

The Catholic Record.

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

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VOLUME XVII.

A New Year's Greeting.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.
I wish you a happy New Year;
May you find it a season of joy;
May your heart know the blessing of peace
And no care that fair flower destroy!
I wish you a happy New Year!
I wish you a happy New Year—
All bright may it be and right glad—
May the sunshine of happiness light
The paths that were gloomy or sad!
I wish you a happy New Year!
I wish you a happy New Year—
Though many a hope may have fled
With the year to the Past's dread depths,
Forgotten like those long dead—
I wish you a happy New Year!
I wish you a happy New Year
While the stars watch the old year die
And shine on the New Year's dawn,
As they look from their realm on high—
I wish you a happy New Year!
I wish you a happy New Year!
The hours are singing their light
To seek the years that are gone
Into eternity's night!
I wish you a happy New Year!
I wish you a happy New Year
May the bells bear glad greeting to thee,
As they tell of the year that is fled,
With a sorrowful sound in their glee—
I wish you a happy New Year!
—J. A. S.
Montreal, Dec. 20, 1895.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

The following is a brief synopsis of Archbishop Ireland's sermon at the Cathedral in St. Paul last Sunday:
"In her offices of the first Sunday of Advent, the Church brings home to her children the great fact of the final accountability of all men to the Supreme Master. Before His tribunal, she tells us, all men must appear and give to Him an account of life passed upon earth, of thoughts, words, deeds, omissions, of which this life was made up. The accountability of man to God is the dominant note in the preaching of Christ, and so it must be in the preaching of Christ's Church. Christ put forth no philosophic theories of life. He made no guesses as to its purposes and its outcome; He spoke in clear words and with authority, as a messenger of divine truth would, and He told of man's dependency on God, of death and judgment, of heaven and hell. The Church must do likewise. A presentment of the Gospel which does not hold in the foreground man's accountability is incomplete and truncated Christianity; it misleads and deceives. Of such Christianity there is too much nowadays in the land; we must be on our guard that we do not adopt it as ours.
"The Christian religion is the religion of this world; it teaches the duties belonging to it; it makes it better and happier. But it is also the religion of the world to come, for which life in this world is a preparation. It is the religion of this world, precisely because it is also the religion of the next. Its revelations of the next life teach the proper directions which the present must take; they afford the motives and the stimulus needed in the performance of duty in this world.
"Humanity is fitted into a great cosmos, a universe of order and law. Each part in this cosmos has its laws which make for its own perfection, and establish its relations to other parts. Man has his laws, which mark his duties to himself, to his fellow men, to society, to his Creator. These laws are not the result of arbitrary decrees; they issue from his very being as a rational creature. They are the conditions of a true rational life, just as the physical laws of material beings are the conditions of their physical existence and usefulness. Man is a free agent; he can if he so wills, violate the laws of his being; he can if he so wills, create in and around him moral disorder and chaos; but the laws remain, indicating the lines of righteousness and duty. The violation of these laws is a sin against his own reason, his own being, against his fellowmen and society, and against the offended party, one way or another, punishes the sinner. But the violation of laws is more than that; it is a sin against the Supreme God, the head of the whole commonwealth of creation. Man is not independent of God, no more than is the material universe. God is the master, because the creator, and His perfections require that He maintain order in the creation, and insist on the observance of its laws. He could have created man only on the condition that man do right. The laws of righteousness are the laws of eternal reason, the laws of God's own infinite being. Violation of these laws is rebellion against God's authority, an offense against His majesty. Man's accountability is a necessary consequence of the creation; it is the consequence of God's dominion. God reigns; therefore man is subject to law and amenable to the divine tribunal.
"Human accountability brings judgment, and with judgment reward and punishment. In this very life God rewards and punishes; but it is the verdict of the human conscience that on earth neither reward nor punishment is condign, and the race was prepared for the announcement by Christ of the future life as the place of final judgment. There virtue unknown to one's fellows, triumphs over passion in the secret recesses of the heart will be rewarded. There iniquities hidden from the world, some even condoned and applauded by the world, will be punished; there all things will be un-

veiled and weighed in the scales of absolute justice; there man, escaping as he believes, all human judgment by self-destruction, meets the Avenger—so that no evil doing goes unpunished.
"How sacred and solemn life becomes when we view it in the light of our final accountability! Words and acts seem small and unimportant, as so many grains of dust cast upward by the wind to fall back at once into the mass, unnoticed, unremembered. Ah! most important are they; for they make a record on far-off eternity. 'I paint for eternity,' said the artist courting worldly fame. 'I work for eternity,' says in full truth the servant of the Almighty. Poor and brief is life hemmed in by the frontiers of earth; it discomfited; it begets despair. 'Night presses down upon us,' said in his sadness the pagan Horace, 'and the brief duration of life forbids the building of distant hopes.' Not so with the child of God. With Him there is room for vast projects, for great and noble ambitions; there is motive for heroic sacrifices and high virtues; his being projects into eternity; his labors are for eternity. How precious is time, how solemn is life, when spent under the eye of the great Creator and Judge!
"Reward for law observed; but punishment for law violated. Punishment of sin is co-reward with reward of virtue. Could a God of justice treat alike just and sinner? Could a God of justice be satisfied with the annihilation of the sinner? The sinner is delighted with the prospect of annihilation and hugs the more closely passion and vice. There must be held up before men a prospect, the remembrance of which is a deterrent from sin, however ferocious be the temptation. The deterrent is brought out plainly in Christ's teaching. There is judgment and there is hell. Vain the mutterings of passion and pride against judgment and hell. Christ has spoken; heaven and earth shall pass away, but His words will not pass away. There is the particular judgment, in which each one is made to account for his life; and there is the general judgment, in which all humanity together is brought into the presence of the Almighty, so that He be proclaimed to reign over the whole human world, as over souls singly. Men have pushed Him aside; they have mocked Him, and despised His laws. Well, one day they shall know that He is God, and that the whole universe is but a grain of sand in His presence. God is not eternal truth and eternal justice, unless His creature be compelled some day to confess His supremacy and law, willing or unwilling, before His majesty.
"Come, ye blessed of my Father into the kingdom prepared for you"—this the sentence of the just. "Depart from me ye accursed into everlasting fire"—this is the sentence of the sinner.
"God is a God of love; Heaven is the abode of love; He desires that we serve Him from love; Christ's religion is replete with love and mercy. But when men will not have love, must not the appeal be to fear? The proclamation of fear by the Almighty is the despairing cry; the supreme effort of divine love. God demands that we serve Him and live with Him; He creates hell that through very fear we love and serve Him. But once created, hell remains, and into it comes the impenitent sinner. Fear of God is a vital element of the Christian religion; we must not forget it. Oft must we repeat—'How terrible it is to fall into the hands of the Living God!' Let us love Him; let us fear Him, and so live that our sentence shall be: 'Come ye blessed of my Father into the kingdom prepared for you!'"

Forrest's Soliloquy.

Nate Salsbury once met Forrest, the great actor. But he had better tell the story himself. "It was at Columbus, Ohio, in the railroad station at midnight. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, and the old fellow hobbled up and down the platform, but there was majesty even in his very hobble. An undertaker's wagon pulled up at the station and a corpse was removed from it. The baggage-man carelessly hustled the body into his dray, and wheeled it down the platform. As he halted old Forrest broke out into the most horrible cursing, and with his tongue lashed the baggage-man for his careless handling of the human clay. Then he turned, approached the corpse, and broke into the oration of Marc Anthony over the body of Caesar. No one was there but the frightened baggage-man and a handful of actors. The great actor's voice rose and fell and the subtle tears and resolute thunder of the oration awoke the echoes of the station as a grand organ in a majestic cathedral. He read every line of the oration, and said in an aside speech, as a climax, 'There take that, you poor clay in the coffin. I'll be dead myself inside a year.' And he was."
Don't say the world is growing worse when you are doing nothing to make it better. Heaven smiles with love and admiration on those who seek to cheer the despairing heart, or lighten by act, or word, or look, the burden borne by the weary soul.

RITUALISM IN THE EXTREME.

Gorgeous Display at St. Mary, the Virgin—A Description of the Church and its Adjacent Chapel and Mission Houses.

Services in the new and magnificent temple of ritualism, the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York, were held for the first time Sunday. In the morning solemn High Mass was celebrated; in the evening solemn Vespers. At both services ritualism predominated strongly—more strongly, perhaps, by reason of the importance of the occasion.

But for the fact that Latin was not used there was little apparent difference in the ceremonies in St. Mary's and those which would have been called forth by a similar occasion in a Roman Catholic church.

There was the pomp, the grandeur, the light, the color. Vestments of splendid richness hung from the shoulders of the celebrant, the august Bishop Grafton, of the sea of Fond du Lac; and almost equal in their magnificence were the robes of the assisting clergy.

Upon the altar were the vessels and the candles of Ritualism, and assisting in the services were acolytes and a surpliced choir. At the eastern side of the church, fixed high upon a pillar, was a massive crucifix, with the agony of Calvary fixed upon the face of the Christ.

THE DEVOUT CROSSED THEMSELVES.

To this and to the cross upon the altar the congregation made worship with bended knee, and at the proper periods in the reading of the scriptures the more devout made the sign of the cross. Another note of ultra-Ritualism was the appearance of the visiting clergy in cassocks, surplices and berets, some with the clear cut, clean-shaven features of the Roman Catholic priest and the almost identical manner of worship.

The Rev. Thomas McKee Brown to-day was one of extreme import. It represented to him not simply the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the church, but rather the crowning of twenty-five years of effort.

With him the Church of St. Mary the Virgin has arisen as the ideal of the ritualistic Episcopal Church in America, and has weathered, through the strength of his hand at the helm, almost overwhelming storms of criticism and disapproval. So his congregation rendered homage to him yesterday by appearing in force. And to augment their numbers came the worshippers of other churches and the curious.

AS GRAND AS GRAND OPERA.

The music, as at all services in St. Mary's, was splendid and varied. There was an orchestral accompaniment of deep-toned, rumbling kettledrums, a cornet, violins, and the organ of marvelous power. In the choir were forty voices, men, women and boys, many of them singers of rare excellence. It was, as the son of Father Brown said in enthusiasm, as grand as grand opera.

At the beginning the organist gave "The Consecration of the Temple." Then the processional sounded, and acolytes bearing the crucifix and thurible appeared, leading the choir, clergy and celebrant. As the cross was borne along those who came before, neath it gave the sign of adoration, while the blue smoke of burning incense rose in wisps toward the slanting bars of light, pouring rich in color from the stained-glass windows.

Before the altar, upon it and at each side lighted tapers stood. In the procession were two candle-bearers. There were tapers everywhere about the altar.

CONGREGATION DID NOT SING.
At 11 a. m. Haydn's "Imperial High Mass" was sung rarely and impressively. It had the breadth of the orchestral accompaniment and the power of the forty or more voices, but it was so intricate, studied and unsuited for untrained voices that the congregation as a whole sat mutely instead of joining in the singing as usual.

After the "Gloria in Excelsis" and the "Kyrie Eleison" and the sequence, "Rise, Crowned with a Glory," the Rev. Arthur Ritchie, rector of St. Ignatius church, in 40th street, arose to preach the sermon.

Like the Rev. Dr. Brown, Mr. Ritchie is a Ritualist; one of the highest order. Like the Rev. Dr. Brown, he is called by his parishioners, Father. His sermon, fitting for a ritualistic service of importance to ritualism, told the history of the High Church, and of its present manifestation in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. At the end of the sermon, Father Ritchie said:

THE MEANING OF THE DAY.

