

NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Narka was alone in her cell at St. Lazare. No one had been to see her. She had waited and watched all the day long.

Peaceable men don't like to carry weapons, but there are times when a weapon saves a man's life. Scissible people don't like to be at ways taking medicine; it is like flourishing fire-arms on every needless occasion.

When your constitution is over-taxed by worry or extra work, or weakened by an attack of indigestion or biliousness, or whenever your natural energies are not quite up to the mark and fail to respond to the demands upon them, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will meet the emergency promptly, and save you from dangerous or perhaps fatal illness.

It wards off disease by acting directly upon the vital organs where disease originates. It restores the liver's capacity to filter poisonous impurities out of the blood, and empowers the digestive organs to extract from the food those nourishing vitalizing elements which drive out disease germs, repair wasted tissues and build up healthy flesh and muscular force.

It is the most thoroughly scientific and effectual alternative remedy ever discovered in the whole history of medicine, and one of Dr. Pierce's most valuable contributions to *Modern Medicine* during his thirty years service as chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. A. I. Gibbs, of Russellville, Logan Co., Ky., writes: "I can heartily recommend your 'Golden Medical Discovery' to any one who is troubled with indigestion and torpid bowels."

Constipation is the commonest beginning and first cause of many serious diseases and it should always be treated with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets used in connection with the "Discovery." These are the most perfect natural laxatives and permanently cure.

SCHOOLS

During the coming School Term of 1907-8 we respectfully solicit the favor of your orders for the supply of Catholic Educational and other Text books, both in English and French, also, school stationery and school requisites.

SADLIER'S DOMINION SERIES.

- Sadlier's Dominion Reading Charts, 25 Reading Charts and one Chart of colors, mounted on 11 boards, size 2 1/2 by 3 1/2 inches. Sadlier's Dominion Speller, complete. Sadlier's Dominion First Reader, Part I. Sadlier's Dominion Second Reader. Sadlier's Dominion Third Reader. Sadlier's Dominion Fourth Reader. Sadlier's Outlines of Canadian History. Sadlier's Grandes Lignes de l'histoire du Canada. Sadlier's Outlines of English History. Sadlier's School History of England, with 3 colored maps. Sadlier's Ancient and Modern History, with illustrations and 23 colored maps. Sadlier's Edition of Butler's Catechism. Sadlier's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, Old Testament, Part I. Sadlier's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, New Testament, Part II. Sadlier's Catechism of Sacred History, large edition. Sadlier's Bible History (Schuster) Illustrated. Sadlier's Elementary Grammar, Blackboard Exercises. Sadlier's Edition of Grammaire Elementaire par Fr. Robert. Sadlier's Edition of Nuzeta's French and English, English and French Dictionary with pronunciation. Sadlier's (F. D. & S.) Copy Books, A. and B. with tracing.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.

CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS. 123 Church St., 1699 Notre Dame St. TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL, QUE.

O. LABELLE, MERCHANT TAILOR

372 Richmond Street. Good business suits from \$15 upwards. To suit goods and careful workmanship.

Concordia Vineyards SANDWICH, ONT.

ALTAR WINE A SPECIALTY

Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux. For prices and information address—

ERNEST GIRARDOT & CO SANDWICH, ONT.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS

PUREST BELL METAL (COPPER AND TIN). Send for Price and Catalogue.

PLUMBING WORK

In Operation, can be seen at our warehouses Dundas Street.

Smith Bros. Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers, LONDON, ONT.

FRENCH BORDEAUX CLARETS

Which will be sold at the lowest price.

JAMES WILSON, London, Ont.

Mustard - THAT'S - Mustard

Dunn's Mustard

MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE FROM RICH FLOWERS ENGLISH SEED SOLD IN 50c and 10c TINS. Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS 180 KING STREET The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day. Telephone—House 373; Factory 543.

where she was the central figure, she was not alone—Basil Zorokoff was by her side, he was whispering in her ear; every fibre of her heart was thrilling to what he whispered; she felt his breath upon her cheek, she felt the warm clasp of his arm round her. Ah! let fate do its worst upon her; with that arm clasping her she could never be wholly miserable. But suddenly the smile of rapture that trembled on her lips died away. What fool's paradise had she wandered into? She was in prison, and so perhaps was Basil, for all she knew. There was that box containing the articles in his hand-writing! If the writing should be traced! Narka shuddered, but quickly dismissing the horrible thought, she remembered that Basil was in France, and that his own government could not touch him, and the French police were not likely to be able to identify the writing of a Russian.

The great clock struck 5, and the profound stillness began to be broken by those sounds which announce, even in the prison, that the inmates are awakening to the activities of life. Warders came and went along the flagged passages, doors were opened and shut, the bell summoned the prisoners to the scant morning meal. Narka was not in the category of those who had to obey their food was brought to her. She was too faint and feverish to feel any appetite, but she knew that this was partly the effect of hunger, so she ate a few mouthfuls, and went back to her visions. The morning wore on. It was near noon, and she was still sitting on the edge of her bed, listless, tired, her mind strained between something like ecstasy and stupor, when the door of her cell opened, and some one pronounced her name. She started, stood straight up, and felt herself clasped in Sibil's arms.

"Basil?" she said, in a frightened whisper, and disengaging herself, she fixed her passionate, yearning eyes on Sibil.

"And you forgive me? You forgive us both?"

"Forgive you! My brave, generous Narka, what have I to forgive?" And Sibil kissed her again, tenderly, clingingly, and then she drew her to the bed, and they sat down together.

Narka was crying; it was an immense relief both to her nerves and her heart, and Sibil let the tears flow on, wiping them away gently with her own little scarlet handkerchief, and kissing the heavy white lids between times. But Narka was not one to indulge long in the luxury of emotion. She drew a deep breath, and then, lifting her head from Sibil's shoulder.

"Tell me what has happened," she said. "Has he been arrested?"

"Who? Basil? No. Did you hear that?"

"I have heard nothing. I have seen nobody. I thought Marguerite would have come."

"She has been trying to get to see you from the first, but you made difficulties. Gaston saw the president of the Petit Parquet this morning."

"Ah! And what did he tell him?"

"About the articles in that box? Do they know who wrote them?"

"They have not got the box. It seems that just as the detective was carrying it off, a man fell upon him and knocked him down, and seized it and made away with it."

"Oh! Who was the man, did they say?"

"He was a rebel, who had been wounded in the head during the emute. Gaston did not hear his name."

"It was Antoine Drex!" Narka exclaimed, with sudden delight.

"Oh, Narka!" said Sibil, shocked at what seemed to her like cynical complacency in the disreputable circumstances; "what could have induced you to mix yourself up with those low men and their politics?"

"I did not mix myself up with them," protested Narka. "I have never meddled in their politics here. Why should I?"

"But you have meddled in Russian politics. They say you have been associating with the worst revolutionists, and frequenting their meetings. They say you were at one on the 10th where a plot was discussed for murdering our Emperor."

"That is a lie. I was not there. And if I were, I should certainly have not voted for such an insane crime as that. What stupidity! What good could it do to murder the Emperor? Who could have said I was there? Not that it matters. Even if I had been, I am in a foreign country, and beyond the reach of Russian tyranny. Their slanders can't touch me here."

"Dear, you are mistaken," said Sibil, with a certain tender hesitation; "if it is proved, or even asserted, on your own part, that you have been mixed up with the revolutionary movement, the Russian law will reach you here just as surely as if you were at home."

"How so?" Narka started perceptibly.

"If the Russian authorities demand it, our ambassador will be obliged to claim you as a Russian subject."

"What do you mean?" said Narka, turning a white face to her.

"Dearest, did you not know? As a Russian subject, guilty of high-treason, you will be handed over to our ambassador, and taken back to be tried in Russia."

Narka stared at her, every feature convulsed, while a cold chill of horror stole the heat out of her blood.

"They will send me back to Russia!" she murmured, in a voice that sounded like a whisper in the dark.

"Is it possible that you did not know? Oh, my darling, what blind folly you have been guilty of in meddling with politics and conspiracies! And what was Ivan God if about that he did not warn you? He knows the perils and the risks of it all. It was unpardonable of him not to have warned and protected you. But perhaps you did not tell Ivan? If you would but trust your friends, Narka!"

But Narka did not hear what she was saying. Her lips had fallen apart; there came a blackness under her eyes as if they reflected suddenly some invisible spectacle of woe or horror; her hands opened and closed nervously, and then crept slowly up and coiled round her neck; she presented an image of terror and despair awful to behold. Sibil watched her with intensely curious but not unkind eyes; she pitied her sincerely, but she pitied herself more.

"I want to save Narka, but she wanted first to save Basil and the pride of the

Zorokoffs. The moment had now come, she thought, for proposing the only expedient which might do this. She laid her hand on Narka's tense arm; it shuddered under the touch.

"This is what I have dreaded from the moment I heard of your being arrested," she said. "I lay awake all last night thinking how I could save you, and praying to God to show me a way. For, Narka, there is no use in trying to deceive ourselves; you will be handed over to the Russian government and taken to St. Petersburg, and then—But, darling, there is one chance still of saving you. I know not how to propose it, for the sacrifice will be almost worse than the sacrifice of your life."

Narka did not make a sign, but sat staring at vacancy, her eyes still riveted on that unseen horror.

"Beloved," continued Sibil, in her soft, caressing voice, "if you are sent back to Russia, it means Kronstadt—a tremor ran through Narka—'or Siberia; in either case a fate as cruel as death—and you are parted from Basil forever. If you give him up voluntarily now, you will remain free, and you will be still his sister and mine."

Narka did not speak, but she moved her head imperceptibly toward Sibil; the movement seemed to say, "What do you mean?"

Sibil stole one arm round her neck, and speaking rapidly, "Oh, my darling," she said, "if I could take the sting out of the sacrifice for you! . . . but the alternative is so horrible it will give you courage. Renounce Basil; tell him you have ceased to care for him; that you will not marry him because you don't love him. He will then be free to go and offer himself to Prince Krinsky's daughter, and ask her to obtain your release."

Narka at last was moved from her stony immobility. She slowly drew away her hands from about her neck and dropped them, and looked at Sibil. "Tell him that I do not love him?" she repeated. "He would not believe me; he would know that it was a lie."

"He knew it once, dear; but you may have changed since then. How many women would! Remember it is nearly two years since you have met."

"It is not three days! I saw him here before you did. He came to me the moment he arrived in Paris, and he knows whether or not I have ceased to love him. Yes, he knows—he knows that I love him, with my whole soul; that to give him up would be to me worse than death, worse than Kronstadt!" Her eyes, a moment ago fixed and lifeless, grew suddenly incandescent as they met Sibil's, glittering with fury.

"So you have been deceiving me to the very last!" Sibil said, with a light laugh that sounded horrid; "while I have been praying and praying, and straining every nerve to save you, you have been playing the hypocrite, spreading your coils round my brother, and acting a living lie! a false friend! a companion of men who plot murder! You are a base, guilty woman!"

"Guilty?" repeated Narka, and she rose slowly to her feet, no longer the strong, terror-stricken creature of a moment ago, but a grand, passionate woman, crowned in her innocence, and conscious by her sufferings of being set high above this proud daughter of princes—"guilty? Look at that symbol." And she pointed to the white figure on the wall. "We shall both of us be judged by it, condemned or acquitted according to the likeness we bear to it. Which of us, you or I, as we stand here, most resembles Him? Is it you, with your wealth, your splendor, and your high place in this world, your feasting and purple and fine linen, your pampered ease; or I, in humiliation and poverty, in my body seamed with scars, marked and cut with the hangman's lash"—Sibil uttered a low cry, and hid her face—with my scars, pierced by the nails of kindness, with my soul made sorrowful to death by the sufferings of my people, and the sign of the wrongs inflicted on them by you and your caste? Is it I, in my nakedness of this world's goods, in imprisonment and persecution, in the martyr's death that perhaps awaits me? Let the Christ speak, and say which of us two is guilty, which of us two deserves that glance of recognition reserved for those who here below have been likened to the Man of Sorrows?"

Narka had begun in a husky, agitated voice, but as she went on it rose under the stress of irrefragable emotion, to high vibrating tones. As she stood pointing to the figure on the cross, Sibil almost expected to hear a voice resound in the dark cell, uttering the awful sentence of acquittal and denunciation: "Come, ye blessed!—Depart, ye accursed!"

"Narka! Narka!" she cried, cowering before the terrible wrath of the woman she had scorned a moment ago, and who now stood like the avenger of the brethren, accusing her before the judgment seat. "Why do you curse me? I have not done those things; I had no hand in the murder of your kindred or in the sorrows that have come upon you. I have loved you always; but you broke away from me; you turned against me, and took part with those who hate us. Why did you not trust me? I wanted to serve you—God knows I did!—and you upbraided me as if I had been seeking to destroy you."

But Sibil, too, had had her hour of exaltation. Her nerves, taxed to their utmost by the strain of the last three days, broke down, and she burst into a fit of hysterical weeping.

Narka seemed hardly conscious of her presence. Her whole soul was torn upon her of renouncing Basil or going back to encounter again those horrors of which she had never spoken to any human being.

The hour struck without either of them hearing it; but it was a relief to both when the warder came and said it was time for Sibil to come away. When the door had closed, Narka turned round, and her bursting heart once more found relief in a passionate flood of tears.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

When Basil went in search of Ivan on the morning of Narka's arrest, he heard that his friend had left town, and, as usual, without saying where he was going or when he would return. Basil went every day to the house to inquire, and on the fourth day, late in the afternoon, he walked into Ivan's room, and found him smoking a pipe and reading the newspaper.

"You have not heard what has happened?" said Basil, guessing from his

quiet air and occupation that he knew nothing.

"What?" said Ivan, removing his pipe, and opening his eyes in hilarious curiosity.

"Narka has been arrested. She has been four days in prison."

Ivan dropped the newspaper with an oath.

Basil related all he knew of the event. Then he said: "Who has done it? Can it be Schenk?"

Ivan did not answer. He laid his clinched hands on his knees, and bent forward, as if lost in perplexity. He knew of Schenk's passion for Narka, and Olga Borzidoff knew it; she had complained bitterly to Ivan of Schenk's unfaithfulness, and she was a violent, vindictive woman, whose jealousy would be unscrupulous. If Schenk had let out the fact that Narka had documents in her possession, Olga would not have hesitated to use the knowledge in order to destroy her. There was no use, however, in confiding these suspicions to Basil.

