

The Catholic Record.

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

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NO. 840.

A NON-CATHOLIC CONVENT.

An Interesting Sketch of the Hull House Philanthropes.

BY MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

Hull House is one of the interesting spots of Chicago. It is a sort of a non-Catholic convent, but a convent with out a cloister and where men folk are admitted to a partial brotherhood. The word partial is used not to signify that the brotherhood in the spiritual sense is by any means limited, but merely to show that though the men are co-workers with the women, they do not reside at Hull House, but come there only for their classes and their meals.

It is a strange sight, that long polished table in the large, old-fashioned dining room (for Hull House is staunch and old-fashioned in everything—except, indeed, in its spirit, which is wonderfully modern) around which are gathered young men and women, of all nationalities and almost all creeds, bound together by one principle, to do good to their neighbors. That principle is written in their faces; that principle is exemplified in their lives.

Perhaps the presence of Eliza Allen Starr there one night last month (Miss Starr's niece is one of the charter members of the house) made one still more apt to think of Hull House as a convent. Miss Starr lectured on the ethics of St. Francis, and was listened to by a rapt audience of not less than five hundred. She painted in her own vivid way that little town of Assisi and the life of the gentle saint who has made it famous, pointed out that the question agitating society to day could be disposed of without riot or strike by the ethics of St. Francis.

It was significant of much, this Catholic speaker and Catholic subject in a non-Catholic institution. It bespeaks the interest of Catholics in other ways of goodness than their own.

The history of Hull House was given a year or two ago in the *North American Review* by the gentle, the earnest, the noble woman whose inspiration it was and who still presides over it, — Miss Jane Adams. One needs but to look at that *spirituelle* face, almost wan in its intensity, still young and yet weighed with so many cares not her own, to realize that Hull House, inasmuch as it expresses her spirit, must be doing a great and beautiful work.

Old houses, like old people, have their histories. Years ago when Halsted street was more of a wilderness than it is at present, when in spite of its numerous shanties there was a flickering hope that it might some day be some strange mishance of fate turn out one of the aristocratic neighborhoods of Chicago, a Mr. Hull built there a stately residence, a large, square, brick structure, now of a wholly uncertain hue, with a dignified porch, and finished on the inside in the most solid manner. The stair-case is of solid oak carved and twisted, the doorways wide and high and ornamented with really beautiful carvings.

After old Mr. Hull died the house went through many vicissitudes though it still belongs to the Hull estate. For some time it was occupied by the Little Sisters of the Poor and old ladies and gentlemen galore hobbled in and out 'neath these sculptured lintels, ministered to by the gentle, ever ready Little Sisters; but the house becoming too small to hold all the old people, the Sisters moved away into larger quarters and the old house for many years was vacant. Then it was turned into an old clothes shop, a livery office and various other ignoble things, when five years ago it was espied, rescued, captured by two young women on philanthropy bent and straightway it became what it now is, a social settlement. The remaining heir of the Hull estate was called upon and when the plan of work was unfolded donated the use of the house and adjoining grounds for a certain number of years on condition that it should always bear the name of Hull—a condition that was gladly acceded to.

It is estimated that two thousand people come to Hull House each week, either as members of clubs or organizations, or as part of an audience. One hundred of these come as teachers, lecturers, or directors of clubs. There are college extension and university extension courses, classes and lectures of all sorts, a working people's chorus and choral society, men's women's and children's clubs. In fact it would be hard to think of any interest which is not represented in Hull House.

Dealing largely with working people it has naturally been brought into relation with the labor movement and it is generally understood that Hull House is "on the side of unions."

Several of the women's unions have held their regular meetings at the house, two have been organized there, and in four instances men and women on a strike against reduction in wages met there while the strike lasted. In one case a strike was successfully arbitrated by the house. When through the efforts of unions a factory inspection law was passed in Springfield in 1893, one of the residents of Hull House was appointed factory inspector in the State of Illinois. The head of the house is one of the ablest and most

energetic members of the Civic Federation in its well-known and much advertised crusade to reform some of the flagrant abuses of Chicago.

We hear much in these days of cooperative housekeeping. The Coffee house is a step in that direction, for not only does it serve most excellent meals, at low prices, but it sends out meals, kept warm in an ingenious manner, to the factories and families of the neighborhood that desire them. Doubtless one of the most important works of Hull House has been in this very line, the showing of the poorer people how to cook their food and how to utilize the cheaper kinds of meat and cereals so as to make them most appetizing and nutritious. A three course meal, and it pleases you, can be had at the coffee house for fifteen cents, and any one who has sampled that cuisine can vouch that it is as good as is to be had in the whole town.

It will be gratifying to our temperance friends to learn that no intoxicating drinks are sold either in the coffee house, or in any of the clubs that are under its wing. Hull House not only discourages the saloon, but it does what we are often slow to do, it offers something in its place—a bright, cheery place where men may get all the comradeship they want and go home sober as well.

The Jane club is a working girls' club, a home in the brightest and cheeriest sense of the word and with nothing of the woe-begone and maudlin air that sometimes attaches to the term when applied to public institutions. There between forty and fifty self-supporting women live; they have cosy rooms, a general dining room and a pretty parlor where are some excellent copies of old masters, but statuesque, indeed Hull House attributes much of its success to its presentation of the lost art.

The young women make their own rules, which are few and simple, and the *esprit de corps* being strong, they are seldom infringed.

The Free Dispensary, Kindergarten and Creche are conducted, as are all institutions of like character, also are the branch of the Public Library, located at Hull House, and the Gymnasium. One of the most unique and invigorating features is the children's playground, once occupied by the most tumbledown and deplorable hovels in the town, now, thanks to Miss Adams, a wide, open, sun-drenched space where children by the thousands congregate, swinging, teeter-tottering, romping and merry-making to their hearts content.

It is one of the best of the many good features of the Hull House, this playground for the little ones. It is by no means extravagantly fitted up; there are neither tennis courts nor summer houses, nor, not even a tree nor a flower (with such a scurrying of young feet even a blade of grass would perish, which seems a pity, for no one can estimate the influence of any live growing thing upon the child heart and mind.) Nothing but a few rude twigs, the ground well sanded and sky above, but a boon inestimable to those myriads of small denizens that swarm like sparrows in our city skies.

It will be seen, therefore, that though Hull House has some points of similarity with our Catholic convents, it allows itself much wider scope. Nevertheless the points of similarity are so numerous as to immediately impress one. Though the ladies wear no religious garb, they address each other as "Sister"; though they have no religious exercises of any sort—at least none are evidently to the casual guest—they are certainly animated by the true religious spirit—they are seeking to uplift and to brighten humanity.

It seems a pity, indeed, that they should in this undertaking be using mostly human means, but human means are good. How many of us neglect even them!

It seems a pity that the Church, the Church whose Madonna occupies the place of honor on their walls, for she not only commissioned its execution but preserved it for generations to come, that that Church, with all her tremendous leverage for good, should remain a thing apart, not known, not understood by them. Nevertheless, the Lord has many sheepfolds and more ways of caring for them than one mayhap can understand. We can only hope and more confidently believe that the day is fast coming when there shall be one fold and one Shepherd, as prophesied by that gentle Saviour who vine-pled Galilee. Hull House seems to be one of the happy omens of that unity and brotherhood that we all hope are coming in the future.

A Tribute to the Jesuits.

At the Episcopal missionary council held in Hartford, Conn., last week, one of the missionaries from Alaska unconsciously paid a tribute to the zeal and energy of the Jesuits. He told his fellow-Episcopalians that one of the greatest obstacles the missionaries have to contend with is the work of the Jesuits. They have a larger working force, he said, and are encroaching upon the Protestant missionary field. It may be remarked that the success of the Jesuit missionaries in Alaska, as indicated by this Episcopalian, is paralleled all over the world wherever these noble sons of the Church have

penetrated. Their work is the more effective because they preach the gospel of truth.

"A MORAL NIAGARA."

An Apt Illustration of the Catholic Truth Society's Annual Meeting.

Ottawa Evening Journal, Nov. 12, 1894. "Capital" was the word at the annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society held in Ottawa University yesterday afternoon. From the Archbishop, who was present, down to the humblest member, the opinion of the past year's work was the same. There was a fair attendance. The ladies were well represented.

The chair was occupied by the President, Mr. J. A. J. McKenna, and on the platform were Archbishop Duhamel, Father McGuckin, Secretary, W. C. DesBrisay and the Treasurer, Dr. MacCabe. In the audience was a well-known local doctor who takes a leading part in matters controversial, but on the anti-Catholic side.

The meeting opened with an address by Mr. J. A. J. McKenna, the President. Mr. McKenna expressed the hope that Catholics would continue to support the Truth Society. He likened the power of the Catholic laity to a moral Niagara, stating that the mission of the Truth Society was to afford a channel by which some of the power of this Niagara might be utilized to spread Catholic truth.

While Catholics knew they had the faith in its fullness, had the whole and entire truth, had the Church builded by God, not by men, the Church that had civilized and humanized mankind, they too often forgot the obligations that go with this privilege. The obligations of the clergy did not excuse the laity from their share of the work of spreading the truth. The achievements of the Truth Society should encourage and attract the support of the laity.

SUBSTANTIAL PROGRESS.

Mr. W. C. DesBrisay read the annual report. It opened by congratulating the members on the substantial progress shown and volume of work done during the past year. Pleasure was expressed in calling attention to the work of distributing Catholic literature, one of the main objects of the society. During the year the society purchased from the Catholic Truth Society of England, 621 bound volumes, 5,444 pamphlets and 558 leaflets and a wide, open, sun-drenched space where children by the thousands congregate, swinging, teeter-tottering, romping and merry-making to their hearts content.

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THE SOCIETY'S MISSION.

The report concludes: The grand object of the society is the diffusion of Catholic truth and its vindication whenever assailed within our territory. We are not aggressive. We attack no creed and allow no assault on our own. Whenever we claim the contrary for our religion, it is not to apologize for ourselves, but for purposes of explanation and defence. This is a highly important, and at the same time deli-

cate part of our work and our efforts have been attended with satisfactory results.

The financial statement presented by Dr. MacCabe showed receipts totaling \$142.17 and an expenditure of \$30.34, leaving a balance of \$111.83.

Archbishop Duhamel thanked the officers of the society for the work during the year and expressed his happiness and consolation at seeing the Catholic laity understand their duty to help the clergy. He asked all present to join the society and to encourage others to join that they might work towards the perfect union of mankind on the basis of the truth as taught by the Catholic Church, that all men might be of one heart and one soul, recognizing one Father, God, in heaven and one mother, the Church, on earth.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., Jos. Pope; 1st vice pres., Father Whelan; 2nd vice pres., Wm. Kearns; secy., W. C. DesBrisay; treas., Dr. MacCabe; committee, Father Constantineau, Father McCarthy, Father Cole, J. A. J. McKenna, W. L. Scott, F. B. Hayes, E. L. Sanders, John Gorman, J. P. Dunn and D. Burk; auditors, Wm. Findlay, Michael Kavanagh.

MIRACLES AT LOURDES.

Pilgrims This Year Fewer and Cures More Numerous.

This year's national pilgrimage to Lourdes, but lately over, says the *Westminster Gazette*, was, according to official report, attended by some 25,000 persons, or about 5,000 fewer than the average of the last five or six years. We are assured, it is true, that this falling off in numbers was no wise due to a falling off in faith, but merely to the weather. This, however, was powerless to check the course of the miracles among those who took their seats in the red, white, blue, green and yellow trains which started from the Gare d'Orleans amid the fervent chanting of the "Ave Maria Stella." In fact, proportionately speaking, there have been more miracles at Lourdes this year than usual.

After treating of the Sarah Astor case, already given in detail in the *Catholic Times*, the *Gazette* continues: Another interesting case was that of Mile. Ernestine Boyand, a young woman of twenty, belonging to the village of Monard (Oise), who for eighteen months had been suffering from a white tumor at the knee, accompanied by anchylosis. She was twice bathed in the piscina, and after her second immersion her tumor had disappeared and she was able to walk without the assistance of the crutch, which she had hitherto employed. She is now, we are assured, as well as active as any other person of her age.

In the case of Mile. Elise Guerin, of St. Pierre de Maille, in the Department of the Vienne, who had been ill for three years, Dr. Perivier, of Pleurfontain, had been treating her for abdominal tuberculosis. She was in such a low condition on her departure for Lourdes that her a precautionary measure, and on her arrival she had to be carried to the grotto on a stretcher. Nevertheless, one brief bath in the piscina sufficed to cure her. She emerged from the water strong and active, refusing all help, dressing herself with the greatest ease, and afterward following the procession to the basilica with a lithe and buoyant step.

"I AM HEALED." Another notable miracle was Mme. Broussin, the precise nature of whose illness is not stated in the reports I have before me. However, I understand Dr. Boissarie (M. Zola's Bonamy) to say that this lady had been bedridden for four years and had undergone a frightful operation to give stability to her back (fixer le rein). She is a woman of thirty-eight, and resides at Arcaehon, where she had been attended by Dr. Deschamps. Coming to Lourdes she was lying on a stretcher when the Blessed Sacrament passed by. The sight of the Host borne in triumphant procession appears to have thrilled her like Marie in M. Zola's novel, she shouted: "I am healed!" and rose from her bed and walked.

"What did you feel when you rose?" Dr. Boissarie afterwards asked her at the verification office. "Did you experience a shock?" "No," she replied. "Then what was it that impelled you to walk?" "A sudden flash of confidence. It all at once seemed to me that I should walk, and I did so."

OTHER NOTABLE CASES. The sight of the Blessed Sacrament and the confidence it inspired also sufficed to heal Mile. Camilla Meslard, residing in the Rue du Cloître de la Cathedrale at Orleans, who suffered from congenital neuralgia, with even the hips and could scarcely walk, even with the assistance of a stick. She threw her stick away, however, on beholding the Host, and followed the procession with a firm, erect gait. Very similar was the cure of Sister Etienne of the Order of St. Joseph, who came to Lourdes suffering from both chronic peritonitis and a tumor in the left side. For ten months she had been unable to rise without help, and could only walk when on one side she

had a person's arm to lean upon, and on the other a staff to support her. While at Lourdes she was placed in a little vehicle in order that she might witness the 4 o'clock procession; and at the moment when the Host passed before her she experienced a sudden pang, her tumor dissolved, and she rose and accompanied the procession amid the frantic applause of the multitude.

Other notable cures were those of Mme. Veuve Brun, of Compiègne, a woman of fifty, cured of arthritis of the knee of twelve years' standing, and Mile. Bertie Bourlier, of Bordeaux, who was suffering from a severe form of neurotic anemia, and for six months had taken no other nourishment than one glass of milk per diem. She was plunged into the piscina in a state of insensibility, suddenly gave a shriek, and upon being removed from the water eagerly asked for food.

All these cases of cure, and many others more or less similar, were certified by Dr. Boissarie at the verification office, where the seances were attended by over eighty medical men, several among them being Germans and Englishmen. According to the local newspapers, the number of English visitors to the grotto has this year been quite phenomenal, and numerous instances of conversion.

OUR DEAD.

When we go back to the first years of our life the flight is but of a moment. The young cannot think a time like this will come to them. Facts press the truth on the minds of those growing old. The flight of time is so swift that we forget it.

We had, years ago, like the youth of our time, joys and sorrows. The joys we forget, our sorrows remain to chasten us. Indeed our sorrows and tears are sweeter in our memory than the mirth which produced laughter. Why? There is no need to ask the question. The very joys of bygone years make the heart soften and sigh, while the tears creep into our eyes. Where are the companions of those bygone years? Gone—most of them, gone before God and we hope at rest—They will be if our prayers can make them.

