GUST 21. 1897.

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Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1897.

Mother of grace and mercy,
Behold how burdens three
Weigh down my weary spirit,
And drive me here—to thee.
Three gifts I place forever
Before thy shrine:
The threefold offering of my love,
Mary to thine!

The Past: with all its memories,
Of pain—that stings me yet;
Of sin—that brought repentance;
Of joy—that brought regret.
That which has been:—forever
So bitter-sweet—
I lay in humblest offering
Before thy feet.

The Present: that dark shadow
Through which we toil to day;
The slow drops of the chalice
That must not pass away.
Mother! I dare not struggle,
Still less despair:
I place my Present in thy hands
And leave it there.

The Future: holding all things
Which I can hope or fear,
Brings sin and pain, it may be,
Nearer and yet more near.
Mother! this doubt and shrinking
Will not depart,
Unless I trust my Future
To thy dear heart.

Making the Past my lesson,
Guiding the Present right,
Ruling the misty Future,
Bless them and me to night.
What may be, and what must be,
And what has been,
In thy dear care forever
1 leave, my Queen!
—Adelaide Anne Procter.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY OF THE CHURCH.

Teaching of Scripture and Tradition— An Examination of the Catholic Claim.

The Rev. John Gerard, M. A., S. J. the editor of the Month, in a recent lecture on the subject said: By the term "The Church of Christ" we understand two things distinct but not different—the whole body of those who believe what Jesus Christ taught, and what He wished them to believe; and secondly, the institution which He de signed to carry on His work upon earth, and propagate this belief. Therefore, if we take the phrase in a first sense all are included in the Church who accept in every respect, the teaching of our Lord. If we take it in the second we have to consider by what means Christ intended men to learn His truth, so as to believe what He came to teach, and nothing else.

It is with this second point that we have to do. Christian Faith can be founded only upon the authority of Christ. To have the faith is to believe what He teaches and because He teaches it. For this it is necessary to know what He teaches, and to know without doubt, or else we cannot believe with doubting-that is to say,

we cannot believe at all. We must, therefore, ask what means did Christ appoint by which all men might learn His teachings, and have it with such certainty as to make such knowledge a ground-work on

which to base Faith? To this question there are but two

that of authority; that Christ has left upon earth a body of men to be His representatives, commissioned to speak in His name, and safeguarded by Him from any error in their teaching, so that we may believe without doubting, upon His authority, what they bid us believe. She claims, moreover, her-self to be this body. In order to decide between these opposite views we must attend to some preliminary con-

All Christians are agreed that the truths of Faith were revealed by God, especially through Jesus Christ: that is to say, that they are truths which men could not have discovered for themselves—unless they were made known in a manner beyond nature we could never have known them. All are also agreed that the Bible is the Word of God and teaches us revealed But to learn such revealed truth we must know what it teaches. If we misunderstand it, and then believe our own misinterpretation to be not what the the truth, we believe

Bible teaches, but something different. If all men are to believe aright, all must believe alike. Truth must always be one. If two men differ upon a point of doctrine, both may be wrong, but only one of them can possibly be right. Hence the means appointed to teach men the truth; must be such as to teach them all the same.

Applying these considerations: God might without doubt, had He so chosen, have appointed private judgment as the means for finding truth; but if so He would have so provided that it should lead all to the same conclusion -that, for example, men should all agree in their interpretation of every text of Scripture. God cannot have commanded us to believe, and at the same time withheld the means of knowing what He would have us believe But it avails nothing to have the Bible unless we know what it says. We read (Luke xxiv., 45) that Christ committed by Him to His Apostles that they might comprehend the Scriptures. That He has not done so for each individual man is evident.

secures this unity.

Two other considerations are worthy of attention on this subject. The Church of the Old Testr ment was the work of God, though far less complete and perfect than the Christian Church. In it the most absolute uniformity of doctrine and practice, and even of ritual, was enjoined.

Is it possible to imagine that the Son of God came down from heaven to establish discord and confusion where

and emphatic—

"All power is given Me in heaven and on earth — go ye therefore and teach all nations" (Matt. xviii., 19), "He that heareth you heareth Me" (Luke x., 16). "He that will not hear the Church let him he to you as a lobey her—God, who can neither de-

ance; and not themselves alone in and the truth shall make you free." dividually, but their successors in office to the end of time. We shall seek in vain for any other rule laid

An esteemed correspondent sends the following interesting bit of history, which illustrates Dr. McAllister's idea the Truth? We must discover this by

An esteemed correspondent sends the following interesting bit of history, which illustrates Dr. McAllister's idea of liberty.

"Rev. D. McAllister is one of the control o down by Him for our instruction. the exercise of our reason, which must necessarily precede the exercise of we to accept blindly and without investigation. Our unenlightened rea-son cannot, it is true, discover for son cannot, it is true, discover for itself the solution of all problems and doubts, yet it suffices to recognize the teacher who is competent to solve them for us. We act thus in regard to human learning and science, first satisfying ourselves that a teacher is trustworthy and capable, and then accepting with docility what he telis us, however it may exceed our own capacity to reach. In the same way, our Lord Himself claimed to be heard on account of the works He did, which were evidence of His divine mission; and when this argument was accepted He proceeded to demand implicit submission to all He said (as in the case of Nicodemus). Just so with the Church. She bases her claims upon the credentials she bears, which prove her origin to be supernatural and divine; and To this question there are but two answers which we need consider.

Protestant systems, of all shades, rest belief ultimately upon private judgment. According to them, each man is to select for himself the points of his own faith. The Catholic Church of his own faith of his own fa the wisdom and goodness of the men who convey it to us, but because she is the mouthpiece of Christ Himself, and is guaranteed by Him as a guide that sunday Law, pages 130-140.) cannot lead us astray.

and constant triumph, without worldly resource over the powers of the world, continually aiming at her destruction. Moreover, the very charges brought against her by her enemies suffice to prove that she alone can possibly be

the Church of Christ. We have seen that this is true in regard of the unity of belief upon which she insists. So it is likewise to her claim to be infallible and indefectible. A body that acknowledges its own liability to error cannot be the divinely instituted teacher and witness of truth A religion which is based upon the supposed failure of Christ's promises the following laws: supposed failure of Christ's promises cannot be His representative. If the gates of hell ever prevailed against His Church His solemn assurances were falsified, yet the assumption that this was so is the starting point of all bodies hostile to her. By such an assumption they condemn themselves—indement for her goes by default, for sabbath or fasting day.

121. No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

122. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day.

123. No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

124. The Sabbath shall begin on sunset in degree of the following laws:

125. No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

125. No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

126. No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

127. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day. udgment for her goes by default, for she alone claims to have been ever preserved from error, and to be so to the

The Church being thus recognized how does she fulfil her office of teacher in our regard? She does not claim to receive fresh inspirations, as did the prophets and apostles, but to preserve and transmit those once delivered, intact and incorrupt. She therefore a few on other subjects showing the guards and interprets the Scriptures liberal spirit of the Puritan saints:

they all interpret Scripture differently, and therefore the vast majority wrongly. This cannot be the result of the divinely appointed means to find the truth. On the other hand, authority, as exhibited in the Catholic Church does undoubtedly produce unity of her descriptions. It is that, as in an art or profession, does undoubtedly produce unity of her descriptions. does undoubtedly produce unity of be-lief. each generation learns its business from the practice of that preceding it, This is even made a reproach by her enemies, whereas it is a feature which must necessarily be found in the true Church, if there be a true Church.

Trom the practice of that preceding it, by living and working together, and seeing how things are done, or as children learn their native tongue by hearing their parents talk it—so in the She alone claims universality, and yet Church, God's truth is ever taught by

of God came down from heaven to establish discord and confusion where He found tranquility and harmony? Yet this is what He would have done if abrogating the Law of Moses He had substituted a rule which would inevit ably produce strifes and dissensions.

The utterpraces of own Lord are alore. The utterances of our Lord are clear | can furnish, and that nothing of men's invention be substituted for that which

the Church let him be to you as a obey her—God, who can neither deheathen and publican "(Matt. xi viii., ceive nor be deceived. In doing so, we do not abrogate our reason, for our you unto all truth" (John xvi., 13). reason leads us to her. We do not subject ourselves to bondage by such to the end of the world" (Matt. xxviii., 20).

It is evident that He appointed His apostles to be the instructors of mankind, in His name and under His guidied, in His name and under His guidied, and you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

An esteemed correspondent sends the

principal men of the National Reform Association. That association and the

Faith. Our service of God must be Women's Christian Temperance Union reasonable, which it would not be were held a joint convention at Lakeside, Ohio, in July, 1887, and, speaking on the subject of a national Sunday law, Dr. McAllister said :

The doctor evidently yearns for a Her credentials over and above the return to the Pharisee and Puritan utterances of Our Lord already cited, Sabbath, and to the Blue Laws of New are her "Marks" or "Notes," which stamp her as the creation of God, and matter the next thing would be to stamp ner as the creation of cod, and instear the next thing would be to totally unlike any work of man; her universality or (Catholicity) of time day. He would find light on this sub-and place; her unity; the holiness of her doctrine; the sanctity exhibited her doctrine; the sanctity exhibited in all ages by so many thousands of men of his way of thinking had full her children; her miraculous history sway. We give here some of these and constant triumph, without worldly laws to illustrate the spirit of the self-

righteous. The Plymouth Code ordered that : dered that:

"Whoever shall profane the Lord's day, by doing unnecessary servile work, by unnecessary travelling, or by sports and recreations, he or they that so transgress shall forfeit for every default forty shillings, or be publicly whipt; but if it clearly appear that sin was proudly, presumptuously, and with a high hand committed, against the known command and authority of the blessed God, such a person therein despising and reproaching the Lord, shall be put to death, or grievously punished at the discretion of the Court."

The manner in which the Sabbath was to be observed can be culled from

"24. The Sabbath shall begin on sunset on Saturday.

"38. If any man shall kiss his wife or wife her husband on the Lord's day, the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the Court of Magistrates."

"It is enacted by the Court that any p'son or p'sons that shall be found smoking tobacco on the Lord's day going to or coming from the meetings, within two miles of the meeting house shall pay twelve pence for every such default to the Colonies' use."

So much for Sabbath laws. Here are

So much for Sabbath laws. Here are

Having thus secured religious liber

ty, these Solons turned their attention to matters of less importance. Thus:

to matters of less importance. Thus:

"No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas, or Saints' days, make mince pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, and jewsharp."

"Ordered by the Court, that whosoever shall shoot off any gun on any unnecessarie occation, or att any game whatsoever, except att an Indian or a woolfe, shall forfeit five shillings for every such shot till further libertie shall be given."

"Every male shall have his hair cut round, according to a cap."

"If any woman shall not have her hair tied up, but shall allow it to hang loose and to be cut as men's hair, she shall pay five shillings. If any man wear long hair he shall pay tive shillings."

These are but a few specimens of

this sort of presentation of Christianity that breeds infidels as prolifically as Jersey swamps breeds gallinippers. N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Debt of France and Humanity to The Maid of Orleans.

Mark Twain's book upon Joan of Arc Mark Twains sook upon soah of Are
is a splendid panegyric of the celebrated
La Pucelle d'Orleans. He was inspired
to the writing of the work by the
tremendous fact alluded to by Louis
thing tree in that I am is true. The remainder
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tion that I am is true at the action that I am is true. The remainder
to the writing of the work by the
tremendous fact alluded to by Louis
the paraginal of the para Kossuth that "since the writing of human history began Joan of Arc is the From these considerations it only person of either sex who has ever held supreme command of the military forces of a nation at the age of seventeen." The debt which France owes to Joan of Arc, and which she has made some slight efforts to pay lately, is one which Mark Twain never forgets. He thus recapitulates the results of the

seven weeks' campaign: ? "France was a wreck, a ruin, a deso-lation. One half of it belonged to Eng-land, with none to dispute or deny the ruth; the other half belonged to nobody-in three months would be flying

maid out of her remote village and con-fronted this hoary war, this all-consuming conflagration that had swept the land for three generations. Then be-gan the briefest and most amazing campaign that is recorded in history. In seven weeks it was finished. In seven weeks she hopelessly crippled that gigantic war that was ninety one years old. At Orleans she struck it a staggering blow; on the field of Patay she broke its back.

"Think of it. Yes, one can do that; but understand it? Ah! that is another matter ; none will ever be able to comprehend that stupifying marvel.

"Seven weeks—with here and there little bloodshed. Perhaps the most of a little bloodshed. Perhaps the most of it, in any single fight, at Patay, where Alaskan work is new to us. The the English began six thousand strong and left two thousand dead upon the Stephen, who has been in the far North and left two thousand dead upon the field. It is said and believed that in three battles alone—Crecy, Poitiers and the fifth home and school of this char Frenchmen fell, without counting the thousand other fights of that long war. The dead of that war makes a mournful long list—an interminable list. Of men slain in the field the count goes by tens of thousands; of innocent women and children slain by bitter. women and children slain by bitter hardship and hunger, it goes by that appaling term, millions. It was an ogre that war; an ogre that went about or near a hundred years, crunching nen, and dripping blood from its jaws. And with her little hand that child of seventeen struck him down; and yonder he lies stretched on the field at Patay; and will not get up any more while this old world lasts."—Sunday

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"There is some truth in all creeds and some virtue in all communions," says Dr. Abbott.

This has a very liberal look at first sight, but in reality it is a condemnation of all creeds and all communions To say that there is some truth in all creeds is to imply that there is also some error in all creeds. To say that there is some error in a creed is to condemn that creed, for a creed must be judged and accepted, or rejected, as a whole. To reject any part of it is to reject that authority or church which offers the whole as a correct

formula of belief. In things on which depend eternal life no sane man wants a creed that contains only some truth. It must, so far as it goes, contain truth, and truth only; otherwise it is not only useless. but dangerous, because misleading The truths that it may contain are made to play the part of decoys, to win confidence and mislead the unsuspecting to accept the errors that lurk among them in the same envelop. In the words of Ecclesiastes, "Dead flies spoil the sweetness of the ointment.

The doctor's intended compliment to creeds, that there is some truth in all of them, may be said with equal truth every composition that was ever written and of every complete sentence that was ever uttered. Error pure and simple cannot exist or stand alone. It is like a cancer in that it must have something to adhere to and prey on. family in New York eleven genera-The false must exist in association tions ago. He became a Catholic about

truth in it. What is more false than to say, "God is not?" And yet the first two words of the proposition express a truth, namely, "God is." with the rules of the order gives up the immense wealth which he inherits as a member of one of the oldest and richest of New York's old Dutch families. Thus even the atheist cannot deny the existence of God without first affirming it. It is the same with all false propositions; they must first affirm a truth before they can distort or deny it. The difference between a true and a false proposition is this: the first affirms a truth without distortion or denial, the second affirms a truth with distortion or denial. Some where in both will be found a truth This is necessary, for without first pay five shillings."

These are but a few specimens of the laws made when Puritan fanaticism was allowed to run wild. It is the carry of the laws made when the company of the laws made when puritan fanaticism was allowed to run wild. It is can I tell a lie without telling the can I tell a lie without telling the truth? Try it. Well, "Man is a bird, with four wings and a peacock's tail." Is there any truth in that?

Certainly. You say a truth with relational trails and the same truth and the sam N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Certainly. You say a truth when you say "Man is." No amount of feathers can cover this truth. The fallacy of what you say is found in that? what you say is found in what you add sayings of some of the present genera-

> mings, as it were. "You are a liar!" Is there anything true in that? Yes, the affirma-

From these considerations it will be seen that it can be truly said that every proposition ever uttered or written contains some truth. So, when Dr. Abbot says "There is some truth in all creeds," he pays them a poor compliment. He says of them only what he could truly say of the writing of Voltaire, Paine and other infidels and atheists. - N. Y. Freeman's Jour-

MORE SISTERS FOR ALASKA. We Don't Expect to Find Gold Nug-

gets, but Help Win Souls and Ald our Fellow-Beings.

(From the San Francisco Call, July 28.)

Two prominent Catholic Sisters arrived in this city from Massachusetts yesterday on their way to Alaska, where they will establish a convent of the order of St. Anne, an extensive Canadian order founded by Bishop Bourget in 1848.

The distinguished Sisters who have thus left their Massachusetts homes and offered their services in the far North are known as Sister Mary of the Cross and Sister Mary Magdalen of the Sacred Heart. The latter was the leader in an interview with the Call yesterday at the home of the Sisters of the Family of Holy Names. Speaking of the contemplated trip and of the work of the Church in Alaska, she said : "We are Agincourt-nearly a hundred thousand acter in Alaska, and our headquarters companion does not speak very much English, as she is French. While I am Irish, I speak French, and we get along all right. "We do not expect to find gold nug-

gets there, but we hope to win some souls to Christian life and do some good to our fellow beings. I wrote to the Mother Provincial that we were glad to come into the country and be cause. From what I hear, I believe the Jesuits will soon seek aid for the establishment of proper hospitals in the Klondike country. There is considerable sickness up there, and there are many acci dents among the miners. It is prob-able that Sisters from the far North will come to the Klondike hospitals, be cause, as they are inured to the climate, they can do the work with far less risk than would be incurred by Sisters coming from a temperate re gion. You may feel sure that as soon as there is need of extra hospital facilities some of the Catholic orders will be on the ground and establish what is

needed. "We have made provision for the clothing and other supplies we will need temporarily in the new field of work. As our people have had many years experience up that way, we were fully informed of our needs. think there is a fine field for usefulness up there, and we were curious to see the country also. You see, no one in our position is forced to go to any such service. Such matters are always left to choice. We go to morrow, and we are prepared to prove that we are pretty good sailors.

The Black Gown of Poverty.

Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer took his final vows as a member of the Society of Jesus at St. Francis Xavier's church in New York City last week. Father Van Rensselaer is a descendant of the old Dutch patroon who founded the

from the fact that, left to themselves genuine understanding of God's word they all interpret Scripture differently, to every generation of men.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

The establishment of a royal residence in Ireland and the extinction of the "castle" with all its odious memories and infamies, are confidently expected to pacify the Irish people and to make them as loyal as the people of England and Wales. We should all love dearly to see the Dublin nest of crime and plunder cleaned out, but for the rest a royal residence would be no more effective in crushing the spirit of

extinct in Ireland, and it is not likely to become so if we may judge from the over and above that - in the trim- tion. An Irish school inspector was examining a class in geography. He had propounded a question regarding longitude and received a correct an swer from the lad undergoing the ordeal. "And now," he said, "what is latitude?" After a brief silence, a bright youngster with a merry twinkle in his eye, said: "Please, sir, we have no latitude in Ireland. The British government wont allow us any."— Boston Republic.

> Speaking of the Pope's recent poem on frugality the Episcopalian paper, the Churchman, has this to say

the Churchman, has this to say:

"That the Pope, in the midst of his cares and his prayers, with the world for his parish and the distresses and dissensions of the race upon his consence, should vary the solemn business of writing bulls by the pleasant diversion of matching rhymes, is an incident worth noting. It is a testimony to the value of leisure. It means that, in the judgment of the patriarch of Rome, the most occupied of public men, it is a benefit and a help to better work to take some quiet time to read old books and to write simple verse. This is of itself the best part of the Holy Father's prescription for a wise and hale old age. It prevents harty judgment. It guards against that waste of time which comes from the undoing of those things which ought not to have been done. It is an aid to faith and piety, keeps the spirit sweet and sympathetic, and illustrates anew the economic fact that when the working day was shortened from twelve hours to ten, men were found to do more work and do it better."

A woman in Georgia deliberately drowned her four year old son because, as she explained, he was too ugly to live. The child was not deformed in any way, but his features were not in accord with her tender maternal ideal of beauty. The woman represents a type of civilization several shades lower than that of the lowest order found in pagan China. Yet the creature calls herself a Christian and was an active adherent of an Evangelical sect. Of course we do not pretend to hold Protestantism responsible for her fiendish act, but we like to remind our separated brethren that the influence of their system is not always precisely what they would fain persuade them-selves it is.—Catholic Universe.

