

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE COMMERCIAL PIRATES.

In the July number of Everybody's Magazine appeared the first instalment of an exposure of the methods employed by some multi-millionaires in increasing their bank accounts. The writer, Mr. Lawson, begins a revelation of the secrets of "high finance" so far as the Amalgamated Copper Company is concerned, and, despite rumours of libel suits, rests not as yet from his labors. The story is the old one of human greed, respecting no law, human or divine, in its search after wealth. The pirate of by-gone days sailed the seas with the black flag at the mast-head; sacked and harried when and where he might; and made his victims walk the plank. His successor, the commercial pirate of this century, plies the same old trade though in a new way. He keeps the flag under cover and answers to the name of Captain of Industry. He is extolled in the newspapers, and the public, the men and women who are taught insistently that money is the highest good in life, look upon with reverence. It matters little that his exploits in the way of plundering outright any that are credited to departed freebooters. His victims, when they do not walk the plank of suicide, mourn unavailingly the loss of their dollars. Speaking of the directors of the amalgamated Copper Company, Mr. Lawson says:

In the harness of the system these men knew no Sabbath, no Him; they had no time to offer thanks, no care for earth and celestial being; from their being, from their eyes no human power could squeeze a tear, no suffering wring a pang from their hearts. They were immune to every feeling known to God or man. They knew only dollars. Their relatives of a moment since, their friends of yesterday, they regarded only as lumps of matter with which to feed the whirring, grinding, gnashing mill which poured forth into their bins dollars.

The words are penned by one who knows whereof he writes. The picture of men converted under the brutal code of modern dollar-making into beasts of prey is not drawn by a visionary or a radical at war with society. Saddening it is and unspeakably revolting, but we think that the sheen of gold round about it will cause many to overlook its unsightliness. Perhaps a few may discover some beauty in the picture, for the pitiless war on all that stands in the way of the acquirement of pelf is heralded as a proof of strength and of commendable pertinacity of purpose. The weakling is the one who does not make money; the strong are they who do make it, though they are, whilst making it, immune to every feeling known to God or man.

THE WORLD'S OPINION.

We ourselves may kow-tow to the man of money, though his every dollar be tarnished. We may have an idea, though we do not give verbal expression to it, that St. Francis of Assisi wedded to Poverty was a trifle absurd. We descend of course on the plague of materialism and on the brotherhood of humanity for the purpose we suppose of displaying our store of picturesque adjectives. When, however, we forget to pose we are frankly materialistic. Our smiles and hand-claps are for the men who have the money. And in this connection it is instructive to observe the treatment that is meted out to the rich and to the poor by even the stern denouncers of materialism. The individual who knows not banks gets politeness that is scrippled and leech: the one who can write a cheque receives courteousness in bounteous measure. The poor man may be a very estimable citizen, but we notice that in accounts of public meetings he is invariably classed with "the others." He can revel in beautiful descriptions of brotherhood, but he learns little by little that the most of it is for show and not for use. He discovers that too many households, chant the praises of money and that children are drilled and re-drilled in the notion that there is no happiness in this life without money. Hence our attachment to low ideals, our disappointments, our weariness and emptiness.

THE DEBAUCHERS OF LEGISLATURES.

In his December installment of the history of frenzied finance Mr. Lawson gives proof that Emerson was not wrong when he referred to American civilization as "a wild democracy, the riot of mediocrities and dishonesties and fudges." That the gold of the millionaire has

an influence in courts and legislatures has been said ere this. But when the best legal talent of the country can be hired to protect the criminal trust, to silence the outcries of the investigator or to make them harmless at least, and when the voters remained passive, either because they were indifferent or ignorant of their power, general attacks on the debauchers of legislatures have had no effect. Now Mr. Lawson is specific and direct in his charges. "The Massachusetts legislature," he says "is bought and sold as are sausages and fish at the markets and the wharves. The largest and wealthiest and most prominent corporations in New England, whose affairs are conducted by our most representative citizens, habitually corrupt the Massachusetts legislature. He declares that if a man of the type of Folk of Missouri does not, after turning up the legislature and Boston municipal sod of the last ten years, expose to the world a condition of rottenness more rotten than was ever before exhibited in any community in the civilized world, it will be because he has been suffocated by the stench of what he exhumes." An arrangement indeed which must be heeded. But perhaps the gentlemen accused may not shrink from claiming cowardice, in addition to venality and corruption, as one of their character assets.

A FIGHT AGAINST GOD.

Some journalists persist in saying that Combes' Ministry stands for "democratic" ideas. M. Leroy Beaulieu is authority for the statement that the fight in France is fundamentally against God; and Protestants who hope to profit by the war on Catholicism are as those persons mentioned in the gospel who, having eyes, see not.

A DEBASING AVOCATION.

We are informed that complaint has been made that our remarks are betimes not edifying, which may go to prove that some people think they are pious and they are only bilious. The charge of disedification is based on a few words anent the saloon-keeper. We might have referred to his benefactions and recounted the doings of departed worthy and model drink-dispensers. We ought have dwelt on the well-known joviality of the bar-keeper, and have touched upon the happy family reunion every night after the bottles are corked and the contents of the cash-box noted. But we simply referred to it as a dirty business. It is to our mind a pitiable and debasing avocation—the most repugnant to any one who desires to add to the betterment of the world. A man who falls in everything demanding brains and character can achieve success as a rum-seller. Other fields of human activity call for ambition and self-development; in this nothing that can be coveted by any self-respecting citizen is necessary. The man who cannot gain a livelihood without resorting to a business that "trades in and batters in temperance, and over which hang a cloud of social and religious disgrace which is responsible for nine-tenths of the misery among the working classes," must be dead to every impulse of true civilization.

Speaking some years ago in behalf of his orphan asylums the late Bishop Hendricken of Providence declared that "in the far greater number of cases, these helpless children were dependent upon alms because saloons murdered their parents." We might write on, but for the present let us inform the saloon-keeper that he is not by any means a potent personage in the community. He is regarded as a menace to its peace and happiness and religion, and it would do him a world of good to know how he is viewed by wives and daughters and fathers. If he ever had any influence that day is gone. Our leaders wish to see no Catholic name on the list of rum-sellers and the right-thinking citizen would rather see his son in a coffin than in the business. We write in the interest of the saloon-keeper, because, in the words of a great prelate, we cannot feel in our heart such hatred for any man as to wish him to spend his days behind a bar.

God's Justice.

Certain men of modern times cannot bear the dogma of eternal punishment; they consider it inhuman. Do they fancy they love humanity more, and that they have a finer conception of the just and the unjust, than St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Francis, of Assisi, St. Francis of Sales? It is not because they love humanity more, it is because they have a less lively sense of the horror of sin and of the justice of God!—Frederic Ozanam.

AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH.

