



**Threads of Life.**

I'm weaving my carpet of rag to-day,  
 Ah! I feel the warp as it fills in fast,  
 While my thoughts are broken like ends  
 that float in the air.

Shuttle fly in!  
 How first and last  
 The colors fling  
 Through the webbing of life like rags and  
 string!

Tight in the loom is the warping of Fate;  
 Ah! I feel in the dark wool certain to  
 cleave—  
 Gray, when the years get lonely and late,  
 Shuttle fly out!

Joyfully weave  
 Scarlet and gray,  
 For you that when we sang with the birds at  
 play!

Mingled for sorrow, and clear when the  
 heart  
 Vove with a passionate tenderness  
 through;  
 Yellow, when jealousy tore love apart,  
 Shuttle fly in!  
 Blue for the true  
 Wafled away,  
 And black when we knelt by the beautiful  
 clay.

Fill rags in the carpet with random rife,  
 Bright ones, and dark ones, knotted and  
 tied,  
 Typical checkers that vary in life,  
 Shuttle fly out!

White for the bride,  
 Black for the life,  
 Warped and woven as life, they appear.

—The Independent.

**Saved by Pauline's Prayer.**

**A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY.**

The wind was strong. It was blowing in sudden gusts along the coast from the northwest and striking inland at the opening between the tall cliffs of an old ancient Norman town. The tide was nearly high and the weather so rough that the water frequently splashed over the edge of the quay. The fishing smacks lying alongside creaked and strained at their ropes, threatening to get loose from their moorings. The quay was crowded, for these fishing boats had run into the harbor with the tide, and nearly every hand was busy helping ladders from the depths of the vessels, and the buckets of fish were being tossed into large tubs of fresh water. From the tubs women sorted and packed the fish in panniers, ready for removal in the carts which waited here by. It was an animated scene, full of noise and movement. On the sands the only in- active figure was a young fisher girl. She had been looking intently seaward, and had now turned away. Her face wore a painful expression and her lips were parted as though in anticipation of some danger.

The girl's dress was a blue woolen of coarse material. A hood of white knitted worsted covered her head and shoulders, leaving her fair hair to cluster about the brow. She belonged to that type of man peasantry which is common among the Normans. Her face was round and dimpled; and the hood in which it was coquetically framed gave it the soft and simple expression of a child. In her motionless attitude, in the midst of this busy crowd, she resembled a statue in a market place on a marked day.

"Behold there!" cried a fisherman, who was stationed at the head of a ladder which reached down into one of the boats. "Haul up the lamp! We shall soon be in the dark."

The sun had set, and back clouds were gathering toward the horizon. The fisherman was a short, powerful man of 40 or 45. A thick fringe of black hair curled round his honest, weather-beaten face, and a red cap with a tassel was adjusted to the shape of his head. His throat was enveloped in a great woolen wrapper. He had the appearance of a Hercules as he stood on the quay receiving one weighty basket after another.

The girl who was now close behind him on the quay, looked round as he gave the order in a blunt, honest voice. "M-m-reel!" said she timidly, "the Lionne is not yet in port."

The man glanced towards the sea. Above the horizon the clouds had thickened, picturing a black mass in the sky.

"Worse luck," he replied, "she will be here in the storm."

As he uttered this prediction a change became apparent in the sea. A dark shadow was creeping towards the shore, and the waves which this shadow crossed were white with foam. It was another sign of the approaching storm, and in a moment it burst upon the coast. As though night had suddenly descended without warning, the harbor was thrown into semi-darkness, and with the gloom the wind swept round the quay and howled about the rigging of the fishing smacks. The creaking and straining of the boats now sounded a protest against the threatened gale.

The girl uttered a low cry, and her eyes sought Marcel's face.

"Pauline," said the sailor, looking round, "is Fernand on board?"

"Yes," she replied in a distracted voice. "He will be lost!"

"Courage, my girl," said Marcel. "Fernand is a brave and able seaman."

Pauline appeared slightly reassured. "He is indeed brave," she said with grave fervency. "Heaven protect him!"

She raised her eyes and her lips moved as though in prayer. Then she glanced about with a look of action. The crowd upon the quay was still working, in spite of the rough wind, with dogged energy. The boat had to be discharged, and the herring dispatched while fresh to the inland towns. The Paris market needed the supply, and the owners of the fishing smacks, fearing to lose their profit, were moving about like taskmasters among willing slaves.

Pauline turned and ran along the quay. It was now quite dark. Lanterns hung suspended from the masts of every fishing smack, and the lamps had been lighted in the roadway. The windows of the Cafe de la Phare, the fisherman's favorite wine shop, began to brighten as the sky in every quarter assumed the aspect of night.

At the summit of the cliff, directly above the harbor, stood the lighthouse. It revolved slowly, and its brightness was like a gigantic eye regarding the storm.

Crossing the drawbridge, which separated the harbor from the dock, Pauline reached the foot of the cliff. A steep pathway led, in serpentine curves, towards the lighthouse. The girl began to ascend, and her movement was full of vigor and purpose.

When she had almost reached the height and had come to the walls of a monastic ruin, she noticed a flock of sheep huddled together. A black shaggy dog was running restlessly to and fro. The shepherd, a huge man, wrapped from head to foot in a thick sheepskin cloak, turned to look down at her.

At this elevated point, near the top of the cliff, the force of the wind nearly raised the girl off her feet; but the shepherd stood facing the weather, erect and motionless.

Pauline hurried toward him. "Pierres Le Tour," she demanded frantically, with her hand upon his arm, "did you see any fishing boats about sunset out at sea?"

The shepherd pointed towards the West. "Out yonder," said he, "just before sunset, I saw sail."

"The Lionne!" cried Pauline, "was it not Pierre?"

Pierres Le Tour, who had wandered for many years over these Normandy hills, knew every fishing boat by sight which left the port. To watch the vessels that only distraction he had in life. He had a keen eye, and could distinguish one sail from another as distinctly as he could distinguish the faces of his flock.

"Yes," said he, "it was the Lionne. All the other boats have entered the harbor."

While speaking he had continued to ascend the cliff side by side. They now stood at the outer walls of the ruins. The lighthouse glared down upon them a few steps above. A revolving ray caught Pauline looking up eagerly at the shepherd. Her face was pale and distressed.

"Fernand Demarre is on board."

"You betrothed?"

"Yes, Pierre."

"Then why," he demanded, "have you left the harbor?"

"I have come here to pray," said she, "that Fernand may be saved."

Among these old Norman ruins stood a little chapel; it was all that remained of an ancient monastery. This small building, known as La Chapelle de la Vierge, was a famous shrine, to which fishermen and their wives made a pilgrimage once a year from all parts of Normandy. Pauline passed between the crumbled walls, and came to a broken archway. In a corner, through this archway, was a small door leading into the chapel. The girl raised the latch and stepped in.

The chapel was almost in darkness. Near the entrance was a small table upon which there stood a tall, thin taper. It gave out but a feeble light. Beside it lay a quantity of similar tapers, ranged in a row ready for lighting. Close to this table, in a low chair, sat an old woman. She was fast asleep. Her face was thin and wrinkled. Her white hair was bent forward, and her long pointed chin was resting on her breast. Above the altar a dim lamp was burning among the black shadows. It was as sombre and silent a place as the entrance to a sepulchre. The wind, moaning among the ruins outside, was the only sound that reached Pauline, and when she glided up the aisle and sank down upon the altar steps, clasping her hands in prayer.

Pauline Delille had known her lover ever since she was a child. They had lived all their lives in the same village—the village of Giverny—and when Pauline had reached womanhood Fernand had asked her to become his wife. The young sailor had lately inherited a small farm through the death of his father; and it had been his intention, as soon as the herring season was over, to give up the sea and marry Pauline. The marriage had been fixed to take place in a month's time.

That day the girl had pictured Fernand, as she had so often seen him, steering the Lionne into harbor—a strong figure stationed at the helm; a brave face with dark and watchful eyes. And such was the vision which rose before her now as she knelt upon the altar steps in the little chapel praying for Fernand's safe deliverance from the perils and dangers of the sea.

Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning lit up every corner of the chapel with its ghastly, quivering brightness. The white, stone floor, worn by the tread of many a generation of pilgrims; the large, painted window over the altar, representing the Virgin and Child; the dark oaken beams of the arched roof—all became for an instant as visible as though the ghost of daylight had looked in. Then followed a clap of thunder, which sounded as if the cliff close by had fallen with a crash into the sea.

Pauline Delille started to her feet with a painful cry upon her white lips. She fled towards the chapel door, and hurried out into the storm. In a sheltered corner among the ruins Pauline heard the terrified flock bleating piteously. The shepherd was not there. The girl stopped and peered into the darkness. Another flash revealed him; she recognized his towering form at the edge of the cliff. Pauline crept cautiously forward, calling him loudly by name.

"Pierre Le Tour!"

He heard her, for in the shadows Pauline saw him approaching.

"Pauline," said he, as she reached his side, "I have seen the Lionne."

"Where?"

"The shepherd seized her wrist. "Come, no reply, I will tell you."

She yielded helplessly, consenting to be led like one blind, for she could not see at that moment an inch before her. The wind and rain were beating in her face, and she was half dead with terror and expectation.

After ascending a few steps to the summit of the cliffs Pierre Le Tour stopped. Pauline heard the waves breaking with

a deafening roar a hundred feet below them.