"Dear friends of the Parish of St. Mary the Virgin, I give you greeting on this glad day, and bid you godspeed. It is no small thing for Catholics of our communion throughout this country to feel that there is here in New York so splendid, so stately, so perfectly appointed a church as this, where thousands of fellowmen must come to know, despite the taunts of enemies and the timid disclaimers of half-believing friends, that the American Church has still the old Catholic mass, and is not afraid to celebrate it in all the pomp and with all the accessories of the ancient, traditional ritual; that she has still the Catholic sacraments,

and is ready to administer them freely and lovingly to all fainting and laden souls; that she is not the Church of the rich and well-to-do only, but quite as much the mother and friend of the poor."

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

Proofs from History, Reason and Revelation are Given.

The Rev. Luke Livingston, M. A., preaching at the church of the English Martyrs, Preston, England, selected as the subject of his discourse the origin and import of sacrifice, based on the text, "In every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My Name a clean oblation" (Malachi i. 11).

Sacrifice, the preacher said, is found wherever you go up and down the history of human life. Always, and everywhere, man has thought of sacrifice; whether it be the offering of the fruits of the earth, the pouring out of a libation of wine and oil, the burning of a place that smoke may ascend to beyond, the consuming of the victim entirely, you find written large upon the page of human history that man has the conception of sacrifice. It argues a primordial law of human nature. You can no more find a people of any magnitude, or a tribe that has risen to any strength and extent without the idea of sacrifice, than you can find one without the idea of religion; the two go together. There is perhaps nothing that so manifestly separates and creates a chasm between human and purely animal life than this conception of sacrifice. The animal has no idea of it. It has been said—often with mere implety in old times—that "fear creates divinities; and, alas! it has been repeated in our modern times. But fear by itself does no such thing. The animal may fly from or resist that of which it stands in awe, but it does not lead it to offer sacrifice.

If it were merely fear, without any thought of higher instinct, the very conception which leads man to fear would simply make him fly or resist; there would be no idea of sacrifice. Man has the idea of sending something on before him within the veil; he believes in the invisible and he cannot help expressing his belief by his sacrifice. Now we may ask the question, then, could not the nature of man left to himself have set him upon the track of seeking an explanation of this exchange between the unseen and himself. As a matter of fact revelation lifts the veil for us. We know that God Himself originally instituted sacrifice, and made it to be the law of commerce between Himself and His creature. What does that which is called science teach us on this question; and by science he meant the patient investigation of facts, to which we have to give due honor in these times when we behold them so careful in their explorations and so accurate in detailing the facts. Now what are the facts concerning sacrifice? If you ask those who would argue apart from a perfect disbelief in revelation, what are the facts in human history, they will tell you this: first, sacrifice is not a mere individual act, it is a social institution; it begins, indeed, with the father of the family before the family has developed into the more complex life of society, but, as human life thus advances into the higher and more complex stage of society, the caste comes in, and the father has no longer the offering of sacrifice—there is necessarily a caste set apart for the performance of it.

And so sacrifice is written upon the life of man as, what he is, namely, a social being. No sooner does he develop his true self than it seems to be part of his very nature, a law of his life, that he should develop the idea of sacrifice as part and parcel of his social life. Further, always and everywhere, when you go to the bottom of the matter, you will find that there is the idea of sacrifice being a means of alliance with the Divinity. In some way or other man comes in contact with the unseen, with the invisible protector of his life; it is written deep upon the heart of man, it comes to the fore in the history of human life, that through sacrifice there is a means of alliance with God. It has somehow to do with commerce and union with the invisible; so much so is this the case that if you take a race sunk in its idea of Divinity to the very lowest possible grade, you will find that there lingers there the idea of sacrifice as a means of access to the unseen. Can Reason, by herself, explain this? She can go a little, a very little, way.

We have to knock at the door of Revelation, and she will open to us the treasures of explanation. Now what can reason teach us? First, that sacrifice as a practice is universal, that it is a social institution, that it implies some idea of commerce with God; and so you find that sacrifice is wont to be offered in every place, a place which is believed has been selected by Almighty God. There has been a visitation from the unseen, a blessing victory, a deliverance, some divinity which attributes to the Divinity; so which it attributes to the Divinity, and the oil will be poured upon it, and an altar will be built, so that in some way the memory shall be preserved;

for God seems to have chosen that place, and, therefore, it is a place of sacrifice, because sacrifice is a means of union with the unseen, and since the unseen Protector of the nation has manifested Himself and His power in that place, that place shall be consecrated unto sacrifice. Let them listen for a moment to the explanation which has been and is being given in the name, should they say of nature?—no, not of nature, and yet they called it the naturalistic explanation of sacrifice. It is this: First, man as he started in his savage condition, saw in the dark forest or in the thunder rolling among the hills or even in the majesty of the blue sky, in the sweep of the river or in the beneficent succession of the seasons, or thought he saw or felt the hidden power behind.

This was his first idea as a savage, so the theory goes; and then he attributes to this unseen power the attributes of his own humanity, and the power becomes a magnified man, and as man needs above all things nourishment, so it argues, does this unseen power need nourishment, and therefore give it sacrifice, and sacrifice enters into a sort of mysterious union, and to the grosser ideas of the savage is ultimately given an idealistic meaning, and that, so this theory runs, is precisely what man has done during his progress. Instead of at once abolishing sacrifice or being unable to do it, he has attached to it certain high and spiritual ideas; and so, according as men's minds and manners are softened, human sacrifice disappears altogether. Christianity suppresses it wherever it appears; that is admitted on every side. But then Christianity has attached to the idea of sacrifice a sublime ideal, the Sacrifice upon Calvary; and not only has it done that, but it has given to its disciples a sacrifice which is the reproduction and mystical reiteration of that sacrifice wherever there is Christian worship. Protestantism taught that the sacrifice upon Calvary had exhausted the virtues of sacrifice altogether. But a still further stage of this progress was to be reached, and men, so runs the theory, will come to say that "Christ was a sage, and His death an accident, and so we have rid ourselves of that which was part and parcel of the furniture of the savage line. We have got rid of sacrifice."

Ah! yes, said the preacher, for they have got rid of God, and the two go together. This, then, is the naturalistic explanation of sacrifice. Now there is one point amongst others—there are multitudes of flaws in it—there is one flaw in this absolutely fatal. You make man start as a savage. Where are your facts upon which to build? There are none. You take the modern savage and you say, "Here we have him, investigate him, see what he does. Thus you have man at his start, and so you see how man originally thought about those things which have been thus strangely developed, idealized and perfected in various progressive stages." Where is your proof that this modern savage is man at his start? The preacher quoted in disproof the experience of one who practiced as a doctor for twenty years in the midst of an African tribe, who at length got at the very heart of their religious opinions, and was told that there was an ancient one whom their leader worshipped did not follow. This tribe was in a state of decadence, for the predecessors of the present generation knew more than the latter did, and there was nothing to prove that they represented the human race at its start. This theory failed in its facts.

No one supposes that man started with all the appliances of modern civilization and then lost them, but in matters of communion with the unseen, in the knowledge of many of the laws of the world, and those especially which connected the invisible with the visible, man started with an infinitely greater stock than your modern savage possesses. He had modern savage tribes of Africa certain drawings of figures with much talent in them, and when they were asked how they came there and who did them, they could only say they were done by their predecessors. The whole naturalistic conception of sacrifice was built upon a purely gratuitous assumption. The preacher then proceeded to consider what reason rightly directed, taught about sacrifice, which is part and parcel of the worship of God, because in order that it may be maintained there is a necessity for some voluntary renunciation. It is a law of our life. They might say, there is morality. No, mere morality will not do. Morality forbids one the enjoyment of that which is absolutely hurtful, but this conception of sacrifice teaches one to make the voluntary renunciation of that which one might keep to himself; and so when reason says in its pride: "How can I believe in a beyond, in an unseen?" the heart of man, the generous heart of man which is as much part of man as reason says: "How can I do otherwise than believe in the unseen. I left my host-ages there, I have gone forward there in the way of sacrifice. I have given something and through that gift I have come to have woven into my soul so as

to become a very part of the texture of my soul, the idea of the unseen and worship of God."

This idea, however disfigured, and obscured, they would find even in the sacrifices of such a tribe as that which he had just described. Destroy sacrifice and you destroy the idea of God Himself. Where the idea of God is, comes the idea of sacrifice, and where the idea and act of sacrifice go, there, too, goes the idea of God. The preacher then went minutely into an explanation of the various kinds of sacrifice to show how true was this, and in conclusion said revelation in Christ alone threw a flood of light upon the true conception of sacrifice. Our first parents sacrificed directly they came out of the Garden of Eden. They must have learned it in the Garden, where they offered the fruits of the earth. That was not enough now, because sin had intervened, and where there has been sin there must be shedding of blood.

Alluding to the symbolical offering of Isaac, he said the whole ritual of the Law of Moses is full of sacrifices and victims; and yet if they looked into history they would see a strange seeming contradiction, because they would find in the law the most minute descriptions as to the ritual to be observed, and prescribed by God Himself, and in the prophets a certain disdain of sacrifices, as though God was disgusted with the very sight of sacrifice. "Cleanse your heart"—let the heart be the true sacrifice—that was the voice of the Prophets; and when the Israelites came out of their captivity, taught by that great teacher of all true lessons, sorrow and distress, they offered the sacrifice to the heart of God. But they did not neglect eternal sacrifices; they were still more careful and accurate about the minute ritual of their law, because the sacrifice of bulls and calves had a value in their symbolism. They told of Another to come. He has come, the true Sacrifice, the One "clean oblation," offered once upon Calvary. It is mystically renewed upon every altar of the Catholic Church, and the law written upon human history and upon the heart of man is its explanation—that is, the Sacrifice of the Holy Mass.

WROTE A LETTER TO CHRIST.

Some Curious Armenian Traditions—Showing King Abgar's Interest in the Saviour.

"The Armenians," said a clergyman of that race the other day, "are the first Christian nation; we accepted Christ when all others rejected Him. Abgar, King of the Armenians at Etesia, the city of Abraham, heard of Christ, who was at that time in Jerusalem, healing the sick. Abgar wrote a letter to Christ, saying: 'You must be God's son or God yourself, for what you are doing no man in this world can do. Pray, come to my country; it is not a large country, but it is large enough for you and for me.'"

This letter is still in existence. It is in Cairo, in the famous "strong room" of the museum, and has been read by many English scholars. I told the story of this letter to an English gentleman not long since arrived from Egypt, but I had only fairly begun it when he said: "Oh, yes, I know about that letter, I saw it myself in the strong room at Cairo, and it was translated to me there." This letter is written in Armenian words, but with Syrian letters, for at that period of our history our language was not complete, and we were using the Greek and Syrian letters.

Christ replied to Abgar's letter that His mission forbade him to depart from Jerusalem, but that He would send His Apostles into Armenia to teach and heal. Shortly after this Abgar, who was completely converted to the Christian faith, sent a man to Jerusalem to make a portrait of Christ, as he wished to behold His features. This the artist found it impossible to do, as the features of the Christ defied portrayal, and His color changed readily from red to white with His varying emotions.

When Christ observed the futile attempts of the artist to make His likeness He asked for a handkerchief and when it was given to Him He pressed His face into it and made thereon a perfect likeness. This handkerchief the artist and his company carried back into Armenia, unfolded all the way, lest a crease should injure the face. When they returned to Abgar he was overcome with emotion, and, coming down from his throne, kissed the handkerchief in token of reverence.