To day a child in its mother's arms came into my garden. I looked at it, and saw at the same time the necessity of the Incarnation. God could not resist taking that lowliest form—the highest to which material things have reached. The yellow curls, thick and close and blue as silk floss, falling down upon his neck; the clear, limpid eyes, beaming with pure delight; the white teeth, and its ineffable joy, as it played at hide-and-seek behind its mother's neck, and then coming suddenly serious, stroked his mother's cheek, and stared at her with eyes of wonder—no! If God has chosen to unite Himself to His creation, He could not have chosen a lowlier, nor a lovelier form. How beautifully these medieval painters interpreted this mystery of the Human and Divine! And with what theological exactitude, yet with what artistic and withal sympathetic instincts they drew from the deep wells of imagination and devotion their Madonna and Child. Was it Tenyson that found fault with the serious look in the Child's eyes in that eighth wonder of the world—the Sistine Madonna? Look more closely, O poet, and you find that Raffaele was right.

I cannot agree with the theologians who say that God united Himself to man as His highest rational creature. Man is the lowest in the scale of rational beings. You cannot confer a lower without drifting into the regions of monsters. It was because man was the lowest reason in the scale of creation that God chose to join extremes—to knit Himself the highest link with the lowest. "He emptied Himself, taking the form of a slave."

But mark the swift and sudden transformation of the creature! "Remember that thou art, but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return!" What a gulf between the ruthless sentence and this "Know you not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" What wrought the change in the inspired pages?

The Incarnation!

I never could understand that medieval idea of the worthlessness and contemptibility of the body. It was easy to understand it under the Old Law, or by the light of reason alone. But, by the light of Revelation, and in view of the stupendous fact that God chose it as the dwelling-place of His Son on earth, and His eternal, glorified and transcendent Tabernacle in Heaven, it seems almost a denial of that ineffable mystery to speak of the body as a "sewer of filth," a "tabernacle of corruption," etc. Viewed in itself it is true that its marvellous and miraculous construction—the adaptability of each organ to its wants, the subtle and complex mechanism, awake enthusiasm in the scientist. The eye alone is a concentrated omniscience, so small in compass, so vast in comprehensiveness and power. But all is mortal and frail. It is but the solidifying of a few gases, that are dissolved in the putrefaction of death. What then? Science says it is a miracle, an eternal and inexhaustible wonder. But science also says it is but a passing whim of restless, constructive Nature—a delusion, a dream, a vapor, a myth. The ancient Scriptures seem to declare the same, but hark! here is a new Revelation, that apotheosizes this flimsy of clay, and clothes corruption with incorruption. What is the key of the new dogma? *Et verbum caro factum est*—Rev. P. A. Sheehan in The Dolphin.

DIVERSITY OF RITE BUT UNITY OF FAITH.

Now that various bodies of Oriental Christians preserving their own rites, but in union with Rome, are represented in American cities East and West the appended extract from the recent pastoral letter of Bishop Pheasant of Pittsburgh, Pa.—said Oriental being especially numerous in the diocese and state—will be of general interest: "Among Catholics who do not use the Latin rite, the Catholics who use the Greek or Ruthenian rite, are the most numerous in our diocese. All Catholics are Roman Catholics. It is a misuse of words and terms to say that some of the clergy and people of the diocese are Roman Catholics and some are Greek Catholics. All the faithful, who are in the unity of the visible Church of Christ, and in obedience to His Vicar, the Bishop of Rome successor of St. Peter, are Roman Catholics. Some are Catholics of the Latin rite, some are Catholics of the Greek rite, some are Catholics of the Syrian rite, and so forth but all are Roman Catholics and are equal in their rights and duties as subjects of this diocese.

The Rt. Rev. Andrew Hodobay, Prothonotary Apostolic, has been appointed by the Holy See to visit all the priests and missions of the Ruthenian rite in the United States. His duty is not only to investigate the spiritual condition of all the people and parishes and priests of his rite, but to give each year a full statement to the Holy See through the Apostolic Delegation, concerning all that pertains to their religious welfare and to aid the Bishops in providing faithful and zealous priests for Catholics of the Greek rite. For this reason he should know the name and address of each priest of the Greek rite; the diocese whence he comes, as well as the diocese and parish in which he now resides. Priest and people should endeavor to co-operate with the Rt. Rev. Visitor in his efforts to serve the Church and save souls. When in this diocese the Rt. Rev.

Andrew Hodobay, and all priests and people of the Greek rite are directly subject to the Ordinary and bound by all the statutes and are in every way the same as Catholics of the Latin rite, except in those things which are peculiar to the Greek rite. Catholics may hear Mass according to any rite, and in places where there is no church of the Greek rite, those who belong to that rite are bound under pain of sin, to assist at Mass, in the Church of the Latin rite, on Sundays and holy days of their own rite, and instructed and commanded to frequent the church of their own rite on Sunday and their holy days. No Catholic may pass from one rite to another without special permission of the Holy See.

When Catholics of different rites are to be married the pastor of the woman is to perform the ceremony. All male children of such marriages are to be educated in the rite of the father, all females in the rite of the mother. In cases of necessity, that is, when danger of death, long distance or some great difficulty intervenes the faithful of the Oriental rite in this diocese, may receive the Sacraments from any priest of the Latin rite according to the Latin rite. This is lawful only when no priest of their own rite can be had, or can be had only with great difficulty. In danger of death when no priest of the Latin rite can be had, a priest of the Oriental rite may administer, using the Oriental ritual, baptism, penance, extreme unction and Holy Viaticum to a member of the Latin rite. Holy Viaticum is to be given by a priest of the Oriental rite to a person of the Latin rite under one form that is under the form of fermented bread. Let it be remembered that only the gravest necessity makes it lawful for a priest of one rite to administer the Sacraments to a person of another rite, except the Sacrament of Penance. The faithful belonging to any rite may confess their sins and validly and lawfully receive absolution from any priest of the diocese, if the Ordinary of the diocese, or his delegate, has approved the services to be performed according to the rite of the deceased whenever possible. Priests of one rite may celebrate Mass and officiate in churches of another rite, when any reasonable cause requires it, but priests and others in Holy Orders are not allowed to administer the Sacraments, celebrate Mass, or minister at the altar in any rite but their own.

Since all Catholic priests of all rites in this diocese are under the jurisdiction of the Ordinary they are to render respect and spiritual obedience to the Bishop and his laws and instructions. Precedence in processions and assemblies and other ecclesiastical solemnities does not depend on the rite but on the time of the ordination and the mission into the diocese on the character of ecclesiastical dignity with which one is vested.

