



PALMS

ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "COANA," "FLEMINGS," "TANGLED PATHS," "MAY BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE IN ROME—ELEAZER BEN ASA.

The jealous suspicions which had made the beautiful Lodiace so unhappy being lulled to rest, she began with fresh zest to exercise her most fascinating wiles to captivate Nemesius. That he has reputed invulnerable did not deter her in the least, for the fact would only increase her triumph should her efforts to win him be crowned with success; but he, all unconscious of her purposes, received her coquettish advances with such genuine unconcern, and an indifference almost verging on rudeness, that she was sometimes furious, and again discouraged and despondent.

She tried to reach his heart whenever the opportunity offered, by showing a tender interest in his child, by affecting the deepest sympathy for her misfortune and his sorrow, by glowing praise of her loveliness, and offering repeated entreaties that she should be brought to make her a visit, promising that nothing should be spared to give her happiness; but Nemesius, knowing exactly what constituted his little Claudia's happiness, and how ineffectual all efforts would be to give her either pleasure or content separated from himself and the simple joys of her home life, felt it best to decline what he supposed was a well-meant kindness.

In the egoism of his great love for his blind child, it was no surprise to the fond father to hear Claudia's loveliness admired, and tender, gentle, pitying words spoken of her sad case—for who that once looked upon her could avoid seeking such sentiments?—but the voluptuous beauty of this woman, her languishing air, the rich perfumes that made the atmosphere heavy around her, the magnificence of her attire, the profusion of her jewels, the half-veiled fire of her dark, handsome eyes, indicated to his keen perceptions not only a vain, shallow nature, but a something indefinable which awakened his distrust, and made him resolve to shield his senseless one from her influence, however kind her intentions might appear.

Many presents of rare fruits and delicious confections, with sweet messages, which could not be declined without offence, found their way from Lodiace to the little blind girl at the villa, and at last, self-distrusted, she came in person to seek a better acquaintance with her, secure from the repulse of a cold reception; for she chose her opportunity for the visit at a time when she knew that Nemesius would be absent on duty, and there would be no danger of her being surprised by his unexpected appearance, her plan being to win the affections of his child without offending his austere sense of propriety.

After an absence of several days, Nemesius found himself at liberty to spend an afternoon at his home on the Aventine. The first joyous welcome and fond embraces over, little Claudia, as usual, began to tell him how she had spent her time, and all that had happened during the interval of his absence. The most important events were, of course, the three visits of "the strange lady, who brought me flowers, and said many things to me that sounded kind, and tried to caress me; but I ran from her!"

"Who was the lady?" he asked Zilla; but Zilla, not having heard her name, could only describe her; then he knew, and while a flush of displeasure darkened his face, he only said: "She is kind to come so far to see such a lonely little one as my Claudia."

"I am not lonely!" exclaimed the child, with a flush of angry emotion; "and I do not wish her to come again. I hate her!" She made me shiver all over when she touched me."

"I can not forbid her visits, my child," he said, soothingly. "If she is the one I think, she is not only a beautiful lady, but a relative of the Emperor, against whom it would be rude to close my doors. Do not be unreasonable, little one, when one means only of kindness to thee; for my sake do not show thy aversion; but try to be more amiable should she come again."

"For thy sake?—yes, to please thee I will be more amiable," the child answered, hesitatingly.

The man's heart was troubled within him; he did not wish his child's guileless nature to be ruffled by a knowledge of evil, or her trust in human nature to be rudely disturbed; but he had, therefore, suppressed all that he felt, but resolved at the same time to confide such instructions to Zilla and Symphonius as would prevent a continuance of the intercourse which he thought best should cease. Then he tenderly kissed the sweet face pleadingly lifted towards him; he was satisfied that her instinct of aversion would be her best preservative in case his precautions should fail, and she be again brought in contact with her unwelcome and self-invited guest. But underlying all, there was in his mind a secret premonition of the evil this woman was capable of towards any one who might incur her dislike or thwart her designs, which gave him many an anxious thought in the night of unrest that followed; and although he tried to persuade himself that he was mistaken and judged her unfairly, he resolved to be on his guard. Naturally unsuspecting, his impressions had greater weight, and he found it impossible to shake the sunshine of an unclouded sky, streaming through the vines that shaded his window, told him that another day had come.

As time sped on, nearer and more dear became his blind child to the strong, noble heart of Nemesius, until

his affection had now grown to be the overmastering sentiment of his being, and she the one object before which all others were dwarfed and unreal. When with her, he allowed no hand but his own to guide and serve her; together, the measure of their content was full; separated, each felt as if something had gone out of his or her life; she was the sunshine, the music, the sweet pain and precious jewel of his existence, and their hearts were knit together, as if they were stronger than death. He had but one wish, one hope for her and for himself, which haunted him day and night—as well in the deep stillness of the silent hours as through all the turmoil and excitement of his daily life—like a low, persistent thrumming, that the outery of his heart: "Oh, that my child could see!"

And he continued to pour out his gold with lavish hand for the renewal of burnt-offerings on the altars of Rome, for special intercessions to his deaf gods, for superstitious rites in the innermost sanctuaries of the temples by augurs and priests, for mysterious incantations and choral hymns by the Vestals as they circled in solemn measure around the sacred fire upon their shrines,—all, all was done, and the cost not counted, that her blind eyes might be opened; and, although of no avail, his loyal heart did not for a moment distrust the power of the gods—he only thought that through some fault of his own they had refused to be propitious. When, then, was required to appease their anger? He could not tell; for had he not done everything except sacrifice his own life? And how willing he was to do even that, on the least hope that it would avail, his own heart attested.

Stung by this last disappointment of his hopes, frustrated, and almost despairing, the low heart of whom Fabian had told him was for the time forgotten, until one day, awakened by the natural process of reaction from his gloomy despondency, Nemesius suddenly recollected all that he had heard from Fabian about his wonderful skill. Again a glimmer of hope shone as if from afar, yet within reach, and he determined to seek him forthwith, and test his skill. But where was he? Fabian Cæcilius had told him, shortly after the Emperor's visit to the villa, that the Jew had returned to Rome; but since that occasion weeks had elapsed, and he had seen neither one nor the other.

Obedient the impulse, Nemesius went direct to Fabian's palace, and was informed by the porter that his master had been suddenly called to Neapolis on some urgent affair. Not satisfied with such meagre information, he directed the man to summon the steward, who promptly appeared, bowing obsequiously, and with deprecatory grimace, to learn his will. But when questioned, he could only repeat the fact as stated by the porter, and the additional information that his master had named no time for his return. Nemesius was about to leave the house when the words, "But there's a letter, noble sir, perhaps for you," arrested his steps, and, confronting the steward, he said: "Where is the letter? Fetch it here, that I may see if it is addressed to me."

There was authority in his air and tone, which suggested to the man's dull mind that he had possibly got himself into difficulties by his negligence; and he quickly returned with the missive, which Nemesius at a glance saw directed to himself.

"Why was this sent to me immediately?" he demanded. "The name upon it is plainly written, and there are none in Rome to whom it is unknown, so there is no excuse for its detention."

"None, noble sir; at the very moment you summoned me, it was in the hands of a messenger, who had orders to place it in your illustrious hands. The delay was owing altogether to my master's having charged old Bianca—a perfect marplot, believe me—with the letter, instead of myself; and what did she do but put it under a little silver statue of Prosperity, that stands on my master's table, to keep it from blowing out of the window, while she gathered up his things, and he left strewn over everything; and by the time she got through, she couldn't remember where she put it, and had had the whole house in a stir searching for it; and it was only about an hour ago—on my veracity, noble sir!—that it was found. And I hope I shall not be blamed for the misdoings of an old woman, who has no merit to boast of except having nursed my master's noble mother; and he is that soft-hearted about her that if she burnt the house down over his head, he'd not even give her a frown. Will the illustrious captain be pleased to walk into the atrium, out of this scorching heat, while he reads the letter and refreshes himself."

Nemesius stood listening to the voluble stream of words without seeking to interrupt it; and although inwardly fuming, his countenance, as usual, showed no trace of his irritation, and he followed the steward through the vestibule into the atrium, preferring to be alone when he read Fabian's letter. Here the delicious shade, the fragrant air, and the soft play of the fountain, brought instant and soothing refreshment; and, throwing himself upon a couch, he snatched the letter with almost feverish haste to get at the contents. It was only a few hastily-scribbled lines, after all, that met his eye:

"The Jew has again flitted from Rome. May Cerberus devour him! I go to Neapolis in great haste, but, unless the Fates decree otherwise, I shall be back within ten days."

"FABIAN."

Nemesius crumpled the scrap of papyrus in his hand, swallowed a draught of the cooled wine brought for his refreshment, and, drawing his toga around him, went away with a heavy heart to occupy himself with duties which, although revolting to his noble instincts, were, according to his lights, imperative on him as a loyal Roman and high official of the imperial Government.