The Rev. C. A. Eaton, of Toronto, Canada, preached in day on the relations of England to the United States, and severely condemned the American school histories for giving so much prominence to the Revolutionary War, to which the United States owes its existence as a nation. He also censured the American press, and the country in general for making 'a supreme blunder in holding too long to the old superstitions that she must avoid entanglement with the affairs of other powers." The "supreme blunder" alluded to was made by the supreme blunderer George Washington, but he did not know any better and the Rev. Mr. Eaton was born too late to correct the Father of Luckily we of a wiser his Country. generation can take our instructions From Toronto, If we want to.

-Boston Pilot.

Cardinal Gibbons' stay at Southampon, Long Island, has been attended by a striking demonstration of respect from all classes. Commenting on this the Brooklyn Eagle says:

"It is interesting to note how sectarianism has temporarily broken down in Southampton. Cardinal Gibbons has been in the village several days and Protestants and Catholics have united to do him honor. The Catholics have long known that he was a man worthy of their respect and the Protestants have learned by looking at him that they could not well withhold their esteem if they would. They talk with the Cardinal and then they think of the tales that they have heard about the evils of Catholicism and say to themselves there must be something wrong somewhere, for the great prelate is evidently a man who is kind and charitable and humane and could not possibly be guilty of any of the wrongs with which Catholicism is accused. Controversial sermons will not make men Catholics or Protestants half so soon as a kindly life will convert them to the religious faith of the man who lives it."

Every Catholic can make himself "It is interesting to note how sectarianism

Every Catholic can make himself worthy of the respect of Protestants just as Cardinal Gibbons has done at Southampton. Of course, the Cardinal is more prominent than the individual Catholic layman, but still that layman, no matter how obscure he may be, has it in his power to edify non-Catholics by his example. - Catholic



sooner or later a penalty in ness and pos-If a man will al-

ways watch his health and correct minor irregularities by a resort to the right rem-edy, he may do a reasonable amount of scorching without serious results. Nearly scorching without serious results. Nearly all serious maladies are the result of imperfect nutrition. Imperfect nutrition is just another name for starvation. A man may eat voraciously and still starve. He may put on an eighth of a ton of sickly flabby flesh and have a big, corpulent stomach, and still be starving. He may scorch until he goes to the opposite extreme and gets thin as a rail, and he is still starving. The trouble lies in the fact that no matter how much food is taken it is not properly assimilated. The blood does not receive the life-giving elements of the food that build firm, healthy flesh, solid muscle and vibrant nerve fibers. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the assimilation perfect. It makes solid, healthy flesh, without raising the weight above Nature's normal. At all medicine stores.

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normal. At all medicine stores.

E. M. Seavolt, of No. 427 Sandusky St. Mount Vernon, Knox Co., Ohio, writes: "I can haartily recommend your 'Golden Medical Discovery' to any one who is troubled with indigestion and torpid liver; I was that bad it was about chronic with me. All the other medicines could give me no refief; but at last, what came to my relief was that wonderful medicine the 'Golden Medical Discovery'. I could scarcely eat anything—it would put me in terrible distress in my stomach. I had a dull aching and grinding pain in my stomach with pain in my right side and back, and head-ache, bad taste in my mouth; at night I was feverish and the soles of my feet burned.

I took four bottles of the 'Discovery' and two vials of the 'Pellets.' I am well and hearty and can eat as well as any body can,—thanks to your 'Discovery.'"

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Scorching in Business. NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Narka was very miserable after this first meeting with Sibyl, that she had looked forward to so longingly. She would not confess to herself that she atwould not confess to herself that she at-tached any importance to that story of Basil's engagement; still it haunted her and poisoned her peace of mind. She could not sleep. In the middle of the night she got up and struck a light, and by way of calming herself read over Bas-il's letters. They were few, and they were generally short, and always guarded in expression; cold love-letters, most lovers would have called them; but to Narka they were all-sufficing; they were writwould have called them; but to Narka they were all-sufficing; they were written as a man whispers when the enemy is listening to catch every word he says. This, she knew, was why he had not written now to tell her of his immediate arrival. Still he might have contrived to make her a sign somehow. Then, again, she remembered how necessary caution was at such a crisis, how fearful he must be of exciting suspicion. She took out her ring, and the sight of it seemed to rebuke and reassure her. She kissed it, and blew out her candle and went back and blew out her candle and went back

and new out her cande and went back to bed.

"I am like that woman," she said to herself, "who declared she did not be-lieve in ghosts, but that she was mortally afraid of them."

Two days elapsed. Narka was at her piano when the door opened and let in a sudden puff of violets. The violets announced Sibyl before she had time to announce the statement of the shear that the statement of the shear than the statement of the shear than the shear th nounce herself by a joyous exclamation.

"He will be here on the 15th! In seven days! Can you believe it? Can you believe it

She kissed Narka, and sank down on the sofa and pulled off her gloves; the first thing Sibyl did when she wanted to talk was to pull off her gloves. Those nervous, dimpled, bejewelled little hands played a great part in her discourse; they had a language of their own, without whose help much of her speech would have been incomplete.

"Narka, put on your bonnet and come."

been incomplete.

"Narka, put on your bonnet and come off with me. I can't enjoy my happiness fully unless I have you to share it. Gaston is an angel; but he is a man; he can't understand. No one but you can sympathize with me, and feel what it will be to me to have Basil free, and married, and safe out of mischief. I have been to the Krinskys." Marie is radiant. been to the Krinskys'. Marie is radiant. But we have no time to lose to get ready the soirce for the 16th. It falls on a Wednesday, which is unlucky, as that is my day. It will be a bore if he comes in the afternoon. But he will most likely arrive by the evening train. You know the 16th is Mario's highday? Land arrive by the evening train. You know the 16th is Marie's birthday? I am going to Worth's to order my dress. Put on your things and come with me. It

on your things and come with the activities will amuse you, dearest. Come!"

Narka did as she was told: fate seemed to be making sport of her, making her play comedy in spite of herself. She was play comedy in spite of lersein. She was in no mood to be amused, and yet Sibyl was right, the ordering of the dress did amuse her. It amused her to see the mobility with which her companion sprang away from Basil and became absorbed in the question of toilette. It amused her to see the devout attention amused her to see the devout attention which the man dress-maker bestowed on the matter. The consultation lasted half an hour, and was conducted on both sides with the gravity befitting the importance

ne subject. Madame la Comtesse may rest satis fied; her dress will be the event of the season," Worth remarked, with quiet as-surance, as he flung aside the costly stuffs he had been coiling and looping to illustrate his idea

Sibyl was flushed, but cheerful and con fident. "And now, dearest," she said, in Russian, to Narka, "you must order a dress;" and without giving her time to answer she turned to Worth: "Mademfident. oiselle is in mourning, as you see, but she

wants you to make her a white dress that can be worn at a soiree de contrat. The potentate of fashion fixed his eyes on Narka, as if to take in the characteristics of line and color that were to guide him. He called for white tissues, and proceeded to roll out velvets and gauzes round Narka as if she had been a statue round Narka as it she had been a statue.
He then made notes and lines on his carnet, and handing it to her, "I think,
mademoiselle, something in this style
will suit you?" he said.

Narka uttered an exclamation of sur-

prise. It might have been taken from the garment she had invented for herself

It will require a little relief," observed Worth; "a gold buckle here on the tunic, and a clasp on the shoulder fastening the long sleeves. Would that be too great a concession to ask?

concession to ask?"
"Not the least," interposed Sibyl.
"Your Russian gold ornaments will suit
beautifully," she said, turning to Narka.
"You must bring them when you come

Try on the dress.

When they got out on the stairs, Narasaid: "How foolish of you, Sibyl' y white cashmere would have done ka said perfectly. This is only a second edition of it, and will cost a hundred times

"If Worth could hear you!" Sibyl's

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laugh rang out clear on the staircase. "Nonsense! I want you to look your best. You are going to sing. I have decided for a concert instead of a ball, and it was chiefly on your account. I want you to shine out as a star to all my friends. Marie is going to sing with our cousin Henri de Beaucrillon, and I shall have several good artists, but you will outshine them all. Mind, you are to be in splendid voice!"

They drove about giving orders at the shops for some hours. Narka had to go back with Sibyl and spend the evening. After dinner she had to sing. Sibyl declared her voice was finer than ever, but M. de Beaucrillon remembered how that love song at Yrakow had melted the heart in his breast, and he felt that though the instrument was still beautiful, the passionate soul which had inspired it that night was absent or silent.

Every day for the next six days Narka was at the Rue St. Dominique almost from morning till night. There was no escaping from Sibyl. "I can't do without you, dearest," she repeated; "I want your sympathy and your calm strength to support me through this nervous time." clared her voice was finer than ever.

Madame de Beaucrillon's house was the apex of the world in which she moved; the domestic events which had closed it for a time had been bewailed as social calamities, and the announcement that it was going to be opened on so bril-liant an occasion was received with gen-eral satisfaction. Sibyl wanted Narka to take the management of the musical programme; but Narka refused; she knew it would bring her into immediate, perhaps intimate, contact with Princess Marie, and there were limits to what she could bear. She was in constant terror o meeting Marie at the Rue St. Dominique but fortune spared her that trial, althoug Sibyl had made more than one appoint ment to introduce them. She was pro sented to a number of other ladies, wh assured her they were "ravished to make her acquaintance." It would have been pleasant enough to be welcomed by thes high-bred French women if Narka had not felt that she was under false appear-ances. Would they have been ravished ances. Would they have been they had to make her acquaintance if they had to make her acquaint to carry off the known she was going to carry off the prize so many of them were coveting for daughter or a sister ?

Since that letter from the Prince ar ouncing Basil's arrival for the 15th there had been no news from St. Petersburg. Narka would not own to herself that this silence made her uneasy, that she was frightened, in fact. But she was.

On Tuesday afternoon, the day before Basil was to arrive, she was with Sibyl, when the servant brought in a telegram. It was from the Prince: "Expect Basil Wednesday."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Sibyl "he will come to find us all en fete to welcome him! If only my father had said 'morning' or evening! It will be tiresome if he arrives in the evening just a the people are flocking in. Dear me, he dreadful this uncertainty is!" She mov She move about, and sat down, and got up again, and was fluttered and ecstatic and alarmed and impatient all in a minute.

M. de Beaucrillon thrust his hands into his pockets, and leaned against the mantel, and gazed with serio-comic gravity at his wife. "How you Russians do dramatize every crisis in life!" he said, putting his head to one side with a movenent that resembled Marguerite, and he turned to Narka. The expression of her face startled him. There was no dramaizing there; there was poignant emotion that she was straining every nerve to keep under control. What need was there for this fierce effort at self-restraint '

"There is always something about that girl that I cannot understand," M. de Beaucrillon said within himself, and he looked away.

At Sibyl's request he took up the railway guide, and made it evident to her that Basil must come by a morning train, so that the excitement of the soiree would most inconvenient arrangement for her. In her secret soul she was convinced that Basil would arrive by the early train, and come straight to her before going to Sibyl. The idea of meeting him in Sibyl's pres-ence was too dreadful to be contemplated. She could never go through the ordeal without betraving herself. And yet, after all, she reflected, did it matter so very much? A few days, a few hours probably, sooner or latter, and the crisis must

When it came, how would Sibyl meet it,? This question kept perpetually re-curring to Narka, and filled her with an anguish of uncertainty which even the joy of meeting Basil could not banish from her mind.

from her mind.

Wednesday morning dawned, and it found her watching. She had been too excited to sleep. She rose feverished and unrefreshed and spent the morning coming and going from the window. Every cab that drove up the street made her heart leap. But the early hours went by, noon came, and no Basil, and no new from Sibvl

"He will come by the evening train, and I shall have to meet him before Sibyl!" she thought. And then a terror seized upon her, and she resolved not to go. But this panic did not last. It was with the shall be a shall be quickly followed by a feeling of defiance, and a longing to let Sibyl and all the world know that she was Basil's fiancee, and ready to brave the whole world rather

than give him up.

The day dragged heavily on till evening, and then it was time to dress. Narka coiled up her shining gold hair, and robed herself in the wonderful white draperies that Worth had combined out of soft and costly materials and then of soft and costly materials, and then clasped on her golden necklace and brace-lets, and waited for the carriage to come

for her.

As she beheld herself reflected in the as the benefit herself reflected in the long mirror of the wardrobe, her heart exulted, not from any sense of vulgar vanity—she was too proud and too chastened by sorrow for so mean a vice as vanity—but she rejoiced in her beauty for Basil's sake. "He will be glad to see me looking well amongst other women" she looking well amongst other women," she said to herself, with a soft thrill of happi-ness; and the flush of love and conscious power made her cheek glow.

When she reached the Rue St. Domining impatiently for the return of the brougham. Narka, though outwardly

calm, was trembling with excitement.

"You will be the Queen of Beauty tonight as well as the Queen of Song, my
Narka," Sibyl exclaimed, in frank admiration, when she beheld her. "How
pleased Basil will be to find you looking
so well! Come, and let us see how the
rooms look lighted. It will help to pass
the time while we are waiting. Stop!
there is a carriage driving in." She flew
out to the landing and called out "Son!."

there is a carriage driving in." She flew out to the landing, and called out, "Sont ce ces messieurs

ce ces messieurs?"
"The groom of the chambers answered
from the hall, "M. le Comte has returned
alone, Madame la Contesse."
Presently M. de Beaucrillon came slowly up the stairs.

"What can it mean?" Sibyl asked, fluttered and vexed.

"I don't suppose it is the first time Basil has been uppunctual to an appoint-ment," her husband said, in his solemn way; "the singular thing would be if he

way; "the singular thing would be if he were to keep one."

"He must have missed the train somewhere," said Sibyl, "unless he was taken suddenly ill; but then he would have telegraphed."

"He is not ill, ma chere amie; I will answer for that; he is simply your brother—the best fellow in holy Russia, but born without the faculty of keeping.

but born without the faculty of keeping an appointment. Where is Narka?" Narka, whose heart had begun to palpitate violently at the prospect of seeing Basil appear in a moment, had stood clutching the back of a chair until she heard Sibyl's exclamation of disappointment, and then, regaining possession of herself, she walked quietly on toward the landing. The effect she produced on M. landing. The effect she produced on M. de Beaucrillon was so great that she could not pretend not to see it. He started, and for a second looked at her positively dazzled. For the first time in her young life Narka realized that she possessed a sovereignty to which men were ready to bow down. By the time she had given him her hand, and he had raised it to his lips, as was his graceful habit with her, Sibyl had joined them; she was so agi-tated and full of her disappointment as to dispel the momentary bashfulness that Narka had felt under M. de Beaucrillon's unspoken admiration. There were a few moments of excited talk, Sibyl asking and answering a score of questions in one breath, and then the carriages rolled in

quickly one upon another, and guests arrived in rapid succession.

Sibyl stood to receive them at the head of the stairs. Narka escaped to the music-room, but Sibyl missed her in a minute, and sent M. de Beaucrillon to bring her back. He soon captured her for the crowd was not yet large enough to give her shelter.

"I have orders to take you, dead or alive," he said, drawing her arm through his, and marching her back to Sibyl.
"Must I hold you bodily in durance, or
will you be my prisoner on parole?"
"I give my parole," she said.
He bowed and released her.

The gay and brilliant crowd kept streaming in, and soon the spacious suite of salons was filled. At 11 o'clock the concert began. It op ned with a fine orchestral performance; then Marie Krinsky sang her duet; this was fol lowed by several other pieces, vocal and instrumental; and then it was Narka's turn. The suspense of the day, culminating in the disappointment at the end of it, had so excited and exhausted her that the fact incapable of singing a note; her tongue was parched, her throat felt as if it were paralyzed. When M. de Beaucrillon went up and offered her his arm, she did not move, but looked up at him

entreatingly.
"I can't sing!" she said. It seemed cruel to insist, but he felt sure that she could. "Sibyl will be terribly disappointed," he said, after a moment's hesitation.

Narka stood up. The movement, the sudden resolution, seemed to say, "Then I will do it or die.'

She took his arm and walked to the centre of the platform. Her cheeks were delicately flushed, her great lustrous eyes

opening accompaniment, and Narka lifted up her voice and sang. M. de Beaucrillon was right. She could Al. de Beaucrillon was right. She could sing. After the few notes assured her that she had command of her instrument, her voice poured out like a crystal stream, rising and swelling and trilling with as little effort as a bird's. The audience were quite carried away, and when the song was over they burst into a salvo of capturing applains. Silvy derified with rapturous applause. Sibyl drifted with her serpentine grace across the platform and kissed Narka, and other ladies, following this example, gathered about her, kissing and congratulating. All round her people were exclaiming, "What genius!" "How beautiful she is!" The gentlemen were clamoring for the honor of being presented. It was one of those moments that bring with them a kind of intoxication to the calmest and wisest. Yet there was something timid in the glance of Narka's large dark eyes that seemed to deprecate all this homage and admiration. If only Basil had been there to enjoy it and to justify it! Without him, she felt the triumph was not wholly hers; she was receiving it under false pretences.

pretences. M. de Beaucrillon was charming. "Je suis tres fiere de ma belle-sœur," he said, presenting her to a venerable duchess whose smile was social distiction in the

great world.

Even in Basil's absence it was some thing to have been thus welcomed by the friends to whom he would soon present her as his wife. As she drove home Narka was conscious that it had been a brilliant evening; Sibyl had been per-fect; everybody had welcomed and ad-mired her; and she was Basil's affianced wife.

CHAPTER XIX.

Two days went by, and there was no news from Basil. On the morning of the third day the brougham came from the Hotel de Beaucrillon with a message requesting Narka to come at once. Narka obeyed the summons, full of anxiety as to its meaning. She found Sibyl walking

ns meaning. She found sloy warking up and down the library in a state of violent though suppressed excitement.

"There! read that," she said, drawing a letter from her pocket, and holding it out to Narka, without arresting her walk. Narka, sick with suspense, sat down and read the letter. It was from Prince Zorokoff. He had discovered on the very eve of Basil's departure that the boy had entangled himself in some promise of

marriage to a woman of low condition, and that this had been at the bottom of his desire to get out of Russia. "He tried to deny it at first," wrote the prince, "but I put the holy image before him, and I put the holy image before him, and bade him swear the story was a lie. He did not dare do it, and he ended by declaring that it was true, and that he would never marry Marie K. or any other woman but the one he loved. I said if he married her I would curse him. I gave him three months to come to his senses ad his duty. If that does not do, I will have the company of the compan him circumscribed under surveillance of the police at Kronstadt. The sight of the fortress will have a sobering effect." Narka stifled a cry, and let the letter

Narka stifled a cry, and let the letter fall on her lap.
"Well," said Sibyl, coming up and standing before her, "what do you say to this? The infatuated boy! It must be some woman he met in Italy. And with a foreign woman we are powerless. She can't be a Russian, or my father would have said so. If she were Russian, it would be easy to deal with her. A threat of the knout would soon bring her on her knees." She shut her right hand with a ouick inward movement that was too exknees." She shut her right hand with a quick inward movement that was too ex-pressive to be mistaken; those soft, dimpled hands were itching for the known to scourze the woman who had come be-tween Basil and the pride of the Zoro-koffs. Sibyl was horrible to look at; her white teeth showed between her parted lips; her words came hissing; her blue eyes glittered—they never flashed when she was excited, they glittered—her features were convulsed, her whole frame shaken with passion. Narka covered her face with her hands to shut out the sight. "Oh Sibyl's she margured."

face with her hands to shur out.

"Oh, Sibyl!" she murmured.

"Yes, it is too loathsome to contemplate," cried Sibyl, misunderstanding the you have believed Basil such a weak you have believed Basil such a weak fool? If we even knew who and where this creature is, we might buy her off. That is our only chance, as she is a foreigner. We must buy her off."