A JESUIT, SON OF THE PURITANS

The Rev. Edward Holker Welch, S. J., who died in Washington on December 3, in the eighty-third year of his age, was one of the most eminent of American Jesuits, and a scion of the oldest and most distinguished New England stock. His father and brother were distinguished members of the Boston bar, and his sister married one of the Greenoughs. Born in Boston on May 22, 1822, he was graduated from Harvard in 1840, at the early age of eighteen. He took post-graduate courses, however, and won the degrees of A.M. and L. L. B.

We know not whether any Catholic influences reached this predestined man in his early youth. Although the Catholics were already thirty thousand strong in Boston, they were for the most part aliens, without wealth or social position; and might have seemed a safely negligible quantity, but for the superstitious fear of "Rome," which had now and then destructive manifestations. Between Boston Catholics and the class whom this young aristocrat represented, there seemed to be a great gulf fixed. Nevertheless the magnetism of the True Faith had already drawn over it such men as were Goodwin and Tucker; and two years before young Edward Welch and James Coolidge Shaw set out for an educational visit to Europe, Bishop Fitzpatrick had confirmed about thirty converts of distinction in one group at the Cathedral.

The two young men of whom we speak, however, like the first priest of Puritan stock, Father John Thayer, found the Faith abroad. They set out in 1846. It is told of them that they parted company, that each became a Catholic during the days of separation, but at so nearly the same time that their letters mutually announcing the event crossed. Anyhow, they both determined to consecrate their lives to the Society of Jesus in 1851.

Father Shaw passed away early in his priesthood, but Father Welch was spared for many years to exercise his unusual gifts and acquirements for the glory of God and the good of souls. He was long stationed at Boston College, an important member of the faculty and devoted also to parish work. Before making his final vows, he distributed his patrimony among Catholic works of piety and charity in Boston, giving an especially generous donation to the House of the Good Shepherd in which he took a deep interest.

He was a man of splendid presence, tall, of soldierly erectness and in every word and act and thought the polished

gentleman. Yet, he gave himself with his whole heart to work among the needy, unkempt and neglected. He was devoted to the sick poor. He was most assiduous in confessional duty, and the basement chapel of the Immaculate Conception, in those early days was not the beautiful and comfortable place it is today.

In the late '80's he was transferred to Georgetown University, where he filled the chair of constitutional history. There, as in Boston, he was a strengthening, refining and uplifting influence on long successions of eager youth. He had sacrificed all that men most desire in life, before satiety or sorrow had shaken his hold; but he had done it so quietly, he bore himself so modestly and humbly that few realized his great renunciations.

His asceticism was not hard nor discouraging. He was always cheerful. He had the tenderest heart for family and kindred ties. He loves his old class-mates and the friends of his youth with an undying affection. The writer saw him for the last time in the winter of 1896; and he told with great pleasure of a reunion in Washington of the survivors of his class at Harvard in which he had been able to take part.

By example and word he must have been a great factor in numerous conversions in Boston and elsewhere. He was in his young manhood a close friend of Father Faber and was of his gentle and courteous spirit in his dealings with souls. No one who ever had the good fortune to know this model priest, this ideal of courtesy, charity, and minute, thoughtful kindness can ever forget him. He gave up all things for the pearl of great price, and like Saint Paul, he spent himself to the uttermost for God and his neighbor. He has seen the King in His glory, and heard the Divine commendation of the wisdom which the world accounted folly—Boston Pilate.

A HERO OF THE FAITH.

AGED AND ILL, A POLISH PRIEST ANSWERED SICK CALLS AND DIED IN A FEW HOURS.

Until a few days ago, says the New World, a poor, white-haired Polish priest lived in Chicago. He was old, he was, he did not understand English, yet one who met him frequently says he was always kindly and cheerful as some little child. The other night a sick man called to the rectory and found him the only priest on watch. He was aged and sick, but he answered the call. He rose and went forth and shrived the dying man, and returned, and in the morning he was found dead.

May he rest in peace! He did his duty. In his unselfishness he gave his life in order to save the soul of another. He answered the higher call and left his unselfishness as an example to all of us. Verily, the heroes of the faith are many, although the world may seldom know their deeds. The priest in question was Rev. J. Radziejewski, the unassuming and beloved pastor of St. Adalbert's Church, and few men have been accorded greater honor than that paid to his memory on occasion of his funeral. All business in the parish was suspended.

The business places and residences in the vicinity of the church were draped in mourning, and the entire congregation took part in the funeral procession over an hour. More than 18,000 persons were in the line, with over 200 carriages for clergy, Sisters, members of parish societies and friends of the dead priest. Archbishop Quigley was the celebrant of the Requiem Mass and Bishop Muldoon and over 100 priests assisted in the services. Father Radziejewski was born in the dukedom of Posen sixty years ago, educated in Rome and ordained priest in 1869. He came to Chicago in 1881. He founded the Immaculate Conception parish in South Chicago, and twenty years ago was appointed to the charge of St. Adalbert's parish, which now has a membership of 15,000, and parish property valued at \$250,000.

THE LOVE OF MARY.

The world is governed by ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more salutary influence than the medieval conception of the Blessed Virgin. For the first time woman was elevated to her rightful position, and the sanctity of weakness was recognized as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave, the toy of man, no longer associated only with ideas of degradation and of sensuality, woman arose in the Virgin Mother into a new sphere and became the object of a reverent homage of which antiquity had had no conception. Love was idealized. The moral charm and beauty of female excellence was for the first time felt. A new type of character was called into being, a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh, ignorant, benighted age this ideal type infused a gentleness, a purity, unknown to the crudest civilization of the past. In the millions who in many lands, in many ages have sought with no barren desire to mould their character into her image, in those holy maids, who for the love of Mary have separated themselves from all the glories and the pleasures of the world to seek in fastings, vigils and humble charity to render themselves worthy of her benediction, in the new sense of honor, in the chivalrous respect, in the softening of manners, in the refinement of tastes displayed in all the walks of life, in this and many other ways, we detect its influence. All that was best in Europe clustered around it, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization.—Walter Locky.

STRIKE SETTLED BY BISHOP HORSTMANN.

HEAD OF CLEVELAND DIOCESE ENDS LABOR TROUBLE INVOLVING NEARLY ONE THOUSAND HANDS.

Cleveland, November 20.—The strike of the 800 or more employees of the Kelley Island Lime and Transportation Company at Marblehead and Kelly Island has been settled through the mediation of Bishop Horstmann.

The Bishop had an engagement to dedicate a new Slovak church at Marblehead on Thanksgiving Day. In his address to the people on that occasion many of whom were on strike, the Bishop, after counselling them to preserve perfect peace and order, asked them to send a committee of six to meet him in the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day. The Bishop spent the whole afternoon in conference with that committee. He formulated for them a compromise, which they all accepted.