Our memory goes back to almost infant days and the score is fifty and more against us. We heard others count the years by the twenty—it was an age in our youth we could only dream of. It is now the glance of a moment, the twenties are gone and now we count by the thirties and forties. We do not think of it until some child raises its astonished eyes and the look of that face brings us to our senses. Then floods in upon us not the joys but the sorrows. We will have them. It must be that there is little love in joy. We cherish what we love and our sorrows are our loves, else why so cherish them? We love to think of those who went from the world. We began as a child, and all along those years gone by we have marked the death of our friends. We wondered at first what it meant. We listened to our parents and friends, but could not understand the words which were spoken.

We saw our little playmate climb on the coffin and cry out to its friend, then gaze in wonder—no answer came. He could not understand it. Tears came faster and faster from our eyes—ah! we had been taught the lesson. We loved with the little child the body that had been laid in the coffin. Long before this we had seen the black that was worn and the hat that was craped and had learned our lesson. We had knelt at the bedside and answered the prayers that were said while the tears almost choked our utterance. We had seen the darkened room and the coffin placed in the midst of it. We had looked on the pale face within it. We then thought of the little cross words that had been said. We would have given worlds if we had not said them.

We had knelt beside our dead. We could scarcely see the crucifix on the stand before us. We had seen the blessed lights twinkle on each side of it. We had sprinkled our dead with the green twig we dipped in the holy water near us. We had gone to confession and had given them Holy Communion at the Requiem that was sung for them. Love them—yes; though years have gone by yet tears will come with the memory of them. Who loves not their dead? Our parents taught us to love them and told us God required it.

We had heard, hear now, the church bell tolling for the dead we love. Ah! so often has it tolled since those years gone by. It is tolling now, it tolled yesterday—it will toll to-morrow. The tick of the clock tells of the march of time as we run to the grave. Our greatest loves lived not many years with us. They were ripened with the sheaves that were golden in the harvest.

A father and mother, sisters and brothers, most all of them are gone from us. Ourselves and another are all that remain, but we talk of our dead as though living with us.

As the years roll by we wait the time of each death and say the requiem for them. Some of them are gone to

the handful of dust so many are the years since they have left us. No matter; though these years have rolled on we will never forget them.

They are photographed on our hearts by the kind words they said, by the kind deeds they have done and how can we forget them?

As we go into the church, when we kneel to pray, and when we go up to the altar our dead are with us.

When we were little and young a kind pastor and our parents taught us to say "God be good to them." The older we grow the more is our charity extended towards them. Kind reader, if one thought I have penned will make your heart more kind to the dead than I say God be thanked for it.

S. S. M.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO: HIS HOPE AND OUR DUTY.

The Rev. J. R. Slattery, in his admirable address before the recent Congress of Colored Catholics in Baltimore, gave advice and suggestion which the colored people, irrespective of religion, can profitably consider.

"There is," he said, "a great deal of quiet push in the negro race;" and in proof of this assertion, he notes the tremendous progress of the race since the Civil War. They number to-day 8,000,000. One million and a quarter attend Public schools; 25,000 are in various colleges. Religiously, between four and five millions are divided among the various Protestant sects; 200,000 are Catholics, and 8,000 are in Catholic schools. Time and silence have worked for the negroes. They have not been an aggressive people.

By reason of the spirit of personal irresponsibility, developed in them by slavery, and dying slowly out in the air of freedom, the colored people need in a special way, what all people need in a general way—to cultivate home life and domestic purity; a common purse among the wage-earners of the family; strict honesty in all dealings; and virtues of temperance and total abstinence.

Over and above all this, the colored people need religion. "Not," said Father Slattery, "a religion which puts holiness and sanctification in the whirl and excitement of a camp meeting or a revival; but by a religion which strengthens them to be pure, to be honest, to love home, to be sober."

Catholicity is that religion, but it avails little for Catholics to assert this truth, if they do not act upon it in the half of their negro brother with the charity and consideration which carry conviction to his heart.

It is true that, as yet, the number of priests and religious who can devote themselves exclusively to the colored missions is small. But, as with the larger work of bringing the Church in her truth and beauty before the American Catholic body as a whole, every Catholic, white and colored, should constitute himself a missionary. He may be able to work only in the way possible even to the most timid and humble, by the example of a virtuous life; he may be privileged to conjoin to that the special missionary gifts of appeal and persuasion, or the influence of material beneficence. In any event, the honor of the Faith is in his keeping, and he will not be guiltless if it suffer by his bad example, his indifference, his culpable social pride or his parsimony.—Boston Pilot.

Miss Guiney's Difficulties.

Miss Louise Imogene Guiney, the well-known Catholic poet, whose successful contest for the place of postmistress at Auburn, Mass., about eight months ago attracted the attention of her readers throughout the country, has not found her official path one of roses. Her enemies have boycotted the office, as far as the sale of stamps is concerned. As the office is a third-class one the salary depends upon the sales made, and in consequence of the boycott Miss Guiney has suffered a reduction of \$100 a year. The fact that Miss Guiney is a Catholic has given rise to the suspicion that the boycott has an A. P. A. foundation, but Miss Guiney has no proof of this. Whatever the cause of the trouble Miss Guiney's friends and admirers do not intend that she shall suffer by it and orders for stamps are reaching her from different parts of the country, so that by the time her next report is sent in the deficit will have been more than made good.

His Epitaph.

The Pope has already written his own epitaph. It is this: "HERE LIES LEO XIII., POPE. HE IS DUST." A Tertiary Pontiff, who has literally been a glory to Christendom and a guide to a distracted world, could hardly have given a better example of Franciscan simplicity and humbleness.—Catholic News.

A cheerful temper, staid with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge enlighten, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—Addison.

There are few gifts more precious to a soul than to make its sins fewer. It is in our power to do this almost daily, and sometimes often in a day.—Faber.

MBER 17, 1894.

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1893 972,996 78
over 1892 1,240,443 12
December, 1893 109,515 51
over 1892 4,001,759 82
Security of Policy 39,779 42
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DR. R. Y. PIERCE, Str.—My wife improved in health gradually from the time she commenced taking "Favorite Prescription" until now.

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The Viatium. O soul! while in thy rebel body pent Thou still art mastered by thy jailer strong.

But when he fails, the author of thy wrong, Thou dost in turn control thy tenement.

And since thy glad release will soon be sent, Though thou hast suffered harsh oppression long.

And pangs and passions still around thee throng, Now thou art conscious only of content.

Now, when Death's shadow o'er thy face is spread, Thou dost not fear, for thou hast grown in might.

Earth's food avails not, thou wouldstst faint be fed, With food celestial. Lo! his eyes grew bright.

When he had eaten of the Living Bread, In whose blest strength he journeyed forth to Light.

—(NEW YORK SUN.)

ARMINE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a part of Armine's daily order of existence, when not otherwise occupied, to take a walk with Madelon.

Besides the chief end of exercise, there were many objective points for these walks—the markets and shops where necessary business was to be transacted.

The churches where of late the girl had liked more and more to go—but among them all there was no more favorite point than the tall house on the Quai Voltaire.

Thither she always turned her face with a sense of pleasure; and Madelon never objected to that destination, for it chanced that the wife of the concierge was an old friend with whom she liked to enjoy a comfortable gossip while Armine mounted to the apartment of her friends.

One morning, therefore, as was often the case, they were to be seen leaving the Rue de Rivoli, with its tide of eager life, passing under the massive archway which leads into the Place du Carrousel, crossing that magnificent court which was surrounded and overlooked by the united palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries until the hand of barbarism fell upon the latter and the destruction which the Commune began the Republic fitly finished, emerging on the beautiful Quai du Louvre, and entering the familiar house on the left bank of the river.

There, leaving Madelon in the cabinet of the concierge, Armine passed upward and met Mlle. d'Antignac just issuing from her apartment.

"My dear Armine," she exclaimed, "I am glad that you were not two minutes later! You would have found me absent; and the doctor is with Raoul, so you could not have seen him. But now I shall take you in"—she opened the door from which she had emerged—"and settle you comfortably in the salon."

"But you are going out," said Armine. "You must not let me keep you."

"I shall not let you keep me," said the other, with her frank smile. "But I shall keep you until I return. You will not mind? I shall not be long—I am only going on a little matter of business—and there is a great deal that I want to say to you, so I should like for you to wait, if you can."

"I can wait, if you will not be too long," Armine answered. "And perhaps when the doctor goes I may see M. d'Antignac for a few minutes?"

"Perhaps, said Helene doubtfully. "He is suffering very much this morning; but after the doctor goes you can send Cesco to inquire. If he can see any one he will see you."

She unlocked the salon door as she spoke, and ushered Armine into that pleasant room, full of the fragrance of flowers, and with windows open to the brightness of the soft spring day. A table in the middle of the floor was covered with French and English publications, and toward this Mlle. d'Antignac wheeled a deep chair.

"Sit down here," she said, "and amuse yourself for half an hour. I am sure you will not find it difficult to do so."

"I could not find it difficult for much longer than half an hour," Armine replied. "The danger is that I might forget the lapse of time entirely."

"Oh! I shall be back before long," Mlle. d'Antignac answered, "so you need have no fear of that. Make yourself easy in mind and body, and send Cesco to inquire if Raoul can see you, when the doctor leaves."

"No," she answered. "I was wondering which is best—in its results on the world, I mean—the spirit of patriotism which you express, or the spirit which ignores geographical boundaries and race distinctions to embrace all mankind as brothers."

This unexpected reply made the vicomte remember that D'Antignac had said of his surprise when he found this girl pondering upon the deep problems of life. She was so young in appearance, and there was so much childlike simplicity in her manner, that he was the more surprised, though there was certainly nothing childlike in the regard of those grave, beautiful eyes.

"That is a question," he said, "upon which the world is very much divided—though modern opinion leans more to solidarity than to national feeling—but I believe that patriotism is an essential principle in the social order. All mankind are indeed brothers; but there are few who will deny that those of our own household have the first claim upon us."

"There are many who deny even that," she said.

"There are unfortunately many who deny everything which human experience proves," he answered. "But," he added, with a remembrance of her father and a desire to avoid wounding her, "no error can maintain any lasting influence unless it holds some fragment of truth; and the solidarity of mankind, which Socialism teaches, is but an echo of the fraternity of the Christian and the Catholicity of the Church."

She was silent for a moment, looking down and turning over absently the leaves of the review; then, glancing up, she said: "So you think there is some good in such teaching?"

"Nay," he said, "you must not misunderstand me. A teaching may be none the less evil in its effects for containing a fragment of truth. To attempt to work out by natural means an ideal which requires a supernatural basis is not only an attempt foredoomed to failure, but also certain to produce unlivable conditions. It is to me," he went on after an instant's pause, "one of the saddest features of our time that so many spirits, full of self-denying ardor and noble zeal for what they believe to be a great end, should waste time, life, energy in pursuit of these vain ideals of human progress, which ultimately can only retard that progress, instead of helping it."

Her eyes were now full of quick moisture and grateful light.

"You are right," she said in a low tone; "it is sad, but I can answer for some of them that they are blind to any other light than that which they follow, and that they are indeed full of self-denying ardor."

As she spoke a slight stir was audible in the antechamber—evidently the doctor going out—and a moment later Cesco opened the door communicating between the salon and his master's room.

"M. d'Antignac will see you now, M. le Vicomte," he said, after a slight pause expressive of atonement at the *tele-a-tele* which he found in progress.

M. de Marigny turned to Armine with an air of deference.

"You will come also, mademoiselle, will you not?" he said.

"For a moment only," she answered. And so, to D'Antignac's surprise, it was Armine who entered, followed by the vicomte.

"You did not expect to see me," she said with a smile, advancing to the side of his couch. But Mlle. d'Antignac whom I met as she was going out, told me that I might beg to see you for a minute after the doctor left. So here I am—just for a minute—to bid you good day and ask how you are."

"Not very well," he said—and, indeed, the wan languor of his appearance answered for him—"but able to see my friends for more than 'just a minute.' Ah! Gaston, how goes it with you?"

He held out one hand to the vicomte, while still detaining Armine with the other; and when she made a motion to draw back he said:

"No, I cannot let you run away at once. It has been too long since I have seen you. Sit down for a short while, at least, and tell me something of yourself."

Armine shook her head. "I should be wasting M. de Marigny's time as well as your strength," she said; "and, indeed, I have not anything to tell of myself. Nothing ever happens to me."

"You can tell me, then, if you have seen again the inquirer after knowledge whom you sent to me, and if any change has come over the spirit of his views."

unconsciousness of the look struck him exceedingly. He recognized the beauty of the clear, golden eyes, but, moreover, he recognized that, gaze as far down in their depths as he would, there was not the faintest trace of coquetry to be perceived. And a Frenchman so naturally expects this trace that its absence always surprises him.

"What is it, mademoiselle?" he asked, answering the look with a smile. "Are you wondering over the fact that even a Frenchman could place France before Italy?"

"No," she answered. "I was wondering which is best—in its results on the world, I mean—the spirit of patriotism which you express, or the spirit which ignores geographical boundaries and race distinctions to embrace all mankind as brothers."

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"You can tell me, then, if you have seen again the inquirer after knowledge whom you sent to me, and if any change has come over the spirit of his views."

"I fear, then, that France must occupy only a secondary place in your regard," said M. de Marigny; "for I have myself lived in Italy long enough to appreciate the spell which it exercises, even when one has a country that one places before all others."

"Yes, I like Italy best," she said. Then she paused and looked at him with the shadow of a thought in her eyes, which she seemed in doubt whether or not to utter. The absolute

some effect on him, since I met him in Notre Dame last Sunday afternoon."

"He went by my recommendation, but I think from intellectual curiosity," said D'Antignac; "and in the pleasure which he expressed afterwards I heard no echo of anything save intellectual gratification."

"Intellectual gratification may lead to mental conviction," said M. de Marigny. "It is quite true that faith is not of the intellect, but the steps toward it must be mental processes."

"Credo, quia impossibile est," said D'Antignac.

"Yes, I have always thought that the sublimest expression of faith," said the other. "But a mind must first be led to believe in the possible before it can bow down before that which is impossible—save to God."

"Egerton is very reasonable," said D'Antignac. "He is quite willing to acknowledge the possible, but I fear that he will halt long before the impossible. The most careless Catholic has this great advantage over those whose lot has been cast outside the Church: he is able to realize the supernatural, which modern thought grows more and more arrogant in denying."

"And by the aid of that knowledge," said the vicomte, "he is able to understand many things which are a mystery and a stumbling-block to the modern philosopher. You see, mademoiselle," he turned to Armine, "I have reached again the point where our conversation ended."

"And it must be the end for me a second time," she answered with a smile. "Yes, I must indeed go," she said in reply to a look from D'Antignac. "But I am sorry—oh! more than sorry—to leave you suffering so much."

"Do not be sorry," he said quietly. "Celle vie crucifiee est la vie bien-heureuse." It was one who suffered as much as I who said that.

"I know well that there are many more unhappy lives than yours," she replied. "Yet one cannot help wishing that you might suffer less."

"Then I might merit less," he said. "Only pray for me that I may be patient."

She murmured a few words in reply, then turned toward the door, which M. de Marigny moved forward to open. It seemed to Armine that he could have done so no more courteously if she had been the daughter of a duke. She thanked him with a glance from her soft eyes as she passed out, returning his salutation with a low "Bon jour M. le Vicomte."

He closed the door after her and went back to the couch of his friend with rather an abstracted look on his face. It was not a handsome face, but one that had the power to attract attention by its distinction and to hold it by its charm. This charm dwelt chiefly in the dark, deeply-set eyes and in the smile (when it came) of the usually grave lips. It was a thoughtful countenance, with many traces of that ardent and earnest soul which the Breton possesses, and which enables him to preserve a noble type of manhood among the rapidly-degenerating French people.

After a moment D'Antignac spoke: "Eh bien, Gaston," he said. "Of what are you thinking?"

"I was thinking," replied the other, with a slight smile, "that I begin to understand the personal magnetism which Duchesne is said to possess. And I was also thinking that it is a singular chance which has brought me in contact with his daughter this morning, for I came to tell you that I have decided to stand for Lafour's seat, and I understand that Duchesne is to be sent down to rouse opposition and elect a Republican, if possible."