"Look!" said Pierre, "look towards the sea and wait."

Pauline obeyed. But she had scarcely waited a moment, with her eyes strained eagerly seaward, when another flash of lightning quivered out of the dark clouds. The whole expanse of an angry sea was illuminated, and upon the waves the girl described a large fishing smack with a broken sail, and at the helm was the man for whose safety she had been praying. It was like a vivid vision impressed upon her brain, for in another second the scene was enveloped in black night.

"Fernand!" she cried in a piteous tone. "He's making for the harbor."

Breathless with excitement, and with a fast beating heart, Pauline descended, groping her way swiftly by the same path up which she had climbed not half an hour before, with such resolution and piety. The lamps in the harbor and the Pauline seemed to be shining brightly now. Pauline fancied as she approached that she could even distinguish dark figures moving about, still busy upon the quay, landing the cargoes of herring from the fishing smacks, and passing in the road of the Cafe de la Phare.

No one, the girl thought, could have the least suspicion that the Lionne was laboring out in the storm, and so near to the entrance of the port. The news would transform the scene.

The drawbridge leading on to the quay was at last reached and crossed, and Pauline once more stood in the midst of the active crowd of workers. She glanced about in search of her friend Marcel, the powerful sailor whom she had left in the net of hanging heavy baskets of fish at the head of the ladder. He was no longer standing at his post. The girl hastened towards the Café. She found him seated there with a café verre at his side. He looked inquiringly as she entered.

"Save him, Marcel!" cried Pauline clasping her hands. "Save him!"

Marcel stared, as though doubting Pauline's sanity.

"The Lionne is trying to enter the harbor," explained the girl; "she will be dashed to pieces against the jetty. There is not a moment to lose. Save Fernand!"

Marcel sprang to his feet. The café was crowded.

"To the rescue!" he exclaimed.

Every one to a man uttered a cheer, and followed Marcel out upon the quay.

The news which Pauline had brought spread like wildfire. The excited crowd in the harbor became general. The sailors on board the fishing smacks left their work and went with Marcel in a hurrying crowd towards the jetty. Pauline Delille was among the foremost.

The jetty was long and narrow, and curved gradually out to sea. At the extreme end or entrance to the harbor, a bright red lamp was burning steadily. Towards this red lamp the crowd advanced, against the wind which blew in their faces with such sudden and powerful gusts that it was difficult to make good headway. Slowly it approached the jetty covered these brave people with a stinging shower of spray.

Marcel was the first to reach the jetty head, and Pauline was still close beside him. Looking seaward, he saw the Lionne's head and stern, and his instructions in a loud, commanding voice. Everything was quickly got in readiness to render aid to the distressed vessel. Ropes were hauled forward and firmly attached, and every man was spears stationed at his post prepared action.

Pauline Delille leaned eagerly over the low wall of the jetty. She watched the light on board the Lionne as it rose and fell, and was sometimes hidden entirely beyond high waves. Slowly it approached the jetty, and the narrow entrance to the harbor. She knew that the slightest miscalculation, or the least mishap to the rudder, and the boat would be dashed to pieces against the projecting masonry. These few moments of suspense seemed to her as if a life were passing before her eyes, and she felt as though her agony was terrible when she reflected that they might be her lover's last moments on earth. The sunny days they had passed together in their native village, and the plans they had formed of the future, rose up in her mind only to increase the sense of wonderment and despair. And yet she lost no confidence in Fernand; no pilot could guide a boat with greater skill.

Closer and closer came the light towards the harbor, and at some moments she saw the muscular fisherman, and she felt as though she were seized with a sudden fear that the Lionne had sunk, never to rise again. But presently a huge wave leaping high brought the fishing smack, with a sudden rush and a loud roar, into the narrow opening where the lamps on each side of the jetty glimmered down on the broken sail, a number of fishermen clinging to the spars, and the stout-hearted Fernand Demarre still stationed at the helm.

But the great wave upon which the Lionne was lifted into port had scarcely subsided when another wave leapt after it, and sweeping forward struck the bow of the boat with such force that Fernand lost his balance, and was flung overboard before Pauline's eyes. A cry of horror rose from the crowd, but it was quickly silenced; for Marcel the muscular fisherman had sprung upon the wall of the jetty, with a rope round round his waist. In another moment he had been lowered into the sea.

A minute of terrible suspense followed; Marcel and Pauline's brave lover were struggling farther into the sea, and at the entrance to the harbor. A single wave might, without warning, dash both men against a wall of the jetty and deprive them of life. But the men were both excellent swimmers, and well known their danger, and meanwhile they were being carried farther into the harbor out of the roughest sea. Fernand had now got near enough to his friend Marcel to seize an end of the rope; and they could

keep themselves afloat while swimming side by side. At the same time a large boat from the harbor, rowed by two fishermen, was making towards them; every stroke of their oars was watched by Pauline with a mingled sense of hopefulness and dread. Could, she thought, such an unequal contest be much longer sustained? The struggle was enough to exhaust the best of swimmers. But the boat reached them at last, though none to soon; for the two men, when lifted into the boat were more dead than alive with cold and fatigue. They were taken, amid great excitement upon the quay, into the harbor, and the first face which Fernand Demarre caught sight of as he was carried up the steps on to the quay, was his sweetheart's—the face of Pauline.

As long as she lived Pauline never forgot that night. In after years, when seated with her children round the fire, she would recount to them how their father was caught in that storm, and how their friend, the brave Marcel, saved his life. And once a year, on the day of the pilgrimage, she ascended the steep cliff leading up a prayer of gratitude for the little chapel among the ruins of the old Norman monastery.

**NEGLECTED GRACES.**

**REMINISCENCES OF A RECTOR IN THE DISCHARGE OF PASTORAL DUTIES.**

"To-day if you shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—Psalm.

Many years ago I witnessed a sad scene. To explain it, full meaning I must enter into some details.

One evening a kind-hearted woman came to see me, and requested me to visit, as soon as possible, a very sick man. On making some enquiries I was informed that the patient was "to go to school" to the Catholic—but for many years a stranger to the practice of his religious duties. She assured me that, though the afflicted one had not asked for the services of a priest, she deemed it advisable that I should see him at my earliest convenience. I assured her that I would go at once. I went next day, and on entering the room I perceived, at once, that his disease was—bleeding from the lungs. His cough was covered with blood. His face was death like. I realized that his last hour was approaching. I drew near him and spoke kindly to him; but to my regret, he would not listen to me. "I did not send for a priest. Some busybody must have called you to see me. When I need a clergyman I will send for one. Under no condition will I require the services of a boy."

To understand the meaning of his last words the reader must remember that owing to my youthful appearance at the time I was called the "boy priest." Full of the zeal of my young priesthood, I begged him to make preparations for death which seemed imminent. All my entreaties failed. His last words to me were about leaving his room were, "You need not come again."

On returning home I found in my room the venerable Father L., a devoted missionary of a religious order. After making known my unsuccessful efforts in my visit to the venerable Father, he expressed his willingness to accompany me, and do his utmost to prepare him for a happy death. We, in a little while, reached the room of the supposed dying one. As we approached him I said to myself, "he has rejected me because of my young suavity." I said to myself, "I will surely be a good missionary who has spent so many years in the missions." The good Father knelt at the bedside and spoke kindly, and gave a good confession, as the best preparation for a favorable judgment. To his surprise, however, the patient, "I know your condition. I am ill—but I perceive no danger. I have not sent for a priest because I do not need one." The veteran missionary pleaded with him—but to no effect. Uttering a heartfelt prayer for his spiritual welfare we returned home.

Sill anxious, I called on Fr. B. and asked him if he knew Mr. —. He informed me that he had known him for years as an educated man, but non-practical Catholic. I begged him to go with me and see him. In a little while he knew him. The answer was in the affirmative, followed by these words: "I knew you well and I respect you, but I do not need your services. Strange, that you should come to me uninvited. Already I have been greatly annoyed by the presence of two other priests. Let me in peace. When I require your services I will send you word."

Strange to narrate, the man recovered his health, but he, afterwards, failed to attend Mass and receive the holy Sacraments. A year passed away when one day a messenger came in great haste to my residence and made known to the housekeeper that a man was dying. At the time I was in the confessional. As soon as the message reached me I set out at once. On nearing his residence I heard a wail of sorrow. On reaching the abode I was informed that the man was dead.

On entering the room my eyes rested on the dead body of a man who, a year before, had refused the services of three priests. As I returned homeward my heart was sad. While hoping that the patient had been able to elicit an act of perfect contrition in his dying moments, the remembrance of abused graces made me doubtful.

**V. V.**

"He most lives who thinks the most, and the noblest feels the best. And he whose heart beats quickest Lives the longest, lives in the holy Sacraments. More than a year do some whom But blood sleeps as it slips along their veins."

These lines describe that condition of perfect health which all men desire, and to incline to do noble acts, to live long, and joyfully, we must be free from the domination of disease. By taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery we may, by purifying the blood, escape consumption, general debility, and weakness, and all blood and skin diseases, and verify the truth of poetry as well as fact.

Peter Kieffer, Buffalo, says: "I was badly bitten by a horse a few days ago, and was induced by a friend who witnessed the occurrence, to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It relieved the pain almost immediately, and in four days the wound was completely healed. Nothing can be better for fresh wounds.

