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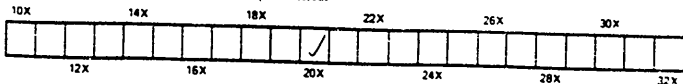
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Chats with the Children

THE FIRST LAMB. At the shepherd's door-way stands his little son...

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

Little Minette and Grace had been taken to see a pretty sight in the grounds of the Duchess of B...

DAVID ON THE UNITED IRISH LEAGUE.

Mr. Michael Davitt in The Fall Mall Gazette writes an interesting article on the new Irish land agitation...

LUCY'S DILEMMA.

A Kindergarten teacher was recently reviewing her little class on the instruction given the day previous...

PUZZLE.

To a circular figure be sure to prefix 4 times 5, and 20 without any tricks...

In de fa t one which he done posted foh days ago he says his gwincor stant soon after do letters...

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, Oct. 13th.

CHANGED HEADS. Fat, rat, cat, sat, mat, nat, pat, vat. Nap, cap, sap, map, nap, pap.

THE UNREST OF THE WORLD.

DEAR SIR—In view of the present social distress of the world, I am constrained to ask your indulgence for a little of your valuable space...

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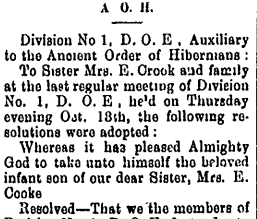
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THE BANE OF BUSINESS MEN.

Is Dyspepsia, Which Ruins the Brightest Intellects.

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Dyspepsia unstrings the nerves; makes a man irritable, moody, unsocial, cranky; saps the strength and vigor of manhood, and unfit his victim for work.

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The Catholic Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT THE OFFICE, 40 LOMBARD ST. BY THE Catholic Register Ptg. and Pub. Co. 37 Toronto, Limited.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27th, Calendar for the Week.

Oct. 27—St. Frumontius. 28—St. Simon and Jude. 29—St. Boile.

We congratulate our contemporary, The Kingston Freeman, on the notable number with which it marked the consecration day of Archbishop Gauthier.

The Luther House, at Eisenach, Germany, is to be converted into a beer cellar. This is immorality enough for Luther, and the standard is not too low for his modern admirers.

Canadians have lately been straining themselves to make a big show of hospitality to all English journalists, lecturers and lords passing through the country.

How is this? It is officially announced in London that the postal authorities are as desirous of extending penny postage to the United States as to Canada.

Mr. Pattullo, M.P.P., in a speech at Whitby on Tuesday, took great credit to the Liberals for their performance in connection with the Kingston penitentiary.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has an article in The Weekly Sun headed "The Edward Blake Stranded," which, in allusion to an item in the week's shipping news, is intended to be funny at the expense of Canada's greatest Liberal statesman.

The inclusion of a scheme for the taxation of certain classes of religious property in the new civic charter of Montreal has brought out the views of Archbishop Bruchesi, and judging by the short statement he has made to The Montreal Star on the subject, he is of the opinion that Mayor Proulx and his civic associates have not fully considered their own proposals.

That is a rather important point to begin with. Montreal may be heavily in debt, but that fact does not dispose of its obligations to the poor within its gates.

social corporation contributed \$11,000 towards the cost of the widening of Cathedral street. One thing that should be clear enough to the corporation of Montreal is that the city will find in the Archbishop a man of civic spirit, who is prepared to further the corporate interests as far as justice to the work of the church will admit.

Mr Blake's Steadfast Example In the statesmanlike speeches of Mr. Dillon at Glasgow he made acknowledgment to the Canadian friends of Home Rule for the contribution they sent over last year to the Irish Parliamentary Fund.

Mr. Dillon declared that for the Parliamentary Fund of 1899 (the party would look to Ireland alone). Yes, there has been a great deal of talk about dissections; but what is it we see? After having sustained it...

We are not surprised that he has just added a fresh subscription of \$2,000 to start the Parliamentary Fund for 1899. This latest testimony of his confidence and devotion has called forth the following tribute to him from The Freeman's Journal of October 16.

Whatever Irish-Canadians have done to help their brothers in the old land may be the source of little or much satisfaction to them; but in Edward Blake's work for a cause that is sacred to them, as it is to all men of Irish blood, their pride is just, and with his example before them, we believe that they, like the Irish at home, have a strong heart for united effort to the end.

The Right Reason.

A call to a western church has deprived Toronto of one of her prominent ministers. He came here from Ireland only a short time ago, and was received with acclamation, but does not seem to have unpacked his trunk.

