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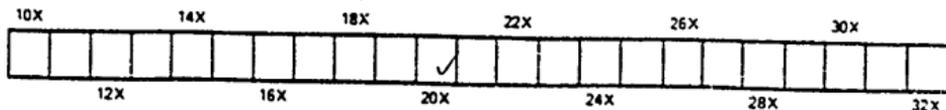
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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

VOL. V.—No. 20.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

EQUIVOCATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

When Dr. Sullivan says of equivocation that "he knows it not," he is either guilty of a train, not worth wasting episcopal breath on, or utters what is very hard to get the right meaning of.

He does not know it in his own conduct. Very good. But the state not would be more honorable to him if coming from some one else. He does not know it amongst his highly favored parishioners of St. James'. Well, as a dear old friend used to say, in broken English, "Zat use a propo-sition vich ces much harder to accept." He does not know it in society or the history of society, which we call literature. If so, he is already away up on the lofty pinnacles of sanctity which ordinary mortals can hardly hope to reach. St. Aloysius never saw the faces of the ladies of the court in which he served; but, as Newman says, he was a saint, and we cannot judge saints by ordinary standards. The Doctor must be infinitely guileless, preternaturally lucky, if he knows not equivocation, for there is plenty of it scattered about, here and there, in town and country alike, and even according to Macaulay (Hist. Eng. cap. xvii.) "Problems and Restores (the Doctor's title, we think) were not ashamed to avow that they had equivocated."

There is an innocence that comes from heaven, and is admirable; and there is an innocence springing from ignorance, which serves no good purpose in church or state. We are pleased to think the Doctor's simplicity belongs to the first category; and, if so, be anything of the nature of the second attaches to him he seems determined to get rid of it. In this he has our entire approbation: only we think he goes the wrong way about securing his end, when he asks us to give the doctrine of our Church on equivocation. (Paraphrasing, we have no Church of ours; the Church has us, and made and makes us Christians; not we it.) It is natural, as well as charitable, to throw a plank to a man in the water, but you must have the plank before you can throw it.

And as there is absolutely no doctrine of "our Church" on equivocation, you can be of no service to the right Rev. Rector. You cannot call simple condemnation a doctrine, and that is all the Church has to say about the ugly vice. All her catechisms, all her theologians, all her bishops and priests, and all her own pronouncements, are uniform in this matter. There is not an exception, not even one. And therefore whatever our willingness to comply with the (ridiculously absurd) request of Dr. Sullivan we can do nothing.

But we seem to hear him saying, in a kind of bewilderment, "What, you do not know that Dens, and St. Ignace, and all of them, too numerous to mention have written on equivocation; and therefore there is a doctrine!" Well, I never, as I said last week, saw Dens, but I have St. Ignace, and St. Thomas, and Gury, and Lehmkuhl, and a number of others of the same kind, and from cover to cover of any or all of them, there is not even mention made of equivocation. "Ha ha," breaks in the good Doctor, "I see now the effect of the villainous doctrine itself. You have learned it all too well. For you are equivocating in the most shameless fashion. Does not Dens, does not Gury, do not all of them speak of equivocation, as, under circumstances, allowable; and what is equivocation but equivocation?"

Is that your knowledge either of Latin or of Theology? Does similarity of spelling or sound in the instance of two words, one Latin, the other English, imply identity of meaning? Have you forgotten old Arnold, Exercise II., teaching us that "we can hardly have a worse ground than that of the similarity of sound in Latin and English words on which to form our belief that their meaning is identical. Have you forgotten the dear old days of school and the jokes, with little wit, but lots of laughter, that were founded upon such discoveries? Your own memory must be full of them, and therefore no word need be said in proof of this which I lay down with all possible positiveness, and defy any one to refute—that the word equivocation does not mean at all the same thing as the English word equivocation. And first, there is a word equivocation, which is not English, nor yet again is it strictly Latin. It is a word which is not in any merely classical dictionary, for the very good reason that it was not coined until after that language had ceased to be popularly spoken. The word is of as purely Christian origin as the institution of Sunday in place of the Jewish sabbath; and Protestant ministers—as we see by the daily accounts, in the street car controversy—don't seem to know much about either.

What, then, is the meaning of the word equivocation? Or why did the scholastic writers invent it? The answer to these questions is not very difficult.

Speech, or the power of passing thought from mind to mind, is our highest natural endowment, and for that very reason its right use is accompanied with manifold benefits, no also, manifold dangers. If every man uttered his mind, the same is a perfect man. (St. James iii. 2) shows us the wide range of its influence upon moral and religious conduct and character. How to speak, and when, and to whom, and by what way, and to what end, are the only a few of the silent, but these are only a few of the problems whose divine science has to investigate and solve, as well as it can, in the light of Revelation. It is easy to say the truth must never be violated. Any child can know that much. But there is a mighty difference between Truth and truth. God alone is Truth, as He is the Way and the Life, and when He speaks His Word, like Himself, is Truth, which we can grasp and possess, not by intellectual comprehension, but by supernatural faith.

But who we come to consider man as speaking, there is a great difference. His speech is not creative. It makes nothing new. It gives pictures and recounts, more or less complete, of the things he knows, whether by sense or intellect. Some things he knows with certainty, whilst of others he can only have opinions; and so on.

And of the matters he is sure of, there are some that he has no right to speak at all, or only at best to some persons. The truth of his information, may be the very reason why he ought not to speak of it at all, &c. There is no need, nor is it his place, to go more minutely into this difficult question. Every day, by our experience and good sense, we know how often it is the task so to manage the tongue that it may not say too much, or too little, or speak at the wrong time, or to the wrong person. To withhold a truth is sometimes as much a duty as to tell it. A friend of my own lost his life through the imprudent frankness of his physician, in letting him know how ill he was. Again, no mother gives a full answer to four-year old Tommy, when after kissing his nose, she says, "he is very well."

Difficulties of this nature are unlimited in number, some of them trifling, others grave, but all more or less trying to sensitive consciences, and Christian moralists, both Catholic and Protestant, have tried to help them, and road through them. In some instances the matter is practically settled, as in the phrases—"not at home," or "not guilty," in courts, or the kind of answers allowed in parliament. But no rule has been made, that to help them, which is made which will not be objected to by somebody, either that it is too lax, or again that it is too strict. And yet men have to go on talking—it is the muscle and nerve of society. It is not fit then, and natural, that to help them, and thinkers, who have a taste for consistency should try to make some kind of order out of this chaos, and do what they can, by aid of eternal truth, to show us a way out of the countless perplexities that present to the necessities of daily speech. Their essays in this direction, the scholastics called equivocation, and this equivocation, in the instance of every author I ever saw, excludes lying and equivocation totally and universally. All purely mental restriction, which is about the meaning of equivocation, is condemned entirely by every one of them; but a number of imaginary cases are given wherein it is allowable or a duty, or sometimes the most prudent course, to be silent, or evasive, or to show the eyes, as Newman calls it, or get without lying, out of answering a question, which one has no right or duty to answer, or the interrogator no right to ask. And to say that such teaching, made to help them, and about equivocation, is about as fair and honest as to say that bad gases and bad smells, and generally dirty surroundings lead to the source of hygiene whose very object is to put us on our guard against such things.

We conclude by assuring Dr. Sullivan that there is no doctrine of our Church on equivocation—if you accept the one word "Dens," a word which we would counsel him to study and practise before making grave imputations upon his neighbors!

Message to His Holiness.

The following telegraphic communications, have been interchanged between the Archbishops and Bishops of the ecclesiastical provinces of Toronto and Kingston and His Holiness on the occasion of the visit of the Apostolic Delegate to this city:

To His Holiness Leo XIII., Rome: The Archbishops of Toronto and Kingston, with their suffragans, assembled here under the presidency of the Apostolic Delegate, present to Your Holiness the expression of their filial devotion and of their gratitude, happy to have in their midst your representative, whose serene presence, and the presence of the Cardinals of Your Holiness, being convinced that they will be most wise and best calculated to safeguard the interests of religion, joy and peace in the consequence of recent events and circumstances.

The following answer was received: The Holy Father has learned with much pleasure of the meeting of the Archbishops of Toronto and Kingston and their suffragans, held under the presidency of the Apostolic Delegate. The sentiments expressed to him on this occasion, and his joy to have such representatives and his love to hope that such sentiments will have the most desired result of safeguarding the interests of religion in Canada.

Rampolla, Cardinal.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

The Catholic Champion of Civil and Religious Liberty. An eloquent lecture by Rev. Father Ryan in St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday last.

As we stated in our last issue, Saturday, the 13th inst., was the fiftieth anniversary of O'Connell's death. We suggested that mention might be very appropriately and opportunely made in every Catholic pulpit on Sunday, of the great Emancipator's life and labors. Indeed we do not give ourselves the credit of this suggestion—we got it from our Holy Father the Pope, who ordered special service to be held in honor of this anniversary in London and Rome, and recommended some public and ecclesiastical notice of the event in Ireland, and indeed wherever Irishmen are and wherever the lesson and policy of moral power is appreciated.

We are sorry we cannot give a full report of Father Ryan's very able and eloquent lecture, the merits of which can be gathered from our few very hurried notes. The rev. lecturer began by saying he was justified in departing from the usual Sunday evening subject by a notable and most interesting anniversary and by a suggestion of the Holy Father.

The anniversary was the fiftieth year of O'Connell's death, the Holy Father's suggestion that the day be fittingly commemorated. An enthusiastic admirer of O'Connell had said that he was the greatest man that ever lived. Cicero was great as a forensic orator, Demosthenes as a popular orator, O'Connell excelled each and surpassed both. Clear conqueror of kingdoms, Napoleon conquered kings. O'Connell did more—he conquered the kingdom and the king of England and he emancipated seven millions of Irish Catholic slaves. O'Connell would be best remembered as the Catholic champion of civil and religious liberty. After a brief and clear description of what civil and religious liberty is, the lecturer went on to show that at the beginning of the present century the penal laws of England deprived the Catholics of Ireland of all liberty, domestic, civil and religious. In a letter to her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, O'Connell proved two things beyond the possibility of doubt or contradiction. First, that Ireland was the most cruelly governed country in the world, and secondly, that the Irish people were the most sensitive to tyranny and the most loyal to authority of any people on earth.

O'Connell's character and greatness would be seen in his twofold relation of education and emancipation of the Irish people and dictation to their tyrant masters. As educator and emancipator he showed he was what a brilliant Frenchman called him—the incarnation of the spirit of France. As dictator he walked into the British Parliament, right up to the foot of the English throne, himself in chains, and seven million of slaves in fetters behind him. He walked out, walked home, a free man, the crowned king of an emancipated nation.

O'Connell gives us the service of his strength and the secret of his success in a few lines of a poem he was fond of quoting:

Thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert
bird's nest,
Drink love in each life drop that flows from
thy breast.

