

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1898.

NO. 1,010.

The Pope's Latest Poem.

HYMN TO GOD AND THE VIRGIN MOTHER.

One last ray, Leo, sheds thy sun,
And pallid sets its course now run,
As murky night descends;
Descends on thee, whose torpid blood
Can wither veins no longer flood;
Thy body falls, thy ends.

The fatal dart by death is thrown;
Sad cerements and a chilly stone
Thy resting ashes keep,
But free, now free, his fetters burst,
Thy soul escapes in eager thirst,
To mount the empyrean steep.

Its flight is thither wings; and grant,
O element God! it may not pant
For that longed end in vain.
May I reach heaven! By gift supreme
May I enjoy the Godhead's beam,
His Face for aye attain.

And thee, O Virgin, may I see:
A child, O Mother, loved I thee—
Now old, I love thee more,
Receive me home, and among the blest
My guardian shall I hold confessed
A fruit thy service bore.

—G. L.

He Knows.

I know not what shall befall me,
—God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
—And on each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes to arise,
—And every joy He sends me comes
As a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me,
—As I tread on another year,
—But the past is still in God's keeping,
—The future His mercy shall clear,
—And that which looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think;
—The Lord may sweeten the waters
—Before I stoop to drink,
—Or if Marah must be Marah,
—He will stand beside the brink.

It may be that He keeps waiting
—For the coming of my feet,
—Some gift of such rare blessedness—
—Some joy so strangely sweet—
—That my lips can only tremble
—With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh! restful, blissful ignorance!
—Thy blessed rest to me,
—Which keeps me in the light,
—Which will not let me go,
—And hushes my soul to rest,
—On the bosom which loves me so.

And so I go on—not knowing—
—I would not if I might,
—I'd rather walk in the dark with God
—Than go alone in the light,
—I would rather walk with Him by faith,
—Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trial,
—Which the future may disclose,
—Yet I never had a sorrow,
—But what the dear Lord chose,
—So I wait, and bow submissive
—To the will of Him Who knows.

—M. G. Brainard.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

Rev. L. A. Lambert, L. D., in N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Dr. McAllister's paper, the Christian Statesman, announces that the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette declines to publish any longer his letters to us and as a consequence discontinues reproducing editorials from the Freeman's Journal in reply to them.

This is rather hard on the doctor, after all he has said in praise of the Gazette. The arrangement with that journal was of his own making. It was entirely between them, and they seem to understand each other to a T. But now a change has come. The doctor says: "The series of articles on Romanism appearing for months past in the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette has suddenly come to a halt. The chief reason given by the management of that journal is that the claims of other more interesting and important matter are pressing too heavily to permit the continuation of the discussion. As to the relative importance of other matter, considering the high character of the great majority of the readers of the Gazette, that journal might well find space enough during a single week, by condensing, if not omitting, sporting and theatrical news, not to mention other items, for several columns more than it has been publishing of the discussion in question."

We are not in the confidence of the Gazette, but the reason it assigns may be a diplomatic way of discontinuing Dr. McAllister's rehash of old objections and fallacies that have been many times answered and as many times answered and exposed. Another reason occurs to us. In view of our exposure of the doctor's ignorance of the Catholic principles which he opposes, his erroneous notions about the teachings of the early Christian fathers, his misapprehension of the acts of general councils, and his limping logic, the Gazette has not as exalted an opinion of him as he has of himself.

Being shut out from the Gazette the doctor intimates that he may publish his letters in book form. If he should so determine he will doubtless desire to make some arrangement by which our replies will go cheek by jowl with them.

This muzzling of the doctor by his favorite journal is the unkindest cut of all. It would be interesting to know the real reason of it. The Gazette's action suggests a doubt whether it is worth while for us to follow the doctor further. If his letters are not worth publishing in the Gazette it is a question whether they are worth answering in the Freeman's Journal. We will think over it.

And why dost thou pretend to seek another way than this royal way (to heaven), which is the way of the holy cross.—The Imitation.

If thou fling away one cross without doubt thou shalt find another and perhaps a heavier.—Imitation of Christ.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

The American Independent has called upon representative men from the various religious denominations to give the chief events of the year in their different communions. The Rev. D. S. Pnelan, L.L.D., was invited to speak of the Catholic Church. Here is his review of the year 1897:

I am asked for a story of Catholic progress and growth. Have I one to tell? During the past year some statistical controversy was indulged in on this side of the Atlantic, and on the other as to the number of converts received into the Church from the different Protestant denominations, some placing the figures in both cases as high as one thousand a month, while others contended that the estimate was overdrawn. The Independent gave some statistics from Germany that were not so flattering, but subsequent investigation, if it did not disprove the conclusions at least cast serious doubts on the sources of information.

We are apt to attach too much importance to these tables of confessional mutability. We are obliged to labor for the salvation of our fellow men and knowledge imparted through the ministry of the Word is a prime factor in such sublime work; but unless the Lord build the house, in vain do they labor who build it. Individual conversions will never change the general aspect of the religious world. A few thousand brought into the Church in a year among thirty or forty millions of people, is a good reward for individual zeal and devotion; but as a step toward the conversion of the entire body it is one of the far out figures of a long decimal. Only the Spirit of God can "renew the face of the earth." Great religious upheavals are the work of that Spirit, and all the Church can hope to accomplish is to aid mankind to get into the water after it is disturbed. A great hurricane of popular passion swept whole nations from Catholic unity; it will take some such counter revolution to hurl them back again.

While a study of dogma may bring a few highly cultivated minds to accept this or that form of belief, the masses must be drawn by the cords of Adam. When our Lord stated the case of the unbelieving Jews He said they had no excuse because they had seen His works and had been convinced that they were such as no man had ever wrought before. If we are to wrest the masses from their sin and errors we must show them works; and if we would draw them into our communion we must show them that the works we do are done by no other Church. The Catholic Church is perfectly willing to engage in the work of conversion on these terms; they offer a fair field, and as wide as it is fair. Hers has been the case of suffering for the sins of a wicked partner, and he will in future go it alone. Centuries of brutal oppression and social discrimination which the Church was compelled to permit, and as far as was consistent with truth and her divine mission excuse, resulted in the final and evitable explosion of the last century, and the electric spark that ignited the huge mine came straight down from Heaven, and men called it Liberty. It was a word to conjure by, and the civilized world was set wild by it. Thrones were sent high in the air and the force of the explosion shook the Church's altars. The last hundred years have been for her a period of recovery and reparation. To day she stands before the world and asks for judgment. "If the works which I do have ever been done by any body claiming Christ's commission, then are you excused from hearing me." One thing the non-Catholic world has learned in these late years, and it is that Catholics are sincere believers and their clergy are thoroughly in earnest.

Some movements of a general character have occurred from which the Church must derive more than local advantage. The Czar has lifted his iron heel from the neck of the Church in Russia. The hostility of the Czar to Catholicity was not inspired by any aversion to Rome or her teaching, but by a determined purpose to keep Orthodoxy as the bulwark of the Russian State. Rome was more feared than hated, as she was the one enemy of nationalised Christianity. A thing unheard of in the history of the Russian Church was the donation from the imperial exchequer recently made to repair a Catholic church in Moscow. Then during the past year five Catholic seminaries in Russia have been opened and several seminaries opened with the full consent of the Government. The relations between the Holy See and St. Petersburg were never so amicable as at present.

The efforts of the Holy Father to bring back the Eastern schismatics have met with considerable success; but Leo is "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," the dawn of a better day for the Church in the East is at hand, and events may arise at any moment that will crown the work of reunion. When Germany and France will have learned that they have nothing to fear from the prosperity of the Church, the Czar will not be slow to learn the same lesson, and then the grim visage of the Russian bear will relax, if it does not melt into a smile.

In the Latin republics of America the position of the Church is somewhat improved, owing to a general rapprochement between them and the Vatican and the appointment ofuncios and Apostolic Delegates to most of them. Those people are intensely Catholic, but they fear a restoration of the old ecclesiastical regime, something they abhor not one whit more than do the authorities in Rome. The work of the monks in those countries was a wonderful manifestation of the power of love and Christian co-operation; and the world will never be able to repay those godlike men for their heroism and far-seeing providence; but those people have long since graduated out of the religious nursery, and the pioneer work of the monks is done.

We have seen some changes in the Church in this country, and we may hope that some of them have been on the lines of improvement. The war of factions which disturbed us for some years is about over. We have no need of factions in this healthy Church of the United States. The silencing of the suppressions of an ecclesiastical faction is like the amputation of a limb and is not a sign of restored strength and health. The Holy Father removed the head of the Washington University in the interest of harmony, and when that was found ineffectual, it was followed by the dismissal of the unmitigated "Leader of the Germans," Mgr. Schroeder. The three German professors chosen by Bishop Keane in 1892 have proved to be very annoying misfits. They were learned men, as are all German professors, but as proud and haughty as they were learned. They came over here to spread "German science," and incidentally to promote Deutschum generally. They were as suitable to our religious conditions as German anarchists to our political conditions; and their agitation, as loud and frothy as the beer-born frenzy of those Anarchists, was quickly laid.

The state of the Church in this country may be said to be one of peace. The storm centres have been swept, and fines Thracios, thanks to the wise and unostentatious policy of our present Apostolic Delegate, St. Patrick and St. Paul are the best of friends, and the old trapper, Faribault, has become a citizen of New York. New Orleans has been retroceded to France, and the act was accomplished we are told, by a new Maid of Orleans, the daughter of Protestant Faure. Several new theological seminaries have been built, or are in course of erection, and altogether the outlook for higher education in the Church was never so bright. Only one Catholic paper went to the wall during the past year, and several new ones have entered the field. This is a very healthy sign. When people cease to take interest in an object they cease to read about it, and vice versa. A better sign still, the Catholic and Protestant papers take notice of each other, an innovation introduced by the Independent. Disputed points of doctrine will never be settled until the newspapers settle them. They go to the marrow of the argument, and the thrusts of the journalistic bayonet never heal. This makes us hopeful, and suggests a more than ordinary Christmas greeting.

A JESUIT'S ROSARY.

How It Brought About a Conversion.—An Incident of Protestant Persecution.

It was on the 10th of March, 1615, when a religious of the Society of Jesus ascended the scaffold in Glasgow. John Ogilbi was his name, and his crime consisted in saying that the spiritual power belonged exclusively to the Pope and not to the King, who at the time was James I. When he was being led to the scaffold a Protestant minister came up to him, and protesting great affection and concern, spoke thus:

"My dear Ogilbi, I feel sorry for you and extremely regret your obstinate resolution to endure such a disgraceful death."

Father Ogilbi, feigning fear of the gallows, answered:

"What can I do? I am powerless to prevent it. They declared me guilty of high treason, and therefore I must die."

"High treason! Nothing of the kind," replied the Protestant. "Swear off your Papism and you will at once be pardoned; furthermore, you will be overwhelmed with favors."

"You are joking!"

"No; I am in earnest, and have a right to speak thus, since the Protestant Archbishop sent me to offer you a dowry in marriage and for dowry a rich prebend, if you decide to pass into our ranks."

With these words they arrived at the scaffold.

The Protestant insisted that the Jesuit should consent to live. Father Ogilbi replied that he was willing to do so if his honor would not be contaminated.

"I told you already," answered the minister, "that you will be loaded with favors and honors."

"Well, then," answered Father Ogilbi, "repeat your promise before the crowd."

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Hear me," shouted Father Ogilbi,

turning towards the people; "listen to the proposition made to me."

And the Protestant minister spoke in a loud voice:

"I promise to Mr. Ogilbi life and the daughter of the Archbishop in marriage, with a dowry of a rich prebend, provided he is willing to pass over into our ranks."

"Are you inclined," asked Father Ogilbi of the crowd, "to bear witness, if it is necessary, to this proposition that you heard just now?"

"Yes," roared the crowd, and Father Ogilbi made ready to descend from the scaffold.

The Catholics who were present and witnessed the scene endured indescribable agony at the thought of the great scandal which such an apostasy would create in the whole Church.

"In this case, then," continued Father Ogilbi, "I will not be persecuted for high treason."

"No," roared the crowd.

"My crime is, therefore, solely and alone my religion?"

"So it is; only your religion."

Father Ogilbi's eyes sparkled with delight, a bright smile played upon his lips. After a momentary silence he said:

"Very well, that is more than I asked for. I am sentenced to death only on account of my religion. For my religion I would give a hundred lives if I had them. I have only one, take it; my religion you shall never tear away from me."

The Catholics on hearing these words rejoiced exultantly, whilst the Protestants were frantic with rage. They were caught in their own meshes. Order was given to the executioner to complete his task. The executioner, with tears in his eyes, begged pardon of the martyr, who in return embraced him.

Before his hands were tied, Father Ogilbi loosened his rosary and flung it into the crowd. It happened to fall upon the breast of a young Calvinist, who was at the time traveling through Scotland, Baron John Ekersdorff, afterwards Governor of Treves, and an intimate friend of Archduke Leopold, brother of Ferdinand III.

Years passed by, the Governor of Treves, already a decrepit old man, said: "When the rosary of Father Ogilbi struck my breast and the eager Catholics snatched it before I could take hold of it, I certainly had no mind to change my religion; but those beads struck my heart, and from that moment my interior peace was gone, my conscience was even troubled, and frequently I asked myself: 'Why did those beads strike me and no other person?' That thought haunted me for many years and left me no rest. * * * I became a Catholic. I ascribe my conversion to this blessed rosary, which to day I would buy at any price and which, once in my possession, I would not part with for anything on earth." — Mensageiro — Lisboa, Oatubo Se. — From the Portuguese, by F. N. Tiler.

A CATHOLIC SAINT EULOGIZED.

Doctor Whyte, of Edinburgh, Scotland, delivered a lecture on St. Teresa not long ago before the young men and young women's classes of Free St. George's, a Presbyterian church. In the course of his remarks, which, of course, were not entirely free from purely Protestant views, he said, eloquently and truthfully:

"The sense of the reality of divine and unseen things in Teresa's life of prayer is simply miraculous in a woman still living among things seen and temporal. Her faith is truly the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. Our Lord was as real, as present as near, as visible, and as affable to this extraordinary saint as ever He was to Martha, or Mary, or Mary Magdalene, or the woman of Samaria, or the mother of Zebedee's children. She prepared Him where to lay His head; she sat at His feet and heard His Word. She chose the better part, and He acknowledged herself and to others that she had done so. She washed His feet with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head. She had been forgiven much and she loved much. He said to her, Mary, and she answered Him, Rabboni. And He gave her messages to deliver to His disciples, who had not waited for Him as she had waited. And she was able to say to them all that she had seen the Lord and that He had spoken such and such things within her."