"Schenk has never done it," he said; "he is not capable of it; but he may have been fool enough to let out some thing that compromised her. If he has, he deserves the knot!" Ivan ground his teeth with a sinister sound. "But the thing is, what is to be done for her? Your sister must have interest at court. She will use it, won't she? Napoleon, for all he is a despot, has a man's heart, and can be pitiful, and the empress is a woman."

"That won't help, if it can be proved that Narka has been mixed up in our work. If they accuse her of offending against the French law, well and good; the people here may help; but if not, there is no one but Krinsky who could do it."

"That will be the devil to pay!" said Ivan, savagely.

"Yes, that will be the devil to pay," repeated Basil, and he got up and walked to the window, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. "You see," he said, still looking out of the window, and speaking with his back to Ivan, "as those infernal papers, which I believe are at the bottom of it all, have been rescued, they have no material proof of her having worked with us; they may accuse her, but if they can't prove anything, they will have to let her go, will they not?"

"If the Russian government say they have proof that she has been conspiring—and they won't stick at saying it if it suits them—the French law can't refuse to give her up," said Ivan.

"In that case, my sister must go at once to Krinsky."

"She can't go to him to-day, nor to-morrow either; he left Paris last night for Berlin."

"Confound it! did he?" said Basil, turning suddenly round. "And when is he to be back?"

"I don't know. He is to stop at Berlin two days, and then, unless his business is arranged at once with Bismarck, he will go on to St. Petersburg."

"Have you any idea when the trial is likely to come on?" asked Basil.

"I don't suppose before a month at least."

"And they will keep her in prison all that time untried?"

"Yes. They have got their prison preventive here like us, for all their boasted liberty and justice. But it will serve a good purpose for once by giving Krinsky time to be back before the trial comes on."

Basil said nothing for a moment. Then, "We can't wait for Krinsky to come back," he said. "I must start after him at once, and secure him before he leaves for St. Petersburg. If I take the express to-night, I am safe to catch him at Berlin. I shall be able to get to see him through Z—of our embassy there. He is not a bad fellow, and though my father made a mess between him and me, I don't believe he is as savage against me as they made out. Anyhow, there is nothing else to be done. I will drive now to Sibil's, and tell her I am off." He pulled out his watch. "It is now 5 o'clock. I have a couple of hours to do a few things and eat a mouthful before I start."

"I will go out with you," said Ivan; "I must see Schenk if he is in town; I must find out something about this devilish business."

The two friends went down stairs together; then they parted. Basil hailed a cab, and drove to the Rue St. Dominique.

Sibil was out. She had left home three hours ago, the servant said, so was likely to be soon back. But Basil could not wait. He went into the library, and wrote a note to M. de Beaucillon, telling him of his departure for Berlin, and the motive of it.

Sibil, meantime, had gone to make a call at the Russian embassy. She had no carried out her intention of appealing to Marie Krinsky on behalf of Narka. Both Basil and M. de Beaucillon were of opinion that it was better to make sure, in the first instance, whether the interest of the Prince was necessary. But she had her own scheme to forward, and a visit to Princess Krinsky was likely to do this. She learned to her disappointment that the Prince had left the night before for Berlin, and the ladies for Fontainebleau that morning.

As she drove in under her own gateway, M. de Beaucillon's brougham was moving away from before the steps of the house. He met her in the hall with two letters in his hand. One was Basil's, the other was from Marguerite.

"Come in here a moment," he said, and they went into the library. "Here is a slate on our heads!" he exclaimed. "Basil is off to Berlin after Krinsky, and Marguerite tells me the trial comes on Monday. It may be all over before Basil will have seen Krinsky. Though, for the matter of that, we don't know yet whether Krinsky can be of any use."

Sibil took the two notes from his hand without speaking. There is an electric, instantaneous comprehension that comes to the brain in moments of supreme excitement, and enables it to seize all the points of a question and arrive at a conclusion without any process of argument. Such a moment had come to Sibil now. With one glance she saw the whole situation, the circumstances, the possibilities. Basil's absence at this crisis was providential. The trial would be over, perhaps, before he heard it had begun, and there was an end of the terror which had haunted her of his appearing in court and publicly compromising himself from a sense of chivalrous loyalty to Narka.

"I must see at once about getting counsel," said M. de Beaucillon, too selflessly absorbed in Narka's trouble and the impending crisis to stop to consider

the motive of his wife's silence. "There is no time to lose. I will go at once to Maitre X—. If I am late for dinner, don't wait for me."

A BRILLIANT DISCOURSE BY BISHOP CLANCY.

On Sunday, Sept. 26, the new church of the Holy Angels, Chicago, was solemnly dedicated amidst imposing ceremonies. The occasion was rendered specially remarkable by the presence of Right Rev. Dr. Clancy, Lord Bishop of Elphin, Ireland, who preached the sermon of the day. We take the annexed report from the Chicago New World:

At the conclusion of the singing of the Gospel, the Right Rev. John Clancy, D. D., formerly professor of rhetoric and sacred eloquence in the national College of Ireland, St. Patrick's Maynooth, now Lord Bishop of the ancient and historic See of Elphin, ascended the pulpit to preach the dedication sermon. His amiability of expression, his dignified carriage, his episcopal bearing, which seemed written more clearly in every line and lineament of his features than in the official garb with which he was clothed, at once associated him in the minds of the congregation with our illustrious Archbishop. As he paused to survey the magnificent and inspiring scene before him—the church resplendent and gorgeous with light and color, the thousands of eager, reverent and admiring faces, the ecclesiastics of world-wide celebrity that thronged the sanctuary—the whole subject of his sermon must have seemed to his gifted mind and fancy to materialize before him and must have substantially assisted him by his inspiration in the many extemporaneous conceptions which were among the most sparkling gems in his brilliant address. He could not have a more vivid object lesson in the pomp and solemnity of a dedication ceremony, in the power and vitality of the Catholic Church in our land, in the spiritual mission of the Irish race, in the undying loyalty of his compatriots to the faith for which their fathers died. The sermon in its logical ground plan was elaborate and exhaustive, in its rhetorical arrangement symmetrical and artistic, in its language elegant and picturesque, in its delivery a masterpiece of subdued eloquence. Bishop Clancy is an orator of great power, but he never allows the luxuriance of his fancy to get the better of his judgment. His hearers are carried away irresistibly yet almost unconsciously by the force of his logic, the charm of his eloquence, the spell of his kind, flexible voice. Seldom incandescent, never using the well-known trick of meretricious ornament or gestures calculated to distract the attention of his hearers from commonplace ideas, he is above all things a great preacher for a cultured congregation who appreciate polish and refinement. His graceful references to his Alma Mater, our illustrious Archbishop and Father Tighe are deserving of special quotation. "But one word more and I have done. With your illustrious Archbishop I make bold to claim the relation of brotherhood, for we both received our intellectual nourishment at the breasts of the same Alma Mater, the nursing mother of the Irish priesthood, the great ecclesiastical College of Maynooth. I may be permitted, therefore, to congratulate His Grace on the magnificent church which has this day been added to his diocese. With your zealous pastor, through whose energy this church has been built in a comparatively short time, I claim the relation of a life long friendship, based on associations connecting us with the same native neighborhood and cemented by frequent manifestations of mutual interest and good-will. I therefore congratulate him on the completion of a work which will conduce much to the glory of God and the salvation of souls."

The following is a full report of the sermon:

"And the Lord said to Solomon: 'I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication; I have sanctified this house which thou hast built, to put my name there forever, and my eyes and my heart shall be there always.' (3 Kings ix. 3.)"

My Lord Archbishop, My Lords, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers and Dearly Beloved Brethren in Christ:

There are few rites in the beautiful and elaborate ceremonial of the Church more instructive and edifying than that which has been witnessed here to-day. Art and religion often walk hand in hand; but rarely is their union so productive of abiding spiritual usefulness as when the material temple constructed in strict accord with correct architectural principles, is dedicated by public prayer and solemn ecclesiastical ceremony to the service of God. The material structure with its artistic embellishments is itself beautiful in its suggestiveness. Its cruciform design recalls the mystery of Redemption; its sculptured capitals and stenciled walls and storied windows reveal symbolically the secrets of God's merciful dealings with humanity; its capacious bell tower and tall tapering spire, soaring above the shrines of wealth and commerce in its immediate neighborhood and pointing, like the index figure of some human hand, to the azure skies above them, reminds the most thoughtful that man is called on earth to a life of faith and prayer; that his ultimate destiny is heaven, and that as the electric rod is a medium of communication between the material globe which we inhabit and the higher regions of the atmosphere, so the Church brings the devout worshipper into a

DR CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. Nothing equal to it for clearing the head and cleansing the air passages. Gives instant relief for cold in the head. Cures infrequent Catarrh in a few days; Chronic Catarrh in one to three months. A specific for Hay Fever. MR. JAS. SPENCE, CLACHAN, ONT., writes: "I had been a sufferer from Catarrh for 15 years. I spent lots of money and tried several doctors, also a Catarrh Specialist in London, Ont. At last I was directed by the advertisements and testimonials I read to try Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I used it twice, and a complete cure was effected. Price, complete with blowers, 25 Cts. Sold by all druggists, Eatonville, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont."

DR CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. Nothing equal to it for clearing the head and cleansing the air passages. Gives instant relief for cold in the head. Cures infrequent Catarrh in a few days; Chronic Catarrh in one to three months. A specific for Hay Fever. MR. JAS. SPENCE, CLACHAN, ONT., writes: "I had been a sufferer from Catarrh for 15 years. I spent lots of money and tried several doctors, also a Catarrh Specialist in London, Ont. At last I was directed by the advertisements and testimonials I read to try Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I used it twice, and a complete cure was effected. Price, complete with blowers, 25 Cts. Sold by all druggists, Eatonville, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont."

DR CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. Nothing equal to it for clearing the head and cleansing the air passages. Gives instant relief for cold in the head. Cures infrequent Catarrh in a few days; Chronic Catarrh in one to three months. A specific for Hay Fever. MR. JAS. SPENCE, CLACHAN, ONT., writes: "I had been a sufferer from Catarrh for 15 years. I spent lots of money and tried several doctors, also a Catarrh Specialist in London, Ont. At last I was directed by the advertisements and testimonials I read to try Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I used it twice, and a complete cure was effected. Price, complete with blowers, 25 Cts. Sold by all druggists, Eatonville, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont."

DR CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. Nothing equal to it for clearing the head and cleansing the air passages. Gives instant relief for cold in the head. Cures infrequent Catarrh in a few days; Chronic Catarrh in one to three months. A specific for Hay Fever. MR. JAS. SPENCE, CLACHAN, ONT., writes: "I had been a sufferer from Catarrh for 15 years. I spent lots of money and tried several doctors, also a Catarrh Specialist in London, Ont. At last I was directed by the advertisements and testimonials I read to try Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I used it twice, and a complete cure was effected. Price, complete with blowers, 25 Cts. Sold by all druggists, Eatonville, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont."

DR CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. Nothing equal to it for clearing the head and cleansing the air passages. Gives instant relief for cold in the head. Cures infrequent Catarrh in a few days; Chronic Catarrh in one to three months. A specific for Hay Fever. MR. JAS. SPENCE, CLACHAN, ONT., writes: "I had been a sufferer from Catarrh for 15 years. I spent lots of money and tried several doctors, also a Catarrh Specialist in London, Ont. At last I was directed by the advertisements and testimonials I read to try Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. I used it twice, and a complete cure was effected. Price, complete with blowers, 25 Cts. Sold by all druggists, Eatonville, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont."

closer union of your territories. art. But w gestiveness is superadded rite of Ded pertaining service, tific building. Henceforth segregated earthy or taking rank which belong ments and that work salvation of transformation. cation is sy son and lu purification which the influ ion all this by sim. T sacrifice of is to be da by a mys worthy, as become so, tion which establishes and angel with the c tor, and heaven in beatific ma many of s venerated this church that this should wonder t the remo Chicago, yond it, t to this wonder t names ar of Christ, and apo ceremony union of zeal and of faith, world, in Church, have bea cation; which th there fo heart sh For th monial o occasion Scriptur Genesis one of t in the lit obedien seek his way his sunset night. it; "an standing thereof of God a ladder, r God of God of the sleepest seed, a the ble God has set up as a m place "I an the ch of the G hath s foreve all go Divin obser place prese must come temp tious at Je had term cent tribu the c court and the v poin the s exer ning pres "Bui dwe thro Isra hee key

is wife's silence. "There
dise. I will go at once to
If I am late for dinner,
me."

BE CONTINUED.

WANT DISCOURSE BY
BOP CLANCY.

Sept. 26, the new church
Angels, Chicago, was
heated amidst imposing
The occasion was re-
markable by the presence
of Right Rev. Dr. Clancy,
of Elphin, Ireland, who
sermon of the day. We
served report from the
World:

clusion of the singing of
the Right Rev. John Clancy,
right professor of rhetoric
quence in the national
of the ancient
of Elphin, ascended
to preach the dedication
of a building of expression,
carriage, his episcopal
which seemed written more
very line and lineament
which he was clothed, at
of his mind in the spiritual
ation with our illustrious
As he passed to survey
and inspiring scene
the church resplendent
with light and color,
of eager, reverent and
aces, the ecclesiastics of
celebrity that thronged the
the whole subject of his
st have seemed to his
and fancy to materialize
and must have substan-
ced him by its inspiration
of a spontaneous concep-
tion were among the most
ems in his brilliant address
to have a more vivid ob-
ject in the pomp and solemn
dedication ceremony,
of a vitality of the Catho-
lic and in the spiritual
of the Irish race, in the un-
der-
of his compatriots to the
which their fathers died,
in its logical grand plan
and exhaustive, in its
arrangement symmetrical
and in its language elegant
resque, in its delivery a
of subdued eloquence.
ency is an orator of great
he never allows the luxur-
y to get the better of
his. His hearers are carried
sistibly yet almost uncon-
scious of the force of his logic,
his eloquence, the spell of his
voice. Seldom unadven-
turedly using the well-known
trick of a dramatic gesture
to attract the attention
of the hearer, from common-
place above all things a great
orator of a cultured congrega-
tion of polished and refined
people. His references to his
illustrious Archbishop and
the are deserving of special
attention. "But one word more
and one more word more and
one more word more and one
more word more. With your
illustrious Archbishop and
the I make bold to claim the
brotherhood, for we both
our intellectual nourishment
of the same Alma Mater,
great mother of the Irish priest-
hood, great ecclesiastical college
of the world."