**JOHN DALE'S FAILURE.**

**EFFECT OF ENCOURAGEMENT AND DEVOTION OF A WIFE IN DAYS OF ADVERSITY.**

From the Atlanta Constitution.

John Dale was one of the richest men in Bondoung. He was still on the sunny side of forty, but gray-haired business men and financiers consulted him upon the most important matters, and whenever it was known that John Dale was connected with any enterprise the success of the project was assured.

Dale was lavish in his expenditures, and his beautiful wife did not try to restrain him. Mrs. Dale outshone the younger beauties and belles of the place, and her husband was proud of her.

In Bondoung the main staple of the talk was the Dale's, their movements, their extravagance, and their good fortune. Sometimes old men shook their heads, but everything that Dale touched seemed to turn into gold. The young speculator established a bank, and built a railroad, and took hold of a dozen other big enterprises. The entertainment at the Dale mansion was on a scale of magnificence never seen before in that part of the country. Among the invited guests were millionaires who travelled in special cars. It was a common thing for people to rush across the continent to see the Dale's.

The financial crash of 18— was a terrible disaster. It was felt not only in great cities but in the smaller towns as well. In Bondoung the oldest business houses went to the wall.

When a man is in trouble he finds out his real friends and enemies. The panic struck John Dale at a bad time. At first he was confident that he would come out all right. He borrowed right and left and made a brave effort to push his way through. He even called on Steele, but the old usurer told him that a loan was out of the question.

One day it was whispered that Dale would have to go under, and that he would be left several hundred thousand dollars in debt. That night there was a reception at his house, and many of his guests went simply out of curiosity. They wanted to see how the great speculator would look on the eve of his failure. If these people expected to see a crushed man they were disappointed. The entertainment was the most delightful of the season. Dale's bright and handsome face showed not the slightest trace of care, and his wife was in her most charming mood. "They are frivolous people," said one of the guests of old Steele early the next morning. "I gave Dale credit for being a thoughtful man, but he and his wife seem to be too light minded to appreciate the gravity of the situation."

"They will appreciate it to-day," said Steele grimly. "I have got hold of a lot of Dale's papers, and I am going to close down. You will see my lord and my lady come to grief."

The news of Dale's failure created quite a sensation, but scores of business men remarked that they were not at all surprised, and that they had been looking for it all along.

"And he will have nothing left," said a merchant to Mr. Steele, "not a cent, will he?"

"No," replied Steele, "he will be worse off than a beggar, because he will be heels over head in debt. There will be a meeting of the principal creditors to-morrow, and the result may land Dale in the prison."

"It will be a terrible loss to Mrs. Dale," said a leading society lady, "and it may kill her."

This was the general run of the talk about the failure. Very little sympathy was expressed. In hard times sympathy is a very scarce commodity.

On the same morning John Dale took his wife into the library after breakfast, and told her all. Mrs. Dale was silent for a moment. Then she put her arms around her husband's neck and kissed him.

"At least we love each other," she said. "But," exclaimed Dale, in some amazement, "you do not understand. We must give up our house. There will be nothing left. My creditors may pursue me all my life, and there is nothing but poverty before me."

Mrs. Dale gave him another kiss. "Do you think I care?" she said.

"My dear," said Dale, and his voice trembled. "I must tell you the worst. My success made me reckless, and if some of my creditors push me to the last extreme, although I had no criminal intention in my transactions with them."

"No matter what befalls you," said the beautiful woman by his side, "I will stand by you, and suffer with you, and wait for better days."

Then for the first time John Dale shed a few tears. Later in the day he went to his office and devoted his attention to his business affairs.

"You will see him beg for mercy," said old Steele to the meeting of creditors. "I know these extravagant spendthrifts. Dale will come here and cry and plead. You must be firm with him."

Just then the object of his talk entered the room.

"Hello, Steele," he said, with his customary carelessness. "Well, gentlemen, here we are. Now let us see what can be done about this matter."

Old Steele glanced at Dale, and the others looked at him in astonishment. Dale did not look like a man who had been crushed by some great misfortune. He looked younger, brighter, and handsomer than ever, and there was a ring of triumph in his tones.

"Curse that fellow!" said old Steele. "I wonder what is up now."

"Gentlemen," said Dale, "before proceeding to business I desire to say a few words."

Instantly there was a dead silence in the room. Dale then made a calm, straightforward statement concerning his various enterprises, and wound up with the admission that his liabilities greatly exceeded his assets. Then he told them of his interview with his wife.

"You will now understand," he concluded, "that this is no great misfortune to share my poverty, I am the happiest man on earth."

Dale looked around upon the group in such a frank and manly way that all were favorably impressed.

When the creditors consulted together

in private, Steele was the only man who held out against a compromise. Then the others withdrew, and in a short time returned.

"It is all right," said the leader to Steele. "We will settle your claims and give Dale another chance. He is a good fellow, and he hasn't been sacrificed."

"Well, if you will be fools," snarled Steele, "I have no objection."

John Dale did not have to give up his house, and there was no talk of a criminal prosecution. His manly way of meeting his difficulties and the devotion of his wife rallied a band of strong friends around him, and in the course of a few days he was on his feet again.

Perhaps the Dale's profited by their experience during the panic. At all events, they did not rush headlong into a career of extravagance. They modified their style of living, and in the course of a few years they had the satisfaction of knowing that they were out of debt, and again on the road to fortune.

And yet it might have been very different, John Dale said one day to his wife.

"When I told you of my failure if you had broken down under the news it was my intention to go to my room and blow my brains out."

"Why, John?" exclaimed the little woman, "how could I have given you any other answer?"

**SUNDAY ALL THE WEEK.**

Our Catholic brethren have set us, at least, the good example; their churches are not silent as the tomb on week days. Their worshippers do not do up all their religion on Sunday. It may be only for a few moments they step in through that open church door, on a week day, to kneel and lay down burdens too heavy else to be borne.

I like the custom. I should rather say, I like the reminder, and the opportunity thus afforded them; and I heartily wish that all our Protestant churches could be thus opened. If rich Christians object to the promiscuous use of their velvet cushions and gilded prayer books, at least let the aisles and the altar be free for those who need God on week days—for those poor, the tired, the tempted—for those who shrink, in their shabby habitments, from the Sunday splendor of fine toilets and superfluous Christianity.

Were I a minister, and obliged to preach to panners and diamonds and satins, on Sunday, I think I should have to ease my heart in some such way as this, to make my pastoral life endurable, such as: "I would rather see you kneeling in the aisle of a thoughtless man, than in the pew next to me, and the Lord is the Maker of them all," should be inscribed outside my church door, had I one. I could not preach to those panners and their owners. My tongue would be paralyzed at the sight of those distortions of womanhood, bearing such a resemblance to organ-grinders' monkeys.

I am not sure that I should not grow hysterical over it, and laugh and cry in the same breath, instead of preaching. I can never tell what vent my tongue would take; but I am sure it must have some escape-valve. You may say that such worshippers (Heaven save the mark!) need preaching too. I tell you that their women so given over to the "devil and all his works," are past praying for—"blasting eyes, they see; but the devil has got their hearts now." They are ossified—imperfect as they are. Dear sea apples, full of shaves. Altered now I feel better.

Having alluded to our Roman Catholic friends, allow me to ask leave of them to visit the cross surmounting all our Protestant churches, unless churchmen take out a patent for the same. It is lovely to me, this symbol as I pass along the streets. It rests my heart to look at, amidst the turmoil, and din, and hurry, and anxious faces, and sorrowful faces, and more than all, the smug faces of our Protestants. I say to myself, that there is truth there, there is hope and comfort there, and this tangle of life is not the end. When I am a Protestant minister, the dear cross shall be on my church, and no body shall stay away from it because they are ragged or poor, or because the cushions are too nice. Oh, I like Catholicity for that. They are nearer heaven than Protestants on this point.

I am very glad for the Protestant noon-day prayer-meetings, whereas ever held other days than the Sunday, need one may happen in there—if such things ever happen, which I doubt—and there learn that need and the way to satisfy it. The devil is cunningly and wisely busy every day and every night in the week; every should hood Christian think to circumvent this skilful diplomatist, in one—on Sunday only! The devil makes easy all the paths leading to perdition.

Christians make hard and difficult the road to heaven, with their fine churches and fine worshippers, and empty preaching once a week. And all around us, pitiful hands are outstretched, and hungry hearts are waiting for the loving Christian word of help, temporal and spiritual; and men and women go down into the maelstrom of despair, folly and sin; and we open our churches, and let well-dressed Christians in to pray for us on Sunday. Sunday! the word has no meaning. Call it Monday, or Tuesday, or 4th of July, or anything you will, but not "Sunday." That once meant something.—Fanny Fern.

If you have a cold, cough, bronchitis, or any form of throat or lung disease, do not neglect it. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, if promptly taken, will speedily relieve and cure all ailments of this character.

SLEEPSLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicate constitution, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get a sound sleep, the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parnele's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

**PROVING SICKNESS.**

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Inflamments and Congestions are most prevalent at this season of the year. Haggard's Yellow Oil is the best external and internal remedy for all these and other troubles.

