

**PAGES
MISSING**

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1893.

NO. 770.

BOURKE COCKRAN.

His Splendid Address to the Graduating Class of Manhattan College.

This is the address delivered by the Hon. Bourke Cockran to the graduating class of Manhattan College:

YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF MANHATTAN COLLEGE: While I was in the midst of perplexity and doubt as to what I should say to you to-night, and while I cherished some feelings of resentment against Brother Anthony for alluding to me in terms calculated to test my credulity, and attempting to contribute something novel to your graduating exercises, my eyes fell on a communication which His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has addressed to the Catholics of America through the American episcopate, and I found in it such significant words, "While industriously laboring for the glory of God and the salvation of souls entrusted to your care strive also to promote the welfare of your fellow-citizens and to prove the earnestness of your love for your country, so that they who are entrusted with the administration of the Government may clearly recognize how strong an influence for the support of public order, for the advancement of public prosperity, is to be found in the Catholic Church."

Young gentlemen, the part you must play in carrying out these instructions of the Holy Father is the aspect of your graduation to which I would like to call your attention this evening. You are graduates of a Catholic college, and throughout your State you will be looked upon as the fruit of Catholic education, and to a great extent you must be the exponents of the faith from which your teaching comes. In the addresses that were delivered here by your fellow-students, the past, the present and the future of this country were all discussed with admirable judgment and considerable eloquence. A former graduate, James P. Keenan, A. B., '91 of your college, spoke of what this country owes to Catholicity. Let me call your attention to what the world owes to our Church, and let me try to impress upon you the debt that you owe to her, and that you must discharge, no matter what calling you may pursue through all the years that you have to live.

These words of the Holy Father I have read to you to-night not because they contain anything new, but because they refer to the ancient teachings of the Church, because they show to-day that singular simplicity of the mission assigned to her from the dawn of Christianity. Through all the centuries that have passed, through all the centuries that have gone by, the pathway of liberty was mapped out by the doctrine of Christianity. And the rules of social order on which all free institutions must depend are but the rules of Christian morality toward which her teachings incline every day.

You are fresh from the study of the development and evolution of our modern civilization. You remember the method in which the Church first grappled with the rudest stage which history has ever known. You remember how she instituted the order of chivalry to soften the conditions of barbaric life. And as you recall the pages of her history you will remember that the man who was a candidate for the honor of knighthood spent the night before his investiture in long vigils within the walls of a church, kneeling beside his armor, resisting the approaches of sleep and the pangs of hunger, triumphing over the weakness of the flesh; and on the following day, when the white robe of innocence was wrapped around his shoulders and the golden spurs were placed upon his heels and he took the obligation that he would maintain the truth, defend the weak and exalt the dignity of women. Times have changed, and the conditions of men have changed. To me there is nothing so impressive in the ceremony at which we assist to-day as the lesson which we can draw from it, that while the mission of the Church is always the same, and the obligations she imposes upon you are still the same as those which she imposed in the days of chivalry in the feudal ages, yet that she changes them to meet the new conditions of mankind, that every difficulty that besets society, she faces and meets and overcomes.

You, young gentlemen, are the knights of this modern crusade. We thrust the sword no longer by your side, because the dangers that menace society are no longer confined in any threat of hostile foe to bring to society immediate destruction; but we confer upon you here to-day these diplomas that ground you in the essential elements of Christian truth, that through all your lives you may withstand and meet and overcome any heresy that may be leveled against the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

Conceive, for a moment, the manner in which the Church to-day discharges the mission which in all ages she has discharged! Conceive the benefits you have enjoyed, and from that deduce the lesson of the enormous responsibilities that are imposed upon your shoulders. In this age we measure every-

thing of value by its capacity to produce wealth. Here in this diocese three thousand men and women who create wealth by tens of millions with their own energy have deliberately turned their backs upon all the walks of human ambition and devoted all their days, their thoughts and their energies to your equipment and to the equipment of other young men for the tests and the struggles and the difficulties of life.

You are the beneficiaries of that enormous force which exists nowhere except in the Catholic Church, which can exist nowhere except in the bosoms that are inspired by a love for that eternal truth which is always found within the bounds of the Eternal Church.

How, then, are you to carry out this admonition of the Holy Father? What part are you to play in proving to the world the powerful influence which the Catholic Church can exercise in the maintenance of social order and for the advancement of national prosperity? You can in your daily lives be true to the three purposes which animated the knights of old—maintain the truth, be loyal to the faith, profess your creed. Always steer your course through life by the chart which has been given you by your Alma Mater. Maintain the truth wherever you go. Where are we to find it? Where are we to look for it? We most certainly will find it in the doctrines and teachings of the Holy Catholic Church.

I have said that we are no longer in danger of invasion by an armed band of foemen. No longer does anyone try to take the cross from over the steeple of our church, or to overturn altars, or to profane sanctuaries. But there are forces at work calculated to take the spirit of truth from your bosoms and to overturn in your mind that reverence for the Christian faith to which, if you are to be successful and creditable and useful in your day, you must ever remain loyal. You must maintain this truth.

As I asked you, where are you to find this truth, how would you look for it? If it ever be your fortune to visit Rome, to go down into the Catacombs, you will there be shown in one of the narrow passages the skeleton of a human body, the skeleton of a Christian who was buried there in the second century. His bones remain there now, high eighteen hundred years; and as the Catholic looks upon him, he recognizes in that form, which once held a human soul, an acquaintance; for from the day he could lispen a prayer he has prayed for the repose of that soul, as he has prayed for the repose of all other souls of the faithful departed. There looking round within the limits of the horizon, you see the wreck and the ruins of ancient splendor. Monarchs have fallen and their memory forgotten; vast kingdoms and nations have sunk into oblivion; palaces have crumbled into dust; dynasties have been overthrown; dust of centuries are piled upon the forum; institutions have perished; but the faith which bound man's soul to pray for that skeleton flows to-day; and through all the years that have passed, the doctrines of your Church have remained true, and have pointed the road to the most perfect civilization. It is the truth that is eternal—the Truth that has withstood the destruction of all institutions—the Truth that is the language that did not then exist. And the bond which binds you with all the civilization of two thousand years is the faith you and I profess, which is the basis of all civilization, from which all modern progress has come, the liberty of which we boast, the liberty which we cherish, the liberty which is secure for the present and for the future. What is it but the recognition of certain laws which the Church has preached now for two thousand years and is illustrating to you to-day? What are the fundamental doctrines of every institution from a secular standpoint? Equality before the law; supremacy of the law itself, and the eligibility of everyone to the highest office of the State. Is that a new doctrine discovered on this soil for the first time? Are you, young gentlemen, is humanity, beholden to the discovery of this continent or to the adoption of our Constitution for the discovery of these principles? Why, for two thousand years the Church has preached and shown that all men were equal in the sight of God, that the law of God was the supreme law and that every son of the Church was eligible to the priesthood and to the highest offices. Talk to us of an apology necessary, or explanation that the Catholic Church is the true friend of liberty and the true pillar of equality! Now, gentlemen, it is by loyalty to the Catholic Church that you can become the best citizens that this republic has ever known.

When this continent was discovered as the direct result of a fervent faith entertained by the great navigator Columbus, the old order was vanishing in Europe, and in Spain was to be found its last vestige. There was no feudalism left in France after Louis XI. You know that it perished in England with the Wars of the Roses. And so the old civilization of blood, of rapine, of carnage, and of destruction has been accomplished. The manners of men had been modified and

softened by the influence of the Christian Church; and then in the providence of God, by the direct intervention of Catholic activity, this glorious land was unfolded before the eyes of man, and built on the ruins of the ancient civilization. This modern commercial civilization of ours was founded upon Catholic enterprise, upon Catholic piety, upon Catholic love of spreading the faith to regions then unknown to the civilized world. Through all that period of confusion the Church was ever wielding the influence of peace. This civilization is not the civilization of destruction, but built upon the ruins of destruction. The man who gains the highest award in this State of ours is not the man clothed in glittering armor; nor is he the man who burns villages, or destroys human life; it is the man who invents some new method of cheapening labor, some new method of cheapening the cost of production, some new method of spreading the general prosperity of his fellow-beings. But that is essentially a development of that policy of peace which the Church always taught. Here we see again that civilization is essentially the product of Catholic faith, of Catholic morality.

You, young gentlemen, going out into the world now, with the seal of the Church upon your brow—with certificates attesting your capacity to meet the difficulties of life—are to be the exponents of this Christian education, and to a great extent its value will be decided by the manner in which you bear yourselves. All men cannot achieve fame. The Holy Father says that it is our duty to so comport ourselves that those who are entrusted with the administration of the Government may clearly recognize how strong an influence for the advancement of public order and for the advancement of public prosperity is to be found in the Catholic Church. They who control the Government! Who are they? Who are they who control the Government of these United States? The common people.

Every man who has reached the age of manhood, every person in possession of his faculties, who can approach the ballot box, who is free from taint of crime, is one of the controlling influences over this Government of ours. Therefore it is not necessary that life should be conspicuous in order to have an influence upon those who control the Government. Every human life weighs an influence all around it. Nothing is wasted in the economy of nature. Not one single drop of rain that fell to-day has gone to waste. Every one has filled some part in the great economy of life which is controlled by Providence. Every ray of light that escapes from the sun performs a mission upon this earth of ours. Every wind that blows around us is charged with some important function; and every human life performs its intended duty. And in a republic like this where all men govern, this very life is capable of exercising a wide influence upon the future of the nation. When, therefore, you are to control your lives so as to convince those who control the Government of the value of the Church, it means that you must so regulate your own daily life that your neighbors can see it. In whatever walk you may exercise your faculties—whatever occupation you may pursue—they will recognize in you that industry, that love of truth, that devotion to honor, which should characterize every man who starts in life with the approval of the Church upon his brow.

That is the mission that lies before you; and be not deceived by those who assume that a disbelief in the truth of religion is an evidence of strength, or intellect. There is no war between which our limited space would allow us has ever been discovered which in any way disproves the doctrine of true religion. Science and religion go hand in hand as far as science can go; but when we come to that point where human knowledge is exhausted—where the human eye is baffled by the darkness and gloom of doubt and ignorance—then religion lights the lamp and tells everyone that the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God.