I may be permitted, there-
fore, to congratulate His Grace
on the church which has this
day to his diocese. With your
illustrious Archbishop and the
are deserving of special
attention. "But one word more
and one more word more and
one more word more and one
more word more. With your
illustrious Archbishop and
the I make bold to claim the
brotherhood, for we both
our intellectual nourishment
of the same Alma Mater,
great mother of the Irish priest-
hood, great ecclesiastical college
of the world."

the Lord said to Solomon: "I
will pray and thy supplica-
tion I have sanctified this
house, to put my name there-
on, and My eyes and My heart
shall be there always." (3 Kings

Archbishop, My Lords, Very
and Rev. Fathers and Dearly
loved Brethren in Christ:

are few rites in the beautiful
sacred ceremonial of the Church
so constructive and edifying than
which has been witnessed here to-
day and religion often walk
hand in hand; but rarely is their
productive of abiding spirit-
uality as when the material
structure in strict accord
with public prayer and
ecclesiastical ceremony to the
of God. The material struc-
ture in its artistic embellishments
is faithful in its suggestiveness.
form design recalls the mys-
terious Redemption: its sculptured
and stenciled walls and
windows reveal symbolic
secrets of God's mer-
cifulness with humanity; its
is bell tower and tall tapering
soaring above the shrines of
and commerce in its immediate
hood and pointing, like the
of some human hand, to the
skies above them, reminds the
thoughtless that heaven, and that
a life of faith and prayer; that
mate destiny is heaven, and that
the red is a medium of com-
munion between the material globe
we inhabit and the higher re-
alm of the atmosphere, so the Church
the devout worshipper into a

closer union with God. This is true
of your temple of religious worship
viewed even from the standpoint of
art. But when to the symbolic sug-
gestiveness of the artist's masterpiece
is superadded, by means of the solemn
rite of Dedication the sacredness ap-
pertaining to things devoted to God's
service, then the character of the
building is completely changed.
Henceforth it becomes a holy thing,
segregated from objects that are
earthly or even merely material, and
taking rank under the category to
which belong sacramentals and sacra-
ments and sacrifice, and all things else
that work for the glory of God and the
salvation of souls. Of this important
transformation the ceremony of ded-
ication is symbolical. Your venerated
prelate sprinkled the walls with hy-
son and lustral water to signify the
purification of the material elements of
which the building is composed, from
which the influence of Satan, to whose domin-
ion all things earthly became subject
by sin. The altar, on which the divine
sacrifice of the Christian dispensation
is to be daily offered up, is consecrated
by a mystic ceremony to render it
worthy, as far as material things can
become so, of the ineffably august func-
tion which binds earth to heaven,
establishes a common service for men
and angels, unites the soul of creature
with the divine substance of the Cre-
ator, and realizes the happiness of
heaven in all save the enjoyment of the
beatific face of God. Such is the cere-
mony of solemn dedication, which your
venerated prelate has performed on
this church to-day. No wonder, then,
that this vast assemblage of the laity
should do honor to the occasion! No
wonder that priests should come from
the remotest parts of the diocese of
Chicago, and in many cases from be-
yond it, to add dignity and solemnity
to this magnificent celebration. No
wonder that eminent prelates, whose
names are synonymous in every part
of Christendom for profound erudition
and apostolic zeal, should grace the
ceremony with their presence. The
union of so many elements of piety and
zeal and learning is a grand public act
of faith, before America and before the
world, in the doctrine of the Catholic
Church, as embodied in my text: "I
have sanctified this house which thou
hast built to put my name there-
on, and My eyes and My heart shall
be there always."

servants that have walked before Thee
with all their heart. Is it
then to be thought that God should in-
deed dwell upon the earth? For if
heaven and the heaven of heavens can-
not contain Him, how much less this
house which I have built? But have
regard to the prayer of Thy servant,
and to his supplication. O Lord, my
God, hear the hymn and the prayer
which Thy servant prayeth before Thee
this day, that Thy eyes may be open
upon this house day and night, that
Thou mayest hearken to the prayer
which Thy servant prayeth in this
place to Thee—that Thou mayest hear-
ken to the supplication of Thy servant
and of Thy people Israel, whenever they
shall pray before Thee in this place:
and hear them in the place of Thy
dwelling, in heaven, and when Thou
hearest, show them mercy." Then
follows a series of most beautiful and
eloquent supplications, all implying
that God will grant petitions ascend-
ing from His consecrated temple more
readily than those offered elsewhere.
And God heard the petition of His il-
lustrious servant by assuring him in
the words of my text: "I have heard
thy prayer and thy supplication,
which thou hast made before me: I
have sanctified this house which thou
hast built, to put my name there-
on, and My eyes and My heart shall
be there always."

Now, the Old Dispensation was but an
imperfect type, an obscure shadowing
forth of the New. St. Paul contrasts
the differentiating qualities of the two
Testaments in his epistle to the Gala-
tians. "The law," he says, "was our
pedagogue to Christ, that we might be
justified by faith; but after the faith
has come we are no longer under a ped-
agogue, for we are all the children of
God by faith in Jesus Christ." And in
the following chapter his language is
even more explicit: "As long as the
heir is a child," writes the Apostle, "he
differeth nothing from a servant, so we
also were serving under the
elements of the world. But when
the fullness of time was come, God sent
His Son, made of woman, made under
the law, that He might redeem them
that were under the law, that we might
receive the adoption of sons, and be-
cause we are sons of God hath sent the
spirit of His Son into our hearts, cry-
ing, 'Abba, Father.'" The apostle's
reasoning implies that in so far forth
as the position of a son is more honor-
able than that of a servant, thus far
forth is the New Dispensation superior
to the Old. This also holds true of the
comparative sacredness of the Jewish
temple and the Christian Church. If,
then, Jacob set up the stone on which
he had slept as an abiding monument,
and poured oil upon it to commemorate
the privilege of beholding angels as-
cending and descending the wondrous
ladder shown him in vision,
surely it is consonant with right
reason that we, the ransomed
priesthood of Christ, should con-
secrate our temples of the New Dispen-
sation, where we hold daily converse
with God by meditation, where angels
are ever ascending, bearing in their
hands to the foot of God's throne the
"golden phials" of the Apocalypse,
"which are the prayers of the saints,"
and ever descending, laden with the
treasures of Divine grace for the
sanctification of the faithful. If Moses,
awestruck by God's mysterious pres-
ence, dared not approach the burning
bush, and removed his shoes from his
feet out of respect for the holiness of
the ground on which he stood, it is
surely imperative on us to observe the
greatest reverence before the taber-
nacle of the Christian altar, where God
conceals His divine face behind the
veils of the Eucharistic mystery, and
abides unceasingly with us, not to in-
spire fear, but to draw us more closely
to Himself by the ineffable attractions
of His love. If Solomon received from
God the assurance that all manner of
petition—whether the contrite prayer
of the sinner or the humble supplica-
tion of the persecuted, or the earnest
appeal of the outcast and the exile—
would be more favorably received in
the temple for divine worship than in
any other part of the ancient world, it
is surely natural to conclude that, in our
Christian churches, so artistically sug-
gestive in design, so elevating in their
chasteness and beauty of their orna-
mentation, so sacred in possessing the
choicest shrines of prayer, the tribunals
of reconciliation and the throne of the
Eucharistic mystery, God would
lend a sympathetic ear to the
supplications of His servants, and
grant their petitions there more readily
than elsewhere. We believe, there-
fore, consistently with the spirit of
revelation and the instincts of faith,
that in virtue of the ceremony which
has been performed here to-day, this
material edifice has put on a new char-
acter, which renders it a sacred object
in God's sight, inclining Him to hear-
ken to prayers sent up from these con-
secrated precincts most easily than if
they were offered elsewhere. If, then,
the soul is contaminated by sin, or
temptation threatens to become insup-
erably aggressive; if the heart is bur-
dened by the weight of sorrow, or the
bodily energies oppressed with sick-
ness, or the fair prospects of our tem-
poral fortune become overcast with the
clouds of disappointment after the sky
has been brightest, and the sea of life
has been reflecting back the azure calm
of heaven; if, in any of their varied
forms, evil, in any of their varied
threats, to overwhelm us in the great
struggle for the supremacy of truth
and rectitude in which we are engaged;
in every such case, this house of God,
where angels are ever ascending and
descending, this sanctuary where the
Divinity dwells corporally with us, this
consecrated temple where God's Heart
is ever open, on which God's Eyes are
ever fixed, will be our surest refuge,

our most congenial home, the medium
of most direct communication between
us and God. "I have heard thy
prayer and thy supplication; I have
sanctified this house which thou hast
built to put my name there forever,
and My eyes and My heart shall be
there always."
But were we to confine ourselves to
the consideration of the material
temple, on such an occasion as this, we
should fail to understand the signifi-
cance of the ceremony of dedication in
its highest and most beautiful sense.
When St. Paul speaks of "the Church,
which Christ has purchased by His
blood," he refers to the congregation
of the faithful, both priests and laity,
compacted into one great moral unit
by the bonds of Christian faith and
love. In his epistle to the Ephesians,
the apostle enlarges on this idea, and
says: "Now, therefore, no longer
strangers and foreigners, but fellow-
citizens with the saints, and the do-
mestics of God—built upon the founda-
tion of the apostles and prophets, Jesus
Christ Himself being the chief corner-
stone, in whom all the building being
framed together growth up into a
holy temple in the Lord; in whom you
are built together into an habita-
tion of God in the spirit. Nor do you
discharge similar functions. As the
stones in the material structure are not
all equally conspicuous or important,
for, while some are concealed in the
mass of masonry, others project or as-
pire to lend grace or harmony or sig-
nificance to the architect's design; so
in the beautiful spiritual temple of
Christ there are "diversities of
graces," and "diversities of minis-
teries," and "diversities of opera-
tions," "but the same God who
worketh all in all." "To one is in-
deed by the spirit is given (a) the word
of wisdom, and to another faith
knowledge (b) to another, the gift of
healing (c) to another, the working
of miracles, to another prophe-
cy, to another, diverse kinds of
spirits, to another, diverse kinds of
speeches; but all these things the same
spirit worketh, dividing to every one
according to His will." Nor are these
several functions permitted to remain
disconnected, for all are divinely
united—mystically superimposed and
repeated and cemented, by the uniting
spirit of faith and the binding grace
of the sacraments. Identity of sub-
ject and identity of worship, identity
of the Church and its constituent rulers
of the Church and its constituent mem-
bers, and strength and indissoluble
solidity to this vast spiritual temple,
which Christ, triumphant over sin and
death, raised into Himself as a trophy
of divine power unto the consummation
of ages.
Like the material edifice of stone,
this spiritual temple is also visible;
therefore, in the one case, as in the
other, the rites of consecration should
fall under the cognizance of the senses.
Man is not a pure spirit, as are the
angels who minister before the Throne,
he is by nature composite, consisting
of body and soul; and while the spirit-
ual portion of his being is sanctified
through invisible instruments
of divine grace, his ma-
terial nature demands that this
grace be connected with visible exter-
nal forms which produce what they
signify. Again, man is social being,
a member of the vast organization
which we designate the human family.
And this complex aggregation of units
is no less the creation of God than are
the individuals who compose it. Now,
God commands that all created things
should praise Him. This homage He
requires from sun, moon and stars;
from birds, beasts and reptiles; from
mountains, woods and streams, from
every living creature. We infer, con-
sequently, that He demands from
human society a service commensurate
with its nature—that is, sensible and
public worship. The moral world
must, therefore, be sanctified by public
prayer, a public reception of the sacra-
ments, a public form of sacrifice, by
which God's supremacy and man's
absolute dependence are shadowed
forth. All have sinned in Adam;
therefore, all must be regenerated in
baptism. Many have incurred God's
anger by personal culpability; there-
fore, such as these must submit them-
selves to the visible ministrations of
the priesthood, who exercise the auth-
ority of the keys. We are liable
to grow faint in our increasing strug-
gle against the spirits of evil; there-
fore, we must have recourse to the un-
failing Spiritual Banquet, where we
shall find rest and refreshment for our
souls: "Except you eat the flesh of the
son of man and drink his blood, you
shall not have life in you: he that
eateth My flesh and drinketh My
blood hath everlasting life, and I will
raise him up on the last day."
Moreover, if there be aught of good
in us, He is its source; if there be
pardon for the past or hope for the
future, they must proceed from Him;
if we are blessed in our families, or
fortunate in business, or secure under
the protection of a government which,
while inimical to slavery, prevents
liberty from degenerating into license,
we have to acknowledge God to be the
Author of all these blessings; and owe
Him, therefore, the homage of public
gratitude and public submission.
That we may discharge these impera-
tive duties adequately He has pro-
vided us with a sacrifice of infinite
value, sufficient to make fullest recog-
nition of all the favors we have re-
ceived from Him. "From the rising of
the sun to the going down,
my name is great among the
Gentiles; and in every place there
is sacrifice—there is offered to
my name a clean oblation, for my

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

name is great among the Gentiles,
saith the Lord of Hosts." If asked,
then, why the invisible homage of the
heart, or the dead faith that expresses
not itself in works, or even the private
prayer offered in the solitude of
the chamber are inadequate to
fill our duties towards God, we
answer that society, as such, owes pub-
lic worship to its Creator, and the spir-
itual temple of Christ is consecrated by
sensible ceremonies capable of con-
ferring grace. If asked why we erect
magnificent churches, such as this in
which we are assembled; why we com-
pel all nature to pay us tribute, forc-
ing the reluctant mine to give up its
adamant, the quarry to yield its
marble, the river bed and the deep sea
to furnish forth their choicest treasures
of gold and precious stone, we answer
that public worship demands a temple
at once commensurate with the needs
of the people and worthy of God. If
asked why we press into the service of
our Catholic worship all the most elab-
orate productions of art—the boldest
architecture, the most graceful sculp-
ture, the most brilliant paintings, the
most sublime poetry and the sweetest
music, we answer that the temple of
divine worship should be, as far as
possible, a realization of the New Jeru-
salem, which John saw "coming down
out of heaven prepared as a bride
adorned for her husband;" and that
the words of the mysterious Voice
from the throne should be applicable
to it: "Behold the tabernacle of
God with men, and He will dwell
with them; they shall be His people,
and God Himself dwelling with them
shall be their God." And so, to meet
all such requirements, this superb tem-
ple which you have raised stands "a
sublime poem in stone, a precious
lamp of architecture destined to burn
before the sanctuary of heaven, a blessed
shrine consecrated by public praise and
solemn rite to the service of the Cre-
ator." "I have sanctified this house
which thou hast built to put my name
there forever, and My eyes and My
heart shall be there always."