Just at this time several events occurred, attended by circumstances which gave a renewed impetus to the

persecution against the Christians. One day there was a special entertainment at the imperial palace in honor of Valerian's birthday, at which all the most illustrious, beautiful, and distinguished persons who composed Roman society were present. Among these was a noble matron, whose personal charms were only surpassed by her virtues and the dignity of her character. Her husband was a high official of the Empire, and they had two sons, beautiful striplings, who both gave promise of a distinguished future. She was a daughter of the Ancelini, a family which had always ranked high among the old patrician houses of the Empire.

On this occasion the noble lady appeared richly attired, as became her state, but also modestly, and was as usual the centre of all that was best worth knowing in the highest circles of Rome. Among those who aspired to her friendship and now thronged around her was Lodiace, who would not be repulsed, although her advances heretofore had been civilly but coldly received. The apartments being overcrowded, the heat, combined with the stifling perfume of flowers with which they were profusely decorated, became insupportable, and the beautiful matron Sabina fainted in the arms of her friends, who bore her to a room, and were zealous in their efforts to restore her; none being more so than Lodiace, who, kneeling beside her, unclasped, who jewelled cincture around her waist and was removing the folds of spangled Syrian gauze from her throat and bosom when a large ruby, a single stone set in gold of Etrurian workmanship, which was suspended from her neck by a long string of fine pearls, fell out in full view. (Roman ladies of rank who were secretly Christians wore gems on which were cut the image of the Redeemer, or that of His sinless Mother. Very small images of both, in silver and gold, were also worn concealed on the person.)

The size and splendor of the gem, gleaming under a strong light before their eyes, attracted the attention of the group around Sabina, especially of Lodiace, whose passion for precious stones was so inordinate that, involuntarily, she lifted the ornament in her long white fingers, and holding it up to the light, scanned the carving upon it, then, with a ray of horror, threw it from her as if it had been a serpent.

Another, more represented on the face of a ruby, in fine, skillfully cut lines, the "image of Him who was crucified," and it was known by this sign that she who wore it was a Christian. The fact was instantly reported to Valerian, who purple with rage, approached the noble lady just as she recovered consciousness.

"What means this, woman?" he roared, almost inarticulate with fury, as he held the gem dangling on the string of pearls before her eyes. She gazed upon the blood-red gleaming object for an instant, while a strange smile irradiated her features; then, rising and fixing her calm eyes upon his, she answered aloud, so that all might hear: "It means that I am a Christian!"

It was but a short distance from this scene of imperial splendor to the torture-chamber, and not far thence to the horrible dungeons of the Tullian, to which her broken body, still palpitating with life, was a few hours later conveyed. In one of the twenty feet by twelve surfaces of the earth, shut in by immense walls reeking with noisome mildews, and closed overhead by a vaulted roof of stone, through which no ray of light could penetrate, no breath of air come to sweeten the foul smells arising from the great sewer underground, that drained off the filth of the Mamertine, dark, and filled with pestiferous things, this noble matron, delicately nurtured from her cradle, and accustomed to all that was beautiful and luxurious, was consigned to perish, cut off from every dearest earthly tie, for her unflinching confession of Jesus Christ.

On the same day the palace of Sabina was surrounded by soldiers, and searched. Her husband and sons, being absent from home, were ignorant of what had occurred, and all that awaited their return. The quest of the persecutors was rewarded by a confirmation of the fact they had come to ascertain. What else did it mean but that the entire family were Christians, when the intruders found upon the shrines, in place of the Pæthia, who had so long reigned, small figures in silver and gold representing Jesus Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the Apostles? What more evident proof was necessary? On being arrested under their own roof, where the soldiers were in ambush awaiting their arrival, the heroes of Christ replied to the accusations by declaring themselves Christians, and glorying in their confession. The trial was made short by their resolute firmness: they were tortured, cajoled, bribed, tortured again, and finally condemned to die. They were sentenced to be turned into the arena with tigers from India, and when the hour came the Flavian Amphitheatre was packed.

The circumstances, and the high rank of the victims, made the present occasion more memorable than any which had preceded there, since it was so long that, occupying their usual conspicuous place under gold-broidered and gold-fringed canopies, presented an array of imperial splendor that dazzled the multitude. The appearance of the victims in the arena, in short white tunics, girded about the waist by a cord of gold and a noble bearing, full of dignified courage and high resolve,—as greeted with a savage roar, and outcries and yells from the tens of thousands who were present to enjoy the spectacle, and who were hushed to a breathless silence only when the iron door that separated the cages of the wild beasts from the arena was thrown open, and, through the bars that still ramped and raging about the narrow space that confined them, while the sound of their savage growls filled the Amphitheatre.

At length—how long it seemed to those who thirsted for blood! how long to those who awaited the moment of their eternal deliverance and triumph!—the creaking bars were drawn aside, the tigers bounded into the arena, and, after making a short circle around the wide open space in which they so suddenly found themselves, their lithe, sinuous forms undulating with wondrous grace as they moved, they suddenly halted, uttering low, savage growls, their eyes gleaming like scintillating flames, their jaws and their tails swaying slowly to and fro. The delay was but for a moment; then followed the deadly spring, which buried their teeth and sharp iron claws in the unresisting flesh of the noble Christians, which had been set as a banquet before them.

How it happened whether the people were suddenly and mysteriously touched by some electric force of humanity which revolted at so cruel and unequal a contest, or experienced for the moment the natural impulse of man against beast, which made them involuntarily take sides with the men who were being rent and torn by the tigers before their eyes; or whether they were grieved with blood, and beginning to sicken at the sight of such horrors; or whether it was given as a sign and warning to the imperial tyrant whose vile heart gloated over the inhuman spectacle—none may say; but all at once, by a sudden, simultaneous movement, the great multitude, who but a few moments before were raving for blood, sprang to their feet, their hands raised, thumbs turned down (the sign expressed the will of the audience that the cruelties of the arena should cease) uttering roars that made the canvas roof of the Amphitheatre rise and strain its fastenings, as if a hurricane raged under it. But Valerian, enraged nearly to frenzy, turning a deaf ear to the voice of the people and a blind eye to their down-turned thumbs signalled to the guards below that the struggle should continue to the death as it did—no, not to death, except that of the body, but unto a glorious and eternal life, whose joys it had not entered into the heart of man even to conceive! And so, not with despairing cries and moans of bitter pain, but with loud, exulting words of praise, the husband and sons of the noble Roman matron Sabina glorified their confession of Christ, and sealed their testimony with their blood.

Nothing that had yet happened had so infuriated Valerian as the late demonstration of the people in the Flavian Amphitheatre. Was it a sign that the new faith system was infecting the populace? In his secret soul he was afraid, and knew not whom to trust, since some even of his own household, and other whom he had most honored and caressed in, had abandoned the old sacred traditions of Rome for the novelties which cast dishonor on the gods and threatened a disruption of the Empire. His hatred of the Christians increased tenfold; he wished, with Nero, that collectively they had but one head, that he might destroy them by a single blow. Then he remembered that they had a chief bishop, their Pontifex Maximus, whom they claimed as their head—Pope he was called—Stephen, of whom Valerian's spies reported many wonderful things. In his horror of extermination, he vowed that this Stephen should be destroyed, and made a signal example of, to strike greater terror into the hearts of his followers. He would set a price on his head, and when he was put to death he would employ every engine of power and his command to root out and exterminate the abhorred sect.

To rout great armies and destroy kingdoms were the achievements most gloried in by imperial Rome, the subjugation of nations her pastime; but that these arrogant heathen did not know that as long as time endured, the Pope, the head of the despised Christian Church, would survive all that the powers and principalities, the kings, hell itself, could do for his destruction. They believed the story of the phoenix, that he failed to read the mysterious significance of the symbol. It is recorded that after the long and furious persecution under Maximian and his associates in power, the former boasted that at last Christianity was exterminated, and that ere the light of another day he would destroy the Pope, Innocence fairer than sculptor had ever wrought, or Nemesius ever imagined, and which never faded from his memory. Then back to the cool atrium, to the light morning repast awaiting them, where, after pouring the customary libation as a thank-offering in honor of the gods, they partook of the meal with appetites to which the sweet morning had given healthful zest.

While the moments sped joyously on, the happiness of Nemesius was tempered by forebodings and expectation. Were his hopes to be realized, or forever crushed? Would the Jew appear? He knew that his thinking more or less would not alter or change matters in the least, but only unite him for so; so restraining his impatience and dread, he drew a roll of papyrus from his bosom, and began to read to his little Claudia the fables of one Æsop, which had just appeared in Rome. Enchanted, she leaned against his shoulder, listening to every word, and keenly appreciating the moral so wittily conveyed through the medium of beasts and birds, as well as of men. While they were thus engaged, Symphonius appeared, to announce the arrival of "an old man, who waits without, with samples of wine, and insists on seeing the master of the villa."

