

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## Mysteries and Faith.

BY GEORGE HARRISON CONRAD.

I know not how—God knows—  
The tree in spring, revives with force un-  
seen,  
And drapes its modest limbs with garments  
green;  
I know not how—God knows—  
The simplest daisy blows,  
And yet I know  
These things are so.  
I know not how—God knows—  
In the Eternal God dwelleth three  
Beings distinct, but one Divinity;  
I know not how—God knows—  
He all his gifts bestows,  
And yet I know  
These things are so.  
I know not how—God knows—  
Beneath the outward forms of drink and food  
Dwelleth the Unseen who feed the soul;  
I know not how—God knows—  
Our Lord doth there repose,  
And yet I know  
That it is so.

## WHY BISHOPS VISIT ROME:

The Great Source of Divine Strength,  
Health and Vitality.

The venerable Bishop Nulty, of Meath, Ireland, recently set out for Rome to pay his regular annual visit to the Pope. Before starting he addressed a most interesting pastoral to his flock. Among other things he said:

Twenty-five years ago I met all the Bishops of the whole world at Rome. The prelates then assembled there numbered up to very nearly a thousand. I paid my visits there, and I did not meet all the Bishops of the world there every time. I did meet every time individual Bishops from nearly every country on the globe. What brings these Bishops there and what keeps them there for weeks and months, far away from their respective sees and native countries? What is the secret of that great mysterious power which is felt, acknowledged and submitted to in every land under heaven? The wise men from the East, the Scripture tells us, sought and reached through a painful and perilous journey an Infant in a stable, and their faith was not shocked at the lowly and helpless condition in which they found Him. The privations and suffering to which the Man God had voluntarily subjected Himself rather strengthened their faith and awakened in their souls feelings of deeper and tenderer endearment and affection for Him.

What is it that these pilgrim prelates travel over thousands and thousands of miles of land and sea to find and see at Rome? On arriving there they merely find one old man—a venerable old man, no doubt, but a venerable old man who is no longer free, who has been cruelly enslaved, who is confined within the precincts of a narrow spot of earth which he must not leave and beyond which he must be hardly allowed to live. Are they scandalized or is their faith shocked at the state of inferior and unnatural degradation and lowliness in which they find him? Quite the reverse. Peter's prisons and Peter's chains are, in the eyes of the faith, Peter's highest and noblest glories. And Leo's suffering and Leo's imprisonment, if not the cruellest, are at least the longest and most lingering of the sufferings even of Roman Pontiffs, and the fact exalts and enhances enormously the reverence, the affection and the love which these pilgrim prelates cherish for the august dignity of his sacred person and character.

Although a pilgrimage from this country to the Holy See undoubtedly is long, laborious and severely trying to the attenuated energies of a man of my years, yet its sacred character and nature, the important objects at which it aims and which it hopes to realize, the need in which the Holy Father stands of all the moral and material aid which the sympathies of his children can offer him, combine all together to soften and to sweeten its physical fatigues and discomforts. I go, therefore, now to Rome, and for the last time in my life to lay at the feet of the Holy Father, in your name, as well as in my own, the assurance of our allegiance, our loyalty and our love for himself personally, and for the Apostolic See. I go to visit the shrines of the apostles, and there, on holy ground, to offer up fervent prayers and sacrifices for your temporal, spiritual and eternal welfare; and earnestly to implore, above all things else, that not one entrusted to my care may be wanting to that glorious bead roll of saints whom our Lord will look on the last day from this diocese, as the fruit of His death and passion.

Another object of my visit will be to present to the Holy Father a full and comprehensive report of the state of religion in the diocese; to gladden his heart with the cheering and refreshing account which the vast majority of you have, in all truth, enabled me to give of your piety, your virtue and sanctity—the zeal with which you listen to the preaching of the Word of God; and above all of the fervor and frequency with which you approach the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist.

The Holy Church has been captivated by her Divine Founder to "a citadel built on a rock," against which the winds and tempests raised by the world and the devil will incessantly rave and

rage and dash themselves in vain fury, but over which they never can prevail, because it is founded on a rock. "Thou art Peter," said our Lord, "and on this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Now the Bishops of the whole world in communion with the Holy See are, as it were, the grand corner-stones of that spiritual edifice and it is through them that the spiritual strength which rises from the rock conveys itself even to the remotest parts of the superincumbent building. They are, as it were, the great arteries through which the Church's life-blood flows from her heart at Rome to her most remote extremities in every part of the world.

Now, it is principally through these visits, which the Bishops are bound by their oaths to pay periodically to Rome, that they fulfill this august function of their sacred ministry. It is then especially that their respective dioceses draw the largest measures of divine strength, health and vitality from the inexhaustible source of all supernatural life which is centred at Rome.

A Bishop's first great duty during his visit to Rome will be to fix and determine his own place and position, and to feel and find out the exact spot on which he actually stands. He must satisfy himself beyond all doubt that he stands firmly on the rock; that he has a solid, a safe and permanent foot hold there, and that he forms an integral and an harmonious component part of the edifice it supports and sustains.

Other inquiries will then suggest themselves to him, and fresh and unexpected lights will gradually break in on him, for his guidance and enlightenment. He will soon find that he has yet many things to learn, and that there are in his diocese many reforms yet to be introduced, and many abuses yet to be corrected; and he will see there many splendid models which he will feel it a duty to imitate and reproduce on his return home. It is only by comparing his faith with the faith of the centre of Catholic unity that he can be quite certain of its orthodoxy and soundness in all its details. It is only by contrasting the local discipline of his diocese with the discipline of the centre of Catholic unity, and the various religious and devotional practices prevailing at home with their counterparts at Rome, that he can be quite certain that in these particulars he is in perfect harmony and unity with the Universal Church.

The effort to improve, which he will then feel himself called upon to make—the Sarsum Corda—the raising up of his heart to strive after what is holiest and best will draw his flock as well as himself into closer and stricter conformity with the centre of Catholic unity. The higher and more perfect that union becomes the deeper and wider also becomes that great artery through which the Church's life blood flows from her heart at Rome to that distant member of hers in this diocese. A diocese that is not through its bishop in perfect union with the centre of Catholic unity at Rome is like a withered and lifeless branch which was severed from the trunk that was the source of its life. It cannot bloom or blossom or produce a good fruit any longer.

## GOES OVER TO ROME.

Brother Aloysius, Founder of the New  
Episcopal Religious Order, Becomes  
a Catholic.

While Bishop Potter, of New York, is in attendance at the Episcopal convention in Minneapolis, his flock is slipping away from him. No less a person than George R. Davidson, director of the much talked of Episcopal religious order, founded in New York a year ago, has "gone over to Rome." Bishop Potter strongly approved of the formation of the order, despite the fact that much adverse criticism was indulged in by Low churchmen, who objected to practices savouring so much of "Romanism." No doubt Bishop Potter, who is in Minneapolis, will be much surprised when he reads the dispatches in the press, giving notice of the event. The dispatch was as follows:

An interesting ceremony was performed on Sunday evening at St. Lawrence's church, New York City, when George W. Davidson, who was until Sunday sexton and director of a religious order in the High Ritualistic Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, made a confession of faith, received absolution and was afterwards baptized and received into the Roman Catholic Church. The Church of the Redeemer is a high Episcopal church. Mass is said there every day, confessions are heard, and the ceremonies used in the Catholic church in public worship is to be found there. Mr. Davidson is the third person to leave it for the Catholic Church. The first was Rev. Henry Austin Adams, formerly rector of the church. The second convert was Mrs. William Arnold, the daughter-in-law of the late Richard Arnold of Arnold & Constable.

FOUNDER OF A RELIGIOUS ORDER.  
Davidson was known in the Episcopal church as Brother Aloysius and was superior of the order of the Good Samaritan, attached to the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, about

whose formation so much has been written. He organized this body last year, and they were usually called "Brother Aloysius." As a member of the order Mr. Davidson ranked as a deacon of the work they undertook. On Oct. 3, 1891, Davidson took his first vows in the order, renouncing the world, and promising to devote the remainder of his days to church work and to the nursing of the sick. The final vows of the order are poverty, obedience and celibacy. As a member of the order Mr. Davidson ranked as a deacon of the church, and was known as Brother Aloysius. As a means of support during his probationary period he received a small salary for doing the work of a sexton about the church.

## WEARS A CASSOCK.

He has lectured on anatomy and physiology, and has studied medicine. In the meantime he has lived very economically, and occupied a room in the church. As a deacon of the church he was on the way to the priesthood. He has always been very religious, going to Mass every morning and saying some of the breviary offices. His habit is a black cassock, and he wears a grille, from which depends a crucifix by a leather thong. He wears a skull cap when indoors, and a short cape over the shoulders, like a Dominican Father.

## OTHER CONVERTS FROM THE SAME CHURCH.

Brother Aloysius is the third person to leave the Church of the Redeemer for the Catholic Church. The first was Henry Austin Adams, who, when rector of the church, was known as Father Adams. He announced his change of faith in a letter to the public on July 19, 1893, and since then has become well known in the Catholic Church as a writer and lecturer.

The second convert was Mrs. William Arnold, who was the wealthiest member of the church. A year ago last March Mrs. Arnold told her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Everett Johnson, that she had become a Catholic, and had been baptized by the Rev. Father Van Rensselaer. Mrs. Arnold was Miss Annie Stuart Cameron, was the daughter-in-law of the late Richard Arnold of Arnold, Constable & Co., New York. Her husband, when he died, left her an estate of \$2,000,000. The Church of the Redeemer is very High. Mass is said each day, confessions are heard, incense is burned, and vestments, lights, and crosses are used in public worship. More conversions are liable to follow that of Brother Aloysius.

## A HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.

The Orangeman, on his native heath, is no more picturesque or pleasing a figure than the Orangeman transplanted, and masquerading as an American "patriot." He is in either relation an ignorant, narrow, unscrupulous bigot. He prates about education for the safety of the State, but he knows nothing about the question; he raves about the perils to which the "Church" is exposed, but he never goes to church. The one absorbing passion of his life is hatred of the Roman Catholic Church, which he does not understand.

Recent Irish and English papers give the details of a Belfast incident which throws a strong sidelight upon the Orangeman. A man named Thomas Hutchinson resided in a tenement in Belfast. He occupied half a house in a very strong Orange section of the city. He was the only Catholic in the immediate neighborhood. The man from whom he hired the apartment was named Andrews; he was an ultra-Orangeman, and, of course, bitterly opposed to everything Catholic.

Hutchinson was taken suddenly ill. He had a perversely hemorrhage, and he was at the point of death. He wanted the ministrations of a priest. A messenger was dispatched to bring one to the house. The good Father came with all possible haste. He proceeded to the bedside of the dying man, and at once began to administer the last solemn rites of the Church. While engaged in this sacred duty he was interrupted by Andrews, the Orangeman, who told him that he would permit no English priest to enter his house. He railed at the dying man for accepting the services of a "Papist," and then, seizing the priest by the throat, tried to throw him down stairs. A policeman was summoned to the scene, and he arrived just in time to save the priest from bodily harm.

The infuriated Orange bigot next attacked the officer, but was finally overpowered and ejected from the premises. The sick man was thrown into a dangerous state of nervousness, and after a few hours he died. Andrews was arrested for assault, and brought to the police station. Meanwhile his wife continued to carry on the crusade which he had started. She threatened to throw the dead body out through the window, and the afflicted family were compelled to hurriedly remove the remains to another house under a police escort.