The union of these two spiritual in-
fluences—the one consecrating the
material, the other sanctifying the
mystic temple of Christ—is the vital
force which strengthens and enlarges
the Kingdom of God upon earth.
Standing over the catcombs of what
was once the imperial city of the Caesars,
and viewing the mighty dome which
now crowns the city of the Popes, one
is compelled to investigate the nature
of the power which rescued the natu-
rally infant Church from the caves
where she lay concealed for nearly
three centuries and constituted her the
queen of the seven hills, crowning
her with a diadem of beauty to
which all the nations of the earth pay
the tribute of willing submission and
respect. Ascending the lofty spires
which rise above the grand, yet pre-
eminently graceful cathedral of Col-
ogne, and looking down upon the fruit-
ful plains of Northern Germany,
through which the castled Rhine pours,
its mighty flood into the sea, one
naturally inquires into the character
of the spirit which actuated the feudal
princes of the twelfth century to begin
a work of such stupendous proportions,
and one also examines the forces which
have kept the faith fresh and vigorous
there while a fatal plague seems to have
fallen upon it in most other countries
of Northern Europe. Wandering among
the ruins of what was once the "Island
of Saints and Scholars," which claims
me, though all unworthy, as her child,
the devout pilgrim marvels that a people
so isolated, so destitute of the wealth of
this world, and it may be, so addicted
to fratricidal strife, should have been
able to stud the land with convents and
monasteries and churches, which are
beautiful and majestic even in their
dilapidation and decay; and as he be-
comes acquainted with our history he
marvels yet more on learning that down
throughout dark centuries of thral-
dom, persecution and blood, the heart
of Ireland clung to the ancient faith,
as the ivy tendrils cling to her mould-
ering ruins, until she has become in
modern times the source of a spiritual
rejuvenescence in every part of the
world. Of every such phenomenon
there is but one sufficient explana-
tion—the Holy Ghost, who sanctifies the
faithful and consecrates our religious
temples, abides with the Church, teach-
ing her all truth and imbuing her
work with a new spirit of zeal in the
work of saving souls. "But when the
Paraclete cometh, whom I will send
you from the Father, the spirit of truth
who proceedeth from the Father, He
shall give testimony of Me."

And the action of the same sanctify-
ing and vivifying spirit explains the
marvellous progress which the Church
has made among yourselves. Standing
as an Irish Bishop before an audience
which represents the enterprise and in-
telligence of a city the most wonderful
from many points of view in the his-
tory of modern civilization, the most
prominent also in furthering Catholic
interests of all the cities in the Union,
I may be permitted to make a brief re-
ference to this subject. Moreover, if
the work which has been accomplished
here to-day records one more step in
advance, it is one more link in the
golden chain which binds the small be-
ginnings of a century ago with the
millennium to be attained when Colum-
bia becomes the ally and protectress
of the Church wherever the star-
spangled banner floats upon the
breeze. Some reference, therefore, to
the development of the Church in this
country seems not only pardonable,
but imperative on this occasion. Less
than ninety years ago—a period which
in our European chronology would
count as yesterday—there was only
one Bishop in America, Dr. Carroll, of
Baltimore. Less than eighty years
ago there were only eight priests with

a congregation of less than two hun-
dred, in the whole diocese of New York,
which then included the vast territory
at present embraced by the dioceses of
New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Ogdens-
burg, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo,
Newark and Trenton. If dif-
ferent from to-day, when New York
alone counts as many as 627 priests,
255 churches and a cathedral of which
the richest Catholic city in Europe
might well feel proud. Little more
than fifty years ago your own diocese
of Chicago was established, with a lim-
ited number of priests to attend to the
scattered Catholic population who had
settled down within its limits; to-day
its priesthood numbers 427, and its
Catholic population about 635,000.
Twenty years ago the plot on which
this church stands was an unhealthy
swamp in the midst of a deserted wild-
erness; to-day, through the aid of
science and the application of the in-
ventions of modern civilization, it has
become a centre of piety, a nucleus of
social enlightenment, a consecrated
shrine to which your mind and heart
will turn for spiritual consolation in all
the difficulties and anxieties of life.
May these saving influences increase
and multiply, adding new temples to
the Church, new harvests of souls to
the treasure house of Christ, until all
are united not alone in the enjoyment
of civil liberty and of social culture,
but also in a uniform worship of the
Creator according to the revelation of
the spirit of truth.
With one word more and I have done.
With your illustrious Archbishop I
make bold to claim the relation of
brotherhood, for we both received our
intellectual nourishment at the breasts
of the same Alma Mater, the nursing
mother of the Irish priesthood, the
great ecclesiastical college of May-
nooth. I may be permitted, therefore,
to congratulate His Grace on the mag-
nificent church which has this day been
added to his diocese. With your zeal-
ous pastor, through whose energy this
church has been built in a
comparatively short time, I claim
the relation of a life long friend-
ship, based on associations con-
necting us with the same native neigh-
borhood and cemented by frequent
manifestations of mutual interest and
good-will. I therefore congratulate
him on the completion of a work which
will conduce much to the glory of God
and the salvation of souls. With the
members of the vast congregation
which I am privileged to address to-
day I feel justified in claiming the re-
lation of Christian fellowship, and with
not a few amongst you the additional
relation of common nationhood. I ven-
ture, therefore, to congratulate you on
the good and meritorious work you
have performed in coming to the assist-
ance of your zealous pastor and enab-
ling him to erect a temple which is an
ornament to your city, an honor to
your diocese, and a valuable example
of correct ecclesiastical architecture
to the whole American Church.
You will permit me, however,
to remind you that your por-
tion of the work is not yet complete.
A heavy debt remains to be discharged,
and since God has given you the
means of removing it you will not re-
fuse to render to Him for this purpose
a portion of the substance He has lent
you for His service. Having put your
hand to the plough, you will not draw
back. When this last duty towards
your magnificent new church is accom-
plished, so that all human claims upon
it have been fully satisfied, then, in the
highest significance of the ecclesiast-
ical rite of dedication, God may say of
your prelate and of it: "I have heard
thy prayer and thy supplication, which
thou hast made before me: I have sanc-
tified this house which thou hast built
to put my name there forever, and My
eyes and My heart shall be there al-
ways."

A Mother's Story—Her Little Girl
Cured of Croup.

Having tried your medicine, my faith is
very high in its powers of curing Cough
and Croup. My little girl has been subject to
Croup for a long time, and I found nothing to
cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Liniment and
Turpentine, which I cannot speak too highly of.
Mrs. F. W. Bond,
20 Macdonald Street, Barrie, Ont.

Tired Mothers find help in Hood's Sarsaparilla,
which gives them pure blood, a good
appetite and new and needed strength.
There is not a more dangerous class of dis-
orders than those which affect the breathing
organs. Nulity this danger with Dr.
THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a pulmonary
acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness,
and soreness when applied externally, as well
as swollen neck and crick in the back; and,
as an inward specific, possesses most sub-
stantial claims to public confidence.

This is the complaint of Eat
thousands at this season. They
have no appetite; food
does not relish. They need the toning up
of the stomach and digestive organs, which
a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give
them. It also purifies and enriches the
blood, cures that distress after eating and
internal misery only a dyspeptic can
know, creates an appetite, overcomes that
tired feeling and builds up and sustains
the whole physical system. It so promptly
and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symp-
toms and cures nervous headaches, that it
seems to have almost "a magic touch."

Hood's
Sarsaparilla
Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills pills, aid digestion.

Can't
Eat
Hood's
Sarsaparilla
Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills pills, aid digestion.

Can't
Eat
Hood's
Sarsaparilla
Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills pills, aid digestion.

Can't
Eat
Hood's
Sarsaparilla
Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills pills, aid digestion.

Can't
Eat
Hood's
Sarsaparilla
Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills pills, aid digestion.

Can't
Eat
Hood's
Sarsaparilla
Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills pills, aid digestion.

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.

Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.
Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.
Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.
Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.
Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.
Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.
Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.
Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.
Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.

Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.
Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.
Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.
Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.
Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.
Proposals are invited from Canadian
Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The
Queen, which the Government of Ontario
purpose to erect in the grounds of
the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
The models, which should be of plaster or
similar material, and not less than one foot
in height, should be forwarded to the Minister
of Public Works on or before the first day
of January, 1928.
The general design of the statue is left to
each competitor.
Secretary of State,
Ottawa, 28th September, 1927. 903

The Catholic Record. Published Weekly at 45 and 46 Richmond Street, London, Ontario. Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

London, Saturday, October 23, 1897.

THE LOURDES JUBILEE.

Advices from France make it known that the celebration of the twenty-fifth or silver jubilee which was kept in August, in remembrance of the first manifestation of miraculous effects following from a pilgrimage to Lourdes, and bathing in the waters of the shrine of the Immaculate Mother of God, was attended by a great concourse of pilgrims, and a large number of new miraculous cures of all kinds of illness and infirmities.

The occasion was celebrated with great solemnity, there being present a number of Bishops, and fully one thousand priests from all parts of the world, even Africa and Asia. America, too, was largely represented. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the celebration was the presence of three hundred and twenty-five persons who had been cured at the shrine during the last quarter of a century, but these were only a fraction of those actually cured, many of whom have since died, and others were unable to be present, owing to numerous causes.

A correspondent of the Paris Figaro, a paper which treats even sacred subjects with a great deal of levity, was present on the occasion, and from him comes one of the most complete accounts of the celebration, but not written in the strain of frivolity usual in that journal. Mr. Chincholle, the correspondent here referred to, relates that he was greatly edified by the unostentatious piety of the pilgrims, and he noticed that the painful office of bearing the sick to the various hospitals was performed in most instances by young noblemen, an evidence of the strong hold which faith has on the minds and hearts of the French people.

He witnessed many of the miraculous cures, and was much impressed by them. He conversed also with many of the pilgrims who had been cured in former years, and discovered that the cures were real beyond the possibility of doubt. He states that so numerous were the cures that he could scarcely bring himself to relate the circumstances lest he should expose himself to be laughed at; nevertheless, he ascertained their truth by personal enquiry and investigation, and he gives his account of the matter because he was delegated to find out and report accurately what occurred.

According to his statement, during the time of the celebration of the silver jubilee there were fifty-six certain cures attested by certificates from the one hundred doctors who were in attendance on the patients. The actual number was larger than this, however, as many patients had their cure completed afterwards, some of them on their homeward journey.

It has been frequently said by non-Catholic polemical writers that the age of miracles ceased with the Apostles, but the events at Lourdes, and many other sacred shrines—as that of St. Anne of Beaupre, Que.—show that God's hand is not shortened as centuries pass by. It was promised by Christ that "he that believeth in Me, the works that I do, he shall do also, and greater than these shall he do, because I go to the Father." In the Church of God miracles will therefore be continued, as the divine attestation to her truth and sanctity. The miracles of Lourdes prove especially the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, as it became a place of miracles by the manifestation of Mary, the Mother of God, under the title of the Immaculate Conception, and just as the miracles of Moses proved his divine mission, and as those of our Lord and His apostles prove the truth and divinity of the Christian religion, so do the miracles of Lourdes prove the truth of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and the divine institution of the Catholic Church, as the pillar and ground of truth.

The miracles of Lourdes by their continuity seem to have had the further effect of renewing the fervor of

faith in France. During the last few years many French papers, devoted to the propagandism of infidelity, never ceased to ridicule the pilgrimages and to abuse the pilgrims, but more recently they abstain from so doing. Thus even one of the most virulent of the infidel papers, the Nineteenth Century, or Le Neuvieme Siecle, received from one of its reporters who was sent to Lourdes a reverential account of the jubilee celebration, the reporter having been so impressed with what he witnessed there that he wrote "I dare not write against these pilgrims." While such things are occurring we need not despair of the revival of religion even among French Free-thinkers.

The torch light jubilee processions and the electric light illuminations of the Church of Lourdes during the jubilee are described by the reporter of the Figaro as excelling in splendor anything he had ever witnessed.

EVANGELICANISM AND CHRISTIAN DOGMA.

The Rev. Dr. Clifford, of Westbourne chapel, London, Eng., passing through Canada, had an interview with a reporter of the Montreal Witness, in which he made some strange statements. He believes that the world is growing better, and that the supreme test of righteousness is "character and manhood," and not "dogma." The meaning is, not that these should go together, but that Christ Himself excludes dogmas from Christianity, for, he adds, "This is in keeping with the New Testament teaching. Christ demanded not a dogma, but a character. This is what I have been preaching. The world—that is to say, considered in the large aspect—is coming to this position—character and conduct—this, in the last analysis, is the test of Christianity. Now men are more and more willing to range themselves under this standard. The appeal is ethical at last: no longer is it believed that dogma can ever be the final test."

Dr. Clifford is the new President of the Union of Free Churches, comprising nearly all the non-established or Non-conformist Churches which usually go under the name of Evangelical, and he appears to speak for them all in this profession of belief, or rather unbelief; for elsewhere he takes credit to himself for opposing, in the name of these Churches, the introduction of the Apostles' Creed into the State schools of England. He says:

"We have fought against that—that is to say, the Union of the Free Churches, of which I am the incoming President—and we will ultimately triumph over this attempt to get in the thin edge of the wedge of dogma." To this he adds that the Catholics and the High Church Party are in alliance in the attempt to introduce dogmatic teaching into the Public schools of England. Mr. Clifford is mistaken in regard to the position of Catholics on this matter. We have seen no evidence that the Catholics of England have any desire to dictate to the Protestants whether they shall have any or no religion taught in their own school; but they are in earnest in demanding that their voluntary schools shall be placed on a footing of equality with the Board schools, whether the latter have religious teaching or not. In this matter the Catholics stand upon their right to equality of treatment under the law, and inasmuch as the Nonconformists oppose this justice it will be not unnatural if they join with the Church of England, if the members of the latter Church be willing to grant them this fair concession while seeking the same thing for themselves.

Our intention here is, however, rather to point out the anomalous position which the Nonconformist churches have taken on the question of dogma, if their President represents them accurately. We have been aware that Rationalism is very widespread among them, but this avowal, that they have practically set aside Christian dogma as a whole shows, that they have given up Christianity to a greater extent than we conceived to have been attained. It is a matter of astonishment to us how, under such circumstances, these sects persist in calling themselves "Evangelical" Christians. There is nothing more clearly laid down in Holy Scripture than the truth that Christ revealed dogmas, which He commanded His Apostles to teach to all the nations of the earth.

