

NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

By KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XL.

Ivan Gorff had deemed it more prudent, both for Narka and for himself, not to be present at the trial, where there was sure to be a large contingent of Russian spies as well as French detectives. But when the day of the trial came he found it hard to keep away. The suspense and anxiety were almost unbearable. It was not possible to stay quietly in-doors, so he went out and walked about the streets like a troubled spirit, going from one haunt to another, as was wont to do Narka, and threw light on the unknown authors of her arrest. The more he thought of it, the stronger grew his fear, that Schenk had betrayed her. The idea, which had at first been repulsed as a groundless suspicion, took shape when he found that Schenk had left town the day before the arrest; and then, as the days went by, and he neither came nor wrote, suspicion grew and hardened into conviction. Ivan had quickly detected the German's passion for Narka, and shrewdly suspected that Schenk had declared it, and so, he had of course been scornfully rejected. As Ivan paced the streets he pictured to himself the scene; Narka startled into indignant surprise, answering him with two flashes of lightning from her dark eyes, and Schenk, goaded out of his cold-blooded sleepiness, pressing his suit; then perhaps threatening— for she was in his power to an extent. Ivan's blue eyes scintillated with inextinguishable laughter as he clenched his hands, swinging heavily by his side, and stamped on the ground with his feet, and partly obeying the blind impulse that prompted him to pursue his aimless march, he walked on to La Villette and to Narka's house. The place looked just as if nothing had happened; she might have been sitting inside at her work; the door on the street stood open as usual. Ivan stepped in. It was dark in the narrow entry after the brilliant sunshine, but there was light enough for him to see a man standing at the door of the landlady's rooms, opposite to Narka's, as if waiting to be let in. Ivan at a glance recognized Schenk.

"The two were equally surprised to meet. "Oh, it is you!" said Schenk, coming forward, and held out his hand. "Ivan fell back a step. "How much money did they give you for it?" he said, hissing out the words between his teeth. "What do you mean?" demanded Schenk. "You know what I mean. How much did they give you for selling Narka Larik to the police here?" "Look here," said Schenk, and he came a step nearer, fixing his green eyes on Ivan's, that were blazing like a tiger's; "take back that lie, or I'll knock it down your throat!" Ivan clenched his hand, and hit out at him; but Schenk, stepping aside in time, avoided the blow, and Ivan struck the wall with his might, breaking his knuckles with the violence of the collision. The pain blinded and maddened him for a moment, and before he had recovered his senses Schenk drew his cane-sword and ran him through the body. Ivan staggered, and then fell heavily to the ground.

Schenk knelt down, wiped his blade carefully in his victim's coat, slipped it back into the cane, and walked away. In five minutes a crowd had collected; in five more the commissary of police was there, taking down the procès verbal. Before he had finished, the doctor arrived. "Life is not extinct," said the medical man, after putting his ear to Ivan's heart. "Is there a room where he could be taken, close by, here on the ground-floor?"

Some one ran to the concierge and got the key of Narka's door, and Ivan was lifted in and laid upon the bed. Then restoratives were quickly applied and the wound was attended to. Gradually consciousness returned. Ivan carried his blank gaze round the room, and began to realize where he was. "Have they condemned her?" he asked, in a faint voice. "Ah! it was, then, a woman?" said the commissary, and out came his pencil to add this point to the procès-verbal. "Do you know her?" Could you identify her vacantly. "The woman who stabbed you," he explained. "Try and remember. We found you lying in the entry badly wounded. Do you know who stabbed you?" But the wounded man turned his head away and moaned impatiently. At a sign from the doctor the commissary collapsed. "He is too weak; he has lost a deal of blood. I must go down to the Sisters

and get some one to come up and attend to him," said the medical man.

"Sœur Marguerite!" Ivan said, with an effort; "tell Sœur Marguerite to come to me."

Every body at La Villette knew that Sœur Marguerite was away at the trial. "I will ask for Sœur Marguerite," replied the doctor; "but she may not be in the way; I must take whoever is."

"No, no; Sœur Marguerite," Ivan insisted. "If she is still in the court, send and say I want to see her; I have something to say, and there is no time to lose. Be quick!"

The commissary, guessing that the something was connected with this attempt on his life, hurried out and called again, and drove to the court, where, as we know, he found Marguerite, and took her back with him. The errand had been done with great haste, but Ivan's feverish impatience had found the time never-ending. "Ah! you are come—thank God!" he exclaimed, the moment she appeared. "Get a pencil, and write what I am going to tell you."

"But you are, too weak; I had better wait," she urged, gently. "No, no; there is no time. I have strength enough, if only there be time. Write."

Marguerite drew her big pocket-book from her sleeve, and held her pencil ready. "You remember that All souls eve at Yrakow?" Ivan began. "My sister Sophie was coming through the wood in the afternoon. She met Larchoff. He stopped her, and— a splash passed over Ivan's face; he struggled for a moment with some violent pain or emotion, and having mastered it, went on: "I saw her flying across the road toward our gate; she was half mad. . . . I went straight into the sacristy, and took Father Christopher's gun. . . . I knew where he kept it, and I knew it was loaded. . . . I hurried back to the forest, and overtook Larchoff, and shot him."

Marguerite uttered a cry, and dropped the pencil; she picked it up, and Ivan continued: "As God hears me, my first thought was for Sophie. I wanted to screen her; if it was known I had killed Larchoff, it would have led to suspicion. . . . After I fired the shot, Father Christopher passed; he was hurrying through the wood to get back to the confessional; I saw he might have seen me, and if he had, I knew he would suspect me. I went on to the sacristy, and put back the gun where I had found it. And then— oh, my God, how shall I tell it!— then I went into the chapel, and knelt down in the confessional and confessed the murder. Then I was safe. I knew that this sealed his lips—that he must let himself be put to death rather than utter a word against the merit of the confessional. . . . The next day I went into X— and denounced him as the murderer."

Marguerite could bear no more; she burst into tears, overcome with horror and compassion. "Ah! I have suffered for my crime!" Ivan went on; "ay, the torments of the damned! It so chanced—God in His judgment so decreed—that I was passing when the police were carrying him away. . . . I saw him driven on between the two policemen. Oh, my God! my God! the look he gave me! . . . it has haunted me like a dead man's eye. . . . I felt sure at first that the prince would have obtained his release; when that failed, I did what I could. I spent my whole fortune trying to purchase his escape, to bribe the judges, trying to get alleviations for him. I have lived in poverty. . . . my life has been a hell of remorse. . . . And now I am lying accused and unforgiven, murdered myself. . . . It is just! it is just!"

Marguerite dropped on her knees, shaken to her soul with pity for the miserable man who had sinned and suffered so terribly. But her strong sense and habit of self-restraint quickly brought her back to the practical question of how to make this confession available for Father Christopher. She had presence of mind enough to remember that either it must be made verbally before another witness, or Ivan must sign what she had written in the presence of a witness. "Is it any good my confessing now?" said Ivan, as if he guessed what was in her mind. "Will it help to set Father Christopher free, do you think?" If it did, if he knew that before I died, it would make hell less horrible to me."

"I have not a doubt," replied Marguerite, "but that as soon as your statement is known to the authorities, they will liberate him at once; but you will have to repeat the confession, or else sign the presence of another person. May I send for the commissary?" "Yes, yes; send for as many as will come. I will swear before the whole world that I committed the murder, and conferred it to Father Christopher." Marguerite went out, intending to send for the commissary. She found him in the entry, surrounded by the cure, the doctor, several police officers, and others who had been attracted by the news of the murder. She told rapidly what had happened, and when the commissary, accompanied by the cure and the doctor, came in, Marguerite read aloud what she had written, and then asked Ivan if it was correct, and if he would swear to the truth of the story.

"Yes, I swear, as a dying man, that what you have written is true. So help me God! Get me up that I may sign it." They lifted him, and put a pen in his hand, and he wrote his name; the others then added their signatures. The commissary was putting away the paper when Ivan made a sign that he wanted it again. They gave it to him, and he clutched it fondly. It was Narka's pen. He remembered seeing it on her little writing-table. "What have they done to her?" he asked. "To Narka Larik; what is the sentence?" "She is acquitted on all points," replied the commissary, who had heard it from a police-officer just come from the court. "Thank God!" muttered Ivan, and his face brightened; then, changing suddenly, a look of hungry, wolfish hate came over it. "Now let them catch Schenk!" he said. "It was Schenk's doing—it was Schenk that stabbed me. I would die easy if I knew they would hang him!" He fell back exhausted on the pillow.

lette element making itself conspicuous in the chorus by yells of triumph, which might have easily been mistaken for howls of rage. When M. de Beauverillon fainting, she hardly knew where she was going, and allowed herself to be assisted into the carriage without asking where they were taking her. It was only when she found herself before the steps of Sibyl's house that she realized where she was. It was then too late to protest, even if she had had strength to do it.

Sibyl took her upstairs, and put her to bed; she was kind and tender as a sister, and Narka, worn out in mind and body, submitted unresistingly to the ministrations. She was thankful to be at rest. She slept through the night from sheer exhaustion. Sibyl would have her lie in bed next morning; she forbade her to get up till the afternoon, and gave orders that Mlle. Narka was not to be disturbed, even if Sœur Marguerite came. Immediately after the second breakfast Sibyl went out with Gaston. They were both anxious to see Marguerite, and learn the cause of her mysterious summons from court the day before. The moment they were gone, Narka rose and dressed herself, and slipped down to the bondoir. She could not be quiet in bed, when Basil might arrive at any moment, and call for her. She had not been long in the bondoir when a carriage drove into the court. It might be Basil! Narka started up and went to the window. A coupe was drawn up before the steps; the hall porter was parleying with some one inside. Presently he opened the carriage door and assisted a lady to alight. Narka recognized Marie Krinsky. The thought of meeting this girl, who loved Basil, who had been her rival, would have been intolerable; but it did not occur to her that Marie was coming upstairs; she was, no doubt, going to wait in the drawing-room, or perhaps to write a note in the library. It was only when the sound of silk rustling on the landing became audible that Narka knew the young Princess was going to appear. She glanced round for a way of escape. There was a panelled door that opened into a tiny closet, a sort of debaras where the tea-table, etc., were kept. There was just time to spring across the room and open this door and draw it after her, without daring to shut it, when Marie entered.

You will find everything here, Princess, said the servant, and soon the click of an opened instant, and then the noise of a pen scratching the paper, announced that Marie was writing. The time seemed long to Narka, but in reality ten minutes had not elapsed when Marie started up, exclaiming: "Sœur Marguerite! I am so glad! I was writing a line for Madame de Beauverillon. We only returned from Fontaineau last night. You were at the trial; tell me about it. Was Narka Larik guilty? Did she conspire against the life of the Emperor?"