Mr. Andrews and his wife profess to be Christians and to respect the Christian religion. They are zealous Protestants. Yet they brutally assaulted a Christian minister of the gospel who was trying to comfort a Christian man in his last hours on earth. They raised a riot which, no doubt, tended to hasten

the poor man's death. They desecrated the chamber of death in which a human soul was passing away to meet its God in judgment, and they interrupted the most solemn offices of religion.

That is the sort of person the Orangeman is at home. What he is here the public already know. He is a Belfast bigot and his virago of a wife are types of the Orange faction. They will represent the spirit of fanaticism which led to the murder of an innocent man in East Boston on July 4. It was an Ulster Orangeman who fired the fatal shot that made Mrs. Willis a widow and made orphans of her little children.

These are the men who want to control the politics of America. A nice Christian state would that be which would be managed by such brutal fanatics, who respect neither religion nor the law nor common decency nor the solemn rites administered to dying Christians.—Boston Republic.

## THE POPE AND A HERETIC.

She Wore the Sign of the Faith and He Blessed Her.

Then we were ushered into a vast empty antechamber hung with tapestries, with a brazier of charcoal in the centre, where the chamberlain presently came and chatted with my friend and the Sisters who were there before us. Soon we were moved forward (like chessmen, I thought) into the audience chamber, where some nuns were kneeling in a row, and a sprinkling of bright uniforms relieved their blackness on the opposite side. Down went my friend on her knees, and the chamberlain touched my shoulder.

"It is a form," said he, in English; "comply with it."  
There was a Swiss guard with a drawn sword just behind, and what could I do but obey the voice?  
"Pray heaven I get out safe again!" was my cry in spirit, as I cast a terrified glance over my shoulder, for I have ever had a dread of soldiers.

When I turned my head again there was a milk-looking old gentleman clothed entirely in white, onto his slippers and mittens, talking glibly to the nuns in soft Italian. I drew back aghast, my friend as far as I could without impaling myself on the Swiss guard's naked sword when His Holiness came near us, and devoutly hoped he would not see me. But he gave us each a hand to kiss and exchanged questions and answers with my friend, whose family had known him when he was only a Cardinal. I had plenty of time to look at him, for she had much to say, and of course I understood not a word of their talk. I was just recovering from my nervousness when he turned to his chamberlain and asked in French, "Who is this lady, and why is she here?"  
"Oh," returned he, "she comes but as escort to her friend, and she is a heretic. Your Holiness need not trouble to speak to her."  
"It is she a heretic," said he, "why does she wear the sign of our faith?" touching as he spoke the cross round his neck.

The chamberlain shrugged his shoulders in embarrassment, but my friend took up the word.  
"She is no heretic, Holy Father," said she, warmly. "She is a good Christian, who nurses the sick and the poor, but she had the misfortune to be born in England—which is not to be laid to her door as a fault."  
"My daughter," said he kindly, "hand on my head and give me the other to kiss for a second time, 'I give you my blessing; prosper in your good works,' and he moved away.—Macmillan's Magazine.

## Christian Union.

Addressing the Catholic Truth Society of England the other day, Cardinal Vaughan made this memorable statement: "I need hardly say that the idea of my maintaining any position hostile to Reunion, or of my desiring to do anything to hinder what might promote it, is absolutely devoid of foundation. There is nothing we Catholics desire so ardently as to see England once more reconsecrated to the Unity of the Faith. There is nothing absolutely nothing—that we would not do to realize it. As to our allowing self-interest to find a place in the matter, the idea can only be entertained by those who do not know us—what we really think, what we really feel. I do not understand what is meant by the notion, which has been put about, that of course, if England and Rome were to draw together again, and more especially that of the Bishops and the Archbishop of Westminster, would

become impossible. If it meant that upon England once more becoming united to the Catholic Church it might be necessary or expedient for the good of religion that we, the actual Archbishop and Bishops, should efface ourselves, I have no hesitation in saying at once, gladly would we do so. Most certainly there is no one of us who would allow vague fears about possible results to our own position in consequence of Reunion, to dictate a policy of opposition to any honest and straightforward overtures made to the Holy See. This is the very object which we have most at heart, for which we have always labored and prayed, and to secure which no sacrifice we could possibly be called upon to make would be too great. To sacrifice life itself in such a cause would be an unspeakable privilege—so intensely do we desire the welfare of our fellow-countrymen, our brethren according to the flesh, in the Reunion of Christendom." If the accomplishment of the prayer of the Lord that His followers might all be one, depended upon us Catholics, it would not long be deferred.—Catholic Review.

## ANGLICAN CHURCH ENDOWMENTS.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:  
Sir, I notice by the last letter of your correspondent, L. Stone, of Montreal, that he invites you, or some one of your correspondents, to show that the property of the Catholic Church in England at the Reformation was transferred to the Church that was established after the Reformation, the present Anglican Establishment. This is a favorite challenge of the members of the Church Defence Institute, but if there is any reliance to be placed on English historians the answer is not difficult to find.

A certain Anglican minister, R. C. Fillingham, Vicar of Hexton, England, wrote to the Westminster Gazette in correspondence with a gentleman who wishes him to point out by what Act of Parliament such transfer of Endowments was made. The answer is, however, extremely simple. May I be allowed to satisfy such inquiries by giving it? The transaction was effected by virtue of 1 Eliz. c. 1. (1559) by which all who continued members of the pre-Reformation Church (which believed in the supremacy of the Pope, the sacrifice of Masses, etc.) were deprived of all their emoluments, churches and benefices, and these were handed over to the members of the Post Reformation Church (which acknowledged the supremacy of the Queen and considered the sacrifice of Masses "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," etc.) Whether the transfer of endowments was made by Act of Parliament or not it is not clear without any doubt. Mr. Stone can learn from the Act of the standard works on English history that all the Catholic Bishops, except one, were deposed in the reign of Elizabeth, and others intruded into their places. Hallam, in speaking of their deposition, (Const. Hist. vol. 1, chap. iii) says: "Their number happened not to exceed sixteen, one of whom was prevailed on to conform; while the rest, refusing the oath of supremacy, were deprived of their Bishoprics by the Court of Ecclesiastical High Commission." The Anglican Bishop Short, in speaking of the same matter, says: "All the Bishops, with the exception of one only, Kitchin, of Llandaf, refused to do so (take the oath of supremacy) and were ejected from their sees to the number of fourteen." (Hist. Ch. of England, pp. 130-21.) This should suffice to make it clear that the Catholic Bishops were deposed.

The question now naturally arises: Who superseded the deposed Bishops? Were they Catholic or Protestant? Were they necessarily have subscribed to the oath of supremacy, otherwise they could not obtain the vacant sees; consequently they were Protestant. To establish this fact in another way let us see what history has to say on the subject:

"Men eminent for their zeal in the Protestant cause, and most of them exiles during the persecution, occupied the vacant sees." (Hallam, Const. Hist. vol. 1, chap. iii.)  
"Protestantism was established by Edward; the Catholic Church was restored by Mary; Protestantism was again established by Elizabeth." (Macaulay's Essay on Lord Burleigh.)  
"The Church of England first ceased to be a member of the Church of Rome during the reign of Henry VIII, but it could hardly be called Protestant till that of Edward VI." (During the short reign of Edward VI. it became entirely Protestant, and, in point of doctrine, assumed its present form.) (Bishop Short's Hist. Ch. of England, p. 593.)

"But a historian (Barnet), whose bias was certainly not unfavorable to Protestantism, confesses that all en-

deavors were too weak to overcome the aversion of the people toward reformation, and even intimates that German troops were sent for from Calais, on account of the bigotry which the bulk of the nation adhered to the old superstition. This is a somewhat humiliating admission, that the Protestant faith was imposed on our ancestors by a foreign army." (Hallam Const. Hist. vol. 1, chap. ii.)

A great many more quotations could be produced to show that Protestantism was introduced into England by the Reformation, and as there is no historical evidence to prove that any other religion was established by any English Parliament subsequent to the first year of Elizabeth it must necessarily be the State religion at the present day. The following extract from one of the questions of the Coronation Oath to be administered to every king and queen at the time of their coronation by an Archbishop or Bishop of the Anglican Church, will confirm this: "Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law?" To all of which Queen Victoria answered in the affirmative.

We have now seen that Protestantism was introduced into England at the Reformation, and that the Catholic Bishops were ejected from their bishoprics and Protestant bishops intruded into the vacant sees in the reign of Elizabeth. In the face of a large mass of historical testimony, only a little of which I quoted in this letter, I cannot see how the Continuity "faddists" can maintain that the Post-Reformation Church of England is identical with the Pre-Reformation Church and that there was no transfer of Church Endowments when the Catholic Bishops were replaced in the reign of Elizabeth by Protestant bishops, who subscribed to the oath of supremacy.

A. B. MACDONALD,  
Prescott, Ont., 18th Oct., 1895.

## TO PREACH THE TRUTH.

Missions for Non-Catholics in the Diocese of Cleveland.

In the diocese of Cleveland, the Rev. Walter Elliot, of the Paulist Fathers of New York, assisted by the Rev. W. S. Kress, of Bowling Green, Ohio, have been very successful in his missions to non-Catholics. Bishop Hornstrom, the head of the diocese, has appointed Father Kress and Father E. P. Graham to carry on the work inaugurated by the Paulist missionary. Father Kress has issued a circular explaining to the priests of the Cleveland diocese the plans for pushing this mission work among non-Catholics. In this circular Father Kress says:

Realizing the urgent need of dispelling the clouds of misapprehension and false representation that obscure the path of so many, who are in search of divine truth, keeping them away from the doors of that Church where alone they can find lasting peace, an effort was made in this diocese during the past year to bring Catholic teaching before the great mass of non-Catholics in Northern Ohio. It is estimated that 35,000 non-Catholics attended the lectures given by Father Elliot and his associates, and it is safe to say that a majority of these never listened to an explanation of Catholic doctrine from a friendly source before. The good that was accomplished by the Public Hall lectures cannot be calculated by figures; some converts were made outright, and in every case much of that prejudice which is working such a cruel wrong to our Catholic brethren was removed. In every instance much good was accomplished among Catholics themselves.

It is evident that if much fruit is to be gathered from this Public Hall apostolate the work must be made permanent; the same ground must be gone over again and again, one series of lectures must succeed another, each as far as it is possible, more attractive and more instructive than its predecessor. The soil must be prepared, the good seed sown, the tender plant guarded against weeds and thistles and the drought, and when all this is done God is bound to give the increase.

The Right Rev. Bishop, approving of the work, has undertaken to make the non-Catholic apostolate a permanent feature of the diocese. He gave the little mission band a spiritual incorporation, naming it the "Apostolate of St. Francis de Sales." He set apart from parochial duties two of the secular clergy, Father E. P. Graham and myself, and assigned to us the diocesan mission. This number is to be added to in the course of time, until it becomes large enough to give every parish priest all the assistance he may require in reaching his non-Catholic subjects.

By leaving what is practically good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are a part of the Divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

When God throws His arms around a soul and draws that soul away from its companions, and to Himself, then that soul very busily, but the loneliness is but the being gathered to the heart of God.