The compromise was then proposed by the Bishop to the president of the Kelley Island Lime and Transport Company, Caleb E. Gowen, in this city. The result of the conference with the president was an agreement on the main questions involved, which were at once telegraphed to both Marblehead and Kelly Island, and it was learned last night that the Bishop had received a dispatch from Kelley Island and Marblehead that the men at both places have accepted the terms and will go to work at once.

Speaking last night of the settlement of the strike, Mr. Gowen, president of the company, said that Bishop Horstmann had displayed great kindness in the whole affair. Bishop Horstmann is very happy over the settlement of a strike that might have become serious.

A JESUIT MISSIONARY.

The following is from the preface of an excellent book of doctrine lectures, published in 1865—nearly forty years ago—by Father C. F. Smarius, a Jesuit missionary. The title of the book is "Points of Controversy." We fear that it is now out of print.

"Alas! how many millions of our fellow men, redeemed by the precious blood of the Saviour, are daily lost to the Church and to Heaven, who if we exerted ourselves a little more in their behalf, might be rescued from darkness and the shadow of eternal death. How much could be done for converting our countrymen if we Catholics joined works of zeal and charity to fervent prayer."

Father Smarius was a living proof of this, for during his career as a missionary, ended all too soon by his premature death, he was the means of making a very large number of converts. "Zeal and charity joined fervent prayer"—if we exerted ourselves a little more, "if we exerted ourselves a little more," in fitting words of farewell for an apostolic man.—The Missionary.

MARK TWAIN'S TRIBUTE TO BLESSED JOAN OF ARC.

In Harper's Magazine for December Mark Twain, who has recently made a thorough study of the original documents bearing on the life of Joan of Arc, pays a wonderful tribute to this slight girl whom he calls "by far the most extraordinary person the human race has ever produced."

"All the rules fail in this girl's case. In the world's history she stands alone—quite alone. Others have been great in their first public exhibitions of generalship, valor, legal talent, diplomatic fortitude; but always their previous years and associations had been in a larger and smaller degree a preparation for these things. There have been no exceptions to the rule. But Joan was competent in a law case at sixteen without ever having seen a law-book or a courthouse before; she had no training in soldiery and no associations with it, yet she was a competent general in her first campaign; she was brave in her first battle, yet her courage had had no education—not even the education which a boy's courage gets from never-ceasing reminders that it is not permissible in a boy to be a coward, but only in a girl; friendless, alone, ignorant, in the bosom of her youth, she sat week after week, a prisoner in chains, before her assemblage of judges, enemies hunting her to her death, the ablest minds in France, and answered them out of an untaught wisdom which overmatched and scored every trick and every treacherousness with a native sagacity which compelled their wonder, and which every day a victory against these incredible odds that camped unchallenged on the field. In the history of the human intellect, untrained, inexperienced, and using only its birthright equipment of untried capacities, there is nothing which approaches this. Joan of Arc stands alone, and must continue to stand alone, by reason of the unfoliated fact that in the things wherein she was great she was so without shade or suggestion of help from preparatory teaching, practice, environment or experience."

At Christmas Time.

"During this period," says the Fraternal News, "we realize as at no other time that the whole world is akin, and that all inhabitants thereof constitute one grand, vast brotherhood of man. We are more apt to remember during this season that Christ came on earth and lived and died for all, for those who, as measured by worldly standards, are of high degree and for those who occupy the lowly station."

THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. SADDLER.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. PEARSON'S IDEA OF CONSCIENCE—TOM REILLY'S SHERIDAN—A RECONCILIATION—MIKE SHERIDAN'S MARRIAGE.

In the course of the next week, Henry Blake happened to hear that there was to be a grand celebration of some kind in St. Peter's Church, on the following Sunday. He, accordingly, went round amongst his friends and made up a party...

Sunday came, and our party set out in good time for St. Peter's, so as to be in for the opening ceremonies, as Henry said. Zach Thomson and his sister were located in Tim Flanagan's pew, to the great annoyance of Ellie, who sat next them.

"They were really a cause of distraction to me," Ellie used to say, "with their talking and pointing, and asking questions about everything they saw, just as if they were in a theatre. I hope Henry Blake will never ask us for seats again, for any of his Protestant friends. If he does, I am determined to go to an early Mass that day, so as to avoid them."

"Well! what do you think of that sermon, Mr. Thomson?" said Henry, as they walked along together after leaving the church. "The Bishop preaches well—don't he?"

"Yes, he is considerable of a preacher," said Thomson, with a sagacious shake of the head; "but I don't altogether like his way of talking. He seems to assume too much authority. Now, if we had a minister to stand up and talk in any such way—to tell us we must do so and so—why, the fact is, we would send him about his business before the week was out. We would show him that we were the masters, not he?"

Henry laughed, and was about to make some humorous reply, when Edward Flanagan and his father-in-law came up. Margaret was not with them, as she had been to an earlier Mass. "So you were all at St. Peter's," said Edward with a smile.

"Yes, and we were just talking of the sermon," said Henry. "Mr. Thomson finds fault with the Bishop for speaking too much like a master."

"And why not?" said Edward, quickly. "He is really our master—our master in the science of salvation, and we Catholics are proud to acknowledge our submission to such masters. It is by their teachings that we hope to save our souls?"

"Talk of saving souls," said Mr. Pearson. "I can't forgive your church for teaching that there is no salvation beyond her pale. My belief is, that salvation can be obtained in every church, or even without a church, if men are only faithful to their duties as rational creatures."

"And pray, how are men to know those duties?" asked Edward, at the same time endeavoring to repress a smile. "What is to be our rule or guide?"

"Why, conscience, to be sure!—what other guide do we require?"

"It is hardly sufficient, my dear sir!" said Edward, so gravely, that O'Callaghan could not help laughing. "Hardly sufficient!" repeated Mr. Pearson, in undisguised amazement.

"Do you mean to tell me, young man, that conscience is not the inward monitor; the beacon, as it were, that guides to the heavenly port? Do you Papists believe in conscience, or do you not?"

"We do!" said Edward, calmly and emphatically. "But will you have the goodness to tell me, in the first place, what you mean by conscience?"

"Why, the voice of God speaking within us, teaching us to do good and shun evil."

"How, then, does it happen that its dictates are not always the same?—How is it that conscience forbids the Jew to eat pork, and the Mahometan to drink wine, yet permits the Christian to do both? The conscientious Mahometan is bound to keep as many wives as he can manage to support; the Mormon conscience is equally accommodating; while your conscience and mine allow but one wife. You, as a Baptist, conscientiously believe that infant baptism is not necessary, while I, as a Catholic, believe that it is essentially and absolutely necessary. How do you account for all these discrepancies on the part of conscience, if it be, as you say, the unerring voice of God?"

"The others all laughed, for Pearson was rather dogmatical at times, and this very point was one on which he often held forth, insisting on it that the dictates of conscience were the only effective sermons, and that man had light enough within himself to insure his salvation, if he would but follow its revelations."