Our surprise is not diminished by the fact that the Presbyterian Review, which has been hitherto of the most orthodox school of its Church, calls Dr. Clifford's prognostications "A Hopeful Outlook."

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF CLEVELAND DIOCESE.

The Catholics of Cleveland, Ohio, are celebrating with great rejoicing the golden jubilee or fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the diocese, and good reason they have for their joy, and for returning God thanks for His mercy and bounty. Fifty years ago the diocese of Cleveland was erected at the desire of the late venerable Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, who found it necessary to lessen his responsibility by having his diocese diminished in extent.

In 1826 there were only five hundred Catholics in Cleveland, which was a Puritan settlement, but in that year the Catholic population was suddenly doubled by the influx of a number of Irish Catholic laborers who came thither for the construction of the Ohio canal. It was then that a priest was first sent to the embryo city, and for several years Mass was yet celebrated in the poor cabins of the people, who had not the means to erect a suitable church.

Soon after this a simple church was built on the Flats, followed by others as the population increased, and in 1847 the number of Catholics in the entire new diocese of Cleveland then erected was 10,000, with 43 churches, all poor, and most of them built of logs.

In the present year, being fifty years later, there are 100,000 Catholics in the city of Cleveland alone, with 33 churches, nearly all of which are beautiful and massive structures, supplemented with fine schools, houses and pastoral residences, hospitals, asylums for orphans and the aged poor, and many other benevolent institutions, all of which are in a flourishing condition. The parochial schools are attended by 15,000 pupils, and are in a high state of efficiency, and higher education is provided for by two excellent colleges for boys, and five for girls, under charge of various religious teaching orders.

The diocese outside of the city has increased and progressed to an extent quite on a par with the city, and all parts of it will unite in returning thanks to God for His numerous bounties. Its Catholic population is now 250,000.

We have gathered most of these details from the Jubilee number of the Catholic Universe, an excellent Catholic journal published in the city of Cleveland. This journal, conducted with much ability and in true Catholic spirit, is another evidence of the progress of religion, and its jubilee number, as a work of art, and an evidence of enterprise, would do credit to any city in the civilized world. It is edited by Thomas A. Connelly, who was preceded in the editorial chair by Mr. Manly Tello, who was formerly a well-known and highly respected citizen of Toronto, Ont.

The progress of religion throughout the United States has been very rapid, but nowhere has it been more strikingly manifested than in the diocese of Cleveland, and through the whole State of Ohio.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

At the banquet given by Mr. Hugh Ryan, of Toronto, in honor of His Grace the Archbishop, the Hon. Edward Blake, M. P. and the delegates to the great Irish Race Convention held last year in Leinster Hall, Dublin, the speeches delivered expressed the greatest confidence in the final result of the demand of Ireland for Home Rule; and as it cannot be expected that this result will be attained unless it be demanded by a united Irish party we are gratified to notice that those who are best acquainted with what is taking place in Ireland spoke with confidence to the effect that the Convention of 1896 will necessarily bear fruit by bringing about within a short time a reunion of the various factions into which the Irish Nationalist party is unhappily divided.

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, to whose suggestion it is due that representatives of the Irish race came together at that convention, had recently, on the occasion of his visit to Ireland, the opportunity of ascertaining the feelings of the Irish people in general in regard to reunion, and he assures us that notwithstanding that some influential politicians in Ireland kept aloof from the convention, and that there are still misunderstandings on minor points existing between men of the different Irish parties, the convention had a great educational influence upon the people, and had done a great and solid good for Ireland. "The Irish people," His Grace said, "are thoroughly for unity, for order, and

discipline in the national party today."

The Honorable Edward Blake made a similar declaration. He reminded the guests at the banquet that the Irish Nationalist party have had, since the last general election, peculiar disadvantages to contend against, and that there was some excuse for despondency in the fact that they have been engaged for a longer period than has been common, in fighting against an enormous majority, greater than had ever been known before in the House of Commons. Yet, in spite of all these discouraging circumstances, "there is a most decided feeling among the masses of Irish people, altogether and wholly in favor of unity."

Mr. Blake also remarked that the unnatural conditions which had arisen in Ireland, and which had made the holding of the Convention a necessity, had begotten a feeling among Irishmen in general, which he would not call despair, but "apathy, which is a very serious obstacle to the attainment of the complete union they hope soon to see, because it gives just such an opportunity as any one who wishes to deliver a stab under the fifth rib would most desire." Nevertheless, he says, the differences now existing will entirely disappear. Only three or four men stand in the way of the attainment of this result, but this state of affairs cannot last, for it is not possible that a just cause like that of Ireland is to be crushed by the whims of a few individuals. We may, therefore, reasonably expect that those who are now obstacles in the way of success will be finally swept aside, and that the cause will triumph.

Mr. Blake tells us that the Irish National party intend to keep up the fight, and that in the meantime even the present hostile Government may be compelled to introduce certain measures for the betterment of the condition of the Irish people. A local County Government Bill is among those which may be expected, and which will for the time being be a boon, though it fall far short of what Ireland needs. A bill will also be surely introduced to lessen the burden of Irish taxation, which is now disproportionately great.

Mr. Blake stated also that the sympathy and aid of Irishmen the world over will be of great assistance to the Irish party in their conflict. This sympathy has been freely extended in the past, and has been backed with substantial aid. We feel assured that this aid will be continued, and as there are signs that the people of England themselves will bring about a change of Government in the near future, there is every reason to believe that the change will bring in a Government more favorable to Ireland. The principles enunciated by the Convention of 1896 are also working efficiently, and there is no doubt they will prevail in bringing Ireland itself to pronounce definitely once more in favor of a united Irish party.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE are glad to be able to publish this week a statement showing the results of our Separate schools at the last annual examinations. It must be a source of pleasure to the Bishops, priests and laity to note the very high standard they have attained. It has been the custom of some of our separated brethren, and of a small number of Catholics, to look upon our Separate schools as being inferior to the Public schools. This has been a mistaken idea, and now that they are furnished with absolute proof of their superiority we hope to hear no more complaints. All along the line there is a very keen interest taken in the matter of bringing our schools to a high degree of perfection. The clergy and laity are working hand and hand, with a true and painstaking effort of the two inspectors, Messrs. White and Prendergast, is due, in a large measure, much of this success. Their interest has been unflagging and everything in their power has been done to raise the standard of education in the schools within their jurisdiction.

A RECENT issue of the Annales Catholiques gives an illustration of the pains taken by French secularists to expel anything savoring of religious teaching from the schools. With this object in view the names of God, and of anything having even a remote reference to religion, have been carefully erased from selections by eminent authors, which appear in the Government school books. Thus, in a poem by Laprade, the words "And God who shall have guarded thee" are changed to, "And

those who shall have guarded thee."

A poem entitled "The Religious of Mount St. Bernard" has for its new title "The Dogs of Mount St. Bernard." Also where Chateaubriand wrote, "Creation's primal singer intones a hymn to the Eternal," the Government changes it to "Creation's primal singer intones his melodious hymns." It is no wonder that France is rapidly deteriorating in morality when the Government is thus endeavoring to destroy the faith of the people.

We take great pleasure in transmitting to our columns this week, from our respected confrere the Chicago New World, a report of the opening and blessing of the church of the Holy Angels, Chicago, on Sunday, the 26th of last month, on which occasion the secular press tell us that a very large collection was taken up, one young lady, Miss Paul, having given a most generous donation of \$7,000. The CATHOLIC RECORD congratulates Father Tighe and his excellent parishioners on their splendid efforts in raising such a noble structure to the honor and glory of God. We thank God the prayers of St. Patrick are not only in old Ireland guarding her ancient faith, but here in this distant land of America likewise. What old Irishman could read unmoved the sermon of Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin, Ireland, in which he portrayed the beauties of Catholic ceremonial and Catholic faith. We are sure that many of our countrymen in Chicago rejoiced to hear and meet once more a member of Ireland's ancient hierarchy, in the person of the learned and accomplished Dr. Clancy, whose charming manner has won all hearts. Many of them must have thanked God, in the words of one of Ireland's sweetest poet: "Though Erin is changed her spirit is still the same Her love for learning and for spotless fame."

The outlook in Ireland, with at least one half of the country in a state of famine, is a gloomy one for the coming winter. Notwithstanding the doubt thrown by Earl Cadogan on the existence of the distress, it is established beyond doubt that in the North and West the failure of the crops upon which the people depend for sustenance has been complete. It has been attested by the Bishops and priests, who know thoroughly the condition of the country, that the state of affairs could hardly be worse than they are now. The potato, oats, and hay crops are a total failure throughout Connaught, and about the same thing is to be said of Ulster. Mr. Wm. O'Brien states that in ordinary years potato digging does not begin till October, but already more than half the year's crop has been exhausted to supply the people with their daily food, and food of all kinds has risen to prices beyond the ability of the people to purchase it. The Archbishop of Tuam has said that the people generally have not money for the purchase of meat, were it ever so cheap. He adds: "It is most humiliating to be eternally sending round the hat, but what can be done? Hunger pierces stone walls." Contributions for the relief of suffering localities may be sent to any of the Bishops or Archbishops of the dioceses which are in distress, with security that they will be properly distributed. We may specify here: Archbishop T. W. Croke, Thurles, Tipperary; Archbishop John McEvilly, Tuam; Bishop F. A. MacCormack, Galway; Bishop John Healy, Ballinasloe, diocese of Clontarf; Bishop D. Kelly, of Ross, etc.

ANTI-CATHOLIC lecturers have all nearly the same qualities of impudence and malevolence, and usually of bad character also, and want of respect for the laws of God and man. A few days ago one of these, William Clark by name, was arrested and committed to prison at Rockford, Ill., for persisting in blocking the streets by gathering crowds around him to listen to his tirades, contrary to the city ordinances. When the mayor refused to give him a permit to speak on the streets he said that he would speak anyhow. Another of these characters undertook to answer certain lectures on Catholic doctrine delivered in the town of Boscles, England, by Mr. Lister Drummond, a prominent English Catholic layman. Mr. Drummond's lectures are described by the Eccles Record, a Protestant paper, as having been courteous, and containing nothing that could wound the feelings of the Protestants in his audience, whereas those of the Rev. Alexander Roger, of Putney Free Church, who pretended to answer Mr. Drummond, were scurrilous and abusive of the Pope and the Catholic clergy. The same paper says

also that the language used by the Free Kirk minister was not such as gentlemen usually employ in religious controversy.

An amusing incident is related by a correspondent of one of the London (Eng.) dailies, who brings it forward to show the spirit which is still dominant in Irish Orangism. A Protestant Episcopalian clergyman of enlightened views was not long since preaching a sermon on Christian Charity, in the county of Armagh. The congregation was very large, and the theme was not an acceptable one to the Orangemen present, and a large part of them went outside the church, paying no attention to what was going on within. The preacher spoke of Orangism, and of the impiety of their common cry, "to hell with the Pope." As he grew warm on his subject, these last words were pronounced at the highest pitch of his voice, so that they were heard distinctly outside. As soon as the Orangemen heard them repeated, and not knowing in what connection they were said, but imagining that the Pope was "catching it," in a delirium of delight, gave a ringing cheer for the clergyman. They were, of course, much disappointed and chagrined when they afterwards learned the true state of the case.

MR. JAMES BRITTON, Honorary Secretary of the English Catholic Truth Society, has been honored by the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., by having conferred upon him the Cross of the Order of St. Gregory. Mr. Britton is deserving of this honor, for he has been ever prominent in the work of defending religion. He is described by the London Monitor as being the eye, ear, and right hand of the Truth Society from its start, and it was he who first called attention to the calumny which Rider Haggard circulated against Mexican convents in his romance "Montezuma's Daughter," stating that it was formerly a practice in convents to wall up nuns who had been faithless to their vows. This gave occasion to Father Thurston, of the Jesuit order, to write to Mexico to ascertain the facts of the case in reference to Mr. Haggard's statement that he had seen the body of a nun who had been so punished in olden time. It was thus found the body of which Ryder Haggard spoke was not that of a nun at all, but was simply a body placed in a museum for the purpose of exhibiting the strange drying effect of a certain soil in Mexico in which the body in question had been interred.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

Silver Jubilee or Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Ordination to the Priesthood of Rev. Father St. Cyr, Pastor of Stoney Point.

From the Tilbury News of Oct. 8 we learn that Sept. 28 and 29 were days of great rejoicing for the parishioners of Stoney Point, when they were called upon to celebrate in a becoming manner the silver jubilee or twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of the beloved pastor, Rev. Father St. Cyr, and Stoney Point people, who never do anything by halves, are to be congratulated upon the manner in which the programme was carried through. On Tuesday evening, Sept. 28, the eve of the anniversary, an open air concert was given on the beautiful and spacious lawn which surrounds the Rev. Father's residence, and a great number was present to listen to the harmonious singing of some eighty voices, under the masterly direction of Miss Boisclair, a distinguished organist from the province of Quebec, the appreciation of which was manifested by the frequent and prolonged applause of the audience. A fine display of fireworks and a short address from Rev. Father Boubat, of Raleigh, concluded the evening's ceremonies. Father St. Cyr then invited all to return on the morrow to take part in the anniversary festivities, and as a consequence next morning the church was well filled with guests from Stoney Point and visitors from adjoining parishes. At 10 o'clock a solemn High Mass began, the celebrant being Rev. Father St. Cyr, with Fathers Kochelau and Bechard as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Father L. Healy acted as master of ceremonies. Among others of his confreres who were in the sanctuary were noticed: Revs. Fathers Andreux, Parent, Cushing, O. S. B., Bayard, Langlois, Lorain, Loiselle, Symonds, O. S. B., Champoin, Meunier and Boubat. A feature worthy of special mention was the excellent singing of the Mass throughout by the home choir, under the able direction of Miss Boisclair, who also presided at the organ. This church choir is one of the best in Western Ontario, and as Father Boubat remarked the preceding evening it reflects great credit on the indefatigable zeal and perseverance of the pastor. To have attained to its present state of perfection must have required a great deal of tact and perseverance on the part of the pastor and the good-will of the parishioners. Immediately after the celebration of Mass, Mr. Llan advanced to the altar and read a well worded address full of gratitude and affection for the beloved pastor, and at the same time presenting him with a little silver tray well filled with gold coin. Immediately after the reading of this address Rev. Father Boubat read another address from his reverend colleagues, who all rose to their feet while Father St. Cyr was visibly affected, especially in thanking the choir for the part of their work. From the button of his heart he thanked his beloved people for their generosity, also his highly-esteemed and venerated confreres, and in reply to both Father St. Cyr was visibly affected, especially in thanking the choir for the part of their work. From the button of his heart he thanked his beloved people for their generosity, also his highly-esteemed and venerated confreres, and in reply to both Father St. Cyr was visibly affected, especially in thanking the choir for the part of their work. From the button of his heart he thanked his beloved people for their generosity, also his highly-esteemed and venerated confreres, and in reply to both Father St. Cyr was visibly affected, especially in thanking the choir for the part of their work.