He knew and loved his country. He believed and hoped in God. Seventy years of France, headed by Count de Montalambert, presented him in dress, and hailed him as the prophet and apostle of moral power and constitutional action, the benefactor of nations and peoples for all ages to come. O'Connell was loved and worshipped by the Irish people, but he sought something better than human applause. Living, he worked for heaven, and dying, he gave his soul to God, his body to Ireland and his heart to Rome.

Sunday Evening at St. Patrick's.

At St. Patrick's Church on Sunday evening a solemn reception of new members of the Sodality of the Children of Mary was held. The church was crowded to the doors and scores had to turn away disappointed. The fame of Father John Bennett, C. S. R., of Clonsilla, London, as Provincial of the order in England, who preached the sermon, had attracted many from the different parishes of the city. Father Bennett has been travelling through the United States and Canada and is on his way home. He was kindly consented to remain at St. Patrick's over Sunday and preach at the reception of members of the sodality. His subject was the Blessed Virgin. He exhorted to members of the Children of Mary to persevere in their good work. The congregation was in the deepest attention by the impressive eloquence with which the gifted preacher spoke of Catholic devotion to the Mother of God. Vespers were sung by the rector Very Rev. Father Hogan. Benediction was given by Father Hogan.

On Thursday, Ascension Day, First Communion and Confirmation will be administered by the Archbishop of Toronto to 50 children of St. Patrick's parish who have been prepared for the reception of the Sacraments.

A Pleasant Correspondent and Her Unpleasant Friend

One of the editors of The World has a writer, Katharine Leslie, whose name at the end of an article generally ensures my reading it. She is always bright, lively and, above all, natural. Nowadays one is so sick of what is called fine style that it is a veritable treat to find any one who tells a plain story interestingly and keeps smooth descriptions of glassy surface clear of unsightly, lumpy adjectives. Naturalness, or the absence of straining or affectation, is as great a merit in composition as it is in manners. This quality K. L. possesses, and, therefore, I always read what she contributes. This does not mean of course that I accept all she says; but difference of opinion, or even faith, provokes no bitterness in some minds, at least when put forward with modesty and candor.

Well, this agreeable correspondent some weeks ago paid a visit to the Cathedral at Ottawa on a Sunday; not, I am afraid, good lady, to say her prayers—though she, maybe, did that too—but to see what was going on, and especially to have a glimpse of the Apostolic Delegate. We hope she got a good full look at him and was satisfied. At all events the report she sent to her paper was very readable and good-natured. True, she found the atmosphere of the Basilica rather stuffy, but this, no doubt, was because two or three, maybe four congregations had filled the sacred edifice as at many Masses before the hour had arrived for what our Anglican friends, afraid of the right word, call the choral service. She went again in the evening for Vespers and Benediction, and was agreeably surprised with the singing and the service generally.

What we want to remark upon is first an observation by herself about the "shining Host looking like a golden sunburst," and secondly a comment by a friend of hers, that the whole thing was "a great spectacular show."

We put these two things together because both spring from imperfect knowledge, but chiefly because they are in such violent contrast. The first is kindly in sentiment, feloniously conceived and elegantly worded; the other is contemptuous, spiteful, and a little Pharisaical, and as slovenly thinking leads to slovenly speech it is also halting in expression. Spectacular is not a term of reproach, and as she—she assumed the friend was lady—meant to do us every kindness, she meant to use the word theatrical. This would place herself on a pinnacle of high spirituality—which in minds like hers means only a liberty to hate every one who does not think as she does, down with dog and pig, and scoundrel, the poor Papists, engrossed with a big show to the utter forgetfulness of the "spirit."

Heigh ho! The ways of the world and of many things and persons in it! Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is next to the Holy Eucharist, the sweetest manifestation of Christ's love and is responded to on the part of the faithful by the deepest and most earnest acts of religious worship; and this lady sees nothing in it, but a show! How can we expect such a state of mind and heart without imputing to her anything more than ignorance. Let us try.

The grizzly old Carlyles somewhere that to a sheep the lovely moon in the heavens and the bottom of a tin dish is next to the same thing, rather than the gases as the reason, first on the part of the objects, that they appear about the same size and both shine with a whity light, and secondly on the side of the subject, that most sheep are nearly blind in all sheep are stupid. But that requires further analysis. A sheep—sheep for the matter of that all irrational creatures—uses only one sense at a time and no understanding, and to that sense—sight in this case—it is obvious the moon and a tin dish are very much alike. A difference, however, and a very considerable one, there is, but it is discovered by another process than mere sight. The ear, conveying to us what other people have to say on the matter, and the intelligence working upon such information, &c., &c., have led most men, in utter contempt of the good sheep's view, to make a wide discrimination between the glorious moon of the night and the bottom of a tin dish. With sorrow and shame, rather than anger, we are forced to say this spectacular show person has not taken the method of reason, has, in fact, not got beyond the steep stage of judgment in the actual superstitions that the indescribably touching rite of Benediction. She uses one, and only one sense, and no understanding and a good deal of ugly uncharity, and so comes to the conclusion that there is nothing there but a spectacular show—just as we suppose the sheep would say it would make no difference in the universe if the moon were replaced by a dish made of tin or other white metal. Well, the case is bad enough, but it might be worse. I guarantee don't kill, or the lambkin couldn't play under the load of its false notions; and so this person's digestion may continue good and her pulse normal and her sleep sound, though she sees no difference between the presence of God in His own

institution blessing His kneeling child and a spectacular show—a "great spectacular show!"

Dismissing now many reflections that come in here naturally, we ask why it should not be a spectacle, a great spectacle, the very greatest that earth and man is capable of furnishing? If it is there, and now should we receive Him? If His Majesty came among us would we not have flags and drums, and processions and pageants, and the bustatory we could command, and still not expand in fireworks, as he saw them flash upwards and disappear would she not be proud it was her money that she brought to the occasion when all were rejoicing in presence of their Queen.

Human nature, whatever else it is, is not very unkind. It has its ways; some bad of course, and some good; and amongst these latter the giving outward signs of respect to those who deserve it is as natural as it is right and good. Every body does it, society would be a post of stagnant water, hideous with lifeless carcasses, without it. The very animals of the field leap and play in instinctive recognition of the Being who blesses them. And shall old maidish sourness and spite fault with us, and especially sneer when at the approach of God, we imitate the three youths in the fiery furnace, and call upon earth and sea and sky, and all that are in them to help us in praising and blessing the Lord who has visited us in such loving kindness? But why go in spirit, and without this pomp and show? Fudge and nonsense! Either people don't believe that, or if they do, they show a discreditable ignorance of human nature in action. Let us ask what constitutes the real celebration of the Queen's birthday? Is it the red coats or the flags or the bands, or the processions, singly or collectively? Or is it the men behind these things, and the spirit of loyalty that moves them? If you do not believe that, you get up the celebration and offer your choice of the two, the men or the accompaniments, which of the two, the men or the accompaniments, would you take? You say each is to be included, but you exclude the other. You want both, just so. And we in the great celebration, made by divine order in memory of God and Redemption, have both a spirit of undoubting faith that brings us to church, and an actual conviction that we are following the Queen's birthday. Is it the red coats or the flags or the bands, or the processions, singly or collectively? Or is it the men behind these things, and the spirit of loyalty that moves them? 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THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

The Dublin Herald has published in its issue of the 17th inst. the Archbishop of Dublin's letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury...

An appeal for means to complete the restoration of the Queen's College, Cork, has been issued by the Archbishop of Dublin...

The death has occurred at Ballymore of the Rev. Hugh Connor, late parish priest of Kilmoy, Co. Wick...

A melancholy boating accident occurred off Carrickfinn. A boat left Bunbeg quay, with seven young men, whose parents reside in Gweedore district...

By the death at an early age of Mrs. M. M. Moclair, wife of Mr. P. Moclair, P. L. G. Oascl, following within a week of the death of her mother, Mrs. M. Carew...

It is time says the Freeman's Journal that the Law Officers of the Crown in Ireland and the Government who are responsible for their action should be brought to task in some effectual manner...

Among the later subscriptions to the Irish National Fund is the following letter accompanied as draft of £70 from Kimberley...

John Dillon, Esq., M.P., Chairman Irish Parliamentary Party, writes to the Editor of the Nation...

Her Excellency the Countess Cadogan on May 4, opened, under the most auspicious circumstances, the great fete and bazaar at the Round in the aid of the Children's Hospital, Temple street...

Lecturing before the law students debating society on the Intermediate Education system, Lord Justice Fitzgibbon made the following very interesting declaration: "It was made a cause of complaint in the past year or two that the pupils of the unendowed Christian Brothers' Schools were carrying off the greater proportion of the prizes, and that the standards should be raised to give the classical schools a chance..."

In the letter which is published in the Freeman's Journal from a correspondent under the signature "History" on the somewhat bombastic statement of Lord Castletown at the late Convention is cautiously examined. Lord Castletown declared that "The lands which he held his ancestors had held for a thousand years before the Norman invasion, but when they submitted to fealty they were guaranteed their lands by the English King..."

the Franciscan Order, and he was the oldest member in Athlone and one of the oldest members in Ireland of this great religious society. He received shortly before his death the last Sacraments from the Right Rev. Monsignor Kelly, Dean of Elphin, his intimate friend. Though one of the oldest residents in Athlone, Mr. O'Connor was not a native of the town. He was born in Ennisceorthy, and his father was also a Westford man, and enjoyed the distinction of being amongst the first who took part in the memorable battle of Vinegar Hill, while he was himself a '48 man.

ENGLAND. Mr. Gladstone on Anglican Orders. Mr. Gladstone having been asked by the Abbe Louis Picard, of Lyons, to accept a copy of his recent work entitled "Christian on Agnostique," has addressed the following letter to the author: "HARVARD, April 18th, 1897. DEAR SIR—You do me great and undesired honor by presenting me with your work on "Christian on Agnostique." It is the account of the Roman Church for Christianity, and my sympathies and convictions are with you, and I hope God may bless your book and cause it to have many a good reader."

By the death at an early age of Mrs. M. M. Moclair, wife of Mr. P. Moclair, P. L. G. Oascl, following within a week of the death of her mother, Mrs. M. Carew, a feeling of deep and widespread regret has been created. By death the last direct link is severed of an old and respected family of this city. Her father, the late Thomas Carew, being at one time one of its principal traders.

In connection with the catastrophe in Paris, Mr. Geo. R. Sims calls attention to a singular prophecy in "Old Moore's Almanack," where it appears in reference to the last few days of April—"We are almost sure to hear news of an awful fire in Paris which will involve great loss of life, whilst a gang of loafers will be busy amongst the ruins." "Old Moore" has certainly been singularly right in this case at any rate.

SCOTLAND. Arnsclaw Breach. The annual reunion of the natives of Arnsclaw and their friends residing in Glasgow and the West of Scotland was held in the Grand National Hall, Glasgow, The Very Rev. Dr. O'Shannon, D.D. Mayo, presided, supported by Very Rev. Canon Coyne, Lurgan; Very Rev. Canon Guisey, Lurgan; Very Rev. Canon McBrearty, Gortan; Fathers Enulty, Paterson, Hiltner, Mullen, Ryan, Gierthy, Fitzgerald, O'Sullivan, Glasgow; Dr. Loughran, Lurgan; A. Donnelly, Crossmaglin; Dr. O'Neill, Coatbridge; Dr. Colvin, Dr. McLaughlin, J. Grant, J.P. A. McAvoyle, J. Toal, J. Murray. There was a very large attendance, the hall, as is usual with county reunions, being crowded.