"And hence arises what I may call the quite extraordinary piety and spirituality of her life of prayer. And, then, for all that, it surely follows that no one is fit for one moment to have an adverse or a hostile mind, or pass an adverse or a hostile judgment on the divine manifestations that come to Teresa in her unparalleled life of prayer; no one who is not a man of like prayer himself; no, nor even then. I know all the explanations that have been put forward for Teresa's 'locutions' and revelations; but after anxiously weighing them all, the simplest explanation is also the most scientific, as it is the most scriptural. If our ascending Lord actually said what He is reported to have said about the way that He and His Father will always reward all love to Him, and the keep-

ing of all His commandments; the n if there is anything true about Teresa at all, it is this, that from the day of her full conversion she lived with all her might that very life which has all these transcendent promises spoken and sealed to it."

In alluding to one of St. Teresa's descriptions of her experiences in prayer, Doctor White takes occasion to say:

"He who can read that, and a hundred passages as good as that, and who shall straightway set himself to sneer and scoff and disparage and find fault, he is well on the way to the sin against the Holy Ghost. At any rate, I would be if I did not revere and love and imitate such a saint of God. Given God and His Son and His Holy Spirit; give sin and salvation and prayer and a holy life; and, with many drawbacks, Teresa's was just the life of self-denial and repentance and prayer and communion with God that we should all live."

Later on the lecturer continues as follows:

"The pressing question with me is not the truth or the falsehood, the amount of reality or the amount of imagination in Teresa's 'locutions' and visions. The pressing question with me is this—Why is it that I have nothing to show to myself at all like them? I had rather believe every syllable of Teresa's staggering locutions and visions than be left to this, that ever since Paul and John went home to heaven Our Lord's greatest promises have been so many idle words. It is open to any man to scoff and sneer at Teresa's extraordinary life of prayer, and at the manifestations of the Father and the Son that were made to her in her life of prayer, and some of her biographers and censors among ourselves have made good use of their opportunity. But I cannot any longer sit with them in the seat of the scorner, and I want you all to rise up and leave that evil seat to me. How wilt Thou manifest Thyself in time to come to me? How shall I attain to that faith and to that love and to that obedience which shall secure me the long withheld presence and indwelling of the Father and the Son?"

Church Decoys.

A writer in Munsey's Magazine criticizes the growing tendency to widen the mercenary spirit which prevails in many Protestant churches. "It is not pleasant," says the writer referred to, "to see religion drop its glorious dignity and scramble for custom like a music hall or a dime museum. A church which people must be tricked into supporting has lost its right to existence, for surely it does not answer a great public need. It has no real mission. For every soul which is thus decoyed into the fold, there will be fifty in whose eyes the church has hopelessly lowered itself when it takes to such tricks of the trade. There are several churches here in Boston—if one can call them by that name—as there doubtless are in every large city in the country, which the above description fits fully; and one need only look into the Saturday papers, where their 'services' are advertised, much after the manner in which the dime museums announce their feature and freaks, to discover which they are and where they are located. Of course, the proper announcement in the daily press of its Sunday services by a church, far from being reprehensible, is commendable, and may be of decided advantage to strangers tarrying in town over Sunday; but such announcements differ from the sensational advertisements referred to above as radically and as widely as modesty does from meretriciousness; and no body will experience the slightest difficulty in discerning the one class from the other.—Sacred Heart Review.

TRAPPED.

How a Bigot "Entertained" a Company and was Caught in a Lie.

The following anecdote is related by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of Danvers, in a letter to the Protestant Guardian:

"A certain lady, who had the honor of crossing the Alps and of visiting the imperial city of Rome, wished to entertain a company in this town (Danvers) with the marvelous things she saw in that Catholic city. She stated that, upon a certain festival, the Pope appeared upon a balcony in front of St. Peter's church and threw down large slips of paper amongst the multitude, at which they eagerly grasped. The curiosity of our traveler was excited to know the contents of those sheets of paper; however, after some difficulty, she caught one of them upon its descent, read it—and what were its contents? A permission granted by His Holiness the Pope to all the people now residing in Rome to commit every kind of sin for the space of three months!"

"This anecdote, as you may well suppose, caused a considerable sensation in the company. The old and grave could hardly suppress a laugh, while the young ladies indulged themselves in unrestrained giggling. But some malicious wag, very politely questioning the lady's veracity, put the question: 'Did you really read that document?' 'Most certainly,' said the

lady. The gentleman could not do less than congratulate the lady upon her knowledge of the Latin language; but every one in the company was well aware that she knew neither Latin nor Italian, and that the Pope is not in the habit of writing English or broad Scotch — so she made her exit amidst general roars of laughter."

CHURCH UNITY AND THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

Is there a strong if not immediately visible connection between the two great questions of the day, the righting of the wrongs of the laborer, and Church Unity? And is devotion to St. Francis of Assisi, the patron of the poor, destined to draw our separated brethren closer to the Church? These questions are suggested to us by a notable recent growth of honor to St. Francis among Protestants, including bodies so far apart as the Salvation Army and the Church of England. It is true that an earnest American Unitarian has given us a very good translation of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." And Sabbatini and Canon Knox Little's lives of St. Francis are not forgotten. But as significant as any of these is the turning of "The Parochial Order" in England to St. Francis for a patron, and the utterance of Bishop Westcott, as quoted in the Churchman, on this subject:

"Three main lessons seem to be pressed upon us by the work of Francis, the capacity of simple humanity for the highest joys of life, so that the poorest, even in his utter destitution, may realize the bliss of saints; and again, the necessity of taking account of the fulness and variety of life in our endeavors to hasten the kingdom of God; and yet again, the importance of the mission of the laity. We need sorely all three lessons now. We need, from the highest to the lowest to feel the essential dignity of life, of life stripped of every accidental vesture; the dignity of the living man, clothed in the coarsest cloak of patches, and fed on fragments, who can look forth with open eyes to God and call Him 'Father.' We need, from the highest to the lowest, to feel the perious burden of wealth, the responsibility of stewardship, the cares of authority."

The Churchman rejoices at this evidence of the passing intolerance, saying:

"Take, for instance, the vast and wonderful field of history filled by the pre-Reformation Church in the world, and the life which is presented by the Roman Church of to-day. The intolerant will have none of these things. He does not even inquire into the real character of medieval Christianity and modern Papalism. When he does inquire, he finds that he has learnt things and seen examples which he could have found nowhere else in the records of human experience. He perceives that in spite of many difficulties and contradictions, the history of monasticism is an inspiring history, and the history of dogmatic decrees a witness to that passionate faith and stern insistence on positive and clear profession of belief, which are at least evidences of reverence and conscientiousness, as well as of intellectual and spiritual insight."

Every good Catholic also rejoices at such expressions as we have quoted, as a part of the "growing evidence that the time is coming when Christians everywhere will be reconciled." If the Anglican workers for the advancement of religion take St. Francis as a leader, he will never let them rest this side of Rome.—Boston Pilot.

Tramp in the Steeple.

For fourteen years the clock on the steeple of St. Philomena's church, Cincinnati, has refused to go, and although all sorts of remedies were applied, the efforts were in vain, for after a few days of grumbling compliance with the wishes of the public, the old clock relapsed into its habits of laziness. Clock experts and machinists exhausted their skill, the hands were taken off and lighter ones substituted; it had been oiled, cleaned and tinkered with, and hundreds of dollars were expended to no avail.

About two weeks ago a tramp landed in the Miami freight yards, and making his way up town was disgusted that the clock was stopped and he was inconvenienced thereby very much.

He stopped in to see Father Kemper to remark that the clock was stopped, and Father Kemper told him that was its normal state.

The tramp at once volunteered his services to fix it up, and in forlorn hope Father Kemper told him to go ahead.

The stranger went to work, borrowed a monkey-wrench, a pair of pliers and a bunch of rags, and for two days toiled up in the steeple. When he finished the clock was started and has gone on its way ever since telling the hours for the neighborhood, to their relief and comfort.

The wandering magician has disappeared, swallowed up in mystery. He received a reward for repairing the refractory timekeeper, and that was the last seen of him.

The whole life of Christ was a cross and a martyrdom, and dost thou seek rest and joy.—The Imitation.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M'D. BOOKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

There was no escape. To the right towards the wood the bog grew wetter and softer, till it merged into an impassable morass.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely they trusted that a congregation had gone to Mass over this shalving bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the levels rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the gloom.

His muscles were strained, even to cracking, and the oars dipped and rose as swift as a bird's wings, and the boat flew as swift.

The girl, wild with excitement, never heeded the cry, but turned and faced her foe, who were scattered along the lake's edge, with smoking or leveled guns, and waved her hand defiantly.

An hour later the gigantic figure of Hempenstall loomed into view, bedragged and ferocious. He was speedily closeted with Lord Dalwich. Then Mark Blake was called into the conclave, and the muffled sound of voices in anger could be heard through the thick walls of the room where they sat.

The fugitives were safe! Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

and lowly, and it may be the lowly feel his light and warmth most. The wild woods have heard whispers as soft as swift as a bird's wings, and the boat flew as swift.

The girl, wild with excitement, never heeded the cry, but turned and faced her foe, who were scattered along the lake's edge, with smoking or leveled guns, and waved her hand defiantly.

An hour later the gigantic figure of Hempenstall loomed into view, bedragged and ferocious. He was speedily closeted with Lord Dalwich. Then Mark Blake was called into the conclave, and the muffled sound of voices in anger could be heard through the thick walls of the room where they sat.

The fugitives were safe! Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now that it was over.

Christy slipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

with a gun on his shoulder. An Irish red setter, whose silky coat glistened in the sunshine, wheeled round him in short circles, tossing up his gravel with his scampish feet, as eager for the sport as her master.

Mark, leaping up from the table, undraped the window, which opened from the ground, and met "his friend" on the terrace with a cordial greeting.

"Off for a few partridges?" he said. "I know where there are three big coys with only a brace out of each. They will be on the headlands in the thick cover, and get up in twos and threes. Just wait one moment and I'll join you."

As Lord Dalwich watched them striding away like brothers, under the light blue cloud their cigars made in the still air, his admiration for his friend's versatility and vitality was unbounded. "A wonderful fellow, Mark," he muttered, "I'm bound to be a great man—or get hanged. Nothing can stop him except death—his own death. I am glad I am not a life in his way. I should not wonder if there were something else shot besides partridges this afternoon."

But Lord Dalwich's foreboding or anticipation, whichever it may be called, proved false. There was nothing shot except partridges, and of these a goodly quantity. All the evening Mark was loudly in praise of the marvellous skill of his companion.

The next week passed pleasantly and quietly at Cloonlara. Mark Blake and Lord Dalwich had ridden over for a few days to Galway, which he had never seen, carrying no luggage with him but his chivalry bags.

Christy, for the first time in their companionship, stayed when he went, no need to ask why.

Sir Miles was utterly exhausted by that stormy interview. He had been as pale as marble and as cold. But something in his manner and face told that the spirit that underlay the affectionate gentleness of his nature was roused at last.

The master trait of his character had asserted itself, and Mark Blake's wild reign over the Cloonlara domain was at an end.

Sir Miles retired early to his room, Christy helping his feeble steps up the broad marble staircase.

Mark had gone straight to the stable yard, flung himself on a fast horse, and rode away in the direction of the Yeoman barracks.

Lord Dalwich returned with him, and after a late dinner the two retired, with cards.

Again Christy came softly to the picture gallery, crept through the secret passage, and stood for a moment gazing at the portrait of what foul means Mark Blake was to suddenly become master of Cloonlara, and Lord Dalwich was to help and share.

When Christy returned to the library there was a grim look on his face that boded ill for the conspiracy against the great room with swift, noiseless strides. Then, sitting down to the table, he wrote all through the night laboriously.

The grey dawn began to flicker in the east, shining coldly through the great windows, when he tied the packet up and sealed and directed it—"United States, America," were the last words.

Before night had yet merged into morning he had saddled the fastest horse in the stable, and, riding as if for his life, he caught the American mail at Ballinascorney with a quarter of an hour to spare.

Next morning early, with no word of leave-taking for his father, Mark Blake left Cloonlara, in company with Lord Dalwich, for Dublin. In the afternoon Maurice Blake arrived from Galway.

Lord Dalwich, Sir Miles, now broken in health and spirits, and could not resist his entreaty to remain. So he staid on, one day slipping quietly after another.

Of Mark Blake his father never spoke but once. "He is worth with me," he said, "because facts have come to my knowledge, demanding a great sacrifice on both parts, and I am resolved at any cost to myself or to him that our duty must be done. He has used me such words as are seldom used by son to a father. God forgive me if I have deserved them. God forgive him if I have not. Let us speak no more on the subject, I entreat you."

Daily the intimacy grew closer and kinder between the two men. Mark, when he left, had entirely abandoned his control of the great estate. Sir Miles took up the tangled reins of management, and strove hard to make things run smoothly again and pleasantly.

Winter came unawares upon the autumn and killed it. The frost arrived before the leaves had fallen, and shrivelled up the last of them with the cold, ice caught, and chained, and choked the streams, stilling their restless murmurings, and paved the broad lake with clear crystal.

It was a fine, clear chill morning—that fatal morning when the blow fell. Maurice Blake had been up and out on the lake from early dawn, skimming over the frozen surface swiftly and smoothly as a swallow—gliding like a shadow in and out and round about the distant islands, with great white trees on them. Sir Miles was breakfasting in the library, in a bright fire, half past and half eysenore logs, roared cheerily in the grate.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Cataract Cured for 25 Cents.

I suffered from Cataract for 25 years, and have found Dr. Chase's Cataract Cure the best that I have seen, and gladly recommend it to sufferers.

HARRY STONE, Rainham Centre, Ont.

Fagged Out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know the depressed, and despondent feeling it is.

Parole's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parole's Pills.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. They do not delay in getting a bottle of Parole's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

THINK about your health. Do not allow serotinal taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now, and keep yourself well.

HER VOCATION.

[A variety of "morals" will be drawn from this little sketch, and some people will

you away if you feel you must go. Wait but a little longer, a month and perhaps the light will come.

She was sore at heart. She was five and thirty and it seemed to her that she had almost wasted all her life.

He was a tall man, with gray in the brown hair which clustered about his temples, and serious Irish blue eyes.

He looked searchingly at the face of the woman before him. He had always thought Kate handsome, yet tonight he was superb.

"What is this I hear, Kate?" he asked, as he threw himself into a chair beside her. "Are you going away?"

"I think so," she said slowly. "You've had a good offer. Garrett wants you for his leading lady, some one said. Forgive me for asking, but is it the money, Kate? I would gladly give you the same as he will."

"It is not a question of money," she said, almost choked with indignation. Hugh Connor sighed heavily and said: "I suppose it is a better company than mine. I can't make it what I want. I'm selfish, but I'd like to keep you with me, Kate. When must you go?"

"I-I don't mean to accept Mr. Garrett's offer," she said. "I think of going into the Sacred Heart." It was very hard to talk with those wistful blue eyes fixed upon her, and saying such strange things which they had never said before.

"Kate!" he cried, incredulously. "Surely you're not going to be a nun?" Then her passion burst through the veil of reserve, and she cried indignantly: "Yes, I am! And why not? Years ago I meant to be one, and Estelle needed me. Then it was little Kate, and now, no one in all the world needs me, and I may go. What have I ever done worth the doing in the world? Not a thing. Let me go, Hugh. Nobody needs me now," and she burst into tears.