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**CHAPTER XVII.**

Again came the day of trial, and the sun shone as brightly as it had done on that same day a week ago, but interest and expectation were more violent, and feminine hearts palpitated quicker with hope and desire that the prisoner, through his counsel might defeat the law.

Mrs. Delmar and Louise, both in the very brightest of summer attire, wore early in their places; the elder lady in an agony lest the pearl powder, with which she had plentifully overlaid her complexion in order to give a pale, interesting look to her features, should lose its effect in the crowded courtroom, was vigorously fanning herself. The younger, paler than it was her wont to be, though not by artificial means, was absorbed in thoughts of the visits she had made to the prison during the week.

She had gone daily, always accompanied by her mother, and Hubert had not submitted to the infliction with his former graciousness. He had not, it is true, openly wounded their sensitiveness; he had not rebuked them for their unkindness to Margaret, but it was only for Eugene's sake he had refrained—simple, frank, generous Eugene, who made daily visits also, and each time showed a friendship so deep, so sincere, that more than once Hubert caught the young fellow's hand, and murmured:

"What have I done to merit this?"

Between the young men, the subject of Margaret's treatment by Mrs. Delmar and her daughter was silently but mutually tabooed. Eugene shrank from making excuses for it, the falsity of which apologies he knew would be so apparent, and Hubert forebore to speak of that which he knew to be beyond Eugene's control, or influence.

But though he restrained the scathing rebuke which rose hotly to his lips when Mrs. Delmar paraded her affectionate interest in him, he was cynical and sarcastic in his conversation to her and Louise; he talked of the young lady, not to her any more, and when they prolonged their interview he became taciturn, and almost morose.

"It is anxiety about his trial that makes him so unlike himself," said Mrs. Delmar, "but once that terror is past we shall have him more charming in his manner than ever."

Perhaps her daughter's heart did not credit that prophecy, for love is attended by so many fears that hope itself is often dashed—and alas! for the happiness, for the peace of Louise Delmar's future life, her mother's lessons had been but too well learned. She loved Hubert Bernot with all the uncontrollable passion of her warped and shallow nature. His cynicism, his sarcasm, the very observations he launched at her from summits so far above her mental grasp, were but as chains binding her to the heights on which he stood, but chains that would never draw her from her own level—she would only hold her in a hopeless, weary, broken hearted bondage.

Yet, with that strange passion, there came to her, perhaps for the first time in her life, desires for a different life from the one she was living—softened, chastened feelings that made her turn impatiently from the constant parade of her mother's vanity, and which might, if properly guided, have made her a better, truer woman for the

future. She even felt kindly to Margaret Calvert. There was no jealousy of her, for she supposed, in common with the fashionable world, that Margaret was betrothed to Plowden, and was she not deterred by a certain awe of her mother, she would have proffered, even at that late day, her sympathy to Hubert's cousin.

Margaret sat alone, and a little apart from a group of severe-looking ladies, whose comments were sometimes so loud as to violate the laws of good-breeding. They were often distinctly audible to the motionless girl, but if their petty malice called painful blushes to her cheeks, or caused her bosom to heave with throbs of wounded feeling, the thick veil screened the one, and the large loose folds of the friendly cloak, concealed the other.

"She is so forward," said a modern-looking Diana, knitting her brows, and darting a glance of scornful indignation at Margaret.

"It is certainly very bold and unfeeling in her to sit there so calm when her cousin's life is perhaps in imminent danger," said another elegant fair one, to whom Margaret, because of Mr. Plowden's attentions, had long been an object of sore envy.

"That is true," replied a third with a fashionable lip, "and it proves how just was dear Mrs. Delmar's decision regarding Miss Calvert's remission into our society. How glad I am that she caused us to decide then not to admit her under any circumstances; now, of course, she has forfeited all right."

"Certainly," responded the modern-looking Diana, "but we should have remembered in the first place, her obscure condition—that she has no fortune in her own right—absolutely nothing but what her aunt and cousin choose to give her."

There were hotter blushes on the veiled face, and a quicker beating of the sad heart under the friendly cloak. It was true that Margaret had only what her aunt and cousin choose to give her, but owing to Madame Bernot's tender, affectionate care she had been spared the feeling of dependence which usually accompanies such bounty.

Now, however, strangers, or rather unfamiliar acquaintances, flaunted it in her hearing, and she sickeningly realized that it was her poverty and dependence which made her a criminal in the eyes of fashionable society—which made the latter refuse to tender to her the sympathy that would have been lavishly given to a wealthy sister similarly placed.

"But do you think it possible," said the lady to whom Margaret was an object of such envy, "that Mr. Plowden will really marry her after all that has happened and that may still happen?"

"Oh, certainly," was the reply, "for, as Mrs. Delmar says, persons of her stamp being so directly the opposite of the distinguished Mr. Plowden, have many artificial ways by which to entrap gentlemen like him."

Goaded to the quick, Margaret Calvert involuntarily raised her veil; per chance the magnetism of her gaze compelled each of the fair slanderers to look directly at her. The interchange of looks lasted but an instant, for she dropped her veil as suddenly as she had raised it, but the libelous remarks ceased—something in her face had awed the affrontery of even these women of fashion.

Mrs. Delmar, whose name had occurred so frequently in their comments, was smiling, and bowing to them from an opposite part of the house; she had been careful not to obtain seats too near that "odious Margaret Calvert," as she now invariably termed Hubert's cousin, and they returned the salutations with smiles and smiles, which they supposed to be graceful and becoming.

Margaret's eyes mechanically followed the direction of their glances, till they too rested on the interestingly pale features of Mrs. Delmar, who was still wielding her jewel-encased fan.

She smiled faintly, as, for a moment, she remembered that lady's former treatment—the almost motherly affection with which she was wont to receive her—and now to learn that this same estimable matron had been urging her friends to close the portals of society to the defenseless girl.

"For what?" Margaret asked herself, for, with all her sorrow and anxiety for Hubert, with all her dislike of the fashionable world, its coldness, and uncharitableness stabbed her to the quick.

The prisoner appeared, and immediately Margaret's thoughts and emotions became centered in him.

He was paler and more attenuated looking than he had been even on the previous trial-day, but his mien and gait were as firm, as free from awkwardness, or embarrassment, as they had been on the former occasion. His eyes rested on Margaret, only turning from her as if to study Plowden's face. He seemed quite regardless of the multitude of stares bent upon him—the buzz of whispered remarks which his appearance caused.

If the ordeal through which Bertoni had passed during the previous week had produced any strange, or untoward effect on the great lawyer, that effect was successfully concealed. He was the same grand eloquent counsel, sweeping obstacles before him with one stroke of his mastery precision, and bringing to the surface substances, that another and less able pleader could not have distinguished from the shadows lying on the stream.

Grand and triumphant, he made even less effort to conceal his triumph than he had done on the former occasion. If on that former occasion he

had seemed to breathe certainty of success with every word he uttered, there was now a strange defiance in his very manner—a peculiar concentration on self, that told more than the magnificent sentences he uttered, how he knew and felt the power which was within him—how he defied even "Roquelare."

And Plowden's brow darkened, and Plowden's hand which he had thrust into his breast, clinched till the nails sunk through the flesh; for the Plowden knew that, though Bertoni was now an expelled member of "Roquelare," yet that body, in order that no stain might be cast upon itself, would afford every assistance to the counsel for the success of the prosecution.

Perhaps that which exerted on uninitiated spectators an effect as peculiar as Bertoni's thrilling words, was the strange manner with which the latter gesticulated with his left arm—slow, methodical motions, as if each one had been carefully studied and had as deep and important a meaning attached to it, as the very sentences he declaimed. Frequently a certain gesture disclosed the red bandage about his wrist, and Plowden, giving to those motions a closer attention even than he paid to the eloquent speech, grew ghastly when the crimson bandage came in sight.

The spectators were the first witnesses examined—not lengthy, minute examinations such as they had anticipated, and for which they fancied they were prepared—but a few, subtle questions that brought out the evidence in a clear, unmistakable manner. Their preparatory caution was not proof against the lawyer's cunning—their very zeal to serve Hubert's cause was but a foil to his wary attacks. He puzzled them with his adroit turns; he worked on their honest consciences, till, in sheer desperation, they said more damaging things than, in their simplicity, they would have dreamed it possible to have spoken, and not all Plowden's careful cross examination, conducted at first solely to calm the agitation, could restore their self-possession.

Perhaps the most self-possessed was Hannah Moore; she stepped up when her name was called with an assumption of fearlessness which was far from feeling, and which would have been ludicrous had not her genuine woman's heart shone so plainly through it all. She stood before the prosecuting counsel with a manner that indicated as plainly as if she had spoken:

"You'll get nothing out of me."

But alas! for even Hannah Moore's staunch determination; the able lawyer shook even that; however, though he compelled her to fully corroborate the testimony already given by her fellow servants, he did not draw from her what Margaret had told her of Hubert's crime, nor her knowledge of Hubert's presence in his own home on the night of the murder.

Perchance her straightforward, brusque manner disarmed the counsel of an aspersion which honest Mr. Namee's somewhat confused evidence had roused, or that he deemed her corroboration of the preceding testimony all that was necessary, for the chief stress of his examination seemed to be applied to that particular point.

When on the close of her examination, she stepped from the witness-stand, her broad, full face as red as a peony, and her hands holding her shawl in a most awkward and uncomfortable fashion, she was too confused and too agitated to remember correctly all that she had said, and though, having a dim idea that she had not disclosed certain facts which would have done much to criminate more deeply her young master, she was still disquieted and provoked with herself at being so "flustered," as she afterward expressed it; and under the influence of these same feelings, when "Samuel Lewis" was called, she pulled back the little man to whisper excitedly in tones audible to every one in the vicinity.

"Mind now, and don't be a fool—have your wits about you."

But the little man's wits played him a very shabby and malicious trick. They would settle to nothing, but flew off in a most ungallant fashion, leaving his mind in a condition neither to understand a question, nor to answer it properly when he did duly comprehend its import. He went off into the most lugubrious explanations of his intimacy with Liverspin, as if he was there and then begging pardon of Margaret; he whined out doleful apologies for what he had told the comedian, and he burst into involuntary eruptions on the goodness of Mr. Bernot and Miss Calvert, but to obtain a straightforward answer to any of his questions, Bertoni utterly failed.

Plowden, for the first time that morning, smiled as he saw the growing ire of the prosecuting counsel—the great pleader baffled by a man who had scarcely the common modicum of mind. At length, yielding to his impatience and annoyance, Bertoni thundered out a last question to the witness; but the poor little under-waiter, terrified by the tone and mien of the counsel, broke down into a childish blubber of tears.

There was a general titter, for poor little Sam's self-indulgence was ludicrous, and Plowden smiled again, and he permitted the little man to retire with out cross-examining him, for he knew that evidence at least had not helped the prosecution.

Order was restored, and heads were again thrust forward, and ears were once more strained to catch every word of the next testimony.

Bertoni seemed to have recovered

from his annoyance, and his eyes met Plowden's with an expression of triumph as "Mrs. Murburd," was summoned to the stand.

Plowden started—an unequivocal, and plainly uncontrollable start that attracted the surprised attention of those in his immediate vicinity—and he bent forward with an excited eagerness which he made no attempt to conceal. Margaret Calvert also started, and a sudden icy pressure about her heart. Well indeed must "Roquelare" have worked to ferret out this witness.