Shortly after this the Romans, hearing of this wonderful handkerchief in Abgar's possession, went to war with him for it. The Armenians made a brave fight, but were as a handful compared to the Romans, and were soon in such straits that it was clear the handkerchief would be wrested from them. At this crisis Abgar determined that this sacred treasure should never fall into the hands of the Romans, and weighted the handkerchief with stones and threw it into a well in Etesia, and to this day into a well in Etesia, and to this day the name of that well is Surp Tuschrag, or Holy Handkerchief. Such is one of the stories of our earlier history, for we do not admit that it is mere tradition."

Rudolf seemed for a while to move in a waking dream, and his dark eyes would kindle and his bent form straighten as his fancy pictured the triumphs awaiting the boy.

Nor was his belief in Carl's future at all shaken by less welcome tidings which, as the years passed, found their way to the Gray House. What wonder that the boy was often careless and erratic, finding the restraint and ceaseless toil of his new life as irksome as the dreary monotony of his days in the village? Or what mattered it since in a short space he accomplished what cost others years of ceaseless endeavor? Thus indeed it seemed when the long days of the professor's waiting were well nigh spent, for the conservatory's highest honors lay easily within Carl's grasp.

There is no telling what impossible things Rudolf dreamed during those last days preceding Carl's home-coming, and, perhaps, because of the seeming nearness of their fulfillment the days seemed longer and lonelier than ever. But, though they lagged drearily enough they passed somehow, and the great day of the professor's life dawned at last. It seemed to him strangely out of harmony with the event it was to witness, for it was that day when the rain fell ceaselessly, leaving great drops heavy on the grass and on the roses in the garden. And, yet at evening when all the street was golden, and the sunset light flooded his room, casting a faint radiance on the dark wood of the polished floor, wherein the carved high backed chairs were dimly mirrored, it seemed to Rudolf as he sat alone with head bowed low over the keys of the old piano, that his life for the years to be held little in common with the sunshine. It was only that another of his dreams had come to naught, but he was old and the dream had been part of his life. That day there had come from the conservatory a letter which Rudolf had opened with trembling hands, thinking it told of some new triumph come to Carl. It had been short; just a few kindly written words saying that "the boy was young, and it was doubtful but a passing whim"—a preface which caused Rudolf to wonder, and then the sentence which seemed to have robbed life of all its brightness, for Carl had left the conservatory just when his brightest laurels hung within his reach to join a troupe of singers.

For a while Rudolf's heart had been hot with anger as he thought of his own sacrifices, so lightly prized, and the art to him a sacred thing, which Carl held at such little worth; but that was soon past, for all else was forgotten in his great grief that little Carl should have gone out of his life, leaving him no word.

Before him on the piano lay the finished score of his last and greatest work, a sonata which he had written as a graduating gift for the boy. His hand had trembled a little that morning as he wrote the dedication. There in the twilight he was to have played it for him, and when the last notes had died away Carl was to have come behind him with the caressing way he loved so well, and resting his strong young hands on the stooping shoulders, murmur words of loving admiration, dearer to the professor's heart than the plaudits of all the world beside. His thoughts dwelt sadly on it now as, half unconsciously, his fingers began to stray among the harmonies of his grand Adagio, sounding so like the Requiem of his buried hopes. But as the music grew louder, dwelling on the air in strains of haunting sweetness that died away at last in one long sobbing note, his grief grew calmer and hope awakened within him once again. His old love for Carl began to assert itself, and even in thought he was very tender of the boy, murmuring sometimes as though pleading for Carl against the reproaches which rose unbidden to his lips, "He did not understand."

Every evening he would walk down the rose bordered path to the little gate, and shading his eyes with a hand which of late had grown more unsteady, gaze earnestly out, out to where the stones of the street gave place to the dust of the road, for Carl must surely come soon.

Carl did return, on one bright evening at the summer's end, for in those days he was constant to nothing; the pity of it was that he should have returned so late, for soon after his home-coming the professor left the Gray House forever. And when they brought the boy to the room where Rudolf lay still and weak for the end was near, his mind was strangely confused and his memory bled with the past, the far past wherein Carl had no part.

Perhaps the boyish face, white and set with grief, bent low over his pillow may have awakened some dim remembrance of the later years, for he seemed to be striving hard to grasp some memory which was slipping from him. All at once his face brightened, and he said in a voice that was weak but clear, "Little Carl—a great man—now. Thou wert gone—so long." And after a space, "Nay Carl—there is too much of joy—in thy playing of the Adagio. It should go—condole."

So even at the last the Professor must have been busied with those dreams of his, but, perhaps, the next awakening (which came soon after) was happier than the others.

What remains is an old story, for it happened with the professor as with many another, that only death was needed to set the seal upon his greatness that the world might worship at his shrine. Tales of the wonderful village genius, which soon began to be

A MARTYR-MISSIONARY OF SCOTLAND.

The Countess of Cornwall in the Ave Maria.

The recent publications of the Fathers of the London Oratory, and of several eminent English priests and Jesuits, have brought to light many valuable documents concerning the times of persecution in England, and the professor had left it, began to play idly at first, then, as he realized its grandeur, with fire and pathos such as none save his whose hands were forever stilled, could breathe into its harmonies, and a great hush fell upon the room.

Carl sat apart from the rest with bowed head, and as the plaintive notes of the Adagio throbbed and swelled on the air, and he thought how Rudolf's love for him had inspired it, all many things became clear to him whereof he had not dreamed in the boyish carefree days that seemed so long ago.

And though like the others he bowed before the genius which had created such wonderful things, his higher reverence was given to the noble soul so careless of self, so tender of him, which had gone from him forever. Then was born within him that lofty purpose which, gaining strength as the years passed, ennobled all his actions, making his life beautiful as Rudolf's had been, and his career in art, such as one as Rudolf had dreamed for him.

The last notes of the wondrous music had trembled away into a silence, and there followed a reverent hush, more eloquent far than loud voiced exclamations, for all were loath to break the spell. Then the greatest musicians of their time said wonderingly one to another, "In truth this is the work of a master!"

It was something like the glory that Rudolf had dreamed of in the early days of his dreaming.

Out in the old fashioned garden the birds twittered their drowsy even songs among the lindens, and the rose petals were blown in a pink shower in the quiet corner where the professor slept, heedless at last of blame or praise.

THE ARMENIANS.

Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D., Scottsville, N. Y.

Reverend and Dear Father—Will you kindly state in the editorial columns of the *Freeman's Journal* to what church or churches the Armenians belong? Macaulay, in his essay on "Gladstone on Church and State," speaks of the Armenians as a sect. Does he refer to the Armenians that are now being persecuted? If so, are there many Catholic missionaries among them, and what success has attended their labors.

Yours most respectfully,
Nov. 23, 1895. Subscriber.

The Armenians were the first, who, as a nation, embraced Christianity. St. Gregory, surnamed the "Illuminator," was to the Armenians what St. Patrick was to the Irish, their Apostle. In the year 302 he baptized King Tiridates and propagated the faith throughout the whole country. He died in 332, leaving the Armenian Church in a flourishing condition. His most illustrious successors were the Saints Nerses, Sahak and Mesrop. The last named invented the Armenian alphabet and translated the Bible into Armenian.

After the fourth General Council—that of Chalcedon, held in the year 451—the Armenians fell into the Monophysite heresy, which holds that there is but one nature in Christ. In rejecting the authority of the Council of Chalcedon and the Papal Primacy they became schismatics. They continued in this schism for 112 years. After the defeat of the Persians by Heraclius, Byzantine Emperor, in 626, the Armenians returned to the communion of the Catholic Church. This reunion lasted about 100 years, and the schism was renewed at the commencement of the eighth century. To their former Monophysism they added the heresy of Monothelism. The schism thus renewed continued till 1439, when the Armenians were again received into Catholic communion. In course of time, however, they returned to their schism and heresy, in which the great majority of them have continued up to the present time.

The schismatic Armenians number about 3,000,000. In Turkey proper there are 2,000,000; in Turkey in Europe, 400,000; in Russia, 500,000. There about 100,000 Roman Catholic Armenians. The schismatics believe in the seven sacraments, in prayers for the dead, in prayers to the saints, in the Real Presence in the Eucharist, and in the sacrifice of the Mass; but use unleavened bread, as is the practice in the Catholic Church. — N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Mary's Place in the Plan of Redemption.

The Rosary of Mary, says Leo X., is the abridged Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is a most complete and explicit revelation; it exhibits in full relief the true place that Mary occupies in the ensemble of the Divine plan of man's redemption, and at the same time it gives to the divine Mother the worship that belongs to her, and declares to us, that, after God, all our hope is to be placed in her. From even a superficial examination of the component parts of the sublime devotion we shall readily see that only the wisdom of Heaven could have devised it, and that it is the will of Heaven that Jesus and Mary must ever be considered as inseparable from each other.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing those troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

THEY ARE BUT A FEW WHERE AN ARMY WOULD BE NEEDED.

In 1566 Pius V. succeeded Pius IV. on St. Peter's Chair, and continued from afar to watch over the perishing Scotch Church. The queen sent William Chisolm, Bishop of Dunblane, to congratulate him on his election, and at the same time to inform him of her difficulties. In answer the Pope sent the Bishop of Mondovi as legate to Scotland, with a large sum of money for the young queen, and promises of further assistance. But the Protestant lairds having declined to receive him, the Nuncio never went farther than Paris; and a portion of the money sent by the Pope was taken to Scotland by Edmund Hay, rector of the Jesuit College in Paris; and by John Beaton, a Scotch gentleman in the queen's service.

The last public ceremony performed in Scotland according to the Catholic ritual was the baptism of Queen Mary's infant son, James, on December 19, 1566. The baby prince was christened by the Catholic Bishop of St. Andrew's. After the downfall of Queen Mary and her imprisonment in England, the condition of the Catholic Church became still more hopeless. Countless priests and religious sought a refuge abroad. Thus the Franciscans, to the number of eighty, fled to Flanders; and the universities on the Continent were peopled with Scotch priests. Those who remained in their own country continued to exercise their sacred ministry amidst perils of all kinds. The penal laws were carried out with unsparring rigor; and the missionaries, hidden among the wild hills and forests, could say Mass only at night, and visit their scattered flocks under all kinds of disguises. Our hero, Father John Ogilvie, was dressed as a soldier; a Captain, Father Lindsay, assumed the guise of a shepherd.

After the first moment of bewilderment and panic, the Scotch Catholics, both priests and laymen, seem to have grown stronger for the struggle; and in the year 1608 we find the Protestant ministers ordering extra prayers, "because of the daily progress of papistry and idolatry."

When, in 1606, James I. ascended the throne of England, the Catholics of both kingdoms hoped for better times. They knew that the king himself was a strong Protestant, and especially jealous of his spiritual supremacy; but, on the other hand, he was, they remembered, the son of a mother who had loved the faith even unto death; and, on ascending the English throne, he had spontaneously promised the English Catholics the free practice of their religion. Their hopes were cruelly disappointed. James, whose promises had been made when he wished to obtain the support of the faithful, had no intention of keeping them. He gave full power to Cecil, the bitterest enemy of the Catholics; and deliberately made use of the fines and taxes levied upon the "Papists" to replenish his exchequer. Says an historian: "When James began to feel considerable embarrassment how to satisfy the claims of his own countrymen, crowds of whom had followed him to England, he hit upon the ingenious expedient of transferring to them his claims against the Catholic recusants."

After the Gunpowder plot the condition of Catholics became worse. An oath of supremacy was demanded of them, drawn up in terms so ambiguous that, among the faithful themselves, opinions were divided on its lawfulness. Some laymen, and even a certain number of priests, contended that it denied only the Pope's temporal authority over princes, not his spiritual jurisdiction. At length, however, Rome decided the question by condemning the oath as unlawful.