Hugh Connor looked very tenderly at the bowed head, then his rich voice said gently: "There was once a woman who was very talented, and stately, and beautiful, and sweet, though she never seemed to know she was any of these things. She was, too, so proud that no one ever reached to the bottom of her great heart. She was ambitious and dreamed of the religious life, that she would be another Saint Teresa, and she failed to see that her life was an inspiration for purity and virtue for all around her. She gave up her dreams to care for a helpless little cousin, and before she died she whispered that countless times, when temptations came to her, the pure and noble face of this woman had seemed to rise before her and save her. Was that nothing?"

"This woman lived a stainless life, amidst the dark pith of stage life, undetected, and many a man has said she made him believe in and respect the purity of women, and wish to keep them as stainless as she.

"A motherless child learned her first lessons in truth and obedience at this woman's knee; a whole company of players, men and women, came to her for sympathy and help; a lonely man has felt as if an angel presence guarded him and shed reverent tears at the thought of the blessing of this woman's life so near his own. Kindly acts and gracious words make the atmosphere about her one of beauty.

"Dead of week day kindness Fall from her noiseless as the snow. And she had never seemed to know That night was easier than to bless.

"Is all this 'nothing'?" "Ah, Kate!" he reached and caught her fingers, and held them close, albeit they trembled and fluttered to be free. "Kate, I want you," he said, eagerly.

She looked at him with great, shy, startled eyes; then rose and tried to draw away from him, unconscious of the story her eyes had told to his. Then he drew her to him and held her fast.

"Kate," he said tenderly, "I love you. Will you stay with me as my wife, my Kate?" She closed her eyes. His wife! Ah, no. Such happiness was not for her, she thought, and in a flash she saw she had loved him unknowingly all these years.

"Estelle!" she murmured at last, trying to free herself from his arm. He released her, but still held her hand in that firm grip.

him the innermost holy of holies of her heart. Then she laid her other hand in his and said simply: "I think I have always loved you. Hugh, I shall be quite happy," and she knew she had at last found her vocation.—Mary F. Nixon, in the Angelus.

DR. CAHILL

Rev. Daniel William Cahill, whose name has been for half a century a household word among the Irish people everywhere, was born in Queen's county in 1796, his father being an eminent engineer and surveyor.

From his earliest years he studied with earnestness the pure mathematics, as well as the popular sciences.

It would appear that his father intended him either for his own profession, or for the army. And, indeed, as regards physique, spirit and nobility of presence, it would not be easy to find better material for a soldier.

He was of Irish and Spanish origin, and in his bearing, temperament and splendid bodily development, combined the prominent characteristics of both races. As he humorously remarked in one of his lectures, he was as tall sitting as most men standing.

He was six feet five inches in stature, of majestic and graceful proportions, and every movement denoted grace, energy and power. His head, says his biographer, "was like that of Canova's best masterpiece, a model which a phrenologist would select as a specimen of perfect development, and when he became animated in the course of a lecture, sermon, or public address, the great intellectual power of the man beamed from his countenance, and especially from his dark, deep eyes—the reflex of his genius."

And the triumphant success of his eloquence attended him in the broader arena of religious controversy, of polemical and political tilting; in historical analysis and research; in short, every department of literature in which he took the field he was a general in tactics, as well as a giant in combat. Naturally gifted with uncommon fluency of speech, he cultivated it into a style of unsurpassed clearness, flexibility and power. In this style are presented throughout his career some of the noblest productions of genius, whether we regard poetical inspiration, logical acumen, depth of erudition or power of elucidation.

ORAINED TO THE PRIESTHOOD. After studying at Carlow College for some time he entered Maynooth, where he studied philosophy and theology under the late Archbishop McHale. After his ordination, in 1824, he was for some time professor of philosophy in Carlow College.

When Ireland was emerging from the horrible famine—years of unparalleled misery—Dr. Cahill passed over to England, and spent four years, from 1851 to 1855, almost wholly in that country. It was at this period that he commenced his series of public letters to Lord John Russell, and his eloquent denunciation of the free-trade policy forced upon the people of Ireland, resulting in the decimation of the people by emigration and starvation, created a profound impression throughout Europe.

AN ADMIRER OF AMERICA. Dr. Cahill was an enthusiastic admirer of America and American institutions. He visited the United States in 1860, and received an enthusiastic reception from Americans of every race and creed. After four years of constant travel and lecturing for charitable purposes, Dr. Cahill died at Boston, on Oct. 27, 1864. His remains were interred in Holywood Cemetery, in that city, where they rested for twenty years.

A sketch of Dr. Cahill would be incomplete without a glance through some of his brilliant efforts of voice and pen. We append a few selections from which a partial estimate of his genius, eloquence and devotion to Ireland may be formed.

"HOW HISTORY IS LEARNED." At a St. Patrick's Day dinner in Glasgow, Scotland, in the course of his address, "How Irish History is Learned," he said: "The history of other countries is learned from the cool pen of the historian, but that of Ireland is learned from the crimsoned tombs of the dead. The history of other nations is collected from the growing population and successful commerce, but the sad story of Ireland is gathered from the deserted village, and the mournful-swalling canvas of the emigrant ship. You gave me too much credit for those slender productions of mine, and perhaps you are not aware that it was on the graves of the starved and shrouded victims of English misrule I stood when I indited the epistles. I dated them from the grave pits of Sligo and the fever sheds of Skibbereen. If I seemed to weep it was because I followed to coffinless tombs tens of thousands of my poor, persecuted fellow countrymen. It was not my mind, but my bosom that dictated; it was not my pen but my heart that wrote the record.

"And where is the Irishman who would not feel an involuntary impulse of national pride in asserting the invincible genius of our own creed, while he gazes on the crumbling walls of our ancient churches, which, even in their old age, lift their hoary heads as faithful witnesses of the past struggles of our faith, and still stand in their massive frame-work, resisting to the last the power of the despoiler and scarcely yielding to the inevitable stroke of time? And where is the heart so cold that would not pour forth a boiling torrent of national anger at seeing the children of forty generations consigned to a premature grave or banished by

cruel laws to seek among the strangers the protection they are refused at home?" "RELIGION OF IRELAND." On March 17, 1860, in his oration in the Academy of Music, New York city, on "The Fidelity of Ireland in Defense of Her Liberties and Religion," upon which occasion he was introduced by Archbishop Hughes, Dr. Cahill said: "When I went out to look at the procession (speaking of the St. Patrick's Day parade) I was delighted to see the number of banners, the cap of liberty over the harp of Ireland, and what I was very glad to see was the American flag side by side with every banner as it passed my hotel. The Stars and Stripes went, if I may use the expression, hand in hand with the harp of Ireland. How I longed to be a great man, as I saw every one uncover his head as he passed the statue of Washington. I was delighted to see such worship, if I may so speak, offered to the memory of the dead. Thousands of men taking off their hats and bending themselves in humble posture as they passed by the 'Father of His Country.'"

"THE PICTURE OF THE FAMINE." In an address on "The Famine," delivered in Liverpool, England, Aug. 30, 1852, he said: "I saw this famine and looked at it. Of those that left the country ten thousand alone perished at Grosse Isle. "Two thousand perished with famine and scarlet fever, and those two thousand lay in Sligo field for two days without an awning over them, and yet there were £24,000,000 of gold in the British Treasury. Who can paint that but an Irishman?"

"No man could believe, going through Clare, the extermination that took place in those days. There were miles of road, and no one in it. During the famine fever I saw little children, perfectly well, except wanting food, with not a smile on their faces. The little children starving, and fever in their house, their father or mother dead, and the little things crept about without a smile on their faces. Lamentation covered the country like a cloud."

HIS LETTERS. The effect produced by the letters of Dr. Cahill was, if possible, greater than that caused by his oratory. Writing to Lord Russell in 1852, he thus spoke: "You have made my country a desert; you, sir, from an exchequer filled with eighteen millions of bullion, you doled out in withering insult (as to the beggars of a foreign country), a miserable and total ly inadequate relief; and you called by the name of charity an act which should be designated the first demand on the realm and the highest duty of the Crown. Lord Stanley paid twenty millions sterling to give liberty to a few descendants of African slaves to your petty West Indian colonies—to men who never manned your fleets or swelled your armies, or fought for your name. But you, sir, grudgingly lent in part, and bestowed in part the paltry sum of eight millions to aid the last struggle for life of a faithful people. But the history of all nations will tell that you permitted five in ten to perish of hunger, while your exchequer was filled with gold.

"You, therefore, sir, have banished and starved the people—you have made a grave for the Irish, and you have buried our race and name." N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. Whoever imitates the virtues of Jesus may be said to follow Him. He lived on earth for thirty-three years to show us, by word and example, the way to heaven. He is our Model. We can not be saved unless we become His living images by showing forth in our lives the sanctity of which He is the pattern. Now, let us see how the greatest of virtues—charity—was practised by Him. Every thought, word, and action of His was a new manifestation of this virtue. Whether amongst the apostles or in the company of strangers, or even when insulted by the Pharisees, charity governed His every action. He chose faulty men to be His apostles in order that He might not be without an opportunity for exercising this virtue. When they misunderstood Him, He mildly adapted Himself to their weak comprehension. In the garden, with what charity did He not bear their drowsiness! When Thomas doubted concerning His Resurrection, what care did He not take to strengthen his wavering faith! How meekly did He not answer the proud Pharisees! And, oh! what compassion had He not for the miseries of men!

Of those who followed Him to the desert He said: "I have compassion on the multitude, because they continue with Me now three days and have not what to eat." Never did He refuse to heal those who sought in Him a physician. He declared that He had come to save those who were sinners. When He passed through cities it was only that He might scatter gifts and graces, console the afflicted, cure the sick, and pardon the guilty.

In that loving Heart no hatred or revenge ever dwelt. His last words on the cross were, "Pardon them; they know not what they do." What a noble example for our imitation! Listen to the words of St. Paul, "Now, we that are stronger ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves; for Jesus Christ did not please Himself." Alas! how different is our conduct! How blind we are to our own faults and ready to see those of our neighbor! If we really

followed out the precept of Our Lord, we should see no quarrels, no harsh judgments, no scandals, no unkind words or acts. Yet, practically, we show so little of Christ's spirit. Self love, so deeply rooted in our hearts, has its baneful influence. Envy, hatred, suspicion, and readiness to take offence have their sources in this false love and not in Jesus Christ. How often we hear people say: "I can not forgive him because he wronged me. People no longer respect me. My good reputation—alas!—it is a thing of the past." Grant that he did offend you; have you never sinned against God or treated your neighbor unkindly?

If you wish God to pardon you, then forgive your brother. This is indeed hard to do, but it becomes easy when you cast yourself at the feet of Jesus crucified, and think how lovingly He forgave His enemies. Our Lord had compassion on the miserable, whether their poverty was spiritual or intellectual or temporal.

Are you zealous? Does the sad condition of sinners never move you to compassion? Do you, by word and example, try to ennoble men and make them God-like? Remember that you can be a messenger of peace to the fallen.

How do you employ the talents God has given you? Do you use them to spread our holy religion and to make men wiser in the things of God? Forget not that you are a steward, from whom a strict account shall be demanded.

Has God blessed you with the goods of this world? What use do you make of them? Does the woeful cry of the widow and orphan, of the sick and helpless, not touch your heart? Remember that the charity of God can not abide in you if you refuse to help those whom you see in need.—Sacred Heart Review.

A HOLIDAY IN ROME. Sir Gavan Duffy's Reminiscences of Father "Tom" Burke. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in his "Reminiscences" in the Contemporary Review, writes interestingly of a trip from Australia to Europe made at the time of the Fenian rising of '66. He went to the continent and there fell in with the famous Father "Tom" Burke.

When the fog and the east wind became intolerable we turned our faces to the south. Paris, Florence, Rome, of what a dazzling journey they are the *etapes*, but a prudent man remembers that it is a journey which the whole civilized world has made, and that there is nothing more to be said on that topic. The morning after our arrival in Rome a visitor came to us, who proved to be the most gracious of friends and the most skillful of guides to the immortal City. Father Tom Burke, the Irish Dominican orator, had risen to eminence during my absence in Australia, but I knew him and he knew me by repute, and we speedily became friends. I necessarily recognized immediately what keenness of intellect, natural humor and knowledge of character Father Burke possessed, but his pulpit oratory, when I came to hear him, was a profound surprise. He was preaching at the time in one of the churches in the Piazza del Popolo, where sermons are delivered weekly for the English, Irish and American visitors of various creeds who winter at Rome, and in a letter to his biographer I afterwards stated the impression he made upon me:

"I had heard all the contemporary preachers of note, in the Catholic Church at least, and all the parliament orators of the day, but I was moved and impressed by that sermon beyond any human utterance to which I had ever listened. I despair of conveying the sort of impression it made upon me, but I think persuasiveness was its most striking characteristic. He marched straight to a fixed end, and all the road he passed seemed like a track of intellectual light. You were gradually drawn to adopt the preacher's views as the only ones compatible with truth and good sense. His accent was Irish, but his discourse bore no other resemblance to any Irish utterance with which I was familiar. We have the school of Grattan, and the school of O'Connell, the artificial and the spontaneous, into which most Irish oratory may be distributed; but Father Burke's belonged as little to one as to the other. The lucid narrative which, without arguing, was the best of arguments; the apt illustration, which summed up his case in a happy phrase, might have recalled Punctet, but in truth, like most original men, he resembled no one but himself."

It was a rare enjoyment to visit the monuments and historic sites of such a city with such a guide. If a holiday maker has seen the birthplace or the grave of the local artist or preacher, poet or patriot, when chance conducts his steps, he counts his days well spent. But when the painter is Raphael or Claude, the poet Tasso, the patriot Rienzi, and the preacher Saul of Tarsus or St. Matthew the evangelist, written words are but a pale shadow of the feelings they evoke. To visit for the first time the noble halls and galleries, cabinets and courts of the Vatican, which vie in beauty with the treasures they contain, and make all other museums mean and dingy, is an education in art; and what an historical study is,

THE COLLEGGIO ROMANO, where one might see the identical rooms occupied by eminent missionaries and saints of the Society of Jesus two centuries ago, still containing the books and furniture they used when they were students or professors, and its noble library, where it was a pleas-

ant surprise to find the works of Savonarola on its shelves and the portrait of Galileo in its observatory? And where can the early history of Christendom be better studied than in the catacombs, the hiding-place of early Popes and saints, and richer than the Colosseum itself in the blood of Christian martyrs? Of the early history of Ireland, how much we find in San Pietro in Montorio, where our martyrs lie buried. But nothing in the capital of the Christian world, nor St. Peter's or the Sovereign Pontiff, was a sight fit to match in interest to Irishmen the exhibition of the Accademia Polyglotta, where students from Asia, Africa, Australia and America spoke, each of them, the language or chanted the music of his birthplace, and from three continents and their outlying islands the students bore names that marked them of our own indestructible people.