The prisoner did not start, but he smiled as if in triumph. He had felt that "Roquelare," so powerful, so vigilant, would not fail to discover this witness so important, and alas! so fatal to him; but he had not spoken of his impression even to Margaret.

The witness—it was with difficulty that she could be induced, or forced to the stand, and people turned, and rose in their seats at the commotion made by her resistance. At length, she yielded to some one who seemed rather a grim guard than a kindly protector, and there appeared at last in full sight of the curious crowd, an old, excited, and apparently very much frightened lady. Her bonnet had become awry; her rich, old-fashioned brocade shawl had lost its fastening and hung awkwardly suspended from one shoulder, while her shriveled hands, kept nervously opening and closing on a little leather bag.

That she was a gentlewoman of no mean pretensions to refinement and even wealth, was evident, despite the awkwardness rising from her strange position and the disarrangement of her dress, and that she possessed the natural modesty and kindly feeling which mark the true woman, was evident from the expression of her face, now covered with a blush as bright as if she had been sixteen instead of sixty.

She seemed to be very much frightened, and a feeling of pity mingled with the involuntary respect for her which surged up in even some of the callous hearts of the jurors.

Bertoni at first framed his questions more with a desire to calm her agitation and to soothe her into forgetfulness of her strange position, than to bring out her direct testimony, and he succeeded so far that when he returned to his usual mode of examination she was able to give with tolerable unembarrassment the evidence that made Plowden grow ghastly than he had done at the sight of Bertoni's bandaged wrist; that made Margaret Calvert groan faint, but which had no other effect upon the prisoner than to bring into his face a more animated almost a joyous look, for that evidence was a gigantic stride toward the justice he coveted.

"My name is Murburd," "Amelia Murburd," she said with a painful tremulousness, and speaking hastily as if her evidence had been prepared beforehand, but having been banished from her mind by subsequent agitation, was only now returning.

"I am a widow and reside in C—, on the Hudson; I have one son, Hugh Murburd; my son and Mr. Bernot were at college together—" her voice suddenly sank, and her nervous hands spasmodically closed on the little leather bag, as if by that gesture she was quelling some emotion.

"Go on," said Bertoni in a significant tone, and as if she were impelled by some fear, she resumed, her voice trembling more painfully than before.

"When their time at college expired they arranged to travel together, and Mr. Bernot came to my house on the third of September, twenty three months ago; my son was from home, and I was attending on a dying friend, but I looked for his return every day, and Mr. Bernot remained with me; but Hugh was detained longer than he had expected and when Mr. Bernot had been in my house a week I received a despatch from a lawyer in this city requiring the immediate presence of my son or myself, or some trustworthy person, to arrange about some property which was mine by right of law. I disliked to summon Hugh from his friend, of whom he had written on that same day that he could not last but a few hours; I was too unwell to obey the summons myself. Mr. Bernot, on hearing the circumstances, kindly offered his services, and I accepted."

"He went on the afternoon of the tenth of September. He returned early on the morning of the twelfth, bearing some papers that the lawyer had given him for me. He had transacted my business on that same evening of the day he had left me and he brought me such good news about my property that it put me in very good spirits and I thanked him warmly. I was a little surprised at the way he replied to my thanks; he seized my hands and asked me if my son did something very, very wrong, and looked into my face afterwards and received my blessing as if he were still innocent, would I forgive him—would I love him as I did before, if ever I should come to know of what he did? And I answered of course I would, if he was sorry; and then I asked him if such was his case, but he shook his head and laughed in his gay way, and replied that he had only been playing on my mother's fears; that we mothers were all alike, and he was just then thinking of the parting words of his own mother."

"Hugh had not yet returned, and all that day I could not refrain from watching Mr. Bernot; I was afraid he had got into some trouble as young men sometimes do, and knowing that his mother was a confirmed invalid, I was anxious if I could to help him, but every time I approached the subject he

turned it with some bit of pleasantry. Hugh came back the next day, and insisted, as so much time had been lost, that they should start that evening.

"I had intended to mention my suspicions regarding Mr. Bernot, to my son, but in the bustle of such hurried preparations I had no opportunity. While they were partaking of a hasty repast I was tying some parcels for the same apartment, I asked Hugh for a knife to cut a cord, and Mr. Bernot offered his, showing me how to open it by a spring in the handle. It was different from any knife I had ever seen before, having such peculiar shaped blades, and I continued to look at it after I had used it, till Mr. Bernot took it hastily and I thought somewhat rudely, from my grasp, at which my son said, laughingly:

"Why, you aren't to be chary of letting others see that wonderful knife—that is the matter with it now? Have you been committing a murder with it?"

"My son had bent his head to his plate again, but I was looking at Mr. Bernot, and I saw him grow so pale that I thought he was going to faint. I was too much surprised to speak, and before I could recover myself he was tendering me the knife again, with an apology for his rudeness; and he added that there was an interesting memory about it which made it a very valuable object in his eyes. My son looked up and asked:

"Since when? You did not speak of any memory being connected with it when we college fellows used to admire its construction?"

"Mr. Bernot made some laughing reply—I can't distinctly remember what; and having finished their repast both started up to hasten preparations for their departure. I remember distinctly events just as they happened at that particular time because my mind was uneasy about Mr. Bernot. I kept thinking about his poor, helpless mother, and worrying about what I ought to do, for her sake, for the young man if he was in trouble."

"I wanted to speak to my son more than ever, but there was not a single opportunity, and the two seemed so happy and so full of spirits that I thought perhaps it was as well to have no chance of dampening Hugh with my suspicions."

"They were gone eight months, and Hugh's letters always said that they were both enjoying everything to the utmost."

"I knew nothing of this murder, for in my quiet home, when my son is not there, very little of the outside world ever enters. And when Hugh came home and told me of the pleasant time he had, and how much good the tour had seemed to do Mr. Bernot, and how gay Mr. Bernot had been, I was glad that I had not spoken to my son."

"One day, in looking over Hugh's things I found some old newspapers carefully stored away—it was not his habit to save anything of the kind, and I wondered what important news they could contain, especially as they were the city papers dated about eight months before. I opened them and found accounts of the investigation of Cecil Clare's murder. I had never seen Miss Calvert, but I had heard Mr. Bernot frequently speak of her as his cousin, and when I read about her visit to the morgue, her identification of the murdered man as one who had been known to the family, her trial, and when I saw Mr. Bernot's name, my heart seemed to stand still; and Mr. Bernot's paleness when Hugh remarked about the knife, and Mr. Bernot's own strange observation to me when he returned from the city after executing my commission, all rushed to my mind. I tried to think but I could not, I was so numb with horror; and then my son hoarding those papers, it seemed to me that he must know if his friend was guilty."

"I put the papers back, and that night I told Hugh how I had read them, and I told him then for the first time, all my former suspicions and anxiety regarding the young man."

"But Hugh became angry. He said it was unlike me to have suspicions of any one, and least of all, of one of my friends; that he could vouch for Hubert Bernot being an honorable, noble, young fellow, and little likely to get into any such trouble as I feared; that his mysterious connection with the murder case arose from the fact that in former years the murdered man had been intimately known to the Bernot family, and that he (Hugh) had simply preserved the papers, because the whole was such a peculiar and uncommon affair."

"And when I asked my son if Mr. Bernot had not been very much annoyed at having his name brought in such a way before the public; and concerned that his cousin should have been subjected to such a painful ordeal as that legal examination, he answered 'yes,' and 'no,' and 'I don't know,' all in the same breath, and in such a queer, hurried manner, that I was very much perplexed and troubled."

"Hugh saw that, and he asked me for his sake to banish the whole matter from my mind—that in any event it was no business of mine. But though I did not speak of it again I could not help thinking about it."

"When Hugh was home about two months, it became necessary for us to go abroad, in order to have a final decision about my property, and we were gone a little over eight months. Shortly after our return—"

"She stopped abruptly, as if that part of her well-earned lesson had suddenly escaped her memory."

"Well, after your return," said Bertoni, soothingly, and as if his voice

some bit of pleasantry. The next day, and in such time had been lost, I started that evening. I wanted to mention my suspicion of Mr. Bernot, to my mother, but she had no opportunity. I was taking of a hasty note some parcels in the morning. I asked Hugh for a cord, and Mr. Bernot was willing me how to open it in the handle. It was any knife I had ever having such peculiar and I continued to look at it, till Mr. Bernot took it, and I thought some- one's grasp, at which I was smilingly.

had the required effect, she resumed: "We learned of Mr. Bernot's confession and arrest, and my son left me to visit him. He telegraphed to me that he would be obliged to stay in order to give his evidence in the case, and then I was brought somewhere here — she put her hand to her forehead, as if trying to remember — and I fell sick with worrying about Hugh. "After that somebody instructed me what to do, and I was brought here to testify against this poor young man. I didn't want to do it—I hope he won't take it unkindly of me, but I had to—I had to." She broke down into piteous sobbing, and even the ladies who had employed Margaret, applied their gossamer handkerchiefs to their eyes in apparent sympathy. Berton seemed to regard that evidence as sufficient, for he smiled slightly, and leaned back with a self-satisfied air, while Plowden waited for the old lady's emotion to subside. Plowden's countenance wore no hopeful look, nor did his manner evince even the usual energy with which he went to begin his cross examination. He knew that he could gain nothing for the defense from that witness; that he could not weaken her testimony at any point—a testimony which would tell fearfully against the accused. He could only verify his suspicions of the subtle, underhand way in which Berton must have worked to obtain this evidence. When the old lady had dried her tears with a substantial handkerchief which she took from the bag, and when she had been made to comprehend that she was not yet free to descend from the witness-stand, Plowden began his apparently useless questions. He gave them a drift which set the witness talking of her own feelings upon the present trying occasion, and after one or two adroit turns he drew from her the whole story of how she came to be in her present position. She told it in her simple, natural way, becoming so absorbed in the recital as to appear to be conscious alone of Plowden's presence. "While my son was home after his tour with Mr. Bernot, a strange, elderly gentleman came to our house one afternoon, inquiring for Hugh, and when Hugh saw him they were a long time talking together. I wondered what the conversation was about, but my son did not want to tell me, but he said to me, that if the strange gentleman, who had given his name as Mr. Walter Conyer, should speak to me about Hubert Bernot I was not to tell him that Mr. Bernot had executed any commission for me in the city. I was to say nothing more than Mr. Bernot was a very good young man. "But Mr. Conyer, often as he called, never alluded to Mr. Bernot in my presence. When we had taken passage for New Zealand, almost the first person we met on board the steamer, the morning that we sailed, was Mr. Conyer, and I was surprised to find that he was going abroad also. "My son did not seem to like it, and he said to me impatiently that I did wrong to tell Mr. Conyer the particulars about the time of our sailing; but I had only mentioned it in conversation a week or two before, and he told us when we met on board that it was a sudden case of pressing business which was taking him to England. "I asked my son what was the matter — what cause of dislike he had to Mr. Conyer? but he only answered: "Oh! nothing in particular; and it's a parcel of lies anyway." "I begged him to tell me what he meant, but he grew angry at my persistency, saying it was no matter for a woman any how, and I desisted, seeing his reluctance to tell me. "He kept aloof from Mr. Conyer, but Mr. Conyer did not appear to mind that. He used to come up in his pleasant, gentlemanly way, and say such kind things about my son that my heart warmed to him. "When we arrived in England we found there was a great deal of trouble and expense that we had not calculated on, and Hugh was almost in despair; but Mr. Conyer behaved very cleverly. Somehow, he seemed to know almost before he asked me, where our difficulties lay, and he seemed to have a great many friends. He introduced Hugh to some of them, and straightway my son's anxiety appeared to lessen, and his cheerful spirits to return. "I heard him answer one day, when Mr. Conyer had been trying to impress on him the advantages which would be gained if he, my son, would follow a certain course. "I am afraid by my coldness in the past, I have wronged you, Mr. Conyer; if so, my friendship in the future shall atone for my fault. "And they shook hands and went out together. I was very glad, for I thought Mr. Conyer was a good friend; and when Mr. Conyer dropped in upon me the next day, and found me alone, I could not refrain from opening my heart to him, and telling him how grateful I was for his kindness, and how I wished I could do him some service. "He put his hand to his breast and bowed his head in such a way that for an instant I thought he was crying, and when he looked up he seemed so sad my heart ached for him. "Mrs. Murbard, he said, "if it was in your power to help me save the son of a dearly loved friend of mine from a doom that is surely approaching him, you would make me the happiest man in existence. This son was a college mate of your own noble boy, and you know him also—Hubert Bernot. He is secretly charged with