In Scotland matters were, if possible, still worse. The penal laws were the same as in England, but were, perhaps, carried out with still greater contempt for even the common forms of legality and justice. The Scotch prisons were filled with Catholics, of all ranks and ages, many of whom died of misery and hunger; in fact, the French ambassador in London does not hesitate to write home that the condition of the Church in Scotland was even more deplorable than in England.

In 1607 the Scotch Catholics were required to take the oath of supremacy; and, as had been the case in England, many consented to do so, either because they misunderstood its real import, or because they feared that, in case of refusal, they would be driven from their homes, deprived of all they possessed, and left to die of hunger.

The measures against the Papists were carried out, not only by the officers of the law and by men paid by government, but the lairds and other landlords often took the law into their own hands; and it was no unfrequent event for them to raise a troop of from three to four hundred men, pillage the houses of the Catholics, destroy or carry off their goods, and throw the unhappy "recusants" into prison, where they were left to perish. Father Lindsay, in a letter to Father de Gamache, chaplain to Queen Henrietta Maria, relates several instances of this kind of outrage, and tells how certain lairds used to hunt the Catholics "day and night."

In spite of this cruelly abandoned the missionaries never wholly abandoned the country; and among these brave laborers in Christ's vineyard the Jesuits worthily held their place. Their superior, under James I. was Father James Gordon, a man of great ability and courage, who made many conversions and exercised considerable influence over the Catholics. He was several times obliged to leave Scotland, owing to the violence of

PERSECUTION; AND RETURNED, AFTER TWO SHIPWRECKS AND MANY ADVENTURES.

Finally, he was sent into exile by James I.

In 1587 Father Abercromby and Father William Ogilvie landed in Scotland. The former, it is said, received the abjuration of Anne of Denmark, queen of James I. It is ascertained with sufficient proofs, that the queen had at one time a strong leaning toward Catholicity; but if she were really received into the Church, her conversion could not have been very solid, as she evidently died a Protestant. Be this as it may, Father Abercromby's acquaintance with the queen was enough to expose him to the hatred of the Scotch ministers. He was at length obliged to leave the country, and became rector of the Scotch College in Rome. Father Gordon, writing in 1615, states that in the whole of Scotland there was only one priest left. It is probable that he was mistaken; for the Fathers were so closely disguised and so carefully hidden that their existence was often unknown, even to their own brethren. At any rate, their numbers were greatly reduced; and Father Gordon then determined to send to Scotland two of his own subjects—Father John Ogilvie and Father James Moffet.

It required no ordinary amount of courage and prudence to venture on a mission so perilous. The Earl of Angus, a convert to the faith, who was living in Paris in the year 1610, says in a letter to the Father General of the Jesuits: "I especially entreat your Reverence to send me to Scotland but such as both desire and are able to bear with a courageous heart the burden and heat of the day."

The story that follows will show us whether Father Ogilvie possessed the qualifications required of those who volunteered to serve the desolate Church of Scotland. Fortunately for us, there have come down to us, through the confusion and darkness of those troubled times, documents of rare value, written either by the martyr himself or by his companions and friends, which enable us to follow him step by step through the different stages of his *Via Dolorosa*.

These documents—which have been published by Father Forbes-Leith in his French life of Father Ogilvie, and in part by Father Karslake, a Scotch Jesuit,—consist of an account of our hero's imprisonment and tortures, written by Father Ogilvie himself, and completed by his fellow-prisoners; of the official reports of his trials at Edinburgh and Glasgow; and finally of the testimonies of the witnesses called upon to give an account of his martyrdom with a view to his subsequent beatification. These depositions are corroborated by an account of the martyr's death written by his enemy Spottiswood, who, in spite of his desire to blacken his victim's character, unconsciously confirms the other and more favorable testimonies.

STILL ANOTHER ONE.

Rev. Dr. Robert Merritt, for the past forty years pastor of St. Peter's Episcopal church, Morristown, N. J., has "gone over to Rome" if reports be true. For more than a month Dr. Merritt has been lying at the point of death and has been frequently visited by Father Flood of the church of the Assumption; who, it is said, received him into the Church. A gentleman fully authorized to speak for the family of the venerable clergyman said regarding the matter:

"Dr. Merritt's well known disinclination to talk for publication about matters which concerned him as an individual is respected by his family, and for that reason, during Dr. Merritt's remaining hours of life, the family will neither confirm nor deny the report of the alleged conversion. Dr. Merritt is a High Churchman, he was a staunch supporter of Dr. De Koven, of Kansas, when the latter was a candidate for a bishopric, and he stoutly opposed the elevation of Phillips Brooks because of the latter's adherence to the so-called Low Church."

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A. Lefel.

DECEMBER 28, 1895.

other meaning than what they would imply apart from their context. He speaks prophetically of what will happen at the last judgment when His enemies will be punished by a just judgment on account of their perseverance in sin. They shall be slain, as it is the custom for kings to put to death traitors and rebels to their rule. It is a merciful warning to them to abandon their evil ways and accept the gospel of salvation which he offers to them.

We shall have more to say of Mr. Ingersoll's objections in a future issue.

ONTARIO SENTIMENT.

Mr. Hugo H. Ross, M. P. for Dundas county, called a meeting of his constituents for the 4th inst., for the purpose of obtaining their views on the Separate school question of Manitoba, and the result is interesting, as it throws considerable light on the trend of public opinion in the Province in regard to this important matter.

Only about one-tenth of the population of this county are Catholics, so that we may draw a pretty fair conclusion from the sentiment of that meeting, as to the prevalent feeling among the Protestants of Ontario, the more especially as the county is pretty equally divided between the Conservative and Reform parties.

The meeting was a large one, and was called independently of parties. It was well attended by both Conservatives and Reformers. Mr. Ross explained his views very definitely. He declared that he addressed the electors "not as Grits or Tories," but as his constituents with minds unbiassed by their proclivities, religious or political. He felt it to be his duty to secure the correct expression of their views on the school question before giving his vote on the remedial measure to be brought before Parliament at the coming session.

He explained that in his opinion religion should not be taught in the schools at all. He considered this to be especially the case in Manitoba, where the children have to walk three or four miles to the school, and perhaps attend only six months in the year. Hence he inferred that "they cannot well afford time for special religious instruction while there."

In regard to this we have to say that we consider the facts as stated by Mr. Ross to be rather a reason why religion should be taught in the schools, than that it should be excluded. However, we do not feel ourselves authorized to speak for the Protestant population in this regard. We have always maintained that while we believe that Protestants would act more wisely if they would provide more religious instruction for their children, it is for themselves to decide whether or not they shall have their religion introduced into their school programme; and what shall be the character of the religious teaching, if they determine to have any, though of course it is to be understood that in mixed schools they must not force their religious teaching on Catholic children, even to the smallest extent.

But the main question at issue in Manitoba is in regard to Catholic localities, or sections which have Catholics enough to support a school if they are left free to do so. For such cases we maintain that Catholics should have the same liberty to have schools to their liking, as we are quite willing to concede to Protestants. What we claim is that we are not to be compelled to adopt the ideas of Protestants in regard to religious or non-religious education.

We consider it to be of the highest importance that whatever branch of secular instruction might possibly be dispensed with in the case of those who have only limited opportunities for attending school, religious instruction should not be laid aside in any case. It is of the utmost importance, and it is an axiom which needs no demonstration, that the formation of moral character should always be attended to, whatever branch of merely secular instruction may be dispensed with, and the moral character cannot be formed without religion, on which it has necessarily its foundation. Yet we do not believe that the time necessary for instruction in religion will interfere with the secular instruction necessary. Experience proves this to be the case, for we have shown repeatedly that, both in Canada and elsewhere, Catholic schools are just as efficient with religious instruction given in them, as are Public schools, wherein the only instruction given is secular.

Mr. Ross also said that it is the duty of ordained ministers to give religious instruction. To this proposition, taken

literally, we offer no objection, as the duty of the clergy is undoubted in this respect. But there is a meaning concealed in these words, which was evidently intended, namely, that this is the duty of the clergy alone. From the sentiment thus expressed, we decidedly dissent. The primary obligation of teaching the children rests on the parents, and the parents must provide the means of fulfilling it efficiently. They are frequently unable to attend to themselves, yet they have no right to throw the whole obligation on their clergy exclusively, especially as the clergy have other duties to attend to beside teaching catechism. The parents should therefore see to it that, under supervision of the clergy, the children shall have competent teachers for this as well as other branches of instruction, and even the legislature has no right to throw any obstacle in the way of parents who are willing thus to do their duty.

We give Mr. Ross due credit that he appreciates our view of the case, and that in his address he spoke moderately and tolerantly, stating:

"You see by this that the Roman Catholics have had some grievances in Manitoba. If you persist in rubbing the hair the wrong way, trouble is sure to follow. I believe the Roman Catholics have no objection to associating with Protestants, but they do wish that the Roman Catholic religion be taught, and this is the reason why they ask for Separate schools."

Mr. Ross here puts the matter very accurately as an honest and honorable man. The Catholics of the Dominion are necessarily in contact with their Protestant fellow-citizens, and they could not avoid this even if they desired it; and unless they associate with their Protestant neighbors, they must be left behind in the race for temporal prosperity at least. They have, therefore, no wish to avoid such association, and they desire to live in peace and harmony while both Catholics and Protestants are left free to practice their religious obligations without interference from those who differ from them.

Mr. Ross gives another reason for his belief that religion should not be taught in the schools: it is that many people attend religious worship listlessly, and he believes that the habit of listlessness is often acquired in the school room. To this we reply that it will not engender a habit of listlessness to be well instructed in religion. Those ignorant of their religion are far more likely to be listless than they who are well instructed. We can assert from experience that this is the case, and, consequently, Mr. Ross's view of the matter is to our belief a mistake. But while we differ from him in regard to these details of reasoning, we fully agree with the practical conclusion which he draws, which is in substance that Catholics should not be forced to adopt all the Protestant ideas on the subject of education, however correct these ideas may be in the estimation of those who entertain them.

Mr. Ross explained to his audience the circumstances under which the Manitoba laws of 1890 were passed, in spite of promises made by Messrs. Greenway and Martin during the election campaign, to the effect that they would not interfere with the existing Separate school system, though it was their intention to present a school law to the Legislature. This agreement they violated, and when the Dominion Government called their attention to the injury inflicted on the Catholic minority, the sole reply which was given by them was to the effect that they would not change what they had done.

It is a source of gratification to us that the electors of Dundas received well Mr. Ross's honest explanations. It shows us that we may place confidence in the tolerant spirit of the well-informed portion of our Protestant fellow-citizens, and the fact will increase the good understanding and kindly feeling which prevails in most constituencies between Catholics and Protestants.

Mr. Ross spent some time in answering questions put to him by his audience, and finally said:

"This question needs much thoughtful consideration before anything definite is decided upon, for we must remember that a sin once committed cannot be blotted out, so rights once granted cannot be withdrawn."

Being unwilling to be too captious, we shall not discuss the theological question of the blotting out of sin. There is a means within the Church by which sin is blotted out from the soul, but we take Mr. Ross's meaning to be that some of the evil effects of sin will remain even after its guilt is for-

given. But on the question of rights granted by Parliament, we fully admit that it would be extremely difficult to take them away after they have been conceded. With all this in view, the electors present at Mr. Ross's meeting passed a resolution that he should follow his own judgment in regard to the question of remedial legislation when it comes before Parliament in January. We infer from this that the boast of Ontario demagogues, that they could influence the people of this Province to rise as one man to deny any concession of rights to Catholics, was but empty braggadocio.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

So full of venom is the A. P. A. that they turned all their influence against Mr. Hurst, a candidate for the Governorship of Maryland, for no other reason than that his daughter is married to a Catholic gentleman. They succeeded in defeating him, but this is no criterion of their power in the politics of the State, as they did not dare to make an open fight on any such ground. Their work was carried on clandestinely, as is always the case with this owl-like association which so loves the darkness. They would probably not have succeeded at all if their designs had been known, and they were besides favored by the wave of Republicanism which passed over the country during the last couple of years.