The why of his departure doesn't bother us. We don't know it and it is none of our business.

But the reason assigned sets one thinking. A morning contemporary calls it astrological, and the minister himself gives it as: "following of the star of his destiny"; said star having, we hope, the peculiarity, that it shines, not merely in the West, but also over the richest clerical pastures.

We say we hope so, for assuredly a clergyman who had to go through the ordeal of that meeting in St. Andrew's last week might have some compensation in view. At all events the whole affair is another confirmation of the popular belief that a North Country man—whether Briton or Irish—is never at a loss for an explanation of what he wants to do.

It may not be a good reason, it is true, or indeed a reason at all, much less having anything religious in it. But it is really ingenious and satisfies himself. "Following the star of his destiny" has a sort of pagan flavor about it, and seems out of place in the mouth of a clergyman; yet it had the power of silencing all murmurs!

We trust we are showing no disrespect for the cloth in saying that it reminds us of the "reason" a Scotch peasant gave for drinking brandy on Sunday: "Well, ye kin, it was this mornin' an' I had to tak' a glass o' whiskey. An' as it is the sabbath day, ye wud'na ha' me come into the Lord's house, wif the smell of that on my breath; so I took the brandy to kill it."

It is one of the penalties of rationality that we must give a reason for what we do. What a pity there is not another law in the case obliging us to give the right one, or be silent altogether.

Coercion and Bloodshed Renewed

Since the Spanish-American war British politicians have shown an increasing assiduity in the dressing of their speeches for American ears. This means that American public opinion has begun to exercise a very real influence upon the government of the British empire.

As usual Mr. Blake, M. P., is amongst the first and most generous contributors to the fund for the support of the Irish Party and movement with a cheque for \$400. Mr. Blake sees the Parliamentary work from the inside with the eyes of a patriot and statesman. He, if any man, is able to observe and estimate the progress of the movement, the services and efficiency of the Party, and the necessity for its support.

berian was talking most recklessly in the United States of the perfect freedom, and still under perfect contentment, of the Irish at home, the Queen's proclamation was being prepared prohibiting liberty of speech and the right of public meeting in the Province of Connaught. And Mr. Chamberlain himself landed at Liverpool last week to learn that the blood of Irish peasants had been shed in putting the proclamation into force.

DUBLIN, Monday (Oct. 17).—There was great excitement all night long yesterday at Ballinrobe, County Mayo, due to serious collisions between the people there and the police, growing out of a United Irish League meeting announced for yesterday evening BEING PROHIBITED.

About 10,000 persons assembled, and Messrs. Michael Davitt and William O'Brien, who were to be the speakers, were met outside the town by a detachment of 200 police, and WERE PREVENTED FROM ENTERING THE PLACE.

WESTPORT, MAYO, IRELAND, October 17, 1898. Patrick Ford, The Irish World, New York.

Three hundred Armed Constabulary, acting under the Queen's Proclamation, tried to prevent a public meeting at Ballinrobe yesterday. This is a sample of English bayonet "love of liberty" and "free speech."

Notwithstanding the armed military force sent to intimidate us, Mr. William O'Brien and myself succeeded in addressing the people and turning the tables upon the seditious representatives of England's Rule.—MICHAEL DAVITT.

When armed with such evidence as this of the wide difference that exists between English professions of love of liberty (for the Oubans for instance) and the time honored and ineradicable habit of bayoneting Irishmen assembled in that sacred right of all freedom, liberty of speech and public meeting, it is a mistake to deride Irish-American indignation against the oppressors of their mother country.

There are eight or ten millions of Irish in the United States, and when we take into account the personal and political influence of such a body of people, their antagonism to an Anglo-American alliance or understanding must be potent. There is little use in the old cry that Irish-American enmity against England is unreasonable and unresonable. Once Moses beheld a Burning Bush on Horeb Mountain long ago, and because God was in its flame, it consumed not. So, also, whilst ever fiercely burning, this indignation that endures in the hearts of the Irish people, consumes not, because God and His justice dwells in it.

The Problem of Population.

Mr Goldwin Smith does not think that the colony of Doukhoborski, or Russian "Spirit Wrestlers" so be planted in Manitoba under government auspices will provide the choicest material for the building up of an Anglo-Saxon community. The press of all shades of opinion is pretty much in agreement with Mr. Smith on this point.

conant example of so many thousands of young Canadians themselves who "go to the states" pretty much as the young men of Ireland, Scotland and England pass into the world through the same gate, under the influence perhaps of an idea imposed upon their minds from the first moment when they were capable of forming an idea, that it was their manifest destiny. In order to improve the population of Canada the first thing necessary is to induce our own people to remain here and build up the country.