Ordination at Glasgow. His Lordship Bishop Maguire, in St. Francis Church, Glasgow, raised the Rev. Father John Doherty to the priesthood for the Franciscan Order. The sermon was preached from a text of the day's Gospel, "As My Father sent me I also send you," by the Rev. Father Cuthbert, O.S.F. The church was crowded, this being the first priest ordained in St. Francis Church. The Rev. Father Berchmans is a native of Glasgow, and was educated at St. Aloysius' College, Glasgow, completing the usual course of theology, etc., at the Franciscan Seminary, Forest Gate, London. There he received tonsure and Minor Orders at the hands of His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan. His father, mother and other relatives were present at the ordination.

Catholic Truth Society. ST. MARY'S BRANCH, TORONTO. The regular meeting of this branch was held the first Monday. The large audience present were treated to a very enjoyable musical programme contributed by Miss U. Clavet, Miss Alice McCarron, Miss M. Milne, Miss Teresa Tymon and Mr. D. J. Egan. A change of some importance was made in respect to the meeting of the Executive which has been altered to be held Sunday of the month and will be Sunday at 274 Spadina Avenue to commence at 4 p.m.

CATHEDRAL BRANCH, TORONTO. The cathedral branch of the Catholic Truth Society at its annual meeting held on May 4th. Elected the following officers for 1897-98:—President, Mr. Mark Kelly; Vice President, Mr. Thomas Brown; Treasurer, Geo. Mathews; Secretary, John B. McCarthy; Chairman of Executive, Tom B. Winterberg; Chairman of Hospitals, Committee, Mrs. O. Leane. The annual reports showed a most satisfactory state of affairs, and retiring President J. D. McMillan was the recipient of flattering congratulations on the successful termination of the first year's work. The closing entertainment will be a concert on Monday evening, May 17th in St. Vincent's Hall which will be quite up to previous ones.

CABOT'S VOYAGES.

For Light See. Bishop H. W. C.

IT IS ASTONISHING how, when the true key to an historical puzzle has been found, statements which before were passed by as of no consequence, or indeed, as contradictory, immediately assume a value and importance in evidence of the truth. Thus, in the only three contemporary documents existing as evidence of the first voyage, viz. which I have already mentioned, viz. the letters of Estevao da Gama, Soncini and De Ayala, there is a most remarkable discrepancy of statement as to the distance of the New-found-land from Europe. Soncini and De Ayala placed the new land at 400 (four hundred) leagues distant, while Estevao da Gama gives it as 700 (seven hundred) leagues. These contradictory statements have hitherto been passed over with the usual sense of contempt for the ignorance and inexactitude of the writers of those times. Now, it appears, both are true, and the theory I am expounding explains them quite naturally.

Cabot, turning westwardly from about St. Kilda's, and sailing for four hundred leagues exactly, would encounter Cape Farewell, in Greenland, as we have seen in the case Captain Clary. Thus would be verified the statements of Ramonido and De Ayala. To make this more clear, I may remark that Ramonido says, "at 400 leagues he (Cabot) found Terra Firma." Now, on the map McJillo (1627), Cape Farewell, in Greenland, is quite distinctly given as named Terra Firma. Cabot made no delay and no landfall at this at this place. He knew well what it was, and that his goal was still further westward. He saw that it was bleak and uninviting, even then (early in June) probably covered with snow. He passed on in search of the Northwest passage. Here was met, of course, the great Labrador current, which drew him south-westward as before mentioned, but, as about 900 leagues further on he would strike land, either New-found-land or Labrador. This would make up the 700 leagues mentioned by Pasquaglio. If then this theory be accepted as true, if Cabot made Cape Farewell, it would put forever out of Court the claims or pretensions of Cape Breton. It would be simply impossible that he could have been carried south so as to "miss Cape Race," as Dr. Dawson says, and then turn up into the Gulf to find Cape Breton. He would have had to drop southwards at least 900 miles. But there are many other reasons which render the pretensions of Cape Breton quite untenable, to which I shall allude by-and-by.

The distance from Greenland to Labrador is about 800 miles. If we allow Cabot six days to make that distance, at 110 miles a day, more or less; and, if we allow him to drift south-westwards by force of the Labrador current, at the rate of fifty miles in twenty-four hours, that would bring him southward about 300 miles before striking land. In that case he would make the landfall on Labrador coast, about Latitude 55°. Or, may, however, have been carried further south, and struck on the Newfoundland coast. "It would depend on the winds," as Captain Clary remarks. That he was buffeted about a great deal we know from Soncini (Ayvudu errato assy); also we know that it took him fifty-two days to make the passage across, so he must have met much head wind.

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CABOT'S VOYAGES.

For Light See. Bishop H. W. C.

IT IS ASTONISHING how, when the true key to an historical puzzle has been found, statements which before were passed by as of no consequence, or indeed, as contradictory, immediately assume a value and importance in evidence of the truth. Thus, in the only three contemporary documents existing as evidence of the first voyage, viz. which I have already mentioned, viz. the letters of Estevao da Gama, Soncini and De Ayala, there is a most remarkable discrepancy of statement as to the distance of the New-found-land from Europe. Soncini and De Ayala placed the new land at 400 (four hundred) leagues distant, while Estevao da Gama gives it as 700 (seven hundred) leagues. These contradictory statements have hitherto been passed over with the usual sense of contempt for the ignorance and inexactitude of the writers of those times. Now, it appears, both are true, and the theory I am expounding explains them quite naturally.

Cabot, turning westwardly from about St. Kilda's, and sailing for four hundred leagues exactly, would encounter Cape Farewell, in Greenland, as we have seen in the case Captain Clary. Thus would be verified the statements of Ramonido and De Ayala. To make this more clear, I may remark that Ramonido says, "at 400 leagues he (Cabot) found Terra Firma." Now, on the map McJillo (1627), Cape Farewell, in Greenland, is quite distinctly given as named Terra Firma. Cabot made no delay and no landfall at this at this place. He knew well what it was, and that his goal was still further westward. He saw that it was bleak and uninviting, even then (early in June) probably covered with snow. He passed on in search of the Northwest passage. Here was met, of course, the great Labrador current, which drew him south-westward as before mentioned, but, as about 900 leagues further on he would strike land, either New-found-land or Labrador. This would make up the 700 leagues mentioned by Pasquaglio. If then this theory be accepted as true, if Cabot made Cape Farewell, it would put forever out of Court the claims or pretensions of Cape Breton. It would be simply impossible that he could have been carried south so as to "miss Cape Race," as Dr. Dawson says, and then turn up into the Gulf to find Cape Breton. He would have had to drop southwards at least 900 miles. But there are many other reasons which render the pretensions of Cape Breton quite untenable, to which I shall allude by-and-by.

The distance from Greenland to Labrador is about 800 miles. If we allow Cabot six days to make that distance, at 110 miles a day, more or less; and, if we allow him to drift south-westwards by force of the Labrador current, at the rate of fifty miles in twenty-four hours, that would bring him southward about 300 miles before striking land. In that case he would make the landfall on Labrador coast, about Latitude 55°. Or, may, however, have been carried further south, and struck on the Newfoundland coast. "It would depend on the winds," as Captain Clary remarks. That he was buffeted about a great deal we know from Soncini (Ayvudu errato assy); also we know that it took him fifty-two days to make the passage across, so he must have met much head wind.

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The expedition sailed from Bristol about the beginning of May following, namely, 1498: that is to say three months after the date of the Patent; not fifteen months as some writers have said. This second charter was given to John Cabot, but Sebastian went with him. The King gave permission to have six ships, of 200 tons each, with 300 men, and it would seem that the M-J set was a little more generous this time. It is stated that he fitted out at least two of the ships from the Royal Exchequer. Lough even that is doubtful.

THE EXPEDITION WAS SUPPLIED FOR A twelve months' cruise, and probably did not return till some time in 1499. We know for certain that they had not returned up to the end of October, 1498; and it is most probable that they wintered in the Baseline. As to the course of this second voyage, for many reasons, I believe that they did not make the detour northwards along the west coast of Ireland this time, but struck out by the northwest from Cape Clear, making the great circle with the intention of reaching the New-found-land as soon as possible. This was his express intention, as mentioned by Soncini. Cabot's men said: "Now that we know where to go, we can reach there in fifteen days." This implied going by the shortest and most direct route. They were no longer tormented by doubts and fears of the unknown region of darkness. They were no longer aiming at an uncertainty, but had a definite object, and went there at once.

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branch has speakers of no mean ability. Rev. Father Dollard who acted as judge in giving the decision in favor of the affirmative congratulated them for their significant effort in upholding "Prohibition." For the affirmative were J. Fulton, J. Whelan and John O'Shea, the negative were J. Murray, E. K. Kelly and P. J. Lowe. P. J. Lowe, Corresponding Sec.

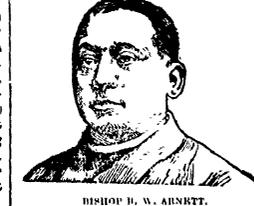
BISHOP B. W. ARNETT

SWAYS ATTENDANCES WITH HIS MANLY ELOQUENCE.

He Writes a Letter of More than Usual Interest to Suffering Humanity.

At Willoughby, Ohio, three miles north of W. and near Dayton and Springfield, is located Willoughby University and Payne Theological Seminary.

These two institutions of learning have educated many ministers and teachers. In this somewhat noted educational centre resides Bishop Benjamin W. Arnett, D.D., a divine who is of especial prominence because of his thrilling eloquence with which he has swayed many minds here.



Before being elected bishop he was a leading minister in his church and also a very prominent public man. He represented his county in the Ohio Legislature for several years. Having given the students of the Seminary the following testimonial from him will be found very interesting reading and fully explains itself.

In April, 1893, while on my way home from Philadelphia I caught a very severe cold, which soon developed into rheumatism. It was impossible for me to rest by day or sleep by night. About the first of June I was compelled to take to my bed, where I remained for some time. When I was able to get up, I could only go about by the use of crutches.

"The fall came on and the rheumatism grew worse, lasting all through the winter of '94 and '95. I suffered as I never suffered before. I thought that the spring would bring me relief, but it did not; consequently I was forced to cancel a number of engagements to speak.

"One day in June, 1895, my wife said, 'Bishop, I read so much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, suppose you try them and see if they will not help you?'

"I said, 'No, there is no use of getting them, for I have tried almost everything that has been recommended to us, and none of the remedies suggested seem to help my case.'

"She said no more, but went to Xenia, Ohio, and bought a box of the pills. On her return she gave me a dose at noon and another at night. She was only called one time to attend to me during that night.