About a year ago a number of Protestant young men of Ritualistic notions started a monastery at Mount Jericho, Pa. The very name of the place was an attraction, as it is a scriptural name and was considered suggestive of monastic life. They adopted the Benedictine habit, wore sandals instead of shoes, and had their heads shaven, and in every respect they thought they were full-fledged monks. But the leading of a monastic life is not so easy for those who have not made the preparation for it which is customary with the Catholic religious orders, and the Mount Jericho monks became tired of their experiment, one by one, and left the establishment, so that now the monastery has been given up altogether.

A NUMBER of preachers who took a prominent part in the last political contest in Baltimore applied recently to the new mayor of the city for political positions, on the plea that they had greatly contributed to the Republican victory, and "to the victors belong the spoils." The mayor positively refused to grant their request, saying that he will not give any municipal position to a minister, as the constitution is decidedly against a union of Church and State in any form. He considers that ministers should stick to their work of saving souls instead of dabbling in politics.

The New York Independent has an article under the title: "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered Saints," in which it deplores the fact that Christian nations, and particularly England, do not prevent the continued massacre of Armenians in Turkey. It thinks that this is the especial business of the European Christian nations; but surely it would not be amiss for the leading Christian nation of America too to give its kind offices for so noble an object as to prevent these atrocities. The Independent exclaims: "Oh for a year, a month, a day of Oliver Cromwell Lord Protector of England." Perhaps if Oliver were to day Lord Protector he would interfere effectually to prevent the massacres; yet he was not himself backward about perpetrating massacres just as atrocious when it suited his purpose. The Sultan might very well say to him "Show a good example of benevolence and paternal rule at home before interfering in the affairs of other nations." But Oliver being not now at the helm, it would appear that there is no country, either European or American, to intervene to stop the Moslems in their destroying career. Oh for a year or a month or a day of Richard the Lion-hearted!

It would seem that even Belfast is growing civilized under the softening influences of the tolerant spirit which every year is becoming more and more prevalent. The Rev. Dr. Kane, who has hitherto been famous for his venomous Orangeism, gave an address a few days ago to a Belfast audience, and paid a glowing tribute to the tolerance of the Catholic Religion who have charge of the Barrack street Catholic hospital. A Protestant man named Hale died there, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery, and Rev. Mr.

Kane said he had put himself to considerable personal inconvenience to attend the funeral that he might tell his gratification at the kindness of the managers of the hospital, and of Catholic neighbors toward the deceased. They had all shown the greatest desire to obtain for the dead man the services of a minister of his own Church during his illness and at the funeral.

TALKS ON CATHOLICITY.

Sermon of Dr. Halsey, the Janesville Methodist Clergyman.

"Why Does the Catholic Church Win?" was the subject of Rev. Sabin Halsey's sermon in the Methodist church at Janesville, Wisconsin, Sunday evening. The theme served to draw a large audience, which completely filled the auditorium and overflowed into the gallery. The lecture was drawn on such a broad and tolerant line that, in these days of anti-Catholic bigotry, it is well worth reproducing.

DOES NOT CRITICISE CATHOLICITY. The speaker began his discourse with the statement that it would be a fortunate period in the history of the progress of religion and of the world's civilization when all people, regardless of denominational peculiarities or preferences, draw the line between good and evil, purity and impurity, virtue and vice, holiness and sin, truth and error, then casting the worthless away, cling for life to the good. He said if anyone present thought the hour would be devoted to finding fault with the Catholic Church or with an effort to crown prejudice now hoary with age, he would go away disappointed if not disgruntled and say unkind things about the preacher because he did not throw clubs at somebody's head, causing them to howl with pain.

Possibly the Catholic Church teaches some doctrines with which all do not agree. It is possible that her forms and ceremonies, or her splendid ritual is not liked by all, but it is not fair to find fault with her people because they like these things. Under the stars and stripes the Catholic Church has a right to exist, to build temples, appoint her services and observe her ceremonies without molestation. She has just as good a right to do this as Protestants have to build their churches and observe their forms of worship. This is the home of all religions, because it is the home of all people, a free land with equal rights and privileges.

CATHOLICITY A MIGHTY POWER. One statement of fact which would help to prepare the way for an intelligent answer to the question under consideration is that whoever reads the history of past events with a desire to ascertain what influence any religious society has exerted upon the world's civilization or whoever can fully discern the signs of the times, must, if candid, admit that the Catholic Church has been for nineteen centuries and is to-day a mighty power among men. Her influence has been felt in every land. Nations have felt her power, crowned heads have trembled in her presence and rulers have bowed themselves at her feet. It is the part of wisdom to study a Church, backed up by such a remarkable history. It is a question that to the speaker was fraught with deep interest and one that demanded the most careful thought.

REASON OF HER SUCCESS. The first reason for the success of the Catholic Church is that she believes she is the true Church of Christ with a special divine mission to a world that is in bondage to the slavery of sin. She holds to the doctrine of a supernatural revelation given to the world through inspired men for the purpose of teaching the plan of human redemption, how to escape the fearful consequences of sin in time and in eternity. The Catholic Church believes in the Deity of Christ, in the guilt and peril of sin, in the necessity of hearty repentance and faith as the ground of forgiveness. Souls are exposed and must be rescued. Her services, her ordinances, her altars and sacraments, the ministrations of her priests, her holy days and festivals, the very chiming of her bells tell the story of the sinfulness of the human heart and the necessity of forgiveness.

SHE IS EVER WATCHFUL. Her organization gives her authority to command her people in all matters of faith and conduct. She stands first and supreme in every locality. She does not bow to the will of man or any number of men. Established services are not shopped off one side at everybody's request as of minor importance.

Her organization enables her to give special attention to the work of training the children and youth of her fold to become zealous advocates of her doctrines and practices. In early life they are rooted and grounded in the faith. She rocks the cradle in every Catholic home, and has a right to do so. She sings her Masses in the ear of the child until the soul catches the spirit of them. She puts her creeds into object lessons and thus through the eye touches the heart and inspires religious emotions which never die.

LOYALTY TO THE CHURCH.

Another reason for her success is the intense loyalty of her people everywhere in every country, regardless of cost. They are in the Church, a part of the Church, and in the Church to stay until death takes them out of the world. Living and dying they are true to their profession. If they wander away they invariably retrace their steps and seek forgiveness. They are loyal to their system of doctrines. No one can be a Catholic without believing something

without any effort at discount. Who ever tries to change the opinion of a son or a daughter in the Church has a big job on hand and will doubtless find his head white before the work is finished. The speaker had yet to find a Catholic going about the streets criticizing his Church, finding fault with her doctrines or defaming the character of those who serve at her consecrated altars. Their loyalty in this respect is worthy of commendation. Surely it is not difficult to see in this fact one element of victory. Catholics are loyal to the services of their Church. A little foolish whim does not keep them from the sacraments and Masses, and in this they are right. They are a church going people year in and year out. Through storm and sunshine, snow and sleet, they bend their way to the altars of their fathers, to the altars of their Church.

"BEHOLD THY MOTHER."

The Beauties of our Faith and the Understanding of our Holy Religion—Sermon by Rev. G. J. Lucas, D.D., of Archbald, Pa.

Hall, full of grace.—Luke, I, 23.

In the rules of the Sodality of the B. V. M. we read: "The end of this sodality is virtue and Christian piety and progress in the study of literature and science." The chief literature is the appreciation of the beauties of our faith, the chief science is the understanding of our holy religion. This literature and science paramount are indispensable, if ours is to be, as the Apostle Peter enjoins, "a reasonable service." If we are to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us. This reasonable service has at all times flourished in the Church of God, and the luminous intellects of a Paul, a Cyprian, an Augustine, and, later on, a Francis de Sales; and the long and august ranks of confessors, theologians, doctors which march in procession before us up the centuries from the apostolic times to the present hour, terminating in the venerable figure of the reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII., are the mightiest array of intellectual witnesses that the world has ever beheld. And what do they witness? The celestial fact that the faith of Holy Church is a reasonable service, and that it constitutes the perfection, the crown, the glory of the human reason.

In consonance with this reasonable service, this divine literature and science, I think it meet and useful on the present occasion to state in brief the doctrine of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and after to speak of its practical value.

It is a fundamental principle in the social order to honor the great, to imitate the excellent, by means of intercessors to obtain favors of the powerful. This principle is equally fundamental in the order of grace. To honor the saints, to imitate them, to ask their intercession with God for us, by their prayers, this is what we call devotion to the saints. To honor the Blessed Virgin as the chiefest saint, to beg her as the most perfect pattern, to beg her to intercede for us before the throne of grace, as the most potent patron, constitutes the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Paul requests the Roman Christians to pray for him; the Prophet Jeremiah after death supplicates for the Jews; Moses went up on the mountain and besought the Lord, saying: "Why, O Lord, is thy indignation kindled against thy people, whom thou has brought out of the land of Egypt? Let not the Egyptians say, I beseech thee: He craftily brought them out, that he might kill them on the mountains, and destroy them from the earth: let Thy anger cease and be appeased upon Thy people." And the sacred volume adds that, through the prayer of Moses, "The Lord was appeased from doing the evil which he had spoken against His people."

If Moses and Paul, even before their death, it even any ordinary person while in this life, as yet uncrowned and unsainted, can intercede for us with God, why cannot the crowned and sainted blessed and the Queen of Heaven have the power to pray for us? Assuredly they can, and this consoling doctrine is not only reasonable, but is a balm and a solace to our earthly sorrows. It is a golden link which unites our exile on earth with the angels and saints and the Queen of Saints in heaven; it is already an entrance and a glimpse into the celestial radiance of our eternal home.

If devotion to the saints is meet and salutary, what shall we say of devotion to Mary? "Hall, full of grace," said the celestial ambassador. Full of grace! Who ever heard of angel's grace! Who ever heard of grace? Full of lips that he was full of grace? Full of grace, that is adorned with every virtue; full of grace, that is without spot or shadow; full of grace, that is from the first dawn of her existence an unsullied masterpiece from the hands of the Most High.

This fullness of grace began at the first moment of her existence. The Prophet Jeremiah and the Baptist St. John were born immaculate, but they were conceived maculate, but she was not only born immaculate, but she was conceived immaculate. The Church conceived the immaculate nativity of Jerusalem and John; of Mary alone she sings the Immaculate Conception.

And why this fullness of grace, this immaculateness of birth and conception? The reason sings to your soul in responsive voice: Mary was predestined to a dignity beyond all created parallel; God might create new and vaster spheres, more potent races of mortals, sublimer hierarchies of angels, but He could not call into existence a more exquisite, a more exalted being

than the Mother of God. In the sphere of pure creatures, the Divine Maternity is the *chef d'oeuvre* of the Blessed Trinity.

Mary is the Mother of God. She is not the Mother of the divinity; the divine nature is uncreated, eternal before all the worlds. She is not the Mother of the second person of the Blessed Trinity according to His divine nature, which would be the same as being Mother of the divinity. But she is the Mother of God the Son, according to His human nature, which she conceived of flesh of her flesh by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, and brought forth into the world. He, as man, was born of her; she became the Mother of the God Man, and because the God Man is God, she, by being the Mother of the God Man, is by the very fact Mother of God.

With truth, therefore, is she full of grace, with truth was she conceived immaculate. Had she been conceived in sin, the King of kings would have been born of a slave of Satan, He would have been born of a bond woman when He could have been born of a free; the dishonor of the slavery of the Mother would have discredited the royal freedom of her Son; the servitude of the Mother would have tainted the blood of the Royal Child and turned it into a mockery.