THE HOLY LITTLE "matrimony" gives grace, live happy children in the grace seven sacraments, grace, and all its and energy, when we are made sacrament, venly gift, pleasing to increase of As the instituted seven diff. grace conf. of special God, suited that may a trial and Christian, and by the end fo specifically

PASTOR HIS GRACE, CL...

By The Favor... to the Rev. Laity of the

In the wa... Christ and... present day... the "gates of... minedly drec... bulwarks of t... built by the D... everlasting ro... family and the... will confine... necessity of s... tian family.

Why did t... down from t... humble Himse... dwelling amon... men, for the... years? It was... only of atoni... regenerating... to humanity... life. The ent... come so corr... nothing short... suffice to rest... The individua... everywhere h... and nursed a... system of thou... the agencies c... conformity wi... natural life le... destiny. It c... family: it i... families orga... into cities, p... republics. A... society be. T... of family life... pagan world... society like a... cessive gener... contamination... length, in the... as the Golde... fine arts and... ship and mili... lord of creati... likeness of Go... so depraved... of his heart... the knowledg... Law, and all... between virt... He worshippin... temples of sac... set up idols... down in adu... picture of hu... it is drawn u... of the Apostl... the Romans, of history th... to human ey... prophet's cry... should be hea... "Drop down... on high, and... and bud for... fulness of t... promised an... redeem the l... heaven and b... bosom of His... of His Virgi... fifty of His... and man in... to which He... our sake.

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

Catholic Standard and Times. Something more impressive than even a Queen's jubilee was witnessed in England this month. It was a pageant far more majestic than any secular one. The thirteenth century and his forty soldiers of the Cross in Britain recalled an event that had more to do with the making of modern England than the landing of Julius Caesar or the Norman Conquest. It was the first admission of the principle there that there is a stronger power in human affairs than brute force. Hitherto the spiritual side of man had been ignored or unknown in English public affairs. The fierce persecution of Diocletian had swept away the seeds of Christianity already planted in the island by the missionaries sent by Pope Eleutherius, and when the legions of Rome were withdrawn the polished sensualism which passed for religion with those conquerors gave way to the fiercer paganism of the Scandinavian system introduced by the Saxon hordes who stepped into their places. Between the gloomy Druidism of the wood-painted Britons and the cult of the Northern Valhalla there was nothing on which to found a civilized system to replace the artificial order of the departed Roman one. Inferentially, therefore, the isle must have for centuries been a prey to internecine anarchy had not Heaven inspired the sainted Gregory the Great to dispatch Augustine on that enterprise which it had been the eager desire of his own heart to undertake ere he was summoned to occupy the chair of Peter. The foundations of that modern system of order and constitutionalism were laid in the monasteries which soon began to spring up as the result of the labors of Augustine, Paulinus, Wilfrid and Columbkille. Nothing so marvelous as the religious conquest of Britain had hitherto demonstrated the divine power of the new dispensation. For to Christian Rome the isle with its new Teutonic conquerors was wholly alien—in language, laws, habits of thought, physical temperament, everything—foreign and unassimilable as the inhabitants of different planets. It was not so when Clovis accepted Christianity for himself and his Franks: not so when the Visigoths in Spain yielded to the charm of the Christian spirit—not so, in fact, in any European land where ancient Roman civilization had paved the way for the crown and apex of the great fabric—the religion symbolized by the Cross. Nor is there any just analogy to be found in the case of Ireland, because, although the religious system of that country was also based on Druidic superstition, the singular mental bent of the people and the sympathetic tenderness of their imagination led them easily to apprehend the meaning of a philosophy based on infinite love and superheroic sacrifice.

The influence which the conversion of England exercised upon its own era was great: upon the future of the world simply incalculable. It grafted upon the crude Teutonic law the nobler principles of the Roman law. It infused a new literature. It infused the principle of a new life. It brought England into the great social circle of the cultivated world. It was, perhaps the most epoch-making event, from a material point of view, so to speak, since the dawn of Christendom. It furnished the complement to the other great conquest from the old gods—the winning over of Ireland. If Patrick laid at the footstool of Peter the brightest intellectual spoil of the old Paganism, Augustine could show the solidest material one.

Again has the supremacy of mind over matter been triumphantly vindicated on the same chalky shore. After a persecution tully as fierce, and far more inexcusable in that it was waged in the name of Christianity, the voice of Gregory and Augustine is heard, through Rome, once again at Ebbw Fleet, and the solemn hymnal of the sublime old Church floats upward to the throne of the Eternal Founder. The stability of the lines on which it was laid is proved by the march of time. Thirteen hundred years have passed since the psalter was written, and language and ritual and the great central Sacrifice are still the same. The times change and we change with them. Other races have come upon the scene in England: laws have changed, dynasties have risen and disappeared, churches even sprung up. But there, again, after all is the Church of all Christianity, venerable in years, but with the hope of youth in her heart and in her eyes, just as it was when Augustine explained her beauties to King Ethelbert and his Saxons.

The relation which this memorable celebration bears to the existing condition of things spiritual in England is not more distant certainly than was St. Augustine's advent to the system of the Druids and the Teutonic myths. Trembling on the verge of infidelity or reunion, the spurious Church of England cries helplessly for the shadow, as a substitute for the substance, of incorporation with the Universal Church which three centuries ago her founders repudiated. On this point the Bishops at Lambeth gave out a most plaintive note, and in his masterful address Cardinal Vaughan took care to bring home to those prelates the full logical force of their own arguments. His Eminence's strong utterances upon the infinite difference between unity visible and unity invisible can hardly fail of convincing at least some of the minds to whom his weighty sentences are mainly addressed.

All historians acknowledge that it

was to the Church England owed the beginning of her national life. To its unifying power, the only agency possible in the early days to effect the consolidation and fusion of different and inimical races, is ascribed the beginning of that historical life which has culminated in the growth of the mightiest empire of modern days. The national Synod, as one of her historians remarks, preceded the national Parliament, and the Hierarchy acknowledged a common Primate before it acknowledged a common King. It has been diligently sought within the past three hundred years to disentangle the golden wool of the Church from the web of the national destiny down to that date, but the task is ever found more and more hopeless. The Ebbw Fleet celebration will render it impossible. There is a tie of nature between Rome and "Mary's Dowry," as England in the old better days was called, which even centuries of separation cannot dissolve.

THE "LAST MOMENT" DIFFICULTIES OF A CONVERT.

I do not refer to doctrinal difficulties. These differ so much in different minds, or in minds trained in differing schools of thought, that what is a theological mountain of difficulty to one man is but a mole hill to another. "Surrender to an Italian Bishop" may be the *crux* to a man whose mind the doctrine of Transubstantiation presented no difficulties whatever.

But lying somewhere beyond the last contested battle field is a sort of Debatable Land, stretching often up to the very door of the Church, in which the convert is beset with terrors and hindrances which he scarcely recognizes as such.

The dread of life-long loneliness is one of the greatest horrors—though an ungrounded one—to converts. It is impossible to realize before experiencing it what the perpetual companionship of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament with His people really is. The religious work and worship of American non-Catholics largely depend on social and merely human relationships; therefore is this real supernatural and hourly relationship with our Lord practically unimaginable to them, and they anticipate isolation in the Church as a necessary cross. This feeling of isolation is fostered by linguistic difficulties of the convert. His new ideas and experiences demand a new language that he has not yet learned. He finds that his phraseology on religious things sounds unorthodox to Catholic ears. Uselessness is another bugbear in his path. What will the active member of the Y. M. C. A. or the Y. P. S. C. E. "find to do" in the Church? If the layman is easily satisfied on this point, the laywoman is not! Before her open, in this country, doors barred even to her brother. But the Catholic Church holds no prizes for women that are of mere worldly worth.

American denominational Christianity has so "run to seed" in good works toward man to have, in practice at least, inverted the commandment of Christ. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, eye, neighbor, Thou shalt first love thy neighbor. The idea of duty towards God pure and simple, and of working for His glory alone, is ignored. That God demands obedience, even though it may mean sitting with folded hands: that He prefers obedience to sacrifice: that one might conceivably gain the whole world to Him and yet lose one's own soul, are ideas which gain possession but slowly of minds long trained to recognize and serve the Creator only in His creatures. Indeed, one of the great temptations of these "last moments" is the feeling that one is praying to, learning about, and approaching a *non-God*.

Into every chink of these last fateful moments too fills the question, with many, of a means of future livelihood, assuming proportions which appal one in view of their materiality. "It's all very well to say to me that a man can only starve or freeze," said one who stands very near the head of a great missionary society to his friend, "but I regard either process as exceedingly uncomfortable." "Conversion means starvation!" said a gray haired, delicately nurtured woman to me only last week. So many of the more devout and intellectual women of our country are engaged in educational and charitable work which is directly under denominational control, and which would be instantly withdrawn from them if they were suspected of "Romanism," that it seems, humanly speaking, impossible that they should examine Catholicism in any unbiased way.

Sometimes, after every difficulty has been disposed of, an unaccountable hesitancy and even apathy set in. "I can't think, I can't pray, I'm in no fit state to approach great sacraments," is the last objection of the Protestant, as though "if one had the purity of an angel and the sanctity of St. John the Baptist he would be worthy to receive these sacraments."—The Missionary.

In many cases, the first work of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is to expel the effects of the other medicines that have been tried in vain. It would be a saving of time and money if experimenters took Ayer's Sarsaparilla at first instead of at last.

A dinner pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partakes of it like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parnele's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

THE LAMBETH CONVENTION TAKEN TO TASK.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. The Hon. Oswald John Simon, a prominent English Jew, has written a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury protesting against the reference to the Jews in the letter issued by the Anglican bishops at the recent Lambeth convention. He calls it an outrage, and says: "You have no justification for the Jews is also much hindered by the severe persecution to which Jewish converts are often exposed by their own people." This statement says Mr. Simon, is absolutely false. He strikes back in this fashion: "I know, as your Grace does, of many Protestants who have cut off their sons and their daughters for becoming Roman Catholics or Israelites."

He gives another interesting bit of information which reminds us of the efforts to convert the Irish people to Protestantism by means of soup, which was offered freely to the starving people on condition that they would forsake their religion: the same means that were adopted by the devil on a memorable occasion. Mr. Simon says: "I am intimately acquainted with the work of the 'London Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews,' and have had the opportunities for conversation with the young men who used to reside at their society in the Palestine place. I reported to the chairman, Sir John Kenway, and his committee, the results of my investigations. Every youth whom I saw admitted to me that he only resided at the institution, and went through the form of baptism because he had no other means of subsistence. Each of them was willing to return to the synagogue if I could offer him the physical maintenance which he received at Palestine place. Without exception, every Jew who is converted by means of conversion societies is a rogue. These societies attract the worst Jews, making them into bad Christians. Thirty-seven thousand pounds a year is raised from the purses of individuals who are grossly deceived on the subject."

Among others he makes the following noteworthy statement: "Moreover, it is well for Anglicans to reflect that no Jew with a sense of history and of logic, with which they are not merely equipped, would dream of becoming a Christian except as a Roman Catholic. Be it remembered that the traditions of the Jewish race, illustrious by their antiquity, as well as by the divine revelation which they embody, are all on the side of the positive and affirmative, and by no means on that of the protesting and the negative."

This calls to mind the anecdote of the rabbi who was appealed to by a Catholic and a Protestant to settle a dispute. He said: "If Christ has not come the Jew is right; if Christ has come the Catholic is right; but, come or not come, the Protestant is wrong." Mr. Simon says practically the same thing to the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury. And he is right.

October Orisons.

In the cyclical which it is announced he is preparing for early issuance, the Holy Father, who has allowed no year since he attained his present exalted position to pass without recommending to his world-wide flock the devotion of the holy rosary, will inculcate upon the faithful anew the practice of the daily recitation during October of the beads in honor of the benignant Queen of the Rosary.

There is no form of prayer, perhaps, that is more popular with Catholics than the saying of the beads; and for the reasons that that form of prayer is mainly composed of the prayer which our Lord Himself taught to His followers and the salutation with which the Angel Gabriel addressed the Blessed Virgin, none is better calculated to win a hearing at the throne of grace. The innumerable and inestimable favors which heaven has showered upon earth, in answer to petitions addressed to it in this form of prayer furnish all the proof required of the truth of this assertion.

The practical Catholic, who heeds the counsels of his spiritual guides and gladly avails himself of the graces which are so lavishly bestowed during days of particular devotion, will allow no October day to pass without reciting his beads. There are very many persons who do not content themselves with reciting the rosary during October, but who make it an every day practice throughout the year, choosing it for family devotions and saying the beads in common with the rest of the household every evening. This practice cannot be too highly commended. An admirable time for those who have not yet adopted it, to begin it will be Friday, when the month of the holy rosary begins.—Catholic Columbian.

Coca and Its Uses.

We are wont to associate this new drug of marvelous medicinal properties with the grateful beverage of the breakfast table, but they are quite different in source and in properties. Coca is a most beneficial gift to the sick and suffering, as is attested by its rapid rise in estimation and the reliance now placed upon it by the most eminent practitioners in Europe and America. Maltine with Coca Wine is the most reliable form in which the full medicinal value of coca may be obtained, and the striking results derived from its use in nervous exhaustion, debility, weakness, or palpitation of the heart, warrant the high appreciation of its merits expressed by medical men who have used it in their practice. Maltine with Coca Wine is not a patent medicine, but a highly specialized pharmaceutical product, designed to cure disease in the only way disease can be cured, viz. by helping nature. This it does by aiding digestion and assimilation, and by imparting tone to the nervous system. Maltine with Coca Wine is worthy of your confidence. Sold by all druggists. One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Warm Extremities. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one.

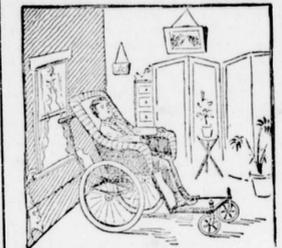
Coleman's DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM SALT. PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

A BOY'S SUFFERINGS.