While you are loyal to that faith which recognizes the value to the human race of all instruction and all education, you will always be loyal to yourselves. You stand now upon the edge of an unknown sea; you cannot even tell the progress which you are making. You may not escape disaster, you may not escape difficulty, but if you are loyal to the church and by your college you need never fear absolute anything you may do, while you are guided by conscience and faith, will be discreditable to yourselves or injurious to your country. If you trim your lamps, if you guide your footsteps by the light which the Church sheds over your path, you may be assured that every day of your lives, every act which you perform, everything which you do, will tend not only to your own benefit, but it will be of advantage and credit to your religion, to your Church, to your college, and of enduring benefit to your country and to your fellow-men. (Great applause.)

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Philadelphia Catholic Times.

Dr. Duffield writes an article in the Independent maintaining that a minister suspended for heresy does not cease thereby to be a member of the Presbyterian Church in good standing. It is as difficult to see how a heretic can be a member in good standing as it is to see how a rebel against the Government can be a citizen in good standing. The only rights the Washington General Assembly seemed to recognize in Dr. Briggs are funeral rites.

A man by the name of William Nesbit was tried and condemned to death in Denver for the murder of Mrs. Irwin. He walked into her bed-room and deliberately killed his defenseless victim. Counsel in his defence put forth the strange plea that Nesbit was not responsible for the killing of Mrs. Irwin because he was an Orangeman, with whom hatred of Catholics was a virtue, which had been religiously instilled into his nature by his mother. Orange insanity is a new plea.

Boston Republic.

A startling sensation has been caused in Tennessee by the statement that a Catholic is engaged on the staff of the Knoxville Tribune. The Tennessee Methodist made the discovery, and proclaimed the fact to the slumbering community whose liberties were thus menaced. The Tribune, to allay public excitement and save itself from confiscation, denied the charge. But the Methodist insisted that its information was reliable. "We are prepared to prove that a Catholic reports for the Tribune; that he told one minister of Knoxville that he reported his sermon for the Tribune, and that he applied to another pastor in that city for one of his sermons for the same paper; and that he has been seen more than once in the Tribune office seemingly engaged as other employees are." This is shocking! We have no doubt the wretch who thus invaded the precincts of anti-Catholic journalism is a Jesuit in disguise! The Methodist is deserving of credit for unearthing this foul plot against the liberties of Tennessee! Just imagine the impudence of the man! He called on two ministers, and he was seen to act as other employees of the Tribune acted! Well, Well! Where is Fulton?

Anti-Gonish Casket.

In the course of a recent address before a Catholic audience, Miss Frances Willard, the gifted President of the W. C. T. U. of America, spoke feelingly of the good she had derived from the reading of Catholic authors and the contact with Catholic ideals. A writer in the Union Signal thus reports her words: "When our national President spoke on the last evening, she told her Catholic audience that they were not to think that she had got no good out of their cult. For many a weary mile she had carried in her satchel, to read on the train, 'Thomas a Kempis,' 'Fenelon,' and 'Madame Guyon.' In Europe she had passed longer and been spiritually uplifted more in presence of Raphael's and Correggio's altar pieces than elsewhere among works of art. She had studied their cathedrals, loved their saints, and, like a humming bee that visits all the gardens, had gathered more than she could tell from the glowing passion flower of their great, historic Church.

Harvard Honors Bishop Keane.

Harvard College has honored herself by honoring Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University, with the degree of Doctor of Laws. The learned and eloquent prelate created a very favorable impression upon the president and faculty of Harvard by his masterly lecture delivered in the Dudley class three years ago. In the most marked and substantial way the oldest university of the East manifests her appreciation of his scholarly attributes and his great intellectual attainments by conferring upon him the highest distinction in her gift.

President Elliot has, on more than one occasion, given personal testimony of his respect for the rector of the great Catholic University. No doubt it was by his suggestion, and through his influence, that Dr. Keane has been made an alumnus of Harvard. Catholics have a right to rejoice over this fresh and striking exhibition of growing liberality on the part of enlightened Protestants toward their religion and toward the distinguished men of letters who have been matriculated at their educational institutions. The miserable bigots who rail against the Pope and his Church in America may see in this incident the death-knell of their un-American, un-Christian agitation. They are the ignorant, besotted, brutal foes of Christian progress. They stand in the roadway of advancement and enlightenment only to be trampled upon by the moving hosts of liberal men of all sections, classes, creeds and races who are co-operating to make America the home and the habitation of civil and religious liberty.

In the great movement toward that consummation Harvard College is

holding the first place. She has her Catholic club, a body approved and encouraged by the faculty, and now she enrolls upon her list of distinguished alumni one of the most gifted, learned and devout prelates of the Catholic Church.

HOME RULE.

The Sun's London cable says:—There is no longer any danger for Gladstone's Government in the committee stage of the Home Rule Bill. The perilous ninth clause has been carried, and the last hope of the Unionists for a possible vote adverse to the Ministry upon this highly contentious part of the measure has vanished in the face of a majority of 29 in its favor. The bill is now in comparatively smooth water, as the remaining clauses, 27 to 40, embody no principle or proposal that can give rise to any dangerous crises.

The opponents of home rule have a genuine grievance against the Bank of Ireland. It may be recalled that when Gladstone introduced the bill, there was a strenuous and concerted attempt on the part of Ulster politicians to "bear" Irish securities and that artificial tumble in the Bank of Ireland securities was especially pointed to as a tragic illustration of the effect of this pernicious measure on the prosperity of the country. There is no doubt that this spectacular crash considerably influenced English opinion at the time. To-day it is announced, however, that the Bank of Ireland pays 11 1/2 per cent. dividend for the past half year, which is considerably above the average of recent years, and considering the terrible financial conditions of the period all over the world, is remarkable. There will be pertinent questions asked in the House on Monday on the subject.

A CONVICT'S DISCOVERY.

Principal Keeper Connaughton, of Sing Sing, has a Surprise and a Laugh.

"The funniest incident in my long experience here," said Principal Keeper Connaughton, of Sing Sing, a few days ago, in one of his reminiscent moods, "occurred about two months ago.

"I laughed till I cried when it happened, and the thought of it helped to cheer me up in the troublous times of the murderers' escape which followed.

"We had a very small man brought here in January who was an old-time sneak thief in other States. We had to make a special suit of stripes for him, and he seemed to be proud of the cut of the coat. He was an especially good prisoner, and I was very much surprised to be called to his cell one morning just before breakfast. I wondered as I hurried along the corridor whether he had been trying to escape, and resolved, if I found it so, to put no more faith in human nature.

"When I reached his cell he stood there grasping the bars, and with the most doleful expression imaginable on his little face.

"'Mr. Connaughton,' he gasped, 'I have lost my coat. Do you know that there are thieves in this prison?'

"When I was able to speak I replied that we might possibly have a few and went back to enjoy the heartiest breakfast I had eaten for years. I don't know what became of the coat, but I think that some one must have taken it for a curiosity."

E. B. A.

The Grand Branch of the association is now incorporated and registered as the Grand Branch of the Emerald Beneficial Association of Canada.

As many inquiries are made as to the benefits paid by the association, I beg to submit the following extracts from the revised constitution. Any reader of the RECORD can have a copy by sending me his address: The association regards not the nationality or politics of its members; but of whatever nationality or political creed, it requires every member to be a peaceable subject of the civil powers of this country.

Every member shall pay a monthly due of 40 cents, 25 cents to be placed in the Sick Fund, and 15 cents in the Management Fund.

SICK BENEFITS. No member shall be entitled to any benefit until he has been a member six months, except medical attendance and medicine. A brother who is six months a member of the association, and in good standing, shall be entitled to \$4 per week for twelve weeks in any one year (the year date from the date of the first application for benefits in said year), but no longer.

ASSISTANCE. If it be made known to the branch that a member or the widow or children of a deceased member are in a destitute condition, the President shall appoint a Committee whose duty it shall be to investigate the case and report at the next regular meeting. Should the report be favorable, a reasonable sum may be appropriated to meet the case.

EMPLOYMENT. The President shall ask at every meeting "under this order of business," if any brother is out of employment, or if any brother knows of a vacancy. The Rec. Sec. shall keep a register of all members out of employment, and of situations vacant. Members out of employment shall give the Rec. Sec. their name, address, and kind of employment desired.

OBLIGATION. The members of each branch shall receive Holy Communion in a body on Low Sunday if possible.

If any member fails to receive Holy Communion at Easter, he shall be deprived of

benefits until such time as he complies with the laws of the Church.

INSURANCE PAYABLE AT DEATH, OR TOTAL DISABILITY.

\$50, \$100, \$250, \$500
\$1,000, \$2,000, \$5,000, \$10,000

From 17 to 22 4c. 7c. 18c. 35c.
" 23 to 32 5c. 10c. 25c. 45c.
" 33 to 40 6c. 11c. 26c. 51c.

Other rates according to age. No assessment at death. W. LANNING, Sec'y, 17 Homburg Ave., Toronto.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

PARISH OF ASHFIELD.

ED. CATHOLIC RECORD.—Kindly allow me a limited space in the columns of the RECORD to give publicity to a short outline of the Bishop's visit to Ashfield. It was announced by Father Dixon, on the 18th ult., that His Lordship would arrive in the parish during the afternoon of that day. The parishioners, on receiving this information, and imbued with love and respect for their Bishop, resolved to give His Lordship a hearty welcome; and, with that object in view, turned out in large numbers, headed by their pastor, to meet him on his journey from Galesburg to Ashfield. Neither exposure to the rays of a hot sun, nor a liberal coating of dust served to dampen the enthusiastic desire to accompany their good Bishop to the parochial residence. The ensuing day brought gladness to many a heart in this parish, and this in an especial manner to the hearts of the young boys and girls who were candidates for confirmation. In the early morning vehicles could be witnessed rolling along the various roads leading to the church as their objective point, their occupants filled with the commendable desire to be present at the "Bishop's Mass." The attendance at this time was large, notwithstanding that many had to travel a long distance to be present. Those who are acquainted with this parish need not be informed that it covers a large area and that many of the parishioners are quite remote from the church.

High Mass was celebrated by Father Quigley, parish priest of Wawanosh. Next came the examination by His Lordship of the candidates for confirmation, which was of an interesting and instructive character to both old and young. His examination elicited the knowledge possessed by the youth in question, and tested their fitness for the sacrament they were about to receive. The aptitude with which the children answered the various questions asked by His Lordship reflected credit on their instructors.