"It is he of whom I spoke some time ago," answered Nemesius. "Bring him hither."

"I beg my noble master to be careful of wines at hazards from irresponsible persons," replied Symphonius, in a tone of remonstrance. "My kinsman, Fabian Cæcilius, recommends him to me; but be assured, my faithful Symphonius, that no wine shall go into my vaults without thy approval; for I put thy skill as a taster and judge before that of the world," said Nemesius; upon which

his escape from their coils seemed impossible, he resume the thread of the narrative. One day, as he was mounting his horse near the Forum, Nemesius heard a gay and familiar voice behind him, and turning his head as he vaulted into the saddle, saw Fabian Cæcilius spring from his chariot, and, with a graceful wave of his hand, come towards him, his short curly locks bare, as was the Roman fashion, his fine white lamb-wool toga gracefully disposed over his rich attire, and his countenance wearing its accustomed bland expression of amiable cynicism. There was the usual crowd on the spot; much hurrying of those who were full of business, and loitering of idlers, who were there either for amusement or as spies; the meeting of the gay patrician with the illustrious commander did not fail to attract attention, both of them being well known by sight to the people.

"I salute thee, Nemesius! Accept my embrace on trust, unless thou wouldst prefer my spring up behind thee, or thou discount for it—only it is not worth the trouble," he said, laughing lightly, while he drew as near as he could without getting his feet under the horse's hoofs.

"Hast been taking a drive with Phaeton, and been dropped out of the clouds?" returned Nemesius, with a grim smile. "No! Finding I never know whether thou art here, or there."

"Here I am, at least for the present," was the good-natured reply. "But hold! what in the name of Æthion is the matter with this bit? Thy grooms deserve the rack for such carelessness. See what they have done!—Fabian has suddenly seized the bridle, and drawn the horse's head around. Nemesius leaned over to see what mischief had been done, which brought his face near that of Fabian, who was still fumbling with the bit at the expense of his jewelled fingers, which were bespattered with froth, the spirited animal resenting his familiarities.

"It is nothing at all," he said, in the lowest tone; "I only wanted to tell thee, without its being noticed or overheard, that the Jew is back. He has been to Capua. Expect him tomorrow. The stones have ears—the very air itself. Gods! what times to live in! There, it is all right now!" he said aloud, as he had been trifling.

"Thanks, Fabian; do not disappoint me, for my last hope hangs upon him," whispered Nemesius, whose hopes were once more rekindled. "I would commend thee, my Achatas, to moderate in that respect. The Fates hold the threads, and my experience has taught me that he who hopes the less gets the more. Now farewell, my Nemesius! I am on my way to visit the fair Lodiace, whose spells have not yet, I fear, subdued thy obdurate heart. Afterwards, lest thou shouldst deem me altogether frivolous, I am going the rounds of the porticoes, to try and discover if the philosophers have yet found an antidote for this miserable existence, the mortal necessities of which render life unendurable. I learn that some letters of Seneca have just been—originally it is said—and as his life was not of a piece with the austere morals of his pen, I may get from them a hint of what I seek."

Nemesius laughed. Fabian's affections always amused him, for he knew how keenly he sought and enjoyed the sensuous pleasures of life, and that he was at heart a perfect Sybarite. Then a quick farewell was exchanged, and they separated.

With the Emperor's permission, Nemesius spent the following day at his villa. That morning when Claudia, half-awake, called Zilla, a soft kiss upon her rosy mouth and his voice told her who was there waiting beside her couch until she should stir from her slumbers. She was soon in readiness for a stroll with him through the fragrant, dewy gardens, loitering here and there beside the fountains, pausing in the shaded alleys to listen to the clear, sweet warblings of thrushes and nightingales; then to the dove-cote to feed her white-winged pets, and laugh delightfully when they fluttered carelessly to her shoulder, some alighting on her golden head, and others on her outstretched hand,—a group symbolizing innocently to which the sculptor had ever wrought, or Nemesius ever imagined, and which never faded from his memory. Then back to the cool atrium, to the light morning repast awaiting them, where, after pouring the customary libation as a thank-offering in honor of the gods, they partook of the meal with appetites to which the sweet morning had given healthful zest.

While the moments sped joyously on, the happiness of Nemesius was tempered by forebodings and expectation. Were his hopes to be realized, or forever crushed? Would the Jew appear? He knew that his thinking more or less would not alter or change matters in the least, but only unite him for so; so restraining his impatience and dread, he drew a roll of papyrus from his bosom, and began to read to his little Claudia the fables of one Æsop, which had just appeared in Rome. Enchanted, she leaned against his shoulder, listening to every word, and keenly appreciating the moral so wittily conveyed through the medium of beasts and birds, as well as of men. While they were thus engaged, Symphonius appeared, to announce the arrival of "an old man, who waits without, with samples of wine, and insists on seeing the master of the villa."

"It is he of whom I spoke some time ago," answered Nemesius. "Bring him hither."

"I beg my noble master to be careful of wines at hazards from irresponsible persons," replied Symphonius, in a tone of remonstrance. "My kinsman, Fabian Cæcilius, recommends him to me; but be assured, my faithful Symphonius, that no wine shall go into my vaults without thy approval; for I put thy skill as a taster and judge before that of the world," said Nemesius; upon which

the old steward, well pleased, bowed his thanks, and went away to bring in the stranger.

"Do not be frightened, my timid dove, when this man enters; he comes by my request, and I trust him. But perhaps thou wouldst prefer to go to Zilla for a little while?" said Nemesius, an imperceptible tremor in his voice, his brave heart strained to the utmost on the issue of this last effort to give sight to his child.

"No! no! I would not leave thee for one single moment of this precious day; for when shall I have thee all myself again? Let the old man—ten old men, if thou wilt—come; I am not afraid—here!" she exclaimed, with impetuous fondness, as she clung closer to him, his arm around her.

Symphonius now appeared, conducting a man who, but for his bowed shoulders, would have been of stately height. He was clad in dark, flowing garments, and his head, which he uncovered on entering, was white; his features were cast in a noble mould; his large black eyes, while full of keen intelligence, had yet a furtive expression, as if ever on the outlook for sudden danger; and his hands, half concealed by the folds of his wide sleeves, were long and shapely. Across his forehead, stretched an oblique scar, which, however, did not impair the dignity of his countenance. At his girdle were several straw-covered flasks, which contained samples of rare wines. He made a low obeisance to Nemesius, who returned a gracious salutation.

"Thy name?" he asked.

"Eleazer Ben Asa, my lord," replied the Jew, in a low but distinct voice.

"Thou art," then inquired as to the quality of his wines, their country, vintage, and age, with other questions familiar to epicures. The old steward was summoned, who brought small crystal cups as thin and transparent as air, and the samples were tasted, and found satisfactory.

"But this surpasses all!" said Nemesius, tasting some which he poured from the last flask; "I only wanted to tell thee, without its being noticed or overheard, that the Jew is back. He has been to Capua. Expect him tomorrow. The stones have ears—the very air itself. Gods! what times to live in! There, it is all right now!" he said aloud, as he had been trifling.

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the old steward, well pleased, bowed his thanks, and went away to bring in the stranger.

"Do not be frightened, my timid dove, when this man enters; he comes by my request, and I trust him. But perhaps thou wouldst prefer to go to Zilla for a little while?" said Nemesius, an imperceptible tremor in his voice, his brave heart strained to the utmost on the issue of this last effort to give sight to his child.

"No! no! I would not leave thee for one single moment of this precious day; for when shall I have thee all myself again? Let the old man—ten old men, if thou wilt—come; I am not afraid—here!" she exclaimed, with impetuous fondness, as she clung closer to him, his arm around her.

Symphonius now appeared, conducting a man who, but for his bowed shoulders, would have been of stately height. He was clad in dark, flowing garments, and his head, which he uncovered on entering, was white; his features were cast in a noble mould; his large black eyes, while full of keen intelligence, had yet a furtive expression, as if ever on the outlook for sudden danger; and his hands, half concealed by the folds of his wide sleeves, were long and shapely. Across his forehead, stretched an oblique scar, which, however, did not impair the dignity of his countenance. At his girdle were several straw-covered flasks, which contained samples of rare wines. He made a low obeisance to Nemesius, who returned a gracious salutation.

"Thy name?" he asked.

refuse me so small... waded to her... The bird was... song; the child... around her... awakened any... like; on the cont... accents were so... his presence at f... every one who... with repulsion o... certainly no rep... impression of th... and submission... "I am not af... would die!" s... father's hand? ... what thou wilt... do not hurt them... a sharp pain, I... them."