"For months previous she had been called three or four times during the night. The next day I took three doses of the pills, and the second night I was not disturbed. For the first time in more than ten months, had a good night's sleep. I have not lost a night's sleep since that time on account of the rheumatism. I carry a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my pocket wherever I go. I cheerfully bear testimony and I hope that others may find relief as I did. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to several people.

"Yours for God and Man."

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

The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERESA"

THE MARY THAT BORN IN HER BIBLE IN THE WORLD

The beautiful convent of St. Joseph on St. Albans street, was on the occasion of the reception tendered to the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Merry del Val. The splendid and spacious music hall of the convent was crowded with a large and fashionable audience...

From an early hour in the afternoon a constant stream of visitors entered the hospitable doors of the convent, which soon became a scene of animated life, strangely contrasting with the usual calm and peaceful quiet.

The good Sisters flitted about amongst the gorgeously dressed votaries of fashion, welcoming their visitors with their usual sweet cordiality and making everyone feel at home at once.

The spacious entrance hall was tastefully decorated, graceful forms lending a softening effect to the draperies.

I had the privilege of seeing the address presented to his Excellency. It is most certainly an exquisite work of art, each page being delicately illuminated, the decoration of the capitals especially reminding one of the old illuminated missals.

A most acceptable feature was the introduction of several fine photographic views of the convent. The whole was handsomely bound in red morocco lettered in gold. Needless to say, it was the work of the nuns and reflects great credit upon their artistic tastes and abilities.

Shortly after 4 o'clock the spacious academic hall began to fill up, and by half past four a distinguished gathering filled every nook and corner.

The time was agreeably passed in admiring the decorations, which were characterized by simplicity and good taste. White and yellow silk draped the pillars and hung in graceful festoons across the platform. The word "Wel come" was outlined in gaslights in the centre of the proscenium, and upon each side was a scroll bearing the same greeting in Spanish and Italian.

I could not help wishing that the world-wide and over hearty "cord mille faillite" had found a place among the greetings. There are so many daughters of old Erin among St. Joseph's alumnae that it would have been exceedingly appropriate.

Soon after 5 the arrival of the guest of the evening was heralded by a stir in the corridor, and the whole assembly rose to its feet by one impulse and turned towards the door.

The well-known figure of our beloved Archbishop came first, and following him the tall, rather slender form of his Excellency Monsignor Raphael Merry del Val.

No more appropriate name could possibly have been bestowed upon him. Dark and decidedly Spanish looking, with firm yet mobile features, delicately and clearly cut as a cameo; one would single him out among a thousand as a man of intellect and feeling far above the ordinary, and whose very youth but holds out a brighter promise of the high eminence to which he will most certainly attain.

That his feelings and sympathies are finely strung and deep is attested by the gentle expression of his eyes, the kindly yet firm mouth and the slender and somewhat nervous looking hands. He is intensely sensitive, and all marks of respect and esteem touch him deeply.

Raphael is an appropriate name for one whom to see is instinctively to love. Like his great patron, St. Raphael, his sympathetic nature seems to shed its influence upon all with whom he comes into contact. That he is a diplomat goes without saying; in fact Monsignor Merry del Val is a notable exponent of the old proverb, "You cannot put old heads upon young shoulders."

The programme, selected as it was with judgment and good taste, commended itself as once to the distinguished visitor, who listened with evident pleasure to the various numbers, many of which were Spanish, in graceful tribute to his Excellency's nationality.

The opening chorus, "St. Joseph's Greeting to His Excellency," was beautifully sung and formed a most elegant welcome.

The address was then read by Miss Walsh, who displayed intense feeling in her rendering of the touching and beautiful sentiments it contained, and who, upon concluding, presented the beautiful memento to his Excellency, accompanied by the Misses Norton, Carrie Murphy, Mamie Fay and Annie Faloutsch, fair maidens bearing choice floral offerings.

The Spanish hymn, "Flores de Mayo" (Flowers of May), was then sweetly rendered and these flowers were presented to the Delegate, who received them in graciously and who was soon surrounded by a perfect shower of flowers.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh, his Grace Archbishop Cleary and the other bishops present also received bouquets. One rather large and substantial bouquet was passed along the line of dignitaries and finally deposited in the arms of Very Rev. Vicar General McCann, whose jovial features were a beautiful smile as he summoned one of the Sisters to relieve him of the fragrant but rather inconvenient honor.

It would be invidious to make distinctions where all was excellent, but

Miss Chavo's deserves special mention for her graceful playing. Her technique is nothing short of perfection, and was displayed to great advantage in her solo "La Polka," and in the brilliant first piano part in "Guitarra Solo." The beautiful study and practice necessary to attain such perfection have certainly not been stinted, and the result speaks well for the perseverance of the talented young performer.

The Misses D'Winty and Walsh also sustained their parts most creditably and gave undoubted promise of excellence in the near future.

The instrumental duo, "Mendelssohn's Valse," was excellently rendered. Miss Quinn recited "A Castilian Air," most gracefully. The instrumentalists and vocalists were accompanied by a quartet of vocalists, Miss Cassidy's recitation, "Spain's Thanksgiving," was most gracefully and excellently rendered.

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It was not until the evening shades were beginning to fall that the last guest left the convent, and the wonderful bustle and excitement gave place to the usual peaceful calm. It is impossible to overstate the advantages of a convent education. Apart from the valuable education from the world at an age when its false glitter and allurements are most apt to attract the unformed judgment of youth, the inestimable boon of constant contact with pure and holy women whose fervor for God and religion is interwoven with the deepest fibre of their nature is alone sufficient to place a convent education upon the very highest plane and to set upon it the seal of Divine ordination.

I wish it were possible for every young Catholic girl of whatever class to receive the almost perfect training conferred by several years of life in a convent school, training not only of the mind but also of the heart and soul, which latter are unfortunately sadly neglected in but too many of our systems of higher education, which aim at the perfecting of mere mechanical knowledge without neglecting the almost invaluable requirements of piety, neatness, order and simplicity.

We are living in dangerous days. I am conscious of having made that remark before, but it is so little thought of, the subject is so little considered, that too much stress can scarcely be laid upon it. These are the days of which the prophet speaks, "When the faith of many shall wax cold." The world is nearly all peopled, society is a vast ramification of forces, we are gradually losing sight of the spiritual in the material world, we are learning how to acquire wealth, these are the thoughts of the average man. As for ourselves, we women who have the making or marring of future generations in our hands, what are we doing? Are we thinking how we may shine in society, how we may outdo other women? Or are we earnestly and prayerfully striving to be and to do that which God has appointed for us? Are we trying in all things to observe that simplicity of thought and action which was one of the first lessons instilled into our minds by the gentle beings in that dear convent home, towards which, be we ever so vain and frivolous, our thoughts never turn without a thrill of love? Let us, we older ones, weary with the thrills of the world, and the hollow glitter and self-consciousness, what profit is there in it? Does Society with its weary round of balls, parties and receptions, with its false compliments and flattery, satisfy the soul? Ever amidst the darkness of earthly vanity the reflection now glimmers in the memory of that wondrous time when Heaven seemed so near that we could touch it, when we saw God, so near was His Presence to us.

Will that time ever come back? Shall we ever feel again as we felt then, when prayer was an ecstasy, and we could have remained on our knees all day before the Eucharistic Throne? Alas! the first fervor of the pure young soul is gone forever; but God is merciful, He will never again let us lose the exquisite delight of His close presence and friendship, but the immense graces conferred upon us then have left their mark upon our souls, and presently when we are weary of the world, and have learnt by bitter experience that without God we have nothing, and with Him we have all, a great peace will descend upon our hearts like an aftermath of our first fervor.

As for you, dear young girls, safe in the shelter of peaceful convent homes, I ask you earnestly to prize those days that can never return. You are nearer to God and Heaven now than ever you will be again. The world can offer you nothing that is worth exchanging one precious day in the convent for. It will take every thing you have and you nothing will return.

Your innocence and simplicity, your fervor and piety. O, preserve them as long as you can, correspond to the best of your power with every grace, there are many of you who will be blessed, if in gloomy days, when acute diseases, it is a wise saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of the capsules, three times a day, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

OUTDOOR SORES—Symptoms Headache, loss of appetite, tired tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, may lead to acute disease. It is a wise saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of the capsules, three times a day, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

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A LABORING MAN'S LEG. A RUNNING SORE RENDERED IT USELESS. HE COULDN'T WORK TILL HE HAD IT CURED BY KOO-TENAY WHICH CURE THE NEW INGRE-DIENT.

THE TEMPERANCE AND General Life Assurance Co. OFFERS THE: Best Plans and Rates And the Most Desirable Forms of Life Insurance Obtainable.

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New Fancy Work Book. Just out. Give explicit instructions for embroidering tea cloths, table cloths, handkerchiefs, etc.

Corticelli Silk Co., Ltd., St. John's, P.Q. If your digestive powers are deficient you need something now to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties.

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THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1897. Calendar for the Week. May 20—St. Bernardino of Siena.

Calendar for the Week. May 20—St. Bernardino of Siena. 21—St. Peter of Cantalicio. 22—St. Julia.

We notice with pleasure an article by Dr. J. C. Webster of Montreal, in The Canadian Magazine, on a visit which he has paid to the birthplace of Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec.

Our Anglican friends are once more looking for recognition of their orders in Russia. The Anglican Archbishop of York has gone to St. Petersburg to see about the matter; but if The Harbinger Correspondent be well informed his mission is vain.

How much of Greek tragedy does Europe demand? The plot is also rather too brutal, and it is becoming a practical question how long humanity can stand it. The Greeks are being slaughtered wholesale.

Since the above was written a single, but firm, word from Russia to the Sultan has secured an armistice.

Whether the startling report of the commissioners appointed to investigate the affairs of the Kingston Penitentiary may result in the improvement of that institution or not, is doubtless a question for some future commission to discuss.

There never has been any public opinion of this kind, but a battalion of hypocritical partisans, who talking about civil service reform, have ever made war upon their political enemies that themselves and their friends may come off the spoils.

We are glad to learn that the suggestion which The Carmelite Review makes in the following paragraph has to some extent been anticipated by The Catholic Truth Society in Toronto.

The excellent lecture on "Some things which Catholics do not believe," delivered lately in Toronto, Ontario, by the eloquent Dr. Walsh, would be a powerful weapon in the hands of the "Apostleship of the Press."

A spirited presentation of the position of the Catholic separate schools of Ontario is contributed by Albert Newman, '93, to the May number of The Owl (published by the students of Ottawa University).

The Visit of the Delegate.

The Archbishop of Toronto, in the address on behalf of himself and the clergy of the archdiocese, which he presented to the Apostolic Delegate, took occasion to say: "Thanks to God we have not here any burning questions that would disturb our peace, or strain our friendly relations with our fellow citizens of other denominations."

citizens in connection with the visit last week, of Mgr. Merry del Val. Indeed, it would be difficult to think otherwise, in face of the generous welcome which Toronto accorded the representative of the Holy Father.

Other elements than promotion of the immediate cause of peace which has brought the representative of the Pope to Canada may have entered into the desire of many non-Catholics who participated in the various receptions held during the three or four days of the visit.

