate; while they give vast sums in beneficence and afford wide opportunity for developing the social side of their members yet they are not an unmixt blessing to the race. The newspaper paragraphs have a sound basis, in fact, for their threadbare joke about the man who cannot find his latch key hole when he reaches home after the lodge banquet."

"This is not the place to discuss the temperance question, or to dwell upon the evils of intemperance, but one should take into consideration of the vast influence of these fraternal organizations the inimical possibilities of conviviality."

"Yet another danger must be considered in estimating the influence of secret societies. One does not trifle with truth in saying that no human gauge can measure the sorrow that comes to some families through the too close attention of husband and father to the lodge-room. There is a strange and powerful attraction for some men in the mysticism of the ritual. There is a peculiar fascination in the unruliness of the initiation, an allurements about fine 'team' work, a charm of deep potency in the unrestrictive, out of the world atmosphere which surrounds the scenes where men are knit together by the closest ties, bound by the most solemn obligations to maintain secrecy as to the events which transpire within their walls."

A healthy appetite, with perfect digestion and assimilation, may be secured by the use of Ayer's Pills. They cleanse and strengthen the whole alimentary canal and remove all obstructions to the natural functions of either sex, without any unpleasant effects.

THE LIFE OF DR. CHASE.

The Life of Dr. Chase.

As a compiler of Chase's Receipts Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his work on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation. His last great medicine, in the form of his Syrup of Limes and Tarragon, is having the large public patronage that his Ointment, Pills and Catarrh Cure are having. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Tarragon is especially adapted for all Bronchial and Asthmatic troubles.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my foot with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

As a compiler of Chase's Receipts Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his work on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my foot with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

As a compiler of Chase's Receipts Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his work on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my foot with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

As a compiler of Chase's Receipts Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his work on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my foot with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

As a compiler of Chase's Receipts Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his work on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my foot with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

As a compiler of Chase's Receipts Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his work on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation.

THE EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE.

The Examination of Conscience.

In the examination of conscience three things are to be considered: 1. The transgressions that have been committed; 2. The occasions of those faults; and 3. The dispositions needed to reform by repentance and by the purpose to acquire the contrary virtues.

For, in the warfare with evil, it is advisable not only to know our sins but also to ponder the way in which we were led to commit them, so as to stop up that passage or avoid it on the next time. And, then, we should study the motives that exist for contrition and the means that may be taken to fortify the soul against further relapses by the invigorating practice of the virtues opposed to the vices that have won victories over us.

An examination of conscience so conducted will be fruitful in sorrow and in resolutions of amendment.—Catholic Columbian.

The Life of Dr. Chase. As a compiler of Chase's Receipts Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his work on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my foot with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

As a compiler of Chase's Receipts Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his work on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my foot with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

As a compiler of Chase's Receipts Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his work on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my foot with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

As a compiler of Chase's Receipts Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his work on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my foot with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

THE SAME BENTENY.

The Same Benteny.

It has fallen to the two Archbishops who have held the See since his death, to wit, Cardinals Manning and Vaughan, the present incumbent. There were those who thought that the restoration of the English hierarchy would prove the prelude to the return of the English people to their old faith, but that hope proved premature, though large numbers of conversions have since taken place in the land and are still constantly occurring.

The celebration of the thirteenth century of the conversion of King Ethelbert to the Catholic faith is well calculated to increase the number of such returns to Rome, and that result is confidently expected from it by many English Catholics. The faith has made wonderful progress in the land within the past century, and even from Cardinal Wiseman's time the change in Protestant opinion toward the Church is very remarkable.

The recent decision of the Holy See against Anglican orders, all the contrary protestations of Anglicans notwithstanding, has had an influence, that is still asserting itself and will do so for many a year yet, in deepening the convictions of sincere and thoughtful Protestants that the Anglican Church is only a schismatic body, after all, into whose doctrines and teachings and practices not a little error has crept; and the consequence is that more converts are going over to Rome. It may, and doubtless will, require a long period to bring all the English people back to their ancestral faith; but there are excellent reasons for hoping that that desirable result will in time be accomplished, and that England

will again show herself the Catholic country she became in consequence of the apostolical labors and preachings of the great St. Augustine whose thirteenth centenary her Catholic population propose celebrating this year.—Boston Republic.

Scuttling Their Own Scow. A Baptist preacher in Auburn recently informed his hearers that the Roman Catholic Church hinders the cause of Christianity by putting an intermediate agency, other than Christ, between the worshiper and his God. We presume this preacher considers himself in some sort of a way an agent between his congregation and his Maker, else why do they pay him his keep? Then, according to his theory, he is a hindrance to Christianity, and should step aside. Again, when he prays for his congregation, he is an agent between the worshiper and his God, a hindrance to Christianity, and should stop his obstructive noise.

When he asks a friend to pray for words, he asks his friend to become a hindrance to Christianity. Is that right? Our Lord said: "He that will not hear the Church let him be to Thee as a heathen and a publican." Here He placed an agency—His Church—between the worshiper and his God. Will the preacher say this divinely appointed intermediate agency between the worshiper and his God is a hindrance to Christianity? This Baptist preacher must consider his Bible an agency between God and man, and an agency between God and the recipient of baptism; is he, therefore, a hindrance? But why pursue him further? It is a significant fact worthy of notice that these preachers cannot attack the Catholic Church in her true position without under them, or scuttling their own scow. When the Baptist preacher says Catholics believe salvation is attained by works alone, he misrepresents the Bible when he says the Church holds the Bible from the people, he again misrepresents. He is either too ignorant to preach or too dishonest to be believed.—New York Freeman's Journal.

The Examination of Conscience. In the examination of conscience three things are to be considered: 1. The transgressions that have been committed; 2. The occasions of those faults; and 3. The dispositions needed to reform by repentance and by the purpose to acquire the contrary virtues.

For, in the warfare with evil, it is advisable not only to know our sins but also to ponder the way in which we were led to commit them, so as to stop up that passage or avoid it on the next time. And, then, we should study the motives that exist for contrition and the means that may be taken to fortify the soul against further relapses by the invigorating practice of the virtues opposed to the vices that have won victories over us.

An examination of conscience so conducted will be fruitful in sorrow and in resolutions of amendment.—Catholic Columbian.

The Life of Dr. Chase. As a compiler of Chase's Receipts Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his work on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my foot with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

COLEMAN'S SALT.

Coleman's Salt.

DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM. PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM. PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM. PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM. PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM. PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM. PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM. PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM. PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM. PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM. PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM. PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

BEFORE RETIRING...

Before Retiring...

take Ayer's Pills, and you will sleep better and wake in better condition for the day's work. Ayer's Cathartic Pills have no equal as a pleasant and effectual remedy for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all liver troubles. They are sugar-coated, and so perfectly prepared, that they cure without the annoyances experienced in the use of so many of the pills on the market. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Cathartic Pills. When other pills won't help you, Ayer's is THE PILL THAT WILL.

FIRST COMMUNION. PICTURES FOR FIRST COMMUNION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 with figures of the Sacred Heart. 75c per doz. 12 x 18 with emblems. 60 " " 9 x 12 with emblems. 25 " " 6 1/2 x 10 with emblems. 20 " "

FIRST COMMUNION ROSARIES. In Mother of Pearl Silver Chain \$1.00 each. In Mother of Pearl Silver plated Chain 50c each and upwards. Imitation Pearl Beads 75c, 90c, \$1.00 and \$1.20 per doz. White Bone Beads, 80c, 90c, \$1.25 per doz. Red Bone Beads, 90c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 per doz. Plain Wood Beads, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c and \$1.00 per doz.

PRAYER BOOKS. White Covers at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00 each. Dark Morocco Covers, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and upwards. Cheap Books at 90c, \$1.20, \$1.50, \$1.80, per doz. Sanctuary Oil, best Quality. INCENSE, CHARCOAL, GAS LIGHTERS. Headquarters for the best grades of Candles in pure Wax, Stearic and Paraffine.

D. & J. SADLER & CO. CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS. 123 Church St., 1699 Notre Dame St. TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL, QUE.

O. LABELLE, MERCHANT TAILOR. 372 Richmond Street. Good Business Suit from \$15 upwards. The best goods and careful workmanship.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS SANDWICH, ONT. ERNEST GIRARDOT & CO. Alter Wine a Specialty. Our Alter Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY. The Catholic Record for One Year FOR \$4.00. By special arrangement with the publishers, we are able to obtain a number of the above books, and propose to furnish a copy to each of our subscribers.

FATHER DAMEN, S. J. One of the most instructive and useful pamphlets extant is the lectures of Father Damen. They comprise four of the most celebrated ones delivered by that renowned Jesuit Father, namely: "The Private Interpretation of the Bible," "The Catholic Church, the only true Church of God," "Confession," and "The Road to Freedom." The book will be sent in stamps. Address on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Orders may be sent to Thos. Coffey, Catholic Bookstore, Old London.

French Bordeaux Clarets. Which will be sold at the lowest price. JAMES WILSON 398 Richmond St., London. Phone 660.



Before Retiring...

take Ayer's Pills, and you will sleep better and wake in better condition for the day's work. Ayer's Cathartic Pills have no equal as a pleasant and effectual remedy for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all liver troubles. They are sugar-coated, and so perfectly prepared, that they cure without the annoyances experienced in the use of so many of the pills on the market. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Cathartic Pills. When other pills won't help you, Ayer's is THE PILL THAT WILL.

FIRST COMMUNION. PICTURES FOR FIRST COMMUNION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 with figures of the Sacred Heart. 75c per doz. 12 x 18 with emblems. 60 " " 9 x 12 with emblems. 25 " " 6 1/2 x 10 with emblems. 20 " "

PRAYER BOOKS. White Covers at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00 each. Dark Morocco Covers, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and upwards. Cheap Books at 90c, \$1.20, \$1.50, \$1.80, per doz. Sanctuary Oil, best Quality. INCENSE, CHARCOAL, GAS LIGHTERS. Headquarters for the best grades of Candles in pure Wax, Stearic and Paraffine.

D. & J. SADLER & CO. CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS. 123 Church St., 1699 Notre Dame St. TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL, QUE.

O. LABELLE, MERCHANT TAILOR. 372 Richmond Street. Good Business Suit from \$15 upwards. The best goods and careful workmanship.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS SANDWICH, ONT. ERNEST GIRARDOT & CO. Alter Wine a Specialty. Our Alter Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY. The Catholic Record for One Year FOR \$4.00. By special arrangement with the publishers, we are able to obtain a number of the above books, and propose to furnish a copy to each of our subscribers.

FATHER DAMEN, S. J. One of the most instructive and useful pamphlets extant is the lectures of Father Damen. They comprise four of the most celebrated ones delivered by that renowned Jesuit Father, namely: "The Private Interpretation of the Bible," "The Catholic Church, the only true Church of God," "Confession," and "The Road to Freedom." The book will be sent in stamps. Address on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Orders may be sent to Thos. Coffey, Catholic Bookstore, Old London.

French Bordeaux Clarets. Which will be sold at the lowest price. JAMES WILSON 398 Richmond St., London. Phone 660.

The Catholic Record. Published Weekly at 484 and 485 Richmond Street, London, Ontario.

REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels."

THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor, JOHN NICH, P. J. KEYS and Wm. A. NEVIN, are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, and the Bishops of Hamilton and Peterboro, and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

London, Saturday, June 12, 1897.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND ON THE SEPARATE SCHOOLS QUESTION.