Attacked With Inflammatory Rheumatism at an Early Age.—Each Successive Year Brought Fresh Attacks With Increasing Severity Until He Was a Physical Wreck.

From the Sun, Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kelly are people who are deeply grateful for a kind intervention of Providence whereby the life, health and happiness of their twelve-year old son, Master Harry, has been restored and preserved. Mr. Kelly is one of the best known conductors on the Midland division of the G. T. R., and is now residing in this city. A Sun reporter having heard of the cure of the little fellow and the joy of his parents, called at their home, and was met by Mrs. Kelly, who, on being informed of the object of his visit, at once told the story of the cure and how the results were attained. We were living in Madoc when our boy was about five years of age, and in the spring I went to call him one morning. He replied to my call by saying he could not rise. I at once went to him and found that he was unable to walk. Medical aid being summoned, we discovered that inflammatory rheumatism had our little boy in its grasp. All that attention and doctors could do was done and the attack passed off, but the following spring while in Peterborough he was again seized with the dread disease and again weltered in terrible dread of losing the child. When the warm weather came again he rallied, but was very weak and only a shadow of



his former self. Despite all we could do he was again attacked in the next spring. You can imagine the fear and dread with which we watched these recurring attacks, each one more severe than the last, and each one leaving our boy in a worse condition than those that went before. His last attack confined him to bed for three months, and his heart was dangerously affected. His sufferings were terrible, and it was pitiful to see him trying to carry food to the mouth. His nervous system was so shattered that a form of St. Vitus' dance had affected him, and his hand and arm trembled so that he could not feed or aid himself. Some friends advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and recommended them so highly that my husband and myself decided to try them. We gave them to Harry for several months, and when the spring came watched anxiously, fearing a return of the trouble, but were thankful and delighted to see no symptoms of it; nor has he been troubled for the past three years. "What is the condition of his health at present?" asked the reporter. "He is as sturdy and as healthy a boy as parents could wish for. I attribute his recovery and present health to nothing but Pink Pills, and I cheerfully recommend them to all."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

GREAT SALES prove the great merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Sarsaparilla sells because it accomplishes GREAT CURES. No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market. In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Parnele has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Deliberate Constitutions Parnele's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

No other oil and no other medicine has ever been discovered which can take the place of Cod-liver Oil in all conditions of wasting. New remedies come, live their little day and die, but Cod-liver Oil remains the rock on which all hope for recovery must rest. When it is scientifically prepared, as in Scott's Emulsion, it checks the progress of the disease, the congestion and inflammation subside and the process of healing begins. There is the whole truth. Book about it free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

Surprise Soap advertisement with illustrations of children and a woman washing clothes. Text: "We use SURPRISE SOAP on Wash Day it is the best." "Joy and Smiles In place of sighs with SURPRISE SOAP. Easy, quick Work--Snow white Wash."

GENERAL FOREIGN AGENCY advertisement. Text: "DIRECT LINES! Ticket Tourist Freight Forwarding. Established 1888. 11 MULLINS ST., Montreal." Includes an illustration of a steamship.

PASSENGER AGENCY FOR LINES advertisement. Lists routes to Rome, London, Paris, Hamburg, etc. Text: "Direct to Naples and Genoa for Rome. Direct to Gibraltar (Spain), Algiers (Africa). Direct to Plymouth for London. Direct to Cherbourg for Paris. Direct to Boulogne Sur Mer for Paris. Direct to Rotterdam, Amsterdam, for all points in Holland and Belgium and the Continent. Direct to Hamburg for all points in Germany, Austria, Russia. Direct to Stettin for Germany, Austria, Russia. Direct to Londonderry, and rail to any part of Ireland. Direct to Glasgow for all parts of Scotland and England. Direct to Liverpool for all parts of England and Scotland. TOURS from any port and on all European Railways. RATES for any special trip cheerfully furnished. TOUR IN MARCH, 1898, TO ROME (For Holy Week) Through Italy and France to Lourdes, Paris, London, Liverpool, Queenstown, Cork, Dublin, Belfast, Londonderry. ALL EXPENSES \$425. Return Tickets good for one year from Liverpool, Glasgow, Londonderry or Havre. For particulars apply to F. PENFOLD, P. O. Box 247, MONTREAL. Or, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

A Bit of Irish Humor. In some of Sheridan Le Fanu's stories in the early numbers of the Dublin University Magazine there are several good touches of Irish humor. The following is a peasant's description of Billy Malowney in love: "Well, now, he was raly stupid wid love; there wasn't a bit of fun left in him. He was good for nothing on earth but sittin' under bushes smokin' tobacco, and sighin' till you'd wonder where he got the wind for it all. Now you might as well be persuadin' the birds again' flyin', or strivin' to coax the stars out of the sky into your hat, as to be talkin' common-sense to them that's fairly bothered and burstin' wid love. There is nothing like it. The toothache and colic together would compose you better for an argument; it leaves you fit for nothing but nonsense. It's stronger than whiskey, for one good drop of it will make you drunk for a year, and sick, begorra, for ten; it's stronger than the sea, for it will carry you round the world, and never let you sink in sunshine or in storm; and, begorra, its stronger than death itself, for it's not afraid of him, but dares him in every shape. But lovers do have their quarrels some times, and, begorra, when they do you'd almost think they hated one another like man and wife."

12 STEARNS' BICYCLES AND 27 GOLD WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY MONTH TO THOSE WHO SEND THE LARGEST NUMBER OF

SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS advertisement. Text: "Your Grocer will give you particulars, or drop a postcard to Lever Bros. Limited, 23 Scott St., Toronto"

THE WILL & BAUMER CO. Bleachers and Refiners of Beeswax, and Manufacturers of CHURCH CANDLES. The Celebrated Parisma and Aljar Brand. and Baumer's Patent Finish Beeswax Candles.

J. E. Bruyer & Co. Toronto's Leading Fashionable Tailors. 222 QUEEN ST. E. All work guaranteed first-class and up-to-date. Try us and you'll stay with us.

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

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO. High-class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales. XXX Porter and Stout. Pilsener Lager of World-wide Reputation. E. O'Keefe, President. W. Hawke, Vice-President.

OCTOBER 13, 1897

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Twentieth Sunday After Pentecost.

TELLING LIES. Putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man with his neighbor, for we are members one of another of the Apostle, my dear brethren, awaken your consciences? Do they give light to your souls regarding the much too common offence of lying? We trust it may be so, for it is really distressing to observe the prevalent disregard of truth. Sometimes it would seem as if the Eighth Commandment had been entirely forgotten, and that it was a matter of indifference whether we spoke things true or false, our convenience alone guiding us in our choice.

Surely there must be a sad lack of appreciation of the virtue of truth when such a state of neglect of it can exist. There must be a grave error somewhere. Truth in itself is lovely, and should be cultivated because it gives a beauty to the soul which without it it cannot possess. Purity and temperance are gifts giving us virtues, and bestow upon those who have them a peculiar quality. They are sought after, and great efforts are made to obtain them and to keep them. Why? Because they are virtues. What is truth, if it is not a virtue? And if it is a virtue, why not love it and seek after it? For it is not only the utterly unscrupulous man of the world, who has no higher object in life than to serve himself and promote his real or fancied interests at whatever cost—it is not only he who makes light of lying; but many who call themselves good living people are frequent offenders in this matter.

Many, indeed, would not tell a gravely injurious lie, yet they seem to have no horror of lies of excuse, as they say, or untruths concerning trifling things. Nor have they any real sorrow apparently for falsehoods of this kind, nor a sincere purpose of amending.

And yet these are sins—venial sins, it is true; still they are sins. They are displeasing to God, and offences against His majesty; and they do no little harm, moreover, to the soul, depriving it of many graces and laying up a store of material for the fires of Purgatory.

But setting aside the consideration of the sinfulness of falsehoods in themselves, the dishonesty and the duplicity of which we are of necessity guilty when we descend to these things destroy our self-esteem. Soon we cease to respect ourselves, and progress from that to a general suspicion of the veracity of our neighbors, until in the end our confidence in those about us goes, and we are in a doubting, uneasy, troubled state of mind, fearful of all, trusting in none.

Thus our untruthfulness dishonors God, and deprives ourselves of the assistance which we might receive from our fellows, were we honest men and women.

Even if we practised this virtue from purely natural motives our lives would not be so barren as they are without it. Our friends would be about us, helping us with their advice, and we in our turn would sustain them in their difficulties, because we would know them and they us, and we would have trust in each other. But as it now is, how many are there truthful and honest enough to give and receive counsel? Love the truth, dear brethren, for the truth shall set you free.

The Pope's Birthplace.

Carpineto, the birthplace of the Pontiff, is a mountain village with about 5,000 inhabitants, and is picturesquely situated on the top of a peak of the Lepini Mountains. The present village was, in the Middle Ages, a rather important town. It was, with its surroundings, a duchy, first under the Bonifacio VIII., who had his ears boxed by a Spanish Colonna at Anagni, and later under the Aldobrandini, to which belonged Clement VIII. For two centuries, however, the most important family there has been that of the Pecci, although they originally came from Siena. The Pecci own the only building which can be called a palace, and half of the entire town. From their palace, which is built on the highest ground, the outlook is grand toward the mountains, and picturesque looking down over the roofs of the medieval town. The interior is much more sumptuous than one would expect in that half wild district. There are vast ante rooms and magnificent halls, hung with tapestry and large family portraits.

The room occupied by the present Pontiff when he resided in Carpineto is still called "Camera di Monsignore," and has not been disturbed. It is very modestly furnished, having a little iron bed with curtains, a small writing desk near a window, a portrait of the Madonna, a portrait of the Blessed Margaret Pecci, an ancestress of his, and a few chairs.

Followed Their Advice.

"I broke out with great blotches on my face, and friends told me my blood was out of order and that I ought to take a little Hood's Sarsaparilla. I followed their advice and from that time to this I have not had any eruptions on my face. I know Hood's is a good medicine." Mrs. A. E. Radkey, St. Louis, Michigan.

HOOD'S PILLS cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. All druggists. Dr. Chase's Cures Catarrh after Opera-tions Fail.

Toronto, March 16, 1897. How fourteen, has been a sufferer from Catarrh, and lately he submitted himself to an operation at the General Hospital. Since then we have resorted to Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and one box of this medicine has made a prompt and complete cure.

H. G. Ford, Foreman, Cowan Ave. Fire Hall.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Jack's Victory.

CAROLINE HARRIS CALLAGHER IN THE CATHOLIC MIRROR.

Jack Reynolds was the most popular boy in school. A generous whole-souled fellow, full of fun and mischief, and always ready for a "lark," he had many friends; but, like all great favorites, he had also a few enemies.

One Friday afternoon Jack was walking slowly along the road that led from the village of Riverton to his own home. His face was flushed, and his expression, usually so bright and happy, was dark and scowling; within his heart a very tempest of anger was raging; for Jack was bearing a heavy grievance. His weekly school report (which he had received that day) bore an ugly mark opposite the words, "English Composition," and that meant to Jack bitter disappointment and deep humiliation.

For many weeks past his composition book had been his pride and pleasure, and had gained him the highest commendation from Mr. Maxwell, his teacher, not only for the excellence of his work, but also for the extreme neatness and care with which the book was kept. Jack's father had promised him that if for twelve consecutive weeks his report for English Composition should be perfect he would give him as a reward a bright five dollar gold piece.

Nine weeks had passed successfully; but, alas! the report of the tenth week was disgraced with that ugly mark. When Jack first saw it he could not understand what it meant. His composition this week had been, he thought, particularly good. The subject was "The Klondike," in which he, like most of the boys, was deeply interested, and his paper was prepared with even more care than usual. But when he opened his composition book, he saw at a glance what the trouble was—it had been tampered with and defaced by some unknown person! Many words had been erased and their places supplied with others not so good, and ink's dagger marks marred the fair appearance of the pages.

For a moment Jack could hardly believe his eyes—this was surely not his book; but there at the end was the signature, "John Howard Reynolds" in his own clear, bold hand writing. Yes, some enemy had evidently done this; but who could it have been? Who was mean enough to be guilty of such a contemptible act?

Just then these flashed across his mind the recollection of something which had occurred at school on Monday last. He had gone to the school-room during recess to get a knife which he had borrowed from another boy; and as he entered, he heard the lid of a desk fall suddenly, and saw Bob Summers walk quickly across the floor with an ink bottle and eraser in his hand.

Bob seemed greatly confused, but Jack thought nothing of the incident at the time, and merely saying, "Hello, Bob! what on earth are you staying all alone in this place for? You're missing a dandy game of ball," he picked up the knife, which was lying on his desk, and left the room. That afternoon, according to the custom of the school, the compositions were all laid on Mr. Maxwell's desk; and during the week they were examined, corrected, and marked on the weekly reports, which the boys received every Friday.

Without doubt Bob Summers must have done the mischief on that Monday. Jack had never injured him, but Bob's disposition was a jealous one, and he could not bear to see Jack (who had only been in Riverton for the past year) take the place which he had had for a long time as the best writer of English Composition in the school.

Jack had often noticed Bob's ugly, churlish manner, and knew that for some reason the latter disliked him; but as he had many true, warm friends among the other boys, he did not bother his head as to whether Bob did or did not like him.

But now he was furiously angry. He had forfeited (and through no fault of his) his five dollar gold piece; his beautiful, clean composition book was disgraced; and his father's disappointment would be great. Oh, if he only had that wretched Bob Summers within his reach (Bob had not made his appearance at school that morning) he would pounce! the life half out of him! There was no punishment too great for him, nothing too bad to do to him. In the violence of his wrath, Jack vowed to himself that he would be revenged—Bob should be made to suffer intensely for this thing.

Thus lashing himself into a violent passion, Jack walked along muttering to himself, "The mean, cowardly beast! How I hate him!" when, just then, something fell from his jacket to the ground, and it was the little emblem of the League of the Sacred Heart, which he always wore. He looked at it for a moment, as if lay in his hand, hardly knowing that he did so, and involuntarily the familiar words rose to his lips, "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine." He said them mechanically, at the same time fastening the little pin in its place; but as he did so, the meaning of the words he had just used came to him with a sudden shock.

How could he take such words "meek and humble?" No, indeed; meekness was far from him at that moment. If he met Bob now, it would go hard with him, indeed.