The remote history of Europe, when the children of Conn gave missionaries to half the known world, seemed revived again in that spectacle. What a volume steeped in tears, but illuminated, too, with glorious incidents, might be written on the Irish monuments and institutions in Rome! His own San Clemente furnished my friend with a constant text, for its Irish friars were the hosts and often the trusted counsellors of princes, from Charles and James Stuart, and Charles Edward in a latter generation, down to Albert Edward of Wales in our own day, who has knit a friendship with the good friars, and, what is nobler and better, it was the constant

GUARDIAN OF IRISH INTERESTS when Ireland had a foreign policy and a diplomatic corps hid under the black or brown robes of monks and professors. And he did not forget that other Irish house founded by the great Franciscan who was ambassador from the confederation of Kilkenny to the Holy See, or the more modern college in whose humble church the heart of O'Connell is preserved. There is a granite obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo in which my friend found a type of the Irish race. It is covered with hieroglyphs sculptured by Egyptian artists before Moses received the tables of the law on Mount Sinai; it has seen cities grow and perish, generations and cycles come and go, the Goth and the Gaul in turn masters of Rome, the piratical soldier of fortune, and the crowned Emperor holding the cradle of Christianity to pillage; but it still lifts its eternal face to the sun as fresh in the days of Bismarck as in the days of Cæsar. The eloquent Dominican saw in this eastern monument a type of the Celtic race, destined to outlive chance and change and remain fresh and imperishable in the old age of the world.

Yorkville Fire Station, Toronto, March 3rd, 1897. Dear Sirs,—Having used Dr. Chase's Pills, for Constiveness, I am very pleased to say that I consider them superior to any pill I ever used, as they have perfectly cured me of this trouble.

THOS. J. WALLACE, Fireman. Thousands Like Her.—Tera McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter." In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL three a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

NERVES must be fed on pure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for this. By richening the blood it makes the nerves STRONG.

Well Made and Makes Well Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by experienced pharmacists of today, who have brought to the production of this great medicine the best results of medical research. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a modern medicine, containing just those vegetable ingredients which were seemingly intended by Nature herself for the alleviation of human ills. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and digestive organs and creates an appetite; it absolutely cures all acrofula eruptions, boils, pimples, sores, salt rheum, and every form of skin disease; cures liver complaint, kidney troubles, strengthens the nervous system. It entirely overcomes that tired feeling, giving strength and energy in place of weakness and languor. It wards off malaria, typhoid fever, and by purifying the blood it keeps the whole system healthy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for this. By richening the blood it makes the nerves STRONG.

Well Made and Makes Well Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by experienced pharmacists of today, who have brought to the production of this great medicine the best results of medical research. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a modern medicine, containing just those vegetable ingredients which were seemingly intended by Nature herself for the alleviation of human ills. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and digestive organs and creates an appetite; it absolutely cures all acrofula eruptions, boils, pimples, sores, salt rheum, and every form of skin disease; cures liver complaint, kidney troubles, strengthens the nervous system. It entirely overcomes that tired feeling, giving strength and energy in place of weakness and languor. It wards off malaria, typhoid fever, and by purifying the blood it keeps the whole system healthy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for this. By richening the blood it makes the nerves STRONG.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for this. By richening the blood it makes the nerves STRONG.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for this. By richening the blood it makes the nerves STRONG.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for this. By richening the blood it makes the nerves STRONG.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for this. By richening the blood it makes the nerves STRONG.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for this. By richening the blood it makes the nerves STRONG.

HAIR HUMORS Itching, irritated, easily curled, dry, thin, and falling hair, cleaned, purified, and beautified by warm shampooing with CUTICURA SOAP, and occasional dressings of CUTICURA, parent of emollients, the greatest skin cure.

Cuticura Treatment will produce a clean, healthy scalp with luxuriant, lustrous hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. Prepara D'Accademia Polyglotta, Cutic. Soap Prepa. Boston. "How to produce Luxuriant Hair," mailed free.

SKINS ON FIRE With Eczema instantly relieved. By CUTICURA SOAP. ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE \$20,000,000 This Company holds its Reserve on the Actuarial Basis of a Per Cent. Cash.

Board of Directors: ROBERT MELVIN, President. C. M. Taylor, 1st Vice-Pres. Alfred Hoskin, 2nd Vice-Pres. J. G. O'Leary, Treasurer. Francis C. Bruce, Secretary. W. J. Kirk, B. A. R. M. Hamilton, G. M. P. George A. Somerville. R. P. Giddens, B. A. James Fair. K. F. Plunket, B. A. William Harty. W. H. Reynolds, Secretary.

SITUATIONS VACANT. AGENTS. "The best life of Her Majesty I have seen," writes Lord Lovelock about "Queen Victoria." Agents make five dollars daily. BRADLEY-GARRETTSON COMPANY, Limited, Toronto.

AGENTS. "Klondike Gold Fields," a large, cheap, valuable book, selling like a whirlwind. A beautiful prospectus sent free. BRADLEY-GARRETTSON COMPANY, Limited, Toronto.

O. LABELLE, MERCHANT TAILOR, 372 Richmond Street. Good Business Suits from \$15 upwards. The best goods and careful workmanship.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. FAVORABLE ANSWER SINCE 1872. BELL'S HAVE FURNISHED 25,000 OTHERS. MENEELY & CO. PUREST BELL'S WEST-TROY, N.Y. BELL-METAL. CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS. PUREST BELL-METAL (COPPER AND TIN). Send for Price and Catalogue. McSHANE BELL-METAL WORKS, MD.

High-Class Church Windows Hobbs Mfg. Co. London, Ont. ASK FOR DESIGNS.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY AND THE CATHOLIC RECORD FOR ONE YEAR FOR \$4.00. BY special arrangement with the publishers we are able to obtain a number of the above books, and propose to furnish a copy to each of our subscribers.

The Dictionary is a necessity in every home, school and business house. It fills a vacancy, and furnishes knowledge which no one hundred other volumes of the choicest books could supply. Young and old, educated and ignorant, rich and poor, should have it within reach, and refer to its contents every day in the year.

As some have asked if it is really the Original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, we are able to state that we have learned direct from the publishers the fact that this is the very work complete, on which about 40 of the best years of the author's life were so well employed in writing. It contains the entire vocabulary of about 100,000 words, including the correct spelling, derivation and definition of same, and the regular standard size, containing about 300,000 square inches of printed surface, and is bound in cloth.

A whole library in itself. The regular selling price of Webster's Dictionary has heretofore been \$12. N. B.—Dictionaries will be delivered free of all charge for carriage. All orders must be accompanied with the cash. Address, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, ONT.

Concordia Vineyards SANDWICH, ONT. ALTAR WINE A SPECIALTY Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux. For prices and information address—ERNEST GIRARDOT & CO SANDWICH, ONT.

800 Richmond Street. Telephone 606. We have on hand a large quantity of the finest FRENCH BORDEAUX CLARETS Which will be sold at the lowest price. JAMES WILSON, London, Ont. REID'S HARDWARE For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Sineuprotic, the most Wringers, Mangles, Cutlery, etc. 118 Dundas St., (North) London, Ont.

118 Dundas St., (North) London, Ont.

The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 454 and 486 Richmond Street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels."

THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, Messrs. Luke King, John Nigh, P. J. Neven and Joseph S. King, are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, must be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

London, Saturday, February 26, 1908

DIocese of London.

Lenten Regulations for 1908.

The following are the Lenten regulations for the diocese of London:

1st. All days of Lent, Sundays excepted, are fast days.

2nd. By a special indulgent from the Holy See, A. D. 1884, meat is allowed on Sundays at every meal, and at one meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except the Saturday of Ember week and Holy Saturday.

3rd. The use of flesh and fish at the same time is not allowed in Lent.

The following persons are exempted from abstinence, viz., Children under seven years; and from fasting, persons under twenty one; and from either or both, those who, on account of ill health, advanced age, hard labor, or some other legitimate cause, cannot observe the law. In case of doubt the pastor should be consulted.

Lard may be used in preparing fasting food during the season of Lent, except on Good Friday, as also on all days of abstinence throughout the year by those who cannot easily procure butter.

Pastors are required to hold in their respective churches, at least twice in the week during Lent, devotions and instructions suited to the holy season, and they should earnestly exhort their people to attend these public devotions. They are hereby authorized to give on these occasions Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Besides the public devotions, family prayers, especially the holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, should be recited in every Catholic household of the diocese.

THE ELECTIONS.

Last week our Toronto contemporary, the Catholic Register, published an article in reply to some statements bearing on the Ontario elections made by the Globe. In the course of the article, when making reference to the anti Catholic crusade of the Conservative party during the past twelve years, our contemporary said: "For ourselves, we think, with the London Record that we have heard the last of it." This the CATHOLIC RECORD did not say. What we did say was:

"We are happy to be able to say that, up to date, religious issues have been kept out of the campaign, such as those that were introduced during the last three general elections by the Conservative party, without benefiting those who introduced such issues."

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY ILL.

Our readers will regret to hear that his Grace, Mgr. Cleary, the venerated Archbishop of Kingston, is so seriously ill that fears are expressed that he may not recover. The Archbishop is seventy years of age, and he has been feeble in health for some time. At present he suffers from loss of appetite and general weakness. His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, has been in Kingston for some days to assist in giving spiritual and bodily consolation and relief to his friend and colleague in the sacred hierarchy. We hope the Archbishop may be long spared to the Archdiocese which is committed to his charge, and which he governs with so much ability.

IRRELIGION IN FRANCE.

Orders have been issued by the French Government to the effect that the words "May God protect France," which have been on French coins since the overthrow of the Atheistic regime of one hundred years ago, shall in future be omitted from all coins. The motto has been on the coins during two empires, the reigns of three kings and two Republics and even under the Commune, if we may consider that short-lived regime as one of France's forms of government. The order for its omission now under the third Republic is an evidence of the irreligious influences which predominate in France under the present Government, though it is called the rule of the Moderate party, which refuses to terminate the concordat with the Pope or to sever all connection between the Church and the State.

What saint was there ever in the world without his cross and affliction? —The Imitation.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOOKS.

It is reported on their recent visit to Ottawa last week, the Rev. Dr. Bryce, President of the Advisory Board of Education, and Col. McMillan, Provincial Treasurer of Manitoba, had an interview with Sir Wilfrid Laurier in reference to the books to be used in the French sections of the Public Schools of that province. It is understood that Mr. Rochon, Inspector of Public Schools in the French sections of Manitoba, who has been here for some days, submitted to the Government a set of French books for use in the Manitoba Public Schools, in the French sections, which have been approved of by Archbishop Langevin and the Catholic clergy of Ontario and Quebec. It is said that the Colonel and Dr. Bryce have full authority to make an arrangement that will be satisfactory to the Catholics of Manitoba, and the report was that they have agreed to the use of the books approved of by Archbishop Langevin. The despatch in which this announcement is made adds that "if this be correct, the Manitoba school question may be considered as settled." If correct it may show some new disposition on the part of the Manitoba Government to deal more justly than hitherto with the Catholic minority, but it is as yet far from being a satisfactory settlement, and the Catholics of the Dominion will still demand that justice be done. An arrangement to be satisfactory cannot be arrived at by one party to the dispute, without consulting the wishes of the other party as to what will be satisfactory.

CATHOLICS AND THE Y. M. C. A.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal has announced officially that owing to essential differences between the Catholic and Protestant creeds, no member of the Catholic Church can consistently become a member of the Young Men's or Young Women's Christian Associations, or any other distinctively Protestant Association. The immediate occasion which brought forth this official declaration was the statement publicly made that a large number of the Catholic young men and young women had become members of these Associations of that city. It appears that the number of those who had done so was considerably exaggerated, as on examination of the membership lists, it has been found that there are no Catholic names on the list of the Young Women's Christian Association, though there are between forty and fifty on the list of the Young Men's Society.

It is to be noted that by the constitution of these societies they are essentially Protestant, as the following extract from the rules of the Y. M. C. A. show:

"Sec. 2. All male members in good standing in Evangelical churches may become active members of this association, upon the payment, in advance, of their annual fee and the acceptance of their applications by the Board of Directors. Only active members shall have the right to vote and hold office.

The definition of evangelical churches as given in the same constitution is that of the Evangelical Convention which met at Portland in 1863, namely "all churches maintaining the Holy Scriptures to be the only rule of faith." This confines the active membership to Protestants.

THE CATHOLICITY OF THE TRUE CHURCH.

It requires no small degree of courage for a preacher of a sect or denomination which is notoriously local in its origin and extent, and which has a history dating back for no more than three centuries, to claim that this sect is the true Catholic Church which was instituted by Christ nearly nineteen centuries ago, and that such a sect is the Catholic Church referred to in the ancient creeds which have come down to us from the days of the Apostles, and of the Council of Nice. This, however, was maintained in regard to Presbyterianism by the Rev. Dr. Campbell in St. Gabriel Presbyterian church of Montreal on Sunday, the 13th inst., and the sermon is published in the Montreal Witness of the 14th inst. Dr. Campbell says:

"Although the Presbyterian Church holds most liberal views, yet it is not indifferent or latitudinarian. It holds that the Church which is Apostolic, that is biblical, and which best focuses the activities of the people of God and promotes their spiritual life is to be considered the true Catholic Church."

The name Catholic is not applied explicitly to the Church in Holy Scripture, either by Christ or His Apostles, but that quality of universality which has always been understood by the word Catholic is plainly implied in many parts of the New Testament as belonging to the Church. Thus,

Christ in commissioning His Apostles said: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with all days, even to the consummation of the world." (St. Matt. xxviii, 19-20.)

In this passage Christ implies three distinct Catholicities or universalities which His Church should possess. It should teach all His doctrines, it will continue to exist under His assistance to the end of time, and it will in due time extend itself throughout the whole world, teaching everywhere the same truths; and it is not to a variety of sects that this commission is given, but to one Church which is to be forever subject to the Apostles and their legitimate successors to whom their authority is transmitted.

Thus it becomes clear what is meant by the Catholicity of the Church of Christ. It is not a humanly invented Church which is made up of a variety of sects, every one of which has doctrines which are the product of individual fancies, as Rev. Mr. Campbell would have it to be, for he says:

"Which is the more Catholic in terms and spirit, the Church which monopolizes the term Catholic, and excludes all outside of its own pale from the true Church, or the Paritan Church which embraces in that true Church all professing Christians and their children?"

It is evident that Mr. Campbell is obliged to give a new meaning of his own to the word Catholic in order to make it appear that his or the Paritan Church should be so called, and he continues in similar strain to say that he counts Father Pardo, the Jesuit Father whom he undertakes to refute, as a Christian, and therefore he "claims to be more Catholic than the Roman Catholics."

We must here remark that Mr. Campbell to give point to his argument is more liberal in his statement than is his Church, which says, in the 25th chapter of the Confession of Faith, that "The purest Churches under heaven are subject both to mixture and error; and some have so degenerated as to become no Churches of Christ but synagogues of Satan."