Bishop Hamilton, of Ottawa, at the Church of England diocesan synod, which opened on the 1st inst., referred in his opening address to the much-mooted question of Separate schools for Church of England children.

There is little doubt that if the Church of England were definitely in favor of obtaining Separate schools it could obtain the concession of a Separate school system from the Ontario Government, but though the General Synod of Canada pronounced in favor of such a system, there are dioceses which differ in their views on the subject, from this general decision, and this fact will be a serious obstacle to its attainment.

The opinion of Bishop Hamilton, which is shared by several other Bishops and synods of the Church of England, amply vindicates the conviction of Catholics that it is only by means of Separate schools that a proper religious education can be attained, and makes it evident that the opposition to Catholic Separate schools in Ontario and Manitoba on the part of many Protestants does not arise from any conscientious conviction that a Separate school system is contrary to the public welfare, but from hostility to the Catholic religion, and to Catholics generally.

CHRISTIAN REUNION.

Under the heading "Rome and the Anglicans," the Canada Presbyterian of the 26th ult. had an article suggesting to the Anglican body the desirability that Anglicanism should cease to look Romewards in its effort to be come part of the great Christian Church, and look rather towards Presbyterianism "in the interests of Christian unity, or rather the union of Christendom."

The reasoning of the article we refer to is somewhat of a curiosity, and we cannot refrain from making some comments thereon. It opens by stating that Presbyterianism holds its "mandates direct from the ever present King and Head of His Church," and infers that Presbyterians need not be disturbed by the recent pronouncement of the Pope that the orders of the Church of England are invalid.

It is indeed a lefty claim on the part of our contemporary, that Presbyterian orders are from the mandate of Christ, and if the claim were proved good there would be no need of further dispute, but it should be at once admitted. But the claims of men are sometimes very deceptive and ungrounded, and they are not to be admitted in any important instance until they are properly substantiated, and Presbyterian orders require to be so proved before we can reasonably acknowledge them.

We all know whence Catholic orders are derived. Christ selected His Apostles, and commissioned them to teach mankind His whole doctrine, and to administer the sacraments, so that St. Paul could say truly of himself and his fellow Apostles, "Let a man so look upon us as the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God;" (1 Cor. iv, 1) or, as the Protestant Revised version has it, "stewards of the mysteries of God."

That the apostles had authority to

perpetuate their office and to commission others to succeed them in their work there can be no doubt, for their work was to be perpetual, as Christ's commission stated that He would be with them "all days, even to the consummation of the world." Besides Christ expressly told them: "As the Father hath sent me, so do I send you." In virtue of this commission and authorization, Matthias was selected to fill the place made vacant by the treason and death of Judas. Titus and Timothy were ordained Bishops by the "imposition of hands of the priesthood," (1 Tim. iv, 14; Titus i, 5,) and priests were ordained in every city where the gospel was preached. (Acts xiv, 23.)

As under the Old Law no man was allowed to assume this honor of himself, so St. Paul declared this should be the case also under the New Law, and the line of Bishops and priests was kept up without interruption, by direct succession and ordination, in the Catholic Church to the present day.

But how was it with the Presbyterians? As a matter of fact they did not derive their orders from any apostolic source. Presbyterianism came into existence fifteen hundred years too late to be connected directly with the apostles, and it does not even claim to have orders from them by any regular succession. It is for this reason that the Canada Presbyterian ridicules the notion that "Episcopal ordination confers some mystic power in rendering the sacraments specially efficacious," and sets up the absurd plea that the Church which it upholds derives its orders from no less direct source than Christ Himself.

This claim should be based upon some more solid foundation than mere assertion. The Apostles of Christ claimed that their mission was directly from God, but they proved their claim by miracles. They healed all manner of diseases by the power of God, and fell not short of Christ Himself in this species of manifestation of their heavenly mission, even to the raising of the dead to life. These miracles evidently were wrought by the power of God, who does not give His sanction to any fallacy or false claim: but by what signs or proofs do Presbyterians show that their mission is directly from heaven? By none whatsoever. We must therefore infer that their claim is a deception. Yet our contemporary puts it forward as a reason why Anglicans should "court concert with the Nonconformist bodies" which glory in the shame of having no Apostolic succession. The Anglicans fully understand this position, and this is the secret of the desire which some of them have manifested of late—and which the Canada Presbyterian laments—to have their orders recognized by the Pope and the Catholic Church.

Our contemporary is further mistaken in the view it takes of the Pope's decree declaring Anglican orders invalid. It speaks of the decree as an act of unfriendliness, and it has been the custom with many Anglicans to speak of it in a similar manner. There was no unfriendliness in the act. The validity or invalidity of orders is a matter of fact, depending upon something which either occurred or did not occur. It depends upon whether or not the orders were received from the Apostles, through their successors, in the manner which the Apostolic Christian Church has always deemed to be essential to validity. It is no act of unfriendliness to declare the truth, for the sake of making known the actual state of affairs, that all may conduct themselves accordingly.

The Pope examined carefully into the question of Anglican ordinations, and his decision was based on the constant teaching of the Catholic Church in regard to what is needful for valid orders, and it would have been inconsistent with his position as Head of the true Church to have decided anything else than what is consonant with the faith of the Church, as it would have lulled Anglicans into a false security to have announced a falsehood to the world, whereby people might suppose that Anglican ministers are "dispensers of the mysteries of Christ," that is, of the sacraments, equally with the Catholic priesthood, whose orders are indisputable.

The Pope announces the truth without fear or favor, because the Church of Christ is the "pillar and ground of truth" whereby alone we are to be saved, and the Church, guided by the Spirit of Truth, cannot announce error or false doctrine, but the truth is announced, not to vex Anglicans, but in order that knowing the truth they may embrace it.

Our contemporary says sneeringly: "Roma locuta est. Rome has spoken

irrevocably and Anglican orders in her sight are of as little avail as that of the humblest Presbyterian in dissenter's chapel or covenanter's hill-side."

It is true, the decision is irrevocable, but the reason is that the truth of God is irrevocable. Presbyterians, and other sects may change their doctrines by caprice, or in order to bring about some kind of union with each other, because they are human institutions—man-made churches—but the Catholic Church has the Divine Founder, Jesus Christ, and she cannot change His doctrine to suit any whims of men.

The Presbyterian concludes its article with an expression of regret that "the Churches of Anglo Saxondom are not in closer fellowship and work. The waste of energies and the disintegration in such districts as the Muskoka mission fields, for instance, is deplorable; but of this we are assured, sacerdotal tendencies will never unite: never!"

If Presbyterianism and Anglicanism had not destroyed unity of faith by disobeying the command of Christ to "hear His Church," there would have been no need for the expression of such a regret: and the remedy is, not that the Church of Christ should abjure the truth once committed to her care, and taught throughout the ages, but that the wandering sheep should return "that there may be one fold under one shepherd."

We cannot doubt that if Presbyterians had any valid claim to Apostolic succession they would prize it highly, and that their affected contempt for it comes from the consciousness that they do not possess it.

AMNESTY.

A despatch from Dublin states that the Amnesty Association of that city have obtained an assurance that the dozen or more Irish political prisoners who have been kept in prison for many years will be released on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee celebration this month.

We cannot sympathize with the dynamic methods of waging war, of which most of the prisoners were accused and found guilty by the courts; but there is very strong reason for believing, and the belief is very universal in Ireland, that the charges against the prisoners were trumped up plots invented by the police at the instigation of the Government, with the double object of showing their vigilance, and of bringing odium on Ireland, as an excuse for delaying the redress of Irish grievances. That this trick has been no uncommon one is sufficiently evident from the ignominious collapse of the pretended dynamite plot of last year, and from the Pigott forgeries of some years ago, which were intended to bring disgrace upon the whole Irish Nationalist party, but which in the light of the clearest evidence showed that the Tory Government was capable of the most diabolical frauds in order to attain these ends.

It has been shown to be highly probable that if a new investigation into the cases of the Irish prisoners had been granted their innocence of the crimes imputed to them would have been clearly established, but the Government has steadily refused the very reasonable demand to allow such investigation, and the prisoners were kept in their dungeons till some died, others lost their reason and health, and those who are still in prison have been also broken down in constitution. At all events the crimes of which they stand accused were political crimes, committed under a mistaken idea that by their means the day of Ireland's deliverance from misrule would be hastened—that is to say, if they were really committed, and were not rather the result of police and Government conspiracies. In any case there is no good end to be attained by keeping the prisoners still languishing in their cells, and it would be a graceful act on the part of the Government to release them now. Ireland's grievances have been no mere fancy, and even those who have erred through a misdirected love of country should have mercy extended to them now as an assurance of a change of policy on the part of the Government in its future treatment of Ireland.

It has been very justly pointed out that it has only been when England was in difficulty that any merciful treatment has been accorded to Ireland. It would be to the credit of the Government to break the record of the past in this respect, by amnestying the Irish prisoners while the country is at peace with all nations, instead of waiting till perhaps a general European war may oblige the Government to concili-

ate Ireland by taking this very course, as well as by making other concessions. The people of Ireland would feel grateful if this act of mercy were done at the present moment as an act of grace, but if it be deferred until it be forced by troubles with European powers there will be small thanks for the favor.

THE OTTAWA SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

It will be remembered that about a year ago there was considerable agitation in Ottawa arising out of the report of the Separate School Inspector, and subsequently out of the report of a special commission appointed by the Ontario Government to examine into the efficiency of the Separate schools of the city.

These reports, while showing good progress in the girls' schools under charge of the teaching Sisters, were generally unfavorable to the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and as a consequence the School Board demanded of the Brothers that they should change their mode of teaching to make it correspond with the methods laid down by the three Commissioners, but as the Superior of the Brothers refused to adopt the course suggested the result was that the Brothers left the city and lay teachers were employed to fill their places.

The latest intelligence from Ottawa is to the effect that the work of the Commissioners, which referred especially to the French schools, was not quite intelligently conducted, as the Commissioners were not sufficiently conversant with the French language to make a proper examination into the proficiency of the pupils, and that they did not make due allowance for the difficulty in the way of teachers who have to deal with schools in which the course of study has to be conducted in two languages. Many of the people of Ottawa are now beginning to believe that the Brothers were not fairly treated in the investigation which was held, and so general is this feeling that the School Board, which a year ago would not come to any terms with the Brothers, except those laid down by the School Commissioners, have now determined to ask the Brothers to return to the city, if they can be secured.

THE INDISSOLUBILITY OF MARRIAGE.

In another column we make reference to the stand taken by Bishop Hamilton and the Anglican Synod of Ottawa in regard to religious instruction in schools. We are pleased to notice that the Bishop's address to the clergy deals reasonably also with another subject of the greatest importance to the morals of the country, the sanctity and inviolability of the married state.