"How do you like that, Pearson?" said his friend Thomson. "I guess you've met your match this time!"

"A slippery jade is that same conscience," observed O'Callaghan. "There is this very city there, to my knowledge,

many eminent men, whose conscience tells them from day to day what the old Quaker said to his son, by way of a parting advice: 'Make money, Obadiah—honestly, if thee can—but be sure thee make it.'"

"You may laugh as you will, gentlemen," said Pearson, testily, "but I say again, that all religion is founded on conscience. Conscience is the divine law written on the table of the heart."

"Why, my dear sir," said Edward, "that is just what you told us before, though in different words. Conscience, according to you, the divine law—the law and the Gospel—and the divine law is—conscience. Some other time I shall be happy to renew this interesting subject, but, for the present, we part here. Henry, could you not furnish Mr. Pearson, at your leisure, with some useful hints on conscience? For instance, what manner of conscience poor Hugh Dillon had, and how he came by it. I fear the Common Schools, and your favorite system of mixed education 'could a tale unfold' regarding the peculiar bent of many a conscience. Good morning, ladies and gentlemen!"

So he took the old gentleman's arm and walked away, with a bow and a smile leaving the others to think and say what they pleased about himself and his peculiar opinions. Mr. Pearson was by no means sorry to get rid of so close a reasoner, and Henry was nettled by his cousin's parting words. Perhaps he felt that the cap fitted him too well for his self-complacency, which was usually wonderful in its extent. Thomson and the ladies were all amused, and had no particular feeling except that of good-natured satisfaction at Pearson's discomfort.

"A queer sort of conscience he must have himself!" said Pearson, pettishly, as he took a seat in an easy chair in Henry's drawing room.

"Of whom do you speak, pa?" inquired Jane.

"Why, of that young Flanagan, to be sure. His conscience won't allow him to eat meat on Friday, and it makes him kneel to a fellow-man to ask pardon for his sins. Now, I have not the slightest doubt but he prays to the Virgin, and all the other old Saints that Papists make so much to do about. Do you really think he does, Henry?"

He added, with solemn anxiety depicted on his face.

"I'm quite sure of it," said Henry, laughing. "You could never understand the mysteries of Edward Flanagan's conscience—it is a perfect labyrinth, my dear sir. Only think of his believing it a grievous sin, I might almost say, an unpardonable sin, to miss Mass on Sunday. You couldn't get him to stay outside the church-door five minutes before service commenced, on any conceivable account. No matter how interesting the subject on which he was conversing, the minute he reaches the church door, in he goes. And as for entering a Protestant place of worship, his conscience would denounce that as *totum*. It is just the same with the whole family of the Flanagans. They are a good sort of people in their way, but so precise in their notions of religion, so exceedingly conscientious, if you will, that you cannot get one of them an inch from the track."

A little later in the afternoon, Mike Sheridan called at Tim Flanagan's, and, after some preliminary conversation, asked Tim, in a low voice, if he couldn't have a word with him and Mrs. Flanagan in private.

"Certainly," said Tim, standing up. "Nelly dear," to his wife, "Mike wants to speak to us. Come into the next room a minute."

"Never mind, father," said Ellie, with a mischievous smile. "John and I will go instead. It is something new," she added, glancing at Mike's blushing face; "it is something new for Mike Sheridan to have a secret. You may be sure it is worth keeping. Is it not, Mike?"

But Mike did not choose to answer. John coughed significantly as he followed his sister from the room. When they were gone, Mike seemed at a loss how to begin his communication. He walked to the window, sat down again, looked here and there round the room, in search of courage, and was not to be so easily recovered. Tim and Nelly looked at each other and smiled. Nelly nodded to her husband, as much as to say: "Can't you help him out with it?" whereupon Tim cleared his throat with his hand to his mouth, and took the initiative.

"I think I can partly guess what you have to say to us, Mike. Tom Reilly told us of a certain little matter that would all go on swimmingly, only for a certain little difficulty that stands in the way. Eh! Mike, am I right or am I wrong?"

The ice thus broken, Mike became quite resolute all of a sudden, and dashed into his subject with a sort of desperation. "You're quite right, Mr. Flanagan, that's just what brought me here. As Tom has told you so much, it will save some trouble. Now what do you think yourselves of Alice Byrne—you know herself and all belonging to her?"

"Yes, indeed, Mike, we know them all—root and branch," said Tim, "for they're from our own parish at home, and we never knew anything but what was good of them. They belong to the real old stock."

"So Mrs. Reilly tells me," said Mike with a smile. "She seems well acquainted with the family-tree, and thinks highly of it."

"And as for Alice herself," observed Mrs. Flanagan, "she's a nice modest, sensible girl, and I'm sure will make a good wife. One thing is greatly in her favor, she was brought up by a pious, virtuous mother."

"Well now," said Mike, who was gradually getting over his bashfulness, "I'm glad to find that you both think so well of Alice, but, unfortunately, our people are altogether opposed to the Byrnes, and, of course, I could never think of marrying Alice without their consent. It seems my father and Mr. Byrne had a sort of falling-out long ago, when both of them used

to take a little drop, and they never altogether made it up. I know my mother thinks well enough of Alice, but she doesn't like to say against my father. Now you know, Mr. Flanagan, it is not very hard to bring my dear father to reason—his heart is so good—so I just want you to put in a word for me. He may speak a little hard or so, at first, against the Byrnes, but you know as well as I do that he has no malice or wickedness in him against any human being, and if all falls you, you can bring him round at once on the score of religion. He'll not go beyond that. You may tell him, too, that it would make me so happy if he'd only give his consent, for I'm sure Alice Byrne is just the girl that would suit me."

"Well! and how does her pulse beat?" asked Tim, slyly. "I hope you have no dislike to the Sheridan's—eh! Mike?"

Mike reached over the table for his hat, and the smile that brightened his handsome features was more expressive than any words.

"Oh! as to that," said he, twirling his hat between his hands, "as to that, I must only take my chance. I'm willing to try my luck with Alice."

"But why don't you get Father Power to talk to your father," said Tim. "I'll do what I can, and I have great hopes of succeeding; but you know yourself that one word from the priest would do more than if any one else was preaching for a year to him."

"I know that well enough," replied Mike; "but if I can help it, I don't want to spend my Father Power about it till I get my father's consent. I'm leaving that for the last chance."

"And why so, Mike?" said Mrs. Flanagan.

"Why, because, ma'am I don't want to let Father Power know anything about the coolness—at least, if I can help it. He might think ill of father, on account of it, and I'd be sorry for that, for he's a good, kind father as any in New York."

"God bless you, Mike," said Mrs. Flanagan, "you were always a good son, and your luck will be the better for it."