After the examination His Lordship at once proceeded to administer the sacrament, assisted by Father West of Fiderich.

This being completed, the following address was read by Mr. H. McPhee, who was accompanied to the rails of the altar by the gentlemen whose names are annexed:

Right Rev. D. O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of London.

My Lord.—It is with the greatest degree of pleasure that we, the parishioners of Ashfield, humbly approach Your Lordship on the present occasion, extending to Your Lordship a hearty welcome to our parish.

We cordially congratulate Your Lordship on your elevation to the dignity of Bishop of London, believing that the distinction has been well merited, and that the responsibilities of the position have fallen on very worthy shoulders. Trusting that God in His mercy may long spare Your Lordship to the diocese and to your humble children of the Ashfield mission, as part of the same.

We also congratulate Your Lordship on the state of education in this parish, when, in a great measure, attribute to Your Lordship's zeal for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the youth of this parish, knowing as we do that the religious training and instruction of the young should go hand in hand with secular education. Our separate school is now laid on a good basis and promises a beautiful return for Your Lordship's solicitude and outlay.

In conclusion we sincerely congratulate Your Lordship upon the love and harmony that exists between our esteemed pastor, Father Dixon, and the old and young of this parish, trusting that his stay among us may be of long duration, and that we may long enjoy the fruits of his holy mission which we so much appreciate.

Not desiring to be tedious we again beseech God to strengthen and spare Your Lordship and humbly invoke Your Lordship's blessing.

Signed in behalf of the congregation: Jas. Griffin, Thos. Kelly, Ed. Thos. Hussey, Maurice Dalton, Thos. Ford, H. McPhee, John Griffin, D. Sullivan, John Long, Morgan Dalton, Thos. Sullivan.

To this address His Lordship was pleased to make a lengthy and interesting reply, touching on treating mainly on the importance of the training and instruction of children and youth, expressing his pleasure in beholding a separate school established in the parish and other visible signs of improvement in the surroundings. His Lordship also expressed to his assisting brethren the object in view in blessing a school-house, which ceremony would soon be performed. A procession was then formed, consisting of the congregation, the newly confirmed, the trustees of the school—His Lordship and his faithful priests taking up the rear—and proceeded to the school house, where the customary ceremony was performed. This building is a commodious brick structure consisting of two departments well furnished and heated with the latest improved appliances, reflecting credit on the ratepayers and evincing their desire to provide comfort and instruction to their children.

Finally the parishioners dispersed to their various avocations, their hearts filled with gratitude to God for the blessings enjoyed at His hands and a loving remembrance of their spiritual guides. Yours respectfully,

AMCUS.

C. O. O. F.

Prescott, July 11, 1893.

At the last regular meeting of St. Mark's Court 306 C. O. O. F., held in Court's rooms, Prescott, July 11, 1893, the following resolutions of condolence were passed:

On motion of Brother Hughes, seconded by Brother Slattery:

Resolved, whereas it has pleased the Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to afflict our worthy and esteemed Brother, P. K. Halpin, by the death of his mother, be it

Resolved that we, the members of St. Mark's Court 306 C. O. O. F., extend to Brother P. K. Halpin our sincere sympathy in this hour of his sorrow. Further

Resolved that these resolutions be entered on our minutes and published in the CATHOLIC RECORD and the C. O. O. F. Guide.

The most extensive publisher of Catholic literature in the world was the late Alfred Mame, of Tours, France. In less than a year his establishment used 40,000 sheepskins in binding books, and the sweepings of his guilders' rooms sold for \$10,000. His great wealth was made on three cent and other small catechisms and pamphlets for pupils in religious schools. On expensive publications and reproductions of illuminated missals he lost money.

A modest reserve is the surest guarantee of purity.

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER IV.

GOLDEN GIRLHOOD.

"Kann nichts durch Flöheude, verweilen, O mein Lebens goldene Zeit? Vergebens, deine Willen eilen Hinab ins Meer der Ewigkeit."

In the month of May, rather more than seven years after the commencement of this story, I bring my readers back once more to Mabel Forrester. The scene this time is laid in the grounds of The Heritage, her country home in the north of England.

Prominent in the landscape before us are the figures of two girls sketching. One of them, the eldest, is working very steadily. She looks about her every two or three minutes.

"Do you know, Veva, I think sometimes you speak in a sort of dissatisfied way about our Church. I have noticed that you do not seem so keen as you used to be about the beauty of her exterior. Why is it, Veva?"

"Well, Mabel," says Genevieve, glancing up from her sketch-book, and leaning back so as to catch a view of her friend's drawing, "you do not seem to be making much progress."

"No—it is too delicious this afternoon; I am not in the mood for drawing, Genevieve. One would think you were a poor artist, trying to gain your livelihood!"

"I came out to paint the view down the ravine—why should I not do it?" asks Genevieve, holding up her glass of water, much discolored by paint.

"Oh! you energetic creature!" says Mabel lazily, as Genevieve scrambles down the bank with her glass.

"Oh! Hugh? Yes, I see. But, Veva, don't call him my cousin; and then surely Mr. Vaughan will not give up Elvanlee into his hands. Why, he is as Low Church as ever he can be."

only this afternoon you were saying that your existence was like a butterfly's—all made up of sunshine.

"Yes, I know," answers Mabel, very slowly. "Do you know, I often cry at night because the days are going, going so fast—these bright, happy days? I suppose sunshine cannot last for ever on earth."

"Sleep and forget it, I should imagine," suggests Genevieve, looking affectionately at Mabel, while she adds, "Yet you were so unhappy for a little time, darling Mabel—so unhappy over the breaking up of a childish fancy—a mere romance."

"Do you know, Veva, I think sometimes you speak in a sort of dissatisfied way about our Church. I have noticed that you do not seem so keen as you used to be about the beauty of her exterior. Why is it, Veva?"

"Such as Mr. Vaughan preached about last Sunday evening. Indeed I will pray that it may go again; it must be bitterly hard not to find comfort there, at least, but it will all be clear again before long."

"Where have you been, dearie?" "Sketching, Auntie—that is to say, Veva has been sketching, and I've been enjoying myself."

"How can I, Auntie?—is it something nice?" "Yes, dearie, that it is."

"When does he come, Mabel?" "By the next mail, I believe; he had left Tasmania when he wrote last, and was staying with some friends in Melbourne. I think Aunt Helen expects him next week."

"Oh! he is coming to The Hermitage, is he?" "Yes, he must, for Guy and Jessie go to London immediately, and he could not be all alone at Elvanlee. Besides, Aunt Helen wants him."

"Veva, it is an idea I cannot explain. I sometimes think I shall never love anyone enough for that."

"Indeed, Veva, I do not care much how long I wait. You cannot say it is because I have never seen anybody to care for. I have seen plenty of society, both in London and in Edinburgh, and you know—here Mabel hesitates, and blushes a little, "people like me very easily, and I have had just one or two passing fancies, sometimes; but that is not real love; and—and—"

"How do you know that, Mabel?" "I can't tell you, Veva, I feel it."

"You romantic, fanciful little lady!" says Genevieve, laughing; "do you know what that sounds like?—some people would say you were very fastidious and thought no one good enough for you."

"I don't care what some people would say, Veva. Some people will never get the chance to talk about it, because they will never know my thoughts on the subject; but you, Veva, you do not think me fastidious, do you?"

"No, darling; but then I know you so well; and now I think I know what you mean. I am only afraid, Mabel, that in this respect, as in all others, you will exaggerate your ideal to such an extent that no reality will ever be found to correspond with it."

"Then, Veva, let me keep my ideal, and die an old maid," says Mabel, with a bright laugh. "What has set us off talking in this style, I wonder? Here we are at home, and listen! Are not those the children's voices? Perhaps they are having tea with Aunt Helen."

"Emerging from the glen, the girls, at this point of their conversation, come suddenly to the lodge gate, which admits them into the more immediate precincts of The Hermitage."

"Why, darling?"

pours floods of radiance, while in hours of gloom the sombre depth of its coloring imparts an additional solemnity which harmonises with seasons of devotion.

The service lasts but half an hour. As soon as it is over Mabel whispers to Genevieve— "I want to see Mr. Vaughan—leave me with him when we go out, Veva."

When the Vicar leaves the vestry and comes out into the cemetery, he finds his daughter has gone home, and Mabel begs him to walk back to The Hermitage with her.

HOME RULE'S STRUGGLE. Ireland's Fight as Viewed by Friends in Canada.

No political event or parliamentary measure of modern times has absorbed so much attention for the last four months as has the announcement and publication of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill for Ireland.

The main cause of the surprising degree of interest evoked on both sides of the Atlantic by the introduction of this great measure of relief is largely due to its vital importance to the nation immediately affected by it, and to the deep-rooted interest manifested by the millions of Irishmen and their descendants in the United States and Canada in the welfare of their dear old native land.

The attitude of the dominant power towards the conquered or dependent nation is always a question of political concern to other nationalities of the same race and language. The binding force of this national affinity comes home in more direct form to the American republic and to the Canadian Dominion.

It is quite certain that many of the cable despatches and newspaper reports from London touching the great issue are inaccurate, misleading and untruthful. It is recorded of an ingenious Hibernian, a carpenter by trade, who hit upon the expedient of feeding his donkey cheaply by supplying him with a pair of green glasses and then setting the wood shavings before him for his daily meals.

Evening service, or, as the printed notice fixed to the church door calls it, Even Song, takes place at six o'clock. It is well attended for a country place, and everything about it is very devotional; the service is choral, the boys who sing have sweet voices, and have been carefully trained by the Vicar's daughter, Genevieve.

if manufactured under the direct inspiration of Lord Salisbury himself, or Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Chamberlain, or even the notorious Col. Sanderson.

The friends of Ireland and the friends of justice have no fear that the perverted words or writings of any journalist, however eminent in his profession, can convince any section of the enlightened American people that Ireland is not justly entitled to the measure of freedom and self-government intended for her by the Home Rule Bill.

Both in the Legislature of this province and in the Dominion House at Ottawa the vital question of Home Rule for Ireland has, at the instance of patriotic Irish members—two of them members of the Federal Government, Hon. John Costigan and Hon. J. J. Curran—been introduced and thoroughly discussed in all its bearings.

The Nationalist spirit of Ireland is aroused, and is bent upon securing its constitutional right of liberty and fair play, and the mother land will be backed and strengthened in her just demands by the millions of her sons in the United States and Canada, and in Australia, and wherever the scattered children of Erin have found a home.