In England the Anglican Church has taken a very indefinite stand on the marriage question, for though the Bishops and clergy for the most part desire that all marriages should be recognized as indissoluble, except by death, because Christ elevated it to be a sacred institution, a Church so completely subject to the State as the Church of England is, could not proclaim or maintain the indissolubility of marriage in the face of laws permitting divorce. It is, therefore, the easiest thing in the world for a divorced man or woman to find a clergyman to marry him or her to another person, even though the Church as such looks with a half-expressed disfavor on such a marriage. The plea is that the Church must obey the law, even though it may command what is contrary to the gospel. But in Canada the Anglican Church is free from the domination of the State, and the Bishop says virtually that clergymen should be careful not to marry even those who come to them with a state license, if they are not free to marry under the laws of God. This is sound doctrine. The Bishop proposes that the following precautions be taken by the clergy, so that they may not make such marriages as the laws of God forbid. He says:

"The clergy are most solemnly reminded that marriage can only be broken by death, and warned to enquire into all the circumstances of those who come to be married, as the license which the parties may bring from the state is no longer a safe defence for the clergy, seeing that the state allows marriages which the Church has never sanctioned. Marriages should not be celebrated in private houses, but always in the church. The contracting parties should be urged to have the banns pronounced in the church for three Sundays before the marriage, that all secrecy may be avoided. The thing above all others to be avoided is marriage in secrecy."

The Catholic Church has always

maintained the sanctity of marriage, and Catholic priests always take particular care not to marry any couples where an impediment exists which would nullify the marriage in the sight of God under the Christian dispensation.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

COUNTY MAGISTRATE SMITH had several cases before him at Ottawa last week, under the law which forbids fishing on Sunday. Among the accused parties there were three young children who were caught fishing with bent pins at the end of a thread. It was proved that they had no bait, and very properly the magistrate let the children go. It is an absurd stretch of authority that the little ones were arrested at all. The policeman who took them into custody must have used a powerful microscope to see in their harmless amusement a breach of the law forbidding servile work on the Lord's day.

THERE has been a sensational row between two sections of the A. P. A. in St. Louis and Kansas City, and eighteen Councils of the Association have been suspended on account of it. Serious charges of mismanagement of the funds of the society, and of municipal funds, appear to be the bottom of the quarrel, as the Apalists have controlled the two city municipalities for some years in a most unsatisfactory manner. A number of the mutinous members of the order have been summoned to answer many charges which have been made against them.

PIETRO ACCERTO, the Anarchist who attempted on April 22nd to stab King Humberto of Italy, has been sentenced to the galleys for life. It is to the irreligious policy of the Government that the spread of Anarchist principles is due, for nothing else could be expected when even the name of God is abolished from the schools, and it is made unlawful to teach Christian morality. Accerto assumed a cynical and indifferent demeanor throughout the trial, and when his sentence was announced shouted out: "To-day it is my turn; to-morrow it will be the turn of the bourgeois Government. Long live the revolution; long live anarchy." The Government is reaping the fruit of its own evil-doings.

GENERAL ALGER, the United States Secretary of War, having consulted the Attorney General, Hon. Joseph McKenna, regarding the lawfulness of allowing the Catholics to erect a chapel on the grounds of the West Point Military School, has been informed by the latter that it would be unlawful. Mr. McKenna is a Catholic, and he gives this decision notwithstanding that Gen. Alger was willing the chapel should be erected, and that Col. East, the Judge Advocate General of the Army and Secretary Lamont, who held office under President Cleveland, thought the chapel should be allowed, especially as over two thirds of the students are Catholics, and there has been no difficulty in allowing the Protestants to have a chapel. It is believed by many that Attorney General McKenna is pandering to the A. P. A., who protested against the erection of the chapel.

An important Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. is said to have reached the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, who has forwarded it to all the Bishops of the United States, and it will, of course, be received also by all the Bishops of Canada. It is addressed to all Primates, Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops and other Ordinaries in communion with the Apostolic See. The subject treated is the reunion of Christendom, which is the favorite theme of the Holy Father, and it is said that it deals at length with the claims to Apostolic Succession put forth by Anglicans and Greek Schismatics. The Holy Father evidently entertains strong hopes, which we may trust are well founded, regarding the return of at least large numbers from these communities to Catholic unity, otherwise he would not be so persistent in treating of this subject. It is indeed well known that many Oriental schismatics are anxious for a return, and though we cannot readily expect that the Church of England as a whole will follow so good an example, the Holy Father's paternal solicitude will doubtless bear fruit in bringing about the conversion of many as individuals.

A CURIOUS police prosecution took place in New York last week when Commander Frederic de-la Tour Booth Tucker was convicted of keeping a disorderly house at the Army barracks.

Judge Newburger in his charge to the jury said that a public nuisance is a crime against the law, involving injury to life and property. If religious services so called deprive a large number of people of their rest, inflicting great annoyance, the verdict must be "guilty." The constitution of the State guarantees the right of every one to worship God, but such worship should be within reasonable hours and must not interfere with the enjoyment of life and property by the public. It was admitted by the defence that their services had been prolonged from 8 o'clock one evening till half past 4 next morning, and as the service was conducted with drums, cymbals and horns many persons regarded it as a nuisance. The jury were five hours discussing the case, but at length brought in a verdict of guilty. The prisoners were haled out, and the sentence was reserved.

In a recent number of the Boston Congregationalist the following picture is drawn of the present state of belief among the Protestant sects, and especially among Congregationalists. The writer is the Rev. A. J. F. Behrens, a Congregationalist minister. He says: "The doctrine of the Trinity is reduced to a form of logic. The incarnation is so formulated as to reduce it to the pantheistic statement of a universal indwelling of God in all men. Inspiration is reduced to intuition. Atonement dwindles down into a rhetorical expression. Expiation and propitiation have become figures of speech. Our ranks seem to be honey-combed with universalism and annihilationism. The reality of the fall is boldly denied, and the most extreme doctrines of natural evolution are openly advocated in our pulpits. Sin is declared to be only the remnant of our animal ancestry, which we are gradually sloughing off. The revolutionary theories of Wellhausen are invested with infallible authority, and the narratives of the Old Testament are reduced to a mass of fables and forgeries."

And yet Congregationalists with such beliefs, or rather negations of belief, would be very much surprised and very indignant if they were told that they are not Christians.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

A century ago, De Maistre, seeing the demolition of monasteries and convents in France, said: "If you destroy the houses of prayer, you will be forced to build barracks and prisons on their ruins." His prophecy is being verified. Irreligion in the French republic has produced its legitimate harvest of crime: and at present the Government is constructing at Fresnes a new central prison, which will cost some eleven million francs. The monasteries of the last century are revenged.—Ave Maria.

"I don't fear man or death," said the late Admiral Meade, during his last illness, "because I was born and bred a soldier. I fear God alone and wish to be prepared to meet Him, in case my illness should prove fatal." Admiral Meade belonged to the Catholic branch of his family, and proud as he was of the soldierly courage of the Meades who gained renown in the army and navy, he was more proud of the moral courage exhibited by some of the humbler men who bore that name. He used to say that when the history of his family was written its brightest page would be that which told of the persecution and poverty which the Irish Meades endured rather than surrender the ancient faith.—Ave Maria.

As was predicted in this column, the Garibaldian volunteers for Greece proved a very undesirable lot. Led by socialists and gentlemen who lived by their wits, as they appear to have been, they turned out to be auxiliaries of a most formidable character—to their friends. One of their leaders, an ex-deputy, named San Felice, caused an immense deal of trouble at Athens. He struck the Greek Premier, and caused more trouble to the police in arresting him than any of his party caused the Turks. Subsequently he was put aboard a man-of-war and sent home, with strict injunctions not to put himself to the trouble of coming to help the Greeks at any future time. A lot of his fellow-volunteers have had the same polite intimation broken to them gently, so as not to wound their tender susceptibilities. Then, as Uncle Toby remarked, "our army swore terribly in Flanders, but nothing to this."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

It has always been a marvel to Catholics how any body of Christians who believe in the divinity of Him whose name they bear should refuse due honors to the mother who bore Him or find fault with others who render her such honors. The same surprise prompts one of the leading English organs of Unitarianism, the Inquirer, to say: "The calendar connects the quarter day, as Lady Day, with the name of the Blessed Virgin Mary, whom our fellow-Christians of the Romish (sic) Church call 'Our Lady,' and the 'Mother of God.' One does not see why Protestant Christians, of Trinitarian persuasion, should offer any objection to these designations: for, if Jesus was God, it would seem to follow that the mother of God was also God."

Happily, Protestantism is consistently ignorant of the reverence this month past showed that the Heart Reviewer WHO LOS The Earnest

The doubts seeker after in the following which entitled assured faith. a minister of whose priestly ness, is real difference between Covington Editor of Cal A letter, of was found in last month. the writer, transmitted every elusion; but as it not appear, I publish the le erable profession Following is a pathetic epist "My Dear —You ask me charge. If possession of I feel that I A devoted wife, a plea during the r age destroy salary, health are mine. happy, but the question right? Am "He who laid His hand loving kindness heavy and m "Your ge ness at the with redoubt lines. You th which me. You wa against temp was to seek prayer, to my flock, well. But thrusting its ill with th the sainted simply, ill w "I look o bath mornin and see no e my sermons estly, most all my troub suggestions wite, but al remain but t ance two-Church, the "There them, it is t in Church u under man and ings: for I They tell r require so striking an the people rousing mu They insist sary to fill p le up to the noble wome eties, their tainment insist the m "Someti fitted for effective. in Cincinnati Park chur Some time morning se Make a Pap to draw a menal yet he got was next sermo Run,' and the mornin that it w cincinnati Bas His church of Deacons him. Fron tion has and a fashio my dear t that the p crucified?" "Ah! m Cincinnati the mornin saloon open so many s unprepared with horro of police w throngs fr the totterin ing to hav other parv upon the walls wi ing, we magie, the towards th

seen to follow that the mother of Jesus was the mother of God.

Who lost this letter? The Earnest Reflections of a Sincere Soul.

Editor of Catholic Columbian: A letter, of which I enclosed a copy, was found in the market of this city last month.

My dear and venerated Professor: You ask me, am I happy in my first career. If you mean, am I in the possession of the happiness of the world, I feel that I ought to answer that I am.

My dear Professor, I grow distracted in contemplation of the fearful alternatives presented to us!

My dear Professor, to what Word of God do the Plenary Council and the Cardinal refer? Certainly it must be to the Roman version of Douay.

And so I close, almost with the words of the Romanist: 'Yet with us having the Bible, if we do have it, would have done what that little Romanist did at the risk of his life, and thought nothing of it.'

What had he done? Nothing heroic as it evidently appeared to him. But he had risked what neither I nor you, my dear professor, would have risked, to carry to some bruised and mangled form, pinned under the ruins, the ministrations of his Church.

My dear Professor, I grow distracted in contemplation of the fearful alternatives presented to us!

My dear Professor, to what Word of God do the Plenary Council and the Cardinal refer? Certainly it must be to the Roman version of Douay.

My dear Professor, I grow distracted in contemplation of the fearful alternatives presented to us!

My dear Professor, to what Word of God do the Plenary Council and the Cardinal refer? Certainly it must be to the Roman version of Douay.

DEATH OF DR. HANAVAN

On Tuesday morning of last week the friends of Dr. Hanavan in this city were surprised to hear that he was taken seriously ill, and on the afternoon of the same day the announcement was made that he had died.

The doctor was born on the 5th June, 1812, in the town of Drogheda, in the county of Wick, Ireland.

Dr. Hanavan was a native of County Monaghan, Ireland, and came to this country in the year 1835, settling upon a farm shortly after his arrival.

Dr. Hanavan was a member of Branch 165, C. M. B. A., London.

Dr. Hanavan was a member of Branch 165, C. M. B. A., London.

Dr. Hanavan was a member of Branch 165, C. M. B. A., London.