"But it will hardly be possible?"

"There is no telling. Socialism is a very attractive doctrine, as well as the logical outcome of republicanism, and this man has great powers. Besides, he has reasons for special animosity, and therefore special exertions, against me."

"Against you?" said the other with surprise.

"Well, not against me personally, perhaps, but certainly against me as the representative of my family. De Marigny is likely to be an odious name to him, because it is a name which he cannot bear."

"Ah!" said D'Antignac. "How often it is the case that the most passionate advocates of social revolt are those who are under that particular social ban! This fact explains many things about him—the refinement, the mystery, the reputation of gentle or noble blood." He paused a moment, then added: "It is not strange that you have regarded Armine with peculiar interest."

"I think I should have felt that in any case," replied the vicomte. "I never saw a more exquisite face. And either there is something very pathetic in it or my knowledge of her life and its surroundings has made me fancy the expression."

"It exists," said D'Antignac. "No exercise of fancy is needed to imagine it. Poor Armine! she has known none of the sunshine of youth. Her father, I judge, is kind to her, but absolutely absorbed in his work. She has never had any social life; and two things have been always before her—one the weight of hopeless misery which oppresses the vast mass of mankind, the other the spectre of revolution. It is quite possible that she might have become a prophetess of the latter herself but for the light of faith."

"And for the hand which guided her toward that light," said the vicomte.

D'Antignac shook his head. "It is not well to think too much of that," he said.

said. "But tell me your plans for the campaign which is before you."

"I came to talk them over with you," said the other, "since I must leave Paris to-night. But I see that you are suffering very much, and I think it would be better not to trouble you."

"Do you know so little of me as to believe that you could trouble me?" D'Antignac asked. "Ah! no. Go on, tell me everything! One can only rise above pain by abstracting the thoughts from it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

GREAT AND LITTLE IDEAS.

The New York Herald has fallen into the bad habit of preaching an editorial lay sermon once a week. If we remember rightly it was Huxley started the idea. The writer of the Herald's preachments is an expert in the science of the vague, and his whole aim seems to be to see how much he can talk and how little he can say, and at the same time to envelop what he says in a philosophical fog so dense as to leave the reader under the impression that there is a good deal in it if he could only understand it. For instance, take this:

"It is hardly possible to doubt the statement that great ideas have a tendency to broaden and deepen the man who ponders them, while small ideas have an opposite influence."

To take the force of this it is necessary to know the difference between a great idea and a little one, so that when one happens to stumble on an idea he may know how to value it. An idea, as such, is neither great nor little, except in the parlance of slang. We may have ideas of great and little things but the ideas considered in themselves are essentially the same and can be measured by no formula that implies extension. In the same line the preacher says:

"Large thinking makes large living."

What does it mean? Does he give his article as an illustration of "large thinking?" If so, vague is the word he wanted.

Again:

"The agnostic is one who would like to believe, but cannot."

This is certainly an agnostic definition of an agnostic. Why should a man like to believe if he have not adequate motives of credibility? And if we have these motives, who is to hinder him from believing? When the lay preacher says the agnostic cannot believe, we take it for granted that the motives of credibility are not considered by him sufficient. Then, if the motives are insufficient, why should he desire to believe? Or are we led to understand that the agnostic's inability to believe is the result of an intellectual kink or a defective understanding? In that case he no longer belongs to the category of responsible agents. He is egregious, and is no more to be blamed than a lame man for halting when he is ordered to march, or a crab for retrograding. A man in that condition is not normal, and should not be introduced as a factor in sound philosophy, which deals with general principles and laws, and not with exceptions. Like the operations of a mathematical machine with a defective cog, the conclusions of the agnostic, as described by the lay preacher, are not to be taken into consideration. He should leave the problems of life to be worked out by normal minds, and devote his delicate head to less severe tasks—lecturing, for instance.

Speaking of the agnostic's state of mind, the lay preacher says:

"Of immortality and heaven, of a soul which will continue to exist, of a God who is something more than eternal energy, of a Providence which overlooks and guides our destiny, tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, he (the agnostic) simply says, 'Not proven.'"

If he says, "Not proven," it is to be presumed that he says so because he believes it is not proven. And if he believes it is not proven he certainly believes something, and if he believes something he can believe. What then becomes of your definition, that an agnostic is one who would like to believe, but cannot? The fact is the agnostic believes more than he gets credit for, and on very rickety motives of credibility—he believes in himself. With sublime inconsistency he is a dogmatist of dogmatists.—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

During the hot weather impurities in the blood may seriously annoy you. Expel them by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

Rev. J. B. Huff, Florence writes: "I have great pleasure in testifying to the good effects which I have experienced from the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia. For several years nearly all kinds of food fermented on my stomach, so that after eating I had very distressing sensations, but from the time I commenced the use of Vegetable Discovery I obtained relief."

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CORDIALLY INDORSED.

RESTORES Natural Growth OF THE HAIR.

—WHEN ALL OTHER Dressings FAIL.

"I can cordially endorse Ayer's Hair Vigor, as one of the best preparations for the hair. When I began using Ayer's Hair Vigor, all the front part of my head—about half of it—was bald. The use of only two bottles restored a natural growth, which still continues as in my youth. I tried several other dressings,

tell me your plans for the which is before you. I want to talk them over with the other, "since I must to-night. But I see that referring very much, and I would be better not to trouble you with them."

RELIGIOUS FADS.

Whither is the Intelligence of the Present Age Drifting?

The complete satisfaction of mind and heart, experienced by those who have accepted the doctrines of Holy Mother Church, and model their lives thereon, cannot be understood nor appreciated by our separated brethren. The unity in faith, morals and government, the certain reliance upon an authoritative teaching body divinely commissioned, leaving to the most humble as well as to the most intelligent Catholic mind a sense of security, and to the heart a thrill of happiness almost inconceivable here below.

It is not difficult to understand how this satisfaction cannot be realized elsewhere. The very fact of division, disunion and dissection existing in the separated churches, the individual interpretation and application of doctrine, the absence of unity in any shape or form, necessarily create a wavering in belief and at the same time a longing in the heart for something that will give it more stable happiness. And the more cultivated and enlightened the mind, so much the more repugnant will this instability become, although mediocre minds may rest content with sterile religious nourishment.

A glance at a brief exposition of the above theories satisfies the mind that spiritism deserves to be classed under the head of fads, in that it is calculated to carry the unwary enthusiast to most irrational conclusions, to awaken a zeal, real or supposed, which will be almost limitless in its results. Playing largely upon the imaginative part of the intellect, its fascinations enthrall the most sound minds and the greatest geniuses. But, unlike its opposite, materialism, its effects are the more disastrous, as it appeals entirely to the better part of man, claiming to elevate him from earth to live wholly and entirely in an atmosphere peopled with pure disembodied spirits.

As a religious fad, while it has no formal system of theology, it contends to be not of necessity inconsistent with Christian faith. Therefore, many outside the Church are drawn into its nets, believing that their highest happiness will be attained by the communion with the spirit world. And while as Protestants they reject the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, they do not hesitate to attend the seance, accepting without a shadow of doubt the communication delivered by the medium from a dear one who has long since passed beyond the bourne.

One of the greatest lights of spiritism in the age was Dr. Orestes Brownson, a man possessed of the most brilliant intellect of his time. Drifting from one form of belief to another without finding the contentment for which his soul was craving, he was led to join the movement of Spiritism at the time when it was producing the most lively impression upon the intelligence of this country.

In his celebrated work, "The Spirit-trapper," he details the wonders of the belief and portrays in realistic colors the possible heights to which the spiritists may ascend in his communication with the unknown. But his large mind was not long satisfied with the results of the movement. Dr. Brownson carried his search further and found rest and perfect happiness in the bosom of the Catholic Church.

Perhaps one of the most ludicrous, and at the same time pitiable, examples of the results of this fad was Lawyer Moss, a gentleman of culture, intelligence and refinement, residing in New York City. So completely deluded was he by the supposed medium, Dis Debar, that he expended a fortune, gave up a flourishing business and became almost demented on the subject of the "Spoon Pictures," which she claimed to produce. Everyone is familiar with the newspaper accounts of the celebrated trial of this famous impostor, the pathetic scenes in the courtroom when the pictures were produced, and the feeble old man, a wreck of his former self, weeping like a child.

So are the dupes of the fad deluded, and so are they swayed by the so-called mediums, until not only their minds but their bodies succumb to the unwholesome influence of a zeal as inconsistent as it is irrational. But while spiritism continues to have a hold upon a portion of the people, an offshoot has appeared, and as a fad has found its way into many intellectual circles. I refer to THEOSOPHY.

Advancing a step higher than spiritism, theosophy claims a special insight into the divine nature. It differs from most philosophical systems in that they start from phenomena and deduce therefrom certain conclusions, whereas theosophy starts with an assumed knowledge of God, directly obtained through spiritistic intercommunication, and proceeds to a study and explanation of phenomena. It is in this that its likeness to spiritism is apparent, that in both there is the communion with the spirit world.

Apart from this it claims a direct divine communication and is distinguished by this from speculative theology and mysticism. As a form of belief it has found existence among the Hindus, the Persians, the Arabs, some of the Greeks and Jews. On this belief the *Encyclopedia Britannica* says: "It starts with an explanation of the Divine Essence and endeavors to deduce the phenomenal universe from a play of forces within the Divine Nature itself." The *American Journal of Psychology* says: "Theosophy is but a recrudescence of a belief widely proclaimed in the twelfth century and held in some form by many barbaric tribes."

In plain, simple language theosophy is nothing more nor less than the revival of the ancient practices of magic, prevalent among the oriental nations, and introduced into Europe during the

spirit realm, claiming that spirit is the only reality.

WHAT IS SPIRITISM?

Spiritism affirms as the basis of their belief that disembodied spirits can and do communicate with the living, especially through the agency of a person particularly susceptible to spiritistic influence. And their doctrines and theories are founded on this belief.

Although in one form or another this peculiar creed has existed for many years in different parts of the world in its modern form it originated in the State of New York in 1848, and since that time has extended over the United States and Europe. The mediums, or persons susceptible to spiritistic influence are of various kinds, no fewer than twenty-four classes being mentioned. The chief methods of communication are rappings, table-tappings, writing and speaking. In the latter forms the medium is supposed to be fully possessed by the spirit for the time being. The movers of this belief contend that these spirit communications are providential for the purpose of inculcating the doctrine of immortality and counteracting materialistic tendencies.

The prime mover of this fad was Mme. Blavatsky, who died during the last year. England was for a time the main seat of the belief, and many persons of intelligence and position subscribed to it, notably Mrs. Besant. In this country theosophy has followers among the advanced spiritists, although it is difficult to say who holds the position of Coropheus.

Rumor has whispered that it is justified by fact, and that others may be brought to see the gravity of their error, to behold it in the lurking forms of ignorance, superstition and credulity, together with its absurdity and contradiction. The fact that it has been and is practiced by barbarous peoples, that its stronghold has been among the illiterate fakirs of the East, should be a sufficient reason for the detestation of theosophy as a religious fad from the minds and hearts of all intelligent, civilized men.

BUDDHISM AS A FAD.

This form of belief is essentially Indian in origin, having been founded by Buddha in India. Its principles are that man is under the operation of certain inflexible laws from which he can neither escape nor be delivered. Existence under them is an evil, priestly rites and sacrifices are unavailing, death itself offers no escape, but only a transmigration to another form of existence. Obedience to moral laws insures a sojourn in heaven, followed by a higher existence on earth. Disobedience insures a punishment in some of the innumerable hot or cold hells situated in the interior of the earth or its furthest verge followed by a lower state of existence on earth.

The supreme felicity to be obtained by perfect obedience is the suppression of every passion, and eventually the unconscious existence—annihilation. Transmigration of souls, temporary reward or punishment, fatality, annihilation are the ultimate goal constituting the substance of the doctrine of Buddhism. And yet it is today established as a religious fad in some of our leading cities, both of Europe and America. In London, Paris, New York, Boston and other cities, circles of Buddhists are to be found, and the devotees are as firmly convinced of the sacredness of their worship as is the lowest Pariah of India.

Surely there is little in the fad to bring satisfaction to the mind or heart! When I consider myself the victim of an unchanging law from which I can only escape by transmigration into another existence, where is my happiness? Certainly the sword which hung over the head of Damocles, ever threatening his destruction, was not more terrible! Why shall I be honest, charitable, temperate or just if in reward I am only permitted a brief sojourn in heaven, the place of exquisite delights? And why should I refrain from the indulgence of every passion when the punishment is so slight? The end of it all is the same as that of materialistic annihilation.

Assuredly this is not an improvement upon Theosophy or Spiritism; rather a falling off from both, as showing that neither offered the satisfaction ever sought and never destined to be attained.

THE END OF FADS.

And so they will proceed, these restless, unbound minds outside the pale of the true faith. These minds, great and magnificent, framed by the omnipotent Creator for the special object of reflecting His divine image, are drifting hither and thither, as St. Paul says, by every wind of doctrine. Always eager to grasp the latest phase presented in hope that there at last they will find abiding peace. They are enchained by the fancy of the hour; the croquet of some one inferior to themselves, perhaps, intellectually enthralls them, and with more zeal than prudence they allow themselves to be carried away into unknown depths, where, left alone and unaided, they may or may not reach the haven of rest.

Well for them if they behold on the darksome horizon the star of faith glittering in transcendent splendor brightening their cold hearts to cheer. Well

if they desecrate the barque of Peter as she sails majestically on the flood. There, and there alone, will the discontented intellect, the unhappy, cheerless heart find true peace and joy. And while the subject is under discussion it may not be out of place to venture the prophecy that the next age will witness the abolition of all religious fads and the concurrence of the restless and weary into the Holy Catholic Church, whose doctrines they will accept, not as a fad, but as a heaven-inspired and heaven-taught creed bringing the long desired and long-sought-for happiness.—Edw. C. Kane in Catholic Mirror.

A BISHOP'S PREDICAMENT.

Plus IX., of Blessed Memory, Could not Resist the Rude Assaults of a Trying Situation.

James R. Randal relates in the *Mirror* the following narrative of a Protestant friend. I happened to be years ago in the Eternal City, in the time of Plus IX., of blessed memory. On one occasion an Irish Bishop, assigned to a See in our so-called new world, entered the Propaganda when I happened to be there, in utter distress and dejection. He was a wretched spectacle, and when questioned as to his sorry plight, told us a curious story. It seems that he was at Civitavecchia, on the way to Rome, when custom house officials were ransacking the trunks of an English mildred who, with his daughters, was bound in the same direction. The British nobleman, who did not speak or understand a word of Italian, was furiously denouncing this transaction in the language of his country, and threatening to expose it to the *Times* newspaper and to Her Majesty, the Queen. The Italian officials were retorting, in kind and as neither understood each other, the situation was at once embarrassing and ludicrous. The Bishop, who was a master of both tongues, offered his services, and soon brought order out of chaos. He proposed that the English party should journey in the diligence to Rome under his own train-robbers as banditti, like our own train-robbers were still in vogue. This proposition was accepted and the party, a neutral one, went on their way in high spirits and perfect confidence. About daylight, when nearing the city, just as the party had fallen asleep, there was a sudden jolt, a terrifying shout, and a complete halt of the vehicle. The bandits appeared, and in traditional fashion, at the points of their pistols, demanded the money or the lives of the passengers. The Bishop bade his companions compose themselves while he parleyed with the robbers. He assured the leader that he was a high functionary in the Church, and, taking his official ring from his finger showed it to the descendant of Rinaldo Rinaldina. The bandit chief reverently kissed the jewel and put it in his predatory pocket. The Bishop pointed to his petoral cross of gold. The chief displaced it from its abiding place, without more ado, pocketed it. Then, without more ado, the gang literally "went through" the wayfarers' wares, even removing the ladies' stockings, while complimenting their feet in more or less choice Tuscan. After the travelers were stripped of their portable property and their trunks rifled, the bandits vanished, leaving their victims in the cold and mud. The mildred and his daughters were vociferous in their wrath against the Papal system and threatened the vengeance of the British empire. They anathematized Catholicity and even hinted that the poor Bishop, a fellow sufferer and discomfited, had some hand in the misadventure. Arriving at Rome, the travelers separated in different frames of mind. The Englishman, full of wrath and indignation, sought a hotel. The Bishop went sorrowfully and humbly to the Propaganda, where I saw and heard him. Monsignor Barnabo was greatly excited and had armed constabulary scouring the country, but the birds of prey, had flown. An audience was arranged at once for the Bishop with the Pope. He was duly presented and told his story. His Holiness could not conceal a smile when he heard how the bandits had kissed the Bishop's cross and ring before appropriating them. He said: "At least, they showed some latent piety." When the narrative was ended, the Pope laughed heartily and ejaculated: "Tell it again! tell it again!" Resuming a serious mood, the Holy Father gave instant commands that the English party should be sought, placated, given many times the amount of their losses, and afforded a freedom of the city such as only princes can obtain. The mildred and his daughters were charmed. They had nothing but eulogies for the grand Pope, and the *Times* newspaper and Her gracious Majesty the Queen probably had flattering accounts of the city and the Pontiff. The Bishop, who was so roughly handled and subjected to such unmerited reproach from John Bull's subjects, had his reward. He was, not long afterwards, promoted, and likely, for many years afterward, told this story as an illustration of how all's well that ends well for men of good will, at the hands of those entirely great.