"But if she loves Basil—" Narka ven-

tured, hesitating.
"Love him! A creature like that!
Allons donc!" Sibyl gave a laugh that sounded devilish. She looked like an incarnate devil, or some avenging python-ess, with her glittering eyes, and her small head reared, the blue sheen of her satin dressing gown shimmering in snake like folds round her tall figure. Narka could not believe her senses. Was this the Sibyl she had loved all her life and worshipsed as the type of all that was good and lovable?—the Sibyl who was so tender to suffering, so generous to her peasants, so indulgent to their vices, so ready to forgive their lies and thefts and wrong-doings? What evil spirit had entered into her? And if she knew the name of the woman against whom this name of the woman against whom this outburst of hate was directed would the knowledge be a welcome relief, or would it only turn the current of her scorn and rage toward the culprit? The look of

rage toward the current of her scorn and rage toward the culprit? The look of blank despair on Narka's face struck Sibyl even in the midst of her passion.
"Oh, Narka," she cried, "if you feel this shame so keenly, think what it must be for me!" and she sank down beside Narka, and fell upon her neck, sobbing hysterically. hysterically Narka, faint and sick at heart, waited

till the storm of grief, of fury, should have spent itself. Sibyl, who knew that it was ner way to be silent when she telt mos deeply, was satisfied to lay her head upon that strong and tender heart, and gave vent to her own passion in floods of tears. They had both been too much en to notice the clanging of the bell announcing a visitor. Presently the serv

ant came in to say that the doctor was waiting to see Madame la Comtesse. Sibyl raised her head and wiped he eyes, and, with that mobility which was one of her characteristics, in an instant had regained complete possession of her

I am coming." she said to the valet. and then, turning to Narka, "We have been so full of this horror that I had no that Basil must come by a morning train, so that the excitement of the soiree would not be made too overpowering by the emotion of receiving him in the midst of five hundred guests. Sibyl wanted Narka to come and sleep at her house on the eve of the concert; but Narka had a series of reasons—all foolish ones, Sibyl thought — to prove that this would be a most inconvenient arrangement for her. In her secret soul she was convinced that brougham will take you home now, and you can put up what you want, and come straight back. Oh! she exclaimed straight back. Oh: she exclaimed, looking into the girl's agonized face, "what should I do without you to feel for me!" She kissed her, and hurried out of the room.

out of the room.

But Narka had no notion of coming back to have her own suff-rings made tenfold bitterer by the sight of Sibyl's hate and anger. By the time she had driven home she was, indeed, unequal to the effort, if she had been ever so anxious to make it. She sent a message to Sibyl saying that she had nearly fainted on getting to her own door, and must be quiet for that evening. quiet for that evening.

quiet for that evening.

Poor Narka! Anearthquake had come
and shaken the earth under her feet since
morning, and shattered her paradise to
ruins. Was it possible it could be rebuilt
again? Basil was now more fatally separated from her than he had ever been
hefore. There was no change of his before. There was no chance of his escaping; the Prince would take care of escaping; the Prince would take car of that. Had he Prince any idea, she wondered, who the low woman was? And if not, would it propitiate him to hear that she was the one he had sheltered under his roof, and called his child, and received from a great cartifitie.

rescued from a cruel captivity?

The day passed in a sort of stupor. It
was only when she lay down to rest that,
in the silence of the night, Narka awoke to the remembrance that apart from the wreck of her hopes, and the blow that had crushed her heart, other trials had over-taken her which would not let her sit at taken her winch wound not let ner sit at home and weep. What was she to do now? How was she to live? Practical dilemmas of many kinds surrounded her; urgent difficulties were pressing to be dealt with. She spent the night ask-ing herself how she was to meet them; but the dawn broke and found the pro-lumn unsalved. Daylight seemed in. blem unsolved. Daylight seemed, in-deed, only to magnify, by letting in a more vivid mental light upon them, the troubles that had loomed, dark enough, but still vague, during the long, sleeples night.
She must leave her present apartment,

She must leave her present apartment, for one thing. It was much too expensive for her means and prospects now. She had been spending money freely, and her funds were running low. And where was she to find pupils? Sibyl was her only resource, and her whole soul writhed at the thought of having to depend on Sibyl. Suddenly Narka remembered Marguerite.

"I will go to Marguerite," she said, and she arose and dressed herself in the gray twilight of the winter's morning.

CHAPER XX.

Narka was just starting for La Villette, when a vehicle stopped at the door. She looked out, and saw Sibyl's brougham. Before there was time to consider how she should endure this new ordeal, it was made evident that Sibyl was not in the brougham, for the footman jumped down with a note in his hand, and disappeared under the porte cochere. Presently

was a ring at the door. Eudoxie had gone out. "I will not open," Narka thought. "It is no doubt asking me to go to her, and I can't go; I won't go."

The servant rang three times, and then gave it up. The brougham drove away, and Narka, after waiting a few minutes to make supe of its being at a diameter. to make sure of its being at a distance.

to make sure of its being at a distance, went down-stairs.

Passing the lodge, the concierge came out and handed her a note. "The footman rang at mademoiselle's door, but no one answered him," said the woman.

The note was from Sibyl.

Come to me at once, darling. I am in sea of anguish. Baby has the smalla sea of anguish. pox! I am half mad.
"Your own

"Poor little angel!" said Narka, with a pang. But his illness at this crisis was a boon to her, inasmuch as it would keep Sibyl away, and absorb her, and draw her mind from the woman she wished to scourge. It was a miserable morning. The rain

It was a miserable morning. The rain had been falling heavily all night. Every rut and channel was turned into a pool, and a cold drizzly rain was still falling. Narka had used cabs, and freely enough, since she had been in Paris, but the stern reign of economy which had suddenly set in reminded her that omnibuses were a character mode of conveyance, who call cheaper mode of conveyance; she asked her way to the nearest station, but when she got there it was so crowded that she had to push on to the counter for a num-ber, and then push her way out again. An omnibus was coming up; as it slackened pace a crowd trooped after it with their umbrellas spread, looking like a whale or some huge bird in the wake of a ship. They looked intensely ridiculous "making tail..." Narka did not care to "making tail..." Narka did not care to add her umbrella to the show; besides, she might be kept waiting an hour for a seat. Was it not better to take a cab at seat. Was it not better to take a cap at once? As she was balancing the question in her mind, a gentleman close to

Will this take me to La Villette "No, monsieur," said the conductor.
"The blue outsibus there, with a correspondence." The gentleman hurried away, and Narka, with an inarticulate exhurried clamation of thankfulness for her escape, crossed the street after him to where the blue omnibus was standing, empty; they got in almost together, and took seats opposite one another. The stranger was a tall, lean man, with a sallow complexion and marked features, carefully dressed, with a certain air of distinction. Narka more than once caught his aver festored more than once caught his eyes fastened upon her. It so happened that they stopped at the same place; the stranger got out first, assisted her to alight, touched his hat and wenton his way.

Narka stood in the middle of the street, Narka stood in the middle of the street, waiting for a break in the stream of carts and cabs to cross over. As she glanced eagerly right and left she descried, a little higher up, a small figure in the costume of a Sister of Charity, waiting like herself to cross the busy thoroughfare. There are certain situations in which even Melpomene could not look dignified; for instance, hopping over the puddles with stance, hopping over the puddles with petticoats slightly kilted on a wet day; and yet as Narka watched Marguerite going through this trying performance it did not seem any more lacking in dignity than the steps and hops of a little child.

"Narka!" exclaimed Marguerite, in glad surprise, when they met on the foot-path. 'How did you get here? Did you walk?" path. walk

'No; I came in the omnibus. Where

are you coming from?"
"I have been to the Rue du Bac. I got an omnibus to the Madeleine, with a correspondence, but when I got out there was such a crowd I saw I should have to was such a crowd I saw I should have to wait an hour for a place. So I started off on foot. Life is too short to be spent waiting for the omnibus. Oh, that horrid man!" she exclaimed, casting a glance full of something as near hatred as her sweet face could express at some one her sweet face could express at some one coming out of a shop. "I should like to coming out of a shop. "I see that man flayed alive."

Narka followed the direction of the glance, and to her surprise saw that the object of this murderous desire was the gentleman who had been her vis-a-vis in the omnibus.
"Who is that man?" she asked, as the

stranger passed them.
"He is a Prussian; his name is Dr. Schenk. He stole away our dear old dog Tempete, and put him to death. Nobody saw him doing it, so we could not attack him, but there is no doubt he did it. His business is to bribe little boys—our boys -to catch dogs that he tries experiments on. He ties them down, and cuts them up, and tortures them alive. He is a

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sin Brings Suffering. The lines of suffering on almost every

human countenance have been deepened, if not traced there, by unfaithful ness to conscience, by departure from duty. To do wrong is the surest way to bring suffering; no wrong deed ever failed to bring it. Those sins which are followed by no palpable pain are yet terribly avenged, even in this life. They abridge our capacity of happiness, impair our relish for innocent pleasure, and increase our sensibility to suffering. They spoil us of the armor of a pure conscience, and of trust in God, without which we are naked amid hosts of foes, and are vulnerable by all the change of life. Thus, to do wrong is to inflict the surest injury on our own peace. enemy can do us equal harm with what we do ourselves whenever and however we violate any moral or religious

Montreal, Que., Jan. -,
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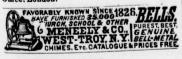
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(For the CATHOLIC RECORD.) Another day was dead-was way to eternity! Truly an ideal day it had been, and was followed by a clear bright evening. Reluctantly we left it to go to the arms of Morpheus, for it is the custom in St. Anne's "early to bed and early to rise." When I reached my little room, before retiring I could not resist one parting glance at St. Anne and her beautiful church. Then away from it, out to the river, my eyes went. Perhaps it was the tide that bore

my thoughts so far away to other places, other things and other people. turned from the window with a sigh, all sleep had left my eyes. How I wished for a book, one of the dear old things which have so often soothed a tired mind. As that pleasure could not be had the next best thing was to think of one, so I threw myself on the lounge to do so. Why did Longfellow come first? I could not appreciate him that night, as I could not forget that though his legends and sonnets are beautful and in imagery very Catholic, as is also his translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia," yet he remained out-wardly an unbeliever. Ah! why will men forfeit the best gift God has given, so rashly. Next came Goldsmith. What truthfulness and sincerity characterize his works! There is nothing superficial about them. They are as pictures taken from nature and life by a master-mind and painted by beautiful thoughts. Many of them are illustrations of incidents and adventures in his early "The Vicar of Wakefield" is very life. good, but his "Deserted Village" is perfect. It would take too long to write my review of it. In his "Traveller," how nicely he shrouds each place in a certain beauty of its own. His large heart could appreciate and admire each on , though it is not hard to see that "His first best country ever was his own." It has been said of him, and is very true that, "he was one of those who regard books as the only, or even the principal, source of knowledge. He recognized and delighted to study the unwritten love so richly spread over the volume of nature and shadowed forth so variously from the cenesof every day life and the teaching of individual experiences." Moore came next with his sweet "Lalla Rookh." Again I listened with her to the lovely songs of the Poet of Cashmere. "The Veiled Prophet" we will pass over. I wonder "Lalla Rookh" let him sing it. 'Paradise and the Peri " is short but very sweet. Sad and weeping was the

closed. A beautiful Angel came to One hope is thine 'Tis written in the book of Fate

Peri, for the gates of heaven were

The peri yet may be forgiven Who brings to this Eternal Gate The gift that is most dear to Heaven. Happy in hope away she flew determined to get the key that would pen the gate. Alas! she knew not where to find it. Long and persever-ingly she sought. At length she brought the tear of repentance. The gates are passed-

And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven The triumph of a soul forgiven."

May such be our fate when we have passed the portal of death! Yet there are some for whom even the tears of repentance cannot open Heaven, because baptism has never washed original sin away. Evidently they do not realize the loss. If they could only understand that

From world to luminous world, as far As the universe spreads its flaming wall. Take all the pleasures of all the spheres And multiply each through eudless years. One minute of heaven is worth them all."

The" Feast of the Roses ":-This song is, as the critic (Fadladeen) says, "rather nonsensical," still we must admit such things will happen sometimes in real life.

"The Fire-Worshippers" is a very romantic little song. How sad the fate, how true the 'ove of the Araby maid a d her warrior lover! Very beautiful and sorrowful is Hinda's prayer to God to accept her sacrifice and save Interesting is the story of how the King of Cashmer won the heart of his intended bride, Lalla Rookh. Some of Moore's other poems and sweet melodies passed through my mind-but mough, I thought, of romance for tonight. Dickens, perhaps, would suit my nood better, for he can suit any mood Go to him when you will you will al-ways find comfort. He seemed to understand poor human nature so well, and in his warm heart found sympathy and kindness for all. Be-fore I knew him I disliked him very much, for it seemed to me that there was a certain rather ridiculous humor verging on his most serious passages which was tiresome. However on reading more of his works I saw how wrong I had been. There is an innocent humorous strain in most of his writings, but it is as necessary to them as a ray of sunshine is in some pic-tures. His English is simple and harmless, and he pictures some beauti-ful characters. "Little Dorrit" (The Child of the Marshalsea), amid all kinds of danger, grew to womanhood pure and beautiful. It seems almost as impossible for one to do so as for a flower to live among weeds. In "Old Curiosity Shop" little Nell was Curiosity Shop" another such character.

What a little (I might say) angel child she was, gifted with wisdom far beyond her years. How very sad is the description of her death! How peautifully the author speaks of death in this and many of his other works. He says of little Nell :

She was dead, no sleep so beautiful

REMEMBRANCE OF ST. ANNE'S. or need of it. We will not wake her.

In "Tale of Two Cities." "Even when the golden hair lay in a halo on the pillow round the lorn face of the little boy he said with a radiant smile, Dear papa and mamma, am very sorry to leave you both and pheus, for it is to leave my pretty sister, but I am called and I must go. Thus the rustling of an angel's wing got blended with the other echoes and had in them the breath of heaven.

In "Nicholas Nickleby. "The dying boy made answer I shall soon be there. He spoke of the beautiful gardens stretched out before him with figures of men, women and many children, all with light upon their faces, and he whispered that it was Eden, and

so died." There was a something in this faraway view of death which reminded me of Tennyson. Have you ever thought that his poetry seemed in another world? It is so softly ethereal that one can only see it away in the distance. Some of it is like a message to me, perhaps because most of the poets have painted their poem pictures so perfect that you can see them as clearly as if you looked on some of Michael Angelo's work. However, his poetry is so delicately written that in its sweet, dreamy softness it is indeed very lovely. Tennyson has some very fervent (per haps partial) admirers. Some time agoI heard a lecturer say that if he were going on a long journey and could only take one book that one would be Tennyson. If I were in the same diffi-culty it would take me a very long time to choose. There are so many, and, liking all about equal, my conclusion might be not to take any. Perhaps I would be sorry after, as I was this night, when I could only think of them, the only visible one being "Manual of Good St. Anne." It had not occurred to me before that since it was the only one I had perhaps it was the only one should read, so I began to do so. It must have charmed me to sleep, for very oon there were a number of other books around me, large and small. One exquisite volume had a rose on the cover; another the thistle; and a third the shamrock-a well worn old green one was it, but what marvellous beauty was within. The land pictured was almost too beautiful to be of earth -more like fairy land, it seemed; but ah! the story written there was of a people unequalled all the world over

for goodness and purity ; yet for hundreds of years they have suffered the most cruel wrong and persecution. So sad was the history that I put it aside with a prayer that before it was fin ished the sun of justice and freedom might shine resplendent on that isle of saints. Next came a little book bright and clean it wa: -with a mapl leaf on the cover. Interesting and lovely was the story within, and some

very beautiful places were pictured there. The one which I will talk of just now, at a first glance seemed almost hidden amid the mountains, but the glimpse of a statue surrounded by church towers made me wish for a nearer view, which surely was a sight that might charm not only the pilgrim but also the poet and painter. was the village of St. Anne de Beaupre. St. Anne is built on the shores of the St. Lawrence, about

twenty one miles below Quebec. A number of mountains and the Isle of Orleans separate it from the busy world, and the soft clouds seem to have given a veil of gauze and gold to the mountains to hold over the shrine. Ah! how peaceful, how holy, it lookedsurely a fit place to rest mind, heart Truly the road to heaven bright and alluring it looks, yet wild storms are lurking round the gulf. They steal up the river, and the bright, sparkling waves become dark and fierce. They attack and often wreck the best of boats. What a likeness the picture had to religious and worldly life, I thought;—and just then awoke. The candle had burnt nearly to the socket. In its flickering light the room seemed strange. I was chilled, and thought it now quite time to go to bed, rather displeased with myself for having gone to sleep or even in a dream compared the bright, beautiful world with that dark river. Very few lives are all sunshine, for as the poet

says: " Into each life some rain must fall." Some days must be dark and dreary Yet if we try to brighten the darkened lives of others, the clouds in our own

are forgotten. Have I given you an idea of St. Anne's?—a rather vague one, I am afraid ; perhaps a wide-awake description would have been better, but probably you have read some of the many which have been written. Perhaps you have knelt at that dear holy haps you have knell at that dear holy shrine, or perhaps you are one of the incredulous people who say Our churches are all the same—we can pray to St. Anne as well in any of them. Certainly our churches are the same the world over, as our God is ever in His prison of love on the altars. Perhaps you can pray to St. Anne as well in any of them, but perhaps she wil not hear you as well. The good saint has chosen the spot where the shrine is particularly her own. Tradi-tion tells us that long ago, when Can-Tradiada was in its babyhood, some Breton sailors were coming up the St. Lawrence when a dreadful storm arose. With firm faith in their patroness, St. and so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature and promised that wherever they were to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God waiting for the breath of life, not one who lived and suffered death. She was past all help

out of the storm into peaceful waters With the first rays of morning the landed, and in fulfilment of their promise built a little chapel. Long years have passed sincethen. The old wooden chapet became small, so a stone church

was erected on the hill-side, where it still stands, having been rebuilt two or three times of the same material. The devotion to St. Anne grew with the years, and so many wonderful cures occurred at (her little Canadian home) Beaupre's shrine that pilgrims came from far and near in such num-bers that soon the church could not hold them all. So it was decided to have a large one built on the spot where the ruins of the first one were. In 1876 the Basilica was opened; then The story proceeds as follows:

it was not much more than a roof and four walls, but gradually it has been so magnificently finished and furnished that to day in place of the little wooden chapel built by the mariners centuries ago, stands a temple of exquisite beauty crowned with glittering steeples and a colossal statue of St. Anne which from afar up the river is the first glimpse of the shrine that greets the eye. It appears to be watching for and guiding to her sanctuary the sick, the sinful, the sorrow-ful. Oh Bonne Sainte Anne, only you and those who have knelt there at your feet can know what peace, what happiness comes to one there! How appropriate the lines of Mrs. Hemans

Couldst thou but speak of all the tears, The conflicts and the pangs of years Which at thy sacred shrine revealed Have gushed from buman hearts unsealed."

And also : Husbed is the anthem, closed the vow, The votive garland withered now Yet holy still to me thou art. Thou that has soothed so many a heart.

The zealous Redemptorist priests guard the shrine and are ever ready and willing to do what they can for the pilgrims. St. Anne, surely, has given them special power to preserve the life of many a wayward soul and many a suffering body; and I think she has also imparted to them a secret power to cultivate plants, for adorning her altars are numbers of tall flowers which can be grown nowhere else on the continent. In formation the flower re-semble the lily of the valley, though

One or another they much larger. cover from top to root the stalk, which of most the plants is about five feet high; some are a pale mauve, some white, all are very lovely, and it is nice to think they only grow at St. Anne's. Beyond the church on the opposite

side, beautifully situated on the hill, is the convent. I have two pictures from there-one I call "An Idea of Heaven," the other "An Idea of Earth." Perhaps you will ask what they are like? So I will try to tell you how they look to me. It is Benediction hour and in the quaint little chapel, the sparkling monstrance on the altar is surrounded by many lights which shine out clear and bright amid the flowers, and there we know

"Angels group in awe around Him, Round the throne whereon He stands."

At the foot of the altar a priest is kneeling, and on both sides of the chapel, dressed in white, with snowy veils around them, are the nuns bowed low in adoration, while to soft music low sweet voices are chanting the Vesper Hymn.

From the convent balcony we will take our view of rural life.

The last rays of sunshine are bidding adieu to the busy village and beautiful church, yet they linger round its towers reluctant to go. The streets of the village wind in and out, far away amid the hills, but the centre night.

Away up the river we see a boat coming, and down the long pier vehicles are going in numbers to meet it. Round a curve of the river, Mount St. Anne rises its blue peak and the clouds have crowned her "Queen of the Hills."