Tim said nothing, but he shook Mike's hand so warmly at parting, that Mike went away with the full consciousness of his approbation.

Mike had hardly turned the corner of the street when he came Mrs. Reilly, brimful of the news. Mrs. Flanagan would have persuaded her to take off her bonnet and stay a while, but no! she was on her way to Vespers, and just came out a little before Tom to step in and see how they all were.

"But that's true, says Mrs. Reilly, as if suddenly remembering something, 'did you hear of the match that's on foot?'"

"What match?" said Tim, evasively.

"Why, Mike Sheridan and Alice Byrne. They say it's going to be, for certain. What are you laughing at, Ellie—you and John?"

"We were thinking of poor Tom," said John. "Isn't it too bad that Mike should out him out, and be the first in the field?"

Mrs. Flanagan looked reproachfully at the young people, but it was too late. Mrs. Reilly's dignity was already up in arms. "You're under a great mistake, John," said she, sharply; "Tom Reilly has no such notions in his head. If every one thought as little of marriage as he does, it might be well for them—'ye hear that now?'"

And, another thing, John, if Tom Reilly thought fit to look after Alice Byrne, it isn't Mike Sheridan she'd be taking, though I have nothing to say to Mike—he's a very good lad—in his own way."

"But he isn't Tom Reilly, Sally dear!" said Tim, with his usual smile.

"You've just said it, Tim. I'll say that for Tom Reilly—though I am his mother, and by right shouldn't say it—there's not many girls in New York city good enough for him. No body knows his goodness as well as I do," added the mother, with a flushed cheek, and a moistened eye.

The smiles were all banished in an instant, and there was no irony, only all sincerity in the general assurance that Tom's virtues were known and appreciated by all who knew him.

"Well, thank God for that same," said the widow, earnestly. "It would ill become him to be anything else, for God knows he has no bad blood in him—not a drop. He had as decent a man to his father as ever stepped in shoe leather."

"And as to his mother," said the incorrigible Tim, "we'll say nothing. She's anything—but a decent woman!" So saying, he made his escape through a neighboring door, leaving poor Mrs. Reilly laughing heartily. Mrs. Flanagan had not yet recovered her former cheerfulness, but she could not help smiling.

"Well! just listen to what he says! he couldn't live without his joke, I do believe."

"Never mind him, Nelly dear!" said Mrs. Reilly, as she gathered her shawl around her. "I know him too well to be offended at anything he says. I'll be up to him one of these days, or I'll lose a fall. Is any of you going to Vespers?"

Yes, they were all going except Mrs. Flanagan, so Mrs. Reilly thought she would wait, as she knew Tom was gone around the other way. When Tim made his appearance, "ready for the road," as he said himself, he had on the same waggish smile, and Mrs. Reilly shook her fist at him with a menacing air, but they walked off together as good friends as could be, John and Ellie bringing up the rear.

In the evening when Mrs. Reilly and Tom were seated at their comfortable tea-table, the mother suddenly looked up at her son, and addressed her son who sat opposite. Her words went straight from her inmost heart, for Mrs. Reilly was as guileless as a child, and never practised equivocation.

"Now, Tom, I want to ask you one question, and I know you'll tell me the truth."

"I wouldn't wish to tell you anything else, mother. But what is it?"

"Did you and Alice Byrne ever keep company, or did you not? That's a plain question."

"It is, mother, and it shall have a plain answer," said Tom, though he was evidently unprepared for such a question. "We didn't exactly keep company—that is—he hesitated."

"That is," said his mother, taking him up, "you didn't exactly go courting to Alice, but there was a sort of a liking between you—eh, Tom?"

Thus driven into a corner, Tom turned sharp round and put the best face he could on the matter. "As for Alice, mother, I can't say; the poor fellow's voice quivered, for he could say, if he liked, 'but as for myself, I can't deny that I once had a liking for her.'"

"And I suppose you have still," said the mother, with more petulance than she had ever before shown; "I see it as plain as can be. I suppose if Alice had consented, I'd have had a daughter-in-law in on me before now. That's my thanks for staying as I am, and all on your account, Tom, when I might have had a comfortable home of my own. It's just the way you ought to serve me."

Tom appeared greatly distressed. He pushed away his cup and saucer from before him, drew his chair back from the table, and appeared altogether like one who was making a desperate effort. "Mother," said he, "you do me wrong—indeed, you do! I never thought of giving you a daughter-in-law—upon my word, I did not."

"Well, and how was it that people got a talking about it?"

"I'll just tell you the plain truth, mother, as you can hear something of it, though I'd just as soon you had not. There was a time when I took a great notion of Alice Byrne, and I said to myself that I was sure you'd be well pleased to have her for a daughter-in-law, but when I came to turn the matter over in my mind, I thought you'd just as soon I'd marry any one, and that as we were so quiet and so happy now, it would be wise for me to run the risk of disturbing that peace. Tom spoke out, and I said to myself that I was sure you'd be well pleased to have her for a daughter-in-law, but when I came to turn the matter over in my mind, I thought you'd just as soon I'd marry any one, and that as we were so quiet and so happy now, it would be wise for me to run the risk of disturbing that peace. 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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

"No man is ever used by God to build up His kingdom who has lost hope. Wherever I have found a worker in God's vineyard who has lost hope, I have found a man or woman not very useful."

If we are devoted to truth, we are ever desirous of diffusing it and ever hopeful that it will spread to the outermost boundaries. When a man becomes a cynic he also becomes an idler.

The World Needs Sunshine. It needs cheerful lives which radiate gladness. It needs encouragers who will lift and not board down, who will encourage, not discourage.

Who can estimate the value of a sunny soul who scatters gladness and good cheer wherever he goes instead of gloom and sadness? Everybody is attracted to these cheerful faces and sunny lives and repelled by the gloomy, the morose and the sad.

We envy people who radiate cheer wherever they go and fling out gladness from every pore. Money, houses and lands look unattractive beside such a disposition. The ability to radiate sunshine is a greater power than beauty or than mere mental accomplishments.

Wasted Energy. Some of us waste our energies and make our lives ineffective by trying to do too many things. Ability to do one thing superbly almost precludes the possibility of doing other things in a way to attract attention.

People who are constantly making resolutions with great vigor and determination, but who never put them into execution, do not realize how much precious force they waste in dreaming and wishing. They live in dream land while they work in mediocrity.

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qualifications of a worker by the pains he takes in making his person and clothing as attractive as possible. Everything about a man bespeaks his character. He puts his personality into everything he does, no less than his work.

A Field of Fruitful Effort. At no period in the history of our country has such bright prospects opened before the Catholic young man—the one who is faithful in the practice of his religious duties. Such a one is always admired by men of principle.