But there is another pleasant one, which these events, from the Local Government, this sweeping radicalism—may be we have to which the depth have been stirred by the Irish question. This people already prepared government. We developed ideas upon government for the Rule not become so perpetuated. The Government for the year, but Home Rule has a How imminent an sure must be to have a Government to the Government, and the influence of the Irish upon English public sentiment. Bill a similar measure promised at the office to introduce Ireland. They are clear out of the men in the ordinary means sketched the outline Monday. For in the Irish people, how the Government, interest, to day's Ritchie's Bill in the

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by Archbishop Kenrick, is investigating the circumstances of the sudden and as yet unexplained case which a daughter of Judge Bakewell, of this city, experienced some years ago. A hip disease, pronounced incurable by Drs. Bohlmann and Gregory, was immediately eradicated by the application of a piece of the habit of Mother Mary. The result of the investigation will be forwarded to Rome to aid the effort which is being made to have her declared worthy of public devotion.

Leo XII. approved her institutes; may it be for Leo XIII. to crown her life!

**THE CATHOLIC RECORD**  
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**Catholic Record,**  
London, Ont., April 14th, 1888.

We are happy to be able to announce that His Lordship Bishop Walsh is rapidly regaining strength, and in a short time will leave New York for his episcopal city.

**NEW DEVELOPMENTS.**

One of the most noteworthy events of the discussion on Mr. Parnell's Arrears' Bill, was the position taken by Mr. T. W. Russell, who has hitherto been a most servile supporter of the Coercionist Government. In the debate on Mr. Parnell's Arrears' Bill, he displayed a sudden and unexpected independence, declaring himself utterly disgusted with the Coercion policy, and advocating Mr. Parnell's Bill with unlooked-for vehemence. Ulster had, without Mr. Russell, a majority of one in the House favorable to the Nationalist cause, but Mr. Russell's attitude indicates that Protestant Ulster is fast opening its eyes to the fact that Ireland's cause is not the cause of Catholicity against Protestantism, but that of a people kept in abject poverty and suffering by an oppressive landlordism, independently of the religious tenets of the oppressed.

Mr. Russell told the House that he would vote against the Government on Mr. Parnell's bill, and that he would entirely forget his own party, (the Liberal Unionists,) with whom he had voted hitherto. The Conservatives, he said, had displayed the utmost indifference to the welfare of the Irish people, and the landlords had been mercilessly faithless to duty, issuing ejectment notices by wholesale.

Their conduct is the danger which threatened to dissolve the Union between England and Ireland, and which bodes ruin and destruction to the people of the latter country. He had voted before to make evictions easy to the landlords, because he trusted that they would be discreet, but he would never again trust to their discretion. With shame, he acknowledged, "that he was himself partly responsible for the shower of eviction notices which had recently fallen upon the Irish tenants, like a mild April shower indeed, but they would blossom into a November hurricane of evictions."

He quoted numerous instances in which landlords had entered eviction suits against their tenants because the latter had entered the Courts to obtain the modicum of justice which the Courts are willing to grant. Col. Sanderson asked for the names, but Mr. Russell answered: "Ah, the hon. gentleman always refuses to give names when he is asked for them from the Irish benches. I will not give names in this case because I am unwilling to place any Irish tenants under the mercy of Irish landlords."

The Liberals and Nationalists loudly cheered Mr. Russell, while the Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists gave vent to angry murmurs. Mr. Chamberlain, especially, was much annoyed, as Mr. Russell formally thus repudiated his leadership.

Mr. Russell's concluding words were uttered with peculiar vehemence, though, indeed, it was difficult to say that one part was more vigorously delivered than another, in a speech which was throughout characterized by extraordinary earnestness and vigor. He said: "You will have to-day a sight never before witnessed in this house. You will have all the members from Ireland, save and except the landlord party, going into the lobby with the member for Cork, while you will have the Liberal and Radical Unionists, going into the other lobby to buttress up the worst phase of Irish landlordism which has cursed Ireland since the days of the Tudors, and which will repeat the Union, as sure as you live."

Dozens of Liberals crowded round Mr. Russell when he sat down to congratulate him on his own and Mr. Lea's conversion to the side of the Irish tenantry. Mr. Lea having seconded him in his course.

If these two remain faithful to the Nationalist cause, the Ulster majority for Tenant Right and Home Rule will be

free in the present house; and, certainly, if vehemence and vigor are any indication of strong conviction, Mr. Russell and Mr. Lea will persevere in the course which they have thus marked out for themselves.

The Pope has been hitherto the great bugbear which the opponents of Home Rule flaunted before the eyes of the Ulster Orangemen to divert them from taking sides with the Nationalists. They were told by Mr. Chamberlain, and Lords Salisbury and Hartington, that Home Rule means Rome Rule, and such minor lights as the Rev. J. D. Fulton in Toronto, have repeated this to satiety. But the Ulster people will not long be hoodwinked by such pretences. They must discover that it is not the Pope who is evicting them from their homesteads, and as straws show which way the wind blows, the bold utterances of Mr. Russell, which are, undoubtedly, the expression of the opinions of a class, prove that the hold which the Tory Government have hitherto had on the people of Ulster is relaxing. They will no longer be able to boast of the "loyalty" of Ulster; meaning by "loyalty" a readiness to submit to tyrannical measures emanating from alien rulers at Westminster.

The Nationalist Press are not over jubilant, however, at Mr. Russell's course. They are justified by his antecedents in looking with suspicion on his sudden conversion to their side. £1000 per annum have just been voted as Col. King Harman's salary for filling a post which he has until now filled through pure patriotism (!) and it is known that Mr. Russell desired this post, with the salary. It is, therefore, quite possible, that Mr. Russell is throwing the dice to gain a prize! In a letter to the Times he seems to throw out a hint that he is purchasable still by the Combination Cabinet. He says:

"If the Union is to be maintained in the interests of Irish landlordism and Castle officialism, I shall speedily make my mind up about the Union. If, on the contrary, the Union is to be maintained for the benefit of the whole people, and if Parliament will remember that there are loyal tenantry, loyal artisans, loyal traders, and loyal laborers, as well as loyal landlords, then I shall continue to fight for the Union."

Will the Government pay him a price such as he requires? It is possible they may do so to bring him back to his allegiance; but whether they do so or not, the ball has been set rolling in Protestant Ulster, the Protestant tenantry have been told that their best interests are linked with the National cause, and even Mr. Russell's delinquency and recency to the cause of which he has declared himself from henceforth a determined adherent, may not be sufficient to stem the torrent which he has put in motion.

On Mr. Parnell's bill, the Government majority was only 85, notwithstanding that several of the opposition are kept from voting by being detained in Mr. Balfour's jails. The hundred, and more, in which they gloried at the opening of the present Parliament has significantly dwindled down.

**THE TABLES TURNED.**

In the extermination campaign on the Luggscurran estates of Lord Lansdowne, last spring, a forge belonging to Edward Whelan, a blacksmith, was seized by His Lordship. Mr. Whelan brought an action for its recovery, as his rent had always been paid. Lord Lansdowne put in the plea that the forge was on his property and that he had a right to retain possession. The action resulted in a verdict for Mr. Whelan, and on St. Patrick's day the sheriff gave Mr. Whelan possession of the forge. A large crowd of people assembled to witness "Lord Lansdowne's eviction," and Mr. Whelan was loudly cheered on resuming possession of the forge.

**JUDGE OLIVIER.**

We are happy to inform our readers that the choice of the government has fallen on Mr. L. A. Olivier, of Ottawa, to fill the vacant County Judgeship of Prescott and Russell. Mr. Olivier is a young French Canadian lawyer of great talent, a native of the County of Russell, an alumnus of the College of Ottawa, and a gentleman enjoying the widest measure of popularity in the whole Ottawa Country. Judge Olivier combines with profound legal knowledge and accurate acquaintance with the French and English languages, an uprightness and sense of honor that will make him an invaluable magistrate. We congratulate our friend on his promotion and wish him many long years of judicial life. We are furthermore happy to announce, in connection with Judge Olivier's appointment, that his successor at the bar of Ottawa will be our clever and scholarly young friend Mr. M. J. Gorman, formerly of Pembroke. Mr. Gorman, as possessor of the same excellent qualities and qualifications that won for Mr. Olivier early prominence and rapid promotion, will admirably fill the vacancy that the latter gentleman's elevation to the Bench has made. Assiduous, honorable and up-

right, our young friend deserves the hearty support and encouragement of the people of Ottawa, to whom we earnestly commend him as the deservedly chosen and eminently fitted successor of the newly-appointed and universally-respected Judge of the United Counties of Prescott and Russell.

**THE FRIENDS OF IRELAND.**

At a banquet given in Cannon Street Hotel on St. Patrick's night, in reply to the toast "the friends of Ireland," Canon Byrne, of Boston, made an eloquent speech. He said he remembered the time when hardly one Boston paper would say a good word for Home Rule, but now there is hardly a paper that is not favorable to Ireland's cause. The change he attributes to Mr. Gladstone, who has induced thousands of Americans to study the Irish question, and to study it necessarily results in making advocates for Ireland's cause. Mr. Richard Eves responded on behalf of Ireland's English friends. He said that the more the English people know of Ireland, the more they sympathize with the sorely down-trodden people of that country.