Far away on the other side the sun has given a halo of glory to the spires in the dim distant city of Quebec. Which picture do you like best? I vonder. Perhaps you will condemn both.

"Let mercy season justice," for the Winnifred. artist is only

Sayings of Christ.

Speaking of papyri recently discov ered which contain sayings of Christ, London correspondent writes:
"These papyri are strange looking

refuse. Some of them are in rolls perhaps fourteen inches in length and a couple of inches broad, looking something like a huge old cigar, dry, dusty and weevil eaten, crushed flat by a heavy weight. But those that have been dampened and opened assume at once a most interesting appearance. Brushed, cleaned and pressed they look like pieces of fine yellow matting—not a bright yellow, but a dark brownish hue. But what strickes one most strongly is the ink. There are these leaves dug out of the soil where they have been lying utterly unprotected for 1,800 years, and yet, where the surface of the papyrus is uninjured, the ink shows up as black as though it had flowed from the pen only a week ago. The writing, is beautifully clear, especially in the ecclesiastical manuscripts, which are the work of educated men.

Comfort Sometimes.

STORY OF "ROBIN ADAIR."

Written From the Heart and to a Real Robin Adair.

The famous song, which has sung tself into so many hearts, was written from the heart and to a real Robin Adair. The little tale reads like a fairy story and ends as happily. Robin, according to S. J. Adair Fitz Gerald (McClure's, February), was a native of county Wickiow, Ireland, and getting into trouble of some kind in Dublin while studying medicine, fled to London. On the way he rescued a fashionable lady whose coach had been over-turned, and from her secured entree into London society.

"Robin Adair was a wise and ener tage of the lucky turn in his fortunes double barrelled fowling piece, which the assistance of his patroness, acquired a good connection of the lucky turn in his fortunes double barrelled fowling piece, which was found hidden behind the high altar, which was proved to be a light connection of the lucky turn in his fortunes. the assistance of his patroness, ac altar, which was proved to belong to quired a good connection at the best end of the town. He was frequently been lately discharged. He was conat the dances given by this lady and others, and one night at a party he found that his partner was Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. It was a case Lady Caroline's attachment was as sincere as it was sudden. Her kinsfolk were stupefied with amazement. She was sent abroad to see if travel would alter her determination and cure her of her folly, but without avail, and gradually she fell ill. When she was at Bath for the benefit of her health about 1750) she wrote the verses now caused her to become so dangerously ill that, upon the doctor's despairing of her life and seeing the disease was more of the heart and mind than of the flesh, the union of the faithful pair was consented to."

Some Women Who Were Professors.

In view of the foundation at Wash ington of the proposed Trinity College for the higher education of women, and because of the fact that such an institution has been spoken of in some places as " a new departure" on the part of the Catholic Church, it may not be amiss to recall certain matters which are proven by the pages of history.

In the life of St. Teresa we find it recorded that she was made a doctor of divinity because of her great knowledge of theological questions, and it is also stated that she wore at times the doctor's cap. Norella d'Andrea, the daughter of a celebrated professor of the University of Bologna, who lived in the 14th century, was so well versed in philosophy and law that she often lectured on those subjects to the students of that institution, filling her father's chair when he was obliged to absent himself from the classroom. Four centuries later this same university had a professor of mathematics and philosophy Laura Bassi, who had previously won her doctorate by passing a brilliant examination in those studies, and in the same century, but somewhat later in it, Ciotilda Tambroni was appointed pro fessor of Greek at Bologna, and the chair of anatomy and surgery was filled

by Madame Manzolina.
One might mention St. Catherine of Siena, the patroness of philosophers, as another example of the highly educated Catholic woman, and she is by no means the only one that can be ages ago the Church opened to all women who desired to enter them the Washington proves.-Catholic Colum-

The Congregationalist tells a story of the old and the new way of giving out church notices. An old fashioned clergyman supplying a church had been in the habit of making the announcements in his most punctilious manner, and everyone was couched in language like this: "If it be in ac-cordance with the will of Divine Providence, there will be a meeting in this house this evening. The subject will be 'Scripture Promises,' and there will unforeseen accident preventing. After this sort of thing for several weeks everybody drew a long breath when his successor remarked in a pleasant, conversational tone: haven't yet decided whether or not it's advisable to continue the evening meetings during the coming month 'tennyrate, we'll hold one to-night, and let's all try to be there."

One of Mr. Pulitzer's young men called on a New Haven minister some called on a New Haven minister some time ago and asked him to give the World a fifty-word interview on "Hell." He didn't get fifty words. He got just nineteen, but they expressed more sense and more truth than would one thousand other words. Here is the interview: "Hell in my opinion is the place where the Sunday edition of that paper should be published and circulated. — Boston Republic.

Throat Trouble Cured.

"I used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for severe throat trouble," writes Mrs. Hopkins, of 254 Bathurst street, Toronto. "It proved most effective. I regard it as one of the best household remedies there is. It is easy and pleasant to take and drives out the cold with surprising celerity."

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it. time ago and asked him to give the

A PRIEST'S HEROIC SACRIFICE Endured Exile Rather Than Break the Seal of the Confessional.

In the year 1853 Father Kobzlowicz, was a Catholic priest at Orator, in Ukraine, in Russian Volhymia. From the time of his ordination he was regarded as one of the most pious and zealous priests of the diocese; he had considerable reputation as a preacher, and was generally esteemed as a con fessor. He rebuilt his parish church and decorated it, and from the time he was placed in charge of the parish he seemed to redouble his zeal. All at once, to the amazement of everyone who knew anything about him, he was accused of having murdered a public official of the place. The piece of evidence against him was a victed of the murder, and the court sentenced him in penal servitude for life in Siberia. His hair was cut off, he was clad in convict's apparel, and incorporated in the chained gang of f love at first sight, mutual love, and criminals who made their long weary march to Siberia.

Years passed away, and everything about the occurrence had been forgotten, except by a few persons. Then the organist of the church of Orator, sent for the principal persons of the district, and in their presence confessed that he was the murderer of the official. He added that he was so popular and adapted them to the led to the crime by the hope of marry-melody of 'Eileen Aroon,' which Robin Adair had doubtless often sung to her.

Me date added that he was led to the crime by the hope of marry-ing his widow. After committing the murder, he took the gun with which he At last the separation from Adair and had shot the unfortunate man, and the importunities of her relatives hid it where, upon his suggestion, the police found it, and he ungenerously managed to fix suspicion on the priest. But the strangest part of the story remains to be told. After the arrest of the priest, being torn with remorse, he visited him in prison and went to confession to him, disclosing that he himself was the criminal. He had then the purpose of acknowledging his guilt before the tribunal, but his courage failed him and he allowed things to proceed on their false course

Thus the poor priest, Kobzlowicz, knew well who was the real murderer, but he knew it only through the confessional. A word would have set him free from the terrible charge. But this would have broken the seal of the confessional, and he preferred to undergo penal servitude for life and lose his good name and be regarded as a shameless criminal.

John Boyle O'Reilly's Grave.

The memory of John Boyle O'Reilly still lives. The grave of the poet in Holyrood cemetery, at Brookline, constantly bears floral emblems, mute testimony of a lingering affection, says the Boston Glebe.

The ample burial lot, which is 88x 40 feet in extent, is located in the hand somest spot in Holyrcod. It is planted with Irish grass, while the real shamrock and the beautiful Irish daisy grow round it in profusion. The lot is shaded with shrubbery transplanted from the poet's native land. Among the trees are golden cedars, from Newton Ards, County Down, Irish junipers, Irish yew trees, rhododendrons and many young Irish purple beeches. The beds beneath the shrubs and trees are studded with a wealth of pansies and forget me nots. Nature herself, cited. The truth is that ages and however, has given O'Reilly his most appropriate monument in the ledge underlying his burial lot. This huge there might be as smooth as the discussion of the St. Lawrence which washes Beaupre's shore, and which always is so calm that the boats appear just to glide along. How different is the river beyond Orleans. Very bright and alluring it looks vet wild face implanted in the rock makes as complete an emblem of remembrance as could be desired.

The 100 ivies from Louth Castle, the poet's native home, planted three years ago, together with the two ivies from the grave of Martha Washington, have clambered around the rock in mingled profusion, giving the boulder the appearance of a huge green bush. The poet sleeps beneath a luxuriant floral bed a few feet in front of the bronze medallion, and at some distance from his grave two bronze vases will soon be filled with palms and flowering plants of all kinds. The scenery around the be a short address by the pastor, no grave is very attractive. Open wooded and rugged, it recalls his intense love for the beauties of nature, while the cultivated flowers in the burial lot brings to mind the poetic development which surrounded his later years

The face in the medallion is shown in profile. The shapely head, with close cut hair, is firmly and gracefully poised on the shoulders, which are more than life size, stands out from the medallion in prominent relief. It is altogether one of the most beautiful of graves.

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The Catholic mecord. Published Waskly at 484 and 485 Biohistope, London, Ontario.

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London, Saturday, August 28, 1897.

DUELLING IN FRANCE.

The duel which took place last week in Paris between Prince Henri, of Orleans, and the Count of Turin, a son of the late Duke of Aosta, and nephew of the king of Italy; has again called public attention to the absurd and criminal practice of duelling, which, unfortunately, has not yet been eradicated from the continent of Europe.

Prince Henri of Orleans, whose position as representative of the royal line of Orleans does not support him under the Republican government of France, finds some revenue by writing for the Parts Figaro and the New York Herald, and it was through his newspaper articles to these journals that the difficulty arose which resulted in the recent duel.

The prince was appointed member of a Commission for the purpose of negotiating a treaty with King Menelik, offering favorable terms of commercial intercourse between France and Abva sinia, and for this purpose he went to the latter country last February. He was not as successful in his mission as he expected, as a more favorable treaty was made by Menelik with England on a basis of mutual concessions. and the prince's temper seems to have been somewhat soured by the issue, so that in his newspaper correspondence he made some caustic remarks on the evil dispositions entertained by Italians against the French.

He said that the Italians boasted, before the battle of Adowa, that if they entered Addis Ababa victoriously, they would give no quarter to Frenchmen whom they might find there, even to the small tradesmen, but that they added ironically "they would not inflict the death penalty on French women." He ridiculed the Italian officers for taking part in the celebration of their defeat at Adowa, and drinking a toast to the victorious Menelik. He repeated also the sarcastic remark of a French officer who was at the banquet and who is reported to have said : "Mon Dieu, Monsieur, I never saw a Frenchman drinking to the health of the Emperor William."

These criticisms were very offensive to a number of Italians, among whom were the Count of Turin, who is a Major in the Italian Army, also Genwhom sent challenges to the Prince to meet them in combat. The challenge of the Count of Turin was accepted. the others remaining in abeyance until the first encounter should be decided.

The meeting took place on the 15th inst., at 5 o'clock in the morning, swords being agreed upon as the weapons. Both combatants began the fight so vigorously as to astonish the seconds, and their determination to kill is described by Major Leontieff, Prince Henri's second, as terrible.

The fight lasted twenty-six minutes. and both combatants were wounded. but the injury to Prince Henri was most severe, his antagonist's sword having penetrated his abdomen, and coming very near to his intestines. When he received the wound, he clapped his hands to the spot and sunk back to his seat exclaiming that he could do no more. The doctors also, who were in attendance, declared that he was rendered by the wound clearly inferior to his antagonist, and the combat was accordingly stopped by mutual consent.

The Count of Turin's wound was on the back of his right hand, and it is stated that he would have been dangerously hurt only for the chance that Prince Henri's sword struck a button by which it was bent and rendered unfit for use, so that for the time being the combat ceased until he was supplied with another weapon.

Owing to the severity of the wound inflicted, General Albertone has withdrawn his challenge to the Prince, and though the latter is now in a fair way of recovery it is thought that the matter will not be pushed any further.

It cannot be denied that the Count

of Turin has shown a good deal of animal courage in going into France itself, his adversary's own land, in order to assert against a Frenchman the virtue and magnanimity of his countrymen. But duelling is none the less a folly as well as a crime against God and man, against religion and society

If the Italian officers in Menelik's

capital have been really so mean and so malicious as Prince Henri represents them to have been, the personal victory gained by their champion over Prince Henri will not prove them to have been either virtuous or magnanimous. The design attributed to them, to murder the Frenchmen of Menelik's capital, is none the less base because Prince Henri was unable to withstand the point of the Count's sword. If, on the other hand, they had no such intention, it would have been better, and the world would have admired them more, if they had shown that the Prince's accusation was a calumny. The violation of the law of God which prohibits the crime of murder, and as a consequence that of duelling, does not prove that the accusation was unjust. It is therefore not at all creditable to that portion of the people of Italy who have made this unlawful duel a matter of national rejoicing, as if by it the honor of Italy had been completely vindicated.

The vengeful feeling displayed against France, if Prince Henri's statements are true, is just as discreditable now as it was before the duel took place, and it is not made any the less so by the triumphant display of flags on the public buildings and across the chief streets of the cities of Italy, by the playing of military bands and the praises lavished on the Count of Turin by the official press. The courtesies shown to King Menelik we do not regard as discreditable. King Menelik deserves to be honored for his manliness and bravery in defending his people against foreign aggression, and there is no disgrace to the Italians if they have accepted their defeat at Adowa with a good grace, and if they paid due respect to the brave Negus who gained an honorable victory over them on a fairly fought field of battle. It is more disgraceful to have made the cause of the Count of Turin their own, and to have shown approval of his disregard of divine and human law. No long existing custom can make duelling lawful or reasonable.

England, and there is no reason why it should not be made unfashionable on the continent, but it is to be feared that inveterate habit will continue to prevail over good sense and Christian morals, as long as kings and princes and military commanders hold it to be the only salve to wounded honor, that the individual who has been insulted must recover his honor either by killing or maining the insulter, or by giving the latter an opportunity to or seriously wound him What can be more absurd than the declaration of one of the Count's seconds while the preliminaries were being arranged, that, "It is now a quarrel between the two countries, and we wish that the whole Italian army could assist at this duel."

The duel has fallen into disuse in

Prince Henri is no more than a private person, and it was a private person that he spoke disparagingly of the Italian officers. Why should there be a quarrel between two nations on account of this? It was far better that the two who were most concerned should fight the matter out by themselves than that the inoffensive soldiers of both nations should be drawn into slaying one another because one hotheaded soldier shows his poor wit while another takes him to task for his indis-

THE MEANEST OF EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS

The news reaches us through a cable despatch that the Czar has refused to receive Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria owing to the quarrel of the latter with Austria arising out of M. Stoiloff's remarks on the attitude of Austria in regard to the trial of Captain Boitcheff, a former aide de camp of Prince Ferdinand.

Captain Boitcheff had been guilty of the murder of his paramour, who was an Austrian subject, and owing to his position as an officer of Prince Ferdinand's staff a disposition was shown by the Bulgarian Government to shield him from the consequences of his crime, but the Emperor of Austria insisted that justice should be done, and the result was the Captain's conviction. This gave offence to M. Stoiloff, the

some very insulting remarks concerning the Emperor and his family.

In an interview with the represent ative of a paper M. Stoiloff said that the Austrian Government had been over officious in meddling with the Captain's trial, and that Austria cannot afford to be over punctilious on the score of morality, as the world has not forgotten the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Hapsburg.

These remarks gave great offence to Austria, and an apology was demanded, but M. Stoiloff made matters worse by intimating that he is indifferent to Austrian opinion on the sub ject, though at the same time he denied that his sayings had been correctly reported. Diplomatic relations were not completely ruptured by the occurrence, but they were suspended, and the Austrian charge d'affairs at Sofia left the city as a protest against such an insult, leaving his secretary to attend to the business of his department.

Thus the matter stands at present. and no doubt Prince Ferdinand expected to gratify Russia by supporting M. Stoiloff in the insult to the Austro-Hungarian Emperor. Russia, however, does not see fit to encourage impudence of this kind, and has inflicted this snub on Prince Ferdinand, notwithstanding his mean subservience which led him not long ago to hand over his infant son Boris to be "con verted to and confirmed " in the Greek schismatical religion, for no other purpose than to please Russia.

But even this is not the last of Prince Ferdinand's meannesses. He is the first Catholic prince who has degraded him self so far as to pay a visit to King Humbert in Rome since the Pope has been kept a prisoner in the Vatican, and when he had thus descended as low as we would have supposed it to be possible for any man to go down, he found in his lowest depth a lower depth still in which he could show himself to be the meanest of Christian sovereigns. He went next to Constantinople, where he enjoyed for several days the hospitality of the assassin of the Armenians. Cre tans. Thessalians, and even of his own countrymen, and has made with Abdul Hamid an interchange of courtesies and royal decorations. It is said also alliance offensive and defensive. This has been even unblush ingly admitted by M. Stoiloff, who said in another interview with an Hungarian paper :

"Bulgaria first set her hopes Russia and then in Austria; but she found it useless to expect help from Europe. Prince Ferdinand, therefore. turned to Turkey, who, in event of war, will support Bulgaria with 100, Prince Ferdinand would rather kiss the hand of the Sultan than abase himself before Europe.

It serves Prince Ferdinand right that he has received this last snub from his self-willed and mutable mas

THE UNITY OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.

Under the title "A Plea for Unity," there appears in a recent issue of the Presbuterian Quarterly a well-written and able article which is copied ap provingly into the Toronto Presbyter ian Review. The writer is Rev. Robert Ker. The very ability with which erroneous teachings on so important a matter as the extension and unity of the Church of Christ makes the errors thus maintained all the more dangerous and deceptive.

Mr. Ker's thesis may be stated in his own words. In the name of Christians of all sects or denominations, he

"We are one family; let us ac knowledge it; so far from being ashamed, let us all glory in it. Any denomination may declare that it nearest to the Scripture model, and lovingly endeavor to persuade all others to believe all which itself believes, and yet cordially acknowledge that we are all one family in Christ, and members of one another. . In view of these great things which we hold in common, let us love and acknowledge one another. preach the gospel in each other's pulpits, join in a common communion at our several tables of the Lord. Let us assemble around one common mercy seat in prayer. Let us co-operate in all evangelical missions, and let us show to the world, to each other, and to Christ, in every way, that His prayer is being answered in which He asked for His people that they might be

By itself the meaning of all this might not be perfectly clear, but taken in connection with the context of which it is a summary it is made evident that the writer's view is that the Christian Church is composed, not of members believing the same truths, and having the same sacraments as in-

creeds and modes of Church government. Hence he says :

"It is a mistake to seek consolidaof all organizations, and absolute uniworship, and government. It is based upon a misunderstanding of what Christian unity is. It is not the acceptance of a form ; it is a common union with Christ."

These views are not altogether new among Protestants, and latterly, as the adherence to specific doctrines has become less prevalent, they have been more openly upheld than ever, and they are now very generally maintained by most of the advocates of Protestantism, though they are certainly not the teaching of the divines who issued the Westminster Confession of Faith, and it is a surprise to find them thus upheld by Presbyterians of the present day.

The Westminster Confession and the declarations accompanying it set forth plainly that Presbyterianism is the only true religion, and the Confession of Faith contains the only true doctrine of Christ; and they certainly do not tolerate such laxity of belief as Mr. Ker recommends in the following:

"I appeal to psalm-singing Presby terian communionists : right to refuse Church fellowship to those who sing uninspired hymns Have you s And to the Baptists: right to deny communion to non imof other denominations when they ne to you, and to rebaptize and reordain their ministers when they ask orders in your denomination, when you acknowledge that they are Christians? I appeal to the Episcopalians Though you accept the baptism of other denominations, have you a right to treat those going from us to you as if they had never been Church members, and to refuse the admittance of ministers of other sects into your pulpits? Do you not cordially concede that we are Christians, and do you not declare that when we die we go to heaven? How, Church, and that our ministers are not before Christ? Or would the great

Apostle of the Gentiles approve it? It would occupy too much space in our columns to treat at length the whole theory of Church unity, and to refute all the plausible pretexts here set forth for the purpose of showing that Protestant sects generally are to be considered as constituting one that he has formed with the Sultan an | Church of Christ, notwithstanding all their diversities of belief. There are, however, some points on which we deem it useful to make a few remarks.