Marguerite lifted her eyebrows. "Why, did you not read the trial? It is all in this morning's newspapers. She was completely acquitted."

"Oh, I know that. M. de Beauverillon is rich enough to buy up the jury," said the servant, and soon the click of an opened instant, and then the noise of a pen scratching the paper, announced that Marie was writing. The time seemed long to Narka, but in reality ten minutes had not elapsed when Marie started up, exclaiming: "Sœur Marguerite! I am so glad! I was writing a line for Madame de Beauverillon. We only returned from Fontaineau last night. You were at the trial; tell me about it. Was Narka Larik guilty? Did she conspire against the life of the Emperor?"

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LESSONS OF THE AUGUSTINE CELEBRATION IN ENGLAND.

One by one the links of the past are being renewed. The force of tradition comes to the aid of logic in bringing back the British people to the old paths. The Ritualists have sought to stay their return by presenting to them mere fragments of Catholic truths and urging that they should be content with these. But tradition and historical memorials, as well as common-sense, plead too powerfully against a feeble and halting imitation of Catholicism, and non Catholics in growing numbers are coming to see that if the creed of the Church's early days, and the creed taught by the Apostle men who went forth to win the nations to civilization and Christianity is to be accepted, it must be received not piecemeal but in all its essentials. This is the lesson of the Augustine celebrations, and with what emphasis has it been preached. The brilliant and dignified ceremonies all seem to take us back to pre-Reformation days, and in witnessing them the Catholic could not but feel as if he were present at one of those glorious scenes depicted on so many of our historical monuments wherein reverence for the Church, and especially for the Holy See, is as conspicuous as pride in the vigor and stability of the State. The commemoration was indeed an exhibition of respect and love for Peter such as vividly recalls old English life. Everything in the scenes and incidents was suggestive of the Roman Pontificate. First of all, in a touching and encouraging letter the Holy Father conveyed the Apostolic blessing. Then the representative of the Holy Father, his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, with a host of Bishops, priests and cures, visited the spot on the shores of Kent which were first hallowed by the tread of a band of missionaries sent from Rome by Pope Gregory the Great. And as a sign of that unity which binds together the Catholics of every land now as in the days of Augustine there was the presence of that learned and eloquent representative of the Church in France, his Eminence Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Arles, the Superior of the Society of St. Sulpice, and other well known French priests. The celebration was thus a decisive step in the bridging of a chasm created through passion and prejudice.

The Anglican Bishops had in their own way already paid honor to the memory of St. Augustine in connection with the thirteenth centenary of his landing in England. But both they and their flocks might well have joined with the Catholics in expressing their gratitude for the blessings which the Holy See has been the means of conferring on this country through St. Augustine and many other agents of light and leading. It is not merely Catholics who are indebted to them but Protestants of all shades of doctrine, even those who are most aggressively opposed to the Roman See. The Protestants for the most part fail to realize their debts in this respect, and the act is scarcely surprising, for few are fully alive to the extent of their obligations towards those who have gone before them. The period of the Roman occupation of this island was comparatively brief, but even after so many centuries how numerous are the traces on the imperial power and genius of Rome. And if this be so in the matter of material records and memorials, how much more is it the case with regard to language. The Roman language crept in and inter-fused itself with the Saxon tongue. But how close and how great was the influence of the Holy See upon England, not in one, but in every feature of national life. Men nowadays dwell at no little length on what we owe to the British Constitution, yet they often forget to tell us that we owe the British Constitution itself largely to Catholics who acknowledged the supremacy of the Roman See and derived inspiration and guidance from it. The respective parts which the Celtic monks on the one hand and St. Augustine and his followers on the other played in the conversion of England cannot be easily defined. Roughly speaking the Celts converted the North and the Romans the South. Both the Celtic and the Roman missionaries recognized the supremacy of Rome, and it is for that reason that the Roman influence on England so readily absorbed the Celtic energy and so deeply affected the foundations of the State. We find it making itself felt at all the great crises, struggling for culture and refinement, steadily toning down the rough manners of fierce and rapacious barons, protecting the serf and ensuring him his daily bread, spreading discipline through Theodore, diffusing historical and literary lore through Bede, paving the way for representative government through ecclesiastical councils and synods, combating despotism through Anselm, laying down just laws through the good King Edward, and vindicating the rights of the people through prelates like Langton. It is not too much to say that the makers of England, the men who laid the foundation of its greatness, were sterling representatives of the Roman See and the Catholic faith.

Since England is under so many and such great obligations to the Holy See, how came it that spiritual allegiance to Rome was cast off and that the inhabitants of this nation were so long and so violently hostile to the authority of the Holy See? The rupture was not due to the English people. As Cardinal Manning was fond of remarking, they were robbed of their birthright. Despotism monarchs desired to follow their own wills without hindrance, and by violent persecution they

practically succeeded in severing the bonds between England and Rome. The sins and the shortcomings of some Catholics in the days when the Catholic creed was the religion of the masses won for them a certain proportion of supporters, but there can be no doubt that England lost the Faith not through any national revolt against Rome, but in consequence of the determination of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth that their power should not be limited even by religious restraints. When once their object was attained the parochial ministers who held their livings independently of the Roman See were hostile to the resumption of relations with Rome lest they should be deprived of their posts, and accordingly diffused a strong anti-Roman feeling amongst their flocks. Hence the prejudice and bigotry from which Catholics have to suffer so severely. But a marvellous change has come about within the past twenty or thirty years. History is being written in a fairer and more candid spirit; the literary works and the actions of such converts as Newman and Manning have dissipated many false ideas with respect to Rome; and, above all, the great incidents in the national life such as that commemorated last week continually appeal to the hearts of multitudes of non-Catholics to return to the faith of their fathers.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

HOLY WATER.

Its Origin—Why The Church Makes Use of It.

On entering a church all Catholics are in the habit of dipping their hands in the holy water font and blessing themselves. While the sources of information regarding this practice are numerous and of easy access it is surprising how few have ever taken the pains to enlighten themselves on this subject.

Holy water is one of the sacramentals of the Church. It does not wash the soul from sin or infuse grace, but by reason of the power given to the Church her blessing being attached to it, it aids the soul in the formation of pious desires. For this reason it is placed at the door of the temple so that all may by its use properly prepare their minds for their devotions within the house of God.

The use of it in religious rites is older than the Christian Church. It entered into the ceremonies of the Old Law. In the Book of Numbers (chapter v., verse 17) we find the following: "And he shall take holy water in a earthen vessel; and he shall cast a little earth of the pavement of the tabernacle into it." The Law of Moses speaks further of a water of expiation and a water of jealousy.

When the Church began its use we cannot say. It is a very ancient practice, and we believe that it must have been coeval with the establishment of Christianity. Pope Alexander I., who reigned from 109 to 119, speaks of it as an established custom.

There are three kinds of holy water: Baptismal water, which is blessed on the Saturday before Easter, Pontifical water, blessed by a Bishop and used in consecrating churches, and the ordinary holy water, which a priest may bless. The authorities on the question would seem to indicate that the habit of using blessed water is not of divine but of ecclesiastical origin. It is one of those forms which the Church has adopted for the aid and edification of the faithful, the power to do which was given to her when Christ presented to Peter the keys of the kingdom of heaven and earth.

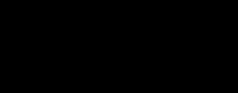
A Legend of St. Gregory.

In his early years St. Gregory the Great was a monk in St. Andrew's Monastery at Rome; though afterward he became Pope, and sent St. Augustine to preach to the Saxons at Canterbury. When he was at St. Andrew's a beggar came one day to the gate, and was relieved; but he came again and again till all the monk's means were exhausted. At last Gregory ordered the silver porringer which his mother Sylvia had given him to be handed to the mendicant.

When Gregory became Pope he used to entertain daily at supper twelve poor men. Once he was surprised to notice that there were thirteen seated at the table. He called to the steward and said he had given orders that there should be twelve only. The steward looked and counted them over, and said: "Holy Father, there are surely twelve only." Gregory said nothing more, but at the end of the meal he asked the thirteenth and unbidden guest: "Who art thou?" The reply was: "I am the poor man whom thou didst formerly relieve, and my name is the Wonderful. Through me thou shalt obtain whatever thou shalt ask of Almighty God." Then Gregory knew that he had entertained an angel, or, as some say, Our Lord Himself.

This legend is often represented in pictures—Christ sitting as a pilgrim with the other guests.—Ave Maria.

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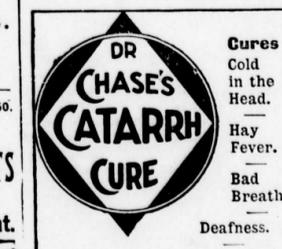
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CHAPTER XL.

The verdict of acquittal was received with loud and general applause, the Vil-

NOVEMBER 6, 1907. LEAGUE O General I (Named by the MELP FOR Messen To pray is to proce Jesus our fel for our fell advantage To pray agony, is to the sweetest rescuing suc cause of Ch To pray agony, is reaching kind which said to be necessary fro aim is to it death. I say, since there is a which the very day souls will fore God's make thou any thou tion, whi How many through Pray for too loss of too late. purgatory have you present m their hap deferred i mindful of agony an tain! Y sinners a you are i healthi sarily in neglect t death, at threshold an hour, or hell for ever! Can we self pleac in the taken o agonies agony I very ably to what i My agur My Fat cross st My belo the Garc that I drowing you, as when I met m their la ferer a day, an and wh It wa placed t the pro of Jesus all the Who w speedi all the supp that lif so abun the roc our pr heaven souls of To ha Hearti fidence the po them open u a most Jesus His di of un He w deject This efficacy is a m Hearti How i of thi and i accept lay b dying His s and ing c thous for th Oth may b but t help a ye even and goes grov for t seals be or bliss pool has the frie but bei up stru sha men lit

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HOLY WATER.

Why the Church Makes Use of It.

ng a church all Catholics
abit of dipping their hands
water font and blessing
While the sources of
regarding this practice
and of easy access it is
how few have ever taken
o enlighten themselves on
er is one of the sacrament-
Church. It does not wash
in sin or infuse grace, but
of the power given to the
the blessing being attached to
e soul in the formation of
res. For this reason it is
e door of the temple so
y by its use properly pre-
minds for their devout
house of God.

of it in religious rites is
the Christian Church. It
to the ceremonies of the Old
Book of Numbers (chapter
17) we find the following:
"Thou take holy water in a
basin; and he shall cast a
h of the pavement of the
into it." The Law of Moses
her of a water of expiation
or of jealousy.

Church began its use
It is a very ancient prac-
ce believe that it must have
al with the establishment of
y. Pope Alexander I., who
mon 109 to 119, speaks of it
as a custom.

ere three kinds of holy water:
water, which is blessed on
y before Easter, Pontifical
water, which is used in
ng churches, and the ordin-
water, which a priest may
e authorities on the question
to indicate that the habit
d water is not of divine
-astical origin. It is one
orms which the Church has
or the aid and edification of
al, the power to do which was
er when Christ presented to
eys of the kingdom of
ed earth.