Dr. Hanavan was a member of Branch 165, C. M. B. A., London.

Dr. Hanavan was a member of Branch 165, C. M. B. A., London.

MRS. SADDLER TESTIMONIAL

Subscribers may be addressed to the office of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont., or to the Rev. Father J. J. Conolly, P. P., St. Mary's Church, St. John's, N. B., or to the Rev. Father J. J. Conolly, P. P., St. Mary's Church, St. John's, N. B.

Subscribers may be addressed to the office of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont., or to the Rev. Father J. J. Conolly, P. P., St. Mary's Church, St. John's, N. B.

Subscribers may be addressed to the office of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont., or to the Rev. Father J. J. Conolly, P. P., St. Mary's Church, St. John's, N. B.

Subscribers may be addressed to the office of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont., or to the Rev. Father J. J. Conolly, P. P., St. Mary's Church, St. John's, N. B.

Subscribers may be addressed to the office of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont., or to the Rev. Father J. J. Conolly, P. P., St. Mary's Church, St. John's, N. B.

Subscribers may be addressed to the office of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont., or to the Rev. Father J. J. Conolly, P. P., St. Mary's Church, St. John's, N. B.

Subscribers may be addressed to the office of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont., or to the Rev. Father J. J. Conolly, P. P., St. Mary's Church, St. John's, N. B.

Subscribers may be addressed to the office of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont., or to the Rev. Father J. J. Conolly, P. P., St. Mary's Church, St. John's, N. B.

Mr. William H. Hughes, Editor Michigan Catholic

Dear Sir, - I beg to tell you with the present a copy of the Montreal True Witness, in which you will see what Irish Catholics of the East and the neighboring Dominion have begun to do for a patriotic and benevolent work which ought to wake enthusiasm throughout the whole of this great Republic.

What noble enterprise for Irish or country has not found in her eloquent and persuasive advocate? A generation or two ago, when all had to be accomplished; when the foundations were being laid of the many diocese and parishes which, charitable, educational, literary, which to day are in flourishing circumstances and are the pride of our American Church when writers were rare and literary talents rarer still; it was not Mrs. Sadler, through the publication of which she was the soul, that encouraged and assisted all, exposed every evil, set for every need, supplied the motive, called forth and united all activities. Whilst ready to harvest how ungrateful if we forget the hand that worked so hard to sow it!

I suppose it is a law of Providence that great talents will employed, shall await their recompense in another world, and Mrs. Sadler has not been an exception. The vicissitudes of fortune, the misapprehensions of what is called the trade, and the treachery of lawyers have eaten up the pecuniary fruits of a long and laborious life, leaving the estimable lady in an almost destitute condition. Would not this be a splendid opportunity to give proof of their gratitude, generosity and patriotism? Could our Irish organization take up any patriotic work more conformable to its aims and spirit? I am assured that the Michigan State and territory, and advocated the work as it well knows how, Michigan State alone would make the Testimonial Fund a success and prove to the venerable authorities that even in our far Western land her works have left an indelible impression and established lasting claims on its gratitude.

I hope to be able to send you next week a few names of generous subscribers from the 'So' whose example I hope will be followed by many. Sir William H. Hughes, K. C. B., Montreal, Canada, where Mrs. Sadler now resides, in President of the Testimonial Fund Committee, and will acknowledge receipts.

I have just read an extract of an article which recently appeared in the True Witness of Montreal, that a Testimonial was to be presented to the eminent author of the 'Basin' and 'The True Witness'.

Our Catholic friends may well feel flattered over the success of their organ recital and entertainment given in the church of Our Lady Help of Christians, Wednesday evening last, May 13. The large edifice was packed full to the door, and all speak very highly of the excellent music rendered by Prof. Featherston, and the fine singing by the choir and all who took part in the concert.

Our Catholic friends may well feel flattered over the success of their organ recital and entertainment given in the church of Our Lady Help of Christians, Wednesday evening last, May 13.

Our Catholic friends may well feel flattered over the success of their organ recital and entertainment given in the church of Our Lady Help of Christians, Wednesday evening last, May 13.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT.

The Rev. Father Luke Rivington delivered the first of two lectures on the subject "Catholic and Protestant," in the Cleveland Road Board school, Ilford.

The Rev. Father Rivington, at the outset of his lecture, said that he proposed that evening to go to what seemed to him to be the root of the matter, and to leave matters of special detail, in the way of reply to some things which had been said in Ilford, for next Monday. Now, the Catholic Church appealed to them upon the nature which God gave to every one of them. That was a root truth, and everything sprang out of that.

Their position was that of creatures. It was the special function of the Catholic Church to develop and illustrate the great truth, and all her truths and all her acts proceeded upon that great principle. She taught them to behave themselves as creatures before the Almighty God, their Creator. That was the root principle. Now, what was the root truth of created life? What were they to do as creatures? What was the title and fundamental act of the creature, simply, in the presence of the Creator? Why, it was this, that they were dependent. Dependence was the keynote of creature's life, dependence upon God. All the evil that came into God's creation came through the assertion of independence.

There was one bright and glorious creature to whom according to the Catholic Church, it was revealed that there was something higher in store for him, something beyond his own nature, which he must entirely depend upon his Creator. But he refused that which was his destiny and he fell. Theology told them that this fall had to do probably with something else, viz., a revelation—that it was in some way revealed to those creatures of God that they were to be happy and bright in heaven, that there was this future destiny before them, that this would come through what we call the Incarnation. But if the creature of God was to be blessed through the medium of any creature of His hand, why should it not be made glorious in nature? Heaven was where God revealed Himself, and so there was where He revealed Himself. One side said nay, and the other side said yea. One side had its negation, and the other side had its affirmation. One side had its submission, and the other side had its protest, and so there was division. One bright and glorious creature, Michael, who was like unto God, led in the path of submission. The lost angel was told that he had to depend, and that he had to refrain from touching something. He did not refrain. He thought he would have his own way. He took of the forbidden fruit, and so he fell too. Now, the whole idea of restoration was that the creature was restored to perfect dependence upon God. Dependence was the keynote of the creature's life. And so whatever God provided, that must be the food of the creature. He must not say gold is a very fine thing to eat. God had provided bread or wheat. He had provided one thing, and the creature must be contented with what God has made. And so wherever they found the note of independence struck, let them beware. Of course they would say, and a wrong dependence. Quite so; but there was a right and wrong independence, and so when Our Blessed Lord selected a metaphor to describe the creature as restored in his highest dignity, what was it? Why, sheep! In England the word sheep had not quite a good meaning. It looked as if English thought had gone a little bit astray from Catholic truth, because, after all, sheep was the term which Christ selected. There was nothing more glorious in the kingdom than to have the spirit and the tone of the sheep. The sheep was docile and took what was given him. Dependence, marked the sheep, and so in religious matters they were to be like sheep, they were to be dependent. He was quite aware that, having struck that key note, he went against the grain of English thought for a few centuries past. He knew perfectly well that the tendency would be to give play to the word sheepish. They were not sheepish, yet they were to be as sheep. They were to glory in dependence, docility, and submission. Those features must be found in their lives in religious matters if things were to be really right with them. They were on the path of restoration to their highest dignity. What had God made for man to depend upon? Perhaps one would say, "I should like to depend upon no one," but such a one could not live. He was dependent upon some one. And so they were to be dependent in religious matters. Christ came to build a Church. He told them that it was to be a society, it was to be a kingdom. They could not get on in a kingdom without dependence and submission. How could they get on in society if they were not dependent one upon another? It was only a matter of taking care that their dependence was in accordance with the laws of society. Who was to lay down the laws of the society which Christ came to build? It was Christ Himself. He was the King. They were to depend upon Him. If they looked at that kingdom with the eye of sense or nature, they should say that it was human; but if they looked at it with the eye of faith, they would say that it was not human, but Divine. Besides telling them to be like sheep He told them that they were to hear something. He told them,

"If any man hear not the Church, let him be to you as a heathen and a publican." Such a man was not in the path of restoration to his true dignity, which proceeded upon the principle of dependence and docility. And there was the great law whereby the creature was to be restored from this fall to his dignity. He could not understand, he could not imagine, any man who believed in Christ as God, and heard Him say that if they did not hear the Church they should be as heathens and publicans, could also believe that the Church would lead him astray. Was it likely that Christ would tell him to follow after a thing which would lead him off things concerning the salvation of his soul. Had they ever noticed when it was that Our Blessed Lord used the word Church? It was a very interesting fact. It came in the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel: "I will build My Church." He said: "To those who were gathered around Him He said, alluding to St. Peter, 'Unto thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of Heaven.' This was a gift to St. Peter from his Divine Master. If one person had the keys they must know that they were very dependent upon him. If they wished to go in they must apply to him. Christ never used such words to any other mortal man in the course of His ministry. It was unto Peter that He gave the keys and so it looked like the establishment of authority. People seemed to like to appeal away from the authority of God. They saw there that their Lord appeared certainly to place men under a particular authority. He found further that the men whom Christ presently joined to the apostle called Peter were told by Him, 'Whatever you shall bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven.' He said this to the eleven other apostles, but He did not say to them 'I give you the keys.' Thus, they were bound to go to the chief part of Our Lord's life, to the great feature of His ministry. It consisted of His education of these few men. They were to be the germ of the future, they were to receive the Holy Ghost and Christ's teachings, and those teachings were to be brought to light by the power of the Holy Ghost and handed down, so that from age to age Catholics would always say that they believed in One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. Now, having bound these men together like this, Our Blessed Lord, on the last night of His precious life—a night specially touching to all Christian readers of Scripture—on that night there was a dispute amongst them as to which of them would be the greatest. There were a number of things they did not understand, about the Passion, about the Resurrection. Evidently there was something in Our Lord's teaching which implied that there would be one who would be the leader, the greatest. Christ said, 'He that is the eldest amongst you, let him be as the youngest.' Christ cast His eye over the future of His whole Church. He spoke of the trials and tribulations into which they would be plunged, and when He had spoken those troubles what did He say? He said, 'I have prayed.' He spoke of Simon Peter, and said, 'I have prayed that thy faith fail not; that thou should be infallible in that faith, and when thou art converted that thou strengthen and confirm thy brethren.' There they were, the brethren were to be dependent upon the person for whom Christ prayed, and Christ's prayer secured to him in these matters that his faith should not fail. And they saw that it was all through the idea of dependence that they were to be the teachers of the world, that they were to go forth and deliver what Christ had taught them. The religion came from Christ. It was given to the Apostles, and they were to teach throughout the world what Christ had taught them, and they would be certain not to go astray, because Christ said 'I am with you all days, unto the consummation of the world.' It was a law of the Christian life by prayers, by persuasions, by life, by will, to bring others into the Faith. As Saint Augustine said, 'You must be with Peter if you are to get to the eternal shore.' Christ gave the commission to another, 'Feed My sheep.' If they were to be as the sheep of Christ, they must be fed by some one in the name of Christ, and they must be to him submissive and docile. That was the root principle of religion, and Catholics glorified in dependence. God had His institutions and His way of acting. He did not promise that in every conceivable case the machinery would go without a flaw; but He would take care that the various flaws will not affect the vital and essential working of the machine. That was the principle on which God worked. This He did know, that God could not contradict Himself. He (Father Rivington) left the Church of England on that principle, and he felt that it was the true principle on which to act. He had nothing harsh to say about the Church of England; neither, indeed, had he about the D. S. sents. He had a pious father and a most devoted mother, and he believed that they would go to Heaven, if they were not there now. But for all that, when God Almighty showed him a principle, he must use his judgment, and not be dependent upon a most pious mother or devout father. He must act for himself. He could not see that a system in which the teachers contradicted one another was a system representing Christ, Who is our God. That seemed to him to be against common sense and good reason. He had received some of his greatest consolations in his religious life outside the Catholic Church. He was brought up in a country parish in England, where as a