We are told by Mr. Ker that absolute uniformity of creed, sacrament, worship and government is not to be looked for among Christians, and that therefore the consolidation of organizations, that is, the unity of sects into one body, ought not to be simed at among Christians.

In regard to this we must say that the writer totally misunderstands the nature of the Church of Christ. It is very true that where Christ has not given us a revelation of creed, form of worship and of Church government, and such details of Church government as are not repugnant to Christ's institution. But even in the last mentioned case, if the institution of Christ is not definite, it does not pertain to private individuals or to sects humanly instituted to settle for themselves the manner in which the Church should be governed.

It is agreed on all hands that Christ established a Church, and that He appointed His Apostles to be its first ministers, and the dispensers of His mysteries. He appointed His Apostles giving them power to continue His work on earth, saying, "as the Father sent me so do I send you." (St. John xx, 21.)

So we are expressly told by St. Paul that it is Christ's ordinance that there are Apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers in the Church, "for the perfection of saints, for the work of the ministry . . . till we knowledge of the Son of God." (Ep. iv.) The same Apostle tells us, elsewhere, (Heb. v, 4,) that "neither doth any man take the honor (of the Christian priesthood) to himself, but he that is called by God as Aaron was."

From all this it follows that only such ministers of religion as derive their authority from Christ by succession and mission through the Apostles, are to be regarded as the ministers of the Church of Christ. None others have authority to dispense the mysteries of Christ, which are the sacraments and the channels of grace which Christ has instituted for the use of teaching without reserve, and without Christians to the end of time. Just as under the old law, the priesthood to has revealed. Hence the revealed docwhich Aaron was appointed as the trines which some sects reject are just stituted by Christ, but of all denom- original stock, passed by lawful suc- as necessary to true Christian faith as Bulgarian premier, who then made inations, whatever may be their cession to the priests of later times, so are those which Jurien and Mr. Ker nounced against him. He is said to

priesthood must be transmitted and perpetuated by succession from the Apostles, and all who claim to be ministers of the Church of Christ must be regarded as impostors if they have not thus derived their authority in a lawful manner.

It is therefore not a matter of

human choice, or fancy, or mere courtesy to offer fellowship in the administration of Christian sacraments, to ministers of every denomination which may claim to possess a lawful ministry; and if we are to obey the law of God we must say of those who have not the regular authority coming from the Apostles, that they are not Christian ministers at all. It was strictly forbidden under the old law for those who were not of the priestly order to offer sacrifice, or to take part in the performance of priestly functions. The same law holds in regard to the Christian ministry, and the Rev. Mr. Ker's appeal to the sects to introduce community of ministry by the interchange of pulpits, is contrary to the whole conception of the Christian ministry as taught in Holy Scripture, and by the practice of the Christian Church in all ages.

With regard to Mr. Ker's proposal that differences of doctrine should not be regarded as an obstacle to Christian unity, our remarks must be somewhat similar to what we have already said of the Christian ministry. Christ is the author of the Christian religion. He delivered His doctrine to the Apostles and commanded them to teach it in its entirety to all nations, saying : "Going, therefore, teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation

of the world." (St. Matt. xxv., 20)

Elsewhere our Lord declares that he that believes and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned." And the "Apostle of the Gentiles" declares that "without faith it is impossible to please God." Heb. xi., 16.) This faith of which St. Paul speaks is defined (Heb. xi., 1,) to be "the substance of things hoped for, the conviction of things that appear not." We must, therefore, pay the homage of our understanding to God, believing on His word, all things that He has revealed, even though they 'appear not:" that is, even though they be incomprehensible to us. It is not for man, therefore, to agree to overlook some doctrines which God has revealed, and to permit them to be deliberately rejected from the Christian creed. Totally different from this is Mr. Ker's teaching. He gives us to understand that there are certain doctrines essential which all must believe, and on which all sects agree, but the doctrines on which they disagree he calls "non essentials," and SAYS:

"The elevation of non - essentials man is at liberty to believe as he will, into the place of essentials has the that the soul is saved by faith in Christ alone, and it places stumbling blocks in the way of sinners trying to find their way to God."

It is at once evident that this theory that some doctrines of Christianity are essential and others non-essential was invented, not because it is the Christian truth, but because it serves as a kind of cloak to conceal the irreconcilable beliefs of the sects. It was first invented by the Lutheran Jurien for this purpose. Protestantism was reproached by Catholic divines for the inextricable confusion it produced by its innumerable divisions on the most slender grounds, and it was to cover up the absurdity of so much self contradiction that Jurien invented his theory. But Mr. Ker carries it a to greater extreme than even Jurien contemplated, for, according to this new presentation of the case, there remains only one essential doctrine in Christianity, which is the necessity of faith all meet in the unity of faith and in Christ, and Christians are free to reject everything else - apparently even Christ's Divinity and the inspiration of the Bible itself, as it has re cently become the common practice to

Such a theory of Christian unity has no foundation either in scripture or in the constant belief of the Christian Church, by both of which it is strongly condemned, as we have seen above. Further, it is injurious to Almighty God, who is Truth itself, and who can neither deceive nor be deceived. We must therefore pay to Him the homage of our understanding by accepting His rejecting a single doctrine which He

under the new law, the Christian are pleased to call fundamental or essential.

How are we to reconcile what we have said here with those passages of Holy Writ wherein salvation is promised to those who believe, or who believe in Christ? To this we answer that this belief which is insisted on includes the acceptance of everything which Christ teaches, and it is only the impossibility of knowing the truth in full which can excuse some persons from mortal sin who do not believe all that Christ has taught, not from lack of good will, but because they are in a state of invincible ignorance, and do not and cannot know exactly all that God has taught. But the Church of Christ, which has been commanded to teach all that Christ has revealed, cannot enter into any bargain, even for the sake of unity, to gloss over or keep in the background any doctrine which its Master has inculcated,

JUSTICE VINDICATED.

Michael Angiolillio, or Colli, the Anarchist assassin who shot and killed Senor Canovas del Castillo, the Spanish Prime Minister, on Sunday, the 8th .. was executed in his prison on Thursday, the 20th inst.

The cable despatch which announces the closing scene of this tragedy states that he heard calmly the news that he was to be executed so soon ; and though he must have been aware that the execution of the sentence would not be delayed, as announcement to this effect was made early in the week, it is said that he appeared to be surprised when on the preceding day he learned that it was to take place on the morrow.

Against the priests who offered their services to prepare him for death, he seemed to entertain a deep resentment. and he complained that they annoyed him, but said that they would obtain nothing from him, as he would die in his anarchical faith. He refused to enter the chapel, as he declared he was comfortable enough in his cell. This was, of course, bravado to show that he would die as he had lived, without the fear or love of God.

The execution was done by garotting, a mode of punishment often em ployed in Spain, the operation being performed by an official from Burgos. Just before this took place, a priest for the last time offered him reconciliation with God, exhorting him to repentance, but he again refused the offer, saying: "Since you cannot get me out of prison, leave me in peace. I myself will settle with God." In this deplorable state of mind he was summoned to eternity. We are not, however, greatly surprised at the obstinate spirit manifested by this assassin, as he had evidently hardened his heart against the 'grace of God long before his last fearful crime, the resolution to perpetrate which, he declared at his trial, he had formed at Barcelona more than a year before, namely, on May 4. 1896, when five Anarchists were executed for participating in the throw ing of a bomb into the ranks of the Corpus Christi procession of the preceding year, thereby causing the death of twelve men, women and children.

At Barcelona Angiolillio was known by the name of Jose Santos, and, according to his own statements, he planned there the murder of Signor Canovas as an act of vengeance on account of the execution of his Anarchistic friends and associates, and it is known that he was implicated even in their plot. As he did not understand the management of explosives he used the revolver in perpetrating his crime. At his trial last week, Angiolillioi's counsel presented the plea that he was demented when he committed the murder. The culprit himself repudiated this plea, but it was rejected, not on the ground of his repudiation of it, but because though it was known that he was a fauatic in the principles of Anarchy, it was held that he was not insane to the degree that would excuse him from responsibility for his deed.

Angiolillio attempted to justify his conduct before the Court by a political speech in which he arraigned the Government in regard to their management of the wars now going on in Cuba and the Phillipine islands, but the presiding judge stopped his attempted speech, saying that it had no relevance to his case, and that it was no justification. The calmness of the judge and his moderation in speaking to the accused were remarkable in view of the excitement which prevails throughout the country on account of the atrocious deed so recently committed.

Angiolillio assumed a bearing of bravery at and before his execution, but this appearance which did not show itself at the close of the trial when sentence was proinfliction of the s capital punishment ture, but we canno so on the present

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mitted. ned a bearing of before his exthis appearance itself at the close sentence was proim. He is said to have become deathly pale, and he had to be supported by the bystanders.

The promptitude of the proceedings in vindication of law and order, and their judicial character, are highly creditable to Spain and its institutions.

It is seemingly a sign of hard heartedness to express gratification at the infliction of the supreme penalty of capital punishment on a fellow creature, but we cannot refrain from doing so on the present occasion, as this penalty is the only restraint the fear of which will keep the Anarchist wild beasts of Europe from preying upon mankind. For self-preservation society must inflict this penalty.

Angiolillio declared that he had no accomplices in his crime, but the police profess to have certain information that the deed was ordered at an Anarchist meeting, and several arrests have been made of suspected conspirators, among whom is an intimate friend and companion of Signor Canovas' murderer, named Isidoro Ricci.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"NEW Protestantism" is the name adopted by Professor Harmack, a German teacher of theology, for the system of interpretation of scripture which he advocates; but on investigation it is found to be nothing else than the old atheism of Epicurus.

Ax esteemed clerical friend writes that he considers it an excellent plan to give the CATHOLIC RECORD, after a subscriber is through reading it himself, to a Protestant friend or neighbor; and asks us to remind our readers not to neglect this opportunity of "co operating in spreading the light.

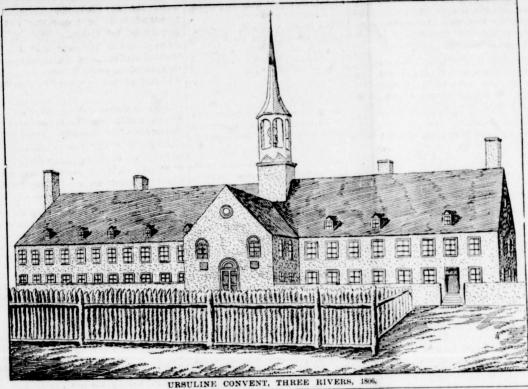
In the Church of England parish of Lambarry, in Wales, the patron who has the power to appoint a rector left the choice in the hands of the ratepayers whose tithes maintain the Church. As the dissenters by far outnumber the Churchmen, the candidate of the dissenters was elected by a large majority and duly installed, and in this way the Church is now practically in the hands of the dissenters, who pay the piper. The event is one of the curiosities in the history of a Church establishment which depends entirely upon Parliament for its doc trine and disciplinary laws.

UTAH has been recently celebrating the semi-centennial feast of the establishment of Mormonism in that territory under Brigham Young. It is reported that the most earnest participators in the celebration were the women-rather a surprising fact when it is considered that woman is grossly degraded by the Mormon practice of polygamy. It is claimed that within the past year there have been 10,000 converts to Mormonism. If this be true it demonstrates what a slight hold religion has on the majority of the so-called Christian settlers in the

It is stated that recently at Chrystal Falls, Michigan, a Pinkerton detective, disguised as a priest, induced a tramp to make a confession of murder, which was overheard by witnesses who had been purposely placed in an adjoining cell. This story has been published in the American daily papers, and so far it has not been contradicted, but if true, a most unjustifiable method has been adopted to find evidence. The office of a priest, whose duty it is to to administer the sacraments of Christ, and to reconcile the repentant sinner to Almighty God, is most sacred, so that there should be no simulation of it for any secular purpose, and such a simulation is sacrilegious. The legal authorities should prohibit such an abuse as the detective in question has been guilty of, and the evidence gathered in such a way should not be made use of for the purpose of securing a conviction. The crime of the detective who employed such a device is, at least, as great as that of the criminal who was subjected to such a deception.

Regarding the religion of Edmund Burke, it is a curious fact that the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in a paper in the Dublin Nation in 1851, stated that the distinguished statesman died a Roman Catholic, having been attended in his last illness by a priest. It is strange that such a circumstance should not have been mentioned by any of the many biographers of Edmund Burke, but it would be stranger still if McGee should make the statement without any warrant. We are certain he did not do so, and we think if the matter be further inquired into our belief will be found to be justified. - Catholic Standard and

We blame little things in others, and pass over great things in ourselves.—



BRATION OF THE THREE RIVERS' URSULINES.

The close of the scholastic year, and he commencement of the midsummer vacation, was this year celebrated by the Ursulines of Three Rivers with a grand festival of three days duration, commemorative of the two hundredth anniversary of their existence in that city. For nearly a year preparations for this event have been going on, foremost of which was the pulling down of the old chapel, the massive walls of which have been built in the time of Louis XIV., and the erection in its



place of a fine edifice in grey stone capable of seating five hundred per-

This church, which is between two ancient portions of the monastery, one the community, the other the chap-lain's house, has been so arranged, as regards the tinting and ornamentation of the stone, that it does not clash with the different styles of architecture of the other buildings. The in-

erior has been delicately and appro-

priately frescoed by Signor Capello-now of Montreal,—and does credit even

to the brush of that clever artist. The

statues and appointments are in per-

fect harmony with the whole, and over

the high altar is a remarkably beau-tiful statue of the Sacred Heart, under

On Wednesday morning the fête began with a High Mass sung by Bishop Laflèche, the music of the

Mass being rendered by the choir of

in the United States. The academic hall is a very fine one—and was ap

propriately decorated with wreathes,

portraits, palms, potted plants, coats-

of arms and mottoes. At the entrance two "sweet girl graduates," dressed in

the pure white uniform of the school,

Whose invocation the chapel is.

THE TWO HUNDREDTH CELE- Bishop and the priests, who had hours so agreeably spent among dined at the monastery.

The first item on the programme, after the musical overture, was a very well-delivered address by Mademoiselle Marie Methot-an address which spoke of the early days of the now flourishing institution, of its foundation by Mère Marie Drouet de Jésus in 1697, of the fostering care given to it by Mon-seigneur de St. Valier and of how that frain of the address.

A very pretty scene followed, when three dear little girls dressed as troubadours, before the scenic representa-tion of the town of Grenoble, the native town of Monseigneur de St. Valier, played the part of crusading ancestors of the great Bishop. After this came St. Jean Baptiste, who delivered an address, the refrain of which was taken up by two angels—the angel of Canada and the angel of the monastery. recitations over a charming tableau vivant of a group of angels was shown, after which more music. The musical selections were well chosen and well rendered, causing many flattering comments on the style of teaching in the monastery. In this section of the programme came also a very fine tab eau representing a naval combat, and Monseigneur de St. Valier taken prison er of war. More music and then an English poem extremely well re-cited by Mile. Alice Boire. cited by A very beautiful tableau was one which represented the well known "Vision of St. Angèle. An address by Mademoiselle Claire Vanasse was delivered admirably. More music and then the gem of the programme-The Concert

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URSULINE CONVENT, THREE RIVERS, 1897.

represented and who sang in sweet

baby voices songs appropriate to those favored blossoms. This number was

accompanied by tableaux of flowers in

looked through the canvas and formed

the heart of each blooming rose. It finished with a dance of

finally held over the heads of the liv-

Save the Queen" brought this most

I must not forget to say that an ex-

quisite bouquet from the hot houses of

the convent was presented to the

Bishop, and to the Rev. Canon Rheault,

the chaplain of the convent; little

Marguerite Desrosiers, the baby of the

flowers, presented a bunch of Marguer-

ites, the heart of each being a verit-

the school, consisting of nuns and older children bearing wreathes pupils. At this Mass the entire body which they twined and untwined and

of the church was filled with priests—priests not only of the diocese of Three Rivers, but of the neighboring dioceses in Canada, and also from the French Canadian parishes.

I must not forget to say that an investment of the parterre. "Save the Queen" brought this successful seance to a conclusion.

I must not forget to say that an investment of the parterre.

distributed programmes, and pretty able gold piece in current coin.

which the faces of living children

This represented a parterre in which

His educational institutions are very dear to the heart of Mgr. Lafleche, and the evidence of the education and training imparted by the Ursulines of Three Rivers to their pupils must have been very gratifying to His Lordship

Thursday, the second day of the fes tival, was devoted to the old pupils, who had come from near and far to do honor to their alma mater. From the fatherly care had been handed down through the succeeding Bishops of Quebec and of Three Rivers until the country parishes, from busy centres in present time when the community laid the neighboring republic, from even their grateful thanks at the feet of as far as New Orleans, came those Monseigneur Louis François La whose teachers still speak of them as flèche. "Les Ursulines doivent tout "Ursulinettes," and for them that day a l'Episcopat Canadien " was the return the Mass, the séance and then the rare



beautiful gifts were presented to the community. The evening closed in with illuminations, and a general spirit of fete reigned in Three Rivers Friday was the day for the parents and citizens generally to enjoy the seance and visit the monastery. Not being an "old pupil," although hav-

Another very nice present was that of the Town Council of Rt. Rev. L. S. Rheault, Vicar General, Chaplain of the Ursuline. monastery, of peeping behind the cloister. And they did not come empty handed. Costly and useful and Three Rivers, a large red flag, bearing on its four corners, respectively the date 1897, which waved over the monastery during the three days of the festival. Here in the community

of gold, a ciborium and chalice richly gilt, a very large Mass gong, a beau titul crucifix and candelabra, books, paintings, embroidery, illuminated addresses—one in French, which had had been read at the seance on the "old pupils' day" by one of their number, Mrs. Cooke, the wife of the mayor of Three Rivers; the other in English by Miss Lanigan, also an old pupil. In the community hangs a painting of the Abaé de Calonne; also one of the second superior, Mère Marie des Anges, who has the face of a very clever woman; and one of Mgr. de St. Valier. Upstairs in the novitiate hangs the crucifix of the Abbé de Calonne. We had a peep into the study of the secretary and archivist of the con vent-a lady who has written the history of her community in two octavo volumes, and who has, besides, published several historical works

The second impression was at the

strange coincidence in the fact that

the first superior of the order in Three

Rivers was Mère Marie Drouet de

Jésus, in 1697, and that the lovely and beloved little Mother who holds that

venerated place in 1897 is another

Mère Marie de Jésus. This fact is called

to our minds by the names of the su-

periors during the last two hundred

years, being entwined in golden letters

round two columns which support the roof in front of the stage. The pro

Library " of the convent.
"We all come here to die," said my guide, as she led me into the Infirmary The idea strikes one as pessimistic, bu the full meaning was that this special Infirmary was a specially quiet and re tired nook, for incurables. From it led a room in which was an old, old ing a strong bond to the convent in little girls whose fair young heads were dressed to imitate the flowers they represented and who can be represented and the represe chimney. It is, I think, the refectory or dining room of the sick. In the old chimney an equally old stove, probably cast in His French Majesty's Royal St. Maurice forges, was let in. At one side of this was an odd little niche, built also in the chimney. To begin with, the first impression I received were from elbow, handles of My guide opened the oven of the stove, parasols, fans, etc., as the elite of Three and produced a tea pot, from which Rivers, Quebec, and various other places, struggled in concert (with the she brewed me as good a cup of 5 o'clock tea as I have ever enjoyed. thermometer at eighty eight degrees) Fancy, afternoon tea in the inmost reto mount the somewhat narrow stairs cesses of an Ursuline monastery !- an leading to the noble academic hall.

The walls of this room are lined with

books: it is the "Canadian Historical

these parts, "only occurs in the week of three Thursdays." From these peaceful scenes we proceeded, visiting rooms, noting every where the great wealth of books, until we arrived at the kitchen. Such a stove! It bears the same proportion to ordinary stoves as the St. James Cathedral, of Montreal, does to ordinary churches. Possibly even its capa bilities were tested the day previous, when over seven hundred sat down to gramme of the seance was the same as dinner.

experience, which, as the saying is in

commemorative medals to the guests.