the crime of murder, and I have reason to fear that detectives are on his track. But let him be guilty or not I shall do all in my power to save him for his mother's sake—his mother who has once the cherished object of my affection, but who refused to return my regard; she said I bore her malice because of my rejection, but if I can save her son, that act will show her that I not only bear her malice, but that the love which I once professed for her has burned as brightly through those years as when I first laid it at her feet." "Those were his very words, I cannot help remembering them distinctly, for I was so struck I couldn't answer him but he went on without seeming to mind. TO BE CONTINUED

BY WAY OF THE CROSS. "Hilda, my dear, do you know where I found Tot?" asked the Rev. Edgar King, entering his wife's room with a very small and dirty specimen of humanity perched upon his shoulder. Mrs. King looked up from her book with a smile. "I am sure I cannot say. In mischief as usual, though, I have no doubt." "Playing on the edge of the landslide between here and Major Wood's bungalow, with a baby monkey that she must have coaxed down from a tree." "Good gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. King, turning pale. The spot her husband had mentioned was one of the most dangerous of the narrow hill paths with which the Cherat abounded. "Was Bella not with her?" "No, the child was alone. I think you had better send that woman away and get somebody else. I suspect she is addicted to opium and is probably at the present moment lying asleep somewhere." As he spoke, Mr. King swung his little daughter to the ground and began to wipe her grimy hands with his handkerchief, a proceeding that his wife put a summary stop to, by picking the baby up and leaving the room in search of the delinquent nurse. The result of this incident was the discharge of Bella, and the installation in her place of a young native girl of seventeen, who came to Mrs. King with the best of references from former employers. "What is your name?" asked the minister's wife when the bargain was concluded. "Agnes, memsahib," was the unexpected reply. "Agnes!" in a tone of surprise. "How did you come by that pretty name?" "The holy Sisters gave it to me when I was baptized, memsahib." Mrs. King's delicate brows contracted and a slight flush rose in her pale cheeks. "You are then a Christian and a Catholic?" she asked, tapping her fingers restlessly on the table beside which she was sitting. "Yes, memsahib." "How did you happen to meet with the Sisters, and where?" "My father was a peon for the convent at Kusawli, and when he became a Christian I became one also, and then I was servant at the convent for a little while." Mrs. King seemed scarcely to have heard the answer to her last question, for she remained silently gazing out of the window at the distant sunlit hills with eyes in which a slight movement of sad yearning. A slight movement on the part of the native girl at length aroused her, and she turned her face toward her again, and said in a weary tone: "Very well, Agnes, that will do. You may come to-morrow." The girl made a salaam and withdrew. When she was gone Mrs. King rose to her feet and began to pace the room with nervous, hurried steps, her hands clasped tightly before her and her face pale and drawn as with pain. "God help me," she whispered to herself at last, coming to a halt and brushing the hair back from her forehead with hot, trembling hands. "Am I never to have peace? never to forget?" At that moment the door opened and her husband entered. His quick glance at once took in her agitation, and he hastened to her side, exclaiming: "Hilda, my dearest, what is it?" "It seemed for a hardly perceptible instant as if she would have shrunk from the arm that he put around her, but the feeling of repulsion, if such it were, passed before he noticed it, and she laid her head against his shoulder and burst into a passion of weeping. He waited until the violence of the outburst had exhausted itself, and then led her to a chair and sat down beside her, still keeping her hand in a firm clasp. "Now, darling, tell me what has gone wrong," he said soothingly. "Are you ill?" "No, oh no!" she answered, resting her head wearily against the back of her chair and brushing away the tears as they welled up. "But I am so unhappy, Edgar, so very unhappy. I do not think I shall ever know peace of soul again." Mr. King's face clouded and his hand tightened over hers. "Is it the old trouble again, Hilda?" he asked sadly. "If it would but grow old," she said hopelessly. "But it is ever new, ever fresh. Not an hour passes in which I am not reminded of my faithlessness to God; not a day in which something does not occur to recall to me that I have bartered heaven for earth. Why do you tempt me, Edgar? Oh, why did you do it?" and again the storm of grief broke forth. "Hilda, my dear, my dear," said

Mr. King imploringly, "will you never rid yourself of this chimera? Have I not proved to you over and over again that in passing from the Roman to the Anglican communion you have but passed from one branch of the Catholic Church to another in which your eternal salvation is just as secure? Do you think I would remain in my present position if I did not believe firmly in this doctrine?" "If I could only think the same," faltered Mrs. King between her sobs; "but I cannot. Faith, instinct, fancy, call it what you will, warns me I have done wrong, and while I feel I cannot be happy. Yet have not the courage to turn back, and face the consequences of my return to the faith of my girlhood?" "What particular circumstance led to these sad thoughts of day?" asked Mr. King, trying to lead her indirectly from the subject. "The new ayah I have engaged for 'Tot' is a Catholic, and in our conversation to day she mentioned the nuns at Kusawli. It was like a dagger thrust in my heart. You know I was educated at Kusawli convent. "I am not likely to forget that I owe the best of wives to the training of the good nuns," was the gallant answer. "Come now, dearest, dry up those tears and try to believe with me, that though Rome does not recognize us just yet, she will do so some day, and in the meantime you have not ceased to belong to the Church of Christ. Run away now and put on your habit and we will go for a ride. The fresh air will soon blow these megrims away." Slowly and sadly Mrs. King sought her room and dressed herself for a ride. She could and did did her tears in obedience to her husband's request, but it was beyond his power or hers to bid the pang of outraged conscience cease. Day and night she was tormented by the recollection of what she had done, and, to add to the desolation of her heart, she felt that every tear she had shed over her own apostasy was a drop of water upon the flame of the undisciplined passion which had led her to her unhappy marriage. Disguise it from herself as she would, she could not help feeling that the anguish she had brought upon herself for his sake was gradually out surely sapping her love for her husband. Sometimes she would look forward shudderingly to the time when he would become hateful to her and she to him, and then she would fly from her own thoughts and plunge into church affairs with such feverish energy that he was frequently deceived into thinking she had at last become converted to his views, a state of beautitude from which he was invariably recalled by discovering that she had slipped away, sometimes on Sunday evenings, to the little Catholic chapel up on the hill near by—visits from which she returned in greater depression of spirits than ever. Although Mr. King did not know it, it became whispered about amongst the little Catholic congregation that the "minister's lady" was, or ought to be, a Catholic. More than one worshiper at the "chapel" had seen and recognized the black figure down near the door, and perhaps surmised the cause of the tears that her dark veil did not always hide. To these erratic visits, though he did not approve of them, the minister did not openly object, hoping that time and his own deep affection would gradually draw his wife's thoughts and sympathies away from the faith of her girlhood. He had been very patient, very gentle with her during the four years of their married life, and though he had begun to despair of his point of view, his manner so far had suffered no alteration. His forbearance, however, was a matter of time, and she knew it. Meanwhile, the new ayah was winning golden opinions from the household on account of her diligence, cheerfulness, and unceasing attentiveness to her duties. However unostentatious a practical Catholic may be, he or she must necessarily attract attention by the exact performance of religious duties, and so it happened that the nurse's daily life became another source of self-reproach to her unhappy mistress. Once Mr. King confided to his wife his intention of inviting Agnes to consider the claims of the Anglican Church as opposed—under the British flag—to those of Rome; but she begged of him so earnestly not to disturb the mind of the simple native girl that he reluctantly abandoned the idea. At last a serious blow fell upon Mr. King and gave him something else to think about. The Bishop of Puri died, and his successor, on his first pastoral visit to Cherat, animatedly and very forcibly against what he termed the Rev. Edgar's fondness for "ecclesiastical millinery." His Lordship's denunciations were in a decidedly Low Church direction, and the tone in which he thought proper to censure the minister's introduction of candles, acolytes, incense, crucifixes and other "Romish frippery" into the Church service, made that gentleman's checks tingle, especially as his admonition contained a veiled threat of "suspension," should the obnoxious practice be continued. "The idea!" exclaimed Mr. King, indignantly, when relating the affair to his wife. "He would reduce the church to the appearance of a Methodist meeting-house if he had his way. But he is not going to get it. I'd bring the matter into court first." "Then he does not endorse your theory of the Anglican Church being a branch of the Roman stem?" asked Mrs. King quietly.