boy he had a very nice vicar. He was a thorough gentleman, and he and his wife were good and devout people. He remembered that when he was nearly ready to go to Oxford that the vicar died, and the steple of the church fell on the same day. He did not know what might be argued from that. But there came in the place of that vicar an equally good man, and as far as he knew, an excellent man, who taught them as boys the very opposite of what they were taught up to that time. What was he to do? He tried to make out that there was some underlying unity beneath the differences, and that it was not for him to go any further. But the time must come when a person would give his reason and when one looked fairly into the matter what did he find? As a matter of fact, he had worked in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, and in America and he found that he had to suit his teaching to some extent to the Bishop of the place where he went. He did that as far as he was obliged to. He always tried to teach the Bishop, and he very often succeeded. He once induced a Bishop to go to confession. But there was one thing he could never get over. He did not say that it struck him immediately, but it was forcing itself upon his attention that, wherever he went, in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, there was one enormous religious body about which he knew exactly what views every exponent of it had with regard to particular things. If he asked any single Catholic priest any question with regard to the sacraments of the Church, the answer would always be found to be the same. He had always tried to get people to be at one, but what he would he could not get them to be at one. He felt that that could not be a system that Our Lord instituted, and he remembered the text in which the Lord expressly stated that the kingdom could not be divided. He was very anxious that they should not leave that room under any misapprehension, whilst he spoke of Peter as the chief pastor of the Universal Church. There was, after all, one Shepherd, one Priest, one Father, one Lord. Just as there was one Father and one Lord it did not prevent him looking upon an earthly fellow-being as his father and his lord. The fact that there were priests and shepherds did not prevent him looking to Christ, and the fact that Christ was the one Shepherd of the Church did not prevent representatives of Him, or governors.

IN THE HOUR OF PERIL.

The midday sun of an August day was pouring its hot beams down upon the pine-clad slopes of the Rocky Mountains and upon a gang of laborers who were resting from their toil of pick and shovel during the hour devoted to the noonday meal. Near by sat the "gang boss" or foreman, a stalwart Irish man, a big, dark, and powerful fellow, who was soon harassed abroad that a missionary priest had arrived to pay the camp a visit and to say Mass on the following morning. He never met the priest, but he had seen the son of Italy, and of faith is not one of them. With the exception of Giuseppe Bonani, who was nursing his sore head and his wrath, the men gathered around the missionary, who was of their own nationality, even to the creditably short space of time had a spare tent rigged up for him, and within it had erected a portable altar, and a chair that was to anchor the priest in his ministrations. In that wild country the visits of priests were like those of angels, few and far between; some of the men had not seen one for two or three years, so it was not surprising that they should have welcomed him with joy.

When everything was in readiness, the priest retired to the tent and the men went to confession one after the other. The missionary, Dan Conway, sat upon a stone in the moonlight and meditated upon the advisability of going to confession himself. It was nearly four years since he had received the sacraments, but during the greater part of that time he had been far away from priest and church, and it had not been possible for him to do so. Now to his surprise, he found himself very much disinclined to embrace the opportunity that Providence had placed in his way.

When the last of his men had come from the tent he was still undecided, and finally compromised with his conscience by telling himself that there would be time enough to go in the morning before Mass. It might not, perhaps, be just to say that he had made up his mind to gratify his passion for liquor that night, and so did not approach the confessional with the proper disposition; but certain it is that the knowledge that he was in a position to gratify it had an indirect influence upon him, though he would not acknowledge, even to himself, that such was the case. However, he retired to the hut without having been to confession, and sat to sleep, not helplessly intoxicated as he had been.

Hard workers sleep well, and long before midnight the hut and little tent were wrapped in a silence that was broken only by the heavy breathings of the tired laborers and the low rustlings of the pines in the night breeze. Calm and serene in her silver splendor, the moon sank toward the west, throwing a shaft of white light through the half open door of the hut where Conway's gang lay asleep, and lighting up the upper portion of the foreman's vigorous frame as he lay with one arm thrown across his chest, from which his shirt had slipped back, exposing all its brawny proportions save the place where his arm rested. At the far side of the room, in the shadow, Giuseppe Bonani crouched, biting his time and lingering the point of his knife. With the patience of a wild beast lying in wait for its prey, he lay in his corner until the deep and steady breathings of his companions assured him that they were fast asleep, and then he was awakened easily; then with catlike movement he rose to his feet and crept softly across the room to the spot where his enemy lay in his mercy. He raised his knife and glided in the moonlight, but he forebore to strike, for Conway's arm was in the way, and he would not risk a doubtful blow. For nearly a full minute he stood there, his bright eyes fixed upon his intended victim, and his hand clasp the handle of his knife convulsively. At last the sleeping man, perhaps disturbed by the evil gaze, stirred restlessly and flung both arms above his head. The movement startled Bonani momentarily and he drew back a pace, then with a fierce flash in his dark eyes he stepped forward and raised the knife in the air, his eye seeking the fatal spot in which to strike. Suddenly he drew back shuddering, and the knife dropped from his hand to the earthen floor with a dull thud. He did not seem to hear it, but stood with staring eyeballs glaring at a patch of red and white that lay upon Conway's breast and rose and fell with his breathing. It was a scapular of the Sacred Heart, a poor little bit of cloth with

the distant whistle of a locomotive was borne to his ears, he started to his feet with a look of relief. "Thank heaven, the hand-car will soon be here," he said, half aloud. "I'll go to meet it; I'm choking for a drink." He walked along the roughly broken road-bed for nearly a quarter of a mile before he reached the place where the tracks were laid ready laid. He had hardly got to the spot when the hand-car appeared around a curve some distance ahead, and came rumbling along toward where he stood. "Dan is in a hurry for his jar," said one of the men on the car to his companions with a laugh, as he caught sight of the foreman's waiting figure. The others echoed the laugh, and one of them stooped down and drew a yellow jar out of the mist of a load of supplies and held it up conspicuously as the car drew up at the end of the track. "Confound you, Cameron, you needn't parade it that way; I'm not blind," exclaimed Conway, fishing red as he took the jar. Fallen as he was, the pale rufousians of his rough associates jested on him painfully. "Don't get mad, Dan," answered the man good-naturedly. "I know you were thirsty, and I wanted to let you see I had not forgotten the stuff."

The foreman winced at this unmeaning allusion to his weakness, and muttering a hoarse, "Thank you, Jim, much obliged," turned away with the jar in his hand and disappeared into the interior of a log hut that stood close to the track and which was, for the present, the home of himself and his gang after working hours. When he emerged again nearly an hour afterwards, his face was flushed, his eyes were moist and heavy, and his step was not quite so firm as it had been. When he got back to the place where he had left his gang, he found that they had resumed work, and he was about to throw himself down in the shade of a rock to doze off for a few minutes, when he remembered that he had noticed that the sullen Italian whom he had remarked sitting apart during the dinner hour was missing. "Where's Giuseppe Bonani?" he asked, in very good Italian, stepping into the midst of the gang and looking about him angrily. "No one knew what had become of him, and the irate foreman went away to hunt him up."

"I thought," said himself, "that a few moments later, when he came upon the delinquent Bonani in the act of taking a siesta in a sheltered nook among the rocks. Here, you lazy vagabond, get up and get to work," he called out, stirring the man with the toe of his boot. Bonani did not move, and Conway stooped down and shook him with no gentle hand, for his anger was rising. The man raised his eyelids slowly after a moment and looked at the foreman, then instead of getting up he grunted sullenly and rolled over as though he tried to sleep again. Thoroughly exasperated, Conway strode over him, grasped him by the red and yellow handkerchief that adorned his neck, and with a jerk of his muscular arm brought him to his feet. He had wanted to raise the son of his dinner knife, which was protruding from his belt, and he made as if to draw it. Conway did not give him time, but planted a direct blow between his eyes that knocked him over backwards, and then walked coolly away, without taking the trouble to see whether he had hurt him seriously or not.

Half an hour later, Bonani joined the gang with a blood-stained bandage tied around his forehead, and the sullen fire of vengeance smouldering in his eyes. They dragged sullenly along, and when it was over the gang shouldered their tools and tramped back to the hut, glad to be released from their toilsome labors. They had scarcely disposed of their supper when the foreman, who was sitting at the table, was soon harassed abroad that a missionary priest had arrived to pay the camp a visit and to say Mass on the following morning. He never met the priest, but he had seen the son of Italy, and of faith is not one of them. With the exception of Giuseppe Bonani, who was nursing his sore head and his wrath, the men gathered around the missionary, who was of their own nationality, even to the creditably short space of time had a spare tent rigged up for him, and within it had erected a portable altar, and a chair that was to anchor the priest in his ministrations. In that wild country the visits of priests were like those of angels, few and far between; some of the men had not seen one for two or three years, so it was not surprising that they should have welcomed him with joy.

When everything was in readiness, the priest retired to the tent and the men went to confession one after the other. The missionary, Dan Conway, sat upon a stone in the moonlight and meditated upon the advisability of going to confession himself. It was nearly four years since he had received the sacraments, but during the greater part of that time he had been far away from priest and church, and it had not been possible for him to do so. Now to his surprise, he found himself very much disinclined to embrace the opportunity that Providence had placed in his way.

When the last of his men had come from the tent he was still undecided, and finally compromised with his conscience by telling himself that there would be time enough to go in the morning before Mass. It might not, perhaps, be just to say that he had made up his mind to gratify his passion for liquor that night, and so did not approach the confessional with the proper disposition; but certain it is that the knowledge that he was in a position to gratify it had an indirect influence upon him, though he would not acknowledge, even to himself, that such was the case. However, he retired to the hut without having been to confession, and sat to sleep, not helplessly intoxicated as he had been.