England and France. Warlike rumors from London and Paris come so thick and fast that the situation is almost as good as actual fighting for the newspapers. Nevertheless sober thought must dismiss many of the causes assigned as likely to precipitate an outbreak.

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cannot hasten nor England delay it. The war lord of the north will not hurry his march to Constantinople because of French and English rivalry in Africa. The storm centre must always remain in his vicinity. We hear only of "graceful concessions" by England where Russia is most actively engaged in annexing Chinese territory. If England were anxious for war she would be more ready to fight in Asia than in Africa. The warlike front shown to France is not the thing the London press represents it.

Since the above was written, the French ministry has resigned in consequence of the Dreyfus disturbances and Paris is in a state of riot. The chance of a military cabinet attaining office under such conditions brings the danger of a rupture with England much nearer.

Did Not Know it was Loaded.

Nothing else quite so ridiculous has ever happened in Canada as the prorogation by proclamation of the Ontario Legislature, on Wednesday, the 12th. It looks like ringing down the curtain upon a "mock parliament," and the avowed cause certainly heightens the similarity of the act to a juvenile farce of this description.

It now transpires that the Government had unwittingly loaded their adjourned session, nor did it dawn upon a "cabinet of lawyers," as it has been called, that the special provision for election trials would also turn out to be loaded.

As a consequence of what must be termed the hopeless ignorance of the members of the Government of their own statutes each M. P. can now draw \$1,200 indemnity for the year 1898 instead of \$600, which means that the people must hand over an extra cheque for the cost of all this vexatious and idiotic legislation in the imagined interests of a party, unless the members are too modest to insist upon a strict pecuniary right.

We allude to the matter not in any partisan sense, but because we are able to say that the credit for discovering the blunder before it could go any further belongs to Mr. J. J. Foy, Q. C., the able representative of South Toronto. This is Mr. Foy's first year in the Legislature; but it is evident that he knows a great deal more about the statutes of the province than the men who made them.

It is an old saying that lawyers are required to explain to legislators the meaning of the laws they make; but the legislators of Ontario ought to be doubly indebted to Mr. Foy for telling them when their statutes are loaded and liable to explode to the serious loss and injury of the taxpayers.

Irish "Gaelic" Athletes.

The heads of the Gaelic Athletic Association of Ireland ought surely to be proud of the great work it has done in its own particular field of operations. It has widened the intelligence of the young men of Ireland by bringing them in contact from all parts of the Island. The hardy peasants of Kerry and Galway have been brought into friendly contact with "the finest peasantry of the world";—the tall giants of Limerick, Tipperary, and Kilkenny;—and the "Liberties" of Rebel Cork have clashed camans on the hurling field with the Metropolitanians of Dublin's "own faire citta."

And the assemblage where the best of the brawn and muscle of Ireland meet are models of order and good feeling—the events coming off with the precision and regularity of a military parade. It is indeed an inspiring sight to see the stalwart hurling teams line up before the match with crossed camans, gay in their green and gold suits; the boys from the sunny plains of Meath exchanging compliments with the mountaineers from the swelling slopes of Slieve Bloom and lordly Galtee. Mr. Hurling is the national game of Ireland and has been such from the earliest times. As a writer in The Shan Van Voort tells us, "before 1847 every parish in the country had its hurling team, and 1798 showed that wielding the "caman" was not mean practice for wielding the pike."

In an ancient Irish manuscript we read that before the first battle of Magh Tuireadh in the year 1278 B. C., there was a hurling match played between the Forbolge and the Tuath

WOMEN TO LOVE US

How shall we do to the ones we love best... We write to a friend—some chance friend, it may be—

A GOOD TURN.

Sydney C. Gray, in Blackwood's Magazine.

"God made the world good," said Sultan Jan, "but He made women very bad."

Miss Graham was a young woman of nerve and resource, and she perceived at once that not only her own liberty but the safety of Allbad, might depend on her escape from the trap.

The more Sultan Jan pondered over his new idea the more it delighted him, and his gray moustaches were curled by most unwonted smiles as he sat revolving the details of his scheme.

Evening was approaching, and Colonel Graham and his daughter had started for their daily ride in the uninteresting environs of Allbad.

and out of the building leaving his horse in charge of the groom. He was detained longer than he had expected...