It is easy to see what Church is more especially here pointed out as the synagogue of Satan. It is the Catholic Church, which is elsewhere designated in the Catechism and in the National Covenant, issued in 1580, and several times reaffirmed and confirmed down to 1651, as the anti Christ, and as synonymous with superstition, so that "Papists and priests are to be punished with manifold civil and ecclesiastical pains as adversaries to God's true religion, preached and by law established within this realm," for they are "common enemies to all Christian government, rebellors and gainstanders of our Sovereign Lord's authority, and idolaters." Hence it is decreed "that Papistry and superstition may be utterly suppressed."

We see, therefore, that if Mr. Campbell has the right to call himself a Catholic from the fact that in his charity he professes to believe all religions equally good, not excepting the Catholic Church, his Church must for the same reason be neither Catholic nor Christian, as it will not even tolerate the Catholic faith.

But it is clear that Rev. Mr. Campbell has an entirely erroneous conception of the meaning of the term Catholic. He applies it to an undecidable agglomeration of all religions, but especially of those which have at any time rejected the authority of the Pope and the universal Church. Thus he declares there was a Church of Christ before the Protestant Reformation "consisting of true believers inside the pale of the Roman Catholic Church who were numerous in spite of that Church's errors. Outside the Roman Church were others—the Albigenses, the Waldenses, and the Cudees.

Without entering here upon the question of the monstrousness of a Church which would be made up of such incongruous elements, we may point out that Mr. Campbell's imaginary Church is an invisible one which could not exercise authority, whereas Christ in commanding His apostles to teach, and elsewhere in directing us to hear the Church implies that it is a visible body which will always exist. This is also implied by St. Paul, St. James, and the other Apostles who speak of the Church as "the pillar and ground of truth," and as having visible pastors whose office it is to teach and lead the flock in the way of salvation.

The Catholic Church alone has the characteristics of Catholicity which are implied in Christ's words to His Apostle, which we have above cited. She teaches still the same doctrines

which He revealed, she has continued to exist throughout the ages, in spite of all the trials and persecutions she has endured, and she will continue to exist to the end of time, and as the Apostles at once began their work after they had received their commission, St. Paul was already able to say to the Romans, not many years afterwards, when he wrote to them his epistle, that "their faith was spoken of throughout the world." At the present day with two hundred and fifty million believers the Catholic Church is truly universal, being spread throughout the world, and being engaged in teaching the truths of salvation to all heathen nations. She surpasses by far in the number of her children all the sects together, and is continuing her work, as she has always carried it on, with vigor and success under God's blessing. Therefore she is alone entitled to be called Catholic.

Mr. Campbell makes it an argument against the Catholic Church, that she claims that title exclusively. Catholic has always been an exclusive title. It was used by St. Ignatius in the beginning of the second century as the exclusive title of the one Church of Christ. It is so used in the Apostles' and the Nicene creeds, and in the creed of St. Athanasius, which are the three creeds declared by the Church of England to be founded on the sure foundation of Scripture; and even the Arians used it in the same exclusive sense in the third and fourth centuries, while they claimed to be entitled to apply it to their own erroneous teaching. St. Cyril also advised Christians when going into a strange town, to enquire, not for the Church, as all heretics claimed this appellation, but for the Catholic Church, a title which no heretical community had ever been able to appropriate.

St. Cyril's words are as descriptive of the state of affairs to-day as they were fifteen centuries ago.

IS CALVINISM DEAD?

A very striking evidence of the great change which has taken place in the teachings of Presbyterianism or Calvinism, is found in a discussion which has lately arisen between the Rev. Dr. Joseph Burrell of Brooklyn and a Boston minister as to whether or not Calvinism as a special form of religion is dead. The Boston clergyman asserts that the chief doctrines taught by Calvin are not now held by any body of Christians, though there are still some sects, as they Presbyterians, who keep them in their standards as a formal profession of faith.

It has been long known that the Presbyterians have practically abandoned Calvin's doctrines, and it is this fact which gave strength to the advocates of the revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith. Notwithstanding the strength of the revision movement, it has so far come to naught, not because it is deemed unnecessary, but because those who promoted it were not agreed on how far the revision should be carried. It is, therefore, for prudential reasons that there has been no revision of the Westminster Confession in America, though the English Presbyterians have adopted a shorter standard of faith; and when we say a shorter one, this signifies that the very objectionable doctrines of Calvin, such as the inevitable reprobation of the greater part of mankind, have been eliminated.

The Presbyterians on this continent, having not succeeded in revising the theoretical standard, have dealt with the question in a manner which appears to be quite as satisfactory to them, for they do not hesitate to proclaim that though ostensibly the Westminster Confession is still the formal standard of the Church, neither the laity nor the clergy will be expected to believe in it implicitly in future. How far it is to be believed in remains, however, an indefinite problem, and no doubt as is always the case when a matter like this is left indefinite, one doctrine after another will be quietly dropped until scarcely a semblance of the old stalwart Presbyterianism will remain. In this condition of affairs it would appear that the Boston minister is right in saying that Calvinism is dead.

Dr. Burrell, however, in a letter to the New York Observer, denies the correctness of this statement. He says:

"No, Calvinism is not dead. Its constructive principle is worked into all our thought. It is only the form in which the truth has been stated in the past that needs readjustment." President Patton said in his Pittsburg address, we want an interpretation of Calvinism in terms of the thought of to-day. That is a giant task which may well challenge and inspire some

of our younger theologians. This broad-minded age welcomes everything new in thought which justifies itself; but its breadth surely will be found to cover also the old truths when they are set in new lights."

In fact, the doctor, while desiring it to be believed that Calvinism still lives, admits that it lives in a totally changed form from what it was formerly. This he renders still more clear when he makes the assertion that "the cosmology of Huxley, Spencer and John Fiske is nothing else than a Calvinistic interpretation of the world and its life in terms of science."

The teachings of Huxley and Spencer, and of their school, are certainly very far from those of the Westminster Confession, which lays claim to be the only truth of God, and the supposed Calvinism of these teachers is such that Calvin would not recognize the identity, but would condemn the teachers to the same flames in which he ordered Michael Servetus to be burned for heresy.

We need no further evidence that Calvinism is really dead, than the Rev. Dr. Burrell's proofs that it still lives, the more especially as he says of two of Calvin's most characteristic doctrines: "It is true that ministers no longer preach the doctrine of the damnation of infants, if they ever did, which is doubtful. Nor does reprobation appear in modern sermons."

THE REV. DR. SILLIMAN BLAGDEN ON PURE CHRISTIAN TEACHING.

The Rev. Dr. Silliman Blagden of Boston is one of a class of Protestant clergymen of which the number of members is comparatively small. He is a believer in the desirability of the union of all Christians, whatever may be their distinctive doctrines. We cannot express agreement with all the sentiments or doctrines which Dr. Blagden maintains in his numerous letters which have been published, but we notice one quality in them, that they are totally free from bigotry and hostility against Catholics; yet he glories in belonging to what may be called the old school of orthodox Protestantism. He is, however, a man of broad and liberal views, and in a recent letter to which a correspondent has called our attention, he asserts unhesitatingly that "the Catholic priesthood are all sound and orthodox in biblical doctrine."

There is no doubt that this is true, though it is somewhat surprising to find such a statement coming from a Protestant clergyman of one of the so-called Evangelical denominations. In another letter from the same gentleman, addressed to the "old-fashioned orthodox clergy of both the Protestant and Catholic Churches," he makes a strong appeal to the clergy whom he addresses to refute and rebuke from their pulpits those false teachers of the present day, who by teaching false and very dangerous doctrines, insidiously attack the truth and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. Among these false teachers he indicates a prominent one, though not by name, who has had the presumption "to speak of the gospel of Christ Almighty as immoral," and who has declared in a recent sermon that "the fear of hell has not kept one soul from sin."

The evident tendency of such teachings is, of course, to destroy what still remains of Christian faith among Protestants, and it is to be regretted that such teachings are frequent in Protestant pulpits to-day. Christ Himself appeals to the fear of hell as one of the motives which will prevent the commission of sin, when he says: "And fear not those that kill the body, and cannot kill the soul; but rather fear Him that can destroy both body and soul into hell." (St. Matt. x. 28.) In fact, as Rev. Dr. Blagden asserts: "Every truly Christian-born soul knows that he or she has been deterred again and again from sin by the fear of hell. And all full-fledged, faithful Christians also know that it is this same blessed fear of the Lord and of His awful warnings which has brought us, who have obeyed and followed Him, into that perfect love which casteth out all fear." (St. John v. 18.)

While it is true that the fear of the dire consequences of sin is not the highest motive for serving God, it is true also that it prepares the Christian soul to be influenced by the higher motives, and frequently leads it to a true love for Almighty God. Thus we have in Holy Scripture the testimony that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," but "love (of God and man) is the fulfilling of the law." (Ps. cx. 10. Rom. xiii. 10.)

Dr. Blagden proclaims the fidelity of the Catholic clergy to these necessary doctrines of the Christian religion,

and of many Protestant clergymen, though he deprecates that many others of the latter have strayed from the truth that saves. He says:

"We have yet to learn that the Catholic Church is wanting in such faithful, brave, and Christ-like preachers. And we believe that such faithful men are also to be found in the Protestant pulpits as well."

We feel bound to remark in conclusion that if Protestantism were really the religion which comes from Christ, it would have some efficacious means of keeping out of its pulpits the wolves in sheep's clothing who teach doctrines subversive of Christianity.

THE MONTREAL HEBREW SCHOOLS AND THE PROTESTANT BOARD.

The Protestant School Commissioners of Montreal have before them a serious problem in the matter of their relations to the Jewish children attending their Schools, or having schools of their own which are under the control of the Protestant Board. The school laws of the province give the Jews—who though numerous in the city, form but a small fraction of the total population—the right to choose whether they shall place their children under control of the Public or Protestant School Board, with the consent of the Board under which the schools are operated.

This provision of the law was made in order to deal fairly with all classes, and down to the present time it has appeared to work in a manner satisfactorily to all. But it has recently been discovered that the Jews generally are not householders, and consequently it is asserted that their taxes fall far short of supplying their children with the education they require, and as the Jews selected the Protestant School Board to which to pay their taxes, the burden of maintaining Jewish schools, or of keeping up a Jewish department in the Protestant schools, has fallen upon the Protestant School Board.

The burden is all the greater, as the Jews wish their children to be instructed in Hebrew. Until recently the Protestant Board does not appear to have felt the burden seriously, but at the last meeting of the Board the matter was gravely discussed, and the general opinion seemed to be that some new arrangement must be made which will be fair to all parties concerned.

It is certainly true that the direct school taxes levied on the Jews fall considerably short of what would provide the special education they require, but the discrepancy is probably not so great as it appears to be at first glance. Even though the Jews do not pay their taxes directly, when the landlord pays the tax on an entire house, indirectly, at least, the tax falls upon the tenant, who may therefore be considered as really paying the tax. This is the view of the matter taken under the Ontario School law, which provides that the taxes generally shall be considered primarily to be paid by the tenant, and so the tenant may determine to what school the tax shall be paid, except that in case of default, or when the tenant is not assessed, the landlord determines the matter. With this fact in view, it is probably correct to say that Jewish tenants in Montreal may be regarded as paying actually more than is reckoned to them on the assessment roll.

However the case may stand there is little doubt that if the Protestant Board has really a serious grievance, the Quebec Government will find a means to rectify it. Undoubtedly the Government should make proper provision for the education of the Jewish children, even if it be true that the Jewish population be poorer than the general population of the city. But this is probably not the case. Whatever burden there may be, however, in making fair provision, should be properly distributed, and if it be found that under the present arrangement the Protestants are excessively taxed for the purpose, we have no doubt that the Quebec Government will find a way to adjust the burden, as it has always dealt fairly with the Protestant minority. It must be remarked, however, that in the matter of teaching Hebrew, the Jews having their own Baron de Hirsch School, established from private means given specially to themselves for the purpose, the whole burden of teaching Hebrew did not fall on the Protestants, but as the latter voluntarily undertook to supply Hebrew teachers, the school law cannot be blamed for having imposed this burden on them.

The teaching of Hebrew is certainly

a matter which does not come under the duty of the Government or the general public to supply, and in undertaking this obligation, the Protestant Board seems to have undertaken more than it was bound to do, and if we are to judge from the present attitude of the Board we may infer that in its anxiety to embrace the Hebrew population within its control it undertook a duty which it now finds to be too onerous. We presume, however, that the difficulty will be satisfactorily and amicably settled.

"NOTHING TOO HARD FOR GOD."

Among the sermons recently delivered by Rev. D. L. Moody, the well-known revivalist, one entitled "Nothing Too Hard for God" is worthy of particular notice on account of some strong points made therein, and some principles which are very correctly laid down.

The immediate purpose of the preacher was to show the power of prayer. Taking for his text the passage from Jeremias xxxiii 17, "Ah Lord God! behold thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and by thy stretched out arm; there is nothing too hard for thee," he gave instances from the history of the people of God, where the power of God had brought about events which were beyond all human possibility. Thus, when the condition of the Israelites in Egypt seemed hopeless, and when it appeared that they should be bond slaves for ever, Moses appeared as God's messenger and through Moses' instrumentality God brought them forth from their bondage by means of numerous miracles and "with a strong hand."

So also at all times when the Israelites were faithful to God, no hostile army could stand before them. When they forgot God they were brought to weakness and bondage, but on their return to Him a deliverer was sure to arise who led them to scatter the enemies, as was the case with David, who, though a mere boy, was able to overthrow the gigantic Philistine army to secure victory for the penitent children of Israel.

So God has promised to hear our prayers when offered up with due dispositions of humility and contrition with fervor and perseverance, confidence in His goodness, and resignation to His will, if they be offered in the name of and by virtue of the promises of Christ.

There is another lesson to be derived from the words of the prophet "O Lord God, nothing is too hard for thee." On this point Mr. Moody did not speak. It is the necessity of belief without hesitation in what God has revealed.

We frequently find that God's teachings are rejected because there is something contained in them beyond the reach of the human understanding. It is becoming the fashion nowadays especially among Protestants, to reject all revelation which they cannot understand under all its aspects, this practical infidelity is even carried into the pulpit, from which God's truth ought to be uttered without hesitation. Thus there are to be found many who deny all mysterious religion, such as the Trinity, Incarnation whereby God became man, and as a natural consequence also our redemption by the blood of Christ shed upon the cross. They who deny these truths do not reflect that God is by nature finite, and therefore there must be human understanding, which is limited. Whatever God reveals should be believed, because He is Truth who can neither deceive nor be deceived.

For the same reason the mystery of Christ's real presence in the Eucharist should be accepted without question or doubt. There is no more strongly inculcated than in Holy Scripture. It is recorded in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel Christ promised to give His flesh and blood to them who eat and drink thereof and thereby obtain everlasting life, for "if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever, and the life which I will give is my flesh for the life of the world." Twelve times in the course of the chapter is this promise repeated, and most strongly when Jews declared it to be impossible a promise should be kept: "saith how can this man give us his flesh to eat?" and "this saying is hard who can hear it." In fact this is the reason which Protestants to this day advance against the doctrine of Real Presence. They say it is impossible that Christ should give us

a matter which does not come under the duty of the Government or the general public to supply, and in undertaking this obligation, the Protestant Board seems to have undertaken more than it was bound to do, and if we are to judge from the present attitude of the Board we may infer that in its anxiety to embrace the Hebrew population within its control it undertook a duty which it now finds to be too onerous. We presume, however, that the difficulty will be satisfactorily and amicably settled.