It is quite certain that many of the cable despatches and newspaper reports from London touching the great issue are inaccurate, misleading and untruthful.

London Truth says:—"People who contribute towards the support of missionary enterprises will do well to peruse carefully the blue-book on the Kanaka question which was issued last week. It appears that at certain mission-stores the stock consists, not of Bibles or hymn-books, but of cases of Old Tom gin and beer, bags of shot, and boxes of percussion-caps for the Enfield rifles. The regular traders complain bitterly of the keen competition of the missionaries in business. The missionaries seem more occupied in trading with the natives than in converting them, and the report states that when not engrossed in the sale of alcohol and ammunition, they are generally absent from the islands for 'holidays,' which usually extend for 'about a year,' during which time 'the Lord's Vineyard' is left to get on as best it can. The Government agents assert that the only missionaries who are really busy and zealous in religious work are the French Jesuit priests."

What do You Take Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases caused by impure blood and debility of the system. It is not what its proprietors say but what the sick themselves say that tells the story of its merit. Be sure to get Hood's, and only Hood's.

Purely vegetable—HOOD'S PILLS—Etc. Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

ANTI-CATHOLIC CONSPIRACY.

An English Glance at the American Form of Canadian Orangemen.

A deeply instructive lesson may be learned from the ignominious collapse of an anti-Catholic movement which was started some time ago in the United States. A number of Protestant bigots, inspired by the bitterness and most un-Christian feeling of hate towards their Catholic neighbors, started an association having for its object the practical ostracism of Catholics in social and public life.

The only class of people on the American continent to-day who would willingly outrage the rights and liberties a portion of their own fellow-men, either at home or abroad on account of creed or race, are the narrow-minded bigots and fanatics who resist the broadening and elevating influence of the true progressive spirit of Americanism.

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reverend gentleman would series of addresses against the can Protective Association, interest was aroused. In tures, which have been vorty ported by the press, Father laid bare in remarkable vigor terms the vile character of the anti-Catholic organization, impeached it as an illegal com the object of which was to Catholics of their means hood and to breed disastrous tween members of the same c "They declare," said he in addresses, "that Catholics loyal Americans. How abo Sherman (tremendous Thomas Ewing, Captain W off Company A at Vicksbu Clark and thousands of th that fought for the flag we well? It was a Cath planted the stars and strip parapet at Vicksburg a other Union soldiers had the attempt. It was a C led the most dashing char occasion falling just o trenches of the enemy. Ge ington instructed his soldo speak against the Cath and had it not been fo Catholics we would n nation. The first princip is liberty, especially relig and these products of stru tions who in this country, are can in sentiment and flow to the conspiracy. sentences reproduced in papers have brought h follow-countrymen the w this attempted persecutio and the authors of t now so much afraid of that they are anxious o schemes they had set o result of this aggressive Sherman is a suggestive side of the Atlantic, who called upon to deal wit temperment similar to American Protective Whilst it may be well, rule, not to attach a g importance to the attacks enemies, occasions may the soundest policy wou care our rights as Cath zens in the most public to denounce those who disturb the peace of the State.—Liverpool C

For the Catholic A Welsh-Mounted. This time we were down in the harvest is yellow, and the summer is over and hold should leave to their own brooms.

Asks to the collect, a sigh And a prayer that heaven may With scythe on his shoulder side. Hurrah! for the Welsh mon oh! gloriously golden the ce From Slieve-na-moon's top And the river that winds all below The swath must be wide for me Is just so much silver for m Then, a cheer for the scy Then, a cheer for the scy And the lord that for ever The swath will be wide for me Hurrah! for the Welsh mo As we come thro Kilnas Thrill With the stride of free me rock American "will see th still. And in no way afraid of a So, a kiss to the collect, a And at day-breaks will be wide Hurrah! for the Welsh-m Tho' poor be our cabins, high. And rich in the strength th bestow. To the lord and the shoun Our blessings are all for y So a kiss to the collect, a Then up pride, pride, pride, Hurrah! for the Welsh-m A "cool mille falthe," ch! "cool mille falthe," all once again. Makes up for the loss, an We feel while away fr glen. Now, a cheer for old Ir For as we march with the her. Tho' swath would be wide for me. Hurrah! for the Welsh-m

The Best Ad Many thousands of reached the manufactu from these cured thro tion and Scrofulous speak so confidently who have tested it.

This term should be every intelligent peo dock Hood Bitters, r remedy for dyspepsia tion, headache, and o us imitations offer ties as being "jus nothing else as good honest medicine.

A Ch! My little boy was diarrhoea; he was very we had no hope of a recommended Dr. I Strawberry, and aft a few drops at a time his child. Local MRS. WM. STEW

Worms derage the Graves' Worms cure all diseases caused by impure blood and debility of the system. It is not what its proprietors say but what the sick themselves say that tells the story of its merit. Be sure to get Hood's, and only Hood's.

Headache, which stomach trouble, c can be ent (Burdock Blood B cine acts upon an liver, bowels, and b Minard's Lintim

JULY 22, 1898.

reverend gentleman would deliver a series of addresses against the American Protective Association, universal interest was aroused. In these lectures, which have been very fully reported by the press, Father Sherman laid bare in remarkably bold and vigorous terms the vile character of the anti-Catholic organization. He impeached it as an illegal combination, the object of which was to deprive Catholics of their means of livelihood and to breed disastrous strife between members of the same community. "They declare," said he in one of his addresses, "that Catholics cannot be loyal Americans. How about General Sherman (tremendous applause), Thomas Ewing, Captain Washington, of Company A at Vicksburg, Luke Clark and thousands of men in blue that fought for the flag we all love so well? It was a Catholic that planted the stars and stripes on the parapet at Vicksburg after three other Union soldiers had fallen in the attempt. It was a Catholic who led the most daring charge on that occasion falling just outside the trenches of the enemy. George Washington instructed his soldiers not to speak against the Catholic religion; and had it not been for the assistance of Catholics we would not now be a nation. The first principle of America is liberty, especially religious liberty, and these products of secret organizations who seek to stir up religious strife in this country, are anti-American in sentiment and principle." Father Sherman has given his death-blow to the conspiracy. His sentences reproduced in the newspapers have brought home to his fellow-countrymen the wickedness of this attempted persecution of Catholics, and the authors of the plot are now so much afraid of public scorn that they are anxious to repudiate the schemes they had set on foot. The result of the spirited action of Father Sherman is suggestive to us on this side of the Atlantic, who are sometimes called upon to deal with bigots of a temperament similar to that of the American Protective Association. Whilst it may be well, as a general rule, not to attach a great deal of importance to the attacks of inveterate enemies, occasions may arise when the soundest policy would be to vindicate our rights as Catholics and citizens in the most public manner, and to denounce those who assail us as disturbers of the peace and enemies of the State.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

UNCLEAN LITERATURE.

Dangers to Which the Young Are Constantly Exposed.

It is very much the fashion to-day, as it has been in all ages of the world, and as it will, in all probability, continue to be into an indefinite future, for people to read whatever kind of literature is best calculated to please the senses. Like those heedless ones who partake too freely of dainties but unwholesome food and have to suffer the evil consequences, the unthinking readers of dangerous and doubtful newspapers, magazines and books never bestow a serious thought upon what the after effect on their minds and hearts may be.

It may be reasonably assumed that all manner of reading, study and intellectual effort is undertaken for the purpose of increasing our stock of useful knowledge. If that is a true definition of the aims and purposes of our intellectual requirements, it must necessarily be a matter of the highest importance to us that we examine with keen discernment whether the sources from which we draw our information be clean and pure, or whether they contain the poisonous seeds of licentious immortality that will be apt to taint and blight all the actions of our future life. Considerations of this nature must come home with force and directness to the minds of parents, upon whose shoulders are placed the responsibility of supplying to their children and dependents the right kind of books, periodicals and newspapers. The youthful and active mind, in its inquisitive search after knowledge, must be gratified; and all experience teaches that youthful impetuosity would sooner grasp at the wrong kind than at the right kind in the matter of reading materials, unless the guiding hand of a judicious parent points out the difference in the two ways. This is surely a case in which the firm hand of parental authority should indicate which road their children should travel.

Perhaps it may be truthfully said that of all the factors in the formation of opinions, ideas and every-day knowledge, the popular newspaper is by far the most powerful, because it circulates everywhere, and the information it contains, whether good or bad, is diffused in every direction. Every member of a family has access to it. It passes from hand to hand. It penetrates into the Prince's palace as well as into the hut of the peasant. Its columns are scrutinized by the grave statesman and by the hardy sons of toil with equal avidity. Merchants and professional men could not do without its powerful help in the propagation of their trades and business interests. Politicians know the value of the press and its availability in their intercourse with political supporters.

It is, however, of the venerable hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States and Canada, together with the devoted priesthood of both nations, that the tone and teachings of the press are viewed, with the deepest interest and concern. They know and admit the power and influence of the press in all its branches, and they shudder to think of the vast number of able but irreligious writers who use their gifted pens for no other purpose than the weaving together of fascinating tales and stories of fiction and romance—empty, hurtful and imaginative creations of unreal things, which serve to sap the foundations of pure innocence in the plastic minds of the rising generation.

NOVELS AND MAGAZINES. Even adult or mature judgment can hardly discover the poisonous ingredient that insinuates itself into every page of the most cunningly and artfully constructed and the serial stories and other fictitious productions in the great monthly and weekly newspapers issued by the secular and irreligious press of Canada and the United States. The ever watchful and zealous Bishops and pastors of the Catholic Church know by bitter experience the terrible risks involved to the younger members of their flocks by a too close familiarity with much of the vicious and depraved literature of the present day. The sacred mission of the divinely appointed shepherd constrains him to guard with zealous and conscientious care the temporal and eternal well-being of his flock. His chief care, then, is to preserve the well springs of virtue and morality from contamination at its fountain head. Must it not, then, be as an infection of gall and wormwood to the heart of the good pastor to see some of his wayward children unheeded of the pastoral warning or fatherly advice? The sin here alluded to is that of juvenile, perchance of adult or mature, obstinacy in refusing to cast out forever the trashy and dangerous novel, magazine or newspaper, notwithstanding the pastor's condemnation.

THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL. The most painful feature in the above reflections is the blindness that leads men and women to choose an unprofitable thing while rejecting something of real merit. The evil here referred to is the lamentable practice of many Catholics, who, by their passive indifference, either starve out or keep in a lingering existence many sound and able Catholic journals, established under the sanction of the Church for the express purpose of defending Catholic rights, while advocating the sacred cause of virtue and morality, and conducted at the same time, in a spirit of perfect fairness, combining

breadth of view with a degree of editorial ability that should satisfy the most critical minds in the nation. It may be alleged that in this rapid and progressive age a live daily paper is an absolute necessity. Let this contention be admitted, and what follows? Nothing but the inevitable conclusion that it is the bounden duty of the Catholic reading public to supply such support and material encouragement as will enable weekly publications to develop into first-class dailies. An abundance of editorial management and ability will be forthcoming to undertake the task, and staffs of able writers are yearning for more work to do.

MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS. This is to be the work which will make a noise in the world. It will be the trumpet sound of the advance guard of the hosts of the Lord coming to take captive and bind with the sweet yoke of Christ the sinner and the unbeliever. Let us, with the approbation of the Bishop and at the request of the pastors, go into the smaller towns and there, in halls hired for the purpose, speak to unbelievers all the words of Christ. To meet their difficulties, their needs and wants, God must raise up men fit for the work. These we shall see coming forth, even as St. John the Baptist, St. Francis and St. Dominic did, their days, bringing the good tidings of peace. These people we must meet also in private and talk with them kindly, and bear with their ignorance or prejudices concerning the truth, distributing missionary literature everywhere.

PRAYER. "Whoever you shall ask the Father in My name He will give it you." That is to say, whatsoever we ask concerning salvation will be ours. Let every Catholic, then, who desires the conversion of his country pray daily for that end. Prayer can avail when naught else is of any use. St. Monica prayed seventeen years, and the world and the Church gained a St. Augustine. Let a million of faithful souls put their prayers up to God daily, and what shall we not be able to do? It is time now to arise from sleep; the night is far spent; the day is at hand; let us cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light; let us go forth, then, in our might of truth, with the strength and courage of our convictions, and by example, teaching, preaching and prayer convert to the faith the greatest country in the world. Never went missionaries to a land more easy to convert. Never came they before a more fair-minded audience. We cannot fail. "God wills it, and it shall be done."—Rev. Arthur M. Clark in Catholic World.

What They Should Do. Now-a-days the best Catholic families everywhere take at least one Catholic paper. In the cities, however, Catholic families are met with who have been accustomed to take only daily papers and have not felt the need of a Catholic paper. The daily papers present a good deal of Catholic news, and such families feel that having gotten the news, that is all they need. But "mere news" isn't everything to the reading world of to-day. Here are points that no daily paper covers which no selected Catholic newspaper well selected and sifted from rumor and conjecture. (1) It discusses current events from their most serious side—the moral side. (2) It presents reading to the household that is warranted free from anything which will suggest impurity or tend to debase. (3) It cultivates a Catholic spirit among its readers; this means an interest in the Church, an interest in Catholic books and an interest in seeing the cause of Christianity promoted. (4) Its stories are free from the sensational immoralities that make up the plots of most of the secular romances of the day.—Catholic Citizen.

LECTION OF OFFICERS. At the last regular meeting of the Father Mathew Temperance Association, of Montreal, the following were elected as officers for the ensuing term: Spiritual Director—Very Rev. Canon Foley; President—John O'Reilly; First Vice-Pres.—Edward J. Smith; Second Vice-Pres.—Arch Kane; Secretary—Jas. O'Connor; Treasurer—P. Daly; Committee of Management—Ben Bolton, Edward Letang, Geo. Smith, E. J. Daly, J. R. Johnston, M. Allman, Jas. More, F. Doherty and F. Burke.

"X. Y. Z." writes in the Reading Circle Review: "I received my first sweet, holy glimpse of the beauty of the Catholic faith from an illiterate but noble-minded servant girl. I have met many such girls, and my heart goes out to them with a longing that some one may interest himself in them especially and give their minds better food than they find in the weekly papers, with their sensational continued stories."

Harsh Coughs, Heavy Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma and Bronchitis cured by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The best in the world. Victoria Carbolic Salve cures Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Wounds, Chapped Hands and Cold Sores. Price 25c. Miburn's Beef, Iron and Wine is recommended by Physicians as the best. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup removes worms of all kinds in children or adults. Children cry for it. Satisfaction is guaranteed to every consumer of Hood's Sarsaparilla. One hundred doses in every bottle. No other does this. Minard's Liniment cures Diptemper.

The Reasonableness of the Practices of the Catholic Church.

By Rev. J. J. BURKE.

Praying for the Dead. IX.

"It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be released from their sins." (2 Mach. xii. 46.) No one will deny that the practice of praying for the dead is reasonable, if the dead are benefited by our prayers. That our prayers are beneficial to the departed we will endeavor to show. We are taught by revelation that besides heaven and hell, a state of everlasting pleasure and a state of eternal pain, there also exists a middle state of punishment for those who die in venial sin, or who have not sufficiently satisfied the justice of God for mortal sins already forgiven.

The people of God in the Old Law believed, and Jesus Christ and His apostles in the New Law taught, the existence of this middle state. In the Second Book of Machabees, quoted above, we read that the pious general Judas Machabeus having made a collection, "sent twelve thousand drachmas of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifices to be offered for the dead (soldiers), thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection (for if he had not hoped that they who were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead), and because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness had great grace laid upon them." It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins. If prayers are not beneficial to the dead, God would not have sanctioned them.

This is exactly the practice of the Catholic Church. We pray and offer sacrifices for the souls in purgatory, just as Judas Machabeus did. Even if the Books of Machabees were not inspired, it is historically true that the Jews and almost all nations of antiquity believed in the existence of purgatory and the utility of prayers for the souls detained there. This universal consent is the voice of nature and of God. Hence we see that the practice of praying for the dead is reasonable.

This practice is in accordance with the teaching of Christ. In the 12th chapter, 32d verse, of St. Matthew, he says: "He that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come." These words teach us that some sins will be pardoned in the life to come. They cannot be pardoned in heaven, since nothing can enter heaven, since nothing can enter heaven; nor can they be pardoned in hell, out of which there is no redemption, for "their worm shall not die, and their fire shall not be quenched." Therefore, there must be a state in the next world where sins will be forgiven; and we call that place or state purgatory. And the existence of purgatory implies the necessity of praying for the souls detained there. The belief in the existence of purgatory and the practice of praying for the faithful departed have existed in the Church from the time of its foundation.

Tertullian, who lived in the second century, considered it a solemn duty, whose obligation came down from the apostles, to offer sacrifices and prayers for the faithful departed. St. Augustine says: "The whole Church received from the tradition of the Fathers to pray for those who died in the communion of the body and blood of Christ." The dying request of St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, is well known. "I request you," she said, "that wherever you may be, you will remember me at the altar of the Lord." And he assures us that he frequently and fervently prayed for her soul.

The teaching of the Church of every age confirms the teaching of the Old and New Testament regarding purgatory and praying for the dead. To one who believes in heaven and hell, a place of eternal pleasure and of eternal punishment, the doctrine of purgatory must appear as a necessity. And the practice of praying for the dead reasonable; for it is certain that nothing defiled can enter heaven. But it is possible that many die guilty of but slight sins. Therefore, it must be said that these are damned, which is impious and absurd; that what is defiled can enter heaven, which is unscriptural; or that there is a purgatory, a state in which such souls are made as pure as the driven snow, so that they can enter into the presence of their Maker—for an infinitely just God cannot condemn to the same eternal punishment the child who dies guilty of a slight fault and the hardened murderer. No. He will render to every one according to his works. The doctrine of purgatory, then, is reasonable as well as scriptural and traditional. Reasonable, too, is the practice of praying for the dead, for they are still members of the Church. All the members of the Church—consisting of the Church triumphant on earth, the Church suffering in heaven, and the Church suffering in purgatory—are one family bound together by the bond of charity. The members of the Church on earth pray to those in heaven, who love us and pray for us; and we pray for those in purgatory. They are God's friends deprived of heaven for a time. As those in heaven rejoice when one sinner does penance, so those in purgatory hear us, see us, love us, and are helped by our prayers. We love them and never cease to pray for them and offer the Holy Sacrifice for them. Even the unbeliever will stand or kneel by the

remains of his departed friend and offer a prayer for him, thus showing that praying for the dead is reasonable and the natural dictate of the human heart.

How sweet the consolation to the dying person who, conscious of his many imperfections, knows he will not be forgotten by his friends! How natural, how reasonable, how consoling this practice of praying for the dead! How beautiful this intercourse of prayer between the child and the deceased parent—between husband and wife—between friend and friend—between life and death! What a reasonable, what an excellent feature of our holy religion to impel the heart of man to virtue by the power of love, and make him feel that his prayers may assist some rescued soul to an eternal position at the throne of the Most High!

Praying to the Saints. X.

"And may the angel that delivereth me from all evils bless these boys." (Gen. xlviii. 19.) "So I say to you there shall be joy before the angels of God upon one sinner doing penance." (St. Luke xv. 10.) "For in the resurrection they (the saints) shall be as the angels of God in heaven." (St. Matt. xxii. 30.)

The saints are friends of God. They are like the angels in heaven. We honor them, not as we honor God, but on account of the relation they bear to God. They are creatures of God, the work of His hands. When we honor them we honor God, as when we praise a beautiful painting we praise the artist.

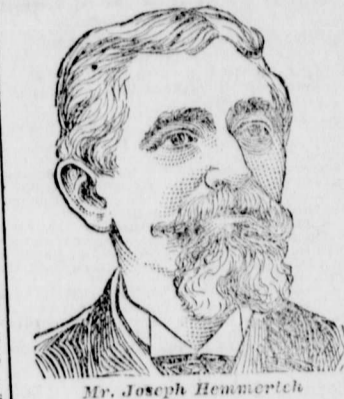
We do not believe that the saints can help us of themselves. But we ask them to "pray for us." We believe that everything comes to us "through Our Lord Jesus Christ." With these words all our prayers end. It is useful, salutary and reasonable to pray to the saints and ask them to pray for us. No doubt all will admit the reasonableness of this practice if the saints can hear and help us. That they hear and help us is evident from many passages of Scripture. The patriarch Jacob would not have prayed to the angel to bless his grandchildren, Manasses and Ephraim (as we learn he did from Gen. xlviii), unless he knew the angel could do so.