**J. D. FULTON IN TORONTO.**

The melodorous Justin D. Fulton is prosecuting his anti-Catholic lecture course in Toronto. To the credit of the Toronto press, it must be said, that, knowing as they did the man's antecedents, they gave him, on the whole, that cool reception which he deserves. Even the *Mail*, though, perhaps, at first, willing to give him some encouragement, grew disgusted with his filth and falsehood, and latterly abstained from giving him the full amount of free advertising which at first it seemed willing to accord to him. This excited Dr. Fulton's ire, and on Tuesday, the 3rd inst., he expressed his indignation at the press of Toronto by having stated that certain portions of his lecture on Monday evening were unfit for publication." The *Mail's* report of his lecture adds, "that throughout the evening the eloquent divine (!) read a lecture to the newspapers of the city, declaring that he never found a place where there is such a cringing fear of Rome as in Toronto."

He then asked the ladies who had been present the previous evening to hold up their hands if they considered his remarks as unfit for publication. Of course, he knew well that any ladies capable of appreciating what is fit to be listened to, and who might have been present hearing such remarks, at the former, would not be at the succeeding lecture, so that he was perfectly safe in making this appeal. No hands were held up to condemn him, and this, forthwith, is regarded by him as a glorious vindication!

The *Mail* of the 5th inst. had an editorial in reply to Dr. Fulton's abuse of the press. This article says significantly: Dr. Fulton "asserts that the papers are afraid of the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. It would, perhaps, be more correct to say that they are afraid of the moral influence of his lectures upon their readers." Coming from the *Mail* this is indeed an unkind cut. As to the subject on which Dr. Fulton spoke, and the manner in which he maintained his position, the *Mail* adds: "So far as we can see, he confines himself mainly to hurling charges of immorality against priests and nuns. That sort of invective serves no good purpose. It lacks the essential element of fair play."

The editor explains that such a mode of procedure can have no result either in the conversion of Catholics to Protestantism, or the prevention of Protestants from becoming Catholics, for "the humblest Catholic layman is, from the nature of the case, a more competent judge (of this matter) than any Protestant polemist." Also: "Every intelligent person, whatever his creed may be, knows of his own common sense, that in this age, the Roman Catholic Church could not endure for twelve months were her altars manned by adulterers, or her convents peopled with harlots."

Thus the *Mail* gives the lie direct to Mr. Fulton. That journal, however, has a matter at heart on which he would like some information from the liar, if he has any to give. It would like to be enlightened as regards how the increasing influence of the French-Canadians in our Dominion can be counteracted. If Mr. Fulton will only give light on this subject, the *Mail* agrees to take him to his embrace with all his faults:

"We shall be grateful to Dr. Fulton if he can give us any hints or suggestions regarding this matter. But if he has nothing better to offer than obscenities about priests and nuns, then, with all respect to his cloth, he may as well go back to Brooklyn."

In short, if Mr. Fulton will only take his cue from the *Mail*, that journal will enthusiastically exclaim with Anthony Chaussewitz: "I taught him. I trained him. This is the heir of my bringing up. I worked for this: I hoped for this; it has been the great end and aim of my life."

have devoted their lives in Catholic convents, to the purposes of charity and benevolence towards all. Their works speak for themselves, and have brought forth acknowledgments even from their bitterest enemies, concerning their disinterestedness. The English soldiers of the Crimea, and the Americans engaged in the great civil war are equally ready to attest the heroic virtues exhibited by devoted nuns, whether on the battlefields, in the hospitals, or in their oratories. We shall, however, append the following letter from a well known gentleman of Toronto, a Methodist, who does justice both to the nuns and to J. D. Fulton:

**DR. FULTON'S MISSION.**  
To the Editor of the *Mail*.  
Sir,—Rev. J. D. Fulton, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., comes here ostensibly as one whose mission is to preach the "glad tidings" of the Christian religion—but really to find in Toronto audiences a receptacle for the vilest character of filth this people have ever been called on to witness. His main object here, as throughout the greater part of his life, is to attack the institutions of the Roman Catholic Church, sparing not even the defenceless Sisters connected with the various convents of the country. The first principles of manly gallantry should have prompted this man to bestir himself before his depraved and lustful imagination had reached these self-sacrificing women with his accursed insinuations.

I may say, although I have no doubt the fact is well known, that I am a Protestant, and will yield to no man in my allegiance and veneration for the simple truths of the plan of salvation as understood in the Methodist denomination. But if my religion could find any strength or sustenance in such rhetorical carillon as Dr. Fulton presents to his hearers, I would utterly despair of any sanctifying results following in the wake of the Gospel of Christ. A defence from my hands of any of the institutions of the Roman Catholic Church is unnecessary. The great mass of the Protestant public in this country have learned to respect them. Of the Sisters of Charity (whom Dr. Fulton refers to as the nuns) I know as the Christian people of Canada know, that where poverty, misery, sickness and death most do congregate, there are to be found these noble women, ministering in kindness and love, without fee or reward, and putting to shame the philanthropic efforts of many Protestant communities. It is impossible that in the hearts of those who could exist the wickedness and sin charged by this itinerant vendor of infamous falsehood. Protestants and Catholics in this country have long since learned to respect each other, and the Protestant efforts of many Protestant communities to contempt the utterances of such as this so-called Christian minister of Brooklyn. Toronto seems to be the dumping ground for American swindlers, defaulters, thieves and scoundrels. Their company, in their opinion, has a more elevating influence than reverend gentlemen of the character of the subject of this communication. If further evidence is desired as to the questionable purity of mind of Dr. Fulton it is found in the circumstance surrounding his efforts to have a certain work published in Boston. The publishers, upon being interviewed by Dr. Fulton, entered into a contract to print a book for him without reading the manuscript. It was sent to the composing room. Early the following day the manager was informed that the compositor had refused to set the type, so utterly filthy and obscene was the composition. The doctor was informed of the state of affairs and the copy was returned to him. He threatened the publishers with an action for breach of contract, but when told to "go shamefully refrained. Since his arrival in Toronto publishers here have refused to put in print his filthy literature. It is high time the mask was drawn from off the face of such debased immorality. He and his false and disgusting utterances are more becoming the house of the "strange women" than the platform of any public hall in this fair city.

Yours, etc.,  
W. T. R. PRESTON,  
Toronto, April 2.

Mr. Preston's letter makes it unnecessary to say more on this subject. However, we may remark that there are Torontoians who identify themselves with the infamous Fulton, by endorsing his black clamors. Of Inspector Jas. Hughes and Thos. N. Duntney we have already spoken in our columns. Since the appearance of Mr. Preston's letter, Dr. Wilde and City Commissioner Coatsworth have made themselves his boon companions, and in the *Mail* of the 5th inst. Chas. Hudson endorses him as one "who has sacrificed a good position and a comfortable home to tell us the truth."

Dr. Fulton's complaints that some of his city audiences had not contributed sufficient to pay his expenses are enough to show to what extent the spirit of self-sacrifice actuates him. It is a noble testimony to the grand character of the Catholic Church, that only such men as this Fulton can be induced to preach No-Popery crusades.

**FALSE PRETENCES.**

The following, from the Philadelphia American, will show what Americans think of the Coercionist pretence that if Ireland were to have Home Rule, the Protestant minority would be persecuted. This is the bugaboo which is persistently brought forward to scare the timid old women of England, and "Protestant Ulster," wherever that is:

"It is assumed by Protestant alarmists that every country in which Roman Catholics have the majority must witness the same intolerance of the Protestant minority as characterized the era of the Counter-Reformation. It is taken for granted that while the spirit of the age has put an end to the parallel intolerance in Protestant countries—to the penal laws against Irish

Roman Catholics for instance—that no such change has been wrought in Roman Catholic countries. This argument is used freely in opposition to allowing Ireland Home Rule. It might be asked to what unfairness the Protestant minority of Belgium has been subjected since that country cut loose from Protestant Holland in 1830? Austria is a case equally notable. Nineteen-twentieths of the people of the Austrian provinces are Roman Catholics. A member of the national legislature has proposed a law, which would make Roman Catholicism the basis of public education, though not to nearly the same extent as the penal laws made the creed of the Episcopal Church the basis of public education in Ireland. He would not make it penal for any but Roman Catholics to open a school, as those laws made it penal for any but Protestants. But he would enact that the catechism of that Church be taught to all the schools supported by the State. Yet the bill has not the remotest chance of becoming a law. The most ardent Roman Catholics deplore it as ill advised and inopportune. The majority simply scorn the proposal."

**ST. PETER IN ROME.**

There is a class of Protestant polemist who are constantly proclaiming their insatiable longing for truth, yet who love to maintain any thesis, however preposterous, which will, as they imagine, give trouble to Catholics to refute it. Not long since, Dr. Kellogg, a Presbyterian minister of Toronto, in a sermon against the Pope's supremacy, on which we at the time made some comments, admitted that the words of Christ: "on this rock I will build my Church," refer to St. Peter, as indeed they evidently do. However, the Doctor found a host of adversaries who rose up against him with letters in the papers, declaring that this was yielding too much to Rome. In a letter dated 5th March, Dr. Kellogg answered one of these writers thus:

"Perhaps I may misapprehend these words, but they seem to me to express a principle fatal to all candid interpretation of Scripture. I may say that I have not the slightest sympathy with that old dogmatic school of interpretation which subordinated interpretation to dogma. . . . I would therefore never bring myself to say of any interpretation that, because of its supposed bearing on any dogma, it should never be given upon any grounds whatever."