OLD TIMES! OLD TIMES!

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Old times! old times! the gay old times! When I was young and free, And heard the merry Easter chimes Under the sally tree. My Sunday palm beside me placed— My cross upon my hand— A heart at rest within my breast, And sunshine on the land! Old times! Old times!

It is not that my fortunes flee, Nor that my cheek is pale— I mourn when'er I think of thee, My darling, native vale! I wear my Sunday palm, Than when I loiter'd there; But in my wisdom there is woe, And in my knowledge care. Old times! Old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy, To feel my share of pain— To learn that friendship's self can cloy, To love, and love in vain— To feel a pang and wear a smile, To like my own unhappy isle, And sing the gay old times! Old times! Old times!

And sure the land is nothing changed, The birds are singing still; The flowers are springing where we ranged, There's sunshine on the hill! The sally, waving o'er my head, Still sweetly shades my frame— But ah, those happy days are dead, And I am not the same! Old times! Old times!

Oh, come again, ye merry times! Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm— And let me hear those Easter chimes, And wear my Sunday palm. If I could cry away mine eyes, My tears would flow in vain— If I could waste my heart in sighs, They'll never come again! Old times! Old times!

Outside the Church.

In studying the inner life of noble souls outside the Church, it seems passing strange that in so many important matters they are with us heart and mind. Tennyson, Longfellow, Edwin Booth, and many another seemed at times to have been upon the very threshold of the Church. The late John Addington Symonds was another "half Catholic." If the man be reflected in his work, his was a singularly lofty character; and nowhere is it more strikingly revealed than in his admirable "Life of Michael Angelo." Throughout the work, his attitude toward his subject and its environment is essentially Catholic; and, while giving a perfect picture of the great Italian, he has extenuated nothing nor set down aught in malice. That Symonds was a believer in the pivotal doctrine of the Real Presence seems evident from the following passage. Treating of the Sistine frescoes, he had expressed regret that nowhere in the chapel is an adequate representation of Christ the Redeemer. But in the appendix to his monumental work he remarks: "I have alluded in my text to the absence of any representation of the Crucifixion as singular; but I did not think it necessary to publish a suggestion which has often occurred to my own mind—namely, that the crowning act in the drama of man's redemption, the sacrifice of Christ, was continually repeated in the consecration of the Host upon the altar."—Ave Maria.

No "Escapes" Wanted.

How is it we have no "ex-ministers" in the Catholic Church as parallels to the "ex-priests" of the Protestants? Not because there are no ex-ministers, for scarcely a week goes by without a Protestant clergyman joining the Catholic Church. The Boston *Pilot* gives the reason: "There is not a Catholic society, much less a Catholic church, in all the country, which would give a moment's attention or patronage to any convert from Protestantism who sought to curry favor by insulting the feelings of his former brethren. We have no use for 'escapes' in our fold."

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Arrears must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, Nov. 24, 1894.

RELIGIOUS vs. SECULAR EDUCATION IN THE STATES.

The number of divorces obtained in the United States during 1892 is officially reported to have been 40,350. In addition to this there were 7,357 murders, 3,680 suicides, 230 lynchings and 82,000 committed to prison.

These numbers certainly indicate a very great increase in immorality, notwithstanding the boasted progress of the country in civilization, education and general prosperity.

We have been accustomed to hear it repeated as if it were an undeniable fact, that as education progresses, so crime disappears; but these figures tell us a different story. It certainly ought to be the case that as the people become more intelligent, crime should decrease, for crime is unreasonable, and intelligent people might be expected to avoid it; but we are compelled by the facts to recognize that there is a kind of education which does not result in the decrease of crime, and this must be the kind of education which is prevalent in the country.

Wherein, then, does the defect lie in the character of education given? Why is it that while the people are more universally educated than ever before, the amount of crime has increased to so alarming an extent? We do not hesitate to say that this is the result of education without religion.

At the Catholic parochial schools religious education is satisfactorily imparted, but, outside of these, there is practically no religious belief taught. It may be, and we do not doubt it is, the case that most of the teachers, even in the secular schools, are fairly moral. It is generally the case that trustees or school inspectors require that the teachers they employ should have a good moral character, but as a rule they are not allowed to inculcate religious principles upon their pupils. They cannot do so under the existing laws; for although, no doubt, in some places there is some vague sort of disguised religion to be found in the teaching, amid the variety of sects, and the absolute opposition of unbelievers, it is generally impossible to depart from the purely secular standard of Public School education.

Some kind of morality, too, is perhaps pretty generally inculcated, but it is purely a natural code thereof, not based upon religious principle or dogma, and it cannot take that deep root in the minds and hearts of the pupils which only a morality founded upon religion can produce. A child who is taught to reverence and obey its parents, because those parents have fed and clothed it, and have made great sacrifices to give it a good education, is not nearly so strongly impressed with the importance of this obligation as another would be before whom these same reasons are laid, to gether with the moral obligation arising out of our duty to Almighty God, our Master and Sovereign Lord, together with the reward of virtue and punishment of sin; and it is to the absence of these religious motives in teaching morality that the increasing prevalence of crime must be attributed.

It was said by the Duke of Wellington in his day that education without religion makes men clever devils, and there is truth in the saying. There is, therefore, no room for doubt that the increase of crime shown by the statistics to have taken place is the direct consequence of the absence of religious teaching in the schools, or at least the absence of a sufficient motive for the obligation of morality. It does not appear, either, that there is at present very much prospect that this state of things will be remedied. We have had hopes in the past that public sentiment was veering round towards the encouragement of religious teaching, but at the recent elections in the United States, evidence was given that in New York State, at least, the change of sentiment has been in the wrong direction.

At the recent meeting of the Consi-

titutional Amendment Convention a constitutional law was drafted prohibiting forever the apportionment of public monies for any educational or charitable institution which is subject in any way to religious or denominational control. It needs no argument to show that under such a law it will be less possible than ever to give religious instruction in the schools.

This law was aimed chiefly at the Catholics; but it is easy to see that it will affect Catholics but little, as far as education is concerned. The evil effects will be more felt by Protestants; and yet it was, undoubtedly, by means of the dominant Protestant vote that this amendment was ratified by the people at the recent elections, when the Constitutional amendments were placed before them.

The Catholics will not be affected to any extent, for the reason that the parochial schools are already sustained by Catholics independently of State aid.

There are a few instances, as at Poughkeepsie and some other towns, where an arrangement was made by which Catholic schools were incorporated into the Public school system, and received aid under the law; and the new amendment will probably upset these arrangements. The Catholics will undoubtedly return to the parochial system in these towns, and the Catholic children will continue to have a religious training as heretofore. But it will be impossible, after the law comes into force, to give any adequate moral instruction in the Public schools attended by Protestant children; and the consequence must be a more rapid advance in crime during the next generation than ever before.

We may well ask, "Who is responsible for this state of affairs?" The answer is not difficult to find. The responsibility lies chiefly with the A. P. A., which raised the agitation for the passage of this amendment, in the hope of inflicting a severe blow upon Catholics. They have overreached themselves, and the next generation of Protestants will reap the terrible consequences of the Apathism of to-day, when Apathism itself will be a thing of the past. As they have sowed, so they must reap.

It may be imagined by some that the Sunday schools will be a sufficient barrier against the monstrous evil we anticipate. Such will not be the case. The Catholic children throughout the United States attend their Sunday schools faithfully, as a rule, but the Protestant children do not. Only about 50 per cent. of the Protestant or non-Catholic children attend Sunday school, and these not very regularly. But even those who attend Sunday school receive their religious and moral instruction only once a week, whereas the Catholic children will continue as before to receive such instruction six days out of the seven. It is easy to see which species of religious instruction will be most efficacious.

THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Mr. Chas. C. Starbuck, of Andover, Mass., in a recent article on the Future of Christianity, expresses the fear that Christianity is destined to be overthrown by the many opposing forces which are at this day undermining it. The forces he enumerates are "Mormonism, Spiritualism, Jesuitism and Jewism." These enemies, he says, are not in themselves strong, but they are only a nerveless Christianity to withstand them: a Christianity which "hesitates to use the name of Christ in the proclamations of a Christian land."

It is not so much Mr. Starbuck's own opinion of the prospects of the Christian religion which is remarkable, but several of the thoughtful Protestant religious papers are much startled and very fearful at this plain presentation of the case,—a fact from which we gather that they have very little confidence in the promises of Christ that His Church shall endure to the end of time: for "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world;" and "Upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

There is no fear that the actual Church of Christ will succumb to any force which the powers of darkness may bring to bear, and when the foes mentioned by the gentleman we have named are considered it will be seen that real Christianity has not so much to fear after all.

Mormonism and Spiritualism have considerably shaken up Protestantism, and so has Unitarianism, which, under many names, especially in the forms commonly called "the Higher Criticism," and "Progressive Thought," has made great progress during recent

years, sapping the belief in the divinity of Christ, man's Redemption, and the inspiration of Holy Scripture. But the Catholic Church is almost wholly unaffected by such isms, and never were faith firmer and the Church more vigorous than at the present day. This is virtually admitted by Mr. Starbuck, in the very fact that he enumerates "Jesuitism" among the foes to which Protestantism is likely to give way. By Jesuitism, it is evident, he means, Catholicism. It is a common mistake of Protestant writers to confound thus a comparatively small section of the Catholic body with the whole Church, a single religious order with the Church universal. The Jesuits are, indeed, a zealous body of priests, but they are but one of the means by which the Church does her missionary work.

It is clear from this that the Protestant press are much alarmed at the present progress of the Catholic Church, and the alarm is not so much lest Christianity itself will succumb, but lest Protestantism will become absorbed by Infidelity or Rationalism under some of the forms which it has lately assumed, and that Catholicism will remain as the only form of Christianity. As matters look it is not at all unlikely that this may be the end of the matter.

Special fear of Judaism has been expressed in this connection, that "There is to be a development of anti-Christ that will yet surely try the Church, though it does not appear from what quarter the anti-Christ will come, and there is a show of probability in the suggestion that inasmuch as the Jews crucified the Head they may also be the instruments in casting the body into the furnace."

It does appear somewhat strange to hear such a fear as this expressed in the end of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, when the faith of Christ is being preached by zealous missionaries in all parts of the world, whereas Judaism has remained limited to the one nation which originally held it as a religion. But the disintegrating doctrines of Protestantism, which have been the cause of its splitting into perhaps five hundred warring sects, with dogmas of every possible shade, make it not improbable that Mr. Starbuck's forecast may be correct, as far as Protestantism is concerned. The Catholic will entertain no such fear, for the Catholic Church is built upon a rock against which the waves and the winds raised by the powers of darkness will beat in vain fury.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

Forty thousand three hundred and fifty is the number of divorces granted by United States Courts during the year 1892, according to the official report. This to say, that in every village of 1,700 inhabitants, there is one divorce annually. As it may be supposed that each of the divorced parties would live at all events seventeen years after divorce, we should find in every hundred of the population about two divorced persons, a man and a woman!

This means that in every one hundred persons in the United States there is one family averaging three, four or five persons, which has been broken up by the lax divorce laws which prevail throughout the Union. There are ex-husbands without wives, ex-wives without husbands, and practically children without one or both parents, though father and mother may be alive.

Is this a desirable state of affairs? Is it in accordance with the divine intention in instituting marriage? No one with a spark of religion, or even with the natural sentiment of the fitness of things, will assert that such is the case. Marriage is by its nature an indissoluble contract. It is in the nature of things that husband and wife should bind themselves in perpetuity; and even in these countries where divorce is made possible by law, neither the man nor the woman dreams of the future possibility of separation when they plight their troth, in the usual form even of a marriage among Protestants with whom the agreement is made, according to the Anglican form of marriage in the following terms:

"Then shall the Curate say unto the man: Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of Matrimony: Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health; and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

"And the man shall answer, 'I will.' In like manner the woman is questioned, and the answer is also: 'I will.'"

It is here declared that marriage is a Divine ordinance. If so, it is not to be overturned by such trivial and fanciful reasons for divorce which the State may invent or regard as sufficient reason for divorce.

The Catholic doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage is so reasonable that even among all the changes which Protestantism made in so-called Christian doctrine, no change was made originally in this respect. Marriage is theoretically for life in the rituals of all the Protestant Churches, but the State, acting on the laxity of Protestant belief, has assumed the authority to grant divorces, and, strange to say, notwithstanding the strong protestations of the Churches that marriage is of Divine institution, indissoluble, except by death, they have all accepted State laws overriding the law of God, and permitting divorce for the most petty reasons.

The more than forty thousand divorces of the United States in one year were not granted to Catholics. They were confined to the fifty-five million of non-Catholic population, so that the figures we have given above regarding the breaking up of families would show a much larger percentage of this evil if we were to compare it with the non-Catholic portion of the population.

With the Catholic, the marriage of a couple is not a mere civil contract from which the parties are at liberty to withdraw at will. It is a religious obligation from which neither party can withdraw. The Protestant idea of marriage is very different from this. It was originally identical with the Catholic idea, as the Church of England form of solemnization of marriage, as above quoted, shows conclusively; but this idea has most materially changed. Perhaps the foolish and mischievous literature issued by such writers as Eugene Sue and Ouida, so extensively read now-a-days, is partly responsible for the change of view; but the varying character of Protestantism is undoubtedly greatly responsible for it.

All these causes, together with the laxity of the marriage laws, have contributed to strip marriage of any sanctity in the eyes of Protestants, and the consequence is the present deplorable condition of affairs. There is, however, a movement now, the object of which is to correct the evil. There has been for some years in existence in the United States a "Divorce Reform League," composed entirely of Protestants, the aim of which is to have all causes of divorce abolished except adultery. If the object of the League were attained, the extent of the evil would be confined within much narrower limits than at present, but the real solution of the difficulty would not be reached—which is to make marriage once more a sacred contract such as it has always been held to be in the Catholic Church: a contract, the terms of which are contained in the Divine law:

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

The Episcopal Church of the United States has to some extent endeavored to make marriage indissoluble; but without success. A Church which from the beginning was the creature of the State could not be expected to be able to say to the State to-day: "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." Hence no attention has been paid to its expostulations on the subject, and even its own clergy have not had the boldness to refuse to celebrate the new marriages of divorced persons who presented themselves before them to have their polygamous unions blessed by "the Church."

If there is to be any salvation to the country from the evil which is threatening it in the frequency of divorce, it must come from the Catholic Church, or at least from a return of the people to the Catholic principles which they have hitherto rejected.

NAPOLEON AND DIVORCE.