The Mother of God! What a lofty height of honor, what consequent and proportionate power and influence with her Divine Son! Hers "is a throne in heaven, far above all other created powers, mediatorial, intercessory, a title archetypal, a crown bright as the morning stars; robes pure as the heavens. What is her name? the mother of fair love, and fair and holy hope. Exalted like a palm tree in Engaddi, and a rose plant in Jericho. She is the red out of the stem of Jesse," says St. Jerome, and "the Eastern gate through which the High Priest goes in and goes out and is ever shut." "The unsullied shell," says St. Proclus, "which contains the pearl of price; the sacred shrine of sinlessness; the golden altar of holocaust; the heifer, whose ashes"—that is the Lord's body taken from her—"cleanses those who are defiled by the pollution of sin; the fair bride of the Canticles, the Church's diadem, the expression of orthodoxy."

This is what we hold with those venerable voices, and what the Church has held from the beginning. Like many other Catholic doctrines, this teaching has been greatly misrepresented. Dr. Chalmers, the Bishop of Goulburn, but the other day said that "The Roman worship of the Blessed Virgin is an insuperable barrier to the reunion of Christendom;" that we "constitute the Blessed Virgin an object of supreme worship;" that we "exalt her to the throne of the Eternal Godhead;" that we "admit the deification of Mary."

Such a singular misrepresentation will scarcely be a help to the reunion of Christendom. And the Rev. Dr. Hodge, who ought to be a leader of light and not of darkness, states in the third volume of his "Systematic Theology" that: "It is hardly necessary to refer to the litany of the B. V. M., as a further proof of her idolatrous worship."

We thank God that in this enlightened and liberal century, when all creeds are cherishing mutual friendliness and respect, and informing themselves more accurately as regards the tenets of our holy faith, this spirit of misstatement must fade and fail, and be buried with the obsolete and departed past. We believe that Jesus Christ is the final term of all other devotions; that He is our sole Mediator, in the strict sense, that the intercessory mediocrity of angels and saints, the Blessed Virgin included, consists simply in their prayers for us through the merits of our Lord and Saviour; and that the intercession is just and useful, and, as we have seen, according to Scripture and to right reason. We maintain that Mary is but a mere creature that came from the hands of the Omnipotent, and is in comparison with His Infinite Majesty less than a grain—in fact, that she is nothing at all. If devotion to Mary removed us but an atom from Jesus Christ, we would instantly reject it as false and illusive, as a snare of the devil. But we know that the glories of the Virgin are the reflection of the glories of her Child, and that every crown that is wreathed for our Heavenly Mother is laid at the feet of her Divine Son.

The Protestant poets, our own Longfellow and Edgar Allan Poe, and Father Faber in exquisitely tender verse express the true devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Father Faber's poem begins: "Mother of mercy, day by day My love of these grows more and more; Thy gifts are strewn upon my way Like sands up on the great seashore."

"But scornful men have coldly said Thy love was leading me from God; And yet in this I did but tread from The very path my Saviour trod."

"They know but little of thy worth Who speak these heartless words to me; And, oh! how can I love thy Son, Sweet Mother, if I love not thee?"

And Edgar Allan Poe: "At morn, at noon, at twilight dim, Maria! thou hast heard my hymn, In joy and weal, in good and ill, Mother of God be with me still, When the hours flow brightly by, And not a cloud obscured the sky, My soul, lest it should truant be, Thy grace did guide to thine and thee. Now, when storms of fate o'ercrest Darkly my present and my past, Let my future radiant shine, With sweet lips of thee and thine."

Love is the charm of life wherever found, whether in cottage or mansion.

Little Boy Blue.

The following is a copy of a little poem by the late Eugene Field. It makes a pretty recitative piece for children and should be committed to memory by each of the little ones, in the home or school.

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

Ireland.

"THE POOREST OF THEM ALL." But they made answer to him, "Nay!" They were lords and ladies' sons; And he, the poorest of them all, Was born in an ox's stall.

What a grumpy old woman was Nanny Fox! How she used to storm at her little grandson Charlie; and when she was not crippled and helpless with rheumatism, how she used to beat him too! Even the rough crew of Tilt Street, Dublin, where Nanny lived, cried shame on her for her ill-use of little Charlie.

Not that Charlie ever complained, or made a fuss about any of his trials. He was a plucky little chap, and his natural courage was strengthened by the grace of God given him in the sacraments and by prayer.

Charlie's father, old Nanny's son, had married when he was quiet young. His wife had died when Charlie was born; she had been weak and ailing for some time, and her husband had not money enough to buy her food and nourishing things to keep her alive.

Nanny was a wicked old woman. She had drowned in all the whispers of her conscience in gin, long ago; and if at times loud warnings would make herself heard, she hugged the devil closer to her heart, till at last she heard no voice, obeyed no dictates, but his, Charlie took care of the mice, and went about the streets with them trying to sell them. It was not such a poor business, after all. Many children liked to watch the little pets running up ladders, playing hide and seek, and doing the other pretty tricks that Charlie taught them; and they generally begged pennies from their nurses or parents to give to Charlie, who would have got on very well as far as money was concerned if it had not been for his grandmother. But old Nanny took all his money from him at the end of the day, and spent most of it for gin.

Charlie could have kept it from her had he chosen, for, of course he need not have told her how much money he had taken during the day; but he had promised his father to be good to her—his father had not foreseen the result—and he could never tell a lie, or deceive the least little bit in the world, not even though his grandmother took the money for gin, and left him half-starved and in rags. Drink is so selfish, so unkind; it uproots the feelings that are deepest rooted by God in our hearts—the longing for Him and the love of our own relations.

When Nanny was ill, Charlie was as gentle and forbearing with her as a Sister of Charity. Not that he was perfect. Now and then, when she sent him to the public house at the end of the street to spend some of his hard-won coppers on gin, Charlie would stand in the street outside the door of the "Red Lion" for a moment and stamp his foot, and say dreadful words, in his rage that such things should be.

Now and then, too, he would watch some well-dressed boy of his own age. There was one in particular he often saw walking by the side of his mother or companions, chatting gaily, and going in and out of dry, sweet, or book shops; and dark, rebellious thoughts would come into the poor boy's heart,

and a half-voiced murmur against God for making him poor.

One winter in particular, old Nanny was very trying. She began by taking all the money she could get for gin, and often Charlie had not enough for good. It was no unusual thing for him to have only a hunch of dry bread for his dinner, and neither breakfast nor supper. He was more than usually cheerful and patient, however, for he was preparing for confirmation; and Father Southwell, who was instructing him, guessing at many things in Charlie's life that the boy kept secret, took advantage of the time, not only to fit his instructions with the boy's daily need, but also to keep him back sometimes when the rest of the class was dismissed, to give him a few kind, encouraging words, to help him on his way.

You who are surrounded by loving friends and relatives little know the worth of kind words of sympathy to a soul that is in its daily struggle alone but for unseen help.

One day Charlie was coming home, after a long tramp; it was so cold and snowy that few people had ventured out, and Charlie did not like to disturb the little mice, in their warm nest of hay, to make them perform. He met a funny little old gentleman in Tilt street—a most unusual place to meet anyone in clean, respectable clothes.

"Ah! you're the white-mice boy?" he said, stopping Charlie.

"Yes, sir," answered Charlie, who remembered to see the old gentleman in church and in a house at the other end of the town, where the rich people lived.

"Well, and where do you live, and where are your father and mother?" Charlie thought the old gentleman very inquisitive, but being a very modest, courteous boy, he answered quietly:

"I live at No. 17, sir; and my father and mother are dead."

"Do you live alone?" asked the old gentleman.

"No, sir; I live with my grandmother."

"What's her name?" was the next question.

"Nanny Fox," answered Charlie, more and more astonished, and truth to tell, a little annoyed at being catechised so abruptly.

"And how much do you make a day?"

"Sometimes ninepence or a shilling; never more than that. Sometimes I don't sell anything or take any coppers all day."

"You'll never make your fortune at that rate," said the old gentleman.

"And how much do you give to your grandmother?"

"All I get," Charlie answered sharply, for he was getting very angry at having his affairs pried into.

"All! Stuff and nonsense! Don't tell lies, boy," said the old gentleman tartly.

"Very well, sir. Why did you ask me all those questions, which are no business of yours, if you did not intend to believe me?"

The old gentleman was more pleased with Charlie's sudden blaze of wrath than he cared to show. He chuckled away in his white silk handkerchief that was muffled all about his throat and ears, but he only said:

"Here's sixpence for you, boy."

"I don't want your sixpence," answered Charlie.

"Why won't you take it? You take money from other people."

"That's for my white mice, or for making them act," said the boy. "If I let you pay me for answering your question, you might come and ask some more to-morrow, and I won't answer them."

Charlie was very angry. He hated the old man and would have gone home penniless rather than take his money.

curled up in the most comfortable chair in the room, reading.

"Late again, father," said Annie, getting up and moving a chair near the fire for Sir Charles. "It's 6 o'clock, but we waited afternoon tea for you, as it was such a wretched afternoon." Be it noted the little boy did not offer a move, not even to look up and smile a greeting to his grandfather.

"Where have you been?" asked Lady Felton, as she gave Sir Charles his tea.

"In Tilt Street, making inquiries about that little white-mice boy that we have all taken a fancy to."

"Oh! I am so glad, father," said Annie. "I hope he is the little saint we think him."

"Very nearly, very nearly," answered Sir Charles. He told them all he had heard about Charlie.

"He's a namesake of yours, Charlie," he added, turning to his little grandson. But the boy gave no answering smile. He looked up for a moment from his book half-contemptuously and then went on reading.

He had only been with his grandfather and grandmother for a month or two, since his father's regiment had been ordered out to India, and his mother had gone too. At home he had been left to himself a great deal; his mother spoiled him or took no notice of him. His father was never at home, and being supposed to be too delicate to go to school, he had had a private tutor, who came only for three hours in the morning. Charlie had been left a great deal to the servants, who had filled his head with pride and nonsense. The consequence of all this was that he was a very disagreeable, overbearing little boy, and considered it an insult to his dignity to have a poor street boy spoken of as his namesake.

His grandfather noticed his disdainful manner, and, being very particular about respectful behavior in children, ordered him out of the room.

"That boy is perfectly unbearable, with his airs and graces," he said. "He is so rude and unmanly, too."

"Yes, it's a great pity," said Lady Felton.

"The only grandson, too, and always the eldest. But I think we shall be able to do something with him, and he will get a lot of it knocked out of him at school."

"What have you been doing all day?" asked Sir Charles of his daughter.

"I have been out with coal tickets this morning. We went for a drive in the afternoon, and since then I have been practising for the concert in the school-room to-morrow."

Soon it was time to dress for dinner, so they had no further talk about either of the Charlies, though they were none the less the subject of much thought. Sir Charles could not help contrasting their behavior to their grandparents.

"And the difference between them," he said in a loud voice in the middle of dinner, to everybody's surprise.

"Difference between what?" asked Annie, laughing.

"Your mother and that poor boy's grandmother," he answered warmly.

"And to think—" but suddenly remembering the servants, he relapsed into silent thought.

The next day the ground was covered with snow. Charlie, our first friend, started out with his mice, for it was a bright, clear day, and he thought he would be sure to get some buyers, for many people would be about shopping now, it was so near Christmas.

When he came to the upper part of the town, which was more like country than town, with its detached houses in their large gardens and wide roads with avenues of trees, he saw a lot of boys making a snow man. When they had finished it, they began to shy snowballs at the pipe they had stuck in its mouth.