Toronto is the centre of a Province that happily is free at the present time from any strife along religious lines. This peace is not established upon the helplessness of a minority, but, as the Delegate was reminded, upon the fair administration of enlightened laws.

I cannot bring myself to believe that fair-mindedness and a sense of justice are the monopoly of any one Province of this vast Dominion, and I like to think that the good-will of all concerned in the present crisis will facilitate the Holy Father's task of prescribing to Catholics a line of conduct well calculated to ensure the peace of the community at large.

There is in this declaration—and it is not the only declaration of the kind the Apostolic Delegate has made—a fine appreciation of the natural justice of the popular will, when directed by patriotic leaders. The words of the Delegate cannot fail to stir to enthusiasm all those who value the institutions of Canada for their equality and justice; but it is in the application of the words that their generous meaning is fully discerned.

recent visit to give the Apostolic Delegate an idea of the condition of Catholic primary and higher education in Toronto. Above every other feature of the visit the appearance of three thousand children assembled on Wednesday morning in the Cathedral elicited his warm admiration.

The clear understanding of this animating principle in Catholic education can admit of no cause of strife whatever in a well ordered state. Its enunciation comes with striking force from the Apostolic Delegate in connection with his mission of peace, which has so much impressed every class of the Canadian people.

Defeat of the Sabbatarians.

The opponents of a Sunday car service professed to believe before the voting on Saturday last that an affirmative popular declaration would open the door to every species of lawlessness and vice.

And now that the invader has stormed the ramparts, the Sabbatarians stand in vague dread of the future.

Mr. P. T. McGrath, editor of The Evening Herald, St. John's, Newfoundland, describes (in The Canadian Magazine) the school system of that colony as "denominational in its widest and completest sense."

matter of natural right, were doing what The World itself has done, not what the restrictionists have done? The restrictionists would concur a minority by enforcing the majority rule where the natural right of conscience declared that rule to be tyrannical.

Aside from all questions of the harmlessness of ead-driving and bicycle-riding as compared with street car traffic, the people of Toronto have decided that they no longer are prepared to keep the guardianship of religious conscience attached to the machinery of majority government.

The Position of Bishop Sullivan.

The Owl says: THE CATHOLIC REGISTER has got His Anglican Lordship, Bishop Sullivan of Toronto, into a very uncomfortable corner. Or rather His Lordship has deliberately, blindly, recklessly and very successfully cornered himself.

Like The Owl, we are waiting for Bishop Sullivan to speak again. He has spoken once since the above was written for our Ottawa College contemporary; but he has not attempted to explain his own reason for believing his original statement when he made it.

Newfoundland Schools.

Mr. P. T. McGrath, editor of The Evening Herald, St. John's, Newfoundland, describes (in The Canadian Magazine) the school system of that colony as "denominational in its widest and completest sense."

thurs to coach the Catholic Boys' Schools in St. John's, some 18 years ago. These gentlemen have effected quite a revolution in school improvement, and none recognize and admit their ability more readily than the other denominations.

Death of Patrick Fitzgerald.

On the 5th of May instant, there passed away, in the person of Patrick Fitzgerald, one of the most pure patriots of Mount St. Patrick, and one of the members of the Shamrock Society, and an Admiration's grand old man.

Although Mr. Fitzgerald had been in failing health for a long time and his death had often been expected, he died rather suddenly on the day above mentioned.

League of the Cross.

The League of the Cross, St. Paul's Branch, held their regular meeting Sunday last, there being a good attendance. Thos. M. Harris in the chair. Four new members were initiated.

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DOMESTIC READING.

View nothing as an end, but as a horizon.

Power prizes peace—they make happy twins.

Narrow distils sympathy; adversity forges will.

One truth a man lives is worth a thousand he only utters.

It is better to have an open enemy than a doubtful ally.

Behaviour is a mirror in which everyone shows his image.

We owe the greatest gratitude to those who tell us the truth.

Truth is truth, though from an enemy, and spoken in malice.

We should be willing to lose our lives in defence of the truth.

Truth is a mighty instrument, what soever hand may wield it.

Nothing is really beautiful but truth, and truth alone is lovely.

Truth is a pillar erected by God, and upholds the universe.

Truth irritates only those whom it enlightens, but does not convert.

Love is like a diamond with a flaw in it; it is precious, but imperfect.

I love truth, and wish to have it always spoken to me; I hate a liar.

Truth is too precious a commodity to be wasted upon mere idolaters.

Truly, I see he that will but stand to the truth, it will carry him out.

Though the sun of charity rise at home, yet it should always set abroad.

Poverty is rich with little—a cloudy day becomes rich with a speck of blue.

It is commonly said that truth is often eclipsed, but never extinguished.

To let revenge die in the action is high; to let it die in the thought is supreme.

Possibilities become probabilities to the hopeful, fulfillments to the determined.

The man who does not work with his heart will not accomplish much with his hands.

Let him that hath bestowed a benefit conceal it; let him that hath received it disclose it.

What the prudent man seeth the virtuous do, that doeth he likewise, and saveth his head.

We should perform some mission of kindness every day for the privilege of having life.

The pioneer of progress is he who waves the banner of truth, and cleaves with the axe of purity.

Great talent should be a guarantee of good character; the loss of one makes the other dangerous.

Fire orateath all things, and destroyed all things. A little life, but a great deal is death.

The horse that ever bounding makes a short journey long. The man that is ever vaunting performeth little.

Good people shine from afar, like snowy mountains; bad people are not seen, like arrows shot by night.

There are historians of great things so small that they make one think of oysters testifying to the Deluge.

The fishes are mute, lest they should reveal the secrets of the great deep. Solomon knew them, and yet he died.

Where the social conscience is awake the triumph of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment.

The glory of ancestors sheds a light around posterity; it allows neither their good nor bad qualities to remain in obscurity.

The traveller in the desert, when his camel runs his nose into sand, throws himself on his face, and death flies over him.

The king has many servants, but no friend. The Arab has no servant, but he has his horse. The Arab is richer than the king.

Arbitration has this advantage—there are some points of contest which it is better to lose by arbitration than to win by law.

The bravest is he who does not hesitate before danger—the most upright is he who does not hesitate to do that which is right.

Patience perceives a wondrous power in making a heavy burden light; nay, it seems to cut it in half, and so to make it tolerable.

To store our memories with a sense of injuries is to fill that chest with rusty iron which was meant for refined gold.

Australian Catholics and the Jubilee.

His Eminence Cardinal Moran has forwarded a diamond jubilee address to the Queen on behalf of the Catholic hierarchy of Australia. The signatories say: "Your auspicious rule during the past fifty years rivalling in its varied features the most distinguished reigns of your illustrious predecessors. It is without a parallel in the marvellous development of the colonies and the unswerving loyalty and affection of your devoted subjects."

FIRESIDE FUN.

Why are you trying to get on the police force, Corker? "I've grown too heavy for any work requiring activity, sir."

She: "Wasn't she natural in sleeping alone?" Her husband: "Very true, she wouldn't have been more natural unless she snored."

"Linnæe see. What is that saying about the great oak growing from the little acorn?" "Oh, that isn't an oak any more; it is a chestnut."

Sunday School Teacher: "Who was Noah?" Pupil: "He was a weather prophet. When he said it was going to rain nobody believed him."

He: "I suppose that sap-headed Jude has proposed to you a dozen times?" She: "No. Oooo was enough. Come and see us when we get settled."

Lady (interviewing servant): "I may tell you that we are vegetarians. I suppose you are not one?" Servant (anxious to be engaged): "I've attended a vegetarian chapel all my life."

Doctor (examining an applicant for life insurance): "Now, what did your father and mother die of?" Applicant: "Well, sir, I can't say as I exactly remember, but 'twarn't nothing serious."

Faddy: "So Bender made the opening remarks at the dinner last night. Do you remember what he said?" Daddy: "The opening remarks?" "Oh, yes. He said 'Who's got a corker now?'"

Magistrate (to prisoner charged with drunken incapability): "You say you only touch strong drink after two events. What are they?" Prisoner: "One's when I've had fish for breakfast and the other's—when I ain't."

An English officer in India was murdered by his native groom. On his tombstone his friends inscribed this text, which was not so complimentary as it might have been: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

"Your wife has such a liquid voice," said Mr. Foadick to Mr. Tiff. "Yes, that's a pretty good name for it," replied Mr. Tiff. Mr. Foadick looked up inquiringly, and Mr. Tiff added: "It never dries up, you know."

"It is shawful!" exclaimed the actress to whom the manager-steward owed money. "But I will get even with him sometime." "What do you propose to do—sue him?" "And give him the benefit of all that advertising?" "Never!"

Bill: "B'at still a-raining, Sam?" Sam: "Ah, that it be an' not like to give over, neither. Bin a-comin' down powerful, it ave. Why, I did ear say it's been so bad up in London that they've been a-celebratin' the longest rain on record."

Jones: "What have you raised that young bookkeeper's salary for?" Don't you know that the young spend-thrift squanders all his salary giving presents to some young girl he is infatuated with?" Bones: "Of course I do. The girl's my daughter."

Sage-man: "I suppose you have heard about your neighbor, Goldleaf?" He is very seriously sick as a result of overwork." "Seker. "Don't say I What has he been doing to bring it about?" Sage-man: "Trying to collect his thoughts."

"Johnnie," called his mother, "stop using that bad language." "Why," replied the boy, "Shakespeare said just what I did." "Well," replied his mother, growing infuriated, "you should stop going with him—he's no fit companion for you."

A man was up before the judge the other day for stealing coal. The railroad detective said that he caught the fellow in a coal car, but the man said he was only sleeping there because his wife had locked him out, and he had no money to go to a hotel. "Pretty hard bed, wasn't it?" asked the judge. "Oh, no, sir," he answered. "It was soft coal." The judge was so struck by the joke that he let him go.

A worldly father after the style of Lord Chesterfield, was giving good advice to his son, who was about to make his entrance into society. "And, above all avoid flirtations; but if you must flirt or fall in love, sir, be sure it is with a pretty woman. It is always safer." "Why?" asked the young man. "Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted and out you out before any harm has been done."

Sunday School Teacher: "Now, boys, last Sabbath you each promised me to make someone happy every day this week. Now, Willie, how did you fulfil your promise?" Willie (proudly): "I made the baby cry every day." Sunday School Teacher (in surprise): "Made the baby cry? Why, what are you thinking of?" Willie: "That's right. Pop says the baby is happy only when he is crying, and it was the easiest thing I could do."

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION (occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of Headache. Paracelsus' Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Dr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Paracelsus' Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

FARM AND GARDEN.