By her horse's frequent stumbles on rocky ground she now judged that her captors were taking her across the desert. The cloth over her head covered her so closely that she could scarcely hear their words when they exchanged a few muttered remarks.

"This is the queerest native fort I ever heard of," she said to herself, and leaving the wall, made a bold dash for the opposite side of the room.

"I am so thankful that papa was not with me at the moment," she said to herself, "for they might have killed him, or at any rate made him prisoner, too; and what would have happened to Allbad then? But now he will come to look for me as soon as he has made things safe. I wonder how long it will be before I will strike Hussein in the arm rather a long time riding to the end of the road and back again? He will think that Prince has run away, and he

will come to the edge of the desert to look for me. Then I will find the tracks of a stranger on the sand of the road, and he will rush back and give papa a dreadful fright by telling him that the Miles have been carried off by the tribes. Then they will send out scouts and get a force together, and I suppose the people in the cantonments will have to take refuge in the fort in case of an attack on the place, and they will have to make arrangements in view of all sorts of things, and—oh, dear! I am afraid papa will never come up with us to-night! A few unwilling men forced themselves from his eyes, although she struggled hard to restrain them. "They will be sure to overtake us in the morning—they must!"

By her horse's frequent stumbles on rocky ground she now judged that her captors were taking her across the desert. The cloth over her head covered her so closely that she could scarcely hear their words when they exchanged a few muttered remarks, and could not distinguish anything they said. Once they stopped and apparently talked a little with some one they met, and Miss Graham did her best to cry out, but in vain. She heard the stranger laugh grimly as he went on his way, and guessed that he had been told she was the runaway wife of one of the party, who had been retaken, and was being brought home to suffer the reward of her deeds.

"It's an utterly insoluble mystery," she said, "for I'm sure that the man whose face I thought I knew was the invader Sultan Jan. But at any rate, it's all right now. I wonder almost he will come in!" Now Miss Graham's "he" did not mean Sultan Jan.

"This is the queerest native fort I ever heard of," she said to herself, and leaving the wall, made a bold dash for the opposite side of the room. It scarcely astonished to come to colliding with the various boxes, a camp table, and two chairs, and having passed these perils, she stood still and tried to fix her position in her mind. When she had succeeded in realizing their relative places a new anxiety came to her. The recollection had come to her mind of a snapshot photograph which Fred Hayercraft had once shown her of what he called his "longuetting ball" at Fort Shah Nawaz, and she once more she felt about among the furniture, then a flash of relief. No, he had not been so much stormed and the defenders killed before she was brought to it. The room was untidy merely with the ordinary untidiness of a bachelor's sitting-room, not as it would have been had the

Mr. Montague, DUNNVILLE, Ont.

Has an Interesting Chat about Dr. Chase's Ointment.

His suffering from Ulcerating Piles Cured.

He says—I was troubled with itching piles for five years, and was badly ulcerated. They were very painful, so much so that I could not sleep. I tried almost every remedy heard of, and was recommended to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. I purchased a box, and from the first application got such relief that I was satisfied a cure would be made. I used in all two boxes, and am now cured entirely.

FOR Well Deserved Recognition From 4000 Canadians It Cures All Blood Diseases PURIFY YOUR BLOOD Ryckman's Kootenay Cure Doctors Barristers Clergymen

tribesmen looted it. Miss Graham sat down content in one of the chairs she had discovered. "It's an utterly insoluble mystery," she said, "for I'm sure that the man whose face I thought I knew was the invader Sultan Jan. But at any rate, it's all right now. I wonder almost he will come in!"

Lieutenant Hayercraft was returning to his quarters after going the rounds in his very happy frame of mind. Milton, the junior who shared with him the honours and responsibilities of command at Shah Nawaz, had ridden out to a distant village during the afternoon, to inquire into an alleged case of cattle-lifting and had not returned. Hayercraft had advised him in case he should be kept late to remain over night at the village, since the Lhemistan frontier is not exactly a lively place after nightfall for a British officer with an escort of only two native troopers, but now he felt inclined to regard his absence almost in the light of a personal grievance. If Milton had come back, they could at least have talked shop over their supper or discussed the merits of their respective dogs, whereas now he could only resume his hopeless and monotonous occupation of writing letters to Miss Graham which were never sent.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded. "Murder that old villain!" "You know that if you touch him with a whip he will stia you. And are you going to leave me alone with him and his men?" "You are right," he answered, hoarsely, laying down the whip. "I promise you not to use violence, but until I see whether it must and will be most to court-martial him or send him over to the ordinary courts."