"Unfortunately, no. He is one of the stiff-necked minority who think we cannot adopt the beauties of the Roman form of worship without adopting the errors into which that Church fell in the dark ages, though without invalidating her claim to be considered the true Church, of course. "I don't see how she could teach error and still remain the true Church," remarked Mrs. King, with emphasis on the "true"; but just then Mr. King remembered an important engagement and went away to keep it, more exercised in mind by his wife's remark than he would have cared to own. She had indeed touched upon a point which he had by no means, as yet, explained satisfactorily to himself, and he would not have relished being driven into a corner about it. When he was gone his wife went to the nursery to pay a visit to her beloved Tot, and found her sound asleep with the native girl fanning her. The cot upon which she was lying was placed in an angle between two windows, and above it hung a beautiful representation of the Mater Dolorosa. As Mrs. King entered the room she saw the young nurse gazing affectionately at the picture with an expression of reverent sorrow on her dark face. "Do you like that picture, Agnes," something impelled her mistress to ask. "It is beautiful, memsahib," answered the girl simply. "You have great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, I suppose?" "Indeed, I could not help it, memsahib. The Holy Mother loved us so much and suffered so much for us." Mrs. King put her hand to her throat with a quick gesture and turned to look out of the window. She could not bear the look of serene devotion on the native girl's face. Then a sudden impulse moved her, and she turned back again and said in a low hurried tone: "Ask the Holy Mother to take care of my little Tot, Agnes." "I do, memsahib, every night and morning." The nurse's answer was brought to an abrupt end by the sound of a distant muffled drum that seemed to come from beneath the earth, and the next moment the bungalow was violently shaken to and fro, its timbers creaking ominously, and the plaster falling in showers in every direction. "Great Heaven, it is an earthquake!" exclaimed Mrs. King, making a frantic rush for her child. "Come, Agnes, come! we have not an instant to lose." Before she could lift Tot off the bed there was another violent shock and she was precipitated to the floor, while the whole house rocked fearfully and a great crack opened in the wall from floor to ceiling. "Merciful God, save my child!" exclaimed the terrified mother, struggling to her feet, unconscious that her forehead was cut and bleeding. "Mother of Sorrow, save us!" ejaculated Agnes, trying to assist her mistress. "Pray, memsahib! pray to the Holy Mother!" But Mrs. King was groping for her child, scarce able to see for the blood that trickled down her face from the wound she had received and the nurse's words fell upon heedless ears. To add to her horror, the daylight was being gradually blotted out to give place to a dim, grey twilight, and the subterranean thunder relled its muffled roars incessantly. It seemed to the two women that the end of the world had come. Then suddenly, the solid earth gave a sickening heave and recoiled again; there was a crack, a shower of mortar, wood and bricks, and Mrs. King, looking wildly about her saw Agnes slung to the ceiling by a heavy beam from the ceiling; the walls on every side cracked, bulged and closed in around her, and then all was darkness and oblivion. Two hours afterwards a hundred willing hands were busy about the ruins of the minister's house; burrowing down into the debris and removing it cautiously, less haply, the inter-tombled inmates might not yet be dead. The native girl, Agnes, was the first to be discovered, but though she still breathed, the doctor who was in attendance shook his head doubtfully after he had examined her. She was laid on a stretcher and carried away to the hospital and then the work was resumed with renewed energy. A few minutes later one of the searchers came upon a pile of broken and twisted beams whose splintered ends rested upon a baby's cot. Painful hands lifted the great masses of timber away and brought to light a strange thing. Lying face downward across the brass rail that surrounded the cot, was the picture of the Mater Dolorosa, and beneath it slumbered unhurt Baby Tot, one little rosy fist curled up under her cheek, the other clasped tight around her doll. More than one pair of eyes unaccustomed to tears were moistened at the sight and rough hands grew strangely gentle as they lifted the soft baby from the cot and carried it to the open air and safety. Then the mother was found, lying in the small clear space that the cot had prevented the beams from crushing upon. She was unconscious, but not seriously injured, and the application of a few restoratives soon brought her to herself. Her first question was for her child, and when it was put into her arms she bowed her head over it in silent thanksgiving, making a mighty resolution in the fervor of her gratitude that she would make her peace with God, cost what it might. Then she inquired for her husband, but nobody knew where he was. This,



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A DELUSIVE PHANTOM.

An assertion made by the Rev. Dr. C. H. Payne, one of the clergymen present at a recent Congregationalist Convention held at Chattanooga, Tennessee, has been attracting considerable attention from the Protestant press, and is characterized by them as a most startling statement. He said: "The present age has been marked by brilliant discoveries, but the greatest discovery has yet to be made, and when made, will startle and quicken the world."

It is interesting to note that man has never attained the perfection of which Christ is the model and example, it would be a truism which no Christian could dispute, for man can certainly never be what Christ was and is. Unitarian in himself the divine and human natures in one personality, even His human acts partook of the divine character, and cannot be equalled in merit or perfection of obedience to the will of His heavenly Father; and much less can they be surpassed. If Mr. Payne had meant this his words would have been beyond dispute. But he evidently intended to convey another meaning, inasmuch as what he deprecates as not having been yet realized will be realized at some undefined future time: "The Christianization of Christianity; the making of Christianity what Christ intended it to be."

Mr. Payne had not in view here the Catholic religion, or if he had thought of it at all, he did not think it necessary to give it thoughtful consideration; nor could we admit that he is qualified to pass judgment upon the powers of Catholic devotion to vivify the soul and fill it with true love for God. He has not had the experience of the certainty of Catholic truth, having only studied the caricature thereof which is described in anti-Catholic controversial literature.

St. Paul writing to the Colossians adverts to this power of the gospel to enable man to "walk worthy of God, in all things pleasing; being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all might according to the power of His glory." (1. 10. 11.) These words are applicable to the Catholic Church of the present, equally with the ages past; and it is only of Protestantism in its many forms that Mr. Payne can make such an assertion as he utters concerning Christianity. It is not Christianity which is at fault, but the form of Christianity which the speaker had in view, that is to say, Protestantism, and his statement is an admission that Protestantism is a failure as regards the purposes for which Christ established a Church on earth.

Any person acquainted with the rich variety of forms of devotion used in the Catholic Church and suited to the capacity and condition of every one will see that Christianity is not a failure in regard to the furnishing of means for the sanctification of the soul; yet these means are not contradictory to each other, but constitute the parts of a glorious and harmonious whole, uniform in the doctrine on which they are founded, and varying only in their application to and appreciation by that diversity of minds which is inseparable from our human condition.

Mr. Payne is in error in supposing that the true character of Christianity has yet to be discovered. The apostle of the Gentiles certainly knew it when he spoke to the Colossians concerning the might of the power of God's glory, and its fruitfulness in good works. The apostles knew it, and the faith they planted was nourished and handed down from generation to generation in all the purity with which it was in the first instance

given to the saints; but it is only in the Catholic Church that it is to be found. As far as Protestantism is concerned, no doubt Mr. Payne is right so far as he laments that the living principle of Christianity is still an undiscovered quantity. But he makes a mistake in assuming that it is to be discovered by human industry. Faith is, according to St. Paul, "The substance of things to be hoped for: the evidence of things that appear not." It is only by submitting to the revelation that it is to be acquired, and not through human constructiveness, as Mr. Payne and others imagine, who have placed human reason as the judge over divine teachings.

Mr. Payne's statement has been justly styled "startling;" and it is all the better it should be so, if it only rouse consciences to enquire how it is that Protestant clergymen who proclaimed over three hundred years ago that they had cast aside all corruptions of the faith, and restored Primitive Christianity, are now making the discovery that they have all along been clasping only a shadow to their bosom, while the substance was far away. The substance will be found only on their return to the one fold from which they were so easily led astray.

GLENCOE.

The march of the Inverary Pipe Band, under command of Lord Archibald Campbell, the Chief of the Campbell clan, took place in accordance with the arrangements previously announced, but there was not, as was expected, any display of hostility on the part of the people of Glencoe, who were said to be bitterly opposed to the demonstration.

The tribal or clanish traditions of Scotland, though now weak, are not extinct, and there was a divided opinion in the Glen, so that there were some who threatened dire vengeance on the Campbells if they presumed to desecrate the spot which is regarded as sacred to the memory of the Macdonald clan who were murdered there on the 13th of February, 1692, and it was reported that if the demonstration were attempted all the resentment of the descendants of the murdered men would be aroused, and that word had been sent to all the accessible settlements of Macdonalds to assemble in order to avenge the death of their ancestors, or, rather, to punish the insult conveyed by a descendant of the chief of the murderers in daring to make a demonstration of any kind on the scene of his ancestor's iniquity; and it was further stated that large bands of Macdonalds would actually arrive from Glasgow and other places to assist in exterminating the visiting Campbells who were regarded as invaders.

The Inverary band of pipers are not of the Campbell clan, their only connection therewith being that they live at Inverary, and were organized by Lord Campbell, chiefly for the purpose of cultivating a taste for Gaelic music. Every year since their organization they have been accustomed to accompany Lord Campbell to the annual Gaelic musical festival which is held at Oban. The proposed visit to Glencoe was not by any means intended as an insult to the Macdonalds, but was merely to give an opportunity to the pipers to display their skill, and to please the people of the Glen, and at the same time, it is said, to express some desire of atoning for the atrocity of two centuries ago; but what gave immediate occasion to the proposal was a visit which Lord Campbell was invited to make to Sir Donald Smith, the proprietor of Glencoe.

There is no doubt the proposal gave some offence, and there were some who threatened that if a Campbell made his appearance in the Glen in any conspicuous manner, there would be a massacre as complete as was that of 1692. It was not to Lord Campbell that objection was made, but to the march of swaggering pipers.

The event has proved that the threats were never countenanced by the bulk of the Glencoe people, for, not only has the demonstration passed off quietly, but it was cheered and applauded, as it passed through, it being thus made manifest that the descendants of the ancient clan who are still in the neighborhood of their Glen do not foolishly retain spiteful feelings against the Campbells of the present time in consequence of the deeds of two centuries ago in which they had no part. It may indeed, be made evident at the bridge of Coe that there was an organized reception accorded by the people, though probably, in consequence

of the discussion which had been aroused regarding the matter, it was not at all as enthusiastic in welcoming the visitors as would have been the case if the very numerous crowd which had assembled had been unanimous in regarding the visit as a friendly one. Still a great proportion of those who had assembled were persons from a distance, who perhaps came with the expectation of seeing a fight. They were disappointed, if such was the case, for the reception given showed no admixture of hostility. It was not enthusiastic, but it was at least friendly, and there does not appear to be any reason why it should have been any more than this.

There are still at Glencoe between forty and fifty families of descendants of the Glencoe Macdonalds, but though they are all perfectly aware of the history of the atrocious deed which was perpetrated there, they do not attribute to the men of the present generation the crimes of two centuries ago, which were committed under circumstances very different from those existing in Scotland at the present day.

A brief account of the massacre referred to will prove interesting to our readers, some of whom may not have a clear knowledge of its character.

The Glencoe massacre was perpetrated by order of King William III., who gave command that the nest of "Papist thieves" at the Glen should be exterminated. The details were left, of course, to subordinates, and were carried out with all accompanying circumstances which we could imagine as adding to the atrocity.

Scotland had for the most part adhered to the fortunes of the deposed King James II., but the Lowlands were soon quieted, while the Highlands remained faithful to their legitimate monarch until they were reduced by superior force.

The Earls of Breadalbane and Stair, and the Duke of Argyll had their mercenary motives for adhering to the cause of William, and as they entertained a spite against the Macdonalds of Glengarry and Glencoe they were glad of any opportunity to wreak their vengeance upon them, and especially on those of Glencoe. The opportunity was afforded them when the Government appointed the 31st day of Dec., 1691, as the last day of grace on which pardon would be given to all rebels who should make submission, and swear to live peacefully under the rule of William and Mary. After that date they were to be treated as enemies and traitors.

By the date appointed all the clans in arms had given their submission, except the Macdonalds of Glencoe. The heavy snows had prevented Mac Ian, the chief of the Macdonalds, from reaching Inverary, but though he had procrastinated somewhat he presented himself at Fort William with his vassals on the appointed day, and offered to take the required oaths. Colonel Hill, the governor, told him he was not authorized to accept his submission, and informed him that the nearest magistrate who could receive it was at Inverary.

Mac Ian deeply regretted that he had postponed till so late a moment an act of submission on which both his life and property depended, but he made all possible haste to Inverary, necessarily passing through Argyllshire, where the deep snows made his journey difficult and slow. He did not reach Inverary till the 6th of January, and the sheriff then informed him that his power was limited to the date mentioned in the proclamation. Mac Ian, however, mentioned the difficulties which he had encountered, and the sheriff, supposing that under such circumstances he was justified in acting beyond the terms of the proclamation, administered the oath, and reported the circumstances to the Council at Edinburgh. Lords Breadalbane and Argyll, who were both Campbells, and the Earl of Stair, were delighted at Mac Ian's failure, and there is extant a letter from the last named which says: "I could have wished the Macdonalds had not divided; and I am sorry that Keppoch and Mackinnon of Glencoe are safe." This was written on January 11, a few days after Mac Ian's submission. The event proved, however, that they were not safe, and advantage was taken of the slight irregularity to procure from William a decree ordering the destruction of the clan.