We have no desire to reiterate a statement that our readers have heard so often, viz., that the Catholic Church has stigmatized divorce as legalized adultery and that the Roman Pontiffs have never penned a document permitting a husband to repudiate his lawful wife and to espouse another. This we know, and we are certain that the Protestant Von Muller was impartial when he said that if the Popes could hold up no other merit than that which they gained by protecting monogamy against the brutal lusts of those in power, notwithstanding bribes, threats, and persecutions, that fact alone would render them immortal for all future ages.

This is as it were a first principle,

and it were useless labor to repeat it. But now and then comes forth a pamphlet proving, what so often has been demonstrated as false, that Napoleon secured from the Pope a divorce from his wife.

The facts of the case are as follows: Napoleon married Josephine de Beauharnais on March 9, 1796, and such a marriage, contracted without the presence of the pastor of one of the officiating parties, was, according to canon law, null and invalid. Josephine was aware of the fact that her union was sinful and that she was but the concubine of the man of destiny. The Tridentine decree on matrimony, which holds in France, brands any union not sanctioned by the Church as adulterous.

When Pius VII. came to Paris for the consecration of Napoleon as Emperor of the French, Josephine confided to him her sad secret and besought him to release her from her ignominious and degrading situation. Napoleon was enraged when told of Josephine's action, but forthwith he manifested his desire to do all required by the Church. This was done to allay the just indignation of the Pontiff.

He understood that the marriage should be contracted in the presence of the parish priest and witnesses, but he trusted to his astuteness to prevent him from complying with these essential conditions. Accordingly he solicited the assistance of his uncle, Cardinal Fesch. He asked him to perform the marriage ceremony, but the Cardinal, who was not the parish priest of Napoleon or Josephine, refused to have ought to do with such an outrageous mockery. The Emperor, however, implored the Cardinal to release him from the dilemma, and at last he sought Pius VII., and obtained the permission to perform the ceremony without the formalities prescribed by the Council of Trent. The marriage was therefore valid, inasmuch as the conditions otherwise essential were by the dispensation of the Pontiff deprived of their obligatory force. From that day Josephine was a lawful wife, and the tribunal that granted a divorce to her imperial husband did so without the sanction of Rome.

That tribunal was ecclesiastical, but it was without authority. Sycophantic and time-serving, it was but the mouthpiece of Napoleon. It was there to follow blindly its master's instructions, and faithful was its obedience. The judges knew the infamy of their action, but the gaudy toys of place and promotion lured them away from the path of principle and made them recreant to their duty.

To say, therefore, that Napoleon was, by the Pope's authority, divorced from Josephine is to give utterance to a vile calumny. A divorce in the case of consummated Christian matrimony can never be granted by the Catholic Church.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE has been another exhibition of savagery in one of the Protestant colleges of Maryland within the last few days. This time the offenders are the students of the Maryland State Agricultural College, who in hazing a freshman, Mr. Edwin J. Gott, procured a rope and hanged him for some minutes. He is not dead, but it is scarcely hoped that he will recover. The young barbarians who perpetrated the outrage have been arrested, and it is to be desired that they will be punished according to their deserts. They are probably accustoming themselves to the art of hangman in order to be able to take a hand in future lynchings; but if there is any law or order in Maryland they may suddenly discover that they are more likely to have the rules of the art applied to themselves at some future time than to put them into practice upon others.

OWING to the paucity of Anglicans in the county of Meath, Ireland, it has been determined finally by the Church authorities that many of the parishes cannot be kept up, and in consequence of this, there is to be a general redistribution in such a way that in many cases two or three parishes shall be united into one. The prime cause of this is, of course, the fact that the Church was disestablished in Ireland, so that it is not now supported by a tax upon Catholics and Non-conformists.

DR. DUNN, of Boston, secretary of the Anti-Catholic Committee of One Hundred, recently made a statement concerning the aims of the A. P. A., and he declares that "No one objects to Roman Catholics taking an active part in politics if they will do so as American citizens," but the Outlook in publishing this statement calls attention to

the fact that at a recent "patriotic" meeting at the "People's Temple," the A. P. A. Triumphal March was sung in chorus, one stanza of which is as follows:

"We'll drive the Roman traitor from town and city hall; Polke up to President, we'll oust them one and all. While we are marching to victory. Chorus."

The Outlook remarks: "Comment is unnecessary;" but we cannot refrain from drawing the natural inference that Apathists are confirmed liars: still we did not need Dr. Dunn's statement of the case to convince us of this.

SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM is the belle noir of some estimable persons. Why do they not then refrain from purchasing such papers? Some time ago the editor of a leading New York daily declared that a paper opposed to the printing of sensational items is doomed to non-appreciation, and, consequently, to failure. The supporters of such journalism are approvers of its transgressions against decency and good taste.

THE scientific world is just beginning to appreciate the work of De Rossi, the tireless and learned archaeologist. We do not imagine that it realizes the wealth of De Rossi's contributions to archaeological literature, but when the madness for showy scientific speculation leaves its faculties in normal condition it will estimate his work at its proper value. De Rossi labored long and diligently. He was in love with his subject. The Catacombs were for him a living picture, showing forth the doctrines of Christianity and demonstrating that the truths enunciated to-day in Catholic pulpits are the same for which the early Christians suffered and died. Noisy controversialists are struck dumb when confronted by the quaint symbolism of the Catacombs. There may be seen that dogma of the Blessed Eucharist, etc., are divinely taught and not human inventions.

THE New York Examiner, a Baptist organ, complains bitterly of the persecution to which Baptists are subjected in Protestant Saxony. The Baptist Church in Dresden petitioned lately for freedom to worship God, and on the case being brought before the Court of Appeal, the decision was that the Baptists are not recognized by law as a religion, and that they are only a gathering of persons whose acts are null and void in the eyes of the State, in consequence of which they can meet only in the homes of members under special license given by the police, specifying distinctly the rooms in which they are to assemble. Sunday schools are not allowed them, nor can their pastors conduct a funeral service, either in the house or at the grave; neither can they perform a lawful marriage ceremony. Even the limited privileges here accorded them may be revoked at any time at the pleasure of the police. The Examiner admits that Catholic Spain is more tolerant than Protestant Germany, as there are in Spain few or no restrictions placed upon attendance at Baptist chapels. Until recently, adds the Examiner, "Norway, Sweden and Denmark were more rigorous than Germany." These are all Protestant countries.

DR. LYMAN ABBOT, of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, read in his church, a couple of Sundays ago, the oath of the A. P. A., whereby the members of that association pledge themselves not to employ a Roman Catholic servant. Commenting on this he said:

"I would rather combat the intolerance of the nineteenth century than combat the intolerance of the dead Popes of the fifteenth century. Combat intolerance whenever you find it. Combat intolerance in your own hearts. Combat the intolerance that sneers at the black-robed women who have devoted their lives to the care of the sick and poor, who have cared for the wounded on battlefields. Combat the intolerance which manifests itself in your heart at the sight of a man who wears a cross on his heart."

He said further that "there are pages of the history of the Roman Catholic Church which are written in blood, and yet there are other pages luminous with light and noble things. Let us commend the good that has been done and condemn the evil." He added that "It is very easy to pass judgments on this and that creed, to pass judgments which place all virtues on one side and all evils on the other side, but such judgments are false." He then reminded Protestants that they have frequently shown the spirit of intolerance, and that their Apathism is an instance of it. The eloquent preacher shows a fairness which is seldom found in the Protestant pulpit,

though his reading of history's pages is not entirely correct.

It has been said that a country lad—and experience will do much to confirm it—will succeed where a city lad will fail. It may be that he has more tenacity of purpose, more love for earnest and persevering labor, or it may be that his intellect, unhampered by useless knowledge, is better able to see and to take advantage of an opportunity. He may be a stranger to the educational facilities of the age, but he has a healthy and vigorous brain. Our educational system is defective and we hold it responsible for many failures of life. There is too much cramming, and hence superficiality. Competition is so keen that the thorough man alone can make his way, and the dabbler in all things knowable must keep ever in the struggling rank and file. And again the average boy and girl leaves school with such a distaste for study that the newspaper will for all time to come supply them with mental pabulum.

We understand that the Rev. Alfred Young, of the Paulists, is engaged upon a work that will be of invaluable assistance to teachers and to all who are combating error. It will give statistics of morality and instruction, etc., in the various countries of the world, and will thereby afford the unprejudiced reader an opportunity of seeing what a palpable perversion of truth is the oft-repeated statement that Catholic countries do not in point of morality and education compare favorably with those inhabited by Protestants.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY speaks somewhere in his poems of the "charity scrimped and iced, in the name of a cautious, statistical Christ." He, doubtless, had in mind the ministrations of some charitable societies who weigh long and deliberately the character of any applicant, and when his respectability is fully established lay upon him their merciful hands.

CATHOLICISM in Mexico has been for years the object of many a jest and slanderous utterance, and too frequently do we read in magazines, assertions that reflect scant credit upon the writers' veracity. It is pleasurable, therefore, to read the following remarks of a writer in the Boston Herald:

"What is the effect of the religion of these people on their lives and conduct? is a question frequently asked me by my compatriots. Regarding its work in the formation of the character of women, in rendering them both happy and useful, the Catholic faith needs no tribute. Nowhere in the wide world can women of more lovely lives, of sweeter character, be found than in this pleasant land of Mexico. True in all relations of life—good wives, excellent mothers and faithful guardians of their household—they are unexcelled. One must needs be a very bitter Protestant to deny these palpable facts. And I who am not a Catholic, but merely record what I see all about me, am glad to pay this merited tribute to the choicest example of what the faith of the Catholics does for that portion of our race which bears the heaviest burden in life."

ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.

Cardinal Gibbons' Sermon on the Reunion of Christendom.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, preached last Sunday at the Cathedral on "Christian Unity." It was one of the most forcible sermons delivered by His Eminence, and clearly states the Catholic position in regard to the widespread desire for reunion among Christians. We give the sermon in full:

THE CARDINAL'S SERMON. We celebrate to-day, my dear brethren, the Feast of St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, and the great reformer of the sixteenth century. St. Charles belonged to one of the most noble and illustrious families of Italy; he was the nephew of the reigning Pope, Pius IV. He was a Cardinal Prince of the Church, he ruled a most important diocese, and was possessed of virtues of an exalted character. All these circumstances were calculated to augment his influence, and to make him the standard-bearer in the great work of moral information.

It cannot be denied that lamentable abuses had crept into the Church in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The age was sadly in need of moral reformation. We should always distinguish between the infallibility of Church when she teaches faith and morals, and the personal peccability of her teaching body. These two questions are too often confounded. The Church has always claimed to be infallible in her doctrinal and moral teachings. This prerogative of Christ, by virtue of the promises of Christ, who says that the "gates of hell, or error shall not prevail against her," "Behold," he says, "I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." But no teaching member of the Church is exempt from the liability of falling from grace. Every member of the Church—no matter how

exalted his official station, no matter how sacred his office, no matter how irreproachable may have been his former life—is liable to fall. He must say I am not stronger than Samson, nor wiser than Solomon, nor holier than David.

Great abuses had crept into high places and low. Bishops and priests were relaxed in morals. Discipline was disregarded. Ignorance prevailed among the clergy. The people waxed cold in faith. For, as the priest is, so are the people. The Gospel was rarely dispensed, and the people heard it with indifference. And it is a bad sign when the laity show an aversion for the word of God. "Ye are not of God," says our Lord, "because ye hear not the word of God."

St. Charles took a leading part in the moral reformation of the Church. He began the good work within his own breast, for, as the Apostle says: "Judgement should begin at the house of God." He knew well that no man can purify the hearts of others in the fires of the Holy Ghost, unless his own heart is filled with the divine flame. "Let your light so shine before men," says our Lord to His disciples, "that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in Heaven." He voluntarily renounced, as far as circumstances would permit, the pomp and retinue that usually surrounded the courts of Princes of the Church in those days, and led a most simple, abstemious and mortified life. He then set his own house in order that it might serve as a model to the homes of the clergy of his diocese. He enjoined on the clergy the duty of preaching the Gospel every Sunday to the laity, and of instructing the children in the principles of the Christian religion. He held several synods in which judicious laws were enacted for the maintenance of healthy Church discipline.

But St. Charles did not restrict the work of reformation to his own diocese. His efforts extended to the universal Church. He took early steps towards promulgating and enforcing the decrees of the great Council of Trent, which had been held a short time before. I may remark that the principal labors of the Council of Trent were directed towards the correction of abuses and disorders that had spread through the Church.

It is much to be deplored that Luther and Calvin and the other leaders of the Reformation did not imitate the example of Charles Borromeo by fighting iniquity within the Church, instead of turning their weapons against her. There is no weapon which they could employ against vice outside the Church that they could not wield with tenfold more influence in fighting under her authority. The weapons of an Apostle and a reformer at all times, are personal virtue, prayer, preaching and the sacraments.

If men desire to reform our political government, what method do they adopt? If the municipal government of Baltimore is badly administered, the reformers do not set to work to abolish the Mayorality and City Council; which would be a drastic measure. If there is corruption in our State government, the advocates of reform do not try to abolish the office of Governor and the Legislature. If there is maladministration in the general government, they do not endeavor to abolish the Presidency, and put an end to both Houses of Congress. They would not attempt to pull down the noble fabric of our government, and build up another in its stead. But they try to "turn the rascals out"—to use a political phrase—and put good men in their places.

Every well-organized society must have a recognized head. The mayor and governor hold this position in the municipal and State governments; the President is the head of the Republic, the Pope is the head of the Church. The Papacy is as necessary to the Church as the Presidency is to the Republic.

The leaders of the Reformation, on the contrary, sought to abolish the Papacy, which had existed for sixteen centuries. They endeavored to abolish some of the organic laws of the ancient Church. When the City of God was set on fire by the passions of men, instead of helping to put out the flames, they fled from the city, and returned with faggots in the hand, to increase the conflagration—to augment the confusion. Instead of laboring to lop off some of the withered branches, they set to work to cut down from the roots, the good old tree that had sheltered their fathers for centuries, and nourished them with its spiritual fruit. They overthrew the altars before which they and their forefathers had worshipped for centuries. They rent asunder the seamless garment of Christ. They dismembered the Christian flock. They scandalized the Gentile world by the dissensions which have prevailed and have retarded the onward march of Christianity.

But—thank God—a brighter and happier day seems to be dawning for us. There is a yearning desire for the reunion of Christendom among many noble and earnest souls. This desire is particularly manifested in the English-speaking world. It is manifested in England and in the United States. I, myself, have received several letters from influential Protestant divines, expressing the hope of a reunion, and inquiring as to the probable basis of a reconciliation. This reunion is the great desire of my heart. I have longed and prayed and worked for it, to the best of my poor ability, during the three and thirty years of my ministry. I have prayed that as we are bound to our separated brethren by social and family and by national and commercial ties so may we be united with them in the bonds of a common

faith. Separation is estrangement; union is love. Gladly would I give my life for this devout consummation. The conditions of reunion are easier than is generally imagined. Of course there can be no compromise on faith and morals. The doctrines and moral code that Christ has left us must remain unchangeable. We cannot improve on the work of Christ, but the Church can modify her discipline to suit the circumstances of the times.

If there are any within the hearing of my voice who would wish to share in the inestimable blessings of this reunion I would affectionately speak to them as to the losses and gains which this union would involve. You lose nothing that is worth possessing. You do not surrender your liberty, or independence or moral freedom. The only restraint imposed upon you is the restraint of the Gospel, and to this every reasonable Christian can oblige. "Take upon My yoke." My yoke is sweet: My burden is light." You do not give up one jot or tittle of the positive truths of revelation you already possess.