"Turn her face... said Ben Asa, being tenderly... gentle touch to... scan the beautif... perfect crystal... maining perfect... The examination... he had ascertai... as he opened a... touched her eye... contained, which... perfume around... "Oh, that his... eyes, and how... art very kind... she said, holdi... with sweet, hold... head it for a m... then bent down... lips."

"I would see... an undertone... Greek. "Come, my... now to Zid nas... the wordworl... Nemesius, risi... few words in... here, then I w... "May I take... sir? She is s... dearly?"

"The bird... child," she w... that clapping her... never thank... Oh, when I... sing to the... won't they... she answered... with the pres... was led away... "God of it... with a burni... seemed to give... face of my o... breast of her... the Sepulch... they had... refuge, while... knowing the... and my litt... been as liv... I live—for... earth has no... floods have... Approach... mosaic... rolled his... resumed h... countenance... sion of gr... wrung it... "What... have faith... shall be th... child." "How... "She w... hast skill... "I would... she hath... can give t... can give... One—

"Even th... then, shall... Thou... a Jew, art... gods and... One, the... One, Al... dead, and... The C... "We... sponded... alone in... Oh, that... then woul... sight to... "Thy... treasura... ing to be... much in... sought t... said Ner... there wa... will bri... "It is... gives her... not hav... thou wilt... to let... her ow... tomed to... own. "I... sensitiv... ally wh... he mis... "I c... out rev... Nemesi... a purs... gestur... "M... holdin... "I... away... image... "I... Neme... ment... signed... condu... is in... "I... for th... thine... wont... Th... around... low... the... with







THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

In Germany, during the latter part of the sixteenth century, the belief in witchcraft broke out with an absolutely unrestrained and undiminished fury. Whole regions were laid waste. Especially was place after place stripped of almost its whole female population. At last the maddest rose to such a pitch that voices were heard demanding that evidence should no longer be required. The crime, men said, being almost impossible to prove, the public safety required that accusation should be held equivalent to condemnation, unless the judges in the case saw special reason to the contrary. This suggestion was taken up and virtually acted on for many years. Because the Jesuits showed great discontent with this cruel insanity, there were Catholic jurists who muttered that they ought to be driven out of the country. The cruel lawyers seem to have had a foreboding of the mortal blow which this fearful superstition was to receive at the hand of the Jesuit Frederick Speer. The cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition sink into insignificance compared with the indescribable havoc wrought by the witchcraft tribunals of Germany.

I may remark that next to Germany, though at a long interval, seems to have come Presbyterian Scotland. Episcopal England was very much less infected, and Catholic Ireland not at all. Ireland, says a German writer, seems to be the only country of the continent that has never witnessed the execution of an imagined witch. It is possible, I think, that there may have been some witchcraft cases in Ulster, but if so, this would have been merely an extension of the Scottish lunacy.

Professor Nippold, in his unappreciated malice against the Catholics, perfectly reveals in an accusation of which he gives not a single shred of evidence. A large part of the witchcraft executions, he says, were doubtless concealed executions of Protestants for heresy. Of course he can say this. He can say anything. Having, like the witchcraft judges, absolved himself from all obligation of being governed by evidence, there is no reason, but the fear of over-taxed popular credulity, why he should say that the plague and smallpox were propagated by the Jesuits in order to thin off the Lutheran population. His temper, though necessarily mitigated by his century, does not differ essentially from that of Titus Oates, except that, unlike Oates, before duping others, he begins by duping himself.

Curiously enough, as I shall presently show, the one point of presumptive evidence which really has a certain weight, it does not even mention.

Dr. David Muller, the popular, but thoroughly and exceedingly agreeable historian of Germany, is an enthusiastic Protestant, but, unlike Froude and Nippold, is a generally honest man, having not a trace of virulence in his composition. His words are emphatic. The one religion, says he, was just as much controlled by the prevailing madness as the other. This can only mean that the greater or less among the Catholics than among the Lutherans. Then as the Protestants, before the Catholic revival, say down to about 1570, were reckoned at about nine-tenths of the population, including Austria, the inference is that nine-tenths of the witchcraft murders were perpetrated by Protestant judges, the proportion gradually lessening as the number of Catholics once more increased.

Yet there was a still larger number of outlying Protestants among the Catholics than of outlying Catholics among the Protestants. And as at this time every ground of hatred and suspicion naturally took the shape of an impeachment for witchcraft, it is hard to suppose—although Nippold never even suggests this, attributing these disguised heresy trials to hierarchical policy that such an opportunity of gratifying religious hatred under another name should have been altogether overlooked by the Southern Catholics. Yet the words of Muller are express, that the two religions show no difference in the relative prevalence of the witchcraft madness. I am inclined therefore to think that the Jesuits impeded the disposition to confound heresy with witchcraft—having always had a preference for persecution against the other hand, the Lutherans of the North, finding few Catholics whom they could bring to trial as witches and wizards, turned their fury upon the Calvinists. However, the frenzy was so wholly emancipated from any approach to rationality, that it is hard to draw any conclusion about the inhabitants of a madhouse, and Germany at this time was no great madhouse.

There was one particular outbreak of frenzy at Cologne, which brought a number of distinguished victims to the stake. This has been interpreted as an exercise of concealed Popish hatred against Protestants. However, the matter has been taken in hand by two American gentlemen, Protestants, whose names are respectively given by Jansen. Their conclusion is that the fury of the prosecutors was directed not against Lutherans, but against Catholics of peculiar eminence to Catholic devoutness, among them being priests and I believe one or two Jesuits. The insane irritability of the time was maddened by everything out of the common, unwonted profaneness or unwonted piety, neglect of the sacraments or secular attention to them. Nay, even an uncommonly bad or uncommonly good memory was sometimes enough to send a man or woman to the stake. The other cases would doubtless be found like this of Cologne, not directed against the other religion, but directed against any unusual man or neglect of or devoutness in any religion. There was one precaution

hope of safety for any one, that is, to behave exactly like his neighbors.

I have read that Count von Hoensbroech, who, having been long a priest and for some ten years a Jesuit, is now the leader of the anti-Catholic movement in Germany, having sent some of his books to the Emperor, has had them returned to him, the Kaiser declaring that he would not read treatises written by a man who regards as insulting to the Catholic Church. Then it is to be hoped that Professor Nippold has not been anything, for he might expect a still sharper rebuff. The one or two papers of Hoensbroech that I have read show that the author has not forgotten that he is a gentleman, which is more than we can say for Nippold. It appears to me that his virulence is even greater, more intensely sustained, than that of our anti-Popish declaimers, except, of course, that so thoroughly furnished and so thoroughly disciplined mind cannot easily go off into mere froth without any thought.

One thing Nippold casually owns, that the revival of Roman Catholic zeal under Pius IX. has been so effective because it has been detached from worldlyness, has not been the slave of secular interests. The eminent French Protestant Edmond de Pressensac has likewise well, much more emphatically, on the singular purity of character, of course, that so thoroughly furnished and so thoroughly disciplined mind cannot easily go off into mere froth without any thought.

I may remark that Adolf Harnack, who is a much greater man than Leopold Nippold, has lately been making energetic protests against this violence of religious controversy in Germany, and has insisted on having the Papacy treated with the respect due to its great place in past and present history. Let Catholics, he says, be Catholics, and Protestants be Protestants, contending in all frankness for their own convictions, but as fellow-Christians, regarding each other with mutual confidence and affection. His words seem to be almost identical with those of Bishop Kippler of Rothenburg as they are almost identical with those of Bishop Spalding of Peoria, delivered in the Jesuit church at Rome.

Harnack, being so strongly supported by the Emperor, and by the essential spirit of Christianity, seems likely in the end to prevail over the hateful temper of Nippold and the Catholicism of the Jesuits. The exhortation which I see in a leading religious magazine of our country, to engage in a new "crusade" against the Roman Catholic religion, is undoubtedly a special inspiration of the devil.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

Andover, Mass.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF THE EMINENCE OF A FREE MIND, WHICH HUMBLE PRAYER PRODUCES BETTER THAN READING.

Lord, this is the work of a perfect man, never to let one's mind slacken from attending to heavenly things, and to pass through many cares as it were without care; not after the manner of an indolent person, but by a certain prerogative of a free mind, which does not cleave by an inordinate affection to any thing created.

Preserve me, I beseech Thee, O my most merciful God, from the cares of this life, that I may not be too much entangled by them; from the many necessities of the body, that I may not be ensnared by pleasure; and from all hinderances of the soul, lest being overcome by troubles I be cast down.

Three God Resolutions.

There are three things about which one should make good resolutions rather than about any others, says a Father. First, the practice of prayer; second, going to confession and Communion; third, avoiding the occasions of sin. The first two fill our souls with God's grace and the third keeps us out of danger.

Put all your good resolutions into company with prayer, and monthly or at least quarterly, Communion, and you will have no great difficulty in pulling through. From month to month is not through. From time to time is not through. From confession and a worthy Communion is God's best help. Morning and night prayers are a mark of predestination to eternal life; keep away from bad company and dangerous places, and avoiding bad reading and all other dangerous occasions, has very much to do with an innocent life and happy death.