"What has happened?" he stammered. "Who has dared?" "Please get me a little water," said Miss Graham, faintly. In spite of the

rough treatment she had received she was far more equal to the situation than her recalcitrant lover; but she felt that she needed all her wits about her if events were not to be allowed to get beyond her management. Hayercraft flew for the water, and while she sipped it, began mechanically to chafe her left hand, which was cold and numb, with the wrist deeply marked by the cords.

"Please don't look at me with such a depth of horror in your eyes," she said, at last, trying to laugh. "It's all right now." "But what happened? Who brought you here in this state?" "I was carried off by tribesmen from the end of the cemetery road." "And my fellows rescued you and brought you up here, and never thought of setting you free?" "Oh, the idiots—the shameful idiots? How any one could have been such a brute as to tie you up like this! My poor darling, how you must have suffered!" And he pressed his lips involuntarily to the mark on her wrist. But she drew her hand hastily away.

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"What has happened?" he stammered. "Who has dared?" "Please get me a little water," said Miss Graham, faintly. In spite of the

lay these commands on me, Miss Graham?" "By my own. Surely you must see that my only possible wish is to help you by preventing any one from thinking—well, keep them from imagining that you—"

"You don't think that I had anything to do with this piece of villainy? If you do, say so and I will blow out my brains on the spot!" "If I thought so, do you imagine that I should be standing here talking to you like this? No, no, I know you far too well to think anything of the kind. But I want to make sure that nobody else shall have the faintest chance of thinking so. There are some people who are not—well, are not exactly your friends, you know—"

"You don't understand. I tell you it's impossible." "Oh, very well, I see why you find it so hard to forgive him. But for him I should not be here to worry you, and you hate me so much it's impossible to part with him." "You know that it is the way he treated you that maddens me." "Not at all! It is because he brought me here when you were resolved never to see me again."

"But I tell you that I was going to ride over to-morrow." "To renounce me forever?" "No, to ask you to forgive me for behaving like a jealous brute." "Well, I don't say you are not to ride over to-morrow, but you are forbidden now. Pass on the forgiveness to Sultan Jan." "But do you realize what your forgiveness involves?" "Perhaps I am not altogether in the dark." She looked anxiously into his eager eyes. "But that is a matter for to-morrow's consideration. This evening we must—"

work of his feelings. You have been... "Then I don't forgive you, and you are not to die over it... With sudden dolly Haycraft went out to kiss his old father, finding to his great satisfaction that Milton had braved the nightly terrors of the desert, and had returned. He could, therefore, be placed in charge of the fort, which it might have been dangerous to leave without an Englishman in command, a difficulty which had not occurred to Miss Graham. Having arranged matters with him, Haycraft returned to his quarters and sent for Sultan Jan, who entered swelling with honest pride, which became positive complacency when he saw his commander standing beside Miss Graham's chair with what no doubt seemed to him an air of proprietorship. The fulness of his contentment he even went so far as to bestow a separate salute upon her.

"Sultan Jan," said Haycraft, "look at me." "I see you, Sahib," "Hut, surprise at Haycraft's unemphatic tone was distinctly audible to Sultan Jan's voice." "Do I look like a badmash, a bestiality of his suit, a concenter of hostility," Sultan Jan? "Nay, Sahib, but—in a consoling tone—"It is the fate even of the wisest to fall sometimes." "Did you rescue me from the battle that you might slay my honour in time of peace, Sultan Jan?" "No man can slay the Lieutenant Sahib's honour save himself."

"Nay, who has sought to do in my name a deed that would brand me with infamy and rightly, wherever an Englishman is found?" "Nay, Sahib, no man can know that we were working for you. We laid aside the uniform of the Empress and became once more like our brethren who call no man master. We placed our heads in jeopardy, but suspicion cannot light upon you." "Can't you understand, Sultan Jan, that you have done a most shameful and wicked deed, and one deserving of death?" Haycraft's anger was breaking its bounds again, and Miss Graham laid her hand for a moment on his to calm him, while Sultan Jan stood staring at them utterly taken aback.