Legend of St. Gregory.

arly years St. Gregory the
s a monk in St. Andrew's
at Rome; though afterward
e Pope, and sent St. Augus-
-sch to the Saxons at Cant-
then he was at St. Andrew's
came one day to the gate,
believed; but he came again
nsted. At last Gregory
e silver porringer which his
sylvia had given him to be
the mendicant.

Gregory became Pope he used
nly daily at supper twelve
e. Once he was surprised to
at there were thirteen seated
le. He called to the steward
had given orders that there
e twelve only. The steward
d counted them over, and
Holy Father, there are surely
y. Gregory said nothing
at the end of the meal he
e thirteenth and unbid-
e. "Who art thou?" The reply
am the poor man whom thou
erly relieve, and my name is
Through me thou
in whatever thou shalt ask
of God." Then Gregory knew
ad entertained an angel, or,
ay, Our Lord Himself.

Legend is often represented in

— Christ sitting as a pilgrim
other guests.—Ave Maria.

ly permanent cure for chronic
to thoroughly expel the
om the system by the faithful
istent use of Ayer's Sarsapa-
his wonderful remedy proves
all when all other treatment
to relieve the sufferer.

Ayer's Salt
and Best for Table and Dairy
ulteration. Never cakes.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

General Intention for November.

(Named by the Cardinal Protector and blessed by the Pope for all Associates.)

HELP FOR SOULS IN THEIR LAST AGONY.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

To pray for souls in their last agony, is to procure the greatest glory for Jesus our Redeemer, the greatest good for our fellow-men, and unspeakable advantages for ourselves.

To pray for souls in their last agony, is to afford the Heart of Jesus the sweetest and fullest consolation, by rescuing souls whose loss was the chief cause of Christ's long agony.

To pray for souls in their last agony, is to exercise the most far-reaching apostleship, and the only kind which, strictly speaking, may be said to be universal, since no man is exempt from death. It is the most necessary of all apostleships since its aim is to insure the grace of a happy death. It is one that admits of no delay, since for those who await its help there is but one moment left upon which their eternity depends. This very day more than eighty thousand souls will be summoned to appear before God's judgment seat. Alas! how many thousands of that great total are taken unawares by death's premonition, while in a state of mortal sin. How many others are dismayed by the onslaughts of the devil, or appalled through fear of the Sovereign Judge! Pray for them this very day, and with- out loss of time—to-morrow it will be too late. You pray for the souls in purgatory,—and what charitable plans have you not already formed for this present month of November—and yet their happiness is assured though it be deferred for a time: but you are un- mindful of those who are in their last agony and whose salvation is uncer- tain! You pray for the conversion of sinners and of unbelievers, though you are aware that so long as they are in health the evil of delay is not neces- sarily irreparable: and you would neglect those who are at the point of death, and who are already on the threshold of eternity! In a day, in an hour, in a minute, it will be heaven or hell for them, and that for ever and ever!

Why the Church Makes Use of It.

Can we not hear our dear Lord Him- self pleading their cause, and whisper- ing to our own souls:—"I have par- taken of the bitterness of all the agonies of men. For all those in agony I have a special care, and their very abandonment appeals most for- mally to My Heart. I know full well what it is to be abandoned. During My agony on the cross, I gave vent to My anguish at being abandoned by My Father, though at the foot of the cross stood My Mother, and John My beloved disciple. In My agony in the Garden, it was with poignant grief that I beheld the indifference and drowsiness of My apostles. It was to you, as well as to them, that I spoke, when I bade them watch and pray that they might not enter into temptation. But watch and pray also for those in their last agony, for those who are suf- fering and dying this day and every day, and at this very moment while I am whispering to your heart."

It was a wholesome thought to have placed all those who are dying under the protection of the Agonizing Heart of Jesus. Who could feel for them in all their anguish better than He who would come to their relief more speedily and more effectually? And all He is waiting for is an earnest supplication from us. A few drops of that life-giving stream, which flowed so abundantly in the Garden and on the rock of Calvary, will, in answer to our prayer, fall like a gentle dew from heaven, laden with mercy, upon the souls of sinners who are to die this day. To have recourse to the Agonizing Heart of our Lord with unbounded con- fidence in behalf of sinners who are at the point of death, that He may snatch them from the yawning abyss and open up heaven to them, is to render a most fitting homage to the agony of Jesus Himself. It is to acknowledge His divine strength, it is to give proof of unflinching faith in Him, just when He would seem most helpless. In His dejection and powerlessness to help others, this trust in the sovereign efficacy of His passion and abandonment is a most grateful tribute to His Sacred Heart, athirst for the salvation of souls. How little so ever we may have thought of this in the past, let us at least now, and in the future, yield to Jesus this acceptable tribute of our love. Let us lay before His Agonizing Heart the dying of every day—place them in His Sacred Heart, as in a sure refuge, and beseech Him to save them, blend- ing our own supplications with those of thousands of others who are praying for their eternal salvation.

Other practices of Christian piety may admit of postponement or delay; but there is no time to lose if we would help the dying. They have no longer a year, nor a month, nor a week, nor even an entire day wherein to repent and seek forgiveness. Before the sun goes down, before the young day has grown old, time shall have ceased for them, their doom shall have been sealed for eternity. For them, it will be heaven for ever thereafter, or hell: the joys of endless bliss, or the everlasting, avenging pool of fire. The eternal conflagration has all but reached them! It is not the dwelling of my neighbor, or of my friend, that is threatened by the flames, but it is his body, his soul, his whole being. To the rescue, then! Open upon him the flood-gates of prayer; stretch forth a pitying hand and he shall escape from the devouring ele- ment which rages around him. The little that is asked of you in his behalf,

will bring redemption home to his soul: for it will render applicable for him, and efficacious, all the sorrows of the Heart of Jesus, all the miracles of Jesus, all the teaching of Jesus, all His Blood, His very life and His death itself.

Consider also among the eighty thousand who are passing out of this life to day how many are idolaters, how many are forlorn sinners, how many are forsaken and destitute of all spiri- tual help. No other succor will reach them but what you will be pleased to give. Mete out this succor in proportion to their needs, their number, their abandonment. See that the succor you do give be generous enough in its measure to close hell beneath their feet, and to open out heaven above them. See that it be not too scant, lest they be not strong enough to cope with the temptations with which they are assailed, or the crowd of evil spirits who seek them as their prey. Take pattern on the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who has lavished blessings on you without measure. There were no restrictions, nor limitations in His liberality to you. Let there be no parsimony in the relief which you extend to Him in the persons of those in their last agony.

Generous souls are not wanting who make over all their spiritual treasures to those who have departed this life and who are yet detained in the cleansing fires of Purgatory. Others there are who exert themselves to bring back sinners to their duty. See what our missionaries have dared and are doing for the conver- sion of the heathen. But, as we have already remarked, the soul that has reached purgatory is assured of its eternal happiness. Its sufferings, no doubt, are intense, its temporary separation from God whom it loves beyond what it is given to us to conceive, must far exceed all earthly trials. All this, however, will have an end, and it is conscious that every pang brings it nearer to the Object of its love. While for the sinners and unbelievers here on earth, who are won back to God to day, they may again relapse to-morrow. Far differ- ent is the case of dying sinners when you succeed in rescuing them from their sin and from hell which is open before them. They cannot fall from grace, final perseverance is within their grasp, for they are about to die.

Thus, without going abroad you can become a missionary—one who con- verts and saves souls. The wide world is open to your apostolate, for in every clime of the habitable globe multitudes are dying every day, and the prayers you offer for them are their salvation. By prayer we can reach shores our fleets have never spied, lands our soldiers have never trodden, and to which our missionaries have never made their way. The beatitudes of the Gospel tidings are not to assist every human being in the throes of death. But as no wayfarer in the flesh is beyond the reach and influence of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the prayers you send up to Him for those who are dying every day will make their comforting and saving influence felt wherever they are most needed.

Pray not only with the lips and heart, but offer up your meritorious actions, and make atonement through your sufferings patiently undergone. Offer to God for the dying your trials, your afflictions, your days well spent, and there will be nothing in the life of the active missionary that may excite your pious envy, save perhaps his fati- gues and his toils. You will have, as he has, whole nations to evangelize: you will labor in spirit by his side in Japan, in China, in India, in in- hospitable shores of Africa or the Islands of the Pacific. You will follow the trail of his wanderings among the restless tribes of our own great contin- ent.

Finally, if God's glory, and the sal- vation of souls are not motives suffi- ciently strong to determine us to join in this work of mercy, let us consult our own interests. *Dote et debitor vobis*: give and it shall be given to you; good measure and pressed down and shaken together and running over shall they give into your bosom. For with the same measure that you shall mete, it shall be measured to you again" (St. Luke vi, 38). "Take heed what you hear. In what measure you shall mete, it shall be measured to you again, and more shall be given to you again" (St. Mark iv, 24). These are our Lord's own promises, which He has con- firmed elsewhere in other words: "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy" (St. Matth. v, 7). In your mercy, therefore, be mind- ful of the dying, and when your last moments come, you shall not be for- gotten. What a comfort, if when all the dread of that final struggle is upon you, you can truly say to the Master: For ten, for twenty years, my Saviour, have I daily besought your Sacred Heart to have mercy on the dying. My own hour has come. Lead a favorable ear, O Jesus! to the prayers of the thousands of my fellow-associates who are now in tereceding with you in my behalf. And should the merciful Saviour then deign to draw from before your mortal eyes the veil that shuts out the unseen world, you will behold thronging round your death bed the thousands of happy souls whom you have helped in their agony and who await your last breath to greet you as one of their own, and to bear your company to heaven.

We know that the cup of water given to the parched wayfarer for Christ's sake will not go unrewarded; and yet the cup of water slakes but a passing thirst. What, then, will not be the reward of a prayer for the dying! That

prayer prevents the awful, everlasting thirst which consumes the reprobate in hell fire. Remember the drop of water for which Dives prayed and longed, and for which he will crave in vain throughout all eternity. With this in view, we may well say that no work of charity can be compared with the one that forestalls the endless ills awaiting the unrepent- ant sinner who dies in enmity with God. Wherefore the one who prac- tises it may with confidence count upon the greeting of the King when He shall come in His majesty, thronged on the clouds of heaven, and for which our Lord has vouchsafed so solemnly dur- ing His sojourn upon earth: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat: I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink: I was a stranger, and you took Me in: naked, and you covered Me: sick, and you visited Me: I was in prison, and you came to Me. Then shall the just answer Him, saying: Lord, when did we see Thee hungry, and fed Thee, thirsty, and gave Thee drink? And when did we see Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? or naked, and covered Thee? Or, when did we see Thee sick or in prison, and came to thee? And the King, answering, shall say to them: Amen! I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to Me." (St. Matth. xxv, 34-40).