Within the hall about two hundred white gowned girls in a simultaneous "curtsey" greeted the entrance of the community and the children, thanking them for "these distance of the guests.

At the close of the entertainment the children, thanking them for "these distance was the same as that of the two preceding days. At 1

From the kitchen to the garden—that of the two preceding days. At 1

where stands the oldest house in Three Rivers—built before the dren, thanking them for "these old sun dial on the gable of the ancient"

tery was originally the residence of home of peace and learning threw its Governor de Ramesay, and this old cottage was for the soldiers of his guard. Beside it stands another old shadow over the first hour of the afternoon hundreds of people might be seen wending their way to the monastery. The entrance was by the door of the house in which in the early days the academy-a fine, modern brick buildinsane of the town were kept under

ing of lofty rooms and modern comforts

of all sorts, which is attached to the eastern end of the dear old stucco

monastery. One enters a spacious hall

and sees reception rooms — already well known on one side of the grating

to us all-but to the surprise of many

the other side of the grating show

just as lofty rooms, just as well venti-lated corridors, just as many fin de

siecle inventions in the mat-ter of desks and heating and lighting as can be beasted by any

educational establishment in a large city. Perhaps some practical readers

will shake their heads when I confess

that I did not linger here-not even to

investigate a second storey. My little

girls spend ten months of the year in

that building, their health is perfect, they are well content—why then wait

to take a lengthy inspection of what I knew to be perfect of its class and

kind, when rooms the walls of which were built in the reign of Louis XIV.,

were thrown open to me, when I could

walk where Governor de Ramesay

had walked, where the wife of the

courtly Riedegel had lived, where

the daughters of the de Hertels, the

Robineau, the de Tonnancours, the

Babys had received their education,

where the early Recollets and the earlier Jesuits had passed in and out,

where Mère Marie Drouet de Jésus had

lived her useful life, where the saintly

breathed out his holy soul to God-

a very convenient cupboard built into

the olden time, the knots of the wood

halls are narrow, the nuns' cells on

either side, small and plain, but very

well-lighted and aired. The commun-

ity room was Governor de Ramesay's

ball-room-a noble apartment in size,

but very low. Here I observed that

the religious sit on benches, not on chairs, as in most convents. In the

community-room many of the presents

were displayed. Some, of course, could not be put there, as, for instance, one

hundred and fifty yards of magnificent

crimson Brussels carpet, the gift of the

old pupils, which is laid in the church.

the arms of the community, those of the

City of Three Rivers, a wreath of

maple leaves surrounding the date

1697, and one of laurel surrounding

room were a magnificent cope of cloth

The

worn into little slippery knobs.

to the profane intruder. The

the care of the devoted Ursulines. The garden of the convent is vast and beautiful. There are arbors and grass plots, and lovely flowers, and a quaint little oratory with a very, very old altar. In one part of the recreation grounds is a statue of the Blessed Virgin, enthroned in a butternut tree, and known as "Notre Dame du Noyer. At 5 o'clock the bell of the beautiful new church of the Sacred Heart rang to call all to Benediction, which was given by Bishop Laffeche, and as the choir sang "et nunc et semper, et in secula seculorum. Amen!" an invisible hand gently closed the iron gratings of the cloister upon the visitors from the outside world.

A. M. P. Berlinguet. Three Rivers, July, 1897.

Address From the Former English Pupils on the Occasion of the bi-Cen-tenary Celebration at the Ursuline Monastery at Three Rivers, July 1,

VRITTEN AND READ BY MISS AMELIA LANIGAN.

Reverend and beloved Superior and Mothers, — We, your English pupils of former times very gladly and heartily join our congratulations with those which have already been so fully and so eloquently expressed.

We esteem ourselves happy in being present with you on this joyful occasion which

pressed.

We esteem ourselves happy in being present with you on this joyful occasion which you celebrate with just pride and thankfulness, the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of your house.

In this world of change, in this new world where changes are so frequent and so rapid, two centuries of continued existence, of constant service, and of steady growth amid many difficulties form a grand retrospect, and we rejoice with you to-day that the crown of well-deserved success rests upon your endeavors. Nothing else has stood unchanged, the test of Time and its ravages, but the Ursuline Convent, in this old city. The little twig, planted with faith and prayer by three brave and devoted women two hundred years ago, has grown into the stately tree whose branches have sheltered thousands. And now we are privileged to sit beneath its pleasant shade for a few hours, and live again the happy days of youth. There is many an absent English heart that joins with us to-day in our congratulations, and in grateful remembrance of the wise and loving counsels and instructions received within these walls we invoke

"The angel of the backward look, And toded wings at ashen gray." Abbé de Calonne, brother of the Finance Minister of Louis XVI. had rooms like these are not often opened time that secular foot had trod these precincts was when the gentle and good Philippe de Bourbon, Comte de Paris, came here in 1890. How to describe this old house is difficult, indeed to me it is impossible. Imagine all that is old and quaint, thick, thick walls, so thick that there is generally the wall on each side of each door, not along the wall, but sideways with the door, in the thickness of the wall. Some of the floors have been renewed but others are the same floors of

"The angel of the backward look, And toided wings of ashen gray, And voice of ecnoes far away,"

bidding her unclasp the brazen covers of her book, and let us read again on Memory's page the cherished record of our conveni-school days.

page the cherished record of our convents school days.

And the page is all illuminated with the kind faces of well loved mistresses, and the bright countenances of merry class mates. And the other face, grave and reverend, smiles kindly upon us as of old. We feel the touch of the vanished hand, and hear the sound of voices that are stilled:

"O! Death in Life, the days that are no more."

"O! Death in Life, the days that are no more."

But we must turn from our buried Past, to greet your brilliant Present, all glowing with life and energy.

Surrounded as you are by young and happy faces, busied with the noble task of teaching a new generation and training them in the fear of God, yours is a perpetual youth. With all our hearts we say: Peace be to this house. As the centuries come and go, may the family of St. Angela still gather within these walls, and still pray before their altar, hallowed by so many sacred memories and associations.

May God, who has blessed and protected you in the past, guide and prosper you throughout all your tuture!

"Two Hundred Years."

EM WRITTEN BY DR. J. K. FORAN, FOR THE URSULINE CELEBRATION — (RECITED BY MADEMOISELLE ALICE BOIRE.)

Like St. Lawrence that rolls to Atlantic's fast deep.
Its ceaseless, unchanging, volumnious might,
Two centuries were seen, by you gray walls, to

sweep.
With their burden of years,
With their smiles and their tears,
From the day light of time to oblivious night. II.

From that cloister to day, the religious out.
And beholds the same stream that the foundress admired;
But changed is the scene, since the Iroquois shout. shout, Awakened to life All the demons of strife And terror stood guard, as contentment ex-pired.

These walls have beheld the advance guard of truth
Raise the cross where the savage and pagan
held sway,
They beheld the aged chief, and the warrior's

youth,
In the iorest hold tryst
With the envoys of Christ,
And the night disappears in the dawning of

IV. The foundress, her helpmate, no longer are there.
Their places have all been repeatedly filled.
But the soul of community meets them in

prayer.
And the cloister's grim wall
Casts its shadowy pall
to the mounds where their true hearts forever
are stilled.

Individuals die, the community lives
Unshaken by time, like the monastery's walls,
And each one, in sacrificing, heartily gives
Her remains to that sod,
Her life unto God,
And in labors and watchfulness waits till He
calls.

Two centuries have gone, but that cloister still stands
Like the Church all unchanged and ever sub-

The same in all ages the same in all lands,
That 'midst crumbling of Powers,
Most triumphantly towers,
An Arrarat Mount o'er the deluge of Time.

VII. And that Church will go on 'till the tocsin of

years, Proclaims the last hour of this perishable world. May the children of St. Ursule, when eternity nears.
Still inhabit these halls.
And behold these grey walls
Unshaken till earth into chaos is hurled.

Roll on, broad St. Lawrence, your tide to the Reflect in your bosom the cross on your spire,
Sing the requiem of those who now sleep silently—
Bear this monastery's name,
And the Ursuline's fame,
Till your waters are dried by the pre-judgment
fire! J. K. Foran,

Montreal, 1897.

He that would well and duly weigh his own deeds, would have no room to judge hardly of others. - The ImiAUBREY DE VERE'S SUBMIS-SION ..

The Story of His Entrance Into the Church, as Told by Himself.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere, the poet, is contributing a series of autobiographical articles to the Ave Maria. In the course of them he describes his submission to the Church, which took place in November, 1851. Mr. de

As regards the precipitation with which I was credited, let me place a fact beside the theory. Soon after the Gorham case had been decided, I saw one of a party of High Churchmen who met at a breakfast in the house of Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. After he and some of his guests had gone up stairs, we discussed the question what was to be done by those who agreed that the Church of England had formally repudiated High Church prin unless she distinctly repudiated that judicial tribunal which had set at naught-a tribunal to which, whether she approved of it or not, she long remained subject. Some affirmed that as "Church principles" had always admitted that the Roman Catholic Church, whatever its defects might be, was a true part of Christ's Church, we had no choice save that of accepting her authority if the Anglican body had ceased to be a part of it. Others said that we should now, on the contrary, learn to distrust "Church principles," since we had accepted them first in the full belief that they did not lead to Rome. I was asked my opinion. answered that it seemed to me equally true that "Church principles no longer be reconciled with the new position of the English community; and also that many of us had probably accepted them more easily than we should other easily than we should otherwise have done in the full belief that that body sincerely held them, and that they did not lead to Rome. Their position, I thought, rendered any pre cipitate course wrong. The duty of persons so placed was, it seemed to me, to renew a study of "Church printo renew a study of "Church prin-ciples" themselves, giving a consider-able time to it, but meanwhile re-nouncing avowedly, as a temptation, what had, till the late judgment, seemed a duty of loyalty-namely, al "Anglican "preposessions. It would be our duty as openly to discard those principles if they could not stand the test of that renewed study; and, in case they did stand it, then to renounce, at any cost to ourselves, a body which had either practically repudiated them or had never really held them. Robert Isaak Wilberforce (the Bishop's elder brother), whose learning had earned for him the name of the walking dictionary of the Church of England," afur a pause, replied to this effect: "That would be the wise and honest course." I gave two years to that renewed study before I took the final step.

What affected me most during my

two years of renewed study respecting 'Church principles" was not found mainly in controversial works; it was first in the Holy Scriptures Daily I felt more and more how mar vellous was the blindness of the many to the large degree in which the teach ing of our Divine Lord, especially in His parables, related to His Church, in them commonly named His "king-dom." His teaching had evidently been to a great extent a preparator teaching concerning that which was to spring into existence or His ascension into heaven and on the descent of the Holy Spirit-that Church which He had commanded to teach the nations. Not less striking was the that teaching was connected with the unity of that Church, and also the degree in which both these unities were connected with that one great Apostle who was to "strengthen his brethren" by being an abiding principle of organic unity.

The aid I received from uninspired writers came to me also, not from writ ers of the polemical but the philosophical school, and chiefly from Coleridge, Bacon, and St. Thomas Acuinas.

St. Thomas led me on and up into regions of thought far above the "po He taught me that the real question at issue was not that of a single doctrine, however sacred. It was this: Is faith certainty? If so, it can move mountains. Is it but opinion? If so, even a true opinion, it can not add a cubit to a man's stature. It was not for mere opinions that the martyrs died.

Returning after a period of inde pendent thought (an independence not challenged by me but forced on me), and after study of long-honored and not recent authorities, the argu ments used by many of our more emi nent writers during this season of dis tress acquired for me a character not theirs before, especially the arguments of High Churchmen, which tempted me often to say, "Their poverty and plainly rhetorical, and often contra-Strong statements by which I had once been caught now appeared bravura phrases, not what wa needed - exact thoughts. One old friend - a man of great learning and great rectitude -met my arguments by a statement that he had long since come to the opinion that "scientific theology was an impossible thing.

I had lay advisers as well as clerical I may as well mention that Carlyle was one of those who gave me the most curious form of warning: "I have ridden over here to tell you not to do that thing. You were born free. Do not go into that hole." I said: "But you used always to tell me that the Roman Catholic Church was the only Unristian body that was consistent and could defend her position."

plied : " And so I say still. Church of England is much better not withstanding, because her face is turned in the right direction." I an ewered : " Carlyle, I will tell you in a word what I am about. I have lived a Christian hitherto, and I intend to die I have lived a

THY WILL BE DONE.

With uplifted hands, it may be, but in many cases, we fear, with no up-lifted heart, the Christian prays: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in For many Christians do not Heaven evidence in their speech, or disposition that they possess the sweet content which the heartfelt utterance of these words implies.

Often, we hear it said that he or she 'just worried himself or herself to death." Or, "such a one is very ill, but it is nothing but pure worriment that has made her so." And yet what does this worrying into sickness and death, or worrying at all, for that matter, indicate?

To our mind it is more often wilfulness, or seeking one's own will, in-stead of "Our Father's will," notwithstanding the declaration of that our daily prayer-that surrounds with annoying circumstances, and one's fret-fulness, therefore, though not so in-

In itself worry indicates "little faith." In some "exaggerated natures" it is simply an hysterical habit that makes slight and temporary inroads into their own systems, but cruelly lacerates the feelings and strains the generosity of friends and relatives.

A decent solicitude for the welfare of home and family, or the success of an honest enterprise, is proper and commendable; but what is known as vorriment is unbecoming in Christians, who have been taught that if they seek first the kingdom of God and His justice all else will be added to them. and who must know, therefore, that their trials come as results of their neglect to do so, or that they are loving tests, and a change of heart in the first case, and a little patience in the second, will bring out the bright clouds again; or that, at any rate, heir burdens will become easy to bear by reason of the special graces which will be given them.

Has not Christ Himself said that His yoke is sweet and His burden light? Of what use are fret and worry These cloud the mind and drive peace from the home circle, and leave all affected by them unable to discover opportunities. A truly brave spirit recognizes what sacrifices the momen calls for, accepts and bears them grace fully; meantime watching with hope ful gaze and cheery heart for the silver lining that clings to every cloud. His bright face grows brighter still, he never mopes or groans despondently, but keeps "up and doing." His heart goes with his prayer. To him, in God's good time, the needed answer comes. - Catholic Review.

The Lay Catechist.

There seems to be a growing demand for the catechist, who, whether he be one of the laity or one consecrated in religion, can follow up the work of the missionary and attend to the practical details of instruction.

A missionary's choicest work is, by careful exposition and attractive presentation, to captivate the hearts and minds of his listeners. He forms into the inquiry class those who have been, as it were, half convinced that the Catholic Church is the Church of Christ. "Inquirers" have come to that state of such questions as he sees fit, and the mind in which they say "I want to know more of the teachings of the

To learn the doctrines of the Church thoroughly requires both time and at-The missionary's call tention. The missionary's call to other fields cuts short his time, and his multifarious duties prevent him from giving the attention to the inquiry class that it demands; and yet the work of the inquiry class is in a sense more important than platform preach ing. Who is there, therefore, that will step into the breach and consecrate time and attention to this evangelical work?

In the economy of all Divine work the Holy Spirit provides the supply for the demand. May we not hope, then, that devoted souls who are fitted by their special knowledge and earnest zeal will be inspired to offer themselves for this work?

A convert thoroughly tnstructed in his religion often makes the best cate-Such a one is generally very in telligent, and he is one who has peen over the road and knows the land marks, and therefore can ordinarily answer the difficulties and meet th objections of his catechumens. The ancient discipline of the Church The provided for a class of lay helpers that took on themselves these special duties Why in our modern work should not this urgent need be supplied? We that it is only necessary to voice the want, and the ones adapted for this special want will volunteer for the service. Already we find a number of the very best young men and women giving their time in Sunday-schools for the instruction of The art of the Sunday children. school teacher carried to a still greater perfection will make the competent catechist.—The Missionary.

You cannot say that you have tried everything for your rheumatism, until you have taken Aver's Pills. Hundreds have been cured of this complaint by the use of these pills alone. They were admitted on exhibition at the He re- World's Fair as a standard cathartic.

A WORD TO THOSE IN DOUBT.

Years ago we were acquainted with an estimable young woman who called herself a Protestant, but we do not remember now to what sect of Protest

antism she claimed to belong.

She was of a pleasant disposition, not given, naturally, to worriment; had a bright mind, and, it seemed to us, an exceeding good-will. Needless to say, we became deeply interested in each other, and, being so, our conver sations frequently took on a very serious character and the doors of our hearts were often left ajar in each other's presence.

Religion became a principal topic of our not infrequent little talks-others might have thought them long-and thus it became apparent that, as a matter of fact, she was really in doubt, as to whether she was in the right or

"And why remain so?" we asked. "Oh," she answered, "I would indeed be glad to set my heart at rest; but when I think of the number of relig ions to be examined into, I become hopeless ever to settle the question as to which is really the right one.

Would that she had taken the advice we then gave her, and which we now repeat for the benefit of the many like her who find themselves in a similar state of doubt and hesitation.

You will admit that all other relig ions, as you call them, while differing from each other, agree in opposing the Would it not be a Catholic Church. wise proceeding, therefore, on your part, to begin by examining her claims upon your allegiance? Doubt less, with that examination, your investigation would end, your doubts be all dissolved. This has been the result for all sincere doubters who have recognized their consequent duty to investigate and who have begun by examining the claims of the one true Church.

For the benefit of any romantic reader that may wish to know about it, we admit the fact that the young woman herein alluded to and the writer were afterwards married-but to others. In the full tide of our own happiness in being blessed with the life companionship of one who was "born in the faith," still do we long to hear if that other one has at last found the peace exceeding great for which her fresh young heart so ardently yearned. Alas! how many are erying to their hearts : peace ! peace ! But there can be no real peace for them until they rest on the bosom of the Church established by Christ, which hath all peace to bestow upon mankind.—Catholic Review.

Holy Rollers.

A new religious sect known as the Holy Rollers has taken root on the shores of Canandaigua Lake, New York state. According to the Holy Rollers regeneration is effected in several ways, the course of treatment including prayer, bathing, rubbing and baptism by immersion. When these remedies prove futile in cleansing the soul of the sinner the penitent is obliged to perform what the believers call the "holy roll." The unregenerate lies upon the floor at one end of the building and rolls over and over, like a log, until everyone present is satisfied that the devil has been shaken Sometimes the ceremony lasts a quarter of an hour, but if the convert has been an unusually tough customer he may be may compelled to roll for hours-a most heroic four or five method of securing salvation As the subject rolls by the kneeling audience every person has the privilege to ask convert must make satisfactory answers before he is allowed to rise. The sins of a lifetime must be confessed in detail and the innermost secrets of the soul made public

The Holy Rollers have operated extensively in central and western New York, and the country is in a state of religious excitement not unlike that which marked the beginning of Mormonism.

Perhaps the strongest feature of this frenzy is the establishment recently of a series of religious principles, the adherents of which call themselves

The Knee Benders are a very small sect and live along the eastern shore of Seneca Lake. This sect originated about two months ago. At that time a Swedish farmer named Burson, a man of considerable education, commenced to act in a strange manner. He claimed that he had visions and refused to assist in work, and spent most of his time on a knoll near the lake. remained on his knees, and, in answer to all inquiries, he said that the Great had commanded him spend the rest of his life in that position. Shortly after receiving this evelation he began to preach, his themes being on socialistic lines. Gradually his relatives began to be imbued with the sincerity of his preachings and espoused the strange religion. The entire family soon commenced to remain on their knees. The thusiasts now number about twenty. -Catholic Citizen.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.' Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Excellent Request exist why Dr.

and one that will sell well."

Excellent Reasons exist why DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

HIS IDLE DAYS.

The Interesting Way the Pope Uses
Them.

Notwithstanding the intense heat which in Rome has this year really extraordinary proportions Leo XIII. maintains his usual health feeling, indeed, rather better and stronger than in the winter. His Holiness passes the hot hours of the day in the apartment especially prepared for him in the tower of Leo IV. in the Vatican gardens, where, by reason of the thickness of the walls, the temperature is always fresh. Prof. Lapponi to me that the summer seems to benefit him, and that the season to be feared is the winter, when it is almost impos sible to keep an even temperature in the immense apartments of the Vatican, and to prevent draughts, the lightest of which is felt by His Holi ness. Besides this, the Pope leads in the summer months, without doubt, s much easier life than in the winter. because of the comparatively small amount of business to be transacted and the almost entire suspension of functions and receptions, which are for him most exhausting.