Notwithstanding this fair declaration, Dr. Kellogg, in another part of his sermon, endeavors to make it appear that St. Peter was not in Rome, at least during the life of St. Paul, though he says "there is some reason from tradition to believe" that "after the martyrdom of Paul" he was there. Dr. Justin B. Fulton has also been indoctrinating his Toronto audiences with the notion that St. Peter was never in Rome, and the assertion was duly applauded.

Of course the object of this is to make it appear that the line of Supreme Pontiff, the successors of St. Peter as Bishop of Rome, are but a myth, with no claim to the successorship to St. Peter. As the subject is of great interest to Catholics, in view of the Pope's succession to St. Peter, we propose to say a few words here concerning it.

Dr. Kellogg will have it that St. Peter's visit to Rome was, according to tradition, after St. Paul's martyrdom. He concedes then, that St. Paul was martyred at Rome, and this is, truly, what tradition attests. But the same tradition attests that St. Peter first preached the Gospel there, and that he too was martyred in the same persecution with St. Paul, and even that the martyrdom of the two Apostles took place on the same day.

The undeniable testimony of the early Fathers and of extant monuments of the catacombs is to this effect and to the effect that these two Apostles were co-laborers in establishing the Church in Rome. St. Leo the Great speaks of this as a well-known fact: "O Rome, Peter and Paul were the two heroes by whom the light was all at once made to shine to your view. . . they are your august fathers, your venerable pastors. To them you owe the honor of your heavenly birth. . . Peter and Paul alone have conferred on you this high dignity, have rendered you the holy nation, the chosen people, the sacerdotal and royal city." St. Leo was Pontiff, A. D. 440.

St. Gregory I. states that certain Eastern Christians came to Rome to claim the bones of these two apostles as a treasure belonging to their country. They were in the act of bearing the relics with them, and had deposited them for the night in one of the catacombs outside the city, when they were so terrified by a convulsion of the elements, that they abandoned their project, and the Romans replaced them piously on the spot where they remain to this day.

Pope Damasus, who was Pontiff in A. D. 366, relates these same facts in verse, in an inscription which contains his name as the writer; and the spot on which stands the glorious Church of St. Paul outside the walls of Rome is the very spot where Constantine the Great erected a Church on this Apostles' tomb, and the spot where the grandest of all basilicas is erected over the tomb of St. Peter, in the same on which St. Helen, the mother of Constantine, built a temple in honor of the prince of

the Apostles. There is, in fact, through all the catacombs, the constantly recurring representation of these two apostles, united in life and death, which proves that there was always in the Christian Roman mind a reason for uniting the two in one veneration, which did not exist in the case of other saints, unless they were closely united in the same work, in life and death. This tradition is confirmed by the Roman Martyrology which relates the martyrdom of both in Rome on 29th of June, A. D. 66. It is, therefore, difficult to understand why Dr. Kellogg should agree with the tradition and history which tell of St. Paul's martyrdom, while he rejects the equally conclusive evidence that St. Peter suffered also in Rome during the same general persecution in which Nero caused so many Christians to be put to death. There is the same evidence for both events, and there is absolutely no testimony to show either that St. Peter survived St. Paul, or that he died elsewhere, whether by martyrdom or from natural causes. It would make this article too long to enumerate all the proofs of St. Peter's episcopate in Rome. However, we may mention briefly a few.

St. Irenaeus says that "Peter first (that is before Paul) opened the gate of the heavenly kingdom in Rome by the preaching of the Gospel." This testimony of itself is most conclusive, owing to the nearness of St. Irenaeus to the Apostles themselves and the consequent authenticity of the information possessed by this great Bishop, saint and scholar. Saints Epiphanius and Chrysostom give equally forcible testimony, as also Leo I., Theodorot, the Emperor Theodosius and Paul Orosius.

Eusebius, the father of Church History, says: "Nero sought the death of the Apostles first, as the leaders and standard-bearers of God's people. Paul he condemned to be beheaded, and Peter to be crucified. I consider it unnecessary to seek for testimonies to these facts, for their attestation is to be seen to this day in the remarkable and resplendent monuments which attest them." (Ch. Hist.)

We hear it said, sometimes, and Dr. Kellogg states this as a serious objection to St. Peter's having been in Rome, that the Scripture does not speak of his presence there. If this were the case, the objection would have very little weight, for the Scripture nowhere professes to give a full history of St. Peter: though much of St. Paul's career is given by his companion St. Luke in the Acts of the Apostles, as well as in his own Epistles.

However, there are two very clear references to St. Peter's being in Rome found in Holy Scripture. From Acts xxviii, 15, we learn that when St. Paul went to Rome to preach the Gospel the brethren who were already in Rome came forth to meet him, and he thanked God for their affectionate reception of him, which gave him great courage." In St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 1. 8. the flourishing state of religion in Rome is spoken of by that Apostle in the most eulogistic style. Who, then, preached the Gospel in Rome, before St. Paul, if not St. Peter, whom all Tradition points out as the first to have done so! To the testimonies already given, concerning this fact, we may add that of Papias, who being a disciple of the Apostles, and a priest of Rome, was certainly cognizant of facts of which he was an eye and ear witness. Eusebius takes from the writings of Papias the statement that "Peter in his first Epistle, which was written from Rome, mentions Mark, and that he calls Rome Babylon, saying 'the church that is at Babylon salute you, and so doth Marcus my son.'" 1 Pet. v. 13.

Other early fathers give similar testimony. St. Jerome expressly states that the Babylon here spoken of is Rome, that is, Pagan Rome, just as St. John in the Apocalypse speaks of Pagan Rome under the same name Babylon. This passage of St. Peter is, therefore, the third passage of Holy Writ in which St. Peter's presence in Rome is attested, and not obscurely. Dr. Kellogg is therefore in this guilty of the same distortion of the sense of scripture for which he so strongly censures others.

**REV. JUSTIN B. FULTON.**

The Toronto Ministerial Association have taken under its patronage the obituary book-writer of Brooklyn. At their meeting on Monday last he was introduced to the association, and the report states that he "gave an interesting sketch of his work toward the conversion of Roman Catholics. A cordial vote of thanks to the speaker was then unanimously carried." After which "the meeting was closed with the benediction by Rev. E. A. Stafford."

It is, however, pleasing to notice that not all the Protestant clergy are so lost to decency as to lend encouragement, either to the man, or to the falsehoods he is known to be propagating. The *Christian Register* of Boston, a Unitarian paper, thus speaks of him, and respectable Protestants echo these sentiments:

"We confess to our Catholic contemporary the deep sense of humiliation which Mr. Fulton's course awakens. We assure it that his blatant sensationalism, his arrogant bigotry and his coarse attacks upon the Little Sisters of the Poor are as

thoroughly distasteful to number of Protestants as Catholics. Indeed there which Mr. Fulton can infidelity which is quite as Protestantism must suffer

**CATHOLICITY IN**

The Jubilee offering for the Pope has excited ultra Presbyterians in Edinburgh Seeders per violation of the solemn Church and nation, regven." This is on a par of some of the Presby and the United States, o recognition given to t Princes of the Church o by high civil dignitari shows that the spirit of not altogether extinct. imagine their little com stitute the Church whos acceptable to heaven! case, truly the promise ham and to Isaac and to which St. Paul tells us filled in Christ, by th knowledge and efficacy have had small fruit! shall all the nation blessed."

Scotland itself appea its Presbyterianism, R iced, the Inspiration being freely denied, t being abandoned! y flourishing more surel

In 1778, not more the lica used to assemble holy Mass celebrat eminent Bishop Ha about forty in the ci in Inverness shire, 77 and in the shire of M are now in Glasgow c attended by 63 prie there are now se 16 priests, and in Mor two parishes with 2 Scotland there are 281 000 Catholics, so that tioned in the above sta over 1000 souls in ex increase is such in cr able increase of the I when under persecutio God, "multiplied and strong." The Edinbu rest assured that the horrid at "the encroa the Catholic Church, w for the See of Peter, dying out in "bonnie"

With pleasure we re the people of Scotland no sympathy with the tions of the Edinburgh

**CATHOLIC ELI**

The necessity of C dependently even of, religious education, our children, has been in Meriden, Connect School of that town is cally "non-sectarian; teachers, Miss Joseph the teaching of the C of the vile misrepres so frequently found in cal writings. Miss C withdraw her false re-iterating and defou Thus are "non-sectari against the Catholic authorities support Catholics of Meriden to build a big mine, and to support course there will be th indignation among Catholics there pres school of their own religion will be taught

A similar case has tral Grammar School The teacher there, b from anti-Cathol off-told lies concerni this case endavo smooth by stating th allowed to defend th Catholics must eit sulted, or they must a Babel, the result likely be the subver faith in the minds of there.

Precisely the sam occurred in Ontar lic Separate School if it does not occur reason is that teach aware that Catholics their own hands: the Catholic child practically attendi Even of those who ing the Public Scho are attending sch wherein the childro their religion.

From such fact that those few nom endeavoring to thr way of making the they are intended to







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LONDON, ONT.

O. M. B. A.

Resolution of Condoleance.

It was proposed by Brother Anderson, seconded by Bro. Harvey, at the regular meeting of C. M. B. A. Branch 27, of Waterloo, on Saturday, March 17th, 1888, that the members of the said Branch in his infinite wisdom to suddenly call from the midst of many friends at the early age of seventeen years, John, the well-beloved son of our esteemed brother, P. H. McCall, be it therefore

Resolved, That the members of this branch extend to Bro. McCall and his family their heartfelt and united sympathy in their sudden and sad affliction. And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to our beloved Brother and also entered on the minutes and published in the CATHOLIC RECORD and C. M. B. A. Monthly.