Hard workers sleep well, and long before midnight the hut and little tent were wrapped in a silence that was broken only by the heavy breathings of the tired laborers and the low rustlings of the pines in the night breeze. Calm and serene in her silver splendor, the moon sank toward the west, throwing a shaft of white light through the half open door of the hut where Conway's gang lay asleep, and lighting up the upper portion of the foreman's vigorous frame as he lay with one arm thrown across his chest, from which his shirt had slipped back, exposing all its brawny proportions save the place where his arm rested. At the far side of the room, in the shadow, Giuseppe Bonani crouched, biting his time and lingering the point of his knife. With the patience of a wild beast lying in wait for its prey, he lay in his corner until the deep and steady breathings of his companions assured him that they were fast asleep, and then he was awakened easily; then with catlike movement he rose to his feet and crept softly across the room to the spot where his enemy lay in his mercy. He raised his knife and glided in the moonlight, but he forebore to strike, for Conway's arm was in the way, and he would not risk a doubtful blow. For nearly a full minute he stood there, his bright eyes fixed upon his intended victim, and his hand clasp the handle of his knife convulsively. At last the sleeping man, perhaps disturbed by the evil gaze, stirred restlessly and flung both arms above his head. The movement startled Bonani momentarily and he drew back a pace, then with a fierce flash in his dark eyes he stepped forward and raised the knife in the air, his eye seeking the fatal spot in which to strike. Suddenly he drew back shuddering, and the knife dropped from his hand to the earthen floor with a dull thud. He did not seem to hear it, but stood with staring eyeballs glaring at a patch of red and white that lay upon Conway's breast and rose and fell with his breathing. It was a scapular of the Sacred Heart, a poor little bit of cloth with

the edges frayed and soiled from long wearing, but if the tiny red heart had been a tongue of living flame it could not have startled the Italian more. He gazed at it in horror, and his knees almost gave way under him as he backed slowly away and moved around to the open door. When he reached it his form blocked out the shaft of moon light and cast a shadow that hid both the foreman and the scapular from his eyes. Then, and only then, as if he had been released from a spell, he turned swiftly and ran into the open air, his feet pressing the sharp stones and gravel unheeding and his hands clasped tightly over the stained bandage that still encircled his head. He had scarcely disappeared among the pines when Dan Conway awoke with a start, and sat upright in his bed. "Merciful heaven, what a dream!" he muttered, wiping the cold sweat from his brow and peering around him in the gloom. All was stillness and darkness outside the foot of moonlight that streamed upon his face, and, after listening intently for a few moments he lay back with a look of relief. As his alarm subsided he began to experience a sense of physical discomfort. His throat was hot and dry, his tongue swollen and parched, and his head ached violently. "Plow! how hot it is in here," he grumbled beneath his breath, turning over restlessly and putting out one hand to feel for the jar of liquor that he had left close beside the bed. Instead of the jar, his hand came in contact with the knife that Bonani had dropped, and he lifted it and looked at it suspiciously. The Italian, to render his grasp of the weapon more firm, had wrapped around it the red and yellow scarf he had been wont to wear on his neck, and it was upon the scarf Conway eyed while he tried to remember where he had seen it before. All at once it came to him like a flash, and he jumped out of bed, struck a match, and walked over to the place where the Italian usually slept. As he expected, the spot was vacant and Bonani was nowhere to be seen. The foreman made his way back to his bed, sat down upon it, and stared out into the moonlight. His face was very white and his hands shaking nervously. He was by no means a coward, but he had never received a severe shock so perfectly well that the presence of the Italian's knife so close to his bed was an indication that he had been in jeopardy that night, and the only thing that puzzled him was the fact that he was still alive. "Something must have scared him before he had time to stick me," he concluded after a lengthy cogitation. "No wonder I had the nightmare."

From the incident presented itself to him in another light. Where would his soul have been now had the Italian accomplished his purpose? He shivered involuntarily at the thought, and bowed his face in his hands. It was easy to stifle a voice of conscience, but with the shadow of an unprepared death hovering over his head, he could not escape reproaches so easily. In that moment all his sins, the errors and the omissions of his life rose up before him in grim array, and he saw for the first time, perhaps, in their true light. From carelessness to despair it was but a step, and his soul was soon plunged in a very sick of hopelessness. "God help me, I'm too late now," he said to himself, despairingly, after an hour spent in mental anguish. "Oh, if I might only begin again; but it's too late, too late. Agitated and miserable, he began to dress himself with the intention of moving out into the open air, and as he raised his hand to fasten his shirt his eyes fell upon the scapular he wore and he could hear his heart striking within it. "I will comfort you in trouble, my child," she had said gently, "and will give you comfort when you are in need of it. In the hour of temptation and darkness. He almost thought he could hear her voice again, and overcame by a strong effort, he bit his knees and bowed his head upon the scapular, praying incoherently.

Gently and lovingly the Heart of Jesus drew that poor, stumbling soul back to itself, dissipating the clouds of unreasonable error, and smoothing the thorny path of repentance. Through the silent watches of the night until the gray dawn, he knelt there, then, as the darkness gave way to the first flush of day break, he rose, dressed himself, and went away, to walk up and down outside the missionary's tent until he could hear his heart striking within it. He had not been waiting long when he heard a sound inside the canvas walls, and he approached the entrance, he was about to beg permission to enter, when the door was thrown aside from within, and he stood face to face with Giuseppe Bonani. Both men halted and eyed each other with a look that was as intelligent as comprehensive. Then Dan Conway averted his head, made a gesture of dismissal with his hand, and disappeared into the tent, leaving the Italian to shamble away with lowered head into the opposite direction.

Such was Conway's reformation. It proved long. He had to endure a good deal of good natured "chaffing" from his associates upon the subject, but he took it so good-naturedly that he soon tired of their own rough witticisms and left him alone. The one time "gang boss" is now a prosperous physician in a large town in the United States. His intimates sometimes smile at his outlandish and enthusiastic devotion to the Sacred Heart, and wonder curiously why he treasures a certain soiled little scapular with such care. Even himself does not know, and perhaps in this world will never know, all that he owes to that tiny, frayed emblem of an ever-guarding love—The Father Mathew Herald.

Both men halted and eyed each other with a look that was as intelligent as comprehensive. Then Dan Conway averted his head, made a gesture of dismissal with his hand, and disappeared into the tent, leaving the Italian to shamble away with lowered head into the opposite direction. Such was Conway's reformation. It proved long. He had to endure a good deal of good natured "chaffing" from his associates upon the subject, but he took it so good-naturedly that he soon tired of their own rough witticisms and left him alone. The one time "gang boss" is now a prosperous physician in a large town in the United States. His intimates sometimes smile at his outlandish and enthusiastic devotion to the Sacred Heart, and wonder curiously why he treasures a certain soiled little scapular with such care. Even himself does not know, and perhaps in this world will never know, all that he owes to that tiny, frayed emblem of an ever-guarding love—The Father Mathew Herald.

Such was Conway's reformation. It proved long. He had to endure a good deal of good natured "chaffing" from his associates upon the subject, but he took it so good-naturedly that he soon tired of their own rough witticisms and left him alone. The one time "gang boss" is now a prosperous physician in a large town in the United States. His intimates sometimes smile at his outlandish and enthusiastic devotion to the Sacred Heart, and wonder curiously why he treasures a certain soiled little scapular with such care. Even himself does not know, and perhaps in this world will never know, all that he owes to that tiny, frayed emblem of an ever-guarding love—The Father Mathew Herald.

Such was Conway's reformation. It proved long. He had to endure a good deal of good natured "chaffing" from his associates upon the subject, but he took it so good-naturedly that he soon tired of their own rough witticisms and left him alone. The one time "gang boss" is now a prosperous physician in a large town in the United States. His intimates sometimes smile at his outlandish and enthusiastic devotion to the Sacred Heart, and wonder curiously why he treasures a certain soiled little scapular with such care. Even himself does not know, and perhaps in this world will never know, all that he owes to that tiny, frayed emblem of an ever-guarding love—The Father Mathew Herald.

Such was Conway's reformation. It proved long. He had to endure a good deal of good natured "chaffing" from his associates upon the subject, but he took it so good-naturedly that he soon tired of their own rough witticisms and left him alone. The one time "gang boss" is now a prosperous physician in a large town in the United States. His intimates sometimes smile at his outlandish and enthusiastic devotion to the Sacred Heart, and wonder curiously why he treasures a certain soiled little scapular with such care. Even himself does not know, and perhaps in this world will never know, all that he owes to that tiny, frayed emblem of an ever-guarding love—The Father Mathew Herald.

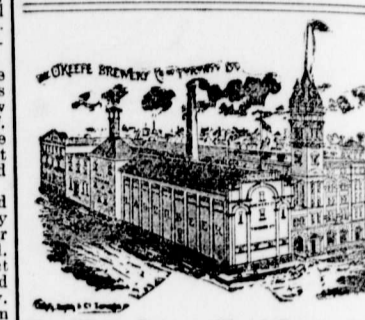
Such was Conway's reformation. It proved long. He had to endure a good deal of good natured "chaffing" from his associates upon the subject, but he took it so good-naturedly that he soon tired of their own rough witticisms and left him alone. The one time "gang boss" is now a prosperous physician in a large town in the United States. His intimates sometimes smile at his outlandish and enthusiastic devotion to the Sacred Heart, and wonder curiously why he treasures a certain soiled little scapular with such care. Even himself does not know, and perhaps in this world will never know, all that he owes to that tiny, frayed emblem of an ever-guarding love—The Father Mathew Herald.

LOVE & DIGAN, BARRISTERS, ETC. 418 Talbot street, London. Private funds to loan.

I. C. FELL & CO. ENGRAVERS. Society Seals and Stamps. Finest work, lowest prices. In Canada, Write for prices to G. Victoria St., Toronto.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. DR. WAUGH, 587 TALBOT ST., LONDON, Ont. Specialty, Nervous Diseases.

DR. WOODRUFF, NO. 185 QUEEN'S AVE. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throat. Eyes tested, classes adjusted. Hours, 12 to 4.



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

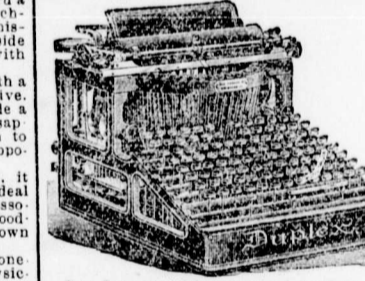
Spencerian Pens. THE STANDARD AMERICAN BRAND. Made in Birmingham, England, for over forty years.



SPENCERIAN CO., 450 Broome Street, NEW YORK.

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

FASTEST TYPEWRITER IN THE WORLD. FASTER THAN SHORTHAND.



Our Jewett, with universal keyboard, is especially suited for clergymen, teachers and educational institutions. The Bickenseder at \$15 is acknowledged to be the best machine made for the money. Write for special prices to clergymen and convents.

Creelman Bros. Typewriter Co. 19 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO. J. J. SEITZ, Manager. Factory: Georgetown. Phone 2211.

J. E. Bruner & Co. Toronto's Leading Fashionable Tailors. 222 QUEEN ST. E. All work guaranteed first-class and up-to-date. Try us and you'll stay with us. Prices Right.

STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES. Best Qualities Only. Prices the Lowest.

J. McCausland Stained Glass Co. 76 King Street West, TORONTO.

Standard School of Phonography and Business Training School. 31 White Block, Port Huron, Mich. Insist on attending the best school of Short-hand and Book-keeping this side of Detroit. Learn the "Graham System" if you attempt any. Competent students placed in positions after a three or four months' course. School the year round. Tuition for complete course, summer term, in Short-hand and Book-keeping, \$25. Write for particulars. ROSE SULLIVAN, Principal.

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousands cases called hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. 10 DAYS Treatment. Free by mail. Drs. Green & Sons, Specialists, ATLANTA, GA.

NEALON HOUSE. 107 and 109 King E. TORONTO. J. O'Connor, Proprietor. Lately renovated and furnished throughout. Home comforts. Choice brands of liquors and cigars. Terms \$10.00 per day.