We are informed (Luke xv.) that the angels rejoice when one sinner does penance. We are also informed (Matt. xxii.) that the saints are like the angels—i. e., have the same happiness and knowledge. Hence the saints, as well as the angels, can hear us, can help us, and are acquainted with our actions, words and thoughts.

It is generally conceded that it is reasonable to ask pious persons on earth to pray for us. St. Paul, in his epistles, frequently asks the Christians to pray for him. "Brethren," he says, "pray for us." It is well known that God was pleased to answer the prayer of Abraham in favor of Abimelech. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world knows of." Now, if we poor sinners here on earth do not pray in vain for one another, will the saints in heaven, the friends of God, who rejoice when a sinner does penance, pray in vain for us? No. We have hosts of friends in heaven to speak a good word for us. And as a child who has disobeyed his parents wisely asks a better brother or sister to intercede with his parents for mercy, so, too, having disobeyed our heavenly Father by sin, we have recourse to others better than ourselves—to our better brothers and sisters, the Blessed Virgin and saints—to intercede with God for us.

Is not this a reasonable practice? If your mother or sister crosses the sea she will continue to pray for you. And if she crosses the sea of death will she forget you? No. The love she bore you here will continue in heaven. She will pray for you, and the Lord will hear the prayers of the just." Ask the saints to pray for you. Honor God by honoring His friends and asking their intercession. And all your friends in heaven will unite in praying to the Father of us all that one day all who love God and His friends, the company of the Saint of saints into Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Mr. Joseph Heimerlich. An old soldier, came out of the War greatly enabled by Epskoth's Peppermint Cure, and being in various hospitals the Doctors discharged him as incurable with Rheumatism. He has been in poor health since, until he began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Immediately his cough grew looser, night sweats ceased, and he regained good general health. He cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially recommended in the 42, 4, 42.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the bowels.

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THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & CHIMES. PUREST BELL METAL, COPPER AND TIN.

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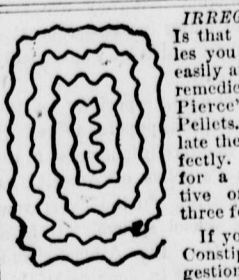
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THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE REVENGE OF CHARITY.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

It was a lovely evening in early May. The faint, sweet odor of the Hawthorn was filling all the air with fragrance, and the chirping of the frogs in the neighboring ponds announced the advent of spring.

"What greeting shall I receive?" he said to himself. "I am returning rich and honored, but will there be any one to bid me welcome? I shall visit the old places on foot, and if those I loved of yore are dead or departed, I shall reveal my identity to no one."

He was just on the outskirts of a beautiful park in the environs of the city. High above the trees towered the turrets of a convent, built on a hill top to the left; at his right lay the great city. Suddenly a pistol shot broke the stillness of the grove, and the returning traveller fell to the ground, a bullet through his breast.

Tom and Nora Desmond were left orphans at an early age. Their father had died in their infancy, and their mother closed her eyes on this "vale of tears" before either of them were in their teens.

Mother Joseph had an almost maternal tenderness for the two orphans left to her care, and well did they repay all her love and solicitude.

They both completed their studies satisfactorily in their respective educational establishments, and when Nora decided to choose the laborious, self-sacrificing life of a Sister of Mercy instead of the vain joys of the world, her pious aunt rejoiced, while her brother also expressed his willingness.

"To tell you the truth, Nora," he said confidentially, "I'm a little disappointed. I feel proud of you. Very few of the boys have such a good-looking sister, and I wanted to have you at the head of my house, for I mean to work hard and have a real swell establishment, and I want a wife for some time yet. Besides you're all I have, and I didn't think you'd leave me."

Here Tom's eyes filled with tears, and Nora sobbed outright, but the young man smothered the choking sensation in his throat, and, putting his arms around his sister, kissed her affectionately, saying, "Don't cry, Nora, darling. I'll be glad to have you a good little Sister of Mercy. You'll be able to pray for me, so that I'll be a good, practical Catholic, and not lose my soul in the wicked world."

This was three years ago, and on the day our story opens Tom had been at the beautiful Convent of Mercy on Cedar Hill to give Nora—now Sister Stella—a delightful bit of news. "Just think, Nora," he said as she came into the little reception room, "I'm to be cashier in the bank. I didn't expect a raise yet, but the other cashier shipped yesterday with all the cash he could lay hands on. When I was sent for, I was afraid the boss suspected me, and I'd rather die than be taken for a thief."

"It must be a great temptation for a man without religion to guide him, to handle so much money," said Mother Joseph, who had just entered; but I must congratulate you, Tom, on securing such a position so young. May our Holy Mother protect you from following the steps of your predecessors! Sister Stella will have to double her prayers for your safety. The greater need of grace, you know; and she glanced with almost a mother's pride at the two young people who held such a large place in her tender heart.

"Auntie," said Tom, "don't you think Sister Stella looks pale to-day? I hope she's not going to be sick."

"I think she does," replied Mother Joseph. "Do you feel ill, Sister?"

Sister Stella's face flushed. "For the first time in my life, I have felt very nervous all day," she answered. "When Tom was announced I felt as if he were the bearer of bad news."

"You must not let any such feelings take possession of you, my child. I remember that your mother, at your age, was very nervous, but I always felt that if she had fought it off in the beginning, it would never have given her so much trouble. Now Tom, we must turn you out. Our gates close at sunset. You had better see him safely out, Sister Stella. The run down the avenue in this lovely spring air will do you good."

III.

Carelessly whistling a popular air, Tom pursued his way down the hill and entered the park, which lay between him and the city. Suddenly he heard a pistol shot, a cry of distress, and, quickening his steps, he arrived on the scene just in time to see two figures making off; and, guided by the groans of the wounded man, discovered him, although the quickly gathering shadows rendered it impossible to search for the wound.

Rising the poor sufferer in his arms, he enquired where he was hurt. In reply the wounded traveller pressed his hand to his side. Then he tried to get something from his pocket. Tom, seeing the motion, and his evident helplessness put his hand in the stranger's pocket and took out a large pocket-book.

"Mother," gasped the dying man. "Address there," and in another second he was face to face with eternity. At first Tom thought that he had fainted, but soon realized the sad truth. He could do nothing there, and his first instinct was to go to the city and summon help. Just then a light flashed on the scene and a gruff voice said: "It was about here they were seen last night. They are evidently desperate rascals. Hallo! What have we here? A murdered man, and the murderer coolly rifling his pocket-book!"

Tom arose and faced them indignantly, but the situation was too preposterous to admit of any explanation, and while two remained to guard the dead body, and perchance capture an accomplice of the already secured murderer, the other two marched Tom to the police station, where he was securely locked in, his captors meanwhile hastening off to acquaint the authorities with the deed.

Mother Joseph sat in her bright little office writing. With a gentle tap at the door, a Sister entered. "Mother," she said, "there's a man in the reception-room who wishes to see you. He says it is most important that he should see you at once."

"So he shall then, dearie. Just arrange those papers for me like a good child, so that I need not keep him waiting."

Mother Joseph descended to the reception room as quickly as her rather portly figure would allow her. She came out, looking very grave. "I do not anticipate any difficulty in his getting free," she said to her visitor, as she accompanied him to the door. "I am perfectly certain that every word he tells you is true. Tell him that I'll be with him in an hour's time."

Returning to her room, she struck a little bell. "Just Sister Stella I want her," she said to the Sister who answered it. "My dear child," she said as Sister Stella appeared, "I am going to the city on a little business. Spend as much time before the Blessed Sacrament as possible until I return. Pray fervently for my success."

In a very short time she was with her beloved nephew. "Just think, auntie," he exclaimed, "I am to stand my trial for murder!" Then he related all the facts of the case, and begged her to break the news gently to poor Nora. "It will break her heart, auntie, even to have me suspected, and if I should be condemned—"

"Do not think of that, my dear boy. Such a thing cannot be. But as day after day the accounts of the case she was not so sure. Nora tried hard to keep up her dear brother's sake, and schooled herself to appear cheerful before him. She visited him every day with Mother Joseph, and all the rest of the time the kind Superior left her free to pray, or tried to occupy her mind with a thousand little offices for herself.

At last the trial came off. The police testified to all the facts of the capture, as we already know them; and the blood-stained clothes of the prisoner which they produced, called forth a shudder of horror from all in court. Two men then took their stand who gave uniform evidence, which in substance was as follows:— They were in the park on the day of the murder about twilight, saw prisoner coming into the park from Cedar Hill; just outside the park they met a traveller, could swear to the general appearance of the murdered man. No one else was in sight, either in the park or on the road. They heard a sound like a pistol shot. They did not go back because they did not think much of it. There was a frog-pond near where the boys were accustomed to shoot at the frogs.

Tom had no witnesses. He had seen no one near, excepting two figures who were running toward the high road, as if trying to get out of sight as quickly as possible, but the light was so dim and they so soon passed from his view that he could not even faintly describe them. He told his story in such a straightforward manner that he almost took the audience by storm. But the evidence against him was too strong, and Tom Desmond was condemned to die.

Poor Tom! He was indeed a condemned man. His first thought was for Nora. "It will break her heart for Nora," he said to Mother Joseph as he sat beside him in the cell where he had been removed after the trial. "But, auntie, she would rather see me die innocent than guilty. Oh! can it really be true that I am to be hanged for murder! Life is just beginning for me, and I have never harmed anyone."

"My poor boy," said Mother Joseph amidst her tears, "horrible as it is, would you change places with the real murderer? Would you not rather appear before Almighty God in your youthful innocence than live like that guilty man with your hands stained with the blood of another?"

Long they talked there until the falling shadows warned her that it was time to return to her convent home. Sister Stella was watching for her. "How late you are, dear Mother," she exclaimed. "Is it all over? And is my darling free? Why did he not come with you? You do not answer me! What is the matter?"

Mother Joseph answered not, but led her to the little chapel. Straight to the sanctuary they went, and kneeling there, with the red light which reveals the Divine Presence shining on them, and the compassionate love of Jesus descending into their hearts from His sacramental veils, she told poor Nora of the bitter chalice our Lord had offered them to drink.