As such as eternal interests exceed the perishable, just so much more rap- idous will be the welcome for those who have assuaged by their prayers the anguish, the foreboding, the terror of the dying, and have brought them, through the commiseration of the Sacred Heart, peace, confidence, com- punction and restful hope. What other words could the King use in their regard than: Come, ye blessed of My Father, for I was in My agony, and, like My angels, you comforted Me?

The power for good of an association is, as every one knows, far greater than that of any individual effort. This is true in the order of nature, and it holds good in the order of grace. Several persons banded together could never succeed in bringing about. Christ Himself tells us: "If two of you shall consent upon earth, concerning any- thing whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them by My Father who is in heaven. For where there are two or three gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them" (St. Matth. xviii, 19-20). This is the secret of the success of all associations sanctioned and encour- aged by the Church.

It was in view of rendering greater assistance to the dying of every day, that the Confraternity of the Agoniz- ing Heart of Jesus, with its central control in Jerusalem, was instituted in 1848. Its main object is the special worship of the sufferings and agony of our Divine Saviour, and through this act of religion the obtaining of a happy death for all who are actually in their last agony. Its special practice is to offer up every day a short prayer for the Agonizing Heart of Jesus for all, irrespective of sex, age, country, or religion, who, to the number of about eighty thousand, pass in one day from time to eternity.

On the 23rd of August, 1867, Pope Pius IX. solemnly extended to this association the privileges of an Arch- confraternity, and from that date to the present it has been enriched, at different intervals, with numerous in- dulgences. It has been established in many dioceses in America, and among others, on October 16, 1878, in the Church of the Gesù in the Archdiocese of Montreal. The special prayer of this Archconfraternity, which the mem- bers recite three times a day, as follows: "Most merciful Jesus, Lover of souls, I beseech Thee by the Agony of Thy most Sacred Heart, and by the Sorrows of Thy Immaculate Mother, cleanse in Thy Blood the souls of sin- ners throughout the world who are now in their agony and who are to die this day. Amen."

"Agonizing Heart of Jesus, have mercy on the dying." By a decree of February 2, 1850, an Indulgence of one hundred days is granted each time this prayer is recited, and a Plenary Indulgence to those who during the month recite it, at intervals, three times a day, after having approached the sacraments and prayed for the intentions of the Sover- eign Pontiff. These Indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

If we do not enrol ourselves in this Archconfraternity, let us at least add the foregoing short prayer to our other devotions, so as mercifully to assist the dying and increase the number of the elect.

PRAYER.

O Jesus! through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular for the dying of every day. Amen.

The Most Prominent are Fashionable. Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, has become a fashionable disease. There are very few individuals who have not at various times experienced the miserable feeling caused by defective digestion. No pain can describe the keen suffering of the body, and the agony and anguish of mind endured by the Dyspeptic. Dr. L. L. Londe, of 236 Pine Ave., Montreal, says: "When I ever run across chronic cases of Dyspepsia I always pre- scribe Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and my patients generally have quick relief."

THE SHADOW OF PETER.

Eighteen hundred years ago, the sick were laid down in the streets of Jerusalem, that as Peter, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, passed along, his shadow might fall upon them, and heal them of their infirmities. And for eighteen hundred years the work of that Chief Apostle of the Divine Revelation has been directed to healing the woes of suffer- ing humanity by delivering men from moral sickness and bringing health through the efficacy of God's word. The labors of Peter, and those who have followed him in his Apostolic See, have changed the face of the social world. The old pagan society, with its crimes and its tyranny, has passed away. Slavery is banished from civil- ized lands. Human worth and human life are valued as they never were before. It has taken centuries to do it all, but it has been done, and to day, as we carry our minds over the ages that are passed, we can see how much the world owes to the labors of the Prince of the Apostles with whose power the long line of Roman Pontiffs has ruled the Church ever after age. It has been a slow and a long struggle. Indeed no one could have expected it should have been otherwise. So hard- ened is the world, and so determined to resist good which interferes with its interests or its pleasures, that it was of all things most unlikely that it could yield to the beneficent influence of the Gospel without determined and there- fore prolonged opposition. And the world's opposition is worldly. Some Popes it murdered, others it impris- oned, others it cast out of their ances- tral home and sent as exiles to find re- fuge abroad.

The lot of so many of his predes- censors had not failed to fall upon our Holy Father, now reigning in Peter's stead. An impious and perfidious Government, usurping his estates and keeping him a prisoner in the Vatican Palace, has thought to cripple his power and to curtail his work. But it has failed. It has failed, and though it pretends to regard him as no longer a personality possessing weight in the councils of the world, though it even pretends to regard him as politically dead, his shadow still creeps over the earth and is seen by men. At no time, perhaps, has the Papacy had greater influence on the minds and hearts of men of all classes and of all hearts of sound to the ends of the earth, and lis- tening multitudes find in his words consolation and hope amid the trials which afflict them. Unavailingly does the Government, which has robbed him of his rights, affect, with ostentatious simplicity, to see him any longer. He is still near, and at most unexpected turns his shadow startles his robbers and pricks their conscience with a sense of wrong doing, if not of re- morse.

Of this an amusing incident has been chronicled within the last few days. King Umberto intends to meet the Ger- man Emperor at the end of the month at Wiesbaden. And Kaiser Wilhelm, whose artistic sagacity, is arrang- ing a great feast for his monarchical brother. There is to be a "festspiel" at the Wiesbaden Theatre, and the Emperor himself has taken part in the suggestions for the tableaux. One of these pictures portrays a great forest, in which two female forms, represent- ing Germania and Italia, clasp hands in token of everlasting friendship, and at a word from Italia the forest disappears and Rome slowly rises from the earth. But it seems that Austrian artists had been engaged to paint the scene, and while displaying all the famous buildings of the Eternal City, they impudently placed the dome of St. Peter's and made the light from the Vatican Basilica send its streaming rays over Rome. But here crept in a danger. It would never do to let the Italian king see that the light came over his capital from the summit of St. Peter's, so the artist has been ordered to expunge the sun, lest the Em- peror's guest should be pained and take offence. Would it be possible to record a clearer instance of the fear and trepidation with which the Italian Government regards the influence of the Papacy? Must not the Papacy's power be ever near the king's con- science when such a scene can be likely to bring up the thought of the Pope's power and position to his mind? All the talk that we hear so frequently about the difference between the Papacy and the Italian Government having been definitely adjusted is merely so much make believe. The differences will never be adjusted until the Holy Father has obtained the rights of which he has been robbed. His claims rest on the eternal prin- ciples of justice, and he cannot, even if he would, concede the demands made upon him by those who have despoiled him of his possessions. For those possessions are not his to sur- render. They are but his to administer. He is steward of them for the whole Cath- olic world, which has as great an inter- est in their maintenance as the Pope himself, for the Catholic world will never consent that the Head of the Church shall be other than sov- ereign and free. They can never allow him to be a subject to any earthly power, and there is no choice but to be subject or sovereign. This view of the position of the Papacy is well known to the Italian Government, and hence it is that at every turn it is fearful of the re-appear- ance of the Papal Question. But it may be sure that the question will constantly re-appear until it is finally solved in accordance with the wishes of St. Peter's successor, and every

Catholic will pray in hope and confi- dence that the day may soon dawn when the sun of liberty shall shine once again upon the palaces of the Popes and the Vicar of Jesus Christ be free to carry on unshackled and untrammelled the Divine work which his Master has appointed for him to do.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

WHY THE CHURCH MAKES CON- VERSIONS.

Some people, especially those who believe that one religion is as good as another, say they cannot understand why the Catholic Church is always ready to receive converts. They must admit that the Catholic clergy do not carry on a proselytizing campaign like that of their own religious bodies in Catholic countries, but still they pretend to believe that it isn't "good taste" for the Catholic Church to wel- come so many converts from other denominations. Bishop Mostyn, of Wales, has explained very well the attitude of the Church on this matter. In a recent address in a Catho- lic Church at Mold he said: "It was only the other day someone said to me, 'Yes, but you people are accused of trying to make conversions.' I must say I felt flattered at the accusation, not from any imputed or hostile point of view, certainly, but from motives of the greatest charity; indeed, I should be a very poor Catholic, and especially a poor Bishop, if, believing as I do that the faith I hold is the one true Catholic faith, I did not wish others to come and share with me the spiritual advantage I believe I have in my Church, in order they may thereby get more easily into the Kingdom of Heaven. But some people seemed to have an idea when this vicariate was first started that Rome was going to make a huge at- tack upon Wales, and that the legions of Julius Cesar were coming once more. All I wish to do as Vicar-Apos- tolic is to look after my own flock in my own country, and to show the people who do not belong to my flock what the Catholic religion really is, and what we believe, and why we believe it. As many know, the Catholic religion has been shamefully misrepresented from time to time, and many people think the most terrible things about it. They have heard we worship idols, perhaps, and all sorts of wonder- ful things, and no wonder they keep away from us. But I believe if they once get to know the real truth—that we do not worship idols, and if they know what we believe and why we believe, it will not be long before the people of Wales find out their mistake, and join the Church of their forefathers. However, we must pray to Almighty God, and ask Him to shower His graces down upon this country, and bless us and help us to lead good and holy lives, and show those outside the Church that our religion is leading us to Heaven." This is just the position of the Catholics of our own land. We have the truth, and we want others to share it with us.—Catholic News.

Short Views.

A young girl met with a very serious accident which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and many months' confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was about taking his leave the patient asked: "Doctor, how long shall I have to be here helpless?" "Oh, only a day at a time," was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times through through the succeeding weary weeks did she say: "Only a day at a time," come back with its quieting influence. I think it was Sydney Smith who recommended taking "short views" as a good safeguard against needless worry; and one far wiser than he said: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Suffi- cient unto the day is the evil thereof."—The Messenger.

Had Many Ailments.

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London, Saturday, November 6, 1897.

THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

The month of November which we are now celebrating begins with the festival of All Saints, which is intended by the Church to honor the whole Church triumphant in heaven and particularly those saints of God for whom no special feast has been instituted.

The lesson or epistle of the mass of this feast is taken from the Apocalypse of St. John, wherein the Evangelist describes his vision of heaven and the occupation of the Saints who assist before the throne of God eternally praising and adoring Him.

The reward of the just in heaven is then declared to be such that they are delivered from all tribulation and sorrow, as the Lamb who shed His blood for their salvation shall be their shepherd and guide to bring them to fountains of waters of life and to wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The Gospel of the Feast of All Saints' day is taken from the beautiful sermon on the Mount, in which Jesus so admirably lays down the duties of the Christian, and promises to the just an imperishable reward.