Addressing the Young Men's Archdiocesan Union of Philadelphia, Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J., sounded a true note when he said:

"Where will you find the man who is faithful, sincere, honest? He will be found in the man true to the teaching of the Catholic Church. Not to one but all its doctrines, its teachings of faith and of morals, of what he must believe and what he must do. A man like O'Connell in Ireland, Ozanam in France, like Garcia Moreno in South America, like Windhorst in Germany. I see before me the men who will be the leaders in thought, the leaders in action, the leaders in patriotism.

O'Connell had to face prejudice against his race, and bigotry against his religion—the young man smote the giant, and won the religious emancipation of his people. Ozanam, a young man, faced infidelity, and founded the grandest monument to religious charity and zeal, the conference of St. Vincent de Paul. Garcia Moreno was opposed by the hatred of anti-religious societies. He gave his life gloriously in the service of God and religious freedom.

Windhorst, single handed, fought against the power of Protestant Germany, and by his courage, skill, faith, and persevering toil, conquered the iron chancellor, Bismarck, who had subdued all other foes, but the young man, by the stone of truth, brought him to his knees.

You are called upon in the spirit of these men to battle against prejudice, religion, and racial prejudices like O'Connell, against irreligion like Ozanam, against the hate of God, like Garcia Moreno, against the opposition to Catholic truth and justice like Windhorst. You will say it is a great work. I say to you, that you are young men, and you are Catholic men, that you are Catholic young men of the twentieth century. With God in your hearts, and right in your lives, and courage in your souls you must not fail, you cannot fail, you will not fail."

Cardinal Newman's Gentleman. "It is almost the definition of a gentleman," says the great Cardinal Newman, "to say he is one who never gives pain.

He carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast, all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all distrust or suspicion, or gloom. He tries to make every one at ease and at home. He has his eyes on all the company. He is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics that may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome.

"He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by mere retort. He has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and he interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out.

He has too much sense to be affronted at insult. He is too busy to remember injuries, and too wise to bear malice. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his discipline and intellect preserve him from a blundering discourse of better though less educated minds, which like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean.

"He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-hearted to be unjust. He is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive."

Some Helpful Thoughts. One of the great lessons we may learn from St. Paul is never to give way to discouragement. We cannot find a single hopeless word in any of the epistles.

The quiet activity of mind required to adjust ourselves to difficult surroundings gives a zest and interest to life which we can find in no other way, and adds a certain strength to the character which cannot be found elsewhere. Annie Payson Call.

Do your own thinking. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your thoughts; but when alone, weigh what you have said.

Tread carefully every day the path in which Providence leads; seek nothing, be discouraged by nothing; see duty in the present moment; trust all with reserve to the will and power of God.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates. Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up to his heart, maybe—into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing—Laurel.

In the firm control of our thoughts lies the secret of the most wonderful possession of which we can boast—character. It is quite as much a matter of habit as of will, this being honorable, truthful, just, having formed our principles of right living, conscience invariably points to a whole-hearted loyalty to them. And when baser motives plead, why, here is just where your power may profit by exercise.—M. L. Leibrock.

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.—E. P. Humphrey.

Concentration Always Wins. All through the world to-day there are millions of young men wondering how they are to obtain success. In

some measure good fortune is, of course, possible to every one who reads my words and is blessed with health. All cannot be equally prosperous in their affairs, but every one can make some kind of a mark.

But not along the old roads. Education all over the world, I do not say the best education, but the kind of education that makes money, is increasing. As a result brains work more rapidly, though perhaps not as thoroughly as they did in the past.

Active minds are breaking away from tradition and making fortunes, in many cases by an actual reversal of the policy of their forefathers. It is not, in my opinion, and I base my statement on knowledge of successful men in many lands, the young man who seeks an appointment in an old-fashioned store and settles down to the humdrum work of doing his duty, who necessarily makes a fortune. There are thousands of men in this and every other city who are trying to make fortunes that way and cover will. It is the man who goes into the store and teaches his employer to sell new kinds of goods in new kinds of ways who eventually becomes strong enough to enforce his demands to a share of that shop or some other shop.

But he must be well all the time in body, so that his mind may devote itself to the great secret of success—concentration. Fortunes may come to great gamblers now and then, and such notorious examples do, I know, disturb the minds of young men. And every venture in life is, I admit, a little of a gamble. But, after all, it is concentration of purpose that is the backbone of success all over the world whether it be that of the poet or the pork packer. The man who has cultivated the habit of concentration looks round every proposition so thoroughly that he is not, as a rule, given to buying gold bricks.

The gambler not only buys them, but seeks them. Witness the disastrous story of the combine of the shipbuilding yards of this country. We have plenty of gamblers on our side of the Atlantic, but we do not as a rule, as yet gamble in industries, and I hope we never shall.

Our shipyards and ships are in the hands of men who are all the time devising new kinds of ships propelled by new kinds of methods and concentrating their minds on that kind of business alone. As a result, those men can build ships more quickly and more cheaply than any others. I quote this instance, because I was here at the time the gamblers were busy buying their shipbuilding gold bricks and thinking they were going to erect a permanent structure of success that way.

After concentration has brought about the initial success, optimism of temperament is necessary. It does much to carry with it those who are around one and brings with it that leadership which then becomes essential.

When Ferdinand de Lesseps began to talk of cutting the Suez canal no one believed him, and, as a matter of fact, as he himself confessed, he was on the wrong track at first. But gradually his forceful optimism persuaded individual after individual, and then nation after nation, that the thing could and should be done.

His career is an ideal one to study from the point of view of those seeking success. He did a new thing in a new way, and he concentrated his whole existence on it.

It is the study of that kind of life that I suggest to those who are looking for fortune. Get rich quick is more dangerous even than idle pipe dreaming.

Concentration and new methods are winners every time.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

The Scourging at the Pillar.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBBERE.

The great idea for this special Bank Holiday was to go out on some cycles. Mary had been on one a few times, and was engaged to keep on very better than she expected though her progress was characterized by a wobbling movement very suggestive of the amateur. One of her friends, however, preferring donkeys on Hampstead Heath, she and Mary set off to go there.

Just as they were crossing the street to the station at which they were to get a train, Mary, who was laughing and talking at the top of her voice, heard a shout warning her to take care, and suddenly seeing the danger she was in she lost her presence of mind, and in a moment more was knocked down by a swiftly driven hansom.

Of course a crowd came round her, and in a very little time she was moved to a neighboring house, there to wait for the ambulance which was to take her to a hospital.

The injury her head had been very severe, and some time she was in great danger, and but slowly gained strength and seemed on the way to convalescence. As she lay on her bed during all those weary weeks the priest who visited the hospital often spoke to her and tried to bring her to a sense of the danger to body and soul she had been in. But she was stubborn and silent, absolutely refusing to make her confession, and apparently quite unconcerned about her soul. His visits bored her extremely, and she often used to pretend to be asleep when his sharp eyes caught sight of his tall, slight figure entering the ward.