Charlie, unthinking, and with a boy's love of fun, made up a snowball and threw it. It struck the barrel of the pipe and knocked it out of the snow man's mouth.

"Bravo!" cried most of the boys, in admiration of the good aim. But one of them came up to him and said laughingly, "Go away! What right have you to shy at our snow man, you dirty little cad?"

Not a blow with Nanny's crutch, or a cold night on the bare floor, would have made the poor boy wince with pain, or the tears gather in his eyes, as did these cruel words uttered by Charlie Felton. Little did the latter know his grandfather was within sight and earshot.

"Shame!" cried the other boys, and one of them ran after Charlie Fox and asked him to come back and share in the game. But he was too deeply wounded, and he ran off. Just as he was turning a corner of the road he met the little old gentleman of the night before.

"Ah! my boy, we have met again. I wanted to see you. The day after to-morrow's Christmas Day, and you and I will forget that we misunderstood each other last night, and you will come to wish me 'a merry Christmas' after High Mass. I live at Felton House, but in case I miss you after church or you forget, I have written it down on this piece of paper.

Giving Charlie the piece of paper, he bustled off.

Charlie Felton came in to luncheon glowing with health and fun; he was rather surprised at his grandfather's dry, short remarks at his grandfather's. "But he is such a queer old stick," he said to himself.

In the evening he went to the concert in the school. He enjoyed the first part very much. He always

imagined himself of much importance when he went out with his grandfather, as every one made so much of Sir Charles, for all loved and honored the good old man.

In the second part of the programme was a pretty old Christmas carol sung by four of the school children, each taking a different part. It is an old English one, not so well known as many others, though beautiful in the lesson it teaches.

Charlie could not make out why his grandfather fixed his eyes on him with such a meaning look. I will give some of the verses here, and you will discover, as Charlie did, at the third verse what Sir Charles meant by it.

As it fell out one May morning, On one bright holiday, Sweet Jesus asked of His dear Mother If He might go and play.

To play, to play, sweet Jesus shall go, As any tongue can tell, And let me hear of no complaint At night when you come home.

Sweet Jesus went down to yonder town, As far as the Holy Well, And there did see as fine children As any tongue can tell. He said: "God bless you every one, And Christ your portion be, Little children, shall I play with you? And you shall play with Me."

But they made answer to him, "Nay!" They were lords and ladies' sons; And he, the poorest of them all, Was born in an ox's stall.

Sweet Jesus turned him about, And He neither laughed nor smiled, But tears came trickling from His eyes Like water from the skies.

Charlie grew redder and more uncomfortable every moment under his grandfather's gaze. He guessed now that Sir Charles had seen his unkindness to the little white-mice boy in the morning.

And poor Charlie, who was there owing to the kind forethought of Father Southwell, his only friend, who gave him any little treat he could, rejoiced in thinking that at least in one point he resembled our most sweet Lord, who, with His dear Mother, suffered such poverty and hardship and contempt for our sake.

Nothing more was said by Sir Charles, but on Christmas morning after High Mass, when Charlie Fox came to Felton House, his little name and frankly-spoken regret for his cruel speech about the snow man, and offered to give all his Christmas presents to make amends.

He was as active as his grandfather ever after in trying to be kind to the poor, especially to Charlie Fox, who was given regular work in the garden by Sir Charles; and the boys became such friends that when they were grown up and Sir Charles and his son died and little Charlie succeeded to the title and estates, his namesake was made his agent—nay, more, his confidential and honored friend.

Dear children, the winter is as cold now as then; the poor suffer in as great reality; all around us are the poor, the sick and the sad. If we cannot give alms, if we cannot go on errands of mercy and charity, we can at least speak words of brotherly love and comfort. We can love all, as we would wish to be loved ourselves. Is it much to ask of us one little encouraging sentence to some one weary at heart, one little act of self-denial to help the needy? Much? No, nothing for the love of our most sweet Lord? We can never, never love Him enough, never do anything to show the millionth part of our gratitude to Him. And let us not forget our dearest Mother, Mary; let us ask of her to help us give ourselves and all we have in the best and wisest way to sweet Jesus for His Christmas gift. We will offer our gifts through her, for then we know they will be accepted; for her Son will welcome all that comes through her hands, and we shall be safe in His keeping now and ever more.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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CHURCH BELL MANUFACTURING

Take Heart of Grace.

BY NORA FERRY.
Take heart of grace, begin anew.
To-day's to-day, not yesterday.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sunday Within the Octave of Christmas.

RETROSPECT.

Between remembering the old year and looking forward to the new year, this day should be a busy one for the Christian.

There are two kinds of examination of conscience, both of which are good. One is done at fixed times by some arrangement with one's self honestly adhered to.

Brethren, I wish all of you had something of this high gift. But for most of us I may truly say that the examination of conscience which will benefit us will be that made at set times; of course, at confession.

Let us face about, therefore, brethren, and look back over the past twelve months, and question the seasons of the old year.

Let us face about, therefore, brethren, and look back over the past twelve months, and question the seasons of the old year. How did I begin the old year and how did I behave myself last winter?

Catarrah in the Head

Is due to impure blood, and cannot be cured with local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured hundreds of cases of catarrah because it purifies the blood.

Hood's PILLS become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhea, griping pains and summer complaints.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other remedies fail. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Merry Christmas.

BY CARLOS.

Merry Christmas! Listen, listen! Hearken to the joybells pealing; Children's eyes with gladness gleaming, Overcome by happy feeling.

Merry Christmas! O how merry For the little folks well dressed In rich attire! Yes, tis very Merry when you are caressed!

Merry Christmas! some are thinking, In their tars all wrapped and rolled; Not so merry to go shrinking, Shivering in the bitter cold!

Merry Christmas! If you're able, Child of sorrow, lift your head, Gaze upon the roofless Stable, See the Babe of Bethlehem's bed!

Merry Christmas! Don't be jealous Of those children richly dressed, For the Holy Fathers tell us That Christ loves the poor the best!

Merry Christmas! Child of sorrow, Are you better than your Lord? To-day you grieve; but O to-morrow Endless will be thy reward!

Merry Christmas! Swell the chorus Of the angels in the sky, Whose choirs still are chanting o'er us Glory be to God on High!

The Orphans and the Waif.

BY PHILIP DEANE.

Poets had sung of it in the past. Authors had written story after story about it. Magazines had issued special numbers, printed in attractive colors, in honor of the joyous season.

As Rose Marlowe sat at the bedside of her young sister Ray, her heart felt as if some sharp, cruel thing had stung it.

Christmas for Rose meant poverty, bitterness and gloom. Ray was dangerously ill; only one loaf of bread was in the house, and there was just enough to pay for Ray's medicine.

The bells were ringing for joy, but their music only taunted Rose with her misfortunes.

Truly such a condition as she and Ray were in was most sad and pitiable.

Two orphans they were, and had known the fierce struggle with hideous poverty all their lives.

Rose was sixteen, and earned a small living as a factory girl, which means of support had to suffice for herself and Ray, who, even when well, did not work, being always delicate and but eight years of age.

Ray had been sleeping, but the chimes of the Christmas bells awoke her.

"Oh, Rose, I have just had such a sweet dream!"

"A dream? What was it about, dearest?"

"I dreamed that a bright, beautiful angel came to take me to heaven. We were just about going through the gates, which were all gold and flowers, when the bells awoke me. A strange dream, wasn't it, Rose? What did it mean? Am I dying, sister darling? Perhaps I am; and maybe the angel thought to let me know, so that I would kiss you goodbye."

"Oh, Ray, do not talk that way!" moaned Rose in a voice of despair as tears welled up in her eyes.

"It was only a dream, and dreams seldom come true. Would you want to die and leave poor Rose all alone? Think how lonely I should be when returning from work, to find no darling Ray here to meet me with her loving kiss. You would be sleeping in your little grave and my life would be all dark and sad. Oh, say, darling, that you do not want to leave me!"

"No, sister dear; I do not want to leave you. Though it must be ever so lovely in Heaven, I would rather stay with you since it would make you so lonely without me."

The wretched clock on the mantel struck seven, and this roused Rose to the fact that she must hasten out to purchase Ray's medicine, as there was none left of the last bottle.

"Good-by, dearest, only for a few moments," said Rose, affectionately kissing Ray's pale flower-like face, as she rose from her seat at the bedside to don her shabby red cloak and hood.

Rose left the house, with Ray's languid brown eyes looking lovingly after her, seeming to speak that Ray longed for her return.

Rose flitted along through the snow-covered streets, praying hard that Heaven would not let little Ray die.

Rose Marlowe little dreamed that on that Christmas day she was to meet with the strangest events her life would ever experience.

She had scarcely gone two blocks when she suddenly noticed a peculiar bundle half buried in the deep snow.

"I wonder what that is?" thought Rose. "I have a notion to see. No, I won't, either. It is a bundle of rags, no doubt, which some one has thrown there. I had better not touch them. They may contain the germs of some sickness, and I shouldn't for the world want to take any disease home to Ray. She is dangerously sick now, as it is."

Although these warning thoughts thronged Rose's brain, she, nevertheless, experienced a compelling inspiration to examine the bundle, even after she had passed it.

She obeyed the summons within her and returned to the spot where the bundle lay.

If Rose had not done so there would have been no story for me to tell, and her life and Ray's would never have drifted into the strange fortunes of which you shall learn later on.

Rose stooped down and opened the covering of the mysterious object.

As she did so a loud cry broke from her lips, and she was startled beyond words.

"It is a living babe!" she exclaimed. "Oh! who could have been

so cruel as to leave it to die in the snow?"

Rose reasoned as to what she should do for a moment.

"I ought to notify a policeman about it," she told herself. "I do not see one around," she added, as she looked up and down the deserted street. "Something tells me that I had better carry the little thing home. I will."

She raised the infant, who was sound asleep, from its cold resting-place, and drew it under her ample cloak.

"I hope it is not dead. I'm almost afraid to disturb it to see, it looks such a frail little thing."

Rose proceeded on her way to the druggist's, which was not far away, her right arm firmly encircling the foundling.

To have seen Rose as she continued on through the street no one would have suspected that she held so strange a burden, a burden more precious to some one than Rose could imagine.

She procured Ray's medicine and hastened home again.

Rose had almost forgotten Ray in her sudden surprise.

"Oh, Ray, just try to think what I have under my cloak," cried Rose, as she hurriedly entered their dingy room.

As she spoke Rose noticed a change for the better in Ray, who seemed much brighter than she had some moments before.

"I cannot think, Rose. Is it a doll?"

"A doll? I should say it was, a living doll." And Rose took the infant out from under her cloak.

The waif's face was beautiful, and to the amusement and delight of Rose and Ray, its eyes were open wide, and seemed to be laughing at its protector.

"Oh, you little rosybud!" cried Rose, after the fashion of girls who fondle babies; and, as girls always do in such cases, she imparted a kiss on the little red mouth.

Thanks to the thick clothes that swaddled it the infant had not suffered in the least from the cold or snow.

"See, Ray; his—I suppose its a boy; his clothing is rich and fine. He seems like the child of well-to-do people."

"Lay him here in the bed by me," said Ray. "I'll play with him. I don't think I'm going to die, after all. That dream made me think so. I feel ever so much better than I did."

"I'm glad of that, dear. I was more alarmed about you than I dared to say."

The very little person in the bed was beginning to feel hungry.

There was nothing backward about him, so he made known his wants by a series of lusty yells, this being his method of speech, as he knew nothing of French, German or English.

"He's hungry, I think," said Ray. "There is a loaf of bread here."

"I have no milk, though I might borrow some from Mrs. Ryan. I'll go across the hall and ask her for some!"