"NOTHING TOO HARD FOR GOD."

Among the sermons recently delivered by Rev. D. L. Moody, the well-known revivalist, one entitled "Nothing Too Hard for God" is worthy of particular notice on account of some strong points made therein, and some principles which are very correctly laid down.

The immediate purpose of the preacher was to show the power of prayer. Taking for his text the passage from Jeremiah xxxii 17, "Ah Lord God! behold thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power, and by thy stretched out arm; there is nothing too hard for thee," he gave instances from the history of the people of God, where the power of God had brought about events which were beyond all human possibility. Thus, when the condition of the Israelites in Egypt seemed hopeless, and when it appeared that they should be bond slaves for ever, Moses appeared as God's messenger and through Moses' instrumentality God brought them forth from their bondage by means of numerous miracles and "with a strong hand."

So also at all times when the Israelites were faithful to God, no hostile army could stand before them. When they forgot God they were brought to weakness and bondage, but on their return to Him a deliverer was sure to arise who led them on to scatter their enemies, as was the case with David, who, though a mere boy, was able to overthrow the gigantic Philistine and to secure victory for the penitent children of Israel.

So God has promised to hear our prayers when offered up with due dispositions of humility and contrition, with fervor and perseverance, confidence in His goodness, and resignation to His will, if they be offered in the name of and by virtue of the promises of Christ.

There is another lesson to be derived from the words of the prophet: "O Lord God, nothing is too hard for thee." On this point Mr. Moody did not speak. It is the necessity of our belief without hesitation in whatsoever God has revealed.

We frequently find that God's teachings are rejected because there is something contained in them beyond the reach of the human understanding. It is becoming the fashion nowadays, especially among Protestants, to reject all revelation which they cannot understand under all its aspects, and this practical infidelity is even carried into the pulpit, from which God's truth ought to be uttered without fear or hesitancy. Thus there are to be found many who deny all mysteries of religion, such as the Trinity, the Incarnation whereby God becomes man, and as a natural consequence, also our redemption by the blood of Christ shed upon the cross. They who deny these truths do not reflect that God is by nature infinite, and therefore there must be much regarding Him which is beyond human understanding, which is but limited. Whatever God reveals should be believed, because He is Truth itself who can neither deceive nor be deceived.

For the same reason the mystery of Christ's real presence in the Blessed Eucharist should be accepted without question or doubt. There is no truth more strongly inculcated than this in Holy Scripture. It is recorded in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel that Christ promised to give His flesh and blood that we might eat and drink thereof and thereby obtain everlasting life, for "if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever, and the bread which I will give is my flesh for the life of the world." Twelve times in the course of the chapter is this promise repeated, and most strongly when the Jews declared it to be impossible such a promise should be kept: saying, "how can this man give us his flesh to eat?" and "this saying is hard and who can hear it." In fact this is the very reason which Protestants to this day advance against the doctrine of the Real Presence. They say it is impossible that Christ should give us His

flesh to eat, and that the teaching of the Catholic Church is too hard to be understood and believed. The bulk of Protestants admit in deed the mysteries of the Trinity, the Incarnation and Redemption, but they reject that of Christ's Real Presence in the Blessed Eucharist, which is called by Catholics "Transubstantiation," as being difficult of belief.

In reply to this objection it is sufficient to refer to the words of Jeremiah: "Ah, Lord God, behold thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power, and by thy stretched out arm: there is nothing too hard for thee."

It is for man's benefit, and to give to us a powerful means of salvation, that Christ instituted the Blessed Eucharist, so that by thus receiving Him bodily we may participate of all the graces which emanate from Him as our Saviour.

There is a great resemblance between the mystery of the Incarnation and that of the Real Presence. In the Incarnation we obtain salvation through the blood which Christ shed upon the cross as an atonement for our sins. In the Blessed Eucharist we obtain the same grace by partaking of the precious banquet of His body and blood by which He therein nourishes us. The Blessed Eucharist is, therefore, as readily credible as the Incarnation, and there is no more reason to doubt that Christ in His infinite love for us grants us this blessing of a spiritual banquet, than that He suffered on the cross under the appearance of a criminal, also for our salvation.

Christ's power is unlimited, because He is God, and "there is nothing hard to Him." We need only to be satisfied that He had the will to give us His flesh and blood, and the truth follows, for He must then have the power also. He created the world and the universe from nothing. He changed water into wine at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee, and all nature was obedient to His will. The winds and the waters were stilled at His command, diseases were healed, devils were driven away, and the dead were brought back to life. There was nothing which He could not perform.

Christ's Apostles heard and remembered His promise to give His body and blood as our food, and at His last supper when He said: "This is my body: This is my blood," they remembered His promise, and exhibited no surprise or unbelief, because they knew that now His promise was fulfilled. One evangelist, St. John, records the promise: the other three, together with St. Paul, tell of its fulfillment; and when at His last supper Christ taking the bread into His sacred hands, and blessing it says: "This is my body," and then taking the chalice or cup of wine says: "This is my blood," it is evident that the Apostles understood that this was the fulfillment of the promise which He had already made, and this accounts for the fact that they manifest no surprise, and do not break out into such expressions of unbelief as those which the Jews, and even some disciples uttered when the promise was given. They had frequently been witnesses of Christ's miracles, and they were prepared to believe His word. Being asked by Christ when some of His disciples refused belief in His promise: "Will you also go away?" St. Peter answered in the name of the twelve: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." This expressed their strong faith in His power, and especially in the truth which He then propounded to them.

It remains for us and for all Christians to imitate the faith of Peter and the other Apostles rather than the unbelief of the Jews, for to God "there is nothing hard," and there is no difficulty in His performing what He has promised, however incomprehensible and mysterious it may be to our limited understanding.

STATISTICS OF SUICIDES.

Six thousand six hundred is the number of suicides which the Chicago Tribune has reckoned up during the past year, as having been made known to the public in the United States through the press during the last year.

It is not supposed that this estimate includes all the instances of self-destruction which have occurred, but only those which it was possible to ascertain through reading the newspapers, and it is very certain that the actual number far exceeds this. During the months of November and December they were much more numerous than at any other time. There is no doubt that if all the cases had been

recorded the number would have reached over seven thousand, being one for every ten thousand persons. This number is greater than in any former year, and it leaves the impression that a suicidal wave has swept over the country. Of the total number recorded 5,786 were men and 814 women.

The causes which lead to suicide are for the most part the same year after year. They who commit it are generally discontented with their condition in life, and the inability to endure the trials which are in some form the general lot of mankind, is another cause; though it must be acknowledged that some persons have to bear more serious trials than the generality of people.

To these we must add that of late it has become the fashion with a class of infidels, of whom Colonel Ingersoll is a leader, to maintain the lawfulness of suicide, and that it is the most satisfactory and sure way to end the troubles of life. Also it is probable that the glamor of romance with which some newspapers describe the suicidal act, causes some to follow so evil an example. The person who commits the rash act may be a very ordinary being, but the newspaper writer finds it necessary to give a sensational coloring to the matter, to increase the circulation of his paper, and the unfortunate person who has been guilty of the crime is represented as being the victim of harsh treatment or oppression, and if it be a woman, she is sure to be described as being of extraordinary beauty, and most probably as having been driven to desperation by unrequited affection, whereas the real cause is vanity, or anger, or perhaps a mistaken affection which has led to her ruin.

Another curious cause has come to light in several instances, one of which it will suffice to mention. One William M. Rusk recently committed suicide in order that he might leave to his family half a million dollars, to which amount he had insured his life. The Supreme Court of the United States, however, has decided that the insurance companies need not pay these policies, as it is against the public interest to enforce a contract when the commission of a crime is the means whereby the conditions are fulfilled, and, therefore, even though it be specified in the insurance policy that the benefit will be paid in case of suicide, the court holds that the company may refuse payment. If, however, the company think proper to pay the claim, there is no way to prevent it from so doing. Incredible as it may appear, the records of insurance show that there are many persons who are willing to put an end to their lives to ensure a fortune to their families. The decision of the court is likely to diminish the number of those who commit suicide for this cause, at least.

There is no doubt that the real cause of nearly all the suicides that occur is the want of religious feeling in those who commit the crime, and to the attacks upon the Christian religion which have been made, not only by avowed infidels, but even from the pulpits of many of the Protestant churches, very many of the suicides of the present day are to be attributed. It is to be expected that those who do not believe in any responsibility to God, or in a future life, have no motive which will be efficacious to restrain them from the commission of this or any other crime.

GOLDWIN SMITH TELLS IT ALL.

Professor Goldwin Smith, writing from Toronto to the New York Independent on the question, "Is Home Rule Dead?" in reference to a recent article on the same subject by the Right Honorable Horace Plunkett, M. P., in the North American Review, says: "Mr. Plunkett, in the article to which I have referred, while he denounces the assertion that Home Rule is dead, appears to accept the judgment of Lord Rosebery who holds that the movement will lie in abeyance till it finds a leader after the Irish heart; and that this new leader is probably now being wheeled about in his perambulator. Perhaps before the babe comes to demagogue's estate, Mr. Plunkett's own remedy, agricultural improvement, may have done its beneficent work."

Mr. Plunkett, we believe, an honest gentleman, though a Tory. Mr. Smith is, we know, an arrant crank, a pastidious scold, who began life as a democrat and is ending life a sordid and gloomy pessimist. To his distorted mind the Act of Union was an honest transaction, totally devoid of bribery and corruption, although the evidence to the contrary is to be found in every honest history of the period, whether written by English or Irishmen. He does not deny that the Articles of Union promised religious emancipation to the Catholics, but he ascribes the failure to keep that promise to "the prejudice of a half-insane King."

When it comes to the betrayal of Home Rule at a later date, he says: "British members of the House of Commons, in voting for the bill, reckoned on its rejection by the House of Lords." So there we have it. When a British King breaks a solemn promise, without any approval from his Parliament, it is because he is "half-insane." How about the British King, William III., when his Parliament broke the Treaty of Limerick? And what of those honorable and high-toned Members of the House of Commons who voted for the Home Rule Bill while they "reckoned on its rejection by the House of Lords?" People who act in that way in America are regarded as blackguards, with whom no self-respecting gambler would hold intercourse.

Lord Rosebery, who is a gambler on the race track, must be aware of that fundamental law of fair play. The Prince of Wales, an authority on cards, showed by his conduct in the recent scandal that he believed in honor among gamblers. Professor Goldwin Smith may have some higher code to govern his own conduct, but we wonder what it is.

England is not and has not been for centuries an absolute despotism. No King, in sane or half-insane, has been able to coerce his actions for many a year. The present ruler of Great Britain is not generally regarded as a maniac. Yet it happens that under her wise and beneficent "Annoy" as proved by the Royal Commission of Inquiry, Ireland has been and still is paying \$12,000,000 above her proper quota to the imperial treasury. Is Queen Victoria's insatiable half-insane world, ceasing that surplus? Are the members of Parliament who audit the returns cunning knaves who are ready to shift the responsibility to the House of Lords?

LONG LIVE LEO!

Events of more than usual importance in the long life of Leo XIII. will be crowded into the next few days, and it is to be hoped they will undoubtedly be duly commemorated in Rome and evoke prayers from Catholic hearts throughout all Christendom in behalf of the venerable Head of the Church.

Two days of the present month will be held for the purpose, the successor of the lamented Pius IX., and although his coronation as Pope did not occur till the following March 3, his supreme administration of the universal Church commenced with his election to the Roman See, so that he is even now completing the twentieth year of his Pontificate.

And what a glorious administration has not this reign of Leo XIII. been! Ascending the throne of St. Peter when his enemies thought only an arrogantly boasting March 3, his supreme administration of the universal Church commenced with his election to the Roman See, so that he is even now completing the twentieth year of his Pontificate.

Twenty years is a long time for any one Pope to reign; but not by the length of his administration alone, but also and more by the illustrious glories of it will Leo XIII. live in the annals of history. His days cannot, in the ordinary nature of things, be very many more. The years of Peter he will not see; but to-morrow, when he completes his twenty-first year in the Papacy, the entire Catholic world will join in prayer in his behalf, that he may at least live to see that restoration of his rights to the Church which his administration has so materially hastened.—Catholic Columbian.

PRAYED FOR RAIN.

"Deus, in quo vivimus, movemur, et sumus, pluviam nobis tribue congruentem; ut presentibus subsidis sufficienter adjuvi, semper tua fiduciam appetamus. Per Dominum."

Prayer: "O God, in whom we live and move and are, grant us reasonable rain; that we, enjoying a sufficiency of support in this life, may with more confidence strive after the things that are eternal."

The foregoing prayer was the one offered in the ceremony of Mass yesterday beseeching rain in time to save the crops of the State. There are any true efficacy in prayer? Yesterday morning the Catholic churches throughout this archdiocese sought to demonstrate this problem.

Weather charts and maps of every description were consulted by experts on atmospheric pressure, but they proved of no avail in defining the true cause of the continued drought which has hung over this State for the greater part of this winter and which now threatens the farmers of the State. In no instance could they make a favorable forecast of approaching rain.

The outlook for the success of this year's crops was becoming more and more discouraging, and the hopes of the farmers were being crushed. Accordingly the celebration of High Mass was solemnized yesterday morning in all the churches, without exception, and prayers were offered up to the Supreme Power.

The last Mass for invoking the desired rain was hardly over when the barometer changed and a light rain began to fall. It was a solemn and sublime spectacle to see the congregations of the diocese praying for the blessing of rain upon the needy farmers.—San Francisco Call, Feb. 1.

CATHOLICS AND THE Y. M. C. A.

We have been informed, on reliable authority, that between two and three hundred Catholic young men belong to the Young Men's Christian Association, and that several Catholic young women are members of the Y. M. C. A. Christian Association, both of them Protestant organizations in this city. The question arises: Is it lawful for Catholics to belong to these associations? On this point it is the opinion of the Holy See that any pronouncement—for the reason, perhaps, that it has not been submitted to him; or probably because it is deemed unnecessary to tell Catholics that they cannot be good and loyal sons and daughters of their country at the same time be members of these Protestant associations. We are inclined to take the latter view.

The following is an extract from the constitution of the Y. M. C. A. as to its member ship: "Sec. 1. The members of this association shall consist of three kinds, viz: Active, associate and honorary." "Sec. 2. All male members in good standing in Evangelical churches may become active members of this association, on the payment, in advance, of the annual fee and the acceptance of their applications by the Board of Directors. Only active members shall have the right to vote and hold office. (A footnote here informs us that Evangelical churches are defined by resolution of the international convention at Portland, in 1865, to be churches maintaining the strictly Scriptural to be the only rule of faith, i. e., Protestants Churches.)