As the warm spring weather comes on the animals about the yard become restive and discontented, and unless we do something towards supplying conditions for their contentment we, as well as the animals, will lose by it. The sheep flock especially needs more attention to their busy season than most of us are inclined to bestow. Too many are inclined to follow the old custom of allowing them to wear their fleeces away along till June. This, with a moment's reflection, must show itself as utter folly. Horses, oxen, and people shed their winter coats in spring for lighter garments, but the poor sheep very often has to bear the much heavier coat than any of the others have to wear through some of the hottest days of the whole season. This is not only inhuman, but very unprofitable neglect. A sheep has no use for its fleece after May 1 in an ordinary season. At the time of shearing the hoofs should be pared into natural shape. A second provision the shepherd should make at this season is that of allowing the flock to get some fresh grass. Where one has no enclose and only a limited quantity of roots, the succulence of the green grass will make their hearts glad and their lambs grow in a manner to please and profit the person who cares for them. It may not be wise at this season to put them on pasture or meadow, but almost every farm has fence sides, lanes, and by-places that will afford a bite for a couple of weeks, supplemented by the evening and morning supply of clover hay or other dry food.

When a bird is ready for market it should not be kept a day longer. Duckings, for instance, will grow very rapidly until they are ten weeks old, and may be made to reach five pounds within that time, but they will make the next pound slowly, and soon reach a point where there will be no gain. The nearer they approach to the adult stage the slower the increase of weight of any animal or bird, and the greater cost of keeping in proportion to gain.

The strongest and most enduring soils are those rich in lime. Even on these more lime in active state is often helpful, especially if they abound in vegetable matter. That is far less application of quicklime or that freshly burned than there used to be, and less, we think, than there would be if it was known that there is no better way to make stable or green manures available than to cover the soil with lime after applying them. The lime is absorbed by soil and held until plant roots can take it. If applied just before a crop is planted which requires a large supply of nitrogen, this is as good a way as any to get that cheaply and quickly. The effect of lime is especially valuable on mucky soils that are slow to warm up in spring. Such soils usually need under draining, but even after the surplus water is removed they do not fertilizers, lime and potash, are supplied to them. If the soil is under laid with sand, potash is also needed quite so much as lime. As for the durable effects of lime, there are farms in Pennsylvania on which farmers have used lime every few years at the rate of thirty or more bushels per acre. These farms have the limestone under them and often on the surface but it does not help the land until the limestone is made soluble by burning and is then air-lashed and applied to the land.

See that the house plants get all the water they need. They will be growing fast during spring they are well watered and care given them. Stir the soil about your plants at least once a week. It will prevent the soil from crusting over, and allows the air to more readily penetrate to the roots. If the pots have become covered with mold, wash them clean, for the mold prevents the evaporation of the water and excludes the air. If on stirring the soil you find small, white worms, apply a little lime water. If this is not at hand, pour hot water on the soil, being careful not to let it touch the plant. In many windows the plants are so crowded that some fall to get much sunshine. Shift them about so that all can have a chance. It is well to put the lower growing kinds near the glass, arranging the taller ones at the sides and back. This is a good arrangement, as it gives all of them a chance of having a little sunshine. Some sort of fertilizer can be given most kinds of plants in April and May, which will be of benefit to them. Gesso or weak manure water is best. The Rex begonia and primroses are not benefited by fertilizers. Seeds of many of our annuals can be sown in window boxes early, to be transplanted to the lower garden. Ten weeks' stock, verbena, pansies, and asters will bloom much sooner if started in window boxes.—Woman's Home Companion.

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

Chats With the Children.

"A SINGING CONCERN." There's a concert, a concert of gladness and a gleam. The programme is rich and the tickets are free. In a grand vaulted hall, where there's room and to spare, With no gas lights to eat up the oxygen there. The musicians excel in their wonderful art. They have compass of voice and the gamut by heart; They have travelled abroad in the winter recess. And sung to vast crowds with unbounded success. And now 'tis a favor and privilege rare Their arrival to hail and their melodies share. These exquisite minstrels a fashion have set— Which they hope you'll comply with and may not regret— They don't keep late hours, for they're always about. 'T would injure their voices and make them look old. They invite you to come, if you have a free ear. To the garden or grove, their rehearsals to hear; Their chorus is full ere the sunbeam is born. Their music the sweetest at breaking of morn— It was learn'd at heaven's gate, with its rapturous lays, And may teach you, perchance, its own spirit of praise. —Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

THE MOUSE AND THE TEACHER. The mouse had grown fearless. There were so many hours of the day without a sound that he felt the world was his, and it was very foolish to be afraid when there was nothing to fear. So he stepped through the hole in the closet wall, and through the door, which was open just a little way, and into the great silent hall. "How foolish," thought the mouse, "to scamper up and down between the walls when this great world is unoccupied!" He would have compared himself to Columbus, if he had ever heard of Columbus. He ought to have known about Columbus, who discovered the New World, and about Alexander, who sighed, when he had conquered all the world he knew about, because there were no new worlds to conquer; for this mouse lived in a school-house. But you cannot complain of a mouse who shut between the walls; when he listened he could only hear indistinctly. Many little boys and girls who are right in the class often do not hear what is said by the teacher! This mouse felt very important. He quite despised those other mice who refused to follow him. "Some mice are never anything but just common mice!" he said, "but this is fine!" he said. "I'll run," and ran he did. At the end of the hall was a flight of stairs. Down this scampered Mr. Mouse. Into another big hall. "This is glorious!" twittered Mr. Mouse, in his loudest tones. He ran so fast that he could not see. Suddenly there ras a awful shriek before him, who gave a black shriek and fell flat. The mouse was paralyzed; he could not move. Doors opened, other giants came out, there were more shrieks, and then something struck him, and Mr. Mouse never got back to the mouse world between the two walls. The other mice waited for him to tell of his travels, but he did not come back to tell them. The Governor of Mouseland shook his head sadly, and in a sorrowful tone said to the citizens assembled: "I was afraid, when I heard that awful noise, that it would end this way. Those humans are much larger than we are, and we never could hurt them; but they at ways make that noise when they see one of us, and the one they see usually gets caught." And there was sadness in Mouseland for a week, for the traveler was very attractive and was the leader in all the games.

VIOLETS. Blue and white, in soft array, Over the meadows the violets lay, Lowly and meek, as if kneeling to pray. A little brook goes murmuring by, Singing its tenderest lullaby, While softly the violets stir and sigh. And to the mosses gently cling, And dainty bits of color fling Over the meadows waving. List as they whisper soft and low, To the warm earth heart below, Where all sweet treasures spring and grow. And the sweet bird in yonder tree Sings to the violets merrily, Sounding his heart out cheerily. And fleeting shadows come and go Over the grasses, swift and slow, Down where the blossoms bloom below. Little violets, dainty and fair, This one brief hour, oh, let me share The spirit of your sweetness rare. —L. A. F. in Vick's Magazine.

"Ten people out of a dozen are invalids," says a recent medical authority. As least eight out of these ten, it is safe to allow, are suffering from some form of blood-disease which a periodical use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would be sure to cure. Then, don't be an invalid.

The Daughter of a Bookworm.

Written for The Register by Teresa.

A ring at the bell. "Is Professor Melville at home?" "Yes, sir; will you please step into the library. What name shall I say?" "James Oliver. The professor made an appointment with me for to-day," and James Oliver "stepped" into the library, and looked around him as the servant closed the door.

A long, low room, walled with books to the ceiling, large books and small, old books and new books, thick and thin, lawlessly heaped, and many with molder, they filled the room and almost covered the floor; the chairs and the table. The visitor removed about half a dozen volumes from a leather-covered chair, and, no other place being available, deposited them upon the floor, and sat down in the chair. He was a young man, not much over five and twenty, with a clever, open looking face, and a rather broad, well set up figure. A dark brown moustache and a pair of fine hazel eyes, were his most notable features, and a certain air of ingenuousness and confidence proclaimed him a well informed man of the world.

"By George!" he ejaculated, after a leisurely survey of the room. "The professor has got a library and no mistake; there cannot be much fewer than thirty thousand books here, and by all accounts the old boy is still collecting. If he goes on at this rate the books will overflow into the hall."

"I wonder what he can be so anxious to see me about; his letter said 'most important business,' but that is not very lucid; business embraces so many different things. I shouldn't wonder if it is connected with books."

At this moment the door opened and the subject of his meditations entered the room.

Contrary to all preconceived notions of a bookworm, the professor was neither thin nor angular, he was an exceedingly comfortable-looking gentleman of the firm type; he did not even wear spectacles, his eyesight being very good considering his sixty-two years of life.

He greeted his visitor cordially.

"How are you, my dear boy? and so you are really the son of my old friend, Henry Oliver?"

"Yes, sir, I have often heard my father speak of you, indeed he was most anxious to return to England in order to meet you once more, and I believe he would have undertaken the journey this summer, invalid though he was, had not his death intervened."

"Dear, dear! how time flies; it seems but yesterday that poor Harry and I were at Stonyhurst together, he a strapping young giant, and I a wretched little mortal, and now he is under the sod! And so you came over in the Ariadne? I read your name in the passenger list and was instantly struck by it; Oliver is such an uncommon name. I wondered at once whether you were the son of my old friend, and determined to write and ask, more especially as I have an important commission to entrust to someone, and having no son of my own, I felt that you would be more trustworthy than a stranger."

"I shall be most happy to render you any service in my power, sir," replied the young man, upon whom the jovial looking professor had made quite a favorable impression.

"Thank you, my dear boy. I knew you would; you are just like what your poor father was at your age. And now to business; are you at leisure?"

"Yes," replied Oliver. "I have been studying medicine in the French hospitals, and my chief object in coming to England was to take a course at St. Bartholomew's, after which I mean to settle down in some quiet suburb and work up a practice. At present, however, I am not particularly busy and can devote a week or two to the business you wish me to undertake."

"Oh, a few days will be enough. You are doubtless aware that I am an enthusiastic book collector?"

"I have heard so, certainly," said Oliver, smiling, and glancing round the room.

"Well, there is a particular book which I am extremely anxious to obtain, but as its journey involves a journey to Berlin, and the doctors forbid me to go on the water under any circumstances, or, indeed, to undertake a journey of any kind at present, you see I am under the necessity of either sending someone else, or letting the chance slip through my hands."

"The work is an exceedingly rare Es-say, only two copies are known to be in existence, one is in the Berlin Library, and it was not definitely known where the other was until recently when my friend, Herr Max Bergen, wrote me to say he had obtained possession of it, and asked if I would purchase it."

"At what price, may I ask, professor?"

"Two hundred and fifty pounds, and glad I was to obtain it at such a figure, I am assured you."

"Whew!" exclaimed Oliver, "I beg your pardon, sir, but two hundred and fifty seems a pretty stiff price to pay for a book."

"I darsay it doos, to you," said the professor drily; "but you are not good a collector, you know."

"Perhaps that is a fortunate circumstance," said Oliver, laughing. "Because if I were I would have no means of gratifying my tastes."

"Well, you have your way to make in the world," replied Professor Melville with a smile, "and I have no doubt you will succeed. You have youth and health at all events, and those are the true riches, but unfortunately we don't find it out until they are gone. I had not much more money to start with than you have, nor am I particularly wealthy now, but I have enough and that is as much as anyone requires. Madeline will have a moderate fortune at my death, possibly a large one if this library ever comes under the hammer."