She grew so white and faint that Mother Joseph thought she was dead. For hours she remained unconscious, and when she came to herself the light of joy had faded from her eyes and heart forever. Mother Joseph was more alarmed at her calmness than she would have been at a violent outburst of grief. The first meeting between brother and sister was almost too much for the kind aunt, but she it was who had to cheer them both and soften the blow as much as possible to them, regardless of her own bleeding heart.

At length the fatal day came. Tom met his death with an heroic firmness that astonished all. Sister Stella shed no tears as she heard the tolling of the bells announcing the execution, but she said to Mother Joseph, pressing her hand to her bosom, "I do not think that I shall ever cry again. There is something gone here that used to make me laugh and cry, but now I can do neither."

Poor Mother Joseph! She watched her precious child fading away day by day, until a day came when the poor broken heart was at rest forever, and Sister Stella was placed beneath the turf before the June roses had withdrawn their perfumed breath from the gentle summer zephyrs.

Mother Joseph never murmured at the sudden tragic fate of her darling, and only a careful observer could detect any change in her ever kind cheerfulness.

"Mother, a poor man has just been brought into the hospital. He has been shot and seems near death, but he scorns the idea of a priest. Will you come and see him?"

The good Mother hastened to the bed of the injured man, and her experienced eye at once detected the mortal nature of his wound. She spoke a few kind words to him, and the doctors coming, she left him to their utmost for him, one of them approached the Mother and said, "He begs to be removed from here. He says that he cannot be in peace while he remains in the Sisters' hospital. Will you speak to him? Perhaps you can persuade him to remain. He cannot possibly be moved."

"My poor man," said Mother Joseph, "why do you wish to leave us? We will take the best possible care of you."

"Is Nora Desmond here?" he enquired. "No. The grass has been growing over her grave for six years."

"O, Sister," he exclaimed, and his eyes grew bright and large with excitement, "that makes it worse. How I know that all the Sisters would hate me if you knew!"

"My poor man, the Sisters hate no one. In any case I do not think you could have injured Nora Desmond in any way."

"Let me tell you my story," he said. "I am the murderer for whose deed Tom Desmond was hanged. My life on the witness stand and swore my life away after I had committed the act. The man who was with me at the time was since drowned. Now I am to appear before God to expiate my crimes. I know that there is no pardon for me from man, so there can be none from God."

"Would you seek the pardon of your Creator if you were assured of the forgiveness of His creatures?"

"How can I be assured of that?"

"Tom Desmond was my nephew—my only sister's child—and he and Nora were as dear to me as if they were my own. Tom said to me before he died: 'Auntie, I have prayed that the poor fellow for whom I am about to suffer may have the grace of a happy death. He must be unhappy with two such crimes on his soul.' The sick man groaned, but Mother Joseph continued, 'Then, when Nora—Sister Stella we called her—was dying, almost her last words were: 'Auntie, if you ever have a chance to be kind to the one who killed poor Tom and broke my heart I know you will. I pray that he may die happy.' With such example before me, how can I do otherwise than pardon you? He buried his face in the pillows and cried like a child. When he looked up again, Mother Joseph was gone, and in her place was the saintly old chaplain of the hospital, whose heart was filled with joy at reconciling this poor sinner with God. The man had never been baptized, but, recognizing in the conduct of those who had injured the charity of the true Church of God, he made a full confession of all his sins, and received the sacrament of baptism."

Mother Joseph watched him with the utmost care and tenderness, and her sweet voice suggesting aspirations

suitable for the dying was the last word he heard on earth. He lived for a few weeks, the reception of the Blessed Eucharist being his only happiness. After his death a document, entirely exonerating Tom by the chaplain to whom the dying man had entrusted it.

The body of the unjustly executed youth was taken up and buried with great honor and a costly monument raised over his grave; but a far more costly monument in the sight of heaven was the redeemed soul which floated on the waters of baptism to the eternal home, sped on by the charity of those whose lives it had darkened.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM.

How It Came Into Existence—Jealousy of the Catholic Progress.

But troublous times were to succeed the calm and fair development of the faith nurtured in the sunny days of the Catholic "second spring," and fostered by the promising religious leaders who now took up the apostolic burden falling from the shoulders of Bishop Flaget, writes Rev. Thomas J. Jenkins in the Catholic World.

The old Know-nothingism was, like the new, conceived in the jealousy of the Church's progress. Its real birth may be traced to the Louisville Protestant League on the west of the Alleghenies and 1847, to crowd the audience in the cathedral, correspondingly diminishing the knots of listeners to the politico-religious harangues of the ministers. A year later, the hound-begging of the Papal nuncio, Archbishop Bedini, was but another step forward in the march of persecution proceeding from words of despite to deeds of shameful violence.

According as the arena of combat was shifted, by the old-line Democrats allied to the National American party, from the religious rostrum to the field of politics, the bishops and Catholic clergy, prudently retreating from the unbecoming contest, led the brunt of the battle to be borne by enlightened laymen, and they, in Kentucky, hesitated not a moment in recognizing Benjamin J. Webb as their leader. His greatness was thrust upon him, and with that modest but manly valor which characterized him he charged, single-handed, the serried column of native partisans.

"Their idea," he wrote coolly in his history a generation later, "was to work in the dark through the institution of a secret order, whose leading principle should be opposition to Catholics as such. The Know-nothing leaders did not themselves know the extent and strength of the storm of public fury they had raised. They winked at the threat of violence at the polls should a Catholic or foreign-born citizen attempt to vote, but they were not prepared for the wholesale slaughter that followed."

On "Bloody Monday," on the testimony of Bishop Spalding, nearly a hundred poor Irish and German were butchered or burnt to the ground—the city authorities, ignorant of the plot, looking calmly on and endeavoring to lay the blame on the Catholics."

OF INTEREST TO SETTLERS.

Mr. J. P. MacMillan of Arthur, opposed to the Know-nothingism, especially farmers' sons, the bone and sinew of the province, going to the prairies of the Western States, to a resort to agriculture, a letter course for them to pursue by convincing them that in the district of Algoma there agriculture equal if not superior to that offered in any other country, and he has lately been addressing several meetings on the subject throughout the county of Wellington, by which he is exciting considerable interest in that part of Ontario, the productive capacity of which has hitherto been so little known in the older settled portions of the Province.

At a recent meeting of the County Council at Guelph, Mr. MacMillan delivered a paper in which he presented a copy, which marked its appreciation of which was said by placing on record a flattering resolution, of which the substance is a copy.

Clerks Office Court House, Guelph, 10th June, 1893.

J. P. MacMillan, Esq., Arthur: SIR—We have been instructed to forward you a copy of the following resolution, passed by the Wellington County Council at its present session: Moved by Mr. A. Hamilton, seconded by Mr. James Smith, and resolved, that the thanks of this Council be tendered to J. P. MacMillan for the address delivered before this Council on this session, which address was couched in language most eloquent and replete with graphic description of that portion of Ontario known as 'Algoma,' and describing that portion of Ontario as possessing a soil unsurpassed for fertility, a climate most salubrious and temperate, a mineral resources unsurpassed on the Continent, with fast running streams of the clearest waters alive with trout and other fishes the delight of the sportsman. In yet possessing every thing to attract the settler looking for a home to spend a happy and prosperous life-time; and that the said Council be authorized to transmit a copy of this resolution to Mr. MacMillan. We have the honor to be, Sir, Your obedient servant.

(Signed) WM. NICHOLL, Warden. (Signed) JOHN BEATTIE, Clerk.

It would appear from the knowledge Mr. MacMillan is disseminating relative to the district in question that several young men from Wellington and other parts are going there to settle—a movement which cannot be too highly commended.

Besides encouraging those of all denominations to go there, he is endeavoring to establish a Catholic colony at Rainy River—a part which he believes to be peculiarly formed by nature for such a purpose, and where there are already a nucleus of about twenty families of that persuasion; and to promote this praiseworthy object he is invoking the aid and the influence of the Bishops and priests of the Province, who Bishop, with much favor; and is also in communication with the clergy in the district—equally zealous in the matter, as indicated from the letter of the Rev. Charles Cahill, O. Desmond, was given to the authorities by the chaplain to whom the dying man had entrusted it.

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Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.

NEGLECT OF DIVINE WARNINGS.

The Gospel to-day tells us, my dear brethren, that Jesus wept as He approached Jerusalem—not for Himself, nor for all He was so soon to suffer there, but for the city itself and for His chosen people, to whom He had given it for their glory and joy. Yes, this beautiful city was their joy, their pride; long before they had been taken from it into captivity by their enemies for a time, and as the Psalmist says, speaking in their name, "By the rivers of Babylon we sat and wept when we remembered Zion." And He goes on: "If I forget thee, Jerusalem, may I forget my right hand; may my tongue cleave to my mouth if I do not remember Thee, if I do not make Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

And now this city of theirs was to be taken from them again by a more grievous and fatal disaster than it had ever yet suffered. They were to be scattered from it all over the world to do a long penance for their sins and their rejection of Him who had come to redeem them. And our Divine Lord's Heart yearned for them—for these His creatures, and at the same time His brethren and His countrymen. Fain would He have saved them, if they would but have been willing, for the terrible sufferings they were to undergo. Gladly, as He says Himself, would He have sheltered them, if they would even now have come to Him, from the tempest which was about to break upon them from the justice of God. He wept because they would not come and avail themselves of His love.

We should pray for them that the day may be hastened when they shall return and acknowledge their true Messias, their own Lord and Master, the only true King of the Jews. But they are not the only ones whom He has loaded with favors, and who have besides the Jews whom Almighty God has chosen for His people, but who have rejected Him and distressed His loving heart. Who are they? They are in general all sinners, but especially those for whom Jesus has done so much from their earliest years, in the midst of whom He had lived and wrought so many works of power and goodness; those whom He has enlightened with His truth, those whom He has warned against sin, those whom He has borne with so long and forgiven so often, those whom He has fed with His own Body and Blood. And yet, through evil habits, by frequent mortal sin, they live on, deaf to His warnings, despising His love, not knowing the time of their visitation, until evil days and a sad ending come upon them. Can we wonder that their enemies, the evil one and their bad habits, compass them round about, and straiten them on all sides, and beat them down and leave them wasted and desolate? Can we wonder that, since they would not bear the sweet and ennobling yoke of Christ, they will be forced to groan in the fetters of Satan and be exiled for ever from the true Jerusalem, the home of peace, which is the above? No, brethren; such is the fate of those who persistently abuse God's grace, who reject His mercy and His efforts to save them. God forbid that such a career, such a warning; let us be careful about temptations; let us not presume on our own strength, nor on God's goodness in the past; let us not make light of anything which is dangerous or forbidden. Let us endeavor not to grieve our Lord by any infidelity, great or small, in this day of our visitation, and to follow the things that are for our peace here and our happiness hereafter.