In these Jesus promises His bounties and favors to the poor in spirit or the humble, the meek, the merciful, the pure of heart, peace-makers, and to all who hunger and thirst after justice.

persecuted and treated irreverently. It is surely not reasonable that the saints in heaven who have received their reward from God and who enjoy the beatific vision, should be treated with less respect than those on earth.

It is true that we have more evidences in the Old Testament of reverence shown to angels than to saints who have received their reward, but the reason for this is clear. The angels were frequently and specially sent by God as messengers to man.

We would write more fully on the subject of invocation of the saints, but to do so in the present article would make it too lengthy, as our purpose here is merely to make certain devotional remarks upon the glory and happiness of the army of saints and to increase devotion toward them during the month of November.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY.

We observe with pleasure that the appeal made by the Hon. Edward Blake for subscriptions to the cause of the Irish Parliamentary party has been generously responded to already.

It is a sad reflection that it should be necessary to send round the hat so frequently in order to aid Ireland in securing just government, but it is to be remembered that Ireland has been kept in so impoverished a condition under alien and unfriendly government that she is not able to keep up herself the Irish party in Parliament to fight the battle for political liberty, and friends of Ireland must assist in the struggle that it may proceed to a successful issue.

It is still true that the Liberal leaders assert that they will concede Home Rule if they come again into power, but the people of England have not yet been brought to admit that Ireland should be allowed to govern herself, as is evident from the fact that the present anti Home Rule party is sustained by the largest majority which has ever supported a British Government.

The Irish Parliamentary Party needs to be maintained that its final success may be assured, and the demands of Ireland must be brought before the English people through the means of literature and discussion, which cannot be effected without means.

We cannot sufficiently thank the Hon. Edward Blake for his earnestness in the advocacy of Ireland's cause. He has given up his claims to be the leader of the Reform party in Canada in order to promote the interests of Ireland, as there can be no doubt that if he had remained in Canadian politics he would be at this moment the Dominion Premier.

There is no other reason than to show that his patriotism is appreciated, Irishmen and their descendants in Canada should put their shoulders to the wheel to make his present movement to sustain the Irish cause a complete success.

The following donations have been so far handed in for the good cause: His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto \$500, Sir Frank Smith 1,000, Hon. Edward Blake 1,000, Hugh Ryan 1,000, Eugene O'Keefe 500, Thomas Long & Bro. 500, Vice-Admiral McCann 300, Rev. F. Ryan 100, Rev. J. L. Hand 100, Very Rev. Dean Harris St. Catharines 100, Jas. J. Foy, Q. C. 100, Wm. J. Haney 100, John Ryan 100, \$5,100.

A WORD TO THE GLOBE.

The Register is always complaining of the intolerance which prevents Catholics being elected to Parliament or selected for public office in proportion to their numbers.

It is because Archbishop Cleary has told his people that they must not be present at services in Protestant churches or in Protestant cemeteries, that Catholics are to be ostracised?

Not at all. Nor is it because of the utterances of any other Catholic dignitary, in the east or in the west, in the present or in the past. Protestant bigotry stares us in the face at all times and in all places in this Protestant Province of Ontario.

The plan is evidently viewed with favor by a considerable number of Jews in various parts of Europe, as otherwise there would not be any influential assemblage convened to promote it, as has been the case.

Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept: when we remembered Zion: "On the willows in the midst thereof we hung up our instruments."

"How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. "Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee. "If I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

But there is far from being a unity of opinion among the Jews in regard to the expediency of Dr. Herzl's plan. At the recent Conference of the American Rabbis held in Montreal, Dr. Wise, the President of the Conference, declared it impracticable and visionary.

It is sometimes said of certain non-Catholics that they are within a step of the one true Church. Only a step and yet so far away. They are without the door and the Bridegroom is within.

spreading hatred of the faith of Catholics. May we not say they are hirelings who, were it not for their trade of abusing the Pope, would become a community of Wilkens Micawbers?

ZIONISM.

Dr. Herzl, who is the leader of the movement among the Jews of Germany to reoccupy their ancient country, Palestine, has so far succeeded in attracting attention to his scheme that there is being held at the present moment a Conference at Basle, Switzerland, for the purpose of taking the whole matter into serious consideration, and in case the plan be found satisfactory, to make provision to put it into operation.

The great nations of the world have not come into existence in accordance with any settled previous plans, but have grown gradually till they have attained greatness and power, but if Dr. Herzl's plan is to succeed, the new Jewish nation will have its beginning with a complete organization.

On the occurrence of a vacancy of a chaplain's position in the United States Army, General Alger, the Secretary of War, received three hundred applications from Protestant ministers for the post.

The Anglican encyclical letter, signed by the 194 Bishops who met at the Pan-Anglican Conference at Lambeth, expresses the hope that all the various religious bodies that have renounced the authority of the Pope, while retaining some features which make them somewhat resemble the Catholic Church, may come into the Anglican fold.

I have heard of a pious English priest who objected to the psalm being called the De Profundis in a popular publication; he thought the simple reader would know it better as "Out of the Depths." That would certainly not be the case in Ireland.

It is sometimes said of certain non-Catholics that they are within a step of the one true Church. Only a step and yet so far away.

When the foolish virgins stood pleading for entrance they were within a step, only a step, of the presence of the Bridegroom. They could even hear His voice, but—the door was forever closed against them.—A. G. Ewing.

consequently an affection for their ancient royal city and country from which they have been exiled for eighteen centuries.

But even many of those who adhere to the ancient religion regard the movement as chimerical. The executive Committee of the Rabbis of Germany have declared against it, and Dr. Hermann Adler, the chief Rabbi of Great Britain, says of it:

"I consider that the holding of this Congress is an egregious blunder. I believe that Dr. Herzl's idea of establishing a Jewish State in the Holy Land is absolutely mischievous. It is a movement that can be fraught with incalculable harm."

The Jews of the present day, for the most part, have apparently accepted their condition as citizens of the countries in which they live, and they are not likely as a whole to take part in any wholesale emigration from the lands in which they have made their homes.

With sincere and unfeigned regret we chronicle in this week's issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD the sad demise of the Rev. Father N. Gahan, P. P. of Biddulph.

Rev. Nicholas Gahan—born fifty four years ago, in Mooncoin, county Kilkenny, Ireland—was intended by his pious parents for the priesthood almost from his earliest years.

He completed his classical and theological studies in St. John's college, Waterford, where he had the good fortune of sitting for the first time in the college hall under the learned and highly gifted Dr. Cleary, the present distinguished and most venerated Archbishop of Kingston.

Rev. Father Gahan attended successively the parishes of Stratroy, Woodstock and Ingersoll. He also gave valuable assistance to Rev. Dr. Flannery in establishing missions in the townships of Danwich, Southwell and Aldborough in the county of Elgin and fulfilling faithfully and well all the duties of a zealous missionary in the neighboring city of St. Thomas.

It may be stated truly that north and south, far and near, the name of the late Fr. Gahan is well known and revered. His late parishioners of Biddulph, the Catholics of Mount Carmel, and hundreds of those who were conversant with him more intimately in this city, shall miss the genial smile and cheery words with which he brought comfort and sunshine to many a domestic hearth.

Heartfelt prayers, we are certain, shall be offered to-day, for the soul of the good priest in many homes wherein his silent and unpublished charities shall be long held in grateful remembrance.

You can never catch a word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken it is out of your power. Do your best, you can never recall it. Therefore take care what you say, for many sorrows are avoided by guarding the tongue, and many evils are brought about by the too frequent use thereof.

ON GETTING MASSES SAID FOR THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

(Adapted from "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.")

1. From the earliest times under the Old and New Law, Sacrifices have been offered for particular objects and persons. They have also been offered for the souls in Purgatory. The greatest love and mercy we can show to souls in purgatory is to pour out upon them the merits of the Cross through the Mass.

2. You may now perhaps ask: What are you to do when you desire to have a Mass applied according to your intention? You must ask a priest to offer the Mass for you. Of course he is not obliged, and indeed he may not be able to do so.

The holy scriptures lay down the principle that they who serve the altar shall live by the altar, and that they who minister to the people spiritual blessings shall receive, as St. Augustine puts it, "their support from the people and their reward from the Lord."

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CREATL

Archbishop

HEAL MARR THAN THE TIZED FEED IS INVOIC "CATHOLIC

To the Editor, Sir,—Permit me to inform you that I have received your issue of the 29th inst. and find it very becomingly agreeable. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. J. Haney, Archdeacon of the Diocese of Kingston.

You ought to get as many Masses as you can said for your deceased friends and benefactors. They not only expect this service from you, but they will at once repay you by becoming your most grateful friends and intercessors with God.

The stipend or honorarium must not be regarded as the price or equivalent of a Mass. Such a thought would be blasphemous, the Holy Sacrifice being beyond all price and of infinite value.

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THE ROME OF TO-DAY.

As Viewed by Most Rev. Archbishop Keane.

Archbishop Keane, until recently rector of the Catholic University of America, at Washington, is now the representative at the Vatican of the American Church, says the New York Herald. He is at present on a visit to scenes of his former usefulness and activity, but will return to Rome in a few weeks. The Archbishop has prepared for the Herald the accompanying article, written in characteristic vein in which he describes the Eternal City of to-day, his functions at the Vatican, the Congregation of the Propaganda and the venerable Leo XIII., with whom his duties have most happily brought him into frequent and intimate contact. Incidentally Archbishop Keane gives us pen pictures of Cardinals Ledochowski and Rampolla.

You ask me to tell you about Rome; to give you and the public a view of the Rome of to-day through my eyes. If my doing so will be of any interest to the public I am happy to comply with your request. I had visited Rome several times before going there last December. In 1873 I had the happiness of a private conversation with Pope Pius IX. In 1883 I paid my first official visit as Bishop of Richmond to Pope Leo XIII. In 1886 I saw him for the second time, having just been chosen first rector of the Catholic University of America. During that winter I conferred with him frequently in regard to this important matter. Again in 1887 and in 1894 the duties of my office took me to Rome and gave me the privilege of frequent and long conferences with the great Pope.

In December, 1896, I went to make the Eternal City my home. This I did at the special request of Leo XIII. himself. In his letter to me on the occasion of my retirement from the university he left it to myself either to stay in America or to come to Rome. Of course, I preferred to remain in my own country. But unforeseen developments, both in Europe and America, induced the Holy Father some months later to send me word that it would be better for the interests of religion that I should take up my residence in Rome and devote myself there to the interests of the Church in America. This I unhesitatingly did, always preferring to be guided by the judgment of the Chief Bishop of the Church rather than by views of my own. And thus it was that Rome became my future dwelling-place.