A room with good Catholic pictures in it and a room without such pictures differ as much as a room with windows and one without these necessities. Pictures, and I mean only good, pure pictures, are consolers of loneliness, and a relief to the troubled mind. They are windows to the imprisoned heart, books, histories, sermons which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves or straining the eyes. They make up for the want of many other enjoyments to those whose life is mostly passed amid the smoke and din, the bustle and noise of a large city. Pictures of our Lord and His saints inspire us, give us courage, and induce us to bear our cross with Christian resignation.

For Sea-Sickness, Nausea, and malady of this type yield quickly to the almost magical power of Nerveine, and if you suffer periodically from any of these troubles, just keep Nerveine at hand. A few drops in sweetened water will give almost instant relief and in the course of half an hour the cure is completed. Your money back if you do not find it so.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Seventh Sunday After Pentecost.

OPENING OF A NEW SCHOOL.

"Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit."

We should rejoice to-day, dear brethren, for the tree which God has planted in the midst of us. Although we have not yet seen its fruits, we know it is a good tree and that it will yield us good fruit, for "Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit."

Just now it needs much attention, and that it may live and bear its fruit and spread its branches, for it is a tiny sapling. But in time it will repay us a hundredfold the care we bestow upon it now. With God's help it will grow in strength and height each day, and soon begin to bear fruit, such good fruit that our hearts will leap for joy at the sight of this faithful tree, first budding, then filling the air with the perfume of its blossoms, and at length weighted down with good and wholesome fruit.

Need we tell you, dear brethren, that we are speaking of the school—the school from which we hope so much good to come to us and to many who come after us?

Indeed, we cannot tell you how much we hope for from this school, nor how much spiritual good we look for as its fruit. The school is, indeed, the tree which will bear spiritual fruit; for the school will give us, by God's grace, boys and girls adorned with virtue who, by their lives, will honor God and their native land. These boys and girls will be your sons and daughters, and your children's children. They are those to whom you are attached by the closest of all bonds—the bonds of blood—and to whom we are bound by ties of a spiritual parentage. It is for their benefit that this school is being established; they will be the fruit of its training, and through them God's glory will be increased.

And we believe that you are one with us, in hope, in this undertaking, as you have been one with us in the past.

This church is a monument of your zeal and self-sacrifice; as its walls lift themselves heavenward, an enduring pile, stone by stone cut and fitted to its place, declares your faith and your love. That love and that faith are written in the Book of Life—an everlasting testimony—although these massive walls crumble and fall.

You did well when you built to God this temple, strong and beautiful, although it is of lifeless stone. But now do better, for now you are building a spiritual temple whose walls are not of granite but of living souls, whom faith and love shall shape and adorn that God may find great pleasure in them. These walls shall not grow old and crumble, for they are endowed with immortality and are as eternal as the everlasting hills; they shall praise their living walls, and yours with living voices; they shall glow with God's grace, and their beauty will as far surpass mere human beauty as Heaven surpasses earth.

Is it not inspiring to know that we can aid by God's grace in rearing this spiritual temple of such great beauty? And does not the beauty of this holy house of God grow dim and fade before the loveliness of that spiritual "place where His glory dwelleth?" Does not that faith that strips itself for this other holier one? Does not that love that would not rest until the Lord had a house a little fit in which to dwell, enlarge itself at the thought of this other house whose every stone is a temple of the living God?

We have, indeed, cause for joy to-day. The tree has been planted which will bear you fruit—souls for God. God grant we may live down beneath the shade of this tree and praise Him for its planting and its fruit! Each of us will taste of its fruit in God's own time. Let us labor now to rear it to a noble tree, for beneath its branches we shall rest in joy and much peace.

SOME TIME.

Canadian Messenger. Some time when all life's lessons have been learned. And sun and stars forevermore have set. The things of which we grieved with lashes will flash before us out of life's dark night. As stars shine most in deeper and blue. And you see how all God's plans were right. And how what seemed reproof was love and for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart! No more shall I see the close shut leaves apart; Time will reveal the calyx of gold. And if through patient toil we reach the land where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest. When we shall clearly know and understand, I thank that we shall say that "God knew best."

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

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TO ST. ANN.

From the Voice.

Mother of our dearest mother, Holy Ann we cry to thee; As around thy feet we gather, Look upon us lovingly.

Call to mind how in Aurigny Shone the light of faith once bright, May it glow again shine clearly, Chasing far the mists of night.

When the angry waves are raging, And the tempest treads implore Good St. Anne, thine aid extending, Save them from its rocky shore.

Serf of David, root of Jesse, Parent of the true of virgins, Pitiful to all our woes.

Open to the cry of suffering, At Aunay's aid seek to thee; Wanderers dost thou work of healing, Dost and bind both here and see.

Shower upon us all the graces, Thy sweet daughter, lives to see, May our hearts with joy her praises Sing through all eternity.

THE RIGHT MENTAL ATTITUDE.

In considering the probabilities of a life hereafter, it is well to obtain, as a first condition, a right mental attitude. So far as the testimony of our senses goes, death seems to be the absolute end of life. The eyes are dimmed; the voice is mute; all motion ceases; and the dissolving process of nature sets in.

There is, apparently, no returning through the door of death. Of all the generations of men who have gone before, none has come back to tell us what is beyond the grave.

But can we wholly depend upon the testimony and the reasoning of the senses? Are there not other conclusions of the vision and the mind, resting apparently upon a solid foundation of fact, which, nevertheless, have proven to be mistakes and even illusions? For thousands of years men have thought the horizon above them, a blue material canopy. They thought the earth flat and the sun a moving lamp, passing over the heavens. Their senses and their reason testified to such conclusions. Yet science has now taught the world the complete reverse of such beliefs. The horizon is impalpable; the earth is round; and the sun (so far as the terrestrial system is concerned), is stationary; it is the earth that moves. Science has, similarly, uncovered the illusory character of a great many other notions of the senses. Matter, for instance, is not solid and stationary. Solids are full of molecular movement. All things are not what they seem.

In view of such facts, giving due weight to the lesson that science teaches on every side, to-wit: That things may be actually the reverse of what they seem to be—we are brought to this attitude of mind as toward death: It may not be the absolute ending that it seems to be. There may be wonders beyond.

Science has revealed to us marvels that, to the uneducated man, would seem to be impositions upon his credulity. Thus, to be told that this ponderous earth of ours is a great ball, lifting itself, without support, in the heavens, revolving around its axis at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and rushing at a terrific speed through the heavens around an elliptical orbit, seems to be a wonder of wonders. Nothing more incredible is presented to us by the mythologies of history. The admonition is, then, an enlightened skepticism as towards the conclusions of the senses, and an open mind towards the possibilities of wonders yet unascertained.—Catholic Citizen.

THE PRIEST.

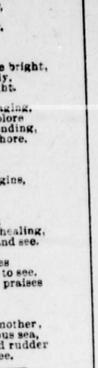
From the Catholic Transcript. For hour of night is sacred to his repose. No message is inopportune. No avocation forbids his immediate attendance at the sick bed. No gain or profit can divert his feet from the way which leads to the dying couch. He is the friend when all the world is found empty and haunting. The man of faith will not quit this life without his absolution. His own sacerdotal heart will not suffer him to withhold his benediction. Dying sinners feel his approach. They kiss his hand as it is lowered after absolution. They bless him as he recedes from their repentant couch. They count the hours till his reappearance, and weep with joy that he does not abandon them in the supreme moment. Nevertheless, happy, thrice happy, they who delay not the day of his visitation till death is near.

If the priest is entrusted with power from on high it is not for himself, but for the people. Those who refuse to draw water from this well of life have eaten from the insane root which leads to the reason captive and makes the life of the unfortunate recusant a living spiritual suicide. The priest is set apart for the people. If they do not realize his beneficent mission let them know that God has placed among them a fountain of living water from which they must drink or forfeit what is sweetest and most salutary in this world.

If the swaggering infidel sets the priest in a category by himself, it is primarily because God Himself has wrought the separation—a separation which only His wisdom, His mercy and His power could devise and operate. The life of the priest is a life of miracles—and all miracles are from God. The age of our miracles is indeed past. But the secret wonders wrought by the absolving and consecrating power of the priest are unknown to the unbelieving world. They are little known to the faithful and to himself. They are realized nowhere outside of heaven and hell. The angels look on in wonder and thanksgiving. The demons look on in impotent rage.

Children and the poor have waking dreams of "The Good Fairy of Wishes, who fulfils, also in dream, their manifold longings. Grown children, too, and the rich have this fond dream. Yet is there really a Good Fairy of Wishes—God.—Austin O'Malley.