The value of a good name was well exemplified the other day, when a man asked one of our druggists for a bottle of Sarsaparilla. "Whose?" inquired the clerk. "Whose? why, Ayer's, of course. Ye don't suppose I'm going to run any risks with Hannah, do ye?"

Inflammation of the Eyes Cured.
"Mr. Jacob D. Miller, Newbury, writes: 'I was troubled with inflammation of the eyes, so that during nearly the whole of the summer of 1882 I could not work; I took several bottles of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which I gave him, and it gives me great pleasure to inform you that it cured me of my affliction. It is an excellent medicine for Costiveness.'

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

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GENTLEMEN—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B. B. B., and I truly recommend it to all suffering from the same malady.
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THE BOYS IN THE BLOCK.

By MAURICE F. EGAN, LL. D.

IV.—(CONTINUED.)

"I am afraid bad reading is injuring these boys," Father Raymond said to Tom Keefe, "I hope you have given it up."
"I don't care for story papers at all now," answered Tom. "Father reads that book you gave us, 'Fabiola,' every night, and we don't have time to read anything else. I say, Father, if somebody would read stories to us fellows sometimes, we would not care so much for story papers."

Father Raymond said in his heart that he wished parents would read good books to their children. It would save much sin and sorrow.
When Ned got home, he found John asleep over his arithmetic. He was sleep himself, and he asked John for the key of the bed-room.
John awoke with a start.
"Oh, it's you, Ned," he said, "I thought it was Larry."
"Yes, I remember. Good night. I want to finish all these examples in interest, before I go to bed."
"Good-night, John."
Ned unlocked the door of the bed-room and entered.
"Larry," he said, softly.

Ned struck a match. It flared up, and he saw that the bed was empty. He looked under the bed, lighting another match. Larry was not there, hiding, as he had done before, in order to alarm his brothers. In surprise, Ned lit the candle. No Larry. The window was wide open. "He has gone!" Ned said. "Oh, dear, what will John say?"

His eye caught sight of a bit of folded paper on the table. He opened it. It was a scrawl done by Larry, with a red lead pencil. It ran—
"BROTHERS,
"Irite to you in krimson ink which is the color of blind, it means biness, it means that I am on the war path, you have driven me fourth by your persecutions of a noble mind, that hungers to scour the vast perarie planes and cut the scalps from Injin murderers of our household gods Fairwell. Goodbye. I go with a band of trusty friends to make a career in the wild west. If the Murphys say I gave them that penknife with the three blades, you take it from them, I only lent it to them. Dont have any fooling just take it from them—fairwell till death do us part."
"L. SMYTHE, "TRAPPER."

Ned ran out into the other room with this note. John read it and turning it over saw a few more lines—
"I go with T. Malone and H. Schwatz. We have trusty revolvers. Do not follow us. Persoot will be vane. Again adoo!"
"Well, this is nice! I told you what bad reading would lead to. We may be thankful if these miserable boys haven't stolen anything."
"But, John, what shall we do?"
"Let me think—I might have known that Larry could easily get out on the fire escape, and climb down; but I did not think he was bad enough to do it. Go over to the Schwatzes' and the Malones and find out where the boys are."

Ned ran off at once.
Ted Malone and Henry Schwatz were missing. Ted had written with a red lead-pencil a few words on the back of a letter—
"I go with the Red-handed Avengers. Accept my blessing or my curse, as you will."
Ted's father laughed at this.
"I'll bless him," he said, "until he is black and blue."
And he went to the police station, to put the police on the track of the missing boys. Henry Schwatz's mother was in tears. Henry had gone; where, she did not know.

Ned was hurrying home, looking very pale and feeling very anxious when he met Beppo Testa running along with his violin. Beppo had had a good day and he was whistling; instead of running away from Ned, as he would have done some weeks ago, he stopped, smiling in a friendly way.
"I can pay you back soon," he said.
"I have made two dollars playing for some young people to dance."
"Never mind," answered Ned.
"Nina's talk about paying was all nonsense. I've lost Larry—that is, Larry has run away."
"Run away?" echoed the Italian boy.

"Yes, and we don't know where he has gone."
Beppo looked concerned. Ned felt that it was pleasant to have sympathy just at that moment, and he felt, too, how little he deserved it.
"Well," said Beppo, slowly, "I think I can help you. Wait."
He ran into his house and came out immediately with Guiseppa, having left his violin with Filippo and Nina. Nina had heard him say, hurriedly, that Larry had run away.

"The American boys are all crazy," was Nina's satirical comment. Nina had a sharp tongue. It was her great fault.
Guiseppa seemed eager to help Ned.
"I saw your brother and Schwatz and Malone, going down-town with some big bundles, to-night. I told Beppo about it. They were in South Fifth Avenue."
While they were talking, they were joined by old Altieri, who came up out of his cellar. Beppo explained the trouble to the old man, who could not speak any English.
Altieri asked several questions. Beppo's face lighted up.
"Ah," he said, "Signor Altieri has

seen your brother at the New York side of the Jersey City Ferry."

"At what time?" asked Ned.
Beppo repeated the question to Altieri.
"At 9 o'clock," answered Altieri.
"I must tell John, at once."
"Will you let us go with you?" asked Beppo, hesitatingly. "We would like to help you and the good John."
Guiseppa shook his head in consent. In the meantime, John had been asking questions. But nobody in the block had seen the boys. He began to be seriously alarmed. What if Larry, led away by his daily companionship with young—although imaginary—thieves and law-breakers, had followed their examples? What if he had fallen into the hands of the police. John, while he went from neighbor to neighbor, asking after the boys, prayed that it might not be.

He had returned to the house when Ned came in, followed by Guiseppa and Beppo.
Ned breathlessly told John that the boys had been seen. A few questions, answered by the boys, convinced John that Larry had been near the Courtland Street Ferry.
"We must go after them," he said.
"Come, Ned—at once?"
Guiseppa ran home to tell his people that he was going with John. The delay seemed very long to John. At last they started. John could hardly restrain his impatience. They entered a horse car, and Beppo, who knew the driver, asked him to go quickly. The man laughed, for just then a stout woman with a basket insisted on getting in. She took her time, and she had hardly gotten into her seat, when a large party coming out of a house, stopped the car. They said good-bye to each other many times. Then several children had to be lifted in, and half a dozen bundles. John thought the car would never move. He felt like getting out and pushing it with his shoulder.

At last the car started again. But every now and then somebody signalled it to stop.
"Let's get out and walk," John said.
"No," said Beppo, "we can not walk as fast as the car goes, in spite of the stops."
After a time—many hours it seemed to John—the boys reached Courtland Street. They crossed the ferry to Jersey City. Everything that was usually rapid in motion, seemed slow to night. He thought that the ferry boat would never leave the slip. And when it did glide out into the river, it seemed almost stationary. It was going rapidly, but John's impatience outstripped it.

They reached Jersey City. It was dark; the Pennsylvania railroad station glowed with light; but the city, except for an occasional glimmer, seemed to be in gloom.
It was arranged that Ned and Beppo should go into the station, to ask whether the boys had been seen by any of the railroad officials, while John and Guiseppa went into the city.
John applied to a policeman.
No; he had seen no boys like the ones described. But then he had been on this beat only since half-past nine o'clock. Another policeman was asked, with no more effect. In a few minutes Ned and Beppo came back. They had heard nothing of the boys.

John began to believe that they were on the wrong track.
They stood opposite the station, near the hotel, in consultation. Beppo did not join in it. He was thinking.
He had noticed an Italian fruit-seller on the corner as he came in. He proposed that John should ask him.
Boys? He had seen many boys—many, many boys—he stretched out his hands to show how many boys he had seen—but not three boys of the kind described.
John turned away. But Guiseppa was not so easily baffled. He spoke to the man in Italian.
"Atro!" exclaimed the man. "I did not know you were Italian. I wish I had seen the boys, for your sake. What do you want them for?"
"They have run away from home."
"It is too bad. Tell me how they looked?"
Beppo described them again, in Italian.

TO BE CONTINUED.
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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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Branch No. 4, London, meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month...

C. M. B. A.

Successful Organization at Dartmouth. A branch of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association was organized at Dartmouth...

Resolved that this branch manifests its respect for deceased by draping its charter with mourning for thirty days...

Address and Presentation. On Monday evening, the 20th inst., a committee of Branch 25, C. M. B. A., Seaford...

Resolutions of Condolence. At the last regular meeting of St. Ann's Branch, No. 12, Merrickville, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted...

Moved by Bro. M. Howe, seconded by Bro. W. Jewell, that where it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove our most beloved friend...

Resolved that the members of Branch 25, C. M. B. A., London, have concluded arrangements with the...

Resolved that this branch manifests its respect for deceased by draping its charter with mourning for thirty days...

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A GRAND GATHERING AT CHATHAM.

The result of the picnic for the benefit of the St. Joseph's Hospital which took place on Tuesday, surpassed in every respect the expectations of its most sanguine promoters...

The platform found Mr. Killackey installed as chairman, supported by Rev. Father Cummings, the Mayor and Mr. James Clancy...

JUDGE O'CONNOR HONORED.

HIS FRIENDS IN GUELPH PRESENT HIM WITH THE COMMEMORATIVE REMARKS, HIS OWN REMEMBRANCE.

During the last few years there have been a number of removals and name changes, accompanied by tangible evidences of more or less value in Guelph...

Mr. Mayor next spoke. He said: First of all I beg to avail myself of the pleasure of congratulating the most efficient and successful promoters of this picnic, the ladies...

Mr. Killackey, Chairman of the picnic, said: I am very glad to see you here today, and to see you all so well...

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Speeches Made Which Contain the True Ring of Patriotism.

The result of the picnic for the benefit of the St. Joseph's Hospital which took place on Tuesday, surpassed in every respect the expectations of its most sanguine promoters...

The platform found Mr. Killackey installed as chairman, supported by Rev. Father Cummings, the Mayor and Mr. James Clancy...

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