A place assumes a new aspect when it becomes one's home. Cardinal Oreglia gave me his own experience as an illustration of what I might expect in the Eternal City. He said that when he came to Rome as a young man he became so homesick that he could hardly induce himself to remain, but after some months, and especially after some years, he could not live anywhere else.

ROME'S POWERFUL FASCINATION. "Rome," he said, "has a power of absorption and assimilation beyond any other city in the world."

I must acknowledge that I have already begun to experience the truth of his statement. I am sure that no city in the world has about it such a fascination as Rome. On whatever side a man's intellectual nature has been developed he finds in the Eternal City the environment and the inspiration most congenial to him. Every one loves to linger in the majestic intellectual glories of the past, and all of them are, as it were, forever enshrined in Rome. She inherited all the intellectual glories of Greece, and she, by her world-wide dominion, made them the property of the world forever, and Caesar and Cicero were the outcome of Alexander and Demosthenes. The ruins of the Forum tell us to-day of the grandest achievements that the ancient world had beheld in all that sways the minds and wills of men. That charm lingers around the Forum still. I met in Rome last winter a learned member of the French Oratory who was making there his final studies for a history of the Forum.

From the level of the Forum mounts the Palatine hill, where we still behold the ruins of the palaces of the Caesars. Standing there one can look, as in the days of old, to all the ends of the earth and feel the thrill of the universal power whose mandates went forth from that hill-top. And yet that power has passed away and those gorgeous palaces are occupied only by lizards and owls. Far on the opposite end of the city towers the dome of St. Peter's, and by its side rises the palace of the Vatican. There dwells the representative of the power which replaces the imperial power of the Palatine hill, and, as if to tell how the transformation was accomplished, between the two lies the Coliseum, a superb monument of imperial vanity and at the same time of all the popular corruption on which imperial power had at last to rest its tottering strength.

WHERE ZOLA IS WRONG.

From these ruined balconies the patricians and plebeians of Rome gazed together on the inhuman spectacles which pandered to their cruelty and their lust, and in that arena the disciples of Jesus of Nazareth won the victory of the Crucified One by laying down their lives through love of Him. It was the power of love conquering the power of brute force and brute lust. Thus it was that the heathen Coliseum crumbled and passed away and that the representative of Jesus of Nazareth took the place of the Caesars.

Zola in his "Rome" meditates on the Palatine hill and imagines that the spirit of imperial Rome has been taken up and perpetuated by the successor of

Peter. No impression could be further from the truth. The two spirits are as far apart as were Nero and St. Peter. The only resemblance between the two is the world-wide universality of them both. Rome is still the world city. No one can live long there without recognizing that it is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. People have tried of late to rob it of its cosmopolitan character and make it a narrow, nationalistic city; but in so doing they are not only marring and distorting for the while the natural character of the Eternal City, but are ruining by the experiment the nation of which they had made it a capital. I say this in no spirit of enmity to Italy. Pope Leo XIII. himself looks with profound sorrow upon the bankrupt condition into which poor Italy is deeper and deeper sinking. The experiment is no success. It could not be, because it is contrary to the historical nature of things. Rome is, and must be, the world city. That is why Providence made it the see of the world Bishop of the Church, and the Church is called Roman simply to signify that it is world-wide and universal. Any other appellation would limit it and would make it national, provincial, insular. The title Rome makes it universal, catholic.

WORLD-WIDE POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

Thus the Rome of to-day offers to the mind two fields of intensely interesting study. First, the field of philosophical, historical and literary achievements, crowned with the glories of the grandest militarism the world has ever beheld. All this is the history of the distant past, its intellectual results living always. The second field of study is that of the great Christian influence which the Saviour of the world gave to mankind as a substitute for mere might and power.

Nowhere as in Rome can one study the world-wide power of religion or Christianity. There Providence has placed the centre of the administration of the Church, which, as our Lord declared, was to be the teacher of all nations, all days, to the end of the world. Naturally there can be nothing so interesting to one who right fully appreciates the tremendous importance of this spiritual power as to study its workings at its very centre. They who have the opportunity of studying it deeply see clearly that the vital power placed there by the Saviour of the world, for the world's moral good, has all the potency and all the promise of perpetuity which it had in the apostolic age.

My chief interest in Rome is, of course, my relation to the welfare of the Church in America, in so far as that is influenced by the central administration of the Church. It was for that purpose that the Holy Father brought me to Rome, and while they keep me busy there with much preaching and lecturing and guidance of souls, this administrative attention to the Church's welfare in my own country is my chief preoccupation. This brings me especially into relation with the Congregation of Cardinals who have special superintendence of the work of the Church in the newer countries of the world—that is to say, in those which have come within the fold of the Church during the last two hundred or three hundred years. Among these the Church in America naturally holds the first place.

THE CHIEF OF THE PROPAGANDA.

Nearly all of the Cardinals of other than Italian origin are members of this congregation, and have a right to take part in its sessions whenever they are in Rome. Thus Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Vaughan are members of the Congregation of the Propaganda. But the regular work of the congregation is carried on by some twelve or fifteen cardinals resident in Rome, and who, when necessary, take counsel with the others by means of correspondence.

The head of this congregation, or the cardinalial committee, is Cardinal Ledochowski, by origin a Pole, but for many years a resident of Rome. He is a man of splendid character; majestic, yet simple, straightforward, earnest, honest, anxious to receive light from all quarters in the fulfilment of his great charge, and abundantly endowed with the good sense which recognizes in dealing with the ecclesiastical affairs of a country common prudence suggests that all information should be obtained from those who are most competent to speak in the name of that country. He, through the secretary of the Propaganda, consults me concerning American matters whenever he sees fit, and, on the other hand, he receives through me many ecclesiastical affairs which the Bishops of the United States intrust to my management.

Thus my relation with the Propaganda promises to be in itself a source of abundant occupation for me in Rome. Again there are many things in the administration of the Church, even in mission countries, of which cognizance is taken directly by the Vatican, which means, practically speaking, the Pope and his secretary of state, Cardinal Rampolla. These not only permit me, but require of me, to confer with them about all matters of especial importance concerning the welfare of the Church in the United States. My frequent visits to the Vatican are always occasions of special interest and pleasure.

LEO'S MENTAL EMINENCE.

Men like Gladstone and Bismarck recognize that Leo XIII. is one of the grandest minds of the age, and to be allowed a conference with such a man on matters of the greatest importance to mankind is a privilege that cannot be too highly estimated. Next to him in grandeur of intellect

and character can well be placed Cardinal Rampolla, his trusted right arm in all his work for the world's good. Although the Pope is now eighty-eight years of age, no one can discover in him the slightest evidence of any weakening in his powers of intellect and of will.

The Archbishop of Boston said to me last winter that in all these respects the Pope seemed to him more full of power than five years ago, and when Bishop Maes of Covington was bidding him farewell quite lately the Holy Father asked him when he would be in Rome again, and when the Bishop said that he hoped to be back in five years the Pope said:

"Very well; I will be here then, and I will be glad to see you!"

He seems to feel within himself all the promise of several years to come of hard work for the glory of the Good Shephard and the welfare of His sheepfold.

Of course, my life in Rome is not altogether made up of work. The leading thinkers, writers and workers of every country are constantly gravitating, as it were, naturally toward the Eternal City. They pass through it again and again, every time desiring more to have the pleasure of visiting it once again. It is my good fortune to come in contact with most of them. They all recognize the special place which Providence has given to America in the forming of the world's future, and they seem to have an instinctive desire to come and talk with the American whom Providence has lately tenanted in Rome. But among the visitors to the Eternal City and to my modest lodgings in the Canadian College there are, of course, none so welcome as those who come from the United States. They bring with them all the memories, all the associations, all the ideas and influences which are dearest to me on earth.

THE FLYING SQUAD.

"This summer I was walking one day along a lonely road, near a small village in the mountains, when I was overtaken by a boy driving a fast horse attached to a dusty buggy. He drove furiously towards me and cried out: 'Father, Father! will you come and see my father, who is dying?'"

"Yes," I replied, leaping into his wagon and riding off at a tearing pace till we reached a white, comfortable-looking farmhouse, shining in the fields. I entered and heard the man's confession, but I could give him neither Communion nor Extreme Unction, because I was only a visitor in the neighborhood, and the church and the parish priest were seven miles away. After I had done what I could, I said to the sick man's wife and son:

"Now you must send for your pastor to give Holy Communion and Extreme Unction."

"Oh," said the boy, with tears rolling down his cheeks, 'can't you give them, Father, for I think we have them in the house?'"

None of these people had been to church in years. A few days after, while taking another stroll, I found a family of fourteen children—white-haired, bald-headed, dirty-faced urchins, the eldest of whom was a boy of sixteen. The father was a French Canadian and the mother a Swede. Both were still young and strong. But they, as well as the children, were grossly ignorant of the very elements of Christianity.

The father, originally a Catholic, had forgotten the lessons and given up the practice of his religion. The mother had none; and the children were only a degree removed from the condition of the young pigs which I saw wallowing in the yard near the stable. Knowing that there were many Catholics scattered through the hills and valleys of the vicinity, I sought out the most prominent of them. He was a Canadian of Irish descent, born and brought up among French-Canadians, so that his accent when he spoke English was a comical cross between a Cork brogue and a Quebec patois. His wife was a French Canadian, who had taught school in her early days, and who told me that she could sing the whole choir part of the Mass through, from "Kyrie Eleison" to "Agnus Dei" inclusively, if I would gather the people in a hall which she named, and agreed to sing the Mass for the farmers. I declined her offer, but did gather the people and said a low Mass for them on three Sundays. To the astonishment of every one, we had a congregation of two hundred souls the first, and of three hundred and fifty the second Sunday. They came from the hill-tops and from the deep valleys. They were Irish, Canadians, and Americans, some of the very old stock. The Protestant community was astonished, and the Catholics themselves were surprised at their own numbers. But how ignorant they were! There were farmers' sons of eighteen who had never made their First Communion, farmers and their wives who had not gone to Mass in years. There were young people who, by constantly frequenting services in non-Catholic churches, had learned hymns, and forms of worship, and had lost the knowledge of their own religion. They had no Catholic books, no Catholic pictures, no Catholic newspapers. Their life was without true religious influence, and they grew up like animals. Some of them had intermarried with Protestants and had become bad Protestants, as they had been bad Catholics. These are our pagans, stupid, ignorant, but not through their fault. There is no one to enlighten them, for the task is a hard one; and

no one yet seems to have a vocation for the work.