Now the Pope rises rather early,

and immediately receives a resume of

news coming from all parts of the world, prepared purposely for him in the most condensed form, by a special office in the Vatican, which works from midnight until his hour for receiving it, summarizing it from telegrams, letters, and newspapers. general outlook over the world is shortly after completed by a visit from Cardinal Rampolla, with whom he discusses the most important affairs After a frugal breakfast, accompanied by his private attendant, he descends to the garden and is driven to the tower of Leo IV., escorted only by a member of the Noble Guard, with whom he converses amiably about the doings and gossip of the town. He usually descends from the carriage to walk in his take a flower garden, which, though not large, is bright with blossoms and in which he is said to take a great interest. He occupies himself also with the growth of his grape vines, speaking personally on the subject with his gardeners. Grapes are among his favorite fruit, especially the "pizzutello," an oblong white grape, found almost exclusively near Rome. In the tower he attends only to ecclesiastical or literary work especially Latin poetry, in which he is such an adept, and a little before sunset returns as he came to the Vatican Palace. If nothing of great importance has occurred he is not dis-

turbed with politics until the next norning. It is asserted that the Pope's attention at present is again directed to ward the subject of international arbi tration, of which he is such a staunch advocate, and which he considers a principle peculiarly appertaining to the domain of the Papacy. He says that the duty of the common Father of the Faithful and of the Head of Catho licism is to work for the establishment of permanent peace among nations. He seems to think that the concert of the powers, which has so long succeeded in remaining unanimous with regard to the Levant question, is a toward the realization of his cherished ideal.

Love for Protestants.

We should cultivate a spirit of love for our Protestant neighbors. They are our brethren. We are, in a measure, responsible for their salvawe should try to be of service to them. Most of them, we believe, are sincere in their belief. If they thought for a noment that the Catholic Church the one true and only Church of Christ. they would, so we want to believe, re ject their errors and seek admission Living, possibly without into it. fault, under the conviction that the Church is not all that it claims to be, they must follow their conscience. We, therefore, should be gentle and considerate towards them, doing them every kindness in our power, avoiding unnecessary and acri monious controversy, but making op-portunely plain statements of the Cath olic faith and so living in opposition to worldiness—to pride, to vanity, to sensuality and to all other sin—that they may be struck with the power of grace of God that abounds in our sacrifice and sacraments. - Western

Another English Archbishop.

The London Daily Telegraph, which has good inspirations in regard to Catholic news, has received information qualifying it to print as follows: "His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan presided at a full meeting of the Southern Roman Catholic bishops at St Mary's Oscott, when matters of consider able importance were discussed. The question of the appointment of a second Archbishop for England and Wales has been for some time under the consideration of Leo XIII., and it is expected that the fiat of His Holiness will shortly be received, and that the honor will doubtless fall on the See of Liverpool." Mgr. Whiteside, a young Bishop, fills the See of Liverpool

Popular Hotel Man.

"I was troubled with pimples on my face and head which caused me much annoyance. After trying many remedies without benefit was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle helped me and I took four bottles. I am now completely cured." James Reilley, Proprietor Chapman House, Sarnia, Ont.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

Newman and Renan.

The Rev. Dr. William Barry, in the London National Review, draws the following contrast between Cardinal Newman and Ernest Renan: "Plutarch has written 'Parallel Lives'; and history, no less than drama, delights in contrast and coincidence. But seldom, perhaps, did it execute in this line a stroke so remarkable as when, in the month of October, 1845, and almost on the same day of the month, it led John Henry Newman to the door of the Catholic Church whilst Ernest Renau was issuing thence, and bidding his early faith an everlasting farewell. We may figure to ourselves the 9th of October as a famous and a fatal day in that year, shining for Catholicism with brilliant light and setting in deep shadow. . . Newman has long been recognized as one of the crowned and sceptered kings of English prose literature, without a competitor save Ruskin; but as a spiritual teacher, a light in the world of religious develop

I speak of the extreme French achieve secret known to himself and none other has combined the Celtic and the classic eloquence, stolen the hearts of friends and enemies, hidden the charm of his persuasiveness in words as simple as they are touching, and given to a phrase or an epithet power so strange that, once heard, it will never be for But such was Renan gotten? . . But such was Renan. He has wrapped himself in the cloak of

The Catholic Citizen in an article on "Falling Away From the Faith, Savs:

Here is a man who ceased to practice his religion because of a dispute re-garding the location of a new church site; anoteer, because some "good" church man owed him money and did not pay; another, because he disagreed with his local pastor on the school question or in politics: and another because sermons were not preached in English. These cases and hundred others result in disaffection from religion, and people, otherwise good, fall away. A truly Catholic spirit is something not to be gained without effort or kept without care. It is not distrubed by personal feeling it bows to authority in matters of faith and discipline.

liebank, has introduced into his church a service book of "Matins and Evensong" in which devotion to the Blessed Virgin, prayers to the saints and prayers for the dead form prominent features. Such bigoted opposition was stirred up by the auld lichts of the Kirk that the book had to be withdrawn from circulation. Still Scotland boasts of a "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament," numbering three hundred and nine members who recently assembled in Edinburgh to celebrate their annual festival, when various "high" services were held in three of the principal Ritualistic churches in the city. - London Catholic Monitor.

There's no question about it. Hood's Sar-saparilla is the best blood purifier. This is proven by its wonderful cures of blood dis-

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoza, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething, It gives immediate relief to those, suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera it they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual

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ment, he is by far the greatest that has risen during our century. On the other hand, which among illustrious French writers has excelled Renan ment, again of prose, not of poetry and I call to mind Chateaubriand George Sand, Victor Hugo-these are the highest modern names-but can we praise them beyond the choice, and music breathing, and exquisite, and endlessly cunning artist who, by a

the wizard Prospero, borrowing for the nonce his staff and magic volume, not unsuccessfully. Now, if we should think of Newman as Ariel, a spirit most delicate, detached, and filled with heavenly light, the terms of our comparison would not be wanting.

Falling Away From His Faith.

Ritualism in Scotland.

A member of the Scottish Church Society, the Rev. M. Charleson, Thorn-





Fifty Years Ago.

This is the stamp that the letter bore Which carried the story far and wide, Of certain cure for the loathsome sore That bubbled up from the tainted tide Of the blood below. And 'twas Ayer's name And his sarsaparilla, that al With its cures of go years ago. ~~~~

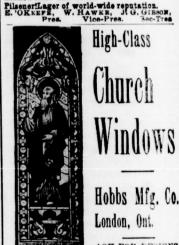
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is the original sarsaparilla. It has behind it a record for cures unequalled by any blood purifying compound. It is the only sarsaparilla honored by a medal at the World's Fair of 1893. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record:

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-OBJECTS OF THE-New York Catholic Agency

New York Catholic Agency

The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States.

The advantages and conveniences of the Agency are many, a few of which are:

1st. It is situated in the heart of the whole-saletrade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchasels any quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual prices charged.

3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge.

4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency.

5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency allowed the regular or usual discount.

Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention of management of this Agency, will be strictly and conscientiously attended to by your giving me authority to act as your agent. Whenever you wantto buy anything send your orders to THOMAS D. EGAN,

Catholic Agency, 42 Barclay St. New York, NEW YORK. WESTERN ONTARIO'S SUMMER RE-

THOMAS D. EGAN,

"THE FRASER."

PORT STANLEY, ONTARIO.

PORT STANLEY, ONTARIO.

(ESTABLISHED 27 YEARS.)

WAS built in 1870, and is now open for the seson. People who have heretofore gone to the expense and inconvenience of long and wearfsome trips to the seaside, and other distant summer resorts, are gradually awakening to the fact that they have near their own doors one of the prettiest spots on the Continent, where they can obtain all the advantages of a summer outing—lovely climate, bathing, boating and sailing—without the discomforts of railway travel. The Fraser House is situated most pleasantly upon a lofty hill overlooking Lake Erie from a height of 180 feet, and commanding a magnificent view of the beautiful seenery surrounding it on every side.

The handsome dining-room of "The Fraser" has a seating capacity for 200 guests. The proprietor recently erected an addition to the House, which will increase the accommodation by ten rooms. The bar-room has been removed from the hotel, and a barber shop and other accessories have been provided.

Three Lake Erie and Detroit River Railway trains leave the Port daily, connecting at London and at St. Thomas, running east, west and north to all important points.

WM. FRASER. Propletor.

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AUGUST 28 189 FIVE-MINUTE

The Twelfth Sunday LOVE FOR The Gospel of to-de ren, tells us the far good Samaritan. which our Lord wish this would seem to that true charity is

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catholic Agency is Agency is Agency is to supply, at the rices, any kind of goods instrured in the United States. It is a few of which are: ed in the heart of the wholstopolis, and has completed is with the leading manufarers as enable it to purchasel is with the leading manufarers as enable it to purchasel is lowest wholesale rates, the or commissions are charged its uses made for them, and giving benefit of my experience and stual prices charged. Supply the work of the writing of only one letter the writing of only one letter in the writing of the wr

AS D. EGAN, NEW YORK. New York. NTARIO'S SUMMER RE-

FRASER,"

TANLEY, ONTARIO. 1870, and is now open for the People who have heretofore use and inconvenience of long trips to the seaside, and other resorts, are gradually awaken they have near their own hat they have near their own prettiest spots on the Contin-can obtain all the advantages ting—lovely climate, bathing, ing—without the discomforts of The Fraser House is situated upon a lofty hill overlooking a height of 150 feet, and cominificent view of the beautiful ding it on every side, idining-room of "The Fraser" pacity for 200 guests The prorerected an addition to the till increase the accommodation The bar-room has been removed and a barber shop and other been provided.

The bar-room has been removed and a barber shop and other been provided. rie and Detroit River Railway Port daily, connecting at Lon-bomas, running east, west and bortant points. WM. FRASER, Propietor.

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VFF, NO. 185 QUEEN'S AVE. NAN, BARRISTERS, IETC., street, London. Private funde FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMOF.

The Twelfth Sunday After Pentecost. LOVE FOR OTHERS.

The Gospel of to-day, my dear breth ren tells us the familiar story of the good Samaritan. The special lesson which our Lord wished to teach us by this would seem to be plain enough—

that true charity is universal, considers every one as its neighbor, and is ready to do good to all, even though it ready to do good to ail, even though it cost a good deal of personal sacrifice. This is a lesson which we learn with difficulty and easily forget. The priest is obliged, indeed, to keep studying it all the time, for every one is coming to him with his trials and trapples and cut off as he is by his troubles, and cut off as he is by his profession from the natural ties of nily, he has to consider all as his brethren and to try to treat them as such. But you who have your own whom you are obliged to support are very naturally taken up with them and the cares which they bring, and have to be continually reminded that there are others outside your own family circle whose wants God will not

allow you to neglect.

But here something happens which is a little strange. If an appeal is made for the orphaus, or for some foreign missions, or for the sufferers by some calamity a long way off, these seem to step to the front as neighbors without much difficulty, and we cannot complain that they do not get a reasoncomplain that they do not get a reasonable alms, especially when we consider that plenty of people outside the parish are helping to the same end. Yes, these get along well enough, but the ones who suffer are the neighbors who are so in every sense, who live right in your own street, or at most only a few blocks away: the neighbors more. few blocks away ; the neighbors, moreover, who have no one but just you to help them. Now this, I say, is a little

strange.

For this is really the principal, the most necessary and urgent appeal that we have to make. To help in the parish work is the first duty of every Catholic, after the wants of his own household are reasonably well attended the parish work; that To help in the parish work; that is, to put in, each and every one, his fair share to the very great expense which parish work, when properly

Now, some people, indeed I fear we must say most people, do not seem to get hold of this idea at all. On the contrary, they appear to have an idea of their own which is truly an absurd one, and which would be even ridiculous were not the subject one of such gravity and importance. Rather, perhaps, I may say two ideas, though they often run together in one con-fused mass. One is that there is little or no parish work to be done, at least of a kind that costs money, and that when the priest is asking for money all the time, he wants it to spend on himself; the other that there is some work, but that it belongs to the priest

himself to do it. My dear brethren in Christ, when will you wake up to the truth that there are few priests indeed that are millionaires, or even thousandaires, or that want to be, except for their work's sake? But even if the priest were a millionaire, he would not be obliged to put all his money into the Church work unless it had come from the people. He gives his time and his life to the service of the Church, but he is not obliged by his ordination to put all the money he has received by less in order to give you an example. But really the rich priest is a rarity that is not worth talking about. The that is not worth talking about. The real state of the case is just this: there is an immense deal of work to be done for the Church and the poor right here and in every Catholic parish. The priest will do it; that is what he is here for; but he must have money to she would make a "career" on the here for; but he must have money to do it—money for this work, not to stage.

stage.

There seems to be a tendency nowadays to forget that sloth is one of the spend on his back or his table, God knows. And as God holds him to account for his time and his labor, so-yes, exactly so-will He hold you to account if you have prevented him from doing it by not giving him the

means to work with. We beg of you, then, for God's sake and for your own sake, to put your shoulders to the wheel. For your own scul's sake, don't go before the judgment seat of God with a beggarly account of pennies spent for Him and dollars by the ten and hundred on yoursalves.

On the 10th of last month a monu ment was dedicated in Liverpool, England, to the noble Irish priests who gave their lives in ministering to the famine fevered Irish emigrants in that city in 1847. When the famine fever broke out among the Irish emigrants in Liverpool there were in the town twenty-four priests set apart for devo-tion to their spiritual needs. In six months the lives of ten of them had been sacrificed, and within two months more three others followed them to the grave. One of those who recovered grave. One of those who recovered from the ordeal through which they had all to pass was the Rev. Doctor O'Reilly, late Bishop of Liverpool.

Not one complaint has ever been made by those using Ayer's Sarsapar-illa according to directions. Furthermore, we have yet to learn of a case in which it has failed to afford benefit. So say hundreds of druggists all over the country. Has cured others, will

cure you. Fagged Out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Pray to the Blessed Virgin.

All who are in need of spiritual assistance, pray to the Virgin Mary. She will not refuse any request (if it be for your good) if you pray to her fer-The Blessed Virgin has vently. always been my patron, and many are the favors she has obtained for me, her sinful child. God never refuses His Holy Mother what she asks. I cannot express my thoughts in such language I would desire to, but again I implore

you to pray to our Blessed Mother. A Child of Mary

An Indian's Advice. A paper edited and printed by Indian lads for Indian young people and called the Indian Helper, has this bit of advice to offer to our native American savages which is good also for peo-

ple calling themselves civilized. Until a young person learns to deny himself of some of the things he can as well do without; until he learns to save most of his pennies, he is always going to be a sort of a beggar and dependent. He can do without the finest of shoes, the most costly of wheels, an over-supply of neckties, shiny watch chains which are mostly brass; do without watches and kid gloves, clothing that we want for show but do not need, bright ribbon and imitation gold pins and rings; do without these things and take good care of what we have : then as we grow older we will acquire a habit of thrift and economy, not stinginess, that will be a blessing to ourselves and to all our friends.

Speaking the Truth. Never tell a lie, or a half or quarter of a lie, or any part of a lie. Many boys who know well what a mean thing it is to lie, will yet twist the truth, or deceive a little. This is about as bad -and a good deal more cowardlythan a plump falsehood. If a boy does something wrong, either through ignorance, carelessness, or accident and then tells one half lie about it-he might almost as well have told the full untruth. Now see how the spirited, manly, true hearted, clear tongued boy will do, after an error—he reso-lutely determines to acknowledge it, without being afraid of anybody's anger—to tell it just as it was. I never knew any one to be injured by telling the truth in this way; but I telling the truth in this way; but I have seen many a boy, and man too, who was looked upon with contempt, and thought poorly of because he would tell sneaking lies, or half lies, or quarter lies. The wort sorts of untruths—those which are deliberately made up —stories told about people—or little stories magnified into big ones—prove the teller of them to be a worthless, impure and mean person. The liar is indeed despicable both to God and man. On the other hand, nothing is more beautiful than a strictly truth telling young person—one who never wavers from the truth; who is open, candid and above deceit.

Young Girls and the Stage.

The stage has a wondrous fascination for many young girls, says "Busy body," writing in the Catholic Standard and Times. Seen from the front, the life of the popular actress is all a-glitter with pleasure. To the echoes of applause she paces in silk attire a jewel lit path to glory. She travels; the best hotel and railway service are hers, her admirers, her maids and her Calve speak. She is a success, surely; a very queen of stageland. The great singer was asked recently what advice she would give to a young woman who has a good voice and who believes that

mend her stockings, to do anything but go on the stage," replied madame, firmly. "There is no happiness in a firmly. "There is no happiness in stage life. What is it? It is a life of continual worriment. It is not to continual worriment. It is not to sleep, not to eat, to be always in a sleep, not to eat unjust things said of you and motives ascribed to you of which you are en-tirely innocent. There are very few born artists. History proves that there are only about three great artists in a generation. For one great reason the stage is unhappiness for the average woman. It is no place for the woman who is not absolutely wedded to her art. The artist should not think of marrying. While she is on the stage she is not fit to be the wife of any man. There is always the divided heart, and no man wants that. The husband should be the head. He does not wish his name to be upon the billboards nor his wife's picture in every window. That is right; that is as it should be. No, no ; the stage, alluring, fascinating as it is, is not the place for the wife, but the woman who lives only That is why I say to th for the art That is why I say to the stage struck girl: stay at home, sew,

read, teach, marry — do anything rather than go upon the stage."

Mme. Calve, the queen without illusions, is a Catholic. Another Cath olic, Mary Anderson, a great artist and a noble woman, voluntarily left the stage in the prime of her youth and the noon of her success—left it as one the noon of her success—left it as one leaves something utterly distasteful, and marrying a man without wealth or fame, settled down to a happy woman's life before it was too late for happiness. What becomes of the old actresses? What becomes of the young girls of secondars to shill the secondary the second

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

We judge of the value of things by what is paid for them. Who is there that can measure the value of all our fathers gave up in the days of persecution in order that they might convey to their children the sacred heritage of faith they had received? This faith has been given into our custody, and it is our duty to see that it is pre-served. How is it that many who have kept the faith through the days of persecution seem likely to lose it the moment the sun of prosperity strikes them? You know that there are many who have freed themselves from all restraint of faith. Prosperity, history teaches us, is a real and true danger.—Rev. Father P. C. Yorke.

Frank McLaughlin's Start.

The value to young people of cheer-fulness and zeal in the service of their employer had a striking illustration in the early career of the late Frank McLaughlin, publisher of the Times of Philadelphia, who died after achiev of Philadesphar, with a sing great riches and wide influence, says a writer in the Catholic Columbian. It is a story from real life that should be read by every ambitious boy for it tells how a great printer got his start in life. Nearly fifty years ago Frank McLaughlin was compositor in a job printing office, of which his elder brother was assistant foreman. One day at noon hour when the foremen were all away and the compositors were all eating their dinners, Abraham Barker, a broker, father of Wharton Barker, entered the office and asked to have fifty slips of the stock market printed at once. Young McLaughin stepped forward and cheerfully volunteered, in the absence of the foremen, to have the work done. Cutting the copy into two takes, he asked a fellow-workman to set one take, but the latter grumbled about the loss of his dinner-hour, and to save trouble McLaughlin took both takes, and in a very short time had the job completed by his own unaided work. Mr. Barker had remained in the office reading a paper and noting what occurred. The next day he sent for Mr. McLaughlin and offered to pay him \$500 a month if he would print daily a stock list for his use. The pay was extravagant, but Mr. Barker said that the list would be worth that to him if set quickly and accurately, and he wanted Mr. McLaughlin to do it be cause of the cheerful zeal he had exhibited in doing the first job. The arrangement was for one month only, but it was extended to a year, and with the capital thus acquired Mr. McLaughlin founded a great printing house, in which his brother became a partner. They prospered exceeding. ly, and more than twenty years ago founded the Philadelphia Times. Mr. McLaughlin possessed many qualities that helped to make him a successful business man, but he might have had few opportunities to use them if he had not at an opportune time exhibited cheerful zeal in the service of his em

History does not record what became of the grumbler who would not permit his dinner hour to be invaded by any emergency, but he is probably still

setting type. It does not, of course, follow that all young people who follow Mr. McLaughin's example in being courteous, cheerful and zealous will meet with his success. Many good and faithful workers fail to obtain unusual rewards, but it is only those who deserve to sucto those who work cheerfully and zealously, always doing the best they can to serve their employer's interests.