Bob should be made to—but hark! What was that? It sounded like a faint moan. Surely some one near was suffering; but where did the sound come from?

A sharp turn in the road brought Jack suddenly upon the scene of the trouble, and there, on the ground beside a broken bicycle, lay a boy from whose face the blood was flowing. In an instant Jack was at his side, but as he stood over the prostrate figure, he recognized his enemy, Bob Summers! Yes, Bob Summers—the boy whom he had been longing to meet, the boy who had wronged him so deeply!

Jack flushed a deep, dark red. How could he even touch the despicable being lying there? Bob was justly punished for his contemptible conduct—let him lie and bleed until some one else should chance to come along; it would only serve him right.

Rapidly these thoughts passed through Jack's mind, and for an instant he stood irresolute; then his better nature prevailed—he could not turn his back on any suffering creature, no matter how debased that creature might be. Again the words of that familiar ejaculation came back to him, and again "unto Thine," he choked back the angry, revengeful thoughts; and, running to the river, which flowed at the side of the road, he filled his cap with the cold water, and bathed the cut face of Bob Summers.

Bob's eyes were closed, but he moaned feebly; and there was a bad gash on the left side of his forehead. For some moments Jack continued his ministrations, and at length Bob's blue eyes opened and looked full into Jack's brown ones.

Seeing who it was that was bending over him, his pale face flushed, and, making a great effort, he sat up and tried to speak.

"Jack," he said, and then stopped, putting his hand to his head; "Jack," he began again, "you're awfully good to me, and I—" but here he became very white, and fell back in a faint.

Jack was now much alarmed, but just at that moment he heard the welcome sound of wheels coming along the road, and to his great relief Dr. Stoneleigh's buggy came into sight.

"Well, Jack," cried the doctor, "what's the matter here?" "Oh, doctor," replied Jack, "I'm so glad you've come! I found Bob lying here in the road with his head all bleeding, and I'm afraid he's dead."

"No, no," said the doctor, and was no longer feeling Bob's pulse, and was no longer feeling like it. He's just fainted, that's all. He's evidently had a bad fall from his wheel, but he'll soon be all right again. See, he's opening his eyes now!"

While he was speaking, Dr. Stoneleigh had taken a roll of bandage from the little satchel he always carried, and saying, "There Bob, don't try to talk now; wait until we get home," he quickly and skillfully bound up the injured head.

"Now, boys," said the doctor, when the bandage was in its place, "you're neither of you very big, and I'm going to take you both home in my buggy. Get in Jack, and I will put Bob between you so that he will be safe, and so have another tumble to-day," and saying, he lifted Bob into the carriage and drove rapidly to the home of Mrs. Summers.

By the time they reached the gate, the fresh air had so revived Bob that he was able to walk up the path without assistance. His mother, who was sitting on the porch, was much alarmed at seeing his pale face and bandaged head, but the doctor briefly explained the accident, and soon reassured her.

"It's really nothing very serious, Mrs. Summers," he said, "just a flesh wound, and Jack had better put him in bed and keep him quiet for the rest of the day. I'll stop in and see him to-morrow morning. Bob owes a good deal to Jack, though, for if it had not been for him, there's no telling how long Bob might have laid there in the hot dusty road, with his head bleeding, and getting weaker every moment. As it was, Jack's prompt and kind assistance was the right thing in the right place. Well, good bye, Mrs. Summers; don't worry about Bob. Jack, shan't I drive you home? I'm going right by your house?"

"Yes, thank you, doctor," said Jack, but just as he was stepping into the carriage, Bob said, "Oh, Jack, don't go—I want to speak to you."

Jack hesitated, and the doctor, who was in a great hurry, said: "Never mind, Bob; you can't talk to Jack just now. Keep quiet to-day, and talk all you want to-morrow. Come, Jack, jump in. I've lots to do this afternoon, and can't waste my time," and the doctor and Jack drove quickly away.

Late that afternoon Bob's little brother called at Jack's home and left a note for "Mr. John Howard Reynolds," which read thus:

"Dear Jack—I have done you a great injury, and write to beg your forgiveness. I know I do not deserve it, for it was I who ruined your composition book. I was jealous of you because you had so many more friends than I, and because you had taken the place at school that I used to have. Last Monday, at recess, the wicked thought came suddenly into my head, and in five minutes your book was ruined. I have not had one happy moment since. When I had that fall off my wheel this afternoon I was on my way to see you and make a clean breast of the whole miserable business, and when I found you bathing my head, I cannot tell you how I felt. I have sent a letter to Mr. Maxwell and one to your father telling them the truth. I would give half my life if I had not done it. I know I have no right to ask you to forgive me. Robert Summers."

Jack sat quite still for some minutes after reading this letter, thinking deeply. Could he really forgive Bob? If anyone had asked him that question a few hours ago, he would have replied emphatically, "No!

never!" but his resentment had vanished now. Since he had said for the second time the words, "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine," his stormy, revengeful feelings had disappeared, and as he thought of Bob lying there pale and bleeding, he had only a deep pity for him. Bob had already been severely punished; and had suffered intensely, and as Jack looked again at the words, "I have not the right to ask you to forgive me," he seemed to realize what it had cost Bob to write them.

Seizing a pen, Jack wrote:— "Dear Bob—I forgive you entirely. Don't mention it again. John Howard Reynolds."

And placing this brief epistle in an envelope, he ran down stairs and along the road to Mrs. Summers'. Meeting Bob's brother at the gate, Jack gave the note to him, and hurried away, reaching home at nightfall. As he entered the house, the door of the library opened, and his father called, "Jack, come in here; I want to speak to you; and Mr. Reynolds began:—

"My son, I know that you are aware of the letter I received from Bob Summers this afternoon. I cannot tell you how shocked and pained me to think that the son of my old friend, Robert Summers, should have stooped to commit such a dishonorable deed. If his father were alive it would have grieved him beyond all words; but I am thankful that Bob now realizes how shameful it was, and is trying to make some reparation. He tells me in his letter of your kindness to him this afternoon! Now, what I want to ask you is this: when you found him lying in the road did you know that it was he who had ruined your composition book?"

"Well, father," replied Jack, "I felt pretty sure of it; and he then told his father what he had seen in the school room at recess on the previous Monday. Mr. Reynolds listened attentively, and asked:—

"Tell me, Jack, how did you feel about it when you first saw him? Were you not very angry?" Jack paused for a moment; and then touching the little enameled badge which was on his jacket, he said, "Yes, father, I think I was mad enough to kill him, but this saved me," and in a few simple words he related the incident of the dropped emblem, and the little ejaculation which it brought to his mind.

Deeply touched, his father laid his hand on Jack's shoulder, saying:— "My boy, I thank God that He has helped you to gain such a victory over yourself to-day. It gives me far greater pleasure than the highest school report, or the fairest composition book you could bring me. Wear the little emblem always, Jack, and may it often be the means of bringing you the help and strength you need, as it was to-day. And as for the blotched and disgraced composition on 'The Klondike,' I shall keep it always, and shall write across the first page, the words, 'Jack's Victory,' in memory of to-day."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Punctuality preserves peace and good temper in a family or business; it gives calmness of mind, it gives weight of character; it is contagious, and thus leads to a general saving of time and temper and money.

Young men, and old ones, too, should remember that persevering application is of importance in any department of life. It is the result of every day experience, that steady attention to matters of detail lies at the root of human progress; and that diligence, accuracy, and also of much importance, and an invariable mark of good training in a man—accuracy in observation, accuracy in speech, accuracy in the transaction of affairs. What is done in business must be well done, for it is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work than to half do ten times as much.

Young Women to Avoid. It is a good thing to avoid the company of those girls whose appreciation of a man depends upon how he may be able to minister to their appetites and vanities. The "ice cream girl" and "the summer girl" are two newspaper types of a class which it is wise for the average young man to avoid. The girl who, by her influence, does not make a young man feel better, purer, nobler, stronger, is a good one to leave for association with another who will help him to build up manliness and strength, both in mind and in spirit. While there are foolish women, as there are weak men, there are the highest. Seek such for companionship and association, though perchance they be not quite so stylish in appearance or chic in manner as others. It being true that a man is at his weakest when under the influence of women, the necessity is the more imperative that no man should willingly lead himself into temptation, or, if led into it, remain there. Men and women interact upon each other; and each will find the kind he or she seeks for. The man who wants the company and affection of a worthy woman will have a little trouble in discovering such a one, and when found she is better than rubies and fine gold. A man is not only known by the company he keeps, but by the company he seeks. Seek, therefore, those companionships, whether of man or woman, the conscious influence of which is to raise your ideas and standards of living. Whatever or whoever has the effect of lowering your ideas and standards

Derby Cigarettes 5 Cts. Per Package.

NEW PUBLICATIONS. The Best Original Stories by the Best Writers. Interesting Illustrated Stories. 7 Fine Insert Illustrations. 69 Illustrations in the Text.

Catholic Home Annual, 1898

With 7 Fine Insert Illustrations, and 69 Illustrations in the Text. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS BY Margaret M. Trainer. Prize Story. "A NOB, AND WHAT CAME OF IT." All about a curious mistake. Rosa Mutholland-Gilbert. "GRANNY GOGGANS." A touching story of Irish life. Katharine Tynan Hinkson. "THE WARDROBE." An Irish story, in a vein of rare humor. Maurice Francis Egan. "AN UNREASONABLE MAN." One of Dr. Egan's best efforts.

Walter Lecky. "JEMMY." A characteristic sketch of life on the Canadian border. Marion Ames Taggart. "THE MADONNA OF THE FALLING LEAF." A tender, graceful story. Right Rev. Mgr. Thos. J. Conaty. "THE STUDY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT." Very Rev. F. Girardey. "THOUGHTS ON THE FIRST AND SECOND COMMANDMENTS." Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings. "THE GOOD SAINT ANNE." Some fatherly shrines. Rev. F. J. McGowan. "HIS EXCELLENCY, MOST REV. SEBASTIAN MARTINELLI, D.D., REV. C. SCHREINER, O.S.B." "AT THE THRESHOLD OF AMERICA." Ella McMahon. "HE IS TRULY GREAT THAT IS GREAT IN CHARITY." A glance at the life of St. Vincent de Paul. "The Ermine Cloak." A delightful legendary tale. "The Abyss." A romantic tale of the time of Charlemagne.

OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' ANNUAL FOR 1898.

CONTAINS A NEW STORY FOR BOYS BY FATHER FINN, AND A NEW STORY FOR GIRLS BY ELLA LORRAINE DORSEY. And Games, Tricks, Interesting Items, etc., with a large number of PRETTY PICTURES. PRICE, 5 CENTS. Sold by all Catholic Booksellers and Agents, or sent post-paid on receipt of price, by the Publishers. BENZIGER BROTHERS: NEW YORK: CINCINNATI: CHICAGO: 36-38 Bursley St. 343 Main St. 179 Monroe St.

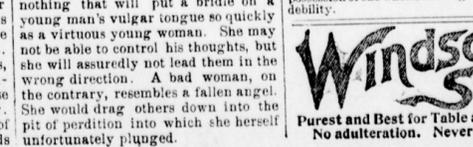
drop it or them instantly and forever. Catholic Columbian.

Friendly Hints. The old saw which says a man is known by the company he keeps contains more truth than many popular sayings. If a young man makes a friend of a corner loafer he will be considered no better than his associate, for people will wisely reason that there must be an agreement of tastes between the two young fellows, or they would not be seen so much together. If an old schoolmate goes astray you are in no way bound to keep up an intimacy with him. You may be civil to him, and when an opportunity presents itself, try to convince him of the folly of his course, but it will do you no good to appear to be on terms of friendliness with him. You may pray for him, but you must avoid his society until he shows some tendency to reform.

The hoodlums, the thieves, the drunkards, even the murderers, are bred on the street corner, which may stand in any place where young men congregate to indulge in idle and filthy conversation. The passions are fed and inflamed in places where blasphemy gives profane emphasis to every remark. Good can not come out of evil, and we can not expect to have virtue cultivated on the street corner. Home-keeping youths may have homely wits, as the poet says, but they are not in danger of losing either their souls or their characters. This does not mean that I would have a healthy young fellow sit by the fireside all day, like an old woman whose work is past, but that he should avoid giving scandal by keeping away from disreputable companions. There are plenty of resorts where he will not be tempted to sin against both the laws of God and man, and if he is drawn to the company of young women he should visit only those who are above suspicion, as Caesar wished his wife to be. There is nothing that will put a bridle on a young man's vulgar tongue so quickly as a virtuous young woman. She may not be able to control his thoughts, but she will assuredly not lead them in the wrong direction. A bad woman, on the contrary, resembles a fallen angel. She would drag others down into the pit of perdition into which she herself unfortunately plunged.

In choosing companions select those who are above you morally, if not socially. There is a mistaken idea that a good young man is necessarily a prig. A good young man may be offensive in his assumption of virtue, but the thoroughly religious "boy," who does not make an outward display of his piety, is one of the most socially useful in existence. He takes an interest in all the reputable affairs of the day, and enters upon the discussion of them with enthusiasm. And here let me remark that there is not much pleasure or satisfaction in life without enthusiasm. The lukewarm man, Christian or otherwise, is a dull fellow who never makes friends, because he has no more warmth in him than the dull embers of a dying fire. He has a hand like Uriah Heap, cold and clammy, and frequently a heart of the same description. Cultivate, therefore, a person for a club who has an enthusiasm for literature, out-door games, art or any decent thing, for he will inspire you to make the most of your gifts and will spur you on to new attainments. Do not affect the company of the fellow who was born tired, and who is bored by any worthy pursuit or pastime. He is apt to be more vicious in a quiet way than the more wide awake person who has been led into bad courses by thoughtlessness. The former is apt to drift into drunkenness through mere lawlessness of spirits created by inaction and laziness. Hope is born of enthusiasm, and the man without hope, as the boys say, is "no good."—Benedict Bell, in Sacred Heart Review.

We know whereof we affirm when we state that Ayer's Pills, taken promptly, at the first symptoms of colds and fevers, arrest further progress of these disorders, and speedily restore the stomach, liver, and bowels, to their normal and regular action. Good Blood and Sound Muscles. Scott's Emulsion is a blood-making and strength-producing food. It removes that feeling of utter helplessness which takes possession of one when suffering from general debility.



Vertical advertisements on the left margin including: TOURIST, Forwarding, AGENCY, Montreal, WILL & BAUMER CO., CANDLE, High-Class Church Windows, Hobbs Mfg. Co., BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO.