JUNE Seated one I was we And my fa Over the I do not kn But I struc Like the I flooded th And it lay With a to It quieted L Like love From out I linked a Into one And tremb As if it w I have sou That one Will see And ente It may be I shall be FIVE THE PR If any m duty thi he ought frightful of the L refused to while livi Church, a priv of punishment exclusion ful, which or if it meo Christian hard especially only what able, to a But rea things th authority is the sam "Whatsoe it shall beo soever you be loosed i This is i heaven th the Churc This gr Church do tion of p until East many thi over the until he quickl, tions, by me." Be the te him who he has a the wors of his so has been present of him blessing abuses it resolves gation, a by putt ment of sin. A multipl Would with the the grav Even if decree could no from the less you Man, an not hav Nothi forcibly munion Saviour overlast we can will not that suc uld you "Drin How and me how ba who rec partake grant t none of mercif "He eth My I will r About an and dis cines, a any one has pow make th of a Hoos and liv Rich good h rilla, t -HEAL

BARRISTERS, ETC. London. Private funds

L. C. FELL & CO. ENGRAVERS. City Seals and Stamps

ALBERT ST. LONDON, Nervous Diseases.

185 QUEEN'S AVE. W. Impaired Hearing



CO. of Toronto, Ltd.

AWK, J. G. Gibson, Vice-Pres. Sec-Treas

AMERICAN Pens.

AMERICAN BRAND, England, for over



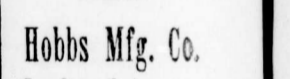
High-Class Church Windows

Hobbs Mfg. Co. London, Ont.

ASK FOR DESIGNS

TYPEWRITER WORLD.

AN SHORTHAND



ros. Typewriter Co. St. East, TORONTO.

J. J. SEITZ, Manager. Phone 2231.

Printer & Co.

Leading Fashionable Tailors

STEEN ST. E. Best dress-class and up-to-date

RED GLASS CHURCHES.

Qualities Only. The Lowest.

RED STAINED GLASS CO. West, TORONTO.

ool of Photography Business Training School

Port Huron, Mich. The best school of Short-handling

Free. 10 DAYS Treatment. Green & Sons, Special.

ON HOUSE. Toronto. Latest renovat-

A Lost Chord.

Seated one day at the organ I was weary and ill at ease.

My fingers wandered idly, Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then;

It flooded the crimson twilight, Like the close of an angel's psalm,

It quieted pain and sorrow, Like love overcoming strife;

It linked all perplexed meanings Into one perfect peace,

I have sought, but I seek it vainly, That one lost chord divine,

Which came from the soul of the organ, And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel Will speak in that chord again,

It may be that only in heaven, I shall hear that grand Amen.

—Melodie Anne Procter.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Trinity Sunday.

THE PRECEPTS OF THE CHURCH.

If any man has not made his Easter duty this morning, or before to day, he ought to think seriously on the frightful state of his soul.

The decree of the Lateran Council which prescribed the Easter duty says of him who refuses to obey its law, "Let him, while living, be driven from the Church, and dying, let him be deprived of Christian burial."

This is a punishment meant simply a temporal exclusion from the society of the faithful, which at present it does not mean; or if it meant no more than a refusal of Christian burial, though that would be hard enough for the sinner, and especially so for his friends; if it meant only what it says, it might be tolerable, to a sinner at least.

But really it implies more terrible things than it expresses. For the authority which put forth that decree is the same as that which Christ said, "Whoever you shall bind on earth it shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose on earth it shall be loosed in heaven."

Thus is he excluded from the Church in heaven who is justly excluded from the Church on earth.

This grievous sin of not hearing the Church does not take away the obligation of performing the Easter duty until Easter comes round again, as too many think. The obligation hangs over the man who refuses to fulfil it until what it requires is done.

As Moses said to the people of Israel in giving them the law of God, so might it be said to the sinner who scorns this most important obligation: "If thou wilt not hear the voice of the Lord thy God, to keep and do all His commandments and ceremonies, all these things shall come upon thee and overtake thee. Cursed shalt thou be in the city and cursed in the field. Cursed shalt thou be coming in and cursed going out. The Lord shall send upon thee famine and hunger, and a rebuke upon all the works which thou shalt do, until he consume and destroy thee quickly, for the most wicked inventions, by which thou hast forsaken me."

Be assured, dear brethren, that if these temporal curses do not come upon him who has neglected his Easter duty, he has already brought upon himself the worst of spiritual curses, the death of his soul by his mortal sin. And as has been said, the obligation is ever present to multiply evils upon the head of him who scorns it, just as every blessing becomes a curse to him that abuses it. For every time the sinner resolves to fulfil the ever-present obligation, and then breaks that resolution, by putting off without reason the fulfilment of it, he commits a new mortal sin. And thus the curse increases and multiplies.

Would that all might be impressed with the importance of this duty, and the gravity of the sin of neglecting it! Even if we did not have the explicit decree of the Church to bind us, we could not help inferring the obligation, from the strong words of Christ, "Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you."

Nothing could impress upon us more forcibly the obligation of Holy Communion than these words of our Blessed Saviour. For, which of us desires the everlasting death of his soul? And if we cannot live, except by Christ, who will not rejoice, with his whole heart, that such a sweet Fountain of Perpetual Youth is provided for our souls?

"Drink ye all of this." How marvellous is God's goodness and mercy to us, poor sinners! And how base is the ingratitude of that man who requires a law to force him to partake of God's infinite mercies! God grant that such ingratitude may keep none of us from the bounty of our all-merciful Benefactor!

"He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood shall have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day."

Tired, Nervous, Sleepless

Men and women—how gratefully they write about Hood's Sarsaparilla. Once helpless, now in good health, and "able to do my own work," because Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to enrich and purify the blood and make the weak strong—this is the experience of a host of people.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Gentle, reliable, sure. RICH RED BLOOD is the foundation of good health. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier, gives HEALTH.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Patron of Youth.

St. Aloysius, who feast occurs on June 21, is the acknowledged patron of youth. In this instance the word "patron" takes its original meaning of pattern. St. Aloysius did not live long enough to teach others, as did our dear patron St. Joseph, the guide and preceptor of the Holy Child.

Aloysius was nobly born, the son of the Marquis of Castiglione, and had he so chosen, worldly dignity and happiness might have been his. But from very infancy the little Aloysius was devoted wholly to God. The first word formed by his baby lips was the holy name of Jesus.

He was only nine years old when he resolved to become a priest of God. This early resolution was strengthened as the years went by. The little saint received his first Communion at the hands of the great Cardinal, St. Charles Borromeo. After this he impatiently longed to embrace the priestly service. The opposition of his father, who naturally treated the desire as the whim of a child, was withdrawn when there could be no longer a doubt about the vocation of the boy, and at the early age of seventeen Aloysius Gonzaga entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus.

St. Aloysius died when he was but twenty three. Despite the manifold temptations of youth the boy never committed a sin. His confessor, to whom the saint opened his mind regularly and conscientiously, testified that Aloysius had never once offended God in thought, word or action. Had he lived he would have become one of the lights of the Church Eternal; his sanctified words and deeds would have undoubtedly led multitudes of sinners to God. It was not to be. Preceptor or counsellor the young Jesuit was never to give; eloquence was lost in sacrifice. He gave his life for others and perished while nursing the victims of a malignant fever then raging in Rome. His last word, like his first, was Jesus.

Three centuries have passed since the death of Aloysius Gonzaga. How many thousands of the great and wise and noble have been forgotten in three hundred years of time! Why, then, is this boy remembered, this youth who gave over the dignity of the world and lived not long enough to attain a single divinity of the Church? He was not one of the host of eloquent preachers of whose work the Church is justly proud; he was neither sage nor warrior. What he might have been his early death concealed from human eyes. Why is the boy so canonized saint?

Only because he was entirely good; because his being good held all the possibilities of doing good and saying good. His short life is an eloquent sermon in itself. Many have been converted merely by reading of the saintly Aloysius.

The heedlessness of youth is not an excuse for imprecation. "I have no patience with people who talk about the thoughtlessness of youth," exclaims a modern philosopher. "A youth thoughtless! when all his career depends on his opportunity for thought! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is as a torch to the aid train of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now! I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age than of thoughtless youth."

"I am so young," can never be an excuse for imprecation when we think of the perfect Aloysius. The grace given to him is not bestowed upon all, but every one can resolve to imitate the virtues of the pure and gentle boy whose life was truly the "pattern" of holy youth.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Royal Children.

Now that we are celebrating the Golden Jubilee of our gracious Queen, the following story of her royal children, written by "Jodo" for the Philadelphia Standard and Times, may be of interest to our young readers:

The English royal children were reared in the most simple and frugal manner, and it was not until later in life that they realized their lofty position. By that time, however, their minds had no room for conceit, their hearts no space for the meanness of petty tyranny, Queen Victoria's oldest child, the Princess Royal of England, afterwards Crown Princess of Germany, was the only one among the English Princes and Princesses who was unduly conscious of royal dignity. In this she was most unlike her mother, Queen Victoria, whose long reign has been entirely free from the errors of personal haughtiness.

Queen Victoria, when but a girl of eighteen, received the announcement, that her uncle, William IV., was dead and that she was the sovereign of Great Britain. Her first thought was a prayer. "God help me to be good!" she cried. I think that her daughter, the Princess Royal, would have heard such news in a different spirit. I think she might have said, had she been so placed, "God help me to be great!"

When but a child of six Princess Victoria Mary was taken to the seashore with her brother, the Prince of Wales. The little Prince enjoyed the sight of the great waves that tumbled in foam upon the beach, but the Princess Royal was only angered at the independence of the billows. She had probably never heard of King Canute, but she followed the example of that illustrious monarch very complacently. Stamping her little foot upon the sand she commanded the waves to retire. For answer they drenched her pretty shoes. Thoroughly enraged the little Princess Royal ran to a heap of pebbles, and gathering up a handful threw them upon an incoming wave. "Go back! go back!" she cried, impetuously. But the big wave only laughed at the small tyrant. And the little Prince of Wales? He laughed too. Albert Edward was, and is, one of the most good-humored of mortals.

The Princess Royal grew up and married the good Prince Frederick of Germany. Her haughty temper made her whole life miserable. She quarrelled with her mother in law, she quarrelled with her son—the present Emperor; she bitterly antagonized Bismarck, and she offended all the ladies of the Hohenzollern court. Her husband, the Crown Prince Frederick, and his father, the old Emperor William, honored her because they appreciated her remarkable intelligence, and were not sorry perhaps to see the future Empress one of the proudest of women. Poor proud Princess! The old Emperor died and Frederick was proclaimed Kaiser. The Princess Royal of England, the Crown Princess of Germany, was an Empress at last. Bather's boy was brief. Within three months the good Frederick followed his father to the grave; the young Wilhelm was proclaimed Emperor, his wife Empress, and the proud English Princess was obliged to retire from the position for which she had waited thirty years and which she had held for only three short months.

Her sister, the Princess Alice of Hesse, was a different character. She wanted only to be loved. On her seventh birthday some one gave her a white lamb. The little lady was delighted, but the lamb, whose name was Milly, could never be brought to a sense of thankfulness for her exalted position. Milly would but at her little mistress and run away, and Alice would follow with tears, trying to embrace the obstinate little creature, and crying pitifully: "Milly, dear Milly, do like me!"

Every one liked Princess Alice, and her death in the flush of early womanhood, was a source of sorrow to many. Her daughter, the Princess Alix of Hesse, now the Czarina of Russia, is said to be very like her mother in those lovable qualities of mind and heart, which are, after all, more powerful than brains or blood or wealth in securing the happiness of a home or the welfare of a nation.

A Legend of the "Magnificat."