WHY A YOUNG MAN OF TWENTY SHOULD INSURE.



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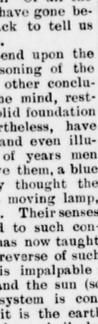
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COULD NOT SLEEP.

On Account of Headaches and Pains in the Side.

THE SAD CONDITION OF A BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL UNTIL DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CAME TO HER RESCUE.

Many young girls, seemingly in the best of health, suddenly grow listless and lose strength. The color leaves their cheeks; they lose their appetite, and suffer from headaches and other bodily pain. Such was the case of Bessie, youngest daughter of Mr. Chas. Cobleigh, Eaton Corner, Que. Speaking of his daughter's illness and subsequent cure, Mr. Cobleigh says: "Up to the age of eleven, Bessie had always enjoyed the best of health and took great pleasure in out-of-door play. Suddenly, however, she seemed to lose her energy and pale; slept badly at night, and complained of distressing headaches in the morning. We thought that rest would be beneficial to her, and so kept her from school, but instead of regaining her strength, she grew weaker and weaker. To make matters worse, she began to suffer from pains in the side, which were almost unbearable. At this stage we decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After a couple of weeks, the good effect of this medicine was decidedly apparent. Bessie became more cheerful, her step quicker, her eyes were brighter and she seemed more like her former self. We continued giving her the pills for several weeks longer, until we felt that she had fully recovered her health and strength. I honestly believe had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, our daughter would not have recovered her health and strength, and I shall always have a good word to say for this medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure all troubles that arise from poverty of the blood or weak nerves. Among such troubles may be classed nervous headache, neuralgia, erysipelas, rheumatism, heart ailments, dyspepsia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, and all ailments that render miserable the lives of so many women. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail, post paid at 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A True Brain Food must replace the feeling of lassitude and mental listlessness by clearness and strength of mind. Not that it goes directly to the brain, that were foolish. The true brain-food must be carried by rich, red blood. If mental fatigue worries and alarms you, look not to the brain, but the stomach and assimilation. The marvelous brain-strengthening power that Ferrozze has demonstrated in thousands of cases, Ferrozze does not stimulate the brain into a fitful glow, but by improving digestion, strengthening the nervous system, stimulating assimilation, giving new strength to the heart, it sends a stream of red vitalizing blood to the brain. Thus it is a true brain food. Ferrozze is sold by all reliable druggists.

WE ALL HAVE MISSIONS IN THE WORLD.—There is a work to do for every man on earth. There is a function to perform for everything on earth, animate and inanimate. Everything has a mission and the mission of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is to heal burns and wounds of every description and cure coughs, colds, croup and all affections of the respiratory organs. Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victim's forehead, ere they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dymetry Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

Cholera and colds are easily cured by the use of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for all affections of the lungs, and coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and you will get immediate relief. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

CHATS WITH YOU.

God opens before the children doors of deliverance and trials that will overcome them. I am certain that He places before open doors of opportunity.

The stuff of which leaders are made must be an unyielding steel. Whatever else a success lacks, how to make success a reality. Born leaders are not original thinkers, but strong individuality, initiating ways "trailers."

Successful leadership depends upon one's ability to sell through others. The must not only be able to sell, but must also be able to sell orders efficiently and vigorously. The strength of leadership is measured very largely by one's profit by the work of others. Great leaders are not details, but they are able to attend to the details when a general cannot do a job. If he attempts it he will command more than should perform as little possible.—Success.

Life Shortened by Liquor. "The man who drinks a far shorter life than does not. That has been proved by statistics ever gathered. Dr. Albert H. Brown, a statistician, recently reported that Professor Paris, had gone into "alcoholism and tuberculosis" convention.

As a matter of history and fact, the drinking of same chance as a disease. Dr. Albert produced statistics on the matter at the mortality of men, one and three-quarter those who are not in to it.

In all cases of the liver and the kidney disease, he has but on with the other man, statistics prove the same. The American statistician properly kept up their life. The life insurance will not take hazard if they know it, and the most complete in this Pilot.

The Spur that Makes It astonishing how there is an intense hunger to achieve, to reach the top, to reach the top. Napoleon used to say, "I will not take hazard if they know it, and the most complete in this Pilot."

When I see a youth purpose stamped upon when I see him working of great price, early he cannot be turned back. I feel sure that I never knew a person hard, persistently and for years towards a goal did not, at least appear his end.

On the other hand, shirking his duties, shiftless, indolent, shows no desire to get upward, I feel as sure will not succeed. It is this divine hunger or skill which means power. No youth can without a clean-cut ambition, and a long the thing on which makes man struggle. The surest sign of the accomplishment of things—things to pass—is an accomplishment, or something and be world.

Lincoln had this which impelled him of miles in the for borrow books which to buy. This hunger for yearning aspiration, passion and growth, ever looks upward a—this is the kind of ever youth should have. The boy Garfield hunger when he applied the academy floors for his tuition wood for fifty cents to earn a few dollars at school.—Success.

From the said Alexander H. I possess life. I have a subject in foundly, day and night, I explore in the mind becomes perv the effort which pleased to call the fruit of labor a—These words of dealing with a subject and itself always was a man of genius, but general place of information necessary the must precede man. A trained eye can the difference between subject based on found study, and a rapid consultation. Many men picking up information with difficulty with the information so common use Hamilton's p

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

God opens before the feet of His children doors of deliverance from temptations and trials that would otherwise overwhelm them. It is just as certain that He places before us wide open doors of opportunity.—Dr. P. H. Swift.

The staff of which Leaders are Made. Whatever else a successful leader lacks, he must be an organizer and know how to make successful combinations. Born leaders are not imitators, but original thinkers. They have strong individualities, imitators are always "followers."

Successful leadership depends entirely upon one's ability to multiply himself through others. The great leaders must not only plan which are practical but must also be able to call around them those who can carry out their orders efficiently and vigorously.

The strength of leadership is measured very largely by one's ability to profit by the work of others. As a rule, great leaders are not men of detail, but they must know what the details are, and be able to have them done to with the utmost exactitude. A general cannot do a private's duty. If he attempts it he will fail, and if he commands more than one army, he should perform as little detail work as possible.—Success.

Life shortened by Liquor Drinking. "The man who drinks is assured of a far shorter life than the man who does not. That has been known for fifty years, and is confirmed by all the statistics ever gathered, and it is a surprise that any stress has been laid on the fact that the anti-liquor campaign in Paris, recently, when shown the report that Professor Segrain, of the State Board of Health, had gone into the subject of "alcoholism and tuberculosis" before their convention.

As a matter of history, experience and fact, the drinking man has not the same chance as the total abstainer. Dr. Abbott produced the English statistics on the matter and showed that the mortality of men who are accustomed to handle liquor daily is from one and three-quarters as great as those who are not in such proximity to it.

In all cases of the brain, the lungs, the liver and the kidneys, the drinking man is at a disadvantage. In liver diseases he has but one chance in six with the other man. The German statistics prove the same thing, and if the American statistics had been properly kept up they would show the same. The life insurance companies will not take habitual users of liquor if they know it, and their statistics are most complete in this regard.—Boston Pilot.

The Spur that Makes Men Struggle. It is astonishing how much power there is in an intense longing or divine hunger to achieve the particular thing which lies nearest the heart. Napoleon used to say that a firm resolution can make realities out of possibilities.

When I see a youth who has a deep purpose stamped upon his features; when I see him working for this pearl of great price, early and late, so that he cannot be turned from his course a hair's breadth, no matter what tempts him, I feel sure that he will succeed. I never knew a person who struggled hard, persistently and enthusiastically for years toward a certain object, who did not, at least approximately, attain his end.

On the other hand, when I see a boy shirking his duties, who is listless, shiftless, indolent, ambitionless and shows no desire to get on, no ambition or aspiration which leads him to look upward, I feel as sure that this boy will not succeed.

It is this divine hunger for knowledge or skill which measures our success-power. No youth can accomplish much without a clean-cut purpose, a lofty ambition, and a longing to accomplish the thing on which he has set his heart.

A worthy ambition is the spur that makes man struggle with his destiny. The surest sign of the genius that can accomplish things,—that can bring things to pass—is a divine longing for accomplishment, or yearning to do something and be somebody in the world.

Lincoln had this divine hunger, which impelled him to tramp hundreds of miles in the forest, barefooted, to borrow books which he could not afford to buy.

This hunger for knowledge, this yearning aspiration, struggling for expansion and growth, this longing which ever looks upward and toward the light—this is the kind of genius which every youth should cultivate.

The boy Garfield showed this divine hunger when he applied for a chance to ring the academy bell and sweep the floors for his tuition, and when he cut wood for fifty consecutive days in order to earn a few dollars to make his way at school.—Success.