W. A. JOY, Rec. Sec.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

FROM FORT ERIE.

The big event of the season was the concert in aid of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, which took place on Easter Monday, April 2nd, in Odd Fellows Hall, Victoria.

Col. Morin, M. P. P., occupied the chair, and the arrangements were in charge of Mr. William Mitchell. A large number of Buffalo people came over on a special train.

The committee spared no expense to procure the best talent possible and the result was the concert was a great success, artistically, collectively and financially, and so great was the crowd in the Hall that many people were turned away.

The artists who took part were Miss Lizzie Cronyn and her brother Mr. Tom Cronyn of Buffalo, Miss Maggie Higgins and Miss J. McCann of Toronto, Mr. J. H. Stuart (Manager of Hamilton) of Cayuga, Mrs. Charles Waldo Richards, the reader of Buffalo, and Mrs. Wm. Mitchell, accompanist.

Miss Cronyn, though suffering from a severe cold, sang "Thou Art Like Unto a flower," in a pleasing and artistic manner, and her voice showed the thorough training she received while studying abroad.

Miss Higgins and McCann sang several songs and were encored again and again. Mr. J. H. Stuart, one of Canada's best amateur bass singers, delighted the audience with his rendering of the songs "Anchored" and "The Big Ben." Mr. Tom Cronyn made his "debut" on the concert stage, and his pleasing tenor voice charmed everybody.

Mr. Charles Waldo Richards' reading one has only words of praise. Her graceful and charming manner in the rendering of the different pieces captivated the large audience present, and her "Bobolink" was a most perfect imitation. I may add this was her first appearance in Canada. The instrument used at the concert was one of the celebrated Heintzman pianos, kindly loaned for the occasion by Mr. Wm. Mitchell.

After the concert some of the singers and invited guests, including Father Shannon of Niagara, Father Cronin of Dunnville, Father McPhillips of St. Catharines, and Father Trayling, adjourned to "Fairholm," the residence of Mr. Wm. Mitchell, to talk over the concert and partake of the good things that Mrs. Mitchell had prepared for them.

A CHARMING ENTERTAINMENT

FOR A NOBLE OBJECT. In the Grand Opera House, on the 17th instant, the people of London will be afforded an opportunity of witnessing for the first time Prof. Buell's beautiful photographic productions. The views are not only admirable as photographs, but exceedingly interesting as illustrating a region in which all lovers of the beautiful must be interested. They are brought out upon the gigantic canvas in bold relief—rugged and titanic. The proceeds will be devoted towards liquidating the debt on St. Peter's Cathedral. See advertisement in another column.

RIDE TOWN.—The good people of this parish, in charge of Rev. M. Cummins, have during the past week paid three hundred and forty five dollars, being interest on part principal, on an old standing debt of \$1450 on their church. We commend the earnest work of the few scattered families in this remote district. Such earnestness in forwarding the interests of our holy faith betokens a commendable Catholic spirit. The rev. pastor feels gratified and thankful to the people of the district for their generosity.

Protect Your Orchards. Let every farmer this spring attend to his orchard, dig around the trees and manure them, test the cooling mouth with a spray; or force pump, and their labors will be rewarded on a hundred fold. This spraying, if properly done, will catch the moth, and make an apple orchard a very undesirable place to live in. Those who have tried spraying report a freedom from this pest, and a better result. The cost of a handy force pump for this and for the purpose of general work about a farm is so low that no farmer or fruit grower should be without one. The best and cheapest article we have for this purpose is Brooks' Force Pump and Fire Extinguisher, manufactured by BROWN & CO., London, Ontario.

A GREAT RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN PARIS.

THREE DAYS OF PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING IN HONOR OF ST. JOHN BAPTISTE DE LA SALLE.

It affords me great pleasure to place before our readers the beautiful and interesting letter of Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, published in the N. Y. Sun. No subject can be more interesting or important to the Christian parent than the welfare of his children. It is not too much to say that the Blessed De La Salle was indeed the benefactor of youth.

How noble the work, and how heroic the devotedness of the man of letters who devotes his life to the Christian education of the young! In no country of the world, to-day, is Christian education more necessary than in our own, and certainly generous, virtuous young men cannot devote their lives to a nobler calling.

Let us hope that the Beatification of John Baptist De La Salle may engage many young men to become good, zealous brothers. Paris, March 30.—The last few days all Paris, all France, indeed, has been upset by the dismissal of Gen. Boulanger from his command and by the snow storm lasting three days, which replunged the whole country into midwinter.

But Gen. Boulanger's sympathizers, numerous though they be, will scarcely succeed in creating a revolution at the present moment. And we shall soon be basking once more in the warm sunlight of spring. When far away from Paris I was led to believe, on the faith of newspaper accounts, that the great city was like the crater of Mount Etna, always seething and fuming and threatening to pour a flood of liquid lava down on the vine-clad slopes beneath. But just now one may sleep soundly and work in perfect security on the edge of the Parisian crater.

While the Communists and Anarchists were busy celebrating, night after night, the victory of the Commune in 1871, and while alarmists were expecting an uprising of the *parisi de la revanche*, the anti-German party, in favor of Boulanger, another spectacle was offered to the most serious minded among the Parisians, such as the present generation had never beheld—a spectacle well fitted to make good men of all classes entertain the conviction that all Paris had not yet gone over to materialism and unbelief.

This was the solemn *triduum*, or three days of solemn prayer and thanksgiving, held in the magnificent Church of St. Sulpice, the most spacious in Paris, in honor of John Baptist de La Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers, lately beatified by Leo XIII. A few weeks ago, on the occasion of his beatification, I sent to the Sun a brief sketch of the life of this great and good man, one of the apostles of Christian education in modern times.

During the whole of the three days—13th, 14th, and 15th of March—from before 6 o'clock in the morning till 10 o'clock at night, the vast and splendid church edifice never ceased to be filled to overflowing with mixed congregations of Parisians, of all ranks and professions, of all ages and sexes, whose devout piety and living faith no one could question.

The great church was hung in gold and purple from roof to pavement. The high altar and sanctuary were draped and ornamented with exquisite taste. But the object which drew most the attention of the crowd was a beautiful statue of the devoted benefactor of children. It was like life, a masterpiece of the sculptor Cabuchet, placed beneath a golden palm tree, surrounded with verdant olive branches of golden sheaves, the emblem of the millions of young souls trained to the life of De La Salle and his family of brothers, now numbering some 13,000, and scattered over both hemispheres.

The statue represents him clad in the poor, coarse, but unadorned dress of his order, with his arms crossed on his chest in an attitude of fervent prayer, and the eyes bent in supplication on the adjoining altar. The attitude is most eloquent of the man's whole life, which was one of perpetual trial and trial supported and sanctified by prayer and unflinching trust in God.

I had expected, before I came to Paris and saw things with my own eyes, to find the schools of the Christian Brothers closed, themselves expelled from their principal residences, and their great work almost entirely obliterated. That there still exists one single community of men in Paris, and that they are able to teach in a single school within the limits of the city's jurisdiction, are not to be attributed to the good will or tolerance of the municipality or of the preceding Government. What I am going to state is solely due to the noble generosity of Christian Paris, as distinguished from the half-pagan Paris created by Voltaire and the anti-Christian revolution of 1793.

In March, 1880, only thirty schools had been retained (that is, dechristianised) in the city of Paris. In March, 1888, every single Government and municipal school, high and low, has been retained. Before 1880, the teaching congregations of men and women had 134 schools with 43,000 pupils. At the present moment the religious schools, independent of municipality and Government, number 193, with 75,000 scholars. For their support a yearly sum of \$480,000 is required. Of this sum \$50,000 comes from the weekly contributions of the pupils or their poor parents, the remaining \$430,000 are made up from charity collections, and this is collected from the people of Paris alone.

This statement will tell your readers that religion is not yet dead, in the beautiful and pleasant religious capital; that the resolve of parents to give their sons and daughters a religious training is not confined to a feeble minority, and that there is still magnificent hope for the future.

Come with me now to Saint Sulpice and judge for yourself, on a Tuesday morning, March 13. The mass for general communion was celebrated at half past 6 o'clock. The church was full long before that. The living waves of the people, ever flowing, ever ebbing, have kept it filled in every nook and corner since that hour. It is now half past eight, the hour fixed for the pupils of the

parochial schools of Saint Roch, Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, Bonne Nouvelle, Saint Merri, Saint Pierre de Montrouge. They fill the entire space of the great middle nave. While you are still on the square, in front of the church, between the statues of Bossuet and Fenelon, you hear through the opened portals these thousands of children's voices singing joyous hymns, which the mighty organ's tones sustain and seem to bear upward, above church and city, to the throne of God.

Be patient with the crowd who are themselves patiently struggling with-out violence and rudeness, however, to obtain entrance to the thronged edifice. The people, carried away and thrilled by these great waves of well-known harmony, cannot help joining their voices to those within. It is no vain and empty holiday pageant. The heart of Catholic Paris is singing and praying here. You feel its pulses at every throbbing of organ and choir.