No Catholics, it is to be presumed, become active members. They become associate members only. As to the Y. M. C. A. rules regarding associate members, the following, which is taken from a circular recently issued by the Y. W. C. A. of Montreal, and which is the same as those contained in the rules of all these associations, whether for men or women (with a slight verbal difference when the sex is mentioned) is instructive: "Who May Become an Associate Member? Any woman of good moral character, without

respect to creed, occupation or nationality, may become an associate member upon the payment of 50 cents annually. Associate members are entitled to all the privileges of the association, except the right to vote.

There can be no doubt as to the strength of the temptation which leads Catholic young men and women to join these "Christian associations." In the first place—and this is the key to the whole question—we have Catholic institutions of a similar character. Would that we had! In the second place, the principle on which these Protestant associations are founded is an excellent and noble one, looking at it from a purely secular point of view. The secret of the undoubted success of the Y. M. C. A. lies in its practical recognition of the need for providing for the healthy and natural instincts and tastes, both physical and mental, of early and advanced youth. Every facility is afforded in wholesome athletic pastimes as afforded in them, especially in the cities and towns. They have well-stocked libraries and reading rooms; and the intellectual faculties of the members are stimulated by literary and debating societies and by lectures from eminent men. There are classes of many kinds where members may obtain instruction in almost every branch of education, at a nominal cost. Nor are the graces of life neglected, for there are musical societies and classes, art schools and amateur dramatic organizations in them, where proficiency may be acquired on easy terms and under encouraging auspices.

Much as all this is, it is not all. If a member is cut of a situation, efforts are made by the association to procure him a place; and for this purpose an employment register is kept in the city, and by the members of the country, or goes to a different land, the association follows him with kindly interest. He is given letters of introduction; and if there is a branch in the city or town where he takes his new abode, he is made "at home" at once by the local secretary, who will recommend him to a hotel or boarding house, and give him any other useful information which he may require; he is introduced to other members, and so finds himself surrounded by helpful friends. In the women's associations there are, amongst other advantages, educational classes of all kinds, including book-making, dress cutting, cookery, and sewing and laundrying.

The great and fatal drawbacks, for Catholics, to all this is that the atmosphere of the association is essentially Protestant—aggressively Protestant in some cases.

Yes; the temptation for Catholic young men and women to join these associations is very strong. But if they were actuated by a sincere faith in their fathers and mothers they would lose no time in removing that temptation by establishing similar associations of their own.—True Witness.

BLESSING AND GRACE AT MEALS.

No practice is more characteristic of the faithful Catholic than that of asking the Divine blessing before meals and giving thanks to God after them. In every Christian household these prayers should be said aloud in a firm clear voice, and in the vulgar tongue. If all present understand the liturgical language this should be used, but not otherwise.

The prayer should be led by the head of the family, or, in his absence, by the oldest son, and all present should join in the responses. The proper ritual for prayer at table is the following, which will be found, with slight variations, on pages 58 and 59 of the authorized prayer-book of the American Church—the Baltimore Manual of Prayers. Those of our readers who do not have it in their prayer-books, and are not familiar with it, are requested to get it out and preserve it for study and use:

THE BLESSING OF THE MEAL. (Leader) In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts, we pray, be able to receive through Thy bounty. (Others) Amen. (All make the sign of the cross silently.) GRACE AFTER MEAL. (Leader) In the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. We give Thee thanks, O Almighty God, for all Thy benefits, Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, forever and ever. (Others) Amen. (Leader) Vouchsafe, O Lord, to reward with eternal life all those who do us good for Thy name's sake. (Others) Amen. (Leader) Let us bless the Lord. (Others) Thanks be to God. (Leader) May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. (Others) Amen. (All make the sign of the cross, silently.)—Church Progress.

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE CHURCH.

A subject which we have reason to know, often brings sorrow to the hearts of some of our most devoted pastors is the indifference of Catholic young men to the financial needs of their parishes. A large proportion of them give little or nothing towards the maintenance of their churches, their schools, or their charitable institutions in connection with them. Fewer still amongst them rent pewes, and the only support of the Church of the future, the only support of their own faith, and generous hearts are fast passing away. Their sons and daughters must take up the works which are falling from their dead hands, the support of religion among others, and their fathers must see, in no very long time, fall as a Catholic body and our name be blotted out from the map of the universal Church. Surely this can never happen in a city so thickly populated by the sons and daughters of the far off Isle of Saints.—True Witness.

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

Among all the glad festivals which the Church celebrates through the Christian year in memory of her sainted children, there is none so touching—so filled with the tears of love—as that of Mary Magdalene. The beautifully tender Gospel read at the Mass speaks eloquently to the heart of the pious and merciful even as his Master is merciful to the unfortunate and the fallen who come to him for succor. Who speaks for the prodigal daughter? The father in Christ's parable pleads for his son, who was lost, but is found; who was dead, but is come to life again. But Christ himself pleads for the prodigal daughter—the penitent Magdalene—and forgives her because she loved him. The light of Magdalene's generous expiation has guided a long train of penitent souls to Heaven. The thought of her has inspired virgin hearts to make homes that shall indeed be the father's house for prodigal daughters for evermore. See the houses of the Good Shepherd, of Our Lady of Refuge, of Our Lady of Mercy, within whose walls count the handmaids of penitence. The world deserves its victims, the self-righteous Pharisee leaves them to their fate, but the true followers of the All-Merciful raise up the fallen, and minister of love to the Magdalene and the pitying Christ, lovingly accord the tender charities ordained for such.—Catholic Union and Times.

Long life on earth, and eternal life in Heaven are the promised rewards by Almighty God to all who practice the virtue of obedience.

BLESSED THOMAS MORE.

When disappointed by the actions of so many men who barter away the priceless gift of faith for temporal success, it is good for us to turn to the lives of those who "have fought the good fight and kept the faith" in their battle against the allurements of the world. Among such was Sir Thomas More. Early in life he was raised to the knighthood, and later on was made Lord High Chancellor of England. When the King desired support in his intrigues against the Pope, he turned to the Church dignitaries of the realm, and, unfortunately, many of them upheld him in his course of action by taking the oath of the King's supremacy in matters ecclesiastical. He tried to influence More, but the latter, true to the dictates of his conscience, refused to accede to the King's wishes in this matter as well as in that which had to do with the validity of the King's second marriage. For these so-called offences More was deprived of his office and cast into prison. Pardon was offered on condition that he should conform to the King's orders. Even his wife entreated him to obey, urging that thereby he would spare himself for the support and consolation of his family.

"How many years do you think I have to live, Dame Alice?" he asked. "More than twenty," she replied. "Ah, my wife! do you wish that I should exchange eternity for twenty years?" He was brought to trial in the Court of the King's Bench, where his conduct was shamefully violated, and all law and precedent disregarded. He was sentenced to be beheaded, and died July 6, in the year 1535. History honors him as a statesman of remarkable talents, and an occasion in which he contributed generously by his writings to the literature of England. But a greater glory, and one more in accordance with his unworldly spirit, was conferred upon him when Pope Leo XIII. added his name to those of the Blessed in the year 1886.—St. Ignatius' Calendar, San Francisco.

AN ATHEIST HIT HARD.

There once lived in an Ulster town a man who prided himself on his atheistical views, and took great delight in saying that Satan and his legion had no terrors for him. Meeting the venerable P., at an occasion in a mixed audience, he thought he would have a joke at his reverence's expense, and when the usual recitations were over, he said: "I had the devil sleeping at my house last night."

"An illustrious visitor, upon my word," said the priest. "Yes," said the other, with unblushing impudence, "he could not find lodgings anywhere, and I took him in. Your reverence will probably find fault with me, but I could not think of shutting the door against him. Do you think I was very wrong to keep him all night?"

"Not at all," said the priest, "you were quite right, for many a night he will have to keep you."—Dublin Weekly Nation.

THE LIGHT IS BREAKING.

The London Literary World does not love Catholics, but it does not seem to have sworn eternal enmity to historic truth. Reviewing Father Tannan's "Black Mass," it declares that the work of Catholic historians "is more and more compelling truth-loving Englishmen to abandon as partisan misrepresentations the views of the Reformation that satisfied their grandfathers. It also admits that the grounds commonly alleged by Protestant historians for the spoliation of monasteries, namely, "the corruption of morals," were almost wholly invented by the tools of Henry VIII. The light is breaking everywhere.—Ave Maria.

EX PRIEST SLATTERY.

Arrested in Edinburgh, Scotland, for Selling Indecent Books. Edinburgh, Scotland, Feb. 12.—Joseph Slattery, and his wife, a sister of the priest and former Sister of Charity, who were mobbed at Savannah and other American cities, were charged at a police court here to-day with selling indecent books purporting to be an exposure of Catholicism. The court was crowded with Catholics and Protestants. Slattery promised to destroy the books and the case was adjourned in order to enable him to fulfill his promise.

PROTESTANTS AND MONASTICISM.

An Episcopal clergyman in New York state has come out boldly and squarely in favor of monasticism. He expressed at a public meeting of a missionary association recently his desire to see the hills surrounding the town in which he was speaking dotted with the houses of monks and nuns of the Episcopal order. He said that he had seen the spirit of religious fervor, to encourage prayer and self-sacrifice for Christ's sake, he would establish religious orders.

This gentleman is beginning evidently to see the light. He is on the right road. But if he is honest and consistent he must join the Catholic Church. All that he advocates, all that he hopes and prays for in the line of spiritual revival and reformation, he will find in its fold. He will find the monasteries in every section of the civilized world. He will find them even in England, where they were ruthlessly destroyed by the first founder of the Church, Henry VIII. That great "reformer" levelled the monasteries to the ground and appropriated their property. He gave us divorce as an institution, a revival in England from "Catholicism." The court was crowded with Catholics and Protestants. Slattery promised to destroy the books and the case was adjourned in order to enable him to fulfill his promise.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

We commend the following resolution adopted recently by the Presbyterial synod of Montana: "Never to enter a field in which any evangelical branch of the Church of Christ is already supplying the religious needs of the people until, after a careful investigation, there is reason to believe that there is both a demand and a need for our work." This is a sign of the times. One Protestant missionary that we know of goes a step farther and advocates the withdrawal from Catholic countries, declaring that the members of the Church of Rome can be saved in their own communion. Half a century ago such a proposal would not be listened to. The world really does move. Of course the resolution of the Presbyterial synod implies the acceptance of the individualist doctrine that one religion is as good as another; but the founder of religion, Jesus Christ, would not have been gathered into the Church. The day is surely coming when the followers of Christ will be gathered into one. The sign is on.—Ave Maria.

They that are grounded and established in God can by no means be proud.—The Imitation.

FIVE-MINUTES SERMON.

First Sunday in Lent.

THE LOVING CHASTISER.

"Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth from the mouth of God" (St. Matt. iv. 4.)

In placing these words before us, brethren, the Church bids us mark the difference between the food of the body and that of the soul. Both are good; but one is good for this life alone, and the other is good for both this life and life everlasting.

The sermons and instructions heard in church during Lent, both at Mass and at the week-day services, are extremely important to all Christians.

Are you a sinner? Then, in God's name, you must turn your face away from your sins and study the lessons of your hereafter as they are taught in the church between now and Easter.

But the great lesson of these sad works of Lent is the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. What can prove love better than suffering? Who has suffered like Jesus Christ?

Ritualism.

In Paisley, Scotland, there is according to the London Times, a Baptist church with a surpliced choir of both sexes, and in a Glasgow Congregational church, we are told, a liturgy is used with choral responses, including the Ten Commandments and the chant of Psalms, while over the communion table is a large gilt cross.

Maltine with God Liver Oil for Consumption, Colds, and Bronchitis.

No objections can be urged against the generally acknowledged remedial properties of pure cod liver oil beyond its tendency to upset the stomach and impair the appetite, and fortunately even this drawback is overcome in the preparation Maltine with God Liver Oil.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most to be dreaded disease, Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Ollie's Dreams.

Our Ollie went to his bed With tears just back of his eyes, And a pain, because, as his sister said, He was "overly fond of pie."

HAPPY TOM.

In England and Scotland men build very tall brick chimneys which carry off the smoke from the great factories. They are so tall that a lot of scaffolding is built round them so that the men may get up and down to their work.

Tom Sanders was the son of a master mason. He was a sturdy Scotch boy, not a bit handsome, for he had red hair and freckles and big feet and hands and a snub nose, but he had a pair of as merry blue eyes as ever twinkled in a boy's head, and he was always so good natured that the other boys called him "Happy Tom."

He never had a chance to get lonesome, for he had a lot of brothers and sisters. They lived in a wee little house, but it was all their own, and they had a garden where they raised their vegetables. They had a cow and pig, and Tom's mother had a little corner under the window where she planted flowers.

So you see they were a very happy and busy family. Tom's father could not always get work. The winter before this time I am telling you of he had been idle for a long time, and Tom had to work pretty hard, but he didn't mind it. He whistled and sang, and his mother used to say with tears in her eyes:

"Ah, he's the blithe, bonny lad, God bless him!" At last Tom's father got a "job." It was a good one, too. He was to superintend the building of one of the largest chimneys that had been built for years. Now the children could have new shoes, and the good mother could have a gown, and Tom could go back to his books.

Day after day the father went to his work. Tom carried his dinner to him at noon, and when night came they were all together, a healthy group, and far happier than many who live in palaces.

"I'll tell thee what we'll do, mother," said Mr. Sanders one day. "The morrow after the chimney is done we'll ha' a bit of a holiday, and all go over to the Loch for an outing."

The children heard it and were delighted, and day after day they questioned their father as to when the happy day would come.

"Will it be next week, feyther?" rosy little Kate would ask, and when he would shake his head wee Will would plead:

"Tell us how many days will be before we can ha' our frolic."

But at last the long waiting came to an end, as all things do, and Mr. Sanders announced one night to the delighted children:

"To-morrow the chimney'll be done, and then, hey for our frolic!"

The next afternoon Tom and his mother and the children all went to see the scaffolding come down and the father descend the long rope for the boys thought that was a great feat.

Slowly the men took down the heavy timbers and struck the sides of the chimney with hammers to see that there were no weak spots in it. Tom's father, up at the top, was paying great attention to the movements of the men, for he had taken great pains with that chimney, and wanted to be sure that it was all right.

At last it was all done, and there stood the tall chimney in all its beauty of workmanship, and the men gave a great shout. Tom and his mother looked up at the top. It was so high that the brawny mason looked like a little boy.

And now they looked to see him come down, but—what was the matter? They saw him start, look wildly about him and then clasp his hands wildly about his head in a dazed sort of a way.

The men looked at each other and then up at the chimney, wondering what could be the matter, when all at once truth burst upon them:

They had forgotten the rope! Tanned and grimy as they were their faces grew ghastly as they thought of the awful consequences of their mistake. What could be done? It was impossible to get ladders that would reach to the top of the great tower, and of course they could not throw anything up to such a height.