In coming back to the Church you are not entering a strange place, you are returning to your Father's house. The furniture may seem odd to you; but it's just the same as your fathers left three hundred and fifty years ago. You worship as have your fathers worshipped. You kneel before the altar at which they knelt. You receive the sacraments which they received. You listen to the same *Kyrie Eleison* which excited them to repentance. You listen to the same joyous anthem, the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*. You listen to the same unchangeable and everlasting Creed. You hear the notes of the same Preface—that masterpiece of musical composition, so simple, yet so sublime; so familiar, yet so majestic. You come back like the prodigal to your Father's house, and the garment of joy is placed upon you, and the banquet of love is set before you, and you receive the kiss of peace as a pledge of your filiation and adoption. You can say with the Apostle: "We are no longer strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens of the saints."

One hearty embrace of your tender Mother will more than compensate you for all the sacrifices you may have made, and you will say with Augustine: "Too late have I loved, O Beauty! ever ancient and ever new; too late have I loved thee."

The day he hastened when the scattered hosts of Christendom will be reunited; then, indeed, they will form an army which will defy and overwhelm all the forces of unbelief and infidelity within the Church, and they will carry the light of faith and Christian civilization to the most remote and benighted parts of the globe. Then we can exclaim with the Prophet: "How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Jacob, and thy tents, O Israel! May the day soon come when all who profess the name of Christ, may declare, 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism,' when all shall be in 'one fold, under one Shepherd.'"

THE EVILS OF RELIGIOUS DIVISIONS.

The Rev. W. B. Hale adventures further into the vein of thought opened by Mr. Justice Mason, in the *Forum* for March last, in an article in the November issue of the same publication, entitled, "Impotence of Churches in a Manufacturing Town."

Mr. Hale picks out for his study as a typical manufacturing town, the City of Fall River, Mass. It has a population 90,000 souls, one-half of whom are Catholics; the other half being made up of Protestants and those who profess no religious faith. The Protestants are divided into fifteen denominations and have a total of twenty-eight clergymen, with fifty places of worship. The sum total of attendance at the Sunday services of these churches is, according to the Ministers' Meeting report, about 5,000. The churches are, for the most part, poorly located. All charitable and missionary effort with a distinctly Protestant tinge fails, or achieves absurdly small results, as no single Protestant body is strong enough to carry on a work of adequate proportions alone; and says the Rev. Mr. Hale, "the testimony of those who have tried to enlist the Protestant denominations in united undertakings is that one who looks for any spirit of unity in Fall River is fated to look in vain."

How do the Catholics compare with the disunited and little effective Protestant community? We shall let the Rev. Mr. Hale answer, wondering, however, that with the testimony to the contrary, which he himself unconsciously renders in the figures and facts appended, he can state sweepingly that Catholics are inferior to Protestants in education:—"A comparison of this showing with that which Roman Catholics are able to make is much to the embarrassment of the Protestants. Inferior to them in wealth and education, Roman Catholics, because united, are far in advance in every Christian activity. Their churches are the most conspicuous objects in the city. At least two of them every Sunday contain each as many worshippers as are present in all the Protestant churches combined. They have at present fifteen churches, and they are building on magnificent sites two more which will be larger than any now standing. In these churches thirty-two Masses are said every week day, and Sunday thirty-five and forty every Sunday. The most prominent hill-top is crowned with a group of Roman Catholic charitable institutions. They support an English and a French orphan asylum, a college and several convents. They

have about ten thousand children in parochial schools. They maintain a Catholic Union which affords young men a club house and gives them lectures and concerts in the season; they support some ten boys' clubs, all well housed. They frequently astonish the Protestants of the city with evidences of their prosperity and charity. I record one rather striking instance. The High School some years ago received from a family of the city a gift to which was attached the condition that the family should have a veto power over appointments to its teaching staff. This has always been understood as intended to exclude Roman Catholics. Last year an effort was made by Protestant gentlemen to establish a scholarship in this school. The effort failed, but as soon as it had been abandoned the scholarship was founded by the subscription of Roman Catholics.

But these religious-minded, generous and education-loving Catholics are almost entirely of the "operative" class; and between this class and that other which includes owners, agents and superintendents, there is a great gulf fixed. The Catholic Church has no influence with the rich, declares Mr. Hale; then inconsistently enough, he accuses her for not exerting it! And in the face of his own statements about Catholic Church work for the people—he forgets the two orphanages, by the way—declares that her fear of antagonizing the corporations prevents her from doing her duty to the poor.

Mr. Hale wants chiefly to show the evils of religious division, intensified by social division to such extent that the people can neither work together for the relief of those human miseries which are common to all, nor vote together for the reform of those political abuses whose existence all recognize and suffer from, nor end a strike where the point in dispute is easily susceptible of settlement, till the unfortunate operatives are made to yield by the pangs of hunger.

He gives a harrowing picture of the miseries of the operatives during the latest of these strikes—ended in the usual way only last week; and denounces bitterly the work of the A. P. A. in local politics, which obliges the Catholics to solidify and sink all other issues in the supreme one of maintaining their citizen rights.

He sums up the evils of the miniature divided Christendom of Fall River in "religious division no longer merely resulting in religious disaster, but effecting public calamity."

What is the remedy? "A united Church," says Mr. Hale. He does not seem to insist on doctrinal unity; although apparently he realizes that short of this, united work for the betterment of the oppressed wage-earner, temperance and other moral reforms, is difficult, if not impossible. The lesson of the Catholic unity which he freely concedes, is lost on him; though he declares, as a Catholic might—that "The Church was founded to stand as a type and a prophecy of what the race should be."

Catholic priests, Catholic people, while maintaining their own doctrine and discipline, which make their adherents only the better men and the better citizens, are perfectly willing to work with people of other creeds in philanthropy, political reform and the like.

But Mr. Hale himself testifies implicitly to the general Protestant dislike, suspicion and jealousy, which hinders such co-operation.

He admits that there must be one Church, but when he sees her he does not recognize her, nor realize that to effect religious unity she must rejoin the main body.—Boston Pilot.

MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA.

BY LADY CLARE FELDING.

In the midst of the weariness and discouragement of much of our work for souls at home, with its constant leakage undermining our best efforts, and its almost fruitless struggle against indifference and neglect, it is refreshing and invigorating to turn to an account of magnificent achievement and splendid promise such as I now crave your permission to lay before you. In the following sketch of missionary labor in China, thank to the kindness of Mr. Berkeley, of Spetchley Park, I have been written from time to time by his daughter, who, for some years past, has been working as a Sister of Charity on the Chinese mission, first at Kiu Kiang, and latterly at Ning-po; and it is from these letters, written in spare moments snatched from the care of her sick in the hospital and amid the lurchings and rollings of a punt during some of her many expeditions to the shores of the neighboring lake or on the banks of the rivers which intersect the country that these extracts have been taken. The convent at Ning-poo, the oldest in China, having been founded in 1847, and besides the large Orphanage of the Holy Childhood, which is under their management, the Sisters have charge of a native hospital and have lately established a school of art embroidery for girls and women. The Holy Childhood is, of course, the principal work. "The children," writes Sister Berkeley, "are brought to us often when only a few hours old, usually because parents are too poor to rear them, and do not quite care to kill them, a very common practice in China, especially where there are too many girls in a family. One woman was here the other day who had killed five of her children. We put the mites out with nurses for two or three years, and then bring them into the house where they are kept until marriageable age. Many of them marry the

boys who are brought up by the Jesuit Fathers and taught a trade in their schools, and who, when they want a wife, come to the Sister Superior, who brings out two or three of her most promising girls to choose from. It is for the benefit of these girls as well as for the employment of the poor Chinese women by whom they are surrounded and with whom they are thus brought into contact, that the Sisters have opened the work rooms and established the school of embroidery. The extraordinary imitative skill of the Chinese makes it easy for them to copy the and their reproductions of old Italian embroideries as well as their modern work are beyond all praise, whilst the prices asked are beyond all comparison lower than those demanded by European workers. But the Sisters' work is not inside the walls of their convent and orphanage but in the crowded streets of the native town and in the wretched villages of the surrounding country—wherever, in fact, there are souls to be saved or deeds of charity to be done. Taking a couple of native Christian women with them to serve as interpreters and assistants they make long expeditions in boats up the rivers, landing at the different villages, where they speedily make friends with the villagers, prescribe for their ailments, and baptize the dying children.

The people usually receive us with open arms, have blind faith in our medical abilities, and all crowd around proclaiming their various maladies, and expect an almost instantaneous cure. Meanwhile our women hunt through the village to make sure that no sick or dying baby has been left thrown in some corner or hidden away. Over three thousand babies have received baptism in this way before death during the last year. Happy little mites! It is strange how often Providence makes us arrive just in time to save the children's souls. Over and over again apparent chance leads us to some out-of-the-way nook to find a child, dressed out in its smartest clothes, according to the Chinese fashion, simply waiting, as it would seem, to die until the waters of baptism had flowed over its head. These simple, quiet country folk are not the least like the turbulent race on the Yangtze river, and the disturbances of two or three years ago seem to have done more good than harm among the better class of people here. The Bishop has just been making an eight months' visitation through the vicariates with the most satisfactory results. On all sides catechumens are begging for instruction, and in places where there was formerly not a single Christian, or where no priest has ever set foot, the people are coming in by the hundreds, and in real earnest too. In order to become Christians they have to give up many customs very dear to every Chinaman's heart and suffer a certain amount from their neighbors. Even the priests do not, on principle, make it easy for them, so as to ensure having converts with sufficient stuff in them to stand persecution, and they are put through really severe ordeals before they are admitted to baptism. The priests are so few that they can only visit their scattered flocks about once a year, and the catechists have sometimes five or six villages to look after. In a day's journey a catechist is alone at the head of two thousand catechumens instructing, gathering them together on Sundays, praying, preaching, etc. On the four great feasts all the people go up to the principal church of their district, often several days journey; the father of the family walking with a pole across his shoulders and a baby balancing in a basket at each end, the mother and the elder children following. The catechumens stop for a few weeks to study, and the rest return home after the feast; in the same fashion. As many of the national customs as possible are Christianized, ancestor worship, for instance, being turned into devotion to the souls in Purgatory, but it is the superstitious and diabolic practices which prevail that render it so difficult. Much of the national religion consists in propitiating the infernal spirits, and no wonder the people are so afraid of the devil. He has most extraordinary power over here. One bonze refused to believe in the power of an old witch and declared that being then in perfect health, if he were struck with a sudden headache he would no longer be incredulous. "Not only shall you have a headache," said the old lady, "but you shall vomit blood by basin fulls. Master, master, come!" Hardly had she pronounced these words when the unfortunate bonze began to do as she said. Among the number of witnesses was a catechumen. "In the name of the Father and of the Son, etc.," began the honest fellow, and instantly, lost all power. At present, however, we can only be full of thankfulness, for people are crowding into the Church, all drawing in one another or rather being drawn in by a most wonderful grace. It is striking to see thousands clamoring for instruction, and that with scarcely a Christian among them to tell them what Christianity means. In one town where formally there was hardly a Christian, over 3,000 are studying, in another 700 have destroyed their idols and are inscribed as catechumens—and this without the seeking and preaching that has to be carried on in most pagan countries. Where the faith is spreading fastest is in districts where missionaries now dead had spent their lives in most ungrateful toil without any apparent result. They failed on earth, but in heaven are succeeding right well.

Sometimes there are striking examples of how thoroughly in earnest the people are. One pagan man who acts as a schoolmaster and doctor on a small island off the coast went on a visit to a neighboring island when he came across a Christian catechist, and after a time became a catechumen. Shortly afterwards he had a terrible trial. His eldest son was killed in a quarrel. In China the eldest son, the *do* as he is called, is the idol and hope of the entire family, and all his neighbors urged the unfortunate father to avenge himself in the customary way by ruining the family of the murderer and knocking down his house. But the man refused. He was a Christian, he said, and would not seek vengeance. He would leave the matter in God's hands. A few days after the eldest son of the murderer was killed by an accident; soon afterwards his second son met with the same fate, and his third and last son was brought to death's door by a violent fever. The schoolmaster doctor was asked if he would come and try to save the only remaining son of his enemy. "Of course," he replied, "I will come and cure him." And so he did. The pagans are so astonished at this conduct that nearly the whole island has become Christian, and our friend the school-master has just arrived here for final instructions before baptism. But the cry on all sides is for priests. The catechists are doing wonders; but what can this mere handful of priests—nineteen all told—do when the catechumens alone number between five and nine hundred. Each man is doing the work of five, but death is busy among them. One received extreme unction to-day, and three or four more seem to have one foot in the grave, but still remain at their posts. They always have been prepared for death, as a confessor will often have several days' journey before he can reach a sick priest. Mr. Birzai died the other day with his Christians round him, suggesting the ejaculations he had generally used when attending their dying friends. Mgr. Renvaud, the Bishop, does not know which way to turn to meet the calls made upon him and priests on all sides, and would welcome any who would come to his assistance. It is a glorious work for those who hunger and thirst after souls; they have but to come to and gather in the harvest now that others sowed long since in sufferings and disappointments of every description.

On His Own Death.

FROM THE LATIN OF THE HOLY FATHER.

The setting sun at this time of day, On thee, O Leo, sheds its parting ray. Within thy withered veins, thy wasted frame, Slow, slow burns downward life's expiring flame. Death's arrow flies, the funeral veil enfolds The cold remains, the grave her conquest holds. But swift the parting soul, her letters written, Spreads her free wings and seeks her native heaven. Thy long and toilsome road, has reached its end. Thy Holy Will, my Saviour, I attend; And, if so great a grace Thou canst accord, Receive my spirit in Thy kingdom, Lord.

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LUCIFERIANISM—FREE-MASONRY.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Luciferianism recruits itself almost exclusively from the ranks of Freemasons of the highest degrees. Freemasonry seeks its recruits only among the better classes, who can afford to pay liberally for initiations and assessments and give prestige to the order. It cares little for political opinions of its members, except where it endeavors to give politics a certain direction—as, for instance, in France, towards radical republicanism. The proof of this is the fact that Adrian Lemmi, the present Supreme Political and Dogmatical Head, is a condemned criminal, in having been condemned to one year and one day in prison with hard labor and five years of police surveillance for theft committed in Marseilles, France, in 1848. Still less does it care for moral worth, although in its constitution, rituals, and initiatory addresses it talks constantly of virtue, morality, honor, etc. In regard to religious opinions, they are not very particular, but Catholics they always mistrust. However, the whole system of initiations, association and trend of thought and discussion is sure to destroy gradually but surely every vestige of Christianity among its members. Those who continue to adhere somewhat to Christianity are certain not to advance far in the order.

Having found a desirable individual, they use every means in their power to entice him into their ranks. Solicitations, opportune and inopportune; threats; promises of support and advancement in business and politics; honors, social pleasures; the deep, great mysteries; prospects of liberty of thought and action; friendships, etc., etc.; all these are made use of according to circumstances and the dispositions of prospective recruits. Catholics are told that, far from being anti-Catholic, Freemasonry does not interfere with religious convictions of its members, but holds the same principles—so much so that even Popes have given them their paternal benediction; and that the order has its best points from the Jesuits, who only turned against the order when they saw that they could not control it at will.

The initiation ceremonies, questions and addresses of the lower degrees are so arranged that good-natured candidates can scarcely notice or suspect any anti-Christian tendency. Only as they advance they hear more and more about the superstition, usurpation and tyranny of the Church. This attack on the principles of Christianity is so covered and yet so continual and systematically progressive that candidates who still hold Christian views are gradually, perhaps imperceptibly, led away from them. The measure of success in this direction forms the basis for promotion to higher degrees. If the candidates are docile they will gradually rise to the highest degree and receive corresponding revelations of their secrets; if not, they will not advance. Only when they have a candidate whom they consider as useful to give power and prestige to the order, on account of his social standing or position, but whom they do not trust, they give him the degrees, even the highest, but not the real secrets. For such they even have a sign—a ring—by which the really initiated, the perfect, can see at once that the wearer of the ring is only a High Mason in appearance, not in knowledge.

A perusal of the initiation ceremonies, as given in Taxil's Les Evreux Trois Points, will prove this conclusively. But a detailed account would take a volume. Instead of a few newspaper columns. Hence, the salient features of initiations to one or two degrees can only be given, showing not only this anti-Christian tendency, but also the incredible barbarity and foolishness of many of the trials which new candidates have to undergo.