And so the days went on. Father Kolson went away for his holidays, and the priest who visited the hospital during his absence, being very shy and nervous, found Mary an impossible person to deal with.

One summer's day Mary was so much better that she was wheeled out in a

chair on the terrace of the hospital, there to enjoy a sight of the blue sky and sunshine. It was a lovely afternoon, and as the patients seemed all very much brighter and better, the nurses were not quite as much overpressed with work.

Nurse Hutton came out to talk to Mary a little. The latter, who had had her hair cut during her illness had now a curly crop which suited her better than her former style of hair-dressing.

"You are getting on nicely, No. 4," said the nurse, who had a brisk manner and a cheerful face. "You will be able to get down to the Convalescent Home at Folkstone next week. I spoke to the house-surgeon about it to-day."

"Did you? Well, I hope it'll put a bit of backbone into me, I feel so weak."

"You must, indeed. But the sea breezes will do you good. I've never seen the sea," said Mary wearily. "What is it like?"

"I really don't know how to describe it to you, said the nurse laughing. "Bigger than the ponds in the parks, I'd say," said Dreda with languid interest.

"Yes, rather. Wait and you'll see it for yourself."

"I don't know whatever I'll do so as to get a good start again," said Mary. "I told you I had had all my things stolen," she continued, for she had had to make up a plausible tale to account for being homeless and with no friends to come and see her on visiting days.

The nurse nodded. She had heard tales of the kind before, sometimes true, and oftener not. Five years' experience of hospital life had given her a good opportunity of studying human nature, and she had quickly discovered Mary's capacity for telling lies. She did not believe this story, but as it was not her concern to sit into the matter she inquired no further.

"There was a purse in your pocket, you remember," said Nurse Hutton, "and I think it had money in it, but I did not look, and it is put carefully away in your locker."

"A purse," said Mary, putting her hand to her head, for she felt confused still, and trying to remember anything was an effort that caused her pain.

Slowly, however, she recollected. "Yes, I remember," said Mary, and the nurse offered to go and fetch the purse, and Mary eagerly assented.

The nurse went back to the ward to get the purse, and brought it to her. As she put it in Mary's hand she was called away, and the girl was left by herself, comparatively alone, for the other invalids on the terrace had settled into a group, so that she was undisturbed. So strange is the power of memory and thought, linked by many a hidden chain, that when Mary drew out a little Rosary, tucked away in a side pocket of the purse, it brought up many things back to her mind.

She thought of her First Communion, made together with the other school children. Since she had left school she had thrown her Rosary, ceased to practise her religion, and it was ten years—no two as she had told Mrs. Jervis—since she had done the Sacraments.

She took the Rosary in her hands and then said the second set of decades, feeling surprised as she did so at being able to remember them all. And she said the beads tears of real penitence came to her eyes, and she resolved then and there to begin a new life. And the resolve was kept. When Mary was well again, which was not before the autumn, she went to try and see Mrs. Jervis, and learnt from the landlady that she had died the week before. Mary had returned to the sacrament, and that winter was married to a steady young Catholic.

So the sacrifice and mortification which Mrs. Jervis looked on as a failure had not been so after all.

No colamel, no cascara, no gripping pain, in

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

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Birkle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is an unparalleled remedy for colds, coughs, influenza and diseases of the throat and lungs. The use of the medicine results upon years of successful use in eradicating these afflictions, and in preventing mankind from the fatal ravages of consumption, and as a neglected cold leads to consumption one cannot be too careful to fight it in its early stages. Birkle's Syrup is the weapon used.

Use the safe, pleasant and effective worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equal to it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

THEY CLEANSE THE SYSTEM THOROUGHLY. Parman's Vegetable Pills clear the stomach and bowels of bilious matter, cause the excretory vessels to throw off impurities from the system, and expel the deleterious mass from the body. They do this without pain or inconvenience to the patient, who speedily realizes their good offices as soon as they begin to take effect. They have strong recommendations from all kinds of people.

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Snowy White Linen in every home, comes from the use of Surprise A Pure Hard Soap. Makes white goods whiter. Colored goods brighter. See for Yourself. Remember the name Surprise.

GOLD DOLLARS DOES IT PAY TO BUY A CHATHAM INCUBATOR? AT FORTY CENTS EACH. Yes, better than it would to purchase Gold Dollars at forty cents each. You can get one of the CHATHAM 100 EGG INCUBATORS with BROODER to match for \$10.00 in 1905; \$10.00 in 1906 and \$11.00 in 1907, without interest. These machines will hatch and take care of as many chickens as ten hens. Ten hens will lay sufficient eggs during the time that it takes to hatch and brood their chickens to pay each yearly payment on Incubator and Brooder. Making a moderate estimate of the number of times that the above machine may be used, in each year, as four, you have forty dollars as the earnings, over and above what you would get from the old way, take off ten dollars which is the yearly payment for machine, and you will have left thirty dollars earned on the expenditure of ten—which is gold dollars at twenty-five cents instead of forty cents each. This is only one of the many cases of profit attainable from the use of the CHATHAM INCUBATOR. Head quarters for this district No. 9 Market Lane, LONDON, ONT.

WINDMILLS POWER AND PUMPING. The "IMPERIAL" won the championship of the world. In a two months' trial held by the Royal Agricultural Society in England. There were twenty-one American, British and Canadian mills in the trial. WE ALSO MAKE GAS AND GASOLINE ENGINES GRAIN GRINDERS, ETC. GOULD, SHAPLEY & MUIR CO. LIMITED Brantford, Canada.

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The London Mutual Fire INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. ESTABLISHED 1850 HEAD OFFICE TORONTO, ONT. FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT. Losses Paid Since Organization, \$3,250,000. Business in Force, \$6,000,000. Assets, \$6,250,000. HON. JOHN DRYDEN, President. GEO. GILLES, Vice-Pres. H. WADINGTON, Sec. and Managing Director. L. LEITCH, D. WEISMILLER, Inspectors. Supt. JOHN KILLER.

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DIocese of London.

RECEPTION TAKEN BY THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE...

His Excellency the Most Reverend Donatus...

The feast also the large corridor leading...

His Excellency then arose and in a clear...

His Excellency then arose and in a clear...

His Excellency then arose and in a clear...

His Excellency then arose and in a clear...

His Excellency then arose and in a clear...

His Excellency then arose and in a clear...

His Excellency then arose and in a clear...

DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, WINDSOR.

Windser Record, Dec. 12.

"I am raising a monument more enduring...

The new church, architecturally is of modern...

The first service consisted in blessing...

Previous to the sermon, the offertory was...

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Fr....

You are surrounded today, Your Excellency...

In this jubilee year, which inaugurates...

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