From the Center. "Men give me credit for genius," said Alexander Hamilton. "All the genius I possess lies just in this: when I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly, day and night. It is a part of me; I explore it in all its bearings; my mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make people are pleased to call the fruit of genius; it is the fruit of labor and thought."

These words disclose one of the secrets of the impression which a mind dealing with a subject with which it has filled itself always makes. Hamilton was a man of genius in spite of his disavowal; but genius cannot supply the place of information nor render unnecessary the thorough work which must precede mastery of any subject. A trained eye can always detect in print the difference between a treatment of a subject based on a thorough and profound study, and a treatment based on a rapid consultation of the encyclopaedias. Many men have the power of picking up information rapidly, but the difficulty with this method is that the information so collected does not, to use Hamilton's phrase, "pervade the

mind." It is only when a subject is mastered by exploration in every direction and by long meditation that the mind becomes imbued with its peculiar quality, is able to divine what it does not see at a glance, and in the end presents it from a fresh and individual point of view.

The intellectual difference between men is much more important along the line of quality than along the line of mere information. There are a great many fairly well-informed people who have practically nothing to say on any important subject; they know a great deal; but they have not mastered the subject, nor have they really entered into it. On the other hand, there are those whose information is comparatively limited, and yet who make positive contributions to a subject whenever they discuss it. There are those who touch everything on the rim, and there are those who see everything from the center. The first are always superficial, no matter how large their information; the second are always fundamental, no matter how limited their definite knowledge.

Great Men Are Always Humble. FATHER CRONIN AT COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, BUFFALO.

To-day you commence your journey through life. Not without reason is the end of the scholastic year called commencement day. Naturally, people would think it should be called the end; but no, commencement, because now, in reality, do you commence your career in life. Human life, with its joys and its sorrows, with its hopes and its disappointments; human life, with all its struggles, its triumphs and defeats; human life, where we reach out our hands, quivering with expectancy, for that fame which the soul of our ambition has turned.

I am an old man and I can speak from the experience of years. I have seen, in my time, young men like you, "with hopes as bright and hearts as light as birds upon the wing." Their mother's hearts were filled with gladness on occasions like this, and what bright triumphs were not foretold of their future! But alas, and still alas! how soon did not the brilliant tints of the rainbow fade in the sky! How soon did they not fall by the wayside! How quickly did not the laurels with which they were crowned wither in the dust! And why? Because they forgot the teachings of the Christian schools.

Because they were recreant to duty and to God. Because their eyes were blinded with the glitter and glare of the world. Because their consciences were seared by tiger-like passions, and the brilliant hopes that the family once entertained of them turned to the despair of broken hearts.

But I know that you will not belong to that class. You are too proud; you are too noble; you would rather die, while the dew of life's morning is upon your brow than ever bring tears to the eyes of your mothers, or break the hearts of your fathers. You are determined to achieve success, and you will do so under God, by following certain rules you have laid down for yourself, and by so doing, you will be an honor to your race, to your religion, to your country and to the devoted Brothers and friends; and none will be prouder of your success than those spiritual sons of the saintly De La Salle, that wondrous man whose fame now fills the world, who has founded a new order and system of education, not only for the poor, but for all classes, that has never been outdone. It is a hard life, the life of a Christian Brother; a mortified life, and I know that there are in the ranks of the Christian Brothers men who would have achieved laurel crowns in any walk of life, men of distinguished families, men of lofty genius, men of heroic virtue, men like the gentle Gerald Griffin, Ireland's Walter Scott, took off the trappings of pride and levied himself to God in the very noonday of his fame; and they, like him, prefer to live secluded, mortified unknown lives in the cause of Christian education, looking for their fadeless crown beyond the stars.

One thing that I would take the liberty of counseling you in this beginning of your journey of life is to be humble, to be true to yourself. Be humble; and true to yourself. Be humble; in the words of St. Paul, "What have you that you have not received, and if you have received, why then glory?" It has been my privilege to have met many exalted personages. I may mention in passing, Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, William Gladstone and the illustrious, luminous Leo, the Father of the Christians, and what impressed me most, what amazed me and made me most proud, was the courteous condescension, the charming simplicity of those exalted persons. And great men are always of that character. It is only the fraudulent type that expect you to go down on your knees and make genuflections for miles before they allow you to approach. Be humble, then, and if God has given you the great advantage of education, do not sneer at those who, by force of circumstances, have been deprived of that advantage. For education is but an accident. It is not an essential, by any means. Some of the brightest men that ever I met could hardly write their names. Education is merely the jeweler of the mind that sets the gem. A jeweler, when he takes a gem to set, it does not give any new qualities to it, does not give any brilliancy to it where it will show its brilliancy to the best advantage. So also education does not give a man any more brains than Nature's God gave him. It is simply the jeweler that polishes and sets the gem or gem of the mind. Always be courageous; fear no man when you are right; fear God only, and do not be carried away by the hurrahs of the crowd. Stand alone when you are right, and be as movable as the rock of Gibraltar amidst the dashing waves. Sometimes it is a noble to be alone. Sometimes when a man runs with the crowd there is a suspicion that the crowd carries him and that he depends for his success

upon the crowd. Christopher Columbus stood alone amid the scoffs and sneers of the world. There were only two behind him — one the devoted priest, Father Perez, and the other the most noble woman of her age, the Castilian Queen, Isabella, nobly called "The Catholic." And now the world is filled with the praises of Columbus.

Then lift the flag of right, hold it high for ever above the wrong. Draw the sword, the sword of the spirit, the sword which Paul drew, the sword of truth, and when the battle is over, the battle of life, and the smoke clears away from the battlefield, in the cool gray of the dawning morning, you shall be found the victor, host. Men will laurel-wreath your name and the Angel above will open the golden gates of Paradise and welcome you to glory forevermore.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE HOLY FATHER AND THREE CONVENT GIRLS. Recently three pupils of the Sacred Heart Convent, Boston, had the great privilege of a private audience with the Holy Father, and we are glad to reproduce the appended simple and graceful account of the event.

The room at the Vatican in which the audience took place had two doors, one at either end. The three young ladies entered from the south side. Directly in front of them was the door which was soon to open to His Holiness. Right above this latter door was a magnificent alabaster crucifix, and the Christ that hung thereon was particularly and strikingly pathetic in its expression. When the door opened the narrator really thought she saw, in some sort, a reproduction of the crucifix in the white-robed figure of the Pope. Alabaster, the purest and palest, can best express the paleness of the august face of Pope Leo XIII.

When the American ladies knelt around him the Pope was at once interested. "And so," he said, "you are going to leave Rome in a few days. Well, my children, carry with you my blessing to the American people. I love very much; they are a grand nation, a progressive people, and the Church in America has a glorious future in your truly free land."

He said many other things of the same bearing, and then asked, "What pleased you most in Rome?" "This audience with you, Most Holy Father," the three spontaneously answered.

"Ah," said the Pope, "I fear you are flattering me. I thought the Americans were a truth-loving people."

They attempted to protest, and one of the Cardinals present answered: "And so they are. Your Holiness, these children have spoken the truthful feelings of their hearts."

Then there were a few words more of blessed encouragement and consolation, a general blessing of themselves and of their dear ones and the precious time was over.

They rose and withdrew, but at the door instinctively raised their eyes to take a last look at the Holy Father. At that moment they met his glance fixed tenderly upon them. Turning to the Cardinals he said: "See how my American children love me. They do not wish to leave, but, beckoning to them, he said in a loud, clear and strong voice, "Come, come, my children."

Immediately they were about to return, when one of the Cardinals, fearing the extra fatigue for the Pope, motioned them to withdraw, saying, "Go; it is finished."

But the Holy Father quickly rejoined, "No, it is not finished; come, my children, come."

They needed no second invitation, in an instant they were at his feet receiving again a blessing as tender as it was reversed.

Poverty no Barrier to Success. Born the son of a ploughman, M. Camille Flammarion is now the greatest living astronomer of France. When quite a boy, and with a few francs in his pocket, he set out for Paris in an endeavor to find fame. He hired a little room, attended classes, and studied fourteen hours a day, and by 1858 had the satisfaction of gaining a post in the Paris Observatory. M. Flammarion founded the monthly review, L'Astronomie, and the Astronomical Society of France.—Success.

Learn to Work. Any American girl is possibly, and probably, going to need to fall back upon her own resources some time. The ups and downs of fortune are too certain, too conspicuous to need pointing out. To bring up a girl without any training in a useful occupation is not simply imprudent and foolish, but it is wicked. Feminine character needs independence to make and keep it sweet and perfect. The darkest little room, the helplessness and dependence of womanhood for inspiration, are what every girl needs. Only through intelligent work can the highest character be attained, and the growth of character is the whole purpose of this school which we call "the world."—Home Companion.