And within what a sight! It was one living, densely packed mass of worshippers, eye, worshipping without paying the slightest attention to who is coming in or going out. The children in the middle aisle are all dressed in their holiday attire. They are pouring forth their whole souls in alternate song and prayer, without turning their young heads to the right or to the left. Presently, the mass opens, the Cures of Saint Roch, the eloquent Abbe Millet, addresses this multitude of children in words which fascinate them, enchain their attention, and fill them with some of the sacred fire that glows in his own. And then the little army moves out of the church in the most perfect order, only to be succeeded by another expectant host of worshippers.

At 10 o'clock the Bishop of Versailles celebrates Pontifical high mass. The Seminary of Foreign Missions, the great nursery of apostles and martyrs for China and Formosa fill the sanctuary. The Christian Brothers' central school at Passy furnishes the music and the singers; the music in a mass composed expressly for the occasion by Brother Lionce, one of the teachers, and the orchestra and singers are his own pupils. And how they do play and sing, these children of Jean Baptist de La Salle, as if his spirit were on them, and they beheld him through the opened gates triumphant in Heaven!

At half past 1 o'clock a second battalion of the schools of Paris; so numerous are they that they have to come in detachments during these three days of solemn festivity. They belong to the Third, Fourth, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth districts (*arrondissements*) of Paris. Again Brother Leonce's inspired picture of the man of God, whose honor they had the glorious temple. And there is another short, pregnant, thrilling discourse by the Cures of the district.

No sooner had this division of school children passed out of the church than it is filled by the waiting thousands on the square, who come to solemn responders and to hear Mgr. Germain's panegyric of the new saint. For Mgr. Germain is one of the most eloquent prelates in Europe. No one who has heard him on Tuesday last is likely ever to forget his words of comfort and most stirring picture of De La Salle's heroic career. It was in the parish of Saint Sulpice that the apostle of education first labored in Paris. From the noble priests of the seminary he received a steady support and enlightened direction. The discourse was full of comfort and most stirring pictures and scenes well known to all present. The needs of the seventeenth century in Christian France, as well as its political supremacy, were vividly contrasted with the religious and social conditions of the country at the present day.

Carried away by his own emotion as a Bishop and a patriot, the orator reminded one of a powerful musical instrument that caused the chords of every other instrument around it to vibrate in unison with the notes it gave out. I could not resist the temptation to show out their assentment in the house of God they would again and again have risen up like one man to do so during this memorable exhibition of Christian oratory. And how often, as he detailed the trials, sufferings, humiliations of the man of God in whose honor they had met, was the vast audience convulsed with uncontrollable emotion!

It was 6 o'clock when the vesper service was over. At 8 p. m. the church was filled again by the members of the various congregations of St. Vincent of Paul, by the kindred societies of St. Francis Xavier and Blessed John Baptist de La Salle. These are the men who minister to all the various charities in Paris—men of blameless lives and untroubled benevolence. And with them was the choir of the choir of the choir, benefited by the pious examples and generous help of these sodalities.

Such was the first day. On the second Wednesday, 14th, the movement grew apace. It was such a day as the great church had never before witnessed. But the next and last day of the *triduum* seemed to throw the two preceding altogether into the shade. The entire morning every altar in the edifice was occupied in succession by priests who had come from all parts to share in the celebration. At ten o'clock the Archbishop of Paris, the saintly, modest, learned, devoted Mgr. Richard, pontiff of the Nuncio, Mgr. Rotelli, presided at solemn vespers. There was not standing room in any one part of the church, and hundreds—some say thou-sands—vainly endeavored to obtain entrance. The very confessionals were occupied by the eager pilgrims.

Another most eloquent panegyric of De La Salle was pronounced by the Bishop of Montpellier. It was different in plan and conception from that of Mgr. Germain. But in its way it was no less effective. This time fifteen of the sodalities of young workmen founded over Paris by the Christian Brothers had filled the great central nave, each bearing a beautiful embossed banner, which during the divine service was placed against the railing of the sanctuary. The *Te Deum* was intoned by the Nuncio and sung by the entire congregation, assisted by the seminarians, and people, accompanied by the two great organs.

believe that no harmonised music ever composed by human art can equal the effect of the Gregorian in such chants as the *Te Deum* when sung by ten thousand voices in perfect unison with each other. At any rate, persons who had heard the sublime hymn of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine executed in St. Peter's were not slow in saying that their emotions in Saint Sulpice on last Thursday evening were even more powerful.

Men wept as they listened, and pondered over the significance of the scene. They wept with joy at the thought that the religion of their forefathers was still in Paris, in France, a living power—a mighty and growing power for good.

And so, as they prayed by the statue of Jean Baptist de La Salle, beneath his golden palms and amid the golden sheaves, symbolic of his spiritual harvest, they resolved to do the work of true men in saving the young generations, and in saving the hearts of French working-men with the deep gratitude arising from the benefactions of Christian charity.

BERNARD O'REILLY.

ONTARIO TO THE FRONT!

A Matter of Vital Importance.

The following uncollected opinions from your friends and neighbors, men and women, whom you know and respect, ought to carry conviction to any doubting mind. The following hints are from those who have been afflicted but are now well, and the persons giving them are naturally solicitous that others, troubled as were they, may know the means of cure. There is no reason why you should be longer ill from kidney, liver or stomach trouble. You can be cured as well as others. Do not longer delay treatment, but to-day obtain that which will restore you to permanent health and strength.

296 McNab St. North, Hamilton, Can., Nov. 2, 1887.—I had been suffering for over twenty years from a pain in the back and one side of the head, and indigestion. I could eat scarcely anything, and everything I ate disagreed with me. I was attended by physicians who examined me and stated that I had enlargement of the liver, and that it was impossible to cure me. They also stated that I was suffering from heart disease, inflammation of the bladder, kidney disease, bronchitis and catarrh, and that it was impossible for me to live. They attended me for three weeks without making any improvement in my condition. I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Pills," acting strictly up to directions as to diet, and took thirty-six bottles, and have had the best of health ever since. My regular weight used to be 180 lbs. When I commenced "Warner's Safe Cure," I only weighed 140 lbs. I now weigh 210 lbs.

St. Catharines, Ont., Jan. 24th, 1887.—About six years ago I was a great sufferer from kidney disease, and was in misery all the while. I hardly had strength enough to walk straight and was ashamed to go on the street. The pains across my back were almost unbearable, and I was unable to find relief, even temporarily. I began the use of "Warner's Safe Cure," and in a couple of weeks I found relief, and after taking eight bottles, I was completely cured.

Manager for American Express Co. Toronto, (18 Division Street) Sept. 17, 1887.—Three years ago last August my daughter was taken ill with Bright's disease of the kidneys. The best medical skill in the city was taken to the utmost, but to no purpose. She was racked with convulsions for forty-eight hours. Our doctor did his best, and went away saying the case was hopeless. After she came out of the convulsions, she was very weak and all her hair fell out. The doctor had left us about a month when I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after having taken six bottles, along with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills," I saw a decided change for the better in her condition. After taking twenty-five bottles there was a complete cure. My daughter has now a splendid head of hair and weighs more than she ever did before.

CHATHAM, Ont., March 6, 1888.—In 1884 I was completely run down. I suffered most severe pains in my back and kidneys, so severe that at times I would almost be prostrated. A loss of ambition, a great desire to urinate, without the ability of so doing, coming from me as it were in drops. The urine was of a peculiar color and contained considerable foreign matter. I became satisfied that my kidneys were in a congested state and that I was running down rapidly. Finally I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and in forty-eight hours after I had taken the remedy I voided urine that was as black as ink, containing quantities of mucus, pus and gravel. I continued, and it was not many hours before my urine was of a natural straw color, although it contained considerable sediment. The pains in my kidneys subsided as I continued the use of the remedy, and it was but a short time before I was completely relieved. My urine was normal and I can truthfully say that I was cured.

GALT, Ont., Jan. 27, 1887.—For about five years previous to two years ago last October I was troubled with kidney and liver trouble, and finally I was confined to my bed and suffered the most excruciating pain, and for two weeks' time I did not know whether I was dead or alive. My physicians said I had enlargement of the liver, though they gave me only temporary relief. Hearing of the wonderful cure of "Warner's Safe Cure"

I began its use, and after I had taken two bottles I noticed a change for the better. The pains disappeared, and my whole system seemed to feel the benefit of the remedy. I have continued taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and no other medicine since. I consider the remedy a great boon, and if I ever feel out of sorts "Warner's Safe Cure" fixes me all right. I weigh twenty pounds heavier now than ever before.

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NEAR

Two

Bartholomew, mid the

Hears that Jesus n Faith and hope in "Mercy, mercy, Lord." "Say, what shall I do?" "Lord," he says, "Quick the withered Gazing on that face"

Saul of Tarsus lifts Proudly to the sky "Angelo, Angelo!" On these men of earth Deashed to earth he Hear him own the "Lord, what wilt thou Rain thee up, or So that thou wilt?"

Christian, learn w What is thy appo Like the beggar, l While the Saviour, Let Him light or So that thou wilt Rain thee up, or So that thou wilt?"

AR C In a beautiful where the master gather his friends shadows lengthen curtains that cu winter night, the in a certain corne around which is musty, half arou fal. This little which for beauty surpasses any th modern publishe It is about five wide, and contain pages of closely In the exhibitio catalogued "2. The penmanship and the style of age. This is a book. It contain the calendar of S etc., Prayers at the main Palms, Palm Confession and C Vespers and other about A. D. 1089.

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