Breadalbane and McCallum More undertook to guard the passes to prevent the escape of any Macdonalds, while Col. Hamilton, with a regiment composed mainly of the clansmen of Breadalbane and Argyll, was sent to do the bloodiest part of the work.

Col. Hamilton sent forward a Captain Campbell, with one hundred and twenty men, and agreed to follow with four hundred more. The instructions were to the effect that they should go to Glencoe professing friendship, and occupy the interval between their arrival and the 13th of February in gaining the confidence of the Macdonalds and noting the situation, so that on the morning of the 13th they would be prepared to fall upon and slaughter every Macdonald not over seventy years of age. Hamilton expected to reach the Glen before the hour fixed, but the slaughter was to begin at 5 o'clock in the morning, whether he arrived or not.

The advance troop arrived on the 12th of February, professing to be friends; and indeed from the fact that Captain Campbell was uncle to the wife of one of Mac Ian's sons, he was one of the few Campbells who would be welcomed in Glencoe.

The soldiers were well received by the Macdonalds, and every hospitality was shown them on their professions of friendship, no payment being asked for the provisions which were liberally supplied to them. The evenings were spent by the officers in playing cards with Mac Ian and his sons.

During the day the avenues of escape were looked for, so that they might be blocked on the fatal day, which at length arrived; and Col. Hamilton was detained by the bad roads, but was in time for part of the evil work. At five o'clock precisely Capt. Campbell commenced the slaughter, killing men, women and children without mercy, though, owing to the blundering manner in which the massacre was carried out, in spite of all precautions, three-fourths of the clan escaped. The chief blunder which gave the opportunity for escape was the use of firearms, which being used in three parts of the valley at once, gave notice to the rest of the clansmen to escape, but it is certain that quite as many perished from exposure to cold and sleet as were slain by the soldiers' firearms.

Lord Macaulay, the apologist of the Revolution of 1688, endeavors to free William of the guilt of this massacre, but his complicity is shown by irrefragable evidence.

This is the briefly told history of the event which is still borne in mind by the Macdonalds of Glencoe, and which it was thought for a while would bring trouble on Lord Archibald Campbell and his pipers.

CHURCH UNION TAKES A STEP BACK.

The movement for the union of the various Protestant Churches has brought out some curious incidents which certainly do not appear to indicate that the proposed union is likely to be completed very soon, if at all, during the present generation.

One of these incidents has arisen out of the celebrated Dr. Briggs case, who, it will be remembered, was practically condemned for heresy by the General Assembly of the American Presbyterian Church. The rev. doctor is just now absent in Europe, but this fact did not prevent the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, an Episcopal Society, from extending to him an invitation to speak on Church Unity at their annual convention, which is to be held shortly at Louisville, Kentucky. The extension of this invitation was undoubtedly intended by the Brotherhood as a fraternal act toward Presbyterians; for though Dr. Briggs has been put under ban by the Assembly, his peculiar views on religious dogmas are held by a large and increasing section among the Presbyterian body. On the other hand the doctor has not been formally condemned, and he must be regarded still as a bona fide Presbyterian, as the Church took no further action against him than to veto his appointment as Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary of New York.

It is true, it may be said, that this amounts in a certain sense to a condemnation of his Latitudinarianism; but if the Church is really the pillar and ground of truth, and if the Assembly really consists of those watchmen on the walls of Jerusalem who have been appointed to be "mindful of the Lord" and to not "hold their peace," (Is. lxii, 6,) they would think more of saving their flock from the influence of dangerous doctrine than of pursuing with pains and penalties the individual who propagates that doctrine: the more especially as the individual, being sustained by the faculty of the seminary, is beyond their control, and is continued in his office in spite of the Assembly.

We say, then, that there is no doubt the St. Andrew's Brotherhood intended to pay a compliment to the Presbyterians when they invited Dr. Briggs to address them on the subject of Christian Unity, and their sincerity in desiring to make the unity as extensive as possible is evinced by the fact that the Presbyterian clergyman they invited belongs to the branch of that body which has the widest possible views in reference to doctrine—views that are altogether too wide for the most of his denomination.

If it is so desirable that there should be union, ignoring the divergencies of doctrine between the sects, or compromising them, there can be no good reason why the Latitudinarians represented by Dr. Briggs should not be included in the negotiations as well as the Calvinistic wing. In fact there is a very extensive Latitudinarian party in the Episcopal Church itself, which differs very little from Dr. Briggs, while real Calvinists in the Episcopal and Anglican Churches are few and far between. We imagine, therefore, that there would be more prospect of union of the Episcopal Church with the Dr. Briggs' section than with the orthodox followers of the autocrat of Geneva. Why then should there be an extraordinary outcry raised against the Brotherhood on account of their taking the first practical step toward union with any other denomination?

The Living Church protested against the invitation on the ground that Dr. Briggs is not in good theological repute among Presbyterians, and that needless offence would be given to Presbyterians by asking him to speak as a representative of that body. The Churchman takes about the same view, saying that by inviting Dr. Briggs, "We give a slap in the face to one of the most dignified and important religious bodies with whom we are seeking closer intercourse."

We must candidly express our opinion that there is an *arriere pensee* in all this: a reason kept in the background. We think it is not altogether through fear of offending Presbyterians that these journals protest against the invitation to Dr. Briggs, but because there is a repugnance to the free and easy system of theology of which Dr. Briggs is a representative, and this is the more evident as the objection comes from High Churchmen, and not from Presbyterians, who would be the best judges of the amount of fraternalization which would be offensive to them when so many clergymen of different sects assure us that "there is reunion in the air." It may be in the air, but any one who has read carefully the comments made in the General Assembly on the reception given to the Assembly's committee appointed to negotiate a union with the Episcopalians, will scarcely think the union balloon is likely to settle down safely to earth for a long time to come.

The "historic episcopate," which has no history even so early as the Calvinistic elderdom, and the recognition of which is made by the Episcopalians an essential condition of union, is a stumbling-block in the way which the Presbyterians are not disposed to overlook; so that we cannot readily believe that it is to pave the way to a union which is not likely to take place, that objection is taken to Dr. Briggs as a lecturer on reunion. It is because there is a strong repugnance among High Churchmen against Dr. Briggs' theological views.

At all events the protests of the Episcopalian journals have had their weight with the St. Andrew's Brotherhood, and the invitation to the learned Professor has been cancelled already, almost as soon as he learned that it was sent to him.

The New York Congregationalist pokes fun quietly at the Episcopal journals and the Brotherhood in consequence of the whole episode. It says: "He (Dr. Briggs) has stirred up the Episcopal Church by accepting an invitation from the Brotherhood of St. Andrew to speak at its annual convention, on Church Unity. So many and emphatic remonstrances have been made that the Brotherhood has withdrawn its invitation. There will be no Church unity till Professor Briggs pledges himself not to speak about it."

The London branches of the Irish League lately held a meeting to demand the expulsion from the party of Timothy Healy and his followers. The object has the support of the bulk of the sections throughout Great Britain. At this side of the Atlantic it seems to us passing strange that Mr. Healy should have any followers, and equally inexplicable is the circumstance that Mr. Timothy Healy

and his followers should by votes of the Irish people be sent to represent them in Parliament.

JUDGE CURRAN.

The announcement was made last week of the appointment of the Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor General, to the vacancy in the Superior Court of Quebec occasioned by the death of Sir Francis Johnston. The honor is a high one, and we wish to join with the many friends of the new judge in hearty congratulations. In one sense it is to be regretted that this change has taken place, because it is pleasant to all Canadians who love their country to see distinguished men guiding its destinies. Judge Curran brings to the bench a stainless career. He has been known to the public life of the country for many years, and during all that time not the slightest smirch has been attached to his name. In public as in private life J. J. Curran has ever been an honest, upright and conscientious man. The sketch of his life, taken from a Chicago paper, which we publish in another column, will now be read with particular interest.

It is to be regretted that in connection with Mr. Curran's appointment there occurred an exhibition of religious bigotry on the part of some Protestants of Montreal, headed by Bishop Bond, who delegated Mr. Mitchell, a law clerk of Montreal, to proceed to Ottawa with a view to prevent the appointment of the Solicitor General to the bench—on the ground that the office had been filled by a Protestant. We are, however, glad to note that Mr. Mitchell and those whom he represented did not succeed in making any impression upon the Government. The action of these gentlemen may not be classed as bigotry alone, but it is an impertinence as well; and their conduct on this occasion becomes all the more inexcusable when we recollect that the office of the collector of customs of Montreal—left vacant by the death of a Catholic—is about to be filled by a Protestant. Yet we have not heard, nor are we likely to hear, any section of the Catholic community making any protest.

A TIMELY PROPOSITION FOR IRISH NATIONAL RE-UNION.

In another column will be seen an opportune letter from His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto to the Hon. E. Blake, wherein His Grace, after passing a well-deserved eulogium on Mr. Blake himself, and defending him from aspersions and suspicious unjustly uttered against him by those who should have been united with him in devotion to the cause of Ireland, goes on to make a proposition which, if carried into effect, would be likely to inspire new hope in the breasts of the friends of Ireland now, and to contribute to the early success of the cause which every true Irishman has close at heart, the gaining of self-government for Ireland.

At the very moment when the people of Ireland were on the eve of a great struggle, that is, when a general election was to take place, a moment when unity of purpose was of the greatest importance, one of Ireland's representatives in Parliament, who seemed to have his personal ambition more at heart than the success of Ireland's demands, publicly made accusations reflecting upon Mr. Blake's devotion to the Irish cause. As the venerable Archbishop of Toronto remarks in his letter, it was not necessary before Canadians to say a word in Mr. Blake's vindication. He "needs no certificate of character" where he is so well known as a true patriot and a statesman of sterling integrity; but it may be useful that one who is so well known even in Ireland as Archbishop Walsh, a patriot and a lover of his native land, should give testimony to the universal esteem in which Mr. Blake is held here where he has spent his life working for the good of this part of Her Majesty's dominions. This testimony may contribute to the harmony of the Irish Parliamentary party by restoring that mutual confidence without which the objects of the party can never be attained.

The most important part of the Archbishop's letter is, however, that in which a suggestion is set forth for the restoration of unity where all is now dissension and confusion.

The proposition is that a great national convention be called, composed of the chosen representatives of the Irish people and clergy, with an advisory representation of the Irish race abroad. Such an assemblage convening in Dublin, would give Ireland

an opportunity to will in regard to ought to be adopted may gain the object thus lay the foundation of prosperity.

It is well known that the defeat of the British has been one of the cause of Ireland's Home Rule is in a way than it has been a hindrance in uniting him in his demands. But the dissensions Nationalists themselves than the defeat of cause of this.

Archbishop Walsh had at heart the cause felt that the want of disaster, and all Irish thank him for a suggestion that cause to bring with the result that a reunited Ireland be restored.