In days long ago, in the "ages of faith," there stood in a wooded valley an old gray monastery. Here for many long years had the brethren dwelt, praying much and laboring hard. Most of them were old, and at last it came about that not one of them could sing. So the Father Abbot decreed that many parts of the Office that were generally sung should henceforth be recited only. One exception, however, he made.

"We must, my brethren," he said, "always sing the Magnificat. We must do our best; for we cannot content ourselves with only saying Our Lady's song."

So every day at Vespers the Magnificat was sung—if such a word could rightly be applied to the discordant and every sounds that arose from the voices—some cracked, some tuneless, and all feeble of the brethren. The birds outside were frightened, and fled away. The brethren knew this, but in all humility of heart sang on. It was Father Abbot's decree: they had only to obey.

And this lasted for years. One Christmas Eve a young man came to the monastery door and offered himself as a postulant. It turned out that among his qualifications was that of a good voice. The monks bade him sing, and loud and clear there rose up the sound of a magnificent tenor. The monks were enraptured. "Now," they said, joyfully, "the Magnificat will be beautifully sung." So they admitted the candidate, and at Vespers that very evening there rose up a Magnificat from the monastery choir such as the monks thought must have been sung by a seraph.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

It is well for us to remember that the world moves along not merely by the gigantic shovels of its hero-makers but by the aggregate tiny pushes of every honest worker whatever. All men may give some tiny push or other, and feel they are doing something for mankind.

Wisdom is Infinite. The man who is really wise finds that as the circumference of his light grows the circumference of the darkness grows. Every young man starts life thinking he is going to settle everything. When he gets to thirty he is not quite so sure, and when he gets to fifty or so he becomes a child again, and, sitting at the feet of God, confesses that he knows very little.

Cash and Credit. If you would get rich, don't deal in bill-books. Credit is the "tempter in a new shape." Buy goods on trust, and you will purchase a thousand articles that Cash would never have dreamed of. A dollar in the hand looks larger than ten dollars seen through the perspective of a three months' bill. Cash is practical, while Credit takes horribly to taste and romance. Let Cash buy a dinner, and you will send a beef-steak flanked with onions. Send Credit to market, and he will return with eight pairs of wood-cocks and a peck of mushrooms. Credit believes in diamond pins and champagne suppers. Cash is more easily satisfied. Give him three meals a day, and he doesn't care much if two of them are made up of roasted potatoes and a little dry salt. Cash is a good adviser, while Credit is a good fellow, to be on visiting-terms with. If you want double chairs and contentment, do business with Cash.

Respected and Rich. Young man! save that penny—pick up that pin—let that account be correct to that cent—find out what that bit of ribbon costs before you will take it—pay that half dime your friend handed you to make change with; in a word, be economical, be accurate, know what you are doing—be honest, and then be generous. Do all you have or acquire thus belongs to you by every rule of right, and you may put it to any good use you please. It is not parsimony to be economical. It is not miserly to save a pin from loss. It is not selfish to correct in your dealings. It is not smart to know the price of articles you are about to purchase, or to remember the little debt you owe. What if you do meet Bill Pride decked out in a much better suit than yours, the price of which he has not yet learned from his tailor, and he laughs at your faded dress, and old-fashioned notions of honesty and right, your day will come. Franklin, who from a penny-saving boy, walking the streets with a loaf of bread under his arm, became a companion of kings, said:

"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." La Fite, the celebrated French banker, leaving the house to which he had applied for a clerkship, was not too proud or careless to pick up a pin. The simple pin laid the foundation of his immense wealth. The wise banker to whom he applied saw the act, called him back, and gave him employment, being convinced by this simple act that he would be a valuable clerk and a useful man.

Be just, my generous, Benevolence is a great duty, by which you not only benefit the object, but feel a sensation of joy in your own soul, worth more than gain. But generosity can never be measured by the amount you lavish on a fine dress, or that you spend to gratify vanity and pride. Let me give you a word of small, rather than spend a dollar for a useless book. Purchase good books, and they will tell you that no girl worth having, ever selected a man for a husband on account of his long tailors bill, any more than on the account of his long ears.

The Best Workers.

How far does physical strength enter into a man's capacity for mental work? Business and professional men, clerks, book-keepers—in fact, all but the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," have to put their bodies to the test. It is no doubt, generally believed that the big men, the strong men, are, in the long run, the more efficient. Many a narrow-shouldered, pale taller over books and papers has looked with envy at a sturdy associate and has said to himself, "If I only had that man's physique, what a lot of work I could do!"

A very interesting article in an English paper goes far to encourage the man of delicate frame. It is called forth by a suggestion to take into account, in attaching value to the bodily powers of candidates for the Civil Service in England. Between two men of equal mental attainments, the suggestion is made, preference should be given to the possessor of superior strength. In opposition to this, the writer of the article mentioned lays stress upon the fact that out of one thousand nine hundred and five men of Cambridge University, tested for bodily powers, there was, with the exception of a slight difference in eyesight, practically nothing to choose between the best, the mediocre and the worst students. At Cornell University, in the United States, a similar test has shown that the average

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

It is well for us to remember that the world moves along not merely by the gigantic shovels of its hero-makers but by the aggregate tiny pushes of every honest worker whatever. All men may give some tiny push or other, and feel they are doing something for mankind.

Wisdom is Infinite. The man who is really wise finds that as the circumference of his light grows the circumference of the darkness grows. Every young man starts life thinking he is going to settle everything. When he gets to thirty he is not quite so sure, and when he gets to fifty or so he becomes a child again, and, sitting at the feet of God, confesses that he knows very little.

Cash and Credit. If you would get rich, don't deal in bill-books. Credit is the "tempter in a new shape." Buy goods on trust, and you will purchase a thousand articles that Cash would never have dreamed of. A dollar in the hand looks larger than ten dollars seen through the perspective of a three months' bill. Cash is practical, while Credit takes horribly to taste and romance. Let Cash buy a dinner, and you will send a beef-steak flanked with onions. Send Credit to market, and he will return with eight pairs of wood-cocks and a peck of mushrooms. Credit believes in diamond pins and champagne suppers. Cash is more easily satisfied. Give him three meals a day, and he doesn't care much if two of them are made up of roasted potatoes and a little dry salt. Cash is a good adviser, while Credit is a good fellow, to be on visiting-terms with. If you want double chairs and contentment, do business with Cash.

Respected and Rich. Young man! save that penny—pick up that pin—let that account be correct to that cent—find out what that bit of ribbon costs before you will take it—pay that half dime your friend handed you to make change with; in a word, be economical, be accurate, know what you are doing—be honest, and then be generous. Do all you have or acquire thus belongs to you by every rule of right, and you may put it to any good use you please. It is not parsimony to be economical. It is not miserly to save a pin from loss. It is not selfish to correct in your dealings. It is not smart to know the price of articles you are about to purchase, or to remember the little debt you owe. What if you do meet Bill Pride decked out in a much better suit than yours, the price of which he has not yet learned from his tailor, and he laughs at your faded dress, and old-fashioned notions of honesty and right, your day will come. Franklin, who from a penny-saving boy, walking the streets with a loaf of bread under his arm, became a companion of kings, said:

"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." La Fite, the celebrated French banker, leaving the house to which he had applied for a clerkship, was not too proud or careless to pick up a pin. The simple pin laid the foundation of his immense wealth. The wise banker to whom he applied saw the act, called him back, and gave him employment, being convinced by this simple act that he would be a valuable clerk and a useful man.

Be just, my generous, Benevolence is a great duty, by which you not only benefit the object, but feel a sensation of joy in your own soul, worth more than gain. But generosity can never be measured by the amount you lavish on a fine dress, or that you spend to gratify vanity and pride. Let me give you a word of small, rather than spend a dollar for a useless book. Purchase good books, and they will tell you that no girl worth having, ever selected a man for a husband on account of his long tailors bill, any more than on the account of his long ears.

The Best Workers.

How far does physical strength enter into a man's capacity for mental work? Business and professional men, clerks, book-keepers—in fact, all but the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," have to put their bodies to the test. It is no doubt, generally believed that the big men, the strong men, are, in the long run, the more efficient. Many a narrow-shouldered, pale taller over books and papers has looked with envy at a sturdy associate and has said to himself, "If I only had that man's physique, what a lot of work I could do!"

A very interesting article in an English paper goes far to encourage the man of delicate frame. It is called forth by a suggestion to take into account, in attaching value to the bodily powers of candidates for the Civil Service in England. Between two men of equal mental attainments, the suggestion is made, preference should be given to the possessor of superior strength. In opposition to this, the writer of the article mentioned lays stress upon the fact that out of one thousand nine hundred and five men of Cambridge University, tested for bodily powers, there was, with the exception of a slight difference in eyesight, practically nothing to choose between the best, the mediocre and the worst students. At Cornell University, in the United States, a similar test has shown that the average

The Marvelous Bicycle. A marvelous example of skillful workmanship. The only bicycle with absolutely true bearings. Saving in cost of machinery and labor enables us to furnish 99 patterns of Waverley, improved and perfected, for \$75. Catalogue free from us or the dealer. INDIANA BICYCLE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

Gladstone on the Church.

Mr. Gladstone has this to say of the Catholic Church: "She has marched for 1,500 years at the head of civilization and has harnessed to her chariot, as the horses of the triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world; her art is the art of the world; her genius, the genius of the world; her greatness, glory, grandeur and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all in these respects the world has had to boast of. Her children are more numerous than all the members of the sects combined; she is every day enlarging the boundaries of her vast empire; her altars are raised in every clime and her missionaries are to be found wherever there are men to be taught the evangel of immortality and souls are to be saved. And this venerated Church, which is as old as Christianity and as universal as mankind, is to-day, after its twenty centuries of age, as fresh and as vigorous and as fruitful as on the day when the pentecostal fires were showered upon the earth. Surely such an institution challenges the attention and demands and deserves the most serious examination of those outside its pale."

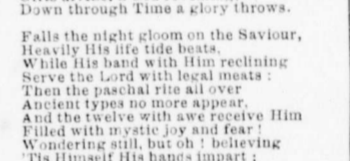
Prayer of St. Ignatius. "Take, O Lord, and receive all my liberty, my memory, my understanding and my whole will. Thou hast given me all that I am and all that I possess; I surrender it all to Thee that Thou mayest dispose of it according to Thy will. Give me only Thy love and Thy grace; with these I will be rich enough, and will have no more to desire."

Protestants and Heresy. "Heresy is error pertinaciously held and manifestly repugnant to the faith on the part of one who professes the faith of Christ." It is clear from this that such non-Catholics as are in good faith and sincerely desirous of knowing the truth are not heretics in the formal sense, inasmuch as they do not pertinaciously reject the Church's teaching. Their heresy is material only; that is, their tenets are in themselves heretical, but they, not being formal heretics, do not incur the guilt of heresy and may not belong to the soul of the Church.—The Missionary.

Experience has Proved It. A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of Pulmonary Consumption, but by its continued use, health and vigor could be fully restored.

Rich Blood is the foundation of good health. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier, gives HEALTH.

SEE THAT LINE It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white. Pure Soap did it. SURPRISE SOAP with power to clean without too hard rubbing without injury to fabrics. SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.



Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil brings back appetite, stimulates digestion, restores color and plumpness, and controls the diseases of thinness. Book about it, free.

Scott & Bowne, Bellevue, Ont.