Can we help them—these masses of our people scattered in remote and secluded parts of the whole country, and condemned to involuntary deprivation of priest, Church, instruction and sacraments? Simple, good-natured, grateful souls they are, if some one would only come and instruct and serve them. It is among these that good books should be scattered. How I longed for a thousand of Father Searle's "Plain Facts" or of Cardinal Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers," or some of the old tracts that zealous Father Hecker wrote in his early days, as I looked at the upturned faces of these unsophisticated rustics while I preached! After a few days I taught the boy whose dying father I had attended to serve Mass. No city boy in the end could do better, and none could be more fervent. On the first Friday of the month I said Mass in a frame house, and although it was known only to a few that there would be Mass, a dozen went to confession and Holy Communion. I have said Mass in Cathedrals in Europe, and sung it with the harmonies of Gounod and of Haydn filled the aisles of the city church, but I have never said it so devoutly as in that shanty.

Meeting the pastor of the place a short time before I returned home, I asked him how the people could be helped. "Send us books," said he, "and we can distribute them." Catechisms, prayer books, little works explaining the doctrines of the Church, small volumes of lives of the saints—send us these. We shall give them to farmers, and they and their families can and will read them." When he told me this I promised to help him, and at the same time I thought how good it would be if some of the young priests who ride bicycles and are fond of mountain tramping would form a "Flying Squad" of missionaries; of men not satisfied with merely evangelizing the towns, but desirous of evangelizing the isolated farmers, the log rollers of the remote rivers, the hewer of trees and the workers in saw mills in the wooded mountains. Besides an increase of faith and piety, I promise those who may form such a "Flying Squad" great pleasure and good health.

And as I have begun my scribble by a sad story of ignorance, let me close with one of enlightenment. Rambling among the woods one morning towards the end of my vacation, I thought I would increase the strength of my lungs by singing the gamut in the open air. Neither human being nor house was visible; but suddenly, in answer to my note, I heard the tune of a familiar hymn floating through the trees. I stopped to listen, and there distinctly in the solitude two excellent voices, evidently of young girls, sang the "Regina Cœli" as it is sung in many of our parish schools. I hastened in the direction whence the sound proceeded and soon saw a farm house, from which the voices came. One voice was a soprano, the other an alto, and they sang the whole hymn through in Latin without missing a word. When they had finished it, they began the "Adeste Fideles." It was strange to hear them sing a Christmas hymn in midsummer. But they thought it appropriate for all times. They did not know that anyone was listening, and they did not care. They were singing to please God and themselves. The reader can imagine the holy thoughts that filled my mind, standing in that silent wood and listening to hymns that bring back all the associations of Christmas and Easter. Here was the Grand Old Church asserting her doctrines in the very forest; here was the dogma of the divinity of Christ and of the veneration of His Blessed Mother proclaimed to the very birds and beasts. I went to the farm house, where I found the two sweet singers, ex-graduates of a German Catholic parochial school, and refreshed myself with a glass of good milk. "The Flying Squad" would meet with such pleasant incidents of travel all over the country.—Catholic World.

A cough which persists day after day, should not be neglected any longer. It means something more than a mere local irritation, and the sooner it is relieved the better. Take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is prompt to act and sure to cure.

One reason why Scott's Emulsion cures weak throats, weak lungs, makes rich blood, and strengthens puny and delicate children is because all its parts are mixed in so scientific a manner that the feeblest digestion can deal with it. This experience has only come by doing one thing for nearly 25 years.

This means, purest ingredients, most evenly and delicately mixed, best adapted for those whose strength has failed or whose digestion would repel an uneven product.

C. M. B. A.—Branch No. 4, London, Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clock, at their hall, Abbot Road, Bloomsbury Street, G. Barry, President; Jas. Murray, 1st Vice-President; F. E. Boyle, Recording Secretary.

WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE. Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won. SURPRISE SOAP is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing. It's best for this and every use. Don't forget the name. SURPRISE.

DIRECT LINES! Ticket Tourist Freight Forwarding. GENERAL FOREIGN AGENCY 11 MULLINS ST., Montreal.

PASSENGER AGENCY FOR LINES. Direct to Naples and Genoa for Rome. Direct to Gibraltar (Spain), Algiers (Africa). Direct to Plymouth for London. Direct to Cherbourg for Paris. Direct to Boulogne Sur Mer for Paris. Direct to Rotterdam, Amsterdam, for all points in Holland and Belgium and the Continent. Direct to Hamburg for all points in Germany, Austria, Russia. Direct to Stettin for Germany, Austria, Russia. Direct to Londonderry, and rail to any part of Ireland. Direct to Glasgow for all parts of Scotland and England. Direct to Liverpool for all parts of England and Scotland.

OUR FAVORITE NOVENAS. By Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings. Oblong 24mo. cloth, 60 cents. In this volume prayers are given for novenas for every feast of Our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin, and a great number of the Saints. Nothing like this has ever before been published. PARTIAL CONTENTS: GOD. Novenas in honor of the Holy Name, for Christmas, to the Holy Child, Infant of Prague, The Sacred Heart, The Blessed Sacrament, The Precious Blood, The Holy Face, Jesus Crucified, The Holy Ghost, Almighty God, etc. THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Novenas in honor of the Blessed Virgin, for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, The Annunciation, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, etc. THE ANGELS AND SAINTS. The Guardian Angels, St. Joseph, St. Joachim, St. Anne, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Aloysius, St. Anthony, St. Alphonsus, etc., etc. COMPANION VOLUME: OUR FAVORITE DEVOTIONS. All devotions in one volume. By Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings. Oblong 24mo. \$0.60. OTHER NEW BOOKS: Catholic Home Annual for 1898, 40c. Our Boys and Girls' Annual for 1898, 12mo., 60c. Illustrated Explanation of the Commandments. With fine full-page illustrations, 16mo., 60c. Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. With twenty two full page illustrations, 12mo., 1.25. Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin. With fine half-tone illustrations, 12mo., 1.25. History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland. Popular edition, 12mo., cloth, net 50 cents, paper, 35c. Mission Book of the Redemptorist Fathers, 32mo., net, 65c. Mission Book for the Married, 32mo., net, 65c. Mission Book for the Single, 32mo., net, 65c.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, NEW YORK: 36-38 Barclay Street. CINCINNATI: 843 Main Street. CHICAGO: 178 Monroe Street. Boston's Patron Saint. Lax Catholic. It may seem strange to some, observes the New York Freeman's Journal, that the Catholic-bating old Puritans should call their chief town after a Catholic saint. But they did. Perhaps they did it unwillingly; or, perhaps in looking around for saints they found a dearth of them outside the Church's pale and had to draw on her treasury for one to call their town after. Some quibbling skeptic may say they called it after the town of Boston in Lincolnshire, England. Very well; but whom was Boston, Lincolnshire, called after? After St. Botolph, an abbot, who died June 17, 655. Boston is an abbreviation of Botolphstow. The Bostonians should keep the feast of this venerable Catholic monk. Coleman's SALT. CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM. PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT. NERVOUS Troubles are due to impoverished blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and NERVE TONIC.

FIVE-M... Twenty-Sec... The worthy... is our sacra... is our sacra... souls in the... means of ke... with God, th... the soul, and... in the way,... for our sacra... sacraments—... sacrament—re... civil society,... tion depends... which should... marriage. What you... ren, is intent... are already... those who ar... there is not o... which people... knowledge e... you will ag... there is non... so many ab... so little resp... evident enou... may, there i... we live in... and that our... or less influ... about us. I... ceeded in po... decidedly posi... it has destru... of its follow... city of this... in its ste... riage is sim... into and gro... fancy of the... can only d... process of l... Thank G... a Catholic... this holy an... there is the... tenance to... plea for the... they do, sin... up to believ... after years... weaken our... and induce... sacrament... ity connect... The Cath... by every... civil and r... of marria... against the... than defile... violate the... hath joined... she has see... her ahead... In such... love and ve... and theref... ing for us... are still u... edly amou... much levit... ited when... sacrament... light, friv... unrequit... with dis... Catholics... sacrament... not been... tery a... evening... of men, f... silence, a... meditati... thus prep... Such a pr... stened the... hardened... of the ed... prepare t... ion, for... unction... with man... rush man... thought, f... due prep... When... let this u... going to... and the... most se... make an... most pu... good con... ion; I... Catholic... the dar... ashame... And... marria... act as y... you we... as you... when t... istered... on suc... Cathol... Where... James... had been... years, u... up hope... by a fri... I at on... three b... heartily... from G... "I... signitic... THOMAS... who ha... own ca... ness of... standin... as well... Dulmon... Cholo... quick... death... aware... not de... Try a... Cordia... It act... fails to...

CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1898

Benziger Bros' Popular Annual Now Ready.

We have now on hand a stock of Benziger Bros' ever popular Catholic Home Annual...

MARGARET M. TRAINER writes the prize story, "A Nod and West's Game of 11"...

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON weaves a real Irish story out of "The Wardrobe"...

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, "An Unreasonable Man"...

MARION ALMES TAGGART, "The Madonna of the Falling Leaf"...

RIGHT REV. MGR. THOS. J. CONATY, "The Study of the New Testament"...

VERY REV. F. GIRARDEY, "Thoughts on the 1st and 2nd Commandments"...

REV. F. J. MCGOWAN, His Excellency, Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, D.D. "The Threshold of Mercy"...

ELIA McMAHON, "He is Truly Great that is Great in Charity"...

"The Eriose Cloak" "The Abyss."

We will have much pleasure in mailing a copy of the Annual to any of our readers...

THOS. COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

C. M. B. A. Resolutions of Condolence.

London, Ont., Oct. 29, 1907. At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 4, London, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death Mrs. Dibbs, mother of our esteemed brothers, D. A. and E. Dibbs...

Resolved that we, the members of Branch No. 4, hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss sustained by our worthy brothers, and extend to them our most sincere sympathy...

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting and sent to the CATHOLIC RECORD and The Canadian for publication.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 4, London, Ont., the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas God, in His infinite wisdom, has removed by death, Mrs. Baker, mother of our worthy brother, Daniel Baker...

Resolved that we, the members of Branch No. 4, hereby express our sincere sorrow for the loss sustained by our worthy brother, and extend to him our most sincere sympathy and condolence...

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting and sent to the CATHOLIC RECORD and The Canadian for publication.

C. Y. L. L. A. NOTES. The weekly meeting of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association...

In connection with the study of Dante's "Inferno" Mrs. Kavanagh read a short sketch of the life of the author and of the principal characters alluded to in the first canto...

Mrs. Kavanagh resumed her readings from the life and works of Geoffrey Keating.

Interest in the Klondike gold country was shown by a reading on the "Rules and Regulations of Klondike Gold Country."

The programme was agreeably interspersed with music.

The next meeting of the Association will take place on Tuesday evening, November 9, at the home of Mrs. A. J. McDonough, 274 Spadina Avenue.

E. B. A. St. Helen's Branch, No. 11, Toronto.

At the last meeting of this branch four candidates were admitted to membership and others will be ready for the next meeting.

The meetings have been well attended during the summer, the members taking great interest in the work of the association.

To open the winter season we will hold an "At Home" in the Sunny side club parlors on the 18th of present month...