"I knew that the Sahib was blood-brother to the Colonel Sahib," he murmured, after racking his brains to find some possible explanation of Haycraft's wrath. "Christians are blood-brothers to one another," interposed Miss Graham, hastily, for the sake of peace. "I know it not, Miss Sahib," responded Sultan Jan, with unintentional irony. "See, Sultan Jan," said Haycraft, moderating his tones with difficulty, "when I heard what you had done, I was going out with my whip, intending to deal with you as I dealt with the tribesman who stole my pony—you remember?—but the Miss Sahib has asked for mercy for you." "The Miss Sahib feared for the life of the Lieutenant Sahib," was the calm reply, and Haycraft gave up any further attempt to convey instruction to this singularly impracticable mind. "I have forgiven you, Sultan Jan, and I give you the same pardon, as if you were the man who saved my life, and now go and see that your life is ready to die with you to Allah." "The Sahib would take the woman back to her father, when I and my kinsmen risked our lives to obtain her for him?" "Sheer amazement had bereft Sultan Jan of his good manners for a moment. "Certainly, and at once, O Sultan Jan. Am I to command twice?" "God made the English," said Sultan Jan with dignity, "and it may be that He understands them, but verily it is beyond the power of man to do so." With this parting shot he left the room, no doubt resolving to make no further attempts to do a good turn to such incomprehensible people. While Miss Graham smoothed her hair by the aid of a ridiculous small looking bottle which Haycraft brought out, and drank a cup of tea which Milton brewed for her special benefit by means of a spirit-lamp, and then announced herself as ready, and indeed eager to start. When the little party had left the fort it was still necessary to give some further directions to Sultan Jan, and Haycraft called him to the door. "Understand, Sultan Jan, that nothing is ever to be said of this plot of yours." "Nay, Sahib, in a sulky voice, "I have already said that charge upon my kinsmen who helped me. No man cares to be made a laughing-stock to the world." "The Miss Sahib and I will not betray you. We shall say that she is true, since you and yours have forgotten your duty, and returned to your old ways long ago, and that you brought us into the fort."

for in the belief that a general idea of the contents of the paper in process, people are inclined to believe that in every rock there is hidden a gem. Miss Graham to her father, that was the victim of among the Allied forces, and the simple and matter-of-fact statement of the heroism of the occasion could do little to allay it. "I found out," he continued, "by the man, and I was tied and gagged, and I don't remember a man until I found Mr. Haycraft sitting on my feet." "God bless you, Haycraft," said Colonel Graham, "wishing the young man's heart. How can I ever thank you properly?" "Heally, sh, I did nothing but cut the cards and things," was the truthfully admitted to modesty. "I only wish I had come up in time to do some good but whatever credit there is belongs to the bravida Sultan Jan. He and his cousins and nephews were returning from leave, and happened on the spot at the psychological instant. There was no fighting," he added, vindictively, as he caught sight of Sultan Jan looking modestly unconscious of cold words.

"Could you identify any of the villains if they were caught, Miss Graham?" asked Brindley, who had accompanied the force as a volunteer. "There are one or two I really think I should know again," she responded. "It's the most mysterious thing I ever heard of," Brindley went on. "A body of hostile tribesmen appearing out of the very ground, as it were, and then, without making a light of it," His wonder fell on deaf ears, and Miss Graham was not listening to him. "May I come and see you to-morrow?" she heard Haycraft say to her father, and then muttering something about hoping that the fright would do Miss Graham no harm. "I was intending to ride out to you, Haycraft," said the colonel, "but if you have business in town, pray come to us."

"Then I must tell papa to-night," thought Miss Graham, and as soon as she returned home she insisted on unfolding her story, regardless alike of her fatigue and the lateness of the hour. The recital awakened alternate disgust and irrepressible amusement in the hearer. "We must keep the secret, I suppose," he said at last. "We should set the empire in a row if we confessed that we had built up a full-grown frontier scare on such a foundation." "Yes, papa, and you must ride over to Shah Nawaz and call Sultan Jan out of the trap, and compliment him on his bravery, and give him a sword or a robe of honour or something—fer saving me, you know."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" broke from the colonel. His daughter held up a reproachful finger. "Papa, you really shouldn't. I'm really shocked at you. But you can reward Sultan Jan with a clear conscience; for, after all, he has done a good turn for your daughter as well as to his commander, you see." "There is an enterprising Liverpool tailor who has never been known to give a customer a bad word, and I know that he didn't have any. One day a customer entered the shop and asked if he had any trousers made especially for one-legged men. 'What kind do you want?' 'Dress trousers,' said the man. 'The best you've got.' Hurrying into the rear of the store, the enterprising merchant snatched up a pair of trousers and slipped off the right leg with a shrill exclamation. Hastily turning under the edges, he presented them to the customer. 'That's the kind I want. What's the price?' 'One guinea.' 'Well, give me a pair with the left leg off.' A month later the merchant was pronounced convalescent, and on the high road to recovery. When a young woman sits down and ponders over her future, she is not for the first time, she is not for the first time, in a day dream she may build castles in the air with a happy home, laughing children and a loving husband in the foreground. At that moment she may be facing death. Matrimony is a motherhood hold on to her husband, who is a weak, nervous, sickly, petulant wife, an incapable mother and an unamiable hostess. Not knowing the truth, her acquaintance will not understand that she is deserving of pity rather than reproach. Any woman may be strong and healthy in a womanly way if she will use the right remedy. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for weak and ailing women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that make wisdom and motherhood possible. It makes them strong and healthy and vigorous. It banishes the dangers that surround maternity. It insures a healthy baby and a complete supply of nutritious milk. Thousands of women who were weak, sickly, nervous invalids, are now healthy, robust wives and competent mothers of healthy children, as the result of the use of this medicine. Mrs. John M. Conklin, of Patterson, Putnam Co., N. Y., writes: 'I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and I feel that I have been cured. I look like a healthy woman, and I have no more of the weakness.' It is a powerful medicine, and it is a powerful medicine. The unailing, never-failing cure for constipation—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Confession Voluntary Or a Duty.

The Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury having by his manifesto upon the Ritualistic dispute declared "compulsory confession, absolutely illegal," the following article on the duty of confession, by the Rev. D. O'Donnoghue, D.D., in the Catholic Times, is of special interest. Much has been heard of late in the press as well as in religious circles about the practice of Confession. There are those who detect the idea from their honest soul, and find no words to had in which to express their abhorrence of it. Judging by their incentives, Confession is a gag and an enthrallment of man's freedom, to such an extent that a Ritualist who encourages it would seem to deserve very badly of his country. Others are found who see in this practice a wonderful power of soothing, a help beyond description, when sin-burdened souls would fain seek relief in disclosure. Few, however, are they, outside the Celtic Church, who speak of it as a duty. It is a rare avowal who approves of its imposition on his fellow-man or on himself as binding by virtue of Christ's precept.

The voluntary view of Confession would seem to be a sort of via media by which it is sought to appease John Bull, to whom the idea of confessing his sins is very akin to the waving of a red rag in front of the family. When John Bull is angry, he is angry. Who says I must confess? The voluntary view replies, with a beautifully feminine, persuasive voice, "No! John dear, no one wants to make you confess, but, you know, John, you're free. No one can prevent you from confessing, can they now?" This plan may silence the opposition, to a certain extent, but as a constructive plan to spread the practice of Confession it is clearly doomed to failure. Confession, to the majority of people, is far from being a work of pleasure, and if we imitate the Dublin cabby and "leave it to yourself, sh," most people would say, it will do to-morrow. For proof, if proof be wanted, ask any priest who is working among souls who he would get on every Saturday afternoon if he went round the parish during the week "having it to themselves."

The path is that Confession is part of the Catholic religion, and only because it has been commanded by the Founder of the Church, Christ himself. Our Anglican friends at once challenge this statement and ask for proof from primitive times. Though this demand that all doctrines should be clearly and distinctly and definitely expressed in early writings is a most unreasonable one to the theological mind, yet it is easily satisfied in the present instance. The Fathers of the Church, early and late, speak of it in anger, as a confession, and the Confessor as the spiritual medical man. They speak of the man, or as a duty, on all fours with the duty of consulting for bodily ailments by reference to a physician. Just as a sick man, they say, ought to have recourse to a doctor if he wishes for health, just as he ought to disclose his diseases in general and in particular, his secret and even disgraceful symptoms (unless he chooses to risk his life) the priest and disclose his sins, however secret or disgraceful they may be. Let us take an example. The fourth century of the Christian time is pretty far back, and Anglicans admit that the Church was not degenerate then. She was fighting Arianism and other heresies tooth and nail, and her decisions of that date are now the accepted teaching of all English Churches that can claim the title Christian. We select a writer of those days as beyond suspicion, and let us see what he says at a Latin one, calling him an "Italian," we take a Syrian, a member of the so-called "Greek" branch. Aphraates is his name. This writer says in his treatise on Penance: "The man wounded in battle is not ashamed to disclose himself and hand himself over to an experienced physician. . . In the same way a man conquered by the devil should not be ashamed to confess and abandon his sin, and to bear for himself the medicine of penance." Nor can one who is ashamed to do this be cured, since he is not willing to show his wounds to the doctor who has received the two pieces of money by which he heals all the wounded" (c. L. 10-15 for the explanation of the last few words).