It had taken the whole force of men

all day to tear down the scaffolding and it would take ten days to build it up again. The case seemed hopeless.

The poor mother threw herself on the ground and cried and groaned as if she were dying, and all the children kept her company, all but Tom. In that little red head of his the thoughts were buzzing about like bees.

"There must be some way," he kept saying over to himself, and all the time he kept thinking as hard as ever he could. At last he sprang up with a shout:

"I have it!" he cried. The men thought that the horror of the situation had driven him mad, but they soon knew better.

Mr. Sanders was standing in a hopeless way looking down at the little group, when Tom, making a trumpet of his hands, shouted:

"Can you hear me, feyther?" He nodded his head in reply, and then Tom screamed up at him with all the strength of his lungs:

"Tak' off thy stockin', an' unravel it an' let down the thread wi' a bit o' mortar. Canst hear me?"

Again he nodded this time eagerly. He pulled off his boot and then his stocking, which he looked at for a moment, as if he did not know how to go about it. Tom's mother was on her feet now, all eagerness, and she called up to her husband:

"Begin at the toe, lad!" You see she had knit those stockings herself, and of good honest Scotch wool, and she knew all about it.

At last he got the thread started and unraveled, row after row. He took his knife and dug a bit of the hard mortar and tied it on the yarn. It came slowly down the tall chimney, blown about by the wind, but it was coming.

As soon as Tom saw that his father had caught his idea he was off like the wind. But before the little thread reached the ground he was back all out of breath, bringing a big ball of stout twine. A dozen willing hands were ready to tie it to the yarn, and then they shouted:

"Now hold fast the string, lad, and pull it up."

When the twine got to the top the big rope was fastened on, and almost without breathing they watched it slowly uncoil like a great serpent, and at last that, too, had reached the top.

The iron was there all right, and they saw that he was making it fast. And now they wondered if he would have the nerve to come down. The last hour had been a terrible strain upon him, when it seemed that he must have fallen in that little circle until he died.

He came to the edge of the chimney and made a sign of descent. Then he began to come down. He came rapidly about half way, then, clutching the rope convulsively, he stopped.

His head fell back and a cry of horror went up when they thought that, after all, he would be killed. Again Tom came to the front and shouted:

"Dinna gie it up, feyther; it's but a bit further noo, dinna gie it up!"

And he didn't give it up. Rousing all his strength he took hold once more and slid safely to the ground, where he fell all in a heap, as weak and helpless as a baby.

How they kissed him and cried over him and how Tom's mother thanked God, and how proud Tom was when his father at last staggered to his feet, and laying his hand on his head, exclaimed:

"My lad, thou'st saved my life." Do you need to be told that the holiday was the happiest one that had ever come to these humble folks?

I shall have to tell you about it, however, for it was on that day that a most wonderful thing happened to Tom. Something that made people change his name from "Happy Tom" to "Lucky Tom."

The boys had often begged that their father would allow them to go into a cave, several miles up the coast, for they lived in a seaport town. But the cave was full of water when the tide came in, and it was not safe for the boys to go alone, but on this day Tom's father said to him:

"Now, lad, ask me what ye will and I'll grant it if I can."

Little Ben slipped slyly up and whispered in Tom's ear:

"The cave, ask him to let us go in." And as that was the very idea that Tom had in his own head, he did ask it, and of course it was granted.

They took a lot of candles with them and some old clothes, and a generous basket of lunch and away they went to the cave.

The opening of it was just a great hole like a cellar, but the boys kept on and soon they found an opening through which they crawled and found themselves in a great room with a crystal roof. They held up their candles and every part of the cave glittered as if it were set with diamonds.

Tom ran back to fetch his father, but he said he would rather stay outside. They began to look for another room and soon they found it. The only opening into it was a hole just big enough for them to squeeze through. This led to a smaller room, which they began to explore.

Ben fell over something which proved to be the skull of a man. It frightened him so that he began to cry, but Tom was interested, and looked about for more bones which he found. It was plain that a man had died there.

Shading his candle with his hand Tom groped slowly round the wall. He found a rude chair made of boughs from a tree, a table, one or two rusty pans and an old knife. This room had been the abode of a man some time, but when? And who was he?

That was what Tom wanted to know. He groped on up to the very darkest corner, and there his foot struck against something hard. He stooped and saw that it was a small iron trunk, fastened with a 'big lock. Tom tried to lift it, but could not. Evidently it was full of something heavy.

"I guess father will come now," he said, and he crawled out to tell him. Tom was right. His father did come. Eagerly, too, and when he saw the iron trunk, he exclaimed:

"Hoot! lad; it's a money chest. Who knows but ye've found a fortune?"

Together they got the heavy box outside, for the tide had begun to come in and they dared not stay any longer. They carried it up on the cliff, and then with a heavy stone Tom's father broke the lock and opened it.

It was full of gold, yellow gold, all in little leather bags, and in the very bottom of the trunk was a letter. They had to unfold it very carefully, for it was rotten with age. It was written in red ink, and this is what it said:

"Whoever shall find this treasure shall have it for his own, for I have neither kith nor kin. No friend have I in all the world save my bags of gold. I have lived for them and with them, and I shall die with them.

"I have not sinned to get this treasure, unless it be a sin to rob the forgotten dead, for I have taken most of it from sunken ships.

"I have risked my life often, but it paid me to be able to sit and count over the shiny pieces and know that they were mine.

"Should ever human eyes seek out my hiding-place, and find my treasure, perchance they will find my bones beside it, and I ask that he who is the lucky finder will dig for me a grave in the crystal chamber and mark the place with a cross. That is all I have to ask, and I will not even tell my name. Let that die with me."

That was a strange will, was it not? But it stood the test of the law, and Tom was rich.

But it did not spoil him. He was the same Tom as before, only he was able now to help people, and he did so.—Catholic Citizen.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Cheap Copies of the Best Books.

Pocket editions of the best authors are inexpensive enough for any man to afford. Keep one constantly at hand for use in the fragments of time. No better companion can be found to take with you for a day's journey.

The Estimates of Kindred.

The opinions of relatives as to a man's powers are very commonly of little value, not merely because they sometimes overrate their own flesh and blood, as some may suppose; on the contrary, they are quite as liable to underrate those whom they have grown into the habit of considering like themselves.

Apologies.

There is perhaps no more suitable test of a man's fineness of fibre than the way in which he apologizes unless it be the way in which he receives an apology, says a writer in The Illustrated American. The semi-barbarian is always with us, though masked perhaps in a silk hat or gown of Parisian exquisites. He (it is just as often she) hates to apologize. He thinks that he lowers himself in trying to make amends as, indeed, in the eyes of one of his own kind, he does. He may feel that, perhaps with no ill intention whatever, he has done some one else an injury. He may regret it, but to say so would be for him a sacrifice of personal dignity. To injure or malign or wound another is to him no humiliation. The humiliation would lie in acknowledging that he had been in the wrong. He can stand being in the wrong. He can hold his head up quite comfortably under such an imputation.

But to acknowledge it—to "crawl," as his apt phrase goes—that abases him in his own eyes. He thinks that the person to whom he apologizes is metaphorically setting a lordly heel upon his neck. When a sly semi-barbarian of this familiar type receives an apology he does in spirit set his heel on the apologist's neck. He accepts the apology with an air that claims magnanimity for doing so. His condescending graciousness is the last touch of insult.

The Savage in Young Men.

There is one fault to which young men are especially addicted, and that is the frequent exhibition of a lack of mercy and consideration for weakness of others. In their own superabundant life, they cannot readily conceive that any one may be in a condition to require their charitable toleration. They have not quite got over the brutality, so to speak, of animal spirits, and with an overflow of animal spirits, they go about destroying not only material objects but reputations, as if they themselves were above criticism. They are cruel in their thoughts and their actions, and they have a fondness for practical joking that often leads to direful results. For the aged, the poor and the infirm they have no respect. No one who is not able to defend himself is likely to escape from their malicious pranks or their jeering tongues. And these practices are not confined exclusively to those who have not had the advantage of what is called a respectable bringing up. Many a young man who prides himself on his good family is guilty of brutal tricks that would disgrace a savage of the Dark Continent. The simple minded are the especial butts of these self-styled high spirited fellows. They

think it is manly to crush beneath their feet, metaphorically speaking, all who are incapable of protecting themselves, owing to physical or mental weakness. It is quite the opposite. It is low, beastly, and entirely contrary to the teachings of Holy Writ. Of course this does not apply to all young men, and least of all to those who are being educated in Catholic institutions, but to those who do not know or forget that

"The quality of mercy is not strained; It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed; It blesses him that gives and him that takes."

He that is merciful to man and beast is on the highroad to happiness here and hereafter, but he that is cruel to one or the other is on the down grade to destruction in this world and the next. He will sink lower and lower until he is a fit companion of tongs and those miserable specimens of humanity, rich or poor, who find pleasure in the prize ring and in the sensational papers which encourage it in vile pictures and vile text.

And charity and mercy are twin sisters. Young men are prodigal enough in spending their money for pleasure, but when charity appeals to them, they are not so lavish of their dimes. A young man will often throw a dollar away readily enough in dissipation, but when he is asked to help the poor and afflicted his expenditure sometimes shrinks to a grudgingly given penny, and the young fellow who is uncharitable in act is usually uncharitable in thought. He thinks the worst of his neighbors, both women and men, and attributes to them the most discreditable motives. He is not ten himself morally, because of his brutality and uncharitableness, and he desires to find an excuse for himself in the imagined depravity of his acquaintances.

Therefore, I believe that if a young man wishes to become a reputable citizen, he must cultivate the virtues of mercy and charity. This is taking a practical, everyday view of the subject gathered from experience. A young fellow can have force and be a gentleman. In short, he can be energetic without being a Mohawk.—Benedict Bell in Sacred Heart Review.

Treating.

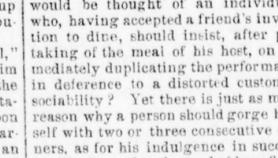
One habit that with profit to himself can be left off by the resolute young man, says the Catholic Universe, is the pernicious and distinctly American custom of "treating," which prevails among all classes in this country. This habit has nothing whatever to recommend it. Sometimes it is foolishly regarded by those addicted to it as a manifestation of generosity and good fellowship. It is invariably the offspring of shallow and thoughtless egotism. It is the source of a great deal of the dissoluteness that exists in all grades of society, and its consequence is the dreadful train of misery and sorrow that follows in the wake of intemperance.

Many, if not all, hopeless human wrecks from excessive use of intoxicants can trace their destruction to this vicious custom of treating at the bar. It is especially dangerous to young men who lack the requisite firmness of will to resist its fatal influence. It is not only an expensive habit, but silly besides. Think for a moment. A young man is induced to join one or two, or a half dozen others in a "social glass" of liquor, for which perhaps he has really an abhorrence. But he accepts, and the effect of custom is that he takes not only one drink of spirits which he does not relish, but two, or a half a dozen, as the case may be. He puts this fiery fluid into his stomach, not because he needs or craves it, but simply in obedience to a senseless tradition of perverted politeness. This description of gluttony, if we may call it such, is infinitely worse than other kinds, because there is no plausible excuse for it, or mitigation of its downright badness. What would be thought of an individual, who, having accepted a friend's invitation to dine, should insist, after partaking of the meal of his host, on immediately duplicating the performance in deference to a distorted custom of sociability? Yet there is just as much reason why a person should gorge himself with two or three consecutive dinners, as for his indulgence in successive libations, that, instead of benefiting him in any way, injure him both physically and morally. The treating habit is a curse to American manners, and an outlandish notion of sociability and good-fellowship, which every sober minded young man in possession of his mental faculties should assiduously avoid. Make up your mind now, before the evil habit has grown upon you, that in your case, at least, the custom will become more honored in the breach than the observance. Even if you do not intend to practice total abstinence from spirituous liquors, turn your face resolutely away from this fruitful agency of demoralization.

Does it Pay to Tiptoe?

You know it don't. Then why do you do it? We know why. It requires too much self-denial to quit. The Dixon Cure, which is taken privately, is purely vegetable, is pleasant to the taste, and will remove all desire for liquor in two or three days, so that you would not pay 5 cents for a barrel of beer or whiskey. You will eat heartily and sleep soundly from the start, and be better in every way, in both health and pocket, and without interfering with business duties. Write in confidence for particulars. The Dixon Cure Co., No. 4 Park Avenue (near Milton St.), Montreal.

BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST



They are cruel in their thoughts and their actions, and they have a fondness for practical joking that often leads to direful results.

PERMANENTLY CURED.

A Story Told by a Justice of the Peace.

ATTACKED WITH LAGRIPPE WHICH LEFT HIM WEAK AND WORN OUT—KIDNEY TROUBLE ADDED ITS COMPLICATIONS AND THE SUFFERER WAS DISCOURAGED.

From the Journal, Summerside, P. E. I.

One of the best known men around Badque and vicinity is Mr. Alfred Schurman, who has recently removed to North Carleton. Mr. Schurman was born in Badque about seventy years ago. Some twenty-five years ago he was sworn in as a Justice of the Peace, and about twenty-one years ago he was appointed clerk of the county court, in both of which offices he has given every satisfaction. Mr. Schurman was also a farmer on a large scale, and like most men engaged in that occupation led a busy life, being compelled to attend strictly to business, but less than a year ago he retired from farming and now lives in a cosy cottage in North Carleton. Before his retirement, work such as only a man engaged in that occupation knows anything about, claimed his attention. His increasing years made the burden heavier and the spring work of 1893 wore him completely out. This is what he tells about it, and how he was cured. "In the spring of 1893 the constant toil and drudgery connected with the work of farming wore me out completely, and the break-down was the more complete because the results were coupled with the bad effects left by an attack of la grippe. One of the results of la grippe was a nasty cough, another was the complete loss of appetite. My spirits were greatly depressed and I felt that I had lived out my days. I always felt cold, and consequently the stove and I were great friends, but the cold affected more especially my feet and caused me great annoyance. Added to this complication was a serious kidney trouble which threatened to prove the worst enemy of all. I was unable to do any work, had no ambition and less strength, and was not a bit the better of all the doctor's medicine I had taken. It was my wife who advised me at last to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I bought six boxes and began taking them. My hope revived because a change for the better was soon taking place, and before they were done I was cured. The six boxes brought back my appetite, strength and ambition, in short all that I had lost in the way of strength and health. The next spring however my health again gave way and I immediately began using the Pink Pills again, and I am happy to say that they effected that time a permanent cure, and to day I am well and hearty as if I were only forty. I strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who are suffering as I was.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

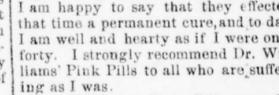
It is economy to profit by the experience of others.

Thousands have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, why not you?

Educational.

NOT TOO LATE...

By any means to enter in any Department of the



Metropolitan Business College

153 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ont.

NORTHERN Business College

Owen Sound, Ontario.

THE PINES URSULINE ACADEMY

CHATHAM, ONT.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN, ONT.

Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses.

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING

For further particulars apply to REV. THEO. SPETZ, President.