Mr. Blake thinks happy one, and will very properly quip with the proviso that by the leader of the party. Without the ranks of the party no hope of success, up of individual will of the party it been the cause of the much regret. By approbation Mr. interest of reunion.

It is not proposed abroad shall have a free voice in the States, Canada, and them a natural right and it is to the people to consult the result to reach a decision as the Irish at home be directly affected the absolute decision done should rest with.

We hope that the Archbishop of Toronto considered by the it will have a success have no doubt will put into practical

EDITORIAL.

THE Right Rev. borough has, as we column, sailed for first visit to the his appointment spared no efforts to equal and temporal committed to his territory he has most extensive Dominion, but to for nothing when and other good work. He is Bishop, endowed with talents which make early Jesuit mission history. That with renewed his pursue his holy prayer of his faith.

MOR. SATOLI Holy Father a mixed congresses and persons of meet promiscuous also to correct Father states that such congresses the United States says, from the things by which mated more zeal. But although the hitherto with prudices to hold the ately, while mak all, even to the Church. being interviewed letter, stated that demands parliament prescribes the Catholics may taining their conver not to put on a phism and Mahonon-Catholic Ch "The Catholic the Chicago Pa were not witho to the peril of in. But circumstance allow other arm miscellaneous assem the general goo participation in lies did not g satisfying their things would be emphatic and





FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF CRIME.

Every year, on the tenth day of October, Catholic temperance advocates have been accustomed to celebrate the birthday of Father Mathew, and to renew their zeal for the great work to which he was devoted.

That intemperance prevails to an alarming extent is unquestionably true; that it is a prolific source of crime and poverty cannot be denied, even by those who are enriched by the sale of intoxicating drinks.

Our own experience shows us that homes are made desolate, families are brought to destitution, children suffer hunger because the money that should be spent in providing the necessities of life is squandered for drink.

In the presence of an evil destructive of the Christian home, and dangerous to the moral welfare of the community, it is the duty of earnest Christians to speak out their convictions.

When silence seems to give consent to evil-doing it becomes necessary to proclaim aloud the truth, not only in the church but in the market-place.

Let us resolve, my brethren, to do something positive in the Christian warfare against the vice of intemperance. By word and example we can make it known to all men that the drunkard is a disgrace to human nature.

A Remarkable Convert.

Miss Diana Vaughan, the well-known ex-Luciferian, has given proof of her very earnest desire to be converted to the Catholic Church. While she was immersed in Luciferian errors, Pere Delaporte thought he detected in her the staff of which religious heroes are made.

Everywhere we go we find some one who has been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and people on all hands are praising this great medicine for what it has done for them and their friends.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Miss Marjorie's First Discipline.

"I want you to understand," said Col. Crissey, as he rose to go, "that my son is a very obstinate boy, and you will have to whip him soundly when he won't behave. It's the only way to manage him."

Miss Marjorie, the new teacher, glanced sympathetically at the little boy under discussion. He was sitting on one of the front seats of the school-room, with his big folding slate and well-worn school books piled up across his knees.

"I guess Frank will be good of his own accord," replied Miss Marjorie, with a pleasant smile toward the child. "You can't tell by his looks," said Colonel Crissey, observing the innocent expression, growing each moment more serene, of the fair, round face.

"No," replied Miss Marjorie, with a sinking of the heart; "but, really, Colonel Crissey, I don't think—"

Well, here is one," interrupted the Colonel, producing from some where beneath his long coat a formidable switch; "and I want you to use it. Now, my son," he continued, turning towards Frank, "I want you to understand this will hurt. There won't be any joke about it, either."

Every day Miss Marjorie spent the last half-hour of school-time reading aloud to the children. The first book she chose happened to be Jacob Abbott's "Life of Nero." The children became intensely interested in the story, and they were loud in their expressions of indignation against Nero for his cruelty, while their admiration for the martyrs who suffered under the wicked emperor's persecutions was unbounded.

"What would you do, Franky, would you give up or would you die?" "I would never give up," came the firm reply, in a clear, childish voice.

"I would never give up," he repeated. "I would never take it back. No one could make me."

He came out, pale with determination. Miss Marjorie placed a chair for him, and they both sat down. "Frank," began Miss Marjorie, "I am not going to whip you any more, nor make you stay in the cloak-room, nor punish you in any way."

"I would like to be like him when you are a man?" "No," replied Frank, with decision. "Perhaps," said Miss Marjorie, "when Nero was a little boy like you he chose to be bad and had no idea how very bad he would get to be by the time he was a man. When bad people grow, their badness grows too. Bad little boys make bad men, and good little boys make good men. When you decide what kind of a boy you will be you are deciding at the same time what kind of a man you will be."

"Oh, Miss Marjorie!" he exclaimed, "I will be good." "Would you be willing," asked Miss Marjorie, "to say before the whole school, when they come in, that you have decided to be good?" "No," replied Frank.

"Well," said Miss Marjorie, "I am not going to try to make you. You may do just as you choose about it." After a pause she went on: "Do you remember that girl I told you about who went into the arena and let the lions eat her up, and wouldn't say she didn't believe in God?" "Yes," replied Frank; "she was brave." "But the people in the amphitheatre thought she was wicked and silly,"

even Miss Marjorie couldn't help seeing how funny it was, and he became quite uproarious and clapped his hands. Finally, when the orange had been restored to its owner, the mirth subsided. But Frank did not like to have the fun over so quickly. He punched his seat-mate, made signs to various ones to go on laughing, and even whispered to Bessie Tubb, who sat beside him, to let her orange roll out again; but all to no avail. Finally, he made five little paper balls, and began to throw them around the room, aiming at different ones, Miss Marjorie thought it was time for her intervention.

"Frank," she said, "that will do; go on with your work now."

Frank was quiet for a moment, and then aimed another ball at Harry Van Sleik.

"Frank," repeated Miss Marjorie, in a decided tone, "we have had enough fun now. You must go on with your work."

Miss Marjorie noticed that as she was speaking Frank slipped the last of his paper balls into his right hand, and held it in readiness for a throw under his desk.

"Will you be good now?" she asked, with a smile.

Frank, seeing her smile, was encouraged to hope that she might be made to laugh again; and so he replied, more in fun than in earnest, "No."

Miss Marjorie stopped smiling and said: "Frank, you must not throw that ball."

Receiving no reply, she added: "Are you going to be good now?" Frank sobbed down immediately and replied, "No."

Miss Marjorie was taken by surprise. Here was open defiance before the whole school. Surely the time had come for the birch rod.

"Then I must punish you," she said. "Come here."

Frank walked forward, while Miss Marjorie took down the rod from behind the picture of George Washington.

"Hold out your hand," said Miss Marjorie, in a firm tone, though her heart within almost melted at the thought of the approaching contest.

Frank held out his hand fearlessly, and Miss Marjorie brought down the cruel rod rather sharply upon the tender flesh.

"Will you be good now?" she repeated.

"No," he replied in an unshaken voice.

Miss Marjorie gave two more strokes, a little harder this time.

"Will you be good now?" she asked again.

"Miss Marjorie," he replied, with dignity, "there is no need of your asking me any more. I shall not change my mind."

Miss Marjorie raised the rod higher than before, determined to bring it down with increased force, but something made her falter. She noticed on Frank's face the same expression of serene resolve that she had seen there, as he stood upon the wood-pile fancying himself a martyr. Frank was holding his breath in anticipation of the coming blow, but the little hand, which lay in Miss Marjorie's palm, did not quiver.

"If I should whip him hard enough to make him yield," thought Miss Marjorie, "what a shameful victory it would be of mere physical force over a brave little heart!" She did not give the intended stroke. "You may go into the cloak-room, and sit down there," she said.

Frank obeyed, and the lessons went on as usual, until the children were dismissed for recess.

"Now, Frank," said Miss Marjorie, opening the cloak room door, "you may come out."

He came out, pale with determination. Miss Marjorie placed a chair for him, and they both sat down.

"Frank," began Miss Marjorie, "I am not going to whip you any more, nor make you stay in the cloak-room, nor punish you in any way."

Frank looked up at her with his sweet blue eyes full of wonder.

"Even if I should succeed in making you say you'd be good, that would not make you really good. In this world everybody must choose for himself whether he will be good or bad; and I am going to let you choose for yourself. Which did Nero choose to be?"

"Bad," replied Frank, expressing in his voice his disgust at the character of Nero.

"Would you like to be like him when you are a man?" "No," replied Frank, with decision.

"Perhaps," said Miss Marjorie, "when Nero was a little boy like you he chose to be bad and had no idea how very bad he would get to be by the time he was a man. When bad people grow, their badness grows too. Bad little boys make bad men, and good little boys make good men. When you decide what kind of a boy you will be you are deciding at the same time what kind of a man you will be."

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"Yes," said Frank, "and that made it all the harder for her to hold out. I tell you, she was a brave one to let those lions get her."

"But did it make her any happier to be brave?" asked Miss Marjorie.

"No," replied Frank; "for she had to be eaten up. Oh, I tell you, it must have hurt. But I'd rather be brave than happy. I like something very, very hard to bear, so I could show how brave I could be. You didn't whip me very hard," he went on, with an apologetic smile. "I wanted you to hit harder, so I could show you how much I could stand."

"I am sure, Frank," replied Miss Marjorie, "that you could stand a very hard whipping."

Frank flushed with pleasure at these words.

"But," said Miss Marjorie, "doing wrong isn't brave, even if it is hard. It's doing right when it's hard that's brave. I know of something you ought to do that would be much harder for you to do than to bear a whipping. I don't know whether you would have the courage to do it or not."

"What is it?" asked Frank, eagerly.

"Try me and see."

"If," said Miss Marjorie, "when the scholars all come in, you say before them all that you had decided to be good, they might laugh at you afterward, and say you had to give up after all, and that you weren't so brave as you thought you were. You see, this would be a very hard thing for you to do; but it is brave to do right when it's hard."

"Oh, Miss Marjorie, I can't do that," said Frank, his eyes filling with tears. "I was afraid it would be too hard for you," said Miss Marjorie, sadly, as she took up the bell to ring it.

"Oh, Miss Marjorie, wait a minute. Isn't there something else? I will say I've been naughty, and I will let you whip me, oh, so hard—till my hand is swollen, if you want to."

"No," said Miss Marjorie, as she rang the bell, "that wouldn't do any good. You may just take your seat as usual with the others when they come in."

"Miss Marjorie," said Frank, seizing his teacher's hand as she laid down the bell, "I will do it. I can. Ask me when they all come in. Just try me."

When the scholars had taken their seats, Miss Marjorie began, "Frank, have you decided—?" but she got no further, for Frank was upon his feet, pale as a sheet.

"Yes," he choked out, "I will be good."

He sank back into his seat, and buried his face in his hands.

That afternoon, instead of the usual reading, Miss Marjorie talked to the children about true and false bravery. They listened very soberly, and went away more quietly than usual when school was dismissed. As they passed the window, Miss Marjorie heard Harry Van Sleik's voice saying, "I say Franky, aren't you glad you said you'd be good?"

Two months later, Colonel Crissey said to Miss Marjorie: "I want to thank you, Miss Marjorie, for what you've done for my son. There is a change come over him since he's been in your school. He hasn't had one of his obstinate spells for two months, and he used to have them nearly every week."

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