The old man sighed as he looked almost tenderly at his beloved books. He could not hope that so valuable a library would be preserved intact after he was gone, and the thought caused him pain.

James Oliver pricked up his ears at the mention of Madeline; so the professor had a daughter, what was she like, he wondered, perhaps a bookish frump with straight hair, a figure to match, and a pair of goggle-eyed spectacles. Certainly there was nothing in the appearance of the professor to warrant such a mental picture of his daughter; but somehow, Oliver could not imagine the daughter of a bookworm as other than angular blue-stocking, a specimen of the genus feminine of which he had a particular horror.

"Madeline is my only child," continued the professor, laying down a book he had been examining. "She is at present finishing her education in France. I am in daily expectation of a letter from the Lady Superior, informing me that she and Lina are on the way to England. But I am forgetting all the laws of hospitality, you will take luncheon with me?"

"Thanks, no," replied Oliver, "I have some rather important business in the city, connected with stocks, and I find," glancing at his watch, "that I have rarely an hour in which to transact it."

"Well, well, we shall see plenty of you, I hope; you must come as often as you can. Come and make Lina's acquaintance, she will be at home by the time you return."

After some instructions regarding the precious book, and an arrangement that Oliver was to start the next day, the young man took his departure.

The next noon found him on a channel steambot, in decidedly choppy weather. He was a good sailor, however, and had always enjoyed the motion of a boat, the peculiar sea-saw giving him, as it does to some people, a delightful sense of exhilaration which is the best possible preventive of seasickness.

After a rather uneventful journey, Oliver arrived at Berlin and proceeded at once to the residence of Herr Max Bergen in the Sohlmannstrasse. It was, as Oliver had expected, a second hand bookshop, and one evidently devoted to the rarer and consequently higher priced class of books.

Herr Bergen greeted our hero courteously, and after examining his credentials took him into a small and rather musty back-room, and opening one of about half a dozen bookcases took a small volume from a shelf and ostentatiously.

"'Zit is von of ze rarest books in ze world," he remarked enthusiastically.

"Zere is only von odder and zat is in ze Berlin Library."

"So Professor Melville told me," replied Oliver. "It seems a very small book to pay two hundred and fifty pounds for, Herr Bergen."

"A solemn book!" retorted the Herr; "I dolt you, young gentleman, zat is von big book, you don't get ze worth of your money in six; but you get him in quality. Maybe you zink you get more if he vas so big!" and Herr Bergen held his hands about a yard apart, and surveyed Oliver with a queer grin on his puffly good-natured face.

"You ain't a book collector, I gan see," he continued. "You vant to buy zom ze best?"

Oliver laughed.

"No mein Herr, I must confess to being sadly ignorant on such subjects, however, my business being to buy the book for Professor Melville, it matters very little what I think about it; so, with your leave, we will conclude the transaction, as I am anxious to return as speedily as possible and place the precious volume safely in the professor's hands."

"I'vet as though I couldn't bart with it," said Herr Bergen, actually hugging the little volume to his fat round person.

"And I wouldn't, only dimes are so hard, and Professor Melville is a very good customer, but you'll come back, my beauty, you'll come back, I'vet certain."

What a true prophecy this was, though only spoken in jest, and how soon it was to be fulfilled neither of them foresaw.

Having paid for the book, and received it carefully wrapped in many layers of paper, Oliver bade farewell to Herr Bergen and set out upon the return journey.

He made himself comfortable, carefully stowing the book with his umbrellas and rug. He found he would have to change shortly after crossing

the French frontier as he was not on a through express. He had brought one or two novels, and settled himself down to read, but he was either tired or the book he was occupied with had a somnolent effect, anyhow he fell fast asleep.

He awoke after some time, feeling chilly and cramped, the train had stopped. He glanced out of the window, and saw that they were at a small country station the name of which he could not see. A large and imposing building, evidently a convent, stood within a stone's throw of the station.

Oliver was wondering sleepily where they were and whether they would ever make a start again, when there was a sudden commotion on the platform, the door was thrown open, and a young lady hastily climbed in, seized a bag and a roll of rugs from a porter, and said something to an invisible person on the platform.

A soft voice answered, but what it said Oliver could not catch. Suddenly the train started again, the young lady raised the window and turned round. She seemed rather disconcerted at sight of Oliver, having evidently thought the carriage empty. However, a glance seemed to reassure her, and, with a sigh of relief, she sank upon a cushioned seat and turned her face to the window.

Oliver had resumed his book again, but more for the purpose of observing his new fellow traveler than with the intention of reading.

She was certainly pretty, a delicately outlined nose and softly rounded cheeks were just within Oliver's line of vision, while dark masses of wavy hair piled high under a plain aigrette had offered a tantalizing obstruction to any further view of her features. Oliver got tired of his fruitless scrutiny after a while and tried to read, glancing occasionally over the top of his book at his fair traveling companion. After the first startled glance she seemed to have forgotten his existence and continued to gaze dreamily out of the window at the rapidly passing landscape.

After about half an hour's rapid traveling the train began to slow down. The mysterious young lady began gathering her belongings together, she was evidently going to alight at the next station.

Oliver wondered more than ever who she was and why she was traveling alone in this exceedingly unconventional manner, for she looked very young, barely twenty, and young ladies of that age do not usually travel without a chaperone.

Suddenly the train stopped with a jerk. Oliver sprang forward to open the door and heard on the platform the strident voice of some functionary calling out "Tours!"

"By George!" exclaimed our hero to himself. "This is where I have to change, and hastily gathering together his bag, rugs and books he scrambled out after the lady, who was standing on the platform looking about in an embarrassed and undecided manner. Finding that his train would not start for twenty minutes, Oliver sat down upon a bench, whereon a rather stout and florid gentleman was sitting with a pile of small parcels beside him.

Presently the young lady, who had been talking to a porter, whose elaborate gesticulations did not appear to give her much satisfaction, came and sat down upon the bench with a rather worried expression and glancing nervously now and then on every side as though expecting someone.

Oliver watched her furtively out of the corner of his eye. She was certainly pretty, not with the ordinary waxy doll type of prettiness, but with a certain air of piquant cleverness about her not usually associated with beauty.

"Wonder who she can possibly be," he speculated for about the twentieth time. "Seems to be looking out for somebody, evidently an English girl going home from school, rather rough on her if she expected to meet someone and they have not turned up. I wonder whether it—whether I," but at this point his meditations were cut short by the stout gentleman rising, gathering up his parcels, apparently towards the bridge which crossed the line; the sound of an approaching Berlin bound train indicating that he intended to travel that way, whatever the direction might be from which he had come.

"Old boy has a great deal to carry," thought Oliver, diverted for a moment from his previous reflections. "Looks like a German." The word German brought his soliloquy to an abrupt and startling stop. The Elzevir, where was it?

He turned round hastily and rummaged amongst his books. It was not there! He went hot and cold by turns, got up, looked under the seat, seized his bag and wrenched it open, thereby very nearly spilling a shirt and various articles of attire on the platform, for the bag was so full it would not have held another handkerchief. Of course the book was not in it, he knew it would not be. His behavior had attracted the attention of the young lady, who watched him for a moment and finally said in a soft, rather shy voice:

"I beg your pardon, have you lost something of value?" "I—yes," stammered Oliver, completely confounded by the loss and by this sudden address. "I've—I've lost a book." And he began idiotically fumbling in his pockets, none of which were large enough to have held the Elzevir, for he was not wearing a top coat, the weather being decidedly warm.

As he felt aimlessly in his waistcoat pocket a card fell out and fluttered to the ground. The young lady glanced at it and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, that is—," she began, and stopped in confusion. Oliver picked up the card, one of Professor Melville's, and handed it to her.

"Thank you," she said, with a charming blush. "How funny to see one of your cards here!"

"Papa! So this was Madame Melville, this was the angular frump in goggles! Over was nearly speechless for a moment. At length good breeding came to the rescue. "I am delighted to meet you Miss Melville," he said, with a frank smile. "I am Lina Oliver, the son of one of your father's old friends."

"I have heard papa speak of Mr. Henry Oliver," said Lina, taking his outstretched hand. "How singular that we should meet like this; but we are forgetting your loss."

His lost book came that wretched memory in a flash.

"I am sorry to say," he said, gravely, "that I have lost a valuable book I purchased on commission for Professor Melville and with which I was just returning from Berlin."

"Whatever is to be done? Papa will never overlook it if the book is not recovered. Are you sure you brought it out of the train?" "Quite sure. I laid it here upon the seat."

"That stout gentleman had a lot of parcels," she said, suddenly. "Can he have taken it by mistake?" "I should not be at all surprised," said Oliver. "Yes, I believe he did!" he continued excitedly. "I must go after him."

"He went across to that train," said Lina. "Oh, I believe he is going to start. Come along Mr. Oliver, we must make haste."

And away she flew, darting up the stairs like a bird, and was half way across the bridge before Oliver could collect himself sufficiently to follow.

Arrived, breathless on the other platform, they rushed along the train eagerly scanning the windows. No stout gentleman was to be seen. They had nearly reached the end of the train when it began to move. A harsh voice shouted something at them, and, before he could be prevented, the conductor seized Lina's arm, opened the door of a carriage and bundled her in.

With a frantic exclamation, Oliver sprang in after her, the door slammed, the conductor swung himself on the rear of the train, and with gradually increasing velocity they were being whirled back to the place from whence they had come.

After the first sensation of dismay was over they both realized the absurdity of the situation and simultaneously burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. There is nothing like a good laugh for drawing people into sociability, and by the time they could speak they felt like old acquaintances.

"Well, I declare," said Lina, when she had recovered her breath. "If that conductor doesn't deserve a gold medal for promptness in cases of emergency! He actually lifted me off my feet and shut me into the carriage like a bundle of luggage."

And she laughed again at the recollection. "But oh, Mr. Oliver," she continued suddenly, becoming serious. "We have left all our things on the platform, and whatever will Madame Ls Fleur say?"

"May I ask you Madame Ls Fleur is?" inquired Oliver. "The teacher of elocution at St. Genevieve, she was to have met me at Tours and accompanied me to London. Mother Euthanasia is too ill to come with me, they have got grippe at the convent and so many sisters are ill they could not spare any one. We telegraphed to Madame and she promised to meet me."

"It is most unfortunate," said Oliver. "I see nothing for it but to take you back to the convent."

"But the book?"

The book again! Oliver had forgotten it. "If that old gentleman is in the train he is probably going to Berlin, I shall not rest until I find out whether he has the book or not," he said. "I will leave you at the convent if you like, and go on alone."

"Very well, but you need leave the train. I can find my way quite well alone, we are nearly at St. Genevieve now." The train still rumbled on; they could see the gables of the convent but still they did not slacken speed; presently with a roar and a rattle they sped through the little country station and past the great building. They looked at one another in dismay.

"It is a thorough train, we shall stop nowhere till we get to Berlin," said Oliver. "We must make the best of it."