Tho Sin of Idleness.

There seems to be a tendency nowaseven deadly sins. Young men grow up in a selfish, indolent way, and young women are often allowed to purthat they do read are of a trashy, sen sational kind well calculated to destroy what little shreds of character that remain in lives without aims or objects Idleness leads to vice. It can always be avoided, and, even if work does no prove remunerative, it is better to be employed than to leave one's self open to evil temptations through a mind that is unoccupied by the performance

periods of idleness. The man or woman who is lazy from choice will usually drink to excess, and this practice we know leads to the commission of countless other crimes including the blackest in the calendar. Many a person who might have been an ornament to society has taken the first step in vice through being indolent. The young people who pass nearly all their waking hours upon the street, through a dread of shaking off the inertia which they have allowed to become a habit, can not fail to fall into temptations to which they will readily yield. They thus bring disgrace upon themselves and upon those who have, perhaps, worked hard to bring them up respectably, if they have failed to give them the religious training they needed to prevent them from falling into the sins born and matured in laziness.

At least three young men who have been accused of terrible crimes within a few months owe their downfall to the indolent habits they had acquired. They were too much averse to labor to

earn an honest living, and the money they needed to administer to their vices they gained by placing the brand of Cain upon their brows. It was not surprising. The youth who loaf around the corners indulging in vile conversation, and longing to make beasts of themselves, can not hope to escape the snares of the devil. He is never idle, though they may be. He is always watchful to obtain souls, and he is never able to protect his followers from the legal penalty of the acts committed at his instigation. They, poor wretches, learn too late that the habitually idle man can not be honest, pure or temperate, or have any great regard

for the sanctity of human life.

The idler has no real happiness. even when he is indulging in his pet vices in a comparatively mild way The monotony of his existence makes him long to lose himself in a beastly state of insensibility in which he will not be fully conscious of his acts. law will take no note of his partial unconsciousness of crime, and he will suffer the punishment he deserves for his guilty actions. The sin of sloth is to be avoided at all times and in all seasons. If you have no work to do, follow the advice of the poet and teach the orphan boy to read or the orphan girl to sew. Do anything virtuous rather than be continuously idle.
—Sacred Heart Review.

Pious Prigs.

The Catholic Church is God's democracy. The money-changers are driven from her portals. Pride has no place in her pews. All men are equal

The rich may give larger sums to her necessities than do the poor; give as liberally as they may, yet they do no more or less than their simple duty. The priest, even more strictly than the judge upon the bench, must know no distinction between the rich and the poor. Everything and all things in or about the church, which might suggest any such distinction, should be tabooed. In this democratic country the most exact and studious care should be taken to keep fashion and wealth from obtruding themselves in the pews. The most religious earnestness should be felt in guarding against any circumstance that might slight upon the poor or make an honest man feel the humbler because he has come to church to worship his

Unfortunately there is such a thing in the world as ill-breeding, and it can not be prevented from cropping out now and then in the church. There are good enough Christians who are no gentlemen, and, although it may seem paradoxical, there is a kind of piety that is extremely vulgar and obtrusive.

Pope says :

Who builds a church to God and not to fame Will never mark the marble with his name. It is equally true that whoever goes to church to worship God will never play the Pharisee to his poorer neigh-A man who will not support the church unless his pride is appealed to is one of the money changers who has skulked back into the temple. It is just as moral to appeal to any other one of the seven deadly sins as to play upon a man's pride. If a Christian will not support the church through a sense of duty it will certainly do him no good to be liberal through motives of vanity. - Catholic Citizen.

Profanity.

One of the most disgusting and prevalent vices which is growing to alarming proportions, is that cf profanitymeaningless, vulgar profanity. Its use is confined to no age, sex or posi-tion. It pollutes alike the conversation of youthful strength and decrepit ige. In the highways and by ways, the counting room and the workshop, and too often in the social and family circle the ear is dinned by conversation interlarded with profanity which neither dignifies, emphasizes nor embellishes. The stripling vies with the man of business in the interjection of oaths, and long before he reaches man's estate has acquired a detestable habit which becomes second nature, and has secured his proficiency as a professional swearer for a term of his natural life; so that go where he may his foul mouth carries the contagion, and becomes a veritable cesspool of slime-a standing menace to the wel-

fare of society.

Leaving moral or religious consideration entirely out of the question, is it not time that this abominable, unof either mental or physical labor. Of course there must be periods of rest after all toil, but what we object to is sion than make its influence felt in aid after all toil, but what we object to is solution in the suppression? The vernacular of its suppression? The vernacular of the blackguard, under all circumstance reprehensible, is especially out of place in the family circle, business or social conversation or friendly greeting; and yet the practice re-ferred to prevails to a greater or less extent in all of them. It is high time to call a halt, to put the penalty of so cial ostracism on the individual who indulges in it. Peculiarly apropos in this connection are the lines of Cow

Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise; To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise -Catholic Advocate

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WESTERN FAIR.

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A Church that Cannot Err.

A convert in California, the Rev. C. A. Ramm, lately gave a lecture in San Francisco, under the auspices of the Young Men's Institute, on "Why Am I a Catholic?" He said that he sought for a Church that could teach consist ently, unerringly, and infallibly.

Jews of old, bereft of God's living voice and unerring teaching. No; when our Blessed Lord ascended on high to His Father He sent down to His Church the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Most Blessed Trinity, to preserve the Revelation which He had made to men, and to perpetuate the mission which He had inaugurated. I will ask the Father and He will give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever, the spirit of the second work done in the city by the Dyke Cure for Intemperance, and the consulting the remedy will do all that is claimed for it. He remedy will do all that is claimed for it. I will ask the Father and He will give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever, the spirit of the can be a second with the consulting that we become the custodians of each fee paid, until the ensulting that we become the custodians of each fee paid, until the accurate to cure, we are authorized to return the second with the consulting that we become the custodians of each fee paid, until the accurate to cure, we are authorized to return the second with the constitution of the constituti voice and unerring teaching. No; when our Blessed Lord ascended on Person of the Most Blessed Trinity, to preserve the Revelation which He had abide with you forever, the spirit of truth which the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not or knoweth Its Him : but you shall know Him be cause He shall abide with you and shall be in you.' (John xiv. 16, 17.) 'The Paraclete the Holy Ghost whom the Father will send in My Name, He will teach you all things and bring all things to your mind whatsoever I shall

have said to you. (v. 26.)"
Relying, therefore on the word of Christ that He would abide with His Church always to the end of time and that the Holy Ghost should teach it all truth, Mr. Ramm found that the only Church that taught with authority and that came down from Christ and the apostles, was the Catholic Church. To it he submitted Himself. What it teaches He accepts. It was established by God to teach him. Christ said:
"Hear the Church." Having found that Church, no further search was needed. Chri t abides with it and the Holy Ghost teaches it all truth. - Catholic Columbian.

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ently, unerringly, and infallibly.

"Look in the scripture," he said,
"an_you see my line of reasoning verified. In the Old Dispensation, God
the Father spoke by the prophet, who,
speaking in His name, were therefore
infallible. Then God the Son spoke in
His own person to the apostles again
infallibly. Are we who are in a fuller,
more perfect dispensation than were
Jews of old, bereft of God's living
yoice and unerring teaching. No;

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Resolutions of Condolence At the last regular meeting of Branch 57, Orillia, the following resolution of condolence was moved by Brother R. A. Lynch, seconded by Brother Joseph Thomson, and

seconded by Brother Joseph Thomson, and carried unanimously.

Whereas it hath pleased Divine Providence to remove by death, in the flower of his youth, the Reverend H. J. McPhillips, P. P. of Uptergrove, Ont., our esteemed and respected President, be it

Resolved therefore, that while solemnly and silently bowing in humble submission to the Divine Will of our Sovereign Creator, we, the members of Branch 57, earnestly and sincerely desire to place on record our high appreciation of the undaunted courage, unswerving zeal, and untiring energy of Rev Father McPhillips, whose early demise in the midst of his labors, has cut short the earthly career of a good priest, a devoted adherent of our association, and a faithful servant of our Divine Master.

I. C. B. U.

Toronto, Aug. 22, 1897.
At the last regular meeting of Branch No.
I. C. B. U., held on Monday, Aug. 17, the
bllowing resolution was unanimously adopt

That whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by sudden death the tather of our respected Bro., Patrick O'Reilly, Resolved that we, the members of Branch No. 2, hereby express our sorrow for the loss sustained by him and his family, and we extend to them our sincere sympathy in this their sad affliction. Be it, further, Resolved that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting and sent to the Catholic Register for publication.

Signed on behalf of the branch,
J. A. Cronin, Pres.
D. P. Cronin, Rec. Sec.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH. Episcopal Visitation of Outlying Par-ishes of the Diocese.

We learn from the Peterborough Examiner, of August 21, thatHis Lordship Bishop O'Connor has returned from one of his periodical visitations to the outlying missions of his large diocese.

Accompanied by Mr. J. J. C'Brian.

siner, of August 21, that His Lordship Bishop O'Connor has returned from one of his periodical visitations to the outlying missions of his large diocese.

Accompanied by Mr. J. J. O'Brien, a student at the cathedral, His Lordship left Peterborough on July 8 last and going by rail to Owen Sound, took the C. P. R. steamer there for Port Arthur, visiting the missions along the north shore of Lake Superior, as well as a number lying inland. Seventeen were called upon, all told, eight of them being Indian missions. Three new churches have been erected in the respective parishes of Cutter, Bliod River and Wahnipatae during the past year and these blessed by His Lordship, as were also two new cemetries. During his absence he held a number of confirmation services and confirmed five hundred add forty-seven applicants.

The diocese of Peterborough extends one-hundred and fifty miles west of Port Arthur and includes the district between Sudbury and Fort William and also about eighty miles along the Sault. Taken altogether it perhaps covers more ground than any other diocese in the Dominion extending from the borders of the town of Trenton west and running up into the back settlements. The only thickly populated portions are the counties Durham, Northumberland, Peterth grough and Haliburton as the southern bourdary line then runs north of the populous districts and skirts around until it comes south again to the shores of Lake Superior.

On the occasion of his last visit west, continued the Examiner, His Lordship went to the parishes in the Manitoulin Islands and through the more civilized portion of the district. This time, as stated, he took the steamer to Port Arthur and travelled back to Sudbury on the C. P. R. leaving the line at intervals to strike into the back settlements through the smaller lakes coming with Indian guides and canoes. Considerable canoeing was also done in Lake Superior. On arriving back at Sudbury and proceeding from there to North Bay and then home.

In regard to the eight Indian missions visite

in he celebrated mass and gave insitue.

S. When travelling in the winter time! e often to camp out, digging for himself a in the snow and building a huge fire be-It was impossible to even sleep in a

thermometer indicating 40 degrees below zer

thermometer indicating 40 degrees below zero sometimes, the missionary priest was to be found thus bivounced in the snow.

The Indians, who are known as the Ojibaways, engage in fishing in the summer time and hant in the winter. Each little band of Indians seems to have its own particular hunting ground and it is never trespassed upon by the others. They speak either English or French, and sometimes both. The Bishop addresses them in English when visiting their settlements and the missionary in terprets the words into the Indian dialect. The different bands do not seem to be increasing in numbers, but are apparently just holding their own.

ding their own.

The reserves are almost too scattered for effective work, as generally only about twenty or thirty families are found together, and it is thus hard to look after the training of the

In the whole diocese there are about six thousand Catholic Indians, and in the parti-cular portion visited there are two thousand one hundred of them who belong to the Cath

olic Church.

When an Indian Mission is reached by
His Lordship, the pleasure of the dark
skinned parishoners, as may be imagined, is
very great, and they generally show their
appreciation of the honor of the occasion by
gathering in a body and firing a voiley fron
their came.

gathering in a body and firing a volley from their guns.

In visiting the Wichipicoten Mission, which is sixty-eight miles from the railway, the Bishop and his party paddled through Maniton and Dog Lakes, and also a long river, making seven or eight portages, one of them three miles in length. When portaging one of the Indian guides would hoist the birch bark canoe upon his head, and the other one carried the luggage. Even His Lordship was not exempt from being called upon to assist in the weary work of portaging, while the swarms of black flies and mosquitoes were even more trying than usual at this season of the year. Being very swampy, portaging is naturally very slow work in this country.

On the way back to the railway by another

On the way back to the railway by another

On the way back to the railway by another route there were twelve portages, one of them being five miles long. The party had to camp three nights both going and returning from Wichipicoten.

The whole country is intersected with pretty little lakes.

The party met with quite an exciting experience when travelling from Hene Bay to Pic river, when the Indian guides suddenly sighted a bear swimming across from one shore to the other, and instanty gave chase. There were three cances—the Bishop, the parish priest and Mr. O'Brien each sharing one with a guide.

A transfer of cances was speedily made,

one with a guide.

A transter of canoes was speedily made, whereby the priest and Mr. O'Brien took one canoe and their two guides the other, and then the chase was proceeded with in earnest. The Indians having no guns with them, armed themselves with huge rocks and boathooks, but although the other two canoes tried to keep Bruin out into the lake by heading him off, he soon made so determined an

effort as to get to shore and clude his pursuers. At one time he was almost caught when one of the guides threw the Bishop's tent over the aninal's head. The bear had a hard time of it in defending himself in such a peculiar mode of warfare, and as soon as he could free himself from the tent, lost no time in getting as far away from the canceists as possible. His escape was facilitated by the fact that no one was willing to get too near as one swipe of his paw would have placed the inmates of a cance at his mercy if he reached them.

At Fort William the church and convent, which were destroyed some years ago by fire and were since rebuilt, look very handsome. A large orphanage for Indian children has also been erected at this point. The town seems to be prosperous and the business men energetic, but His Lordship was not so favorably impressed with the activity in Port Arthur and other towns and villages along the line.

A convent and hospital have been erected in Port Arthur by the parisboners.

There are eight schools amongst the Indians with Roman Catholic teachers, and, strange to say, there are two thousand on hundred Catholic Indians to one hundred and forty Protestants, according to the Government returns. There is only one Protestant mission in this district and that is at Nipigeon.

No less strange is the fact that the propor-

Nipigeon.

No less strange is the fact that the proportion in regard to religion is about reversed on the Brantford and other Indian reserves

on the Brantford and other Indian reserves east.

In the district just visited there are about twenty priests, all of whom are Jesuit Fathers.

Speaking of the country generally His Lordship states that it is very rocky and barren, and that its only hope is in its minerals and timber. At present, in conse quence, business is very dull on account of the uncertainty existing in regard to the tariff as affecting minerals and mining supplies, and the Bishop states that the same uncertainty exists as regards the lumbering, and there are very few camps this year in the timber limits. The small settlements in the vicinity of Spanish River, which depend largely for support on the big camps, are feeling the dullness, and it will be even more noticeable in the winter.

Along the railway the villages are largely peopled with railway men and miners. Great expectations exist as to the results of the Government's experiments with the diamond drill in the vicinity where coal is said to exist. In order not to raise any false hopes the men working on the drill have been asked to preserve secrecy concerning the result of the tests until a definite statement can be issued from the Department in regard to the value and usefulness of the coal.

In the townships of Rayside and Baltour,

In the townships of Rayside and Baltour, just on the other side of Sudbury, the farming land is considered quite good. There are two hundred and fifty Catholic families settled there. In the township of Lumsden and Blizzard, just to the North, the land is also said to be good, but it is not opened up to the settlers yet, as the timber is still standing on it. Sudbury itself is dull at the present time in business circles.

in business circles.

His Lordship looks extremely well after hi somewhat wearisome six weeks' journey through the wilder portion of lus diocese, but announces his intention of leaving next month to visit the upper part of the Parry Sound and Nipissing District.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

On Saturday afternoon last, His Grace, the Right Rev. J. T. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa, arrived in Almonte on his regular pastoral visit. He had been previously in the parishes of Richmond and Huntley, in each of which places he had administered the sacrament of contirmation. He was received in Almonte with the usual formalities, the church, inside and outside, being neatly decorated for the occasion. Shortly after his arrival at the church he preached the first of a series of sermons delivered in his usual eloquent style. He took his text from the gospel according to St. Matthew, chapter 9, verse 6, "And that ye may know that the Son of God hath power on earth to forgive sins, etc." He showed how the greatest sinners could be forgiven, with what joy the angels in heaven witnessed the return to the true path of the poor sinner; Mary Magdalen, through the enormity of her crimes, had felt the mercy of the Most High, and, asking forgiveness, it was granted. Come to the fountain of life, and in the sacrament of penance receive the nourishment without which the soul is dead. Oh, how mercitul is the great God, who, after we have turned our backs and denied the homage, nay, the respect which is due to Him, will open His arms and His heavenly kingdom to the repentant sinner.

On Sunday morning His Grace adminis-

spect which is due to Him, will open His arms and His heavenly kingdom to the repentant sinner.

On Sunday morning His Grace administered the holy sacrament of confirmation to about thirty-five boys and as many girls, who had been preparing for and looking forward to it for some time. The boys wore white bows on their left arms and the girls were clothed in white dresses with white veils and wreaths of flowers. Previous to the ceremony His Grace made a trief address to the children on the great sacrament they were about to receive — one which was intended to make them strong and firm Christians for the remainder of their lives. High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Groulx, of Ottawa, and at this service the Archbishop delivered his second sermon. This was a masterpiece of instruction, and referred to the great honor due the Mother of God, an honor and a respect which is found—shame to acknowledge it!—only in the great Holy Catholic Church. She, born without sin, she, who lived a life of spotless purity, and who, among the millions of the world, was destined to become the mother jof the Second Person of the Holy Trinity when He took the form of man, that she should be despised by the creatures of the earth! He exhorted all to ask the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and that our requests would be granted. At her request so nearth would He not surely accede to them whilst enjoying eternal happiness?

A selemn service for the dead was held in

marriage of Cana, and when He had acceded to her requests on earth would He not surely accede to them whilst enjoying eternal happiness?

A solemn service for the dead was held in the afternoen, at which His Grace delivered a short sermon on the necessity of always being prepared for death, which will come to us, probably, when not expected.

At the evening service the church was crowded to the doors, and a long and instructive sermon was heard. His Grace proved from the scriptures that the Catholic Church was the only true Church, how it was formed by Christ while on earth. He also touched on the great and grand subject of transubstantiation. Christ had founded His Church, and wished it to live throughout all ages. He had said to the Apostles at the last supper, "Do this in commemoration of Me." The Ape stles themselves were dead, but the Bishops of the Catholic Church had taken up their duties, and the great truth was being preached in all ages to the people of the world. He showed that if we believed not that we would not have everlasting life, for did not the Lord say to the Apostles, "He that heareth you, heareth Me,"

On Monday morning, Rev. Father Corkery of Huntly, celebrated High Mass, and His Grace preached the last sermon, on the Power of Prayer. If we believe in God we must pray, and we must perform good works. "Faith without good works is dead." He showed how we could be praying always, for it we offered up our thoughts and our actions to God as prayers it would be most acceptable to Almighty God.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION AND PRO-FESSION.

The pretty little chapel of Mount Hope Orphan Asylum was the scene of another selemn ceremony on Wednesday morning. August 18, the occasion being the reception of two young ladies into the Congregation of the Order of St. Joseph, and the pronouncing of the final vows of one of the

novices. Miss Moylan, youngest daughter of Mr. Wm. Moylan, of 263 Horton street, London, and Miss Agnes Keating, daughter of Mr. R. Keating of Ingersoll, exchanged their beautiful bridal costumes for the poor Habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and will henceforth be known, respectively, as Sister Mary of Mount Carmel and Sister M. Francis Regis. Miss Hussey, of