Rose hastened across to Mrs. Ryan's room and made known her desire, at the same time telling the warm-hearted woman of her strange guest.

"A baby?" exclaimed Mrs. Ryan. "And you found him in the snow, did you? Well, that is queer."

Mrs. Ryan busied herself getting the milk, while Rose stood waiting near the table whereon lay the morning's Herald.

Suddenly Rose was startled by the heading of one of its columns. It read: A WOMAN'S MAD CRIME.

Rose read every line of the thrilling news that column contained.

"What is it that's so interesting?" asked Mrs. Ryan, who had returned long before Rose was aware of it, so engrossed with the paper was she.

"I am reading about a woman, a nurse, who, in a moment of madness, stole a child from its mother in bed, and escaped with it in some way the authorities cannot fathom. They cannot find the woman, either. They say she is insane."

"How terrible!"

"What if the very infant I have found should be the one that was stolen, Mrs. Ryan?"

"That would indeed be amazing!"

"I think I will go up to the house mentioned in the paper. It is No. 1009 Sixth street. The Herald states that the babe's mother is at death's door from the shock. The child is but five days old."

"Poor woman! I'll care for your sister while you are gone, Rose."

"I wonder if I ought to take the babe with me?"

"Don't do it. Let its friends accompany you back to your home."

Leaving Mrs. Ryan to feed the infant and look after it and Ray, Rose started off.

It was not very long before she reached the end of her walk and paused in front of a handsome residence, the home of the wealthy Jacob Armstrong, whose name was known throughout New York.

Rose was admitted to the rich man's presence, and hurriedly told him all the reader knows.

The man was startled and amazed, and immediately determined to accompany her home.

"Heaven grant that the child you have found is mine, girl! If it is, then you may count yourself the luckiest girl in the city. I have money in plenty, and your recompense shall be a great one, if through you my lost one be restored."

Mr. Armstrong donned his fur-lined overcoat, his seal skin cap and gloves, and then he and Rose started off for the latter's home.

As they hastened along, side by

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

side, it seemed odd to note that he who was rich was hopefully depending for great happiness upon her who was poor.

At last the two reached the tenement where Rose and Ray dwelt.

Both hurriedly climbed the creaking stairs, and a few moments later they found themselves in the room occupied by Mrs. Ryan and her two charges.

The next moment a look of joy—a look that these present never forgot—overspread Mr. Armstrong's face, and he caught up the infant from the bed in a clasp that expressed his delight far better than can.

"My dear young girl," said Mr. Armstrong, turning to Rose, "I can never reward you sufficiently for the happiness you have brought me this day. I was about to offer a reward of ten thousand dollars to the finder of my child. Of course, you shall receive the money. You have not only saved my child's life by sheltering it, but have saved the life of its mother also. She will get well immediately when she hears the joyful news. I would rather lose every dollar I possess than part from my wife or child."

Surely that Christmas morning was a most happy one for the Marlowe girls! Can the reader imagine a stranger leap from poverty to fortune than theirs?

The Armstrong heir was taken home, to the indescribable joy of his yearning mother.

Mrs. Ryan cooked the Christmas dinner that day, and Rose and Ray enjoyed it as they had never enjoyed a meal before.

Of course Ray was too weak to partake of heavy food; but she indulged in a tempting repast of buttered toast, jelly and tea, and a sweet wing of turkey.

Nurse Nixon, the woman who had abducted the child, was afterward found.

The poor woman must not be censured for what she did, for her actions had been prompted by a disordered mind, due to a family grief she had suffered from. She had left the babe in the snow, with the insane belief that it would be better off if dead. Infants should die, she had reasoned madly, rather than live to suffer the cruelties of the world. The unfortunate woman died on New Year's Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong ever after looked upon Rose and Ray with great parental love, and eventually took the two orphans to live with them permanently in their elegant home.

The waif of the snow is a handsome boy of ten now. His name is Lester Marlowe Armstrong. Rose and Ray, whom he considers as his grown sisters, never tire of telling him the story of how he was found asleep in the snow on that memorable Christmas morning.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER ON ANTI-CATHOLIC CALUMNIES.

Catholics know well that one of the chief obstacles to Christian reunion is, so far as Protestants are concerned, the prevalence among Protestants of mistaken, or even slanderous, notions of what the Catholic Church really is and what it teaches. To all acquainted with the extent of this ignorance and misconception the outlook for the removal of this obstacle, by any merely human means at least, is far from bright. But there can be no doubt that one of the first steps towards it must be to have Protestants themselves begin to realize that they have been unjust in their thoughts about us. The trouble is that most Protestants wholly misunderstand us, and they remain immovably firm in this, because from their childhood up they have always been taught falsehoods about us by teachers who had themselves been in the same manner deceived in good faith, as one might say. Our Protestant fellow-citizens, friends and neighbors, have all inherited more or less of the fund of anti-Catholic calumnies accumulated through three centuries of war, controversy and distrust. They keep possession of this inheritance merely because no one whom they trust has called in question its value.

A Protestant minister of Boston, the Rev. Silliman Blagden, has done good service to the cause of Christian reunion by a letter addressed to another Protestant, and published in full in the New York Sun (Dec. 1). It was a reply, evidently, to some questions regarding the various slanderous stories about Catholicity that are being constantly put into circulation by some of the villainous secret societies that are aiming to have Catholics proscribed on account of religion. Mr. Blagden sets out by saying that "it is well written, 'I said in my haste, All men are liars,' (Psalms cxvi., 2; Romans iii., 4)," and then adds that "the very hardest thing to accomplish upon this sin-cursed and devil-possessed earth is to get at God's truth, and to have His truth have free course, and to be glorified." To all of which Catholics, while declining to accept the Calvinism that believes the earth to be "devil-possessed," must assent. Now the lies with which Mr. Blagden is chiefly con-

cerned in this letter are the lies that are told about the Catholic Church and the Catholic Christian religion. He says he has made an investigation of these lies. As to one class of them, he says:

"And what is more, I have never yet found a good Catholic would deny anything in 'The Word of God' from lid to lid; they don't deny all the fearful and terrible warnings; nor do they try to wriggle and squirm from under their awful denunciations and penalties for sin; they believe in the whole Holy Bible just as it is and without any niccups or hiccoughs! And can you say as much as this for all our clergy and people? Now this is the kind of faith I both admire and love, for it is this kind of faith whereby alone we can make our calling and election sure! Amen."

And farther on he says:

"I have found that the Catholic clergy and communicants are every whit as good and faithful Christians as ourselves, to say the least, and some of them set us Christ-like examples that would be well indeed for all our clergy and people to emulate and follow. In the name of God and for Christ's sake, don't believe all the blasphemous mass of lying stories and reports and statements which we hear and read if you really love the truth and wish to be guided by God's truth as it is in Jesus and if you wish His truth to make you free."

And towards the end:

"And go and get personally and intimately acquainted with our brethren in Jesus, in the Roman Catholic Church and read their Douay Bible, books and histories and listen to them tell their side of the case and hear them preach the 'Old, Old Story' of Jesus and His love and the everlasting Gospel in its entirety, and then you will be only too quick to cheerfully and enthusiastically and thankfully say amen to all the above and far more also."

The reader will observe from the extracts given above the earnestness and the righteous spirit that actuate this Protestant minister, who is stirred with indignation at the mass of lies that are afloat about us. The influence for good of such a letter as that must be very great on the minds of the multitude of readers under whose eyes it may fall. If only our non-Catholic brethren could be led to have some doubt as to the correctness of what they have heard and read and believed about Catholicity, all of them who are not innate rogues or too dull to reason would at once, according to their circumstances, begin to inquire in earnest. The trouble is they don't know, but they think they know, and they hold stubbornly to their stock of misinformation, as if it were too precious to lose.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Pains of Purgatory.

Different opinions exist among divines as to the extent of the sufferings of the holy souls, says The Little Pilgrim of Old Lady of Martyrs. There is a rigid view which makes their positive sufferings practically the same as those of the damned, with the essential difference, however, that they are not eternal. This view is represented by the Fathers and great Doctors of the Church. It may be thus summarized—that it is the same fire by which the damned are punished and the elect purified. Others, again, make the condition of the holy souls a much more bearable one, in which misery and happiness are so combined that the latter far outweighs the former.

"Both these views," says Father Faber, "agree as to the helplessness of the holy souls. They lie like the paralytic at the pool. Not even the coming of the angel is any blessing to them, unless there be some one of us to help them."

A Remarkable Conversion.

The conversion of Madame Helena Nyblom, one of the most brilliant authors in the Scandinavian countries, will no doubt help to destroy anti-Catholic prejudice in Sweden. That there is plenty of prejudice in Sweden to combat was shown by the bitter criticism invoked by her conversion, despite her social position and her fame as an author. Her husband, who is a university professor and one of the eighteen members of the Swedish Academy, translated Shakespeare and Moore into Scandinavian; and Mme. Nyblom herself has published many successful novels, besides a volume of poems. Writing to a friend about her conversion she says: "It only strikes one after having been received into the Church that it is perfectly incomprehensible how men who think, and at the same time wish to be Christians, can find a harbor anywhere else than in the Church of Christ."

Do not dally with rheumatism. Get rid of it at once by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

TOO WEAK TO WALK.

Friends had Given up Hope of Recovery—The Trouble Began With a Cough Which Settled on the Lungs—Subject to Fainting Spells, and at Last Forced to Take to Bed—Restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—When All Other Medicines Had Failed.

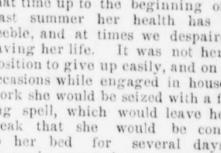
From L. Impartial, Tignish, P. E. I.

Mr. Dominick P. Chiasson, who lives on the Harper Road, about two miles from the town of Tignish, P. E. I., personally took the trouble to bring before the notice of the editor of The Impartial, the particulars of the cure of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. A. D. Chiasson, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The case is certainly a remarkable one, and we cannot do better than give it in Mr. Chiasson's own words. "My son's wife," said he, "has been sick for some seven years past, but previous to that time was a strong, healthy person. Just about seven years ago she took a severe cold, which attacked her lungs, and from that time up to the beginning of the past summer her health has been feeble, and at times we despaired of saving her life. It was not her disposition to give up easily, and on some occasions while engaged in household work she would be seized with a fainting spell, which would leave her so weak that she would be confined to her bed for several days in a semi-unconscious state. More than once we thought she was dying. There was a continual feeling of numbness in her limbs, and almost

constant severe pains in her chest which were only eased by a stooping position. Added to this she was troubled with a hacking cough, sometimes so severe at night that she did not obtain more than a few hours sleep. About the end of 1894 we had given up all hopes of her recovery, and the neighbors were of the same opinion. She was reduced to almost a skeleton, and could scarcely take any nourishment. She had grown so weak that she could not walk across the bedroom floor without help. We had often heard and read of the great cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at this stage, when all else had failed, I urged that they be given a trial, and procured a half dozen boxes. After using them for about three weeks she could walk across her bedroom floor without aid, and from that time on she continued improving in health from day to day. She continued taking the Pink Pills for about four months, with the result that she is now a healthy woman, and it is now no trouble for her to walk to church, a distance of two miles, and the grateful praises of herself and friends will always be given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy which a dealer, for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

Can now Walk to Church.



Can now Walk to Church.

A Wide Range.

A preparation which enriches and purifies the blood and assists nature in repairing wasted tissue must have a wide range of usefulness.

Such a preparation is Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. The uses of Scott's Emulsion are not confined to wasting diseases, like consumption, scrofula or anæmia. They embrace nearly all those minor ailments associated with loss of flesh.

Scott & Bowne, Belleville, 50c. and \$1.