Lina looked annoyed for a moment, but she was too well bred to make her companion uncomfortable on account of circumstances he could not control, so she answered cheerfully. "Oh, never mind, perhaps after all it is a fortunate circumstance that the train

is a through one, because if the old gentleman has stolen the book he will have no chance to alight before we reach Berlin, so we shall be certain to catch him."

"I don't think it is a case of deliberate theft," said Oliver laughing. "More probably the old fellow took up the parcel by mistake. At all events he could hardly have been aware of its value."

"Unless he was near at the time, and saw you purchase it?"

"Impossible, Herr Bergen and I were in a private room with the door shut, and nobody could by any chance have seen the transaction, besides I think he was coming this way when we met him, so he could not have been in Berlin at the time."

"So it was Herr Bergen of whom you purchased the book? Dear old man! I have known him ever since I could speak, how surprised he would be if he knew where I was."

The rest of the journey was begun by various narratives of Lina's life in the convent, and of Oliver's travels, which were pretty extensive, and proved of intense interest to Lina who confessed that she liked traveling better than books, a sentiment with which Oliver cordially agreed.

Arrived at the German Capital, Oliver sprang out almost before the train stopped, and assisting Lina to alight, the two eagerly scanned the rest of the passengers who were leaving the train with rather less precipitation.

"There he is!" exclaimed Miss Melville, darting forward impulsively, but only to find herself mistaken. Two or three times they fancied they had caught the object of their search, but in each case the stoutness and red face proved misleading. At last all the passengers had left the train, and still no old gentleman had appeared who could even remotely be considered as the one they were pursuing.

"What if he never got into the train at all?" gasped Lina. Oliver turned cold. "I very much fear we have come on a wild goose chase, Miss Melville," he answered, almost with a groan. "Whatever we are going to do next, I don't know."

"Let us go to Herr Bergen," said Lina. Oliver instantly agreed, the Herr might be able to suggest a way of recovering the missing book, at any rate they could not stand in the station all day.

He will precede them by a few minutes, and see what the Herr was doing. He had just finished his third pipe, and was smoking into a blissful state of somnolence, born of larger beer and tobacco, when there came a hurried knock at the side door, and rousing himself with an effort, he got up and opened it.

"How do, Bergen?" said a jolly voice, and without more ado the speaker walked in, and Herr Bergen's hand and shut the door.

"Herr Marsden!" said the book seller. "Vat an uneggebettes bleasure! Haf you brought anything for me?" "Brought anything for you, I should think so. I haven't been prowling around Paris for a twelvemonth, I can tell you without picking up something worth having."

The speaker was a burly, pleasant faced, rather elderly man, something like a Yorkshire farmer, but from his cultivated accent and easy manner, evidently a gentleman.

"Haf you been in Paris?" "Yes, and what do you think I found, in a miserable little second hand bookshop in a back street?"

"Something good?" said Bergen with an expectant and impatient grin. "Something good! Why, man alive, I've got something here that you would give your eyes for, bought it up for a song; wait a minute, I always carry my things loose, can't bear the bother of packing; where is it? Oh, yes, this, now, look out for a grand surprise. What do you think of that?"

A grand surprise! Herr Bergen's eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets as he stared at the object his friend held out to him.

"Gott in Himmel!" he gasped at last, when he could get his wits together. "Vere did you get it?" "Got it? I've just told where I got it. Bought it in Paris."

"Impossible!" "Pon my word, I think the shock has taken your wits away, why should it be impossible for me to have bought it anywhere?"

"Because I sold it myself this morning!" It was now Marsden's turn to be surprised. "Sold it yourself this—Oh, you're raving, Bergen, I tell you I bought it in Paris yesterday with a lot of other books, and the strangest part of it is that never found out what a treasure I'd got till I opened the parcel in the train—what in the world is that?"

"That" was a loud knocking at the door. Herr Bergen with eyes and mouth wide open, and his hair standing out like bristles all over his head got up slowly and went to the door. "How do you do, Herr Bergen?" said a soft feminine voice. "I know you would be surprised, but really the strangest things have occurred, we have such a story to tell you." By this time Lina had advanced into the room where Marsden was sitting, and no sooner did her eyes fall upon him

than she cried out in uncontrollable excitement. "Mr. Oliver, he's here!"

Oliver walked in, and immediately pounced upon the book that had caused Herr Bergen so much perturbation. "This is it!" he exclaimed. "This is the missing Elzevir! As for you, sir," he continued, turning to the astonished Marsden. "You may think yourself lucky if I do not prosecute you for theft."

"What do you mean, sir? do mandate the book hunter, growing as red as a turkey cock."

"I mean that if you do not give a satisfactory account of the way you became possessed of this book I can only conclude that you stole it."

"Stop a minute, there must be some mistake," said Herr Bergen, who had entered in time to hear the latter part of the sentence.

"My friend, Herr Marsden, is incapable of stealing, there must be some other explanation. Vere did you see you book, Herr Oliver?"

"At the railway station at Tours," replied Oliver. "I was sitting upon a seat beside this gentleman, and had placed my parcels, including the book. I did not miss it until after his departure. And Oliver related the circumstances which had transpired subsequently to the loss of the book.

A light broke in upon Marsden and explained several circumstances that had puzzled him. "I see it all now," he said excitedly. "I did not discover the Elzevir until after leaving Tours, and then I could not for the life of me understand how I could have overlooked such an important purchase at first. I must have taken the book up with the others when I left the seat."

"Did you leave the train at Berlin?" asked Oliver, still slightly suspicious. "Certainly," replied Marsden.

"Well, we looked for you in vain, and I am certain nobody in the train escaped my supervision."

"That is probably explained by the fact that I felt chilly, and put on an overcoat, which would conceal the light grey suit I was wearing, and you failed to recognize me in consequence," replied the book hunter.

"I think Herr Marsden has eggs-plain'd very satisfactorily," said Bergen with one of his capacious grins. "Marsden," he suddenly exclaimed, Lina, who had been an interested listener.

"Not Mr. Marsden of London?" "The same," replied the gentleman, with a smile.

"Then I have to greet another of papa's old friends," cried Lina. "Surely wondrous will never cease. Mr. Oliver pray let me introduce you to Mr. Marsden, the famous book collector. He is one of papa's oldest friends, and, though I have never seen him before" (with a bright smile at the fascinated Marsden), "I have often heard papa speak of him."

Thus reconciled, the two shook hands, and after mutual compliments and enquiries, the question of what was to be done next presented itself rather forcibly.

It was already dark, and to travel back by the night train with Lina was out of the question. It was finally arranged that Lina should remain in charge of Herr Bergen's box room house-keeper, the two gentlemen going to an hotel, and that all three should travel back to Tours next day. And after placing Lina in Madame Le Fleur's hands, either to accompany the two ladies to England or see them safely launched on the journey, whichever Madame might prefer.

Madame was waiting at Tours in a state bordering on distraction. She pounced upon Lina and deluged her with a torrent of questions. Matters having been explained after some difficulty, the volubly little French woman delivered herself of a gesticulated account of her desolation at not finding "ma chere Lina," and her distraction on being confronted with "chere Lina's baggage," which pointed either to abduction, or, dreadful idea, suicide, though what reason there could be for the latter Madame did not explain.

Mr. Marsden delicately hinted a willingness on the part of himself and Monsieur Oliver to escort the ladies over the rest of the journey. Madame was charmed, nothing could be more delightful. Oliver experienced a thrill of pleasure at the idea of accompanying Lina yet further. In his short acquaintance with her he had already begun to feel more than a passing interest in the charming girl just launched from the quiet and peace of her convent school into the bustle of life.

Lina's very impulsive, unconventional and girlish though it was, and though it was likely to lead her into awkward situations, was so unlike the prim cautiousness of the average girl that it served still more to attract him. The passage across the Channel was delightfully smooth, most of the time was spent upon deck and Oliver made the most of the opportunities at his disposal. Marsden, who saw how matters were progressing, shuttled to himself and discreetly engaged Madame in various animated discussions relating to the respective attractions of London and Paris, Madame being an ardent Parisian, to whom any other city than the gay capital of France was weariness and vexation of spirit.

When the travelers finally presented themselves before the professor that gentleman's astonishment knew no bounds. He was at first inclined to be angry, but reflecting that, after all, the precious Elzevir was safely in his

possession, he thought better of it and indulged in a hearty laugh at Lina's quaint account of how she and Oliver had chased Mr. Marsden back to Herr Bergen's and recovered the "stolen" property. Oliver became a regular visitor at the house in Park Lane, and the attachment between himself and Madame rapidly ripened into a warm friendship.

At last, with the usual impatience of youth, Oliver determined to know his fate, and with that intention sallied forth one afternoon and bent his steps in the direction of Professor Melville's.

"Lina is almost twenty," he reflected. "At any rate, I'll find out what the professor thinks of it before I speak to her. I think the old boy likes me."

The professor was engaged, but Mrs Melville would see him. Lina came forward with a welcoming smile. "You wish to see papa, Mr. Oliver? Is the business very important?"

"Very," replied Oliver, earnestly. "Can the professor spare me five minutes? I will not detain him longer."

"I don't know," said Lina, dubiously. "He is engaged upon an important translation and gave strict orders that he was not to be disturbed. However, I will go and see."

She knocked at the study door. "Well, what is it?" came a muffled voice from the within. "Mr. Oliver, papa," replied Lina. "He wants to see you on important business."

"Can't see him," retorted the professor, irritably. "Tell him to come again to-morrow." Madame returned to the drawing room.

"I'm sorry papa is so very busy he cannot see you to-day. He asks if you will call to-morrow."

A sudden impulse came to Oliver, as it does to most young lovers at a critical moment. He crossed over to Lina and took her hand. "Do you know what I wanted to speak to your father about?"

"How should I?" said Lina, laughing. Suddenly then their eyes met, and Lina knew. There was hardly any need for him to ask the stereotyped old question; her eyes had answered it already.

Oliver took her in his arms. "I was going to ask him for—you," he said, softly. "Well, it will keep till to-morrow," said Lina, roguishly. "I shant run away, you know. Oh, I'll tell you what I'll do," she said, with one of her sudden impulses. "I'll go back and ask papa myself; it will serve him right for not seeing you."

And away she sped. Another rap on the study door. "Well, what is it now?" demanded the professor, sharply. "It's me," said Lina, ungrammatically. "Mr. Oliver, papa—"

"Well, what the dickens does Mr. Oliver want? I wish he was at the bottom of the Thames!"

"Oh, papa! Mr. Oliver—James—wants—me!" The door suddenly opened, and the professor stood facing his daughter. He took her hand and drew her to him.

"Do you want Mr. Oliver, Lina?" "Papa, should—should I have come back here?"

"Well, no, I suppose not," the professor sighed, and then suddenly chuckled as a bright thought occurred to him. "Wait a minute, I'll write my answer on a piece of paper and pin it to the back of your dress."

Lina went back to the impatient Oliver. "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," she said, laughing. He turned her round. Surely enough there was a piece of paper pinned on her dress, and upon it he read in the professor's rather cramped and somewhat illegible hand:

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