All Boy If Boy at All. No boy can afford to neglect his work, and with a boy work, as a rule, means study. I am no advocate of senseless cramming in studies, but a boy should work, and should work hard at his lessons, in the first place, for the effect upon his own character of settling to learn it. Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference to studying are all most certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of life. Of course, as a boy grows older it is a good thing if he can shape his studies in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not, he must put his whole

heart into it. I do not believe in mischief-making in school hours as this kind of animal spirits that make poor scholars; and I believe those boys who take part in rough, hard play out of school will not find any need of it.—Theodore Roosevelt.

THE WHITE PONTIFF. BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE INSPIRED BY POPE LEO'S TOUCHING QUERY, "WHY DO THEY WANT ME GONE?" Under the heading "Why Do They Want Me Gone?" the Atlanta Constitution says editorially: "The cable informs us that this is the pathetic question Pope Leo XIII. puts to his personal attendants when perchance he hears that rumors of his serious illness or death are often sent about."

"It is a very pertinent question. Why should any good person anywhere in the limits of civilization desire the departure from mortal action of this grand old hero of the Vatican? He is to-day the greatest living statesman of Europe, and his work for the peace and good will of men has been such as to give him a place in history far above any of his contemporaries.

The White Pontiff succeeded Pius IX. at a time when the whole world was in ferment. European States were greatly inflamed by their jealousies and clashing arms of policy. The United States had recently been in the most awful internecine war of the ages, the French invasion of Mexico had ended in failure and France had been whipped to a finish by Prussia. The whole circle of civilization was in a condition of transformations which have since culminated and changed largely the map of the world.

"After twenty-five years in the Vatican, holding himself a state prisoner, dreaming always of the restoration of the temporal kingdom to which Pius IX. succeeded on this day fifty-seven years ago and of which he was dismissed by Victor Emmanuel, Leo XIII. has nevertheless shown himself the profoundest thinker, diplomatist and humanitarian of the Church, unless some may prefer Leo X.

"His influence had ever been to build up the Apostolic faith wherever mankind could be reached by the Church and its gospel. Relieved of the intimate problems of State government he has embraced in the philanthropy of his statesmanship all lands and nations. The trend of his pontifical genius and inspiration has been towards democracy in religion and his counsel has always been to the spiritual forces of the world for the universal welfare of mankind. His encyclical, 'Rerum Novarum,' is one of the greatest and most luminous monographs ever written upon the yet unsolved problems of the social forces of society.

"When the call comes to go that he must obey, the world, independent of creeds, will weep at the bier of this masterly Christian leader and lover of mankind."

OUR RELIGION. Trusting that the digression on Purgatory may have been of profit, we shall return to a consideration of the sixth article of the Creed. "He ascended into Heaven; sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; St. Bartholomew is credited with the authorship of this article.

Plainly stated, we have here the doctrine of our Lord's ascension. Of course it is well understood that it means that Jesus Christ as man, composed of body and soul, ascended into heaven. For as God he was always there, and as God could not cease to be there. It is evident, therefore, that the doctrine relates to an event in the life of our Lord as man. And the purpose of our Lord's ascension was to open the way to mankind. It is fitting, indeed, that He should have done so, for His body, made glorious and immortal by virtue of His resurrection could not find a suitable place in a world of sin and probation.

By the second part of this article, "sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty," two ideas are conveyed to us. First, that He occupies the highest place of glory He has won for the infinite glory He has won for Himself, and, secondly, that this has elevated Him as man high above all creatures. They further teach us that our Lord is in Heaven as an abode of eternal rest enjoying the same glory as the Father and the Holy Ghost.

St. Thomas added the seventh article: "Thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead." Here we have enunciated a most important doctrine and one which many non-Catholics have entirely discarded. It is that of rendering an account of our lives to God that we may merit our reward or receive our punishment. It enunciates the doctrine that God will judge all men. But, say many of our separated brethren, there is no hell. All men will be saved by the infinite mercy of God. He would not condemn any to a place of eternal punishment. They forget that God is just, and that He is just if He were to give heaven to the good and hell alike?

Moreover, the very words of the Apostle contradict such a contention. He says "to judge the living and the dead." By "the living" is further meant those who have died in the friendship of God. By "the dead" is meant those who have departed this life in the enmity of God; that is, in mortal sin. As we have been taught, there will be two kinds of judgments. The first occurring immediately upon the soul leaving the body and the other at the end of the world. The first is called the particular, and the second the general judgment. To merit the judgment of the just, therefore, we should correspond with God's graces and thus make our lives conform to His law. Heaven is the reward for all who do so.—Church Progress.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; it is an effectual medicine.

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THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART. God in His providence leaves a great deal to our prayers. Let us strive earnestly to console by our prayers the ravaging of the Sacred Heart for the salvation of men.

OUR RELIGION. Trusting that the digression on Purgatory may have been of profit, we shall return to a consideration of the sixth article of the Creed.

are by far the most attractively put up remedy I have ever seen, and the immediate favor they have found with my customers surpasses anything in my experience. I can also speak most highly of the medicine itself.

IRON-OX TABLETS. They Cure Constipation and Indigestion. 50 Tablets, 25 Cents.

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WHAT THE POPE SAYS. Among the utterances of His Holiness since his illness became critical are the following: To Cardinal Macchi, Secretary of Apostolic Briefs—"I am near the end. I do not know if all I have done has been good, but I have obeyed my conscience and my holy faith."

A Word to the Young Women. Our Parish Calendar of Lawrence has the following timely hint to fashionable young women: "It is with considerable inconvenience that a priest administers Holy Communion to a lady at the sanctuary railing when her hat is thrust forward from ten to twelve inches. Young women should bear in mind that they are not dressed as modestly as they would like to appear, if they are covered only by a netting."

DIocese of London. THE PRIESTS' RETREAT. During the past week the Bishop and priests of London Diocese were on retreat at Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont. Every day special prayers were offered for the Holy Father, and the retreat was also held in the whole diocese for the same intention.

OBITUARY. MR. RICHARD O'LEARY. It is with feelings of deep regret that we learn of the death of Mr. Richard O'Leary, who died at his residence in McGillivray at the age of fifty years.

MARRIAGES. CLANCY-McKEEVER. The church of Our Lady Help of Christians, Wallaceton, was thronged on Tuesday last to witness the marriage of Joseph McKeevery and Miss Josephine Clancy.

REMEMBERED BY THE LEAGUE. The members of the League of St. Joseph's Day last and presented Miss Josephine Clancy one of their prettiest gifts, a pair of earrings.

SUCCESSFUL PUPILS. The separate school of this city sent up nine pupils to the High School entrance examination all of whom passed.

DIocese of Hamilton. MR. FALCONIO AT RAPIDS.

July 16, 1903, will ever be a memorable day in the hearts of the good people at Grand Rapids as every Catholic in the Valley City is celebrating the completion and consecration of the principal church of the diocese.

THE HISTORY AT KENILWORTH. From the representation of the Bishop of Hamilton on July 2d we learn that the first picnic in connection with the new church of the Sacred Heart took place on Tuesday last.

TWO ACCOMPLISHED DAUGHTERS. Misses Florence and Aileen O'Connor, two of the accomplished daughters of the Judge and Mrs. O'Connor, who have been graduated with educational honors.

CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL. Cliff Haven, the home of the Catholic Summer School on Lake Champlain, has again opened its doors to a large number of pupils.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE. At the regular meeting of St. Mary's Branch, N. T. Almonte, held July 7th, the following resolutions were adopted.

MARKET REPORTS. LONDON, July 16.—Grain, per cental—Wheat, new good \$1.20 to \$1.22; oats, per cental \$1.00 to \$1.02.

POSITION WANTED. AS HOUSEKEEPER FOR A PRIEST-GOOD references. Apply E. F. Catholic Record Office, London, Canada.

STATUES FOR SALE. Statues of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony, (colored) 18 inches high.

Uniform Heat. Reading comfortably on the ground floor, Bathing baby comfortably on the second floor, Writing comfortably on the third floor.

Sacred Pictures. Beautiful Artotypes for framing, superior to Steel Engravings in execution.

Live Stock Markets. Toronto, July 16.—The prices of exporters were nominal, at \$5.65 to \$5.90 per cwt.

TEACHERS WANTED. A MALE TEACHER AS PRINCIPAL FOR a Catholic separate school in the village of Bonfield, Ont., with 2nd class certificate.

TEACHER WANTED, MALE OR FEMALE. For School S. C. No. 4, Knolly. Duties to commence after the holidays.

TEACHER WANTED, MAN OR WOMAN. holding 3rd class certificate, one who can teach French and English.

TEACHER WANTED, FEMALE TEACHER. for the R. C. S. S. C. No. 4, 99th Street, Toronto.

TEACHER WANTED FOR STAFFORD. Separate school holding 3rd class certificate to teach French and English.

INDIGESTION CONQUERED BY K.D.C. FOR THE CLERGY. THE LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII. Epistles and Gospels for Pulpit Use.