On behalf of the members of St. Helen's Branch, we have very great pleasure in congratulating their very worthy and popular Vice President, J. Fallon, and his charming bride, Miss Chappell, of Ottawa...

Our good wishes are also extended to a worthy member of long standing, W. Finan, and Miss Gorman, of Belleville, and if showers of rice and the good wishes of friends are a presage of prosperity and happiness they will have it in abundance.

And a member of only a few months' standing must not be forgotten, therefore we extend the good wishes of the members to F. E. Boehman, and Miss Moran, of Albion, wishing them every blessing in the state of life they have entered upon.

WEDDING BELLS. NAGLE-MORRIN. One of those happy events never to be forgotten, took place at midday on Wednesday, October 2, being the marriage of Mr. Edward Nagle, of Niagara, to Miss Mary Morrin, eldest daughter of Thos. Morrin, Esq., of the second concession.

The bride was given in a very pretty costume of brown, trimmed with black and pink chiffon, with pretty lace to match, and carried a beautiful snow-bonnet of white crepe and pink tulle.

Her sister, Miss Maggie Sheehan, of Midland, acted as bridesmaid, and was very prettily attired in a dark plum color with white silk lace, with hat to match.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO. Rev. Father Lynett Honored.

On Monday eve, Oct. 25, Rev. Father Lynett had reason to feel a proud man, when a large and enthusiastic gathering of the oldest and most respected of the ladies and gentlemen representing the parish of St. Joseph's church assembled at St. Michael's palace church, to witness the presentation of two addresses, voiced by the congregation, the same being accompanied by the well-filled purses, Mr. M. J. Cannon read the address in behalf of the gentlemen—the same being elaborately embossed.

Miss Prout read the address in behalf of the ladies.

The school children also made handsome presents and a very feeling address on a previous occasion which affected him deeply, but he felt satisfied if he were only cherished in their memories and remembered in their prayers, he was repaid; but their emotion went further.

GENTLEMEN'S ADDRESS. To the Rev. F. E. Lynett: Rev. and Dear Sir.—It is with feelings of sincere regret that we, the parishioners of St. Joseph's church, learn of your approaching departure from our midst.

While you have been stationed amongst us you have labored diligently for the welfare of the congregation. This fact was made plainly visible by your endeavoring yourself to all in so cheerful a manner in the discharge of your many and arduous duties.

We assure you, dear Father, that your absence will be keenly felt, not alone by the older members of the congregation, but by the school children who have derived great benefit from your instructions both in the day and Sunday classes; your kind manner and painstaking efforts have caused them to love you as a father and will contribute in a great measure towards their future welfare.

Your instructions and sermons have been of great benefit to us and always listened to with deep attention and pleasure.

We beg you, dear Father, to remember us in your pious prayers and in offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and ask you to accept the accompanying purse as a token of the high esteem in which you are held by the parishioners of St. Joseph's.

With best wishes for a happy future in your sacred calling, we remain, dear Father, your obedient and affectionate parishioners.

Thos. Finucan, John Pape, Patrick Fogarty, Louis Fitzgerald, Jas. Murphy, and Jas. Kirby.

LADIES' ADDRESS. To the Rev. F. E. Lynett: Rev. and dear Father,—We, the ladies of St. Joseph's parish, having learned with profound grief of your departure, desire to give expression to our deep sentiments of regret.

During your stay amongst us we have had many opportunities of learning your real worth as a fervent teacher and true friend.

For our spiritual welfare you have ever evinced the most laudable zeal, and the harmony and good will that has existed amongst us is due to your kind and affable disposition, and we shall cherish in loving remembrance the pleasant and happy days you have spent in our midst.

Before parting, dear beloved Father, kindly accept this purse as a slight token of our esteem, love and respect, which you are held by the ladies of this parish.

Hoping to be remembered in your prayers and good works, we pray that the future labors of your sacred ministry may be crowned with ever increasing success.

Signed on behalf of the ladies of St. Joseph's church, Toronto, Oct. 25, 1907.

FATHER LYNETT'S REPLY. Gentlemen—You may well believe that I am a happy man this evening, I esteem it a high honor to be made the recipient of such a magnificent purse, and I would be more than human if I could listen without feelings of pride and deepest emotion to the many kind words which you have said to me in such a felicitous manner in the well-worded address just read.

Ordinarily I experience but little trouble in finding suitable words to fittingly express my thoughts; but, however, on this occasion I must give utterance to the feelings of a heart stirred to its very depth of sensibility, the task is a difficult one. I scarcely know what to say first; so many thoughts and so many ideas are clamoring for expression in undisturbed haste.

In the first place, however, I will thank you, gentlemen, and, through you, I wish to thank the recipients, to make the recipient of such a magnificent purse, and I would be more than human if I could listen without feelings of pride and deepest emotion to the many kind words which you have said to me in such a felicitous manner in the well-worded address just read.

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A WIDOW'S STRUGGLE. Hard Work Brought on a Severe Illness.—Nervous Prostration, Dizziness, and Extreme Weakness.—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to her Rescue after Hospital Treatment Failed.

From the Fort William Journal. In the town of Fort William lives a brave widow, who for years has by dint of constant labor kept the wolf from the door and her little family together.

From morning till night she toiled to provide comforts for her loved ones until nature at last protested against such a constant drain on her strength, and so she began to lose health.

Soon the slender frame became unable to bear its daily load of toil, and the poor mother was at last forced to give up the unequal contest, and become a chief support.

Nervous prostration, heart disease, consumption, and other names were given to her malady by local physicians, but months passed, during which she suffered untold agony, without finding any relief from her sufferings.

Palpitation of the heart, dizziness, extreme pain in the chest, loss of appetite and nervousness were some of the symptoms of the disease, gatherings that caused excruciating pain formed at the knee joints and other parts of the body, and at last she became perfectly helpless and unable to walk or even sit up.

At this stage she was advised to enter the hospital, that she might have the benefit of skilled nurses as well as best medical treatment; but after spending some time there without obtaining any relief the poor woman gave up all hope of recovery and asked to be taken home.

So emaciated and weak had she become that her friends were shocked at her appearance, and so utterly hopeless was her condition that it was like mockery to speak hopefully of her ultimate recovery.

What, then, was the astonishment of all who had known her dreadful condition to hear that she had at last found a remedy whose magical power at once demonstrated the fact that where there is life there is hope.

The name of this remedy that worked such a wonderful change in such a short time was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking five boxes she was able to walk about and visit her friends.

Her strength gradually but surely returned and in a few months from the time she began using the medicine she was able to resume her work.

The subject of this article, Mrs. Jane Marcellie, is well known, and her youthful and healthy appearance to-day, causes people to exclaim: wonders will never cease!

She attributes her restoration to her family, solely to the virtues to be found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and her experience, she hopes, may put some other sufferer on the right road to health.

This great remedy enriches and purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and in this way goes to the root of disease, driving it from the system, and curing when other remedies fail.

Every box of the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has the trade mark on the wrapper around the box, and the purchaser can protect himself from imposition by refusing all others. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2 50.

MARKET REPORTS. LONDON. London, Nov. 4.—Wheat, 70 to 80c, per bush.

London, Nov. 4.—Wheat, 70 to 80c, per bush. Oats, 22 to 25 1/2 per bush. Peas, 15 to 18 1/2 per bush. Barley, 24 to 28 1/2 per bush. Rye, 28 to 30 per bush. Corn, 22c per bush. The meat supply was large, and beef was easier, at 15 to 20c per cwt. Lamb, 7c a pound by the carcase, and 10c per lb. Live hogs, 12 to 15c per cwt. Fowls sold at 45 to 50c. A pair, \$1.25 per cwt. Ducks, 50 to 60c per bush. Potatoes, 75c to 80c a bush. Apples, 25 to 35c per barrel. Butter, 20c a pound for best rolls, and 19c for inferior. Short market was steady. Hides, 75c to 80c a bag. Apples, 25 to 35c per barrel, according to quality, and 75c a bush. Wool unchanged. Sheep market was steady at 51 to 57 per pair. Hay, 55 to 60c per ton.

TORONTO. Toronto, Nov. 4.—Flour quiet and firm, with slight rollers quoted at 11.10 to 11.25 middle freight, and 11.25 to 11.50 for long freight. Demand and firm, with sales of red winter at 10 to 10 1/2c, north and west, and at 8 1/2 to 9 1/2c for white. Flour market was steady. Oats, 22 to 25c. Apples, 25 to 35c per barrel. Butter, 20c a pound for best rolls, and 19c for inferior. Short market was steady. Hides, 75c to 80c a bag. Apples, 25 to 35c per barrel, according to quality, and 75c a bush. Wool unchanged. Sheep market was steady at 51 to 57 per pair. Hay, 55 to 60c per ton.

DETROIT. Detroit, Mich., Nov. 4.—Wheat, No. 2, red, 90c; No. 1, white, 90c; corn, No. 2, 2 1/2c; No. 3, 2 1/2c; oats, No. 2, white, 22c; rye, 17c; hay, No. 1, timothy, 85 to 90c per ton in bulk; clover, 85 to 90c per ton in bulk; alfalfa, 10 to 12c per cwt. Potatoes, 15 to 18c per bush. Apples, 25 to 35c per barrel. Butter, 20c a pound for best rolls, and 19c for inferior. Short market was steady. Hides, 75c to 80c a bag. Apples, 25 to 35c per barrel, according to quality, and 75c a bush. Wool unchanged. Sheep market was steady at 51 to 57 per pair. Hay, 55 to 60c per ton.

PORT HURON. Port Huron, Mich., Nov. 4.—Grain—Wheat per bush, 78 to 82c; oats, per bush, 28 to 30c; corn, per bush, 28 to 30c; rye, per bush, 40 to 42c; buckwheat, 25 to 28c per bush; barley, 45 to 50c per 100 lbs.; peas, 40 to 45c per bush; beans, 40 to 45c per bush; city hand picked, 50c to 55c per bush; potatoes, 75c to 80c a bush; standard meal, 85c. Good demand for feed; Ontario bran, 11c, and short, 12c in bulk; Manitoba bran, bags in demand at 11.50 and shorts at 12.50. Hay, 20.00 to 21.00 for No. 1, and 18.00 to 19.00 for No. 2, per ton in car lots. Canadian pork, 95c to 10c per barrel; pure Canadian lard, in pairs, at 15 to 16c; and compound, at 14 to 15c; hams, 12 to 14c; bacon, 10 to 12c. Eggs, fresh, new laid, 15 to 16c; and candied 12 to 13c; and culls, 10 to 12c per dozen, in loose lots. No change in beans; 80 to 90c for primes and 50c to 60c for city hand picked. Potatoes, without change, car lots moving slowly at 15 to 20c. Cheese unchanged, and butters purely normal in the absence of transactions.

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