The writer then addresses the spiritual physician:—"Oh, physicians," he says, "disciples of our most holy Chief Physician, to him who shows you his wounds, grant the medicine of penance; but in the case of him who hesitates through shame to manifest his disease to you, seriously warn him not to conceal it from you." This is not language that one would use to a volunteer; if it means anything, it means stern necessity; it says clearly enough that unless we conquer shame and confess all sins there is nothing for it but death to the soul. Let us take another Greek of early date, the great Basil, the noble Cappadocian, educated at Athens with St. Gregory Nazianzen. In confessing sins," he says, "the same rule obtains as in the disclosure of bodily defects. As, therefore, men do not dream of rashly exposing their bodily defects to any comer, but only to those who possess the means of cure, in the same way confession of sins ought to be made to those who can cure them." Who these spiritual doctors are he tells us later on, and his words again are far from being mere advice:—"Necessarily sins ought to be disclosed to those

to whom this has been indicated. The practice of such a custom. Now if this be true as a general remark, it is still more true when we examine certain particular cases. It is matter of common knowledge that the Confession exists in the Eastern Church. Not only is this the case with the large body commonly known as the Greek Church, but also in these, now small, sects called the Coptic, Nestorian, etc. Like all others who have broken away from the old Church, these religions have a very long history for their former allegiance. They have always looked askance at the Latin Church, and viewed with disdain her actions, even in comparatively small matters. In brief, they act towards her as the Church of England has ever done since its inception. Now, English Churchmen would, at any time in the last three centuries, have stood aghast at the idea of adopting into Protestantism some new doctrines or practices which in their opinion came into vogue on the continent since the Reformation. A storm of indignation would arise in every city, town, and village in the land, and the cry would be raised—"The Church of our fathers is in danger. There would be a Kenst or two in every parish, and perhaps poor, in-offensive Catholics would begin to think of "Gordon Riots" and the Charlist days. In place of to-day, let us go back to the tenth century, and for "English" Churchmen read "Greek." Those days were the days of the Greek Church's infancy, and she was fretting and fuming against Rome because the latter would not deny that the Holy Ghost came from the Son as well as the Father.

But behold! the Greeks of those days thought they had to go to Confession to obtain forgiveness of sin. Could they then have taken over this duty from their enemy, Rome? Could it have been a Latin invention after the Photian schism, which they were induced to adopt as something ordained by Christ? In fancy the man in the street would say, "no! his own mind." The only explanation is, the Greeks practised it before the schism, and got it from a common source with the Latins. They both must have got it from the earlier days, when Christendom knew no such thing as Greek and Latin. But there is another step to be taken backwards. In place of the tenth century, let the fifth, and in place of "Greek" Church put the "Nestorian" or "Coptic" Churches. Look at the Nestorian of that date and ask him what he thought of the rest of Christendom. Again, you would find a mild angry and passionate because his opinion on the Humanity of Christ had been rejected; you find in him nothing but hatred for the rest of the Christian world, and especially for the Pope at Rome. But see, this same Nestorian thinks he must go to Confession to get forgiveness. How is that? Again we cannot say he has adopted this from his enemy; he must have had it before the breach. It must have come down to him from the days of long ago. It only remains to say that in the fifth century were "the days of long ago."

The mind goes back a few decades, say a century, and it finds itself looking at the venerable Church of the early Fathers. The mind has wandered to the days of the Nicene and the Constantinople Councils, the days, when, in the admission of her subsequent fall, she was bright and fresh as from the hands of her Founder. We are not looking at the days of the martyr and at the times when Athanasius and Leo were defending the Apostolic traditions. If, then, we find that Confession must have been universal in those days, as our argument fairly shows, we have evidence enough that it is no Roman invention, that it is no mere voluntary thing, good in itself, yet not of obligation. We have evidence enough to show, on the contrary, that Confession is a stern duty, binding on Christians, even on Englishmen, by virtue of the command of Christ.

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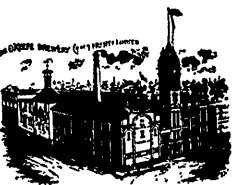
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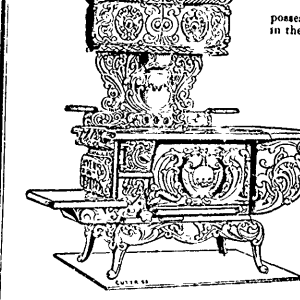
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