Taxil gives the description of his own initiation to the first degree of Apprentice in the French Rite. "The place was The Temple of the Friends of French Honor. After preliminaries had been settled, I was led into the library of the Grand Orient. From there I was conducted into the room of reflection—a small, dark compartment, with black walls decorated with skeletons, skulls, cross bones and awful inscriptions. One small jet of gas gave a dim light—just enough to show a small table and a stool. On the wall against which the table stood a rooster and an hour-glass were painted with the words Vigilance-Perseverance under them. On the table are a skull and cross-bones, an inkstand, pen and a sheet of paper with these questions on the top and space for answers below:

"What are man's duties towards his country?" "What are man's duties towards himself?" "What are man's duties towards his like?" "Then follows a thick black line, and under it the word TESTAMENT in large capitals and a blank space below. My guide said to me: 'Soon you will pass into a new life. Sit down there, answer those questions and make your will.' Simple minded, impressionable people are taken into a room with inscriptions and mechanisms for all kinds of terrifying, blood-and-thunder scenes. For instance, a head, apparently recently cut off, is placed on a table covered with a white bloody cloth. A hidden voice exclaims: 'Tremble, you profane! You see the head of a perjured brother. Thus we punish traitors.' But candidates of a wide awake nature are not subjected to these silly scenes, because

they could not be hood-winked by them. While the candidate is busy answering the questions and making his will, the brothers are busy in the lodge-room with blue hangings (red in the Scotch Rite). The Temple is a large oblong square, the sides of which bear the names of the four cardinal points. On either side of the entrance is a Corinthian column, the capitals of which are decorated with these greaves each: On the top of the right-hand column is the letter B; on the left hand one J. Before the right-hand column is a triangular desk for the first Inspector; before the other a similar one for the second Inspector. These officers have a hammer in their hands. In the middle of the room, on the floor, is a painted sheet, called the painting of the lodge, which is held in the highest honor. This represents the steps of a ladder; the columns B and J, the same as at the entrance; at its top an open compass, with points turned upwards; on the left of the column J is a rough stone; on the right of column B a cube stone surmounted by a pyramid; on the top of column J is a plumb-line; on the column B a level; below the rough stone a mallet and chisel crossed; below the cube stone a grated window; in the middle of the upper part of the canvas is a square surmounted by a second grated window; above the cube stone is a third grated window; above the rough stone is a parallelogram containing the secret alphabet of the symbolic degrees; on the very top to the right is a radiant sun with a face, and on the opposite side the moon, surrounded by clouds, with stars scattered here and there. The whole is surrounded by heavy cord, having seven double knots and two drops at the end.

"At the end of the room opposite the entrance is a platform elevated three steps above the floor and enclosed by a railing. This is the Orient, or East. On this platform four steps higher on another smaller platform is the Altar or desk of the Venerable President, whose seat is called the throne. Above it is a dais of blue silk, decorated with silver stars and fringes of gold. At the back of this dais is a triangular transparency, the Sacred Delta, in the centre of which is the Hebrew name of Jehovah. On the left of the dais is another transparency representing the sun; on the right another representing the moon. The desk, or altar, is covered with a blue cloth, with gold fringes. On it is placed a square, a mallet, a compass, a sword, bent zig-zag, called Flanboyant—a symbol of the Grand Master's power; the constitution, the ritual and a chandelier with three branches. The standard of the lodge is also erected on the Oriental wall.

"On the platform, near the railing, are the desks of the Speaker (to the right, or south) and the Secretary (to the left, or north). Below the Speaker, outside the railing, sits the Treasurer; below the Secretary the Almoner, or Hospitalier. Beside the columns at the entrance there are ten others all along the walls. The frieze over the columns is decorated with a cordon, having twelve knots ending in two tassels on the columns B and J near the door. The ceiling is vaulted and scattered with stars, representing the heavens; from above the platform on the ceiling spring three rays, representing the sun rise. On either side of the room are several rows of benches. The right side is called the column of the South, the left the column of the North. The Apprentices are stationed on the north, the Companions on the south, the Masters on either side. On the Orient side are two circular benches for Masters of high degree and visitors of distinction. Before the Hospitalier is a folding chair for the Grand Expert, and another before the Treasurer for the Master of Ceremonies. Two Experts are near the Inspectors. The Guard is near the entrance.

"The vestibule of the lodge is called Lost Footsteps. A brother is on duty. Here is the register, in which the members enter their names on the left and visitors on the right hand page. The Apprentices wear a white leather apron with drawn up bib. The Companions wear the same apron with bib hanging down. The Masters' apron is of white satin, with blue borders and black lining; they have also a blue cord worn like a scarf from right to left, at the end of which the Jewel, a compass and square crossed. Each degree has its own distinctive Jewel.

"At the hour fixed for opening the meeting the Venerable requests all to take their respective places, and gives one stroke with the gavel; the two Inspectors repeat it. Silence prevails. The Guard closes the door; everybody stands in his place. On the benches are toy swords.

"After a long, tedious series of opening ceremonies, the reading and adopting of minutes of the last meeting, the meeting is open for visiting brothers, who are introduced with another interminable string of ceremonies. Then the merits of new candidates are discussed at length, and his answers to the questions proposed to him, with his will, are brought in. "The Terrible Brother is sent out to prepare the candidate. He takes from the candidate his hat, his coat, and left shoe, for which he receives a slipper. His pantaloons are turned up to the knee on the right, his left arm and breast are bared, and then he is blind-folded by means of a mask without eye holes. In the lodges that adhere strictly to the letter of ancient traditions the candidate is stripped entirely. Thus prepared, the candidate is quickly turned awhile and then led through a labyrinth into the room of the lost steps. There he is pushed against the lodge door two or three times. The Guard quickly opens the

door, and, placing the point of his sword on the breast of the candidate, asks loudly: Who is this audacious man that dares to disturb our work? The Terrible Brother guiding the candidate answers that there is no danger, but that the disturber desires to receive light in our lodge. The door is closed, and a long ceremony of questions and answers, etc., gone through inside. Finally the candidate is led in. With the point of the sword again on his breast he is asked: What do you see? Answer: My eyes are covered, but I feel the point of a weapon on my breast. The Grand Master: Sir, this steel, always raised to strike the perjurer, is the symbol of remorse that will tear your heart if you should turn traitor to the society which you desire to enter. Pause. Grand Master: Sir, the qualities which are required for admission are: The most open sincerity, absolute docility, and constancy above every trial. Then he is minutely examined regarding his business, antecedents, motives, intentions, etc., also about the answers he gave to the three questions in the ante-room and about his will. If the candidate does not answer to the point, the Venerable G. M. makes his explanatory remarks. Then he asks: You have to undergo terrible trials. Have you the courage to brave all the dangers awaiting you? Yes (If no, the initiation is not proceeded with.) The G. M.: Terrible Brother, take this profane out of the temple; lead him all over where every mortal must pass who desires to know our secrets. The candidate is seized, turned about himself, let into the room of the lost footsteps. There he is again turned violently—led back to the open door of the temple. A little inside the door is a large frame filled with stiff paper—something like a hoop in a circus to jump through. The G. M.: Introduce the profane into the cavern! Two strong brothers seize the candidate and hurl him on the matress; the door closes noisily and a noise made as if it were heavily barred several times. Silence. A heavy stroke of the G. M.'s mallet; he says: Raise the profane; bring him to the second Inspector and make him kneel. Then a long, pious prayer is addressed to the Grand Architect of the Universe. All answer Amen!

"G. M.: Do you still persist? Answer: Yes. G. M.: Then give your hand to your unknown guide. He is led towards the middle of the room and subjected to a new examination regarding moral principles, after having been given a seat on a stool bristling with nails and lame in the legs. See here some of the questions: What is ignorance, stubbornness, fanaticism, superstition, error, prejudice, a lie, passion, manners, morals, morality, law, virtue, honor, barbarism, vice, hypocrisy? The Grand Master, having received the candidate's answers, makes a long dissertation on each of the questions as answered. And in these explanations the cloven foot can easily be detected by any one who has judgment. See, for example, what the Grand Master has to say about fanaticism and superstition: Fanaticism is a foolish religion, a sacred error; a religious exaltation perverting reason and urging on to damnable actions under the plea of pleasing God. We say: Fury of fanaticism. This is a moral turpitude, a mental disease that is contagious. Fanaticism, once rooted in a people, takes the character and authority of a principle, in the name of which its furious partisans have caused thousands of innocent people to perish in their anti-dia-fes (trials of heretics, etc., in Spain). Let us combat blind religious fanaticism. Superstition is a false cult—a cult ill understood, full of vain terrors, against reason and common sense. Superstition is the religion of the ignorant, the timorous, who do not dare to throw off the yoke of habit. Most religions are superstitions, born of fear and leading to fanaticism. Superstition and fanaticism are the two greatest enemies of people's happiness. A stupid Christian may see nothing wrong in this. But knowing, as we do, that Freemasons are continually erying out against the Church as superstitious, fanatical, etc., etc., the tendency of such explanations is clear to those who wish and can see.

"This long examination and instruction ended, the candidate is repeatedly asked whether he still desires to become a Mason. Then he is required to swear. He receives a cup with two compartments, turning on a pivot. One side of the cup contains water, the other a very bitter mixture. The Grand Master: Profane, repeat the oath: 'I bind myself upon my honor to observe the most absolute silence regarding all the trials which I have to undergo (he is made to drink of the pure water in the cup); and if I ever violate my oath I consent that the sweetness of this drink become bitter and deadly poison to me' (he is made to drink of the cup turned around, and of course gets a gulp of the bitter mixture); and if I ever violate my oath I consent that the sweetness of this drink become bitter and deadly poison to me' (he is made to drink of the cup turned around, and of course gets a gulp of the bitter mixture). The candidate is rudely pushed into a kind of a rocking chair. After a few minutes of deep silence the Grand Master commands that the candidate be led to his first journey if he still persists in advancing. He is led around the room—first slowly—then quick—pushed—jostled—over all kinds of obstructions, under imaginary vaults, etc., over balls, traps, over a saw, etc., etc. Then

he is made to climb the endless ladder, consisting of two parts, both movable up and down, so that, while climbing the one going down, the other is raised alternately. He climbs and climbs until he is worn out; but still he must climb. At last, completely exhausted, he is told that he is 1500 metres above the sea level, and commanded to leap into space. If he hesitates he is thrown down and falls on the matress that was under the paper frame.

"Then sheet-iron cylinders, containing fine gravel, turning on their axes, other cylinders rubbing against stretched silk, an immense sheet-iron plate on the ceiling, etc., etc., brought into motion by hand, are used to imitate storm, hail, and thunder and lightning. At the same time the members moan, cry, shriek, stamp and use every means in their power to create unearthly noises. Then the candidate is given a strong electric shock from a Lyden's jar and receives also a good mallet stroke from the Second Inspector on his breast. This is the first journey. New examination, further instructions of a similar kind and about a Supreme Being, Deism, etc., follow. Then begins the second journey around the hall, while the members strike their swords against each other. No obstructions or trials are connected with this. Another examination and sermons, a third journey around the room without obstructions. Then the candidate receives three light satire strokes on his shoulder from the Grand Master, and is ordered to go through the purifying flames produced by some tricky mechanism. Another sermon. Now he is asked to allow himself to be bled, to prove that he is ready to shed his last drop of blood if so commanded. His arm is scratched with a tooth-pick or pin, and a slight stream of tepid water is slowly poured on the arm, runs around it and drops into a vessel held below. Then the arm is bandaged and hung in a sling to his neck. Still another trial—to be sealed with a red-hot iron seal on the face of the body indicated by the Grand Master. This is done with the hot end of a lighted candle or the foot of a small heated glass, etc. Now, to show his charitable spirit, he is required to contribute a gift to a poor widow with a lot of orphans. There is, of course, no widow or orphans who receive this; neither do they ever receive what the candidates are obliged to contribute for that purpose, according to statute (10 francs in Taxil's case).

"Then new questions from any and everybody at will—and some most silly ones. The candidate is led out again to give the members a chance to discuss his reception. Now he is reintroduced, taught to make the final steps of an Apprentice, and then led to the Grand Master. He receives a weapon with one point touching his breast near the heart, places his right hand on the statutes of the order lying on the altar, having a square and sword on it. Now he is required to repeat the oath: 'I swear and promise before the Grand Architect of the Universe and by this sword, symbol of honor, to keep inviolate all the secrets which shall be made known to me by this lodge, as well as everything I have seen and heard therein, and never to write about them without its express permission. I promise and swear to love my brothers and to help them according to my means. I further swear to conform to the general statutes of Freemasonry and to the particular regulations of this lodge. I consent to have my throat cut if I should ever be guilty of betraying the order by revealing its secrets.'

"Then the members surround the candidate, pointing their swords as close to his breast as possible. Being asked, the Inspector answers that the candidate wants to see the light. 'Let there be light,' says the Grand Master. He gives three slow strokes with his mallet. The bandage is taken from the eyes of the candidate, and at the same moment, by means of a chemical preparation, a glaring flash is produced right before him.

"New instructions: repetition of the oath made on his knees, with this addition: 'I swear to obey the chiefs of the order in everything they command me in conformity and not opposed to our secret laws.' Another sermon, embracing and fraternal kisses. Now the candidate receives Masonic dresses, emblems, etc., with another dose of instruction for each, and afterwards the signs, passwords, etc., with long explanations of their meaning; is shown his place in the hall; receives and puts on his own clothes. Another long sermon on the earth, air, water, fire. Another long prayer to the Architect of the Universe; some more ceremonies, and the ordeal is at last over. The new Apprentice can go and learn his Catechism of signs, steps, passwords, etc., necessary in and out of meetings. This is given him before he leaves."

EMILIA.—In the last article on this subject it was stated that Berne was the place of residence of Adrian Lemmi. It should have read Rome (Italy).

A cup of muddy coffee is not wholesome, neither is a bottle of muddy medicine. One way to know a reliable and skillfully-prepared blood-purifier is by its freedom from sediment. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is always bright and sparkling, because it is an extract and not a decoction.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

The Maternity of the Blessed Virgin.

This maternity, or motherhood, is usually taken in one of two senses: first with regard to the glorious privilege by which she was selected to be the Mother of Him who was and is God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God, born of the Father before all ages; secondly, as referring to that gift of her made to us by her Divine Son on the cross, by which she became our Mother, and watches over and defends us with more than a mother's love.

But there is another sense still in which her maternity, or motherhood, may be taken. And this seems to be especially conveyed in the lesson read at Mass for this feast, the words of which are applied to the Blessed Virgin by the Church. "I am the mother," we read in this lesson, "of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope." By which it would seem, evidently, we are to understand that it is she who brings forth in our hearts those virtues of the love and fear of God, of hope in Him, and of the knowledge of His will. And if we read still further, we shall find even more.

"In me," the lesson continues, "is all grace of the way and the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue." Now, our Lord expressly tells us that He Himself is the way, the truth and the life; if, then, indeed, it is true that our Blessed Lady is all grace of the way and of the truth, and all hope of life, it would seem the same thing to say what some of the saints have said of her, that all the graces of our Lord, who is the way, the truth and the life, are distributed to us through His Blessed Mother, who thus becomes really the mother of grace in us; and that not only the virtues named, but also all others, come to us by her intercession.

But however this may be, it is very certain that the Church does wish us to understand, at this feast and at all times, that devotion to the Blessed Virgin is not merely an ornament to the Christian religion, but that it enters into its very substance. We should not have had our Lord Himself, except by means of His Blessed Mother. As her co-operation in the work of our redemption was absolutely indispensable, so we may safely say that her co-operation is practically indispensable in the application of the fruits of that redemption to our souls. Practically, we should not have the superabundant graces which we actually have, and by means of which we are saved, did she not by her loving intercession obtain them for us. No doubt we should have enough in any case by which to be saved if our will is good enough to make use of them. God loves us, and will save us; but the fact is that, though His goodness and love for us is unbounded, He has chosen to put a great deal of the richness of His treasures in the hands of His our Mother, that she may give to them liberally to those that ask.

How foolish, then, should we be if we should put aside devotion to the Blessed Mother of God as something for which we have no special attraction; which is, no doubt, profitable to others, but without which we can get along very well. "No man," says our Lord, "cometh to the Father but by Me;" and though we cannot say with truth that no man cometh to our Lord except by His Holy Mother, since He is, no doubt, always ready to receive all that seek Him in any way, still there can be little question that the way He prefers we should come to Him is in her company, and that those who seek Him in this way get nearer to Him than any others.

It is, indeed, true that our Blessed Mother will pray for us and try to bring us to her Son, even if we do not ask her, and that we receive many graces unawares for which we have her to thank; but it is equally true that we shall receive many more if we make ourselves her loving and devoted children; nay, even so many more that our salvation will be practically secure.

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TRUE TO THE END.

CHAPTER IV.

William O'Donnell's nature was one of those calm and trustful ones which are not easily disturbed. He said nothing to Ellen of what had passed, not even when she told him of the stormy scene she had had with Richard a few days after her engagement. He had insisted she should break it off, and accept him in Frank's stead; and treated her declaration of affection for Frank with such contempt that Ellen, thoroughly roused, had given him what she called "a good setting down"; since which time he had not molested her, nor did he appear on the scene again. As the months fled by his visits to the family were brief and rare, and he never entered the O'Donnell's house. Neither did he appear, like the hero of a sensational novel, looming darkly in the distance on the wedding day. The wedding took place quietly and happily in the old white-washed village, chapel, where Ellen and Frank had been baptized and made their first Communion. The wedding-feast was gay and merry, and though Margaret Murphy's heart strings were rent when she parted from her child and companion, her sorrow was a happy one, and she felt that her heart's desire was fulfilled. The newly-married pair took up their abode in Dublin, and seemed to enjoy as fair a share of happiness as often falls to the lot of mortals. Willie was made priest just in time to enable him to baptize their first-born son, and in the course of a few years various little brothers and sisters claimed the same office from his hands.

He was stationed in Dublin, in the midst of a dense and poor population. His church was not a pretty one, with Gothic arches, and stained windows, and beautiful ornaments; it had been roughly built in troublous times, and bore many marks of age; and it was so incessantly filled by a dense mass of poor, that it could never be very clean. Here he patiently labored among his people all day, and often with the sick half the night. Here, though he was little known and little thought of, he did the work of an apostle, and lived the life of a saint. Ellen seldom saw him, his church was too distant for her to frequent it often; sometimes she and Frank gave themselves the treat of going to hear him preach, and listened to one of the short, simple sermons that he was wont to deliver; a sermon with little natural eloquence, but given with such earnestness, coming so evidently from the heart, that it went insensibly home to the souls of the listeners, and bore its fruit. Now and again he gave himself an hour's recreation, and spent it with his sister and brother and their children. And happy indeed were the little ones as they climbed on his knee and nestled on his breast, for he had that great natural attraction for children which they always instinctively understand, and enjoy accordingly. But he could seldom spare the time, and almost the only trouble Ellen had was to see him, as she thought, wearing himself out. He sat long hours in the close confessional, listening to the sorrows and the sins of a miserable crowd, generally squalid, diseased, and dirty, but with whom for a flock he was well contented. She feared to see him cut off before his time by hard work, but had she been able to look into the future she would have known that a sharper death was to be his lot.

CHAPTER V.

For some years Richard Dunne never crossed the path of his early companions. Frank was a clerk in the same banking-house, but their departments were different, and they rarely even saw each other at a distance. When Frank had been married about five years, one of the partners of the house died suddenly—a piece of great good fortune for Richard, who at once became junior partner. Now Frank did come in contact with him, and always was treated by him with great civility; he asked after Ellen, and soon after came to call. His visit was repeated, and various little attentions, in the shape of presents to the children, were sent from time to time. Frank was pleased, and pronounced him to be a very good fellow. Ellen shrank back, wished he would not come, and felt much inclined to put his presents for the children into the fire. When her husband reasoned with her about it, and wanted to know why she could not let by-gones be by-gones, she had only a woman's answer to give, i. e., that she didn't know. Her instinct bade her be on her guard, but she could not put her reason into words. Willie never happened to meet him at his sister's house, but once he had occasion to intercede for one of the servants belonging to the bank, who had been dismissed for some trifling offence. He wrote courteously to Richard, and received a most civil reply, granting his request. It was not long afterward that on entering Ellen's house, Willie one day found Richard seated in her drawing-room, playing with two of the children, who were delighted with a packet of magnificent toys, which the kind visitor had brought with him. They ran eagerly forward to show them to their uncle. As he stooped to caress them, Ellen, who happened to look at Richard, saw an expression of either intense anger or pain pass over his features; it was gone in an instant, and Ellen thought her eyes must have deceived her, as she witnessed the cordial greeting which Richard accorded to her brother. After a short conversation on desultory subjects, Richard took his leave, the children ran off to show their

treasures in the nursery, and Willie administered one of his gentle scoldings, as Ellen called them, to his sister, for a strong outburst of dislike and distrust of Richard in which she indulged when they were alone. She promised faithfully she would try and get rid of the feeling, which she owned had no real foundation to rest upon. While they were talking over the matter, Frank burst in with radiant face to tell his wife that he had been called into the partners' private room and informed that they were about to promote him to the post of second confidential clerk, with nearly double his present salary. They did this at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Richard Dunne. "Is not he a glorious fellow?" continued Frank, "so truly generous! We were rivals, and I was successful; and if he had entertained a grudge against me, small blame to him; but to be such a friend as this, to heap benefits upon us, is so truly noble!" Ellen was shedding tears. "Yes, I am ashamed of myself," she said; "I will never have another unkind thought about him. May God bless him and reward him for his goodness, and make him happy!" "And so he is going to be," cried Frank. "He's going to be married himself. So, you see, you didn't quite break his heart, Nellie, after all."

"To be married!" exclaimed Ellen. "Who is the lady?" "I don't know, Mrs. Curious," returned her husband. "He told me as a secret, only to be confided to us three. I would rather not mention her name, Frank," he said, "but I believe I have won as great a prize as you have, and I am indeed a happy man."

"Thank God!" said Willie fervently, as he rose to leave. "I must be going now."

And the united entreaties of brother and sister that he would stay and dine could not prevail on him to leave his sick people and his night-school. They could do nothing more than exact a promise that he would come the following day and talk over the good news. From that day forward Richard Dunne found a marked difference in Ellen's manner towards him; he was welcomed with real cordiality, and her nature was so naturally trustful that when she had once taken him into her good graces, no further suspicion ever crossed her mind. And Frank was so happy! Not only did the increase of income lessen his cares, but the employment was more congenial to him; he felt himself of use and value to his employers; his work was no longer mere dry mechanism; he was required to think and to judge, to be in his employer's confidence, and to know some of the wheels within wheels on which the business of the firm turned.

And so the months flew on. There was a pleasant visit paid to the home of Frank and Ellen's childhood, where Margaret delighted to hear the voices and watch the gambols of her children's children. Then the party returned to town, and soon the winter drew on, with its short days and dull leaden skies. Ellen was not very well, and had to keep much at home, and rest on the sofa, while her fingers, which could never bear to be idle, employed themselves on sundry tiny articles of wearing apparel.

One day Frank came home, looking pale, worn and harassed. After a hasty kiss to his wife, he went to a writing table, containing various drawers, kept expressly for his own use, and made an eager search among his papers. "Have you lost anything, Frank?" asked his wife presently. "I am come and look, dear; you know I always find your things."

"I can't have you tiring yourself and getting yourself ill," said Frank, in a tone of such objection that Ellen was instantly at his side. "What is it, dearest; what am I to look for?" To her intense surprise, Frank, instead of answering, flung down the mass of papers he was examining, let his head fall on the desk, burst into tears and sobbed aloud. Ellen had one moment of sobbed silence, and then, like a true woman, the sight of his grief gave her courage. Gradually she drew the truth from him. A bundle of notes had been lost, which had been given to him to pay into an account at another banking-house in the city. He had, he was certain, placed them in his pocket-book, buttoned it up in an inside pocket of his coat, and was preparing to go out, when Richard Dunne came in with a bundle of letters requiring answering and consultation. When Frank stated the business he had in hand, Richard bade him "never mind it" for that day; but lock the notes up in his private drawer at the banking-house. This he had done, he was positive he had done it; he had stayed talking over matters with Richard till long after the bank had closed. The next morning on looking in his private drawer for the notes, they were not there. The lock had not been picked, nor was there a single paper in the drawer disturbed; it was impossible it could be the work of a robber. The only solution of the mystery was that he had not put the notes into the drawer, but had, in the hurry of talking, thrust them into his pocket. Frank, however, felt certain, and maintained that he had put them in. He remembered every circumstance; he had taken them out of his pocket, placed them in a thick, blue envelope, put them in the drawer underneath an old red pocket-book containing some papers, and then locked the drawer with his own key and put the bunch of keys into his pocket.

"And Frank, darling," said his

wife when the story had been told, "what were the numbers of the notes? Cannot they be stopped?" "O Nellie! that is the worst. I did not put them down. I ought to have done so; it was an act of great negligence on my part anyhow, and now that they are lost it tells terribly against me."

"Tis against you, my dearest Frank? You don't mean to imagine that for one instant you are suspected?" "Ah, Ellen! you don't know how soon a man's reputation may be gone in business life. Suspicious circumstances, unproved guilt, are often as ruinous as if one had been condemned by a jury."

"What do the partners say?" said Ellen, swallowing down the sobs that were rising in her throat. "They are kind," said Frank, "I can't say they are not; but of course it is an uncomfortable state of things. Richard, indeed, is most kind; blames himself so bitterly for having hindered my going to the bank yesterday. We are waiting now to find out the number of the notes. Mr. Brown will know them; he went to Cork, you know, two days ago; we have telegraphed to him."

"Mr. Brown? that is the clerk above you?" "Yes," said Frank, sighing; "and the only one above me, until now. Ellen, unless this matter is cleared up, I shall certainly be sent back to my old place in the bank!" "I don't think Richard Dunne will allow that," answered his wife. "Perhaps not," said Frank wearily, "but it will be entirely through his influence if it does not happen; my only hope is in him."

And now, Frank dearest, come and dress, and then have some dinner; you will feel better and more hopeful afterwards; and we will have a good hunt over all our papers, and be able to look the matter calmly in the face. Let us put our trust in God, dearest," murmured his wife, leaning over him and kissing his hot dusty forehead. "He has been good to us all our lives, and if it is His will to try us, must we not be content?"

"My precious wife, my life's comfort!" was Frank's reply, as he folded her in his arms.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE WARD.

A True Story.

(FROM THE MONTH.)

III.—CONTINUED.

At last after what seemed an age of waiting (though in reality it was scarcely twenty minutes), I heard the welcome sound of the porter's key in the latch, and Father James stood before me. His hand was hidden within the breast of his coat, and something in the quiet gravity and dignity of his mien—usually so bright and cheery—told me at once that he had brought to the Holy Sacrament of his Church to the dying man; so I wasted no words, but in a low voice told him briefly the circumstances of the case, how I had only just discovered that the patient was a Catholic, and I feared he had a very short time to live, and so I hoped he would excuse my sending for him at such an hour.

"You did quite right," he answered, "take me up at once." As he spoke he gave a searching glance, but I said no more, not wishing at that moment to say anything about the footsteps, or how frightened I had been, and he followed me upstairs. I remember how he very considerably slipped off his shoes on the landing, so that he might not disturb the other patients, and walked noiselessly to the sick man.

The footsteps had accompanied us up the stairs, just as they had followed me down, but as the priest passed through the door of the ward they stopped! The sudden cessation of the strange monotonous sound that had followed me about all through the night struck upon my heart with a thrill almost as great as their hearing had occasioned, and for a moment the unexpected silence turned me sick and giddy. But I could not stay to think or wonder; the time was too precious, and indeed the scene before me soon occupied all my attention. Joe drew back as we approached, and I did not go up within earshot, so that what words passed between the two I could not tell, but I saw the poor dying fellow's face color near, and his two shaking hands grow out as if in supplication while Father James bent over him, and taking both hands in one of his own, made the sign of the Cross over him with the other, and then laid it in benediction on his head. Somehow or other the sign quite overcame me, and I knelt down by an empty bed and hid my face in my hands and cried. I saw Joe knelt too, and then for five or ten minutes there was silence, broken only by the low murmur of voices, and I knew he was making his confession. Then Father James stood up, and prepared to assist the sick man. He beckoned to me to come and help him, which he sometimes let me do; I never ventured to offer, but I was always very glad when he asked me, for there is a strange peace and solemnity about the ministrations of the priest at a Catholic death-bed which even in my most Protestant days, always touched and awed me, and at the same time brought comfort to my soul in a way I could not have explained. I have sometimes hoped and thought that it may be to the prayers of those who during many years I was able thus to assist at their last moments that I owe the grace of my conversion to the true faith. But

I am not writing my own history, and this is only by the way.

After the anointing was over Father James prepared to administer the Holy Communion, and I retired to a little distance and knelt down; I heard the solemn word of the *Ecce Agnus Dei*, and bowed my head, but at the whisper, thrice repeated *Domine, non sum dignus*, I ventured to look up. I saw a wonderful sight: the poor man's face seemed quite changed; the drawn haggard look was gone; that questioning, troubled gaze which had so distressed me, had given place to an expression of peace and joy that was beautiful to see. The tears were running slowly down his white cheeks, and his hands, now damp with the dew of death, were crossed upon his breast, and clasped a crucifix. The priest made me a sign to come and raise him slightly, and then I saw the look of love and tenderness and awe, with which he received his Lord. It was a scene never, never to be forgotten, and I felt that from that moment I was, in heart at least, a Catholic.

We laid him gently back on his pillow, and he lay quite still with his eyes shut, while the priest pronounced the final benediction, and I heard him try to whisper the Amen. But his strength was fast ebbing away, and he never spoke again. Father James put up his things and I went down to the door with him. As we stood in the hall I tried to tell him how glad I was he had been in time, but words seemed to fail me, and the kind old man looked at me rather anxiously. "Something has upset you, Sister, has it not?" he asked. "You were looking as white as a sheet when I came in, and now I could not stop then to talk, and now I see you are all of a tremble. Can I do anything for you?"

And then I took courage, and told him all about those mysterious footsteps, and how they had haunted and troubled me all night, and how they had suddenly ceased when he came in. "And Father," I added, "I can't help connecting them, somehow or other, with that poor soul upstairs."

He had listened to me intently, but without making any remark, and when I had finished, he still stood silent, as if considering something in his own mind. Then he turned to me with a grave sweet smile, and said: "Those steps will not trouble you any more, I think. God bless you, my child; you have done a good work this night; and raising his hand he touched me lightly on the head, and turned to go, and as the gaslight over the door shone on his face, I saw there were tears in his eyes.

He spoke truly; I have never heard those steps again, and as, an hour afterwards, I reverently laid out the dead body of my unknown patient, and saw the look of peace and happiness that still rested on his worn features, I felt that I had done a good work that night, and that God, in His mercy, would perhaps in return, remember me at the hour of my death.

I have written the story of that strange night as it happened; I do not attempt to explain it. Once, long years after, I referred to it when talking to Father James, who had received me into the Church, and who was always my fast friend, but he did not give me any encouragement, or follow up the subject at all. He only said: "Yes, it was very wonderful. You ought to thank God, my dear child, for having vouchsafed to make you His instrument in the salvation of a soul. And let it make you never forget that God's mercies are above all His works"; that, "His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts." Many a soul is carried by His holy angels from the gate of hell to the gate of heaven.

And with that I must be content till the time comes when all secrets shall be made known and all hearts shall be revealed, and I shall, I humbly hope, meet that soul in the light of glory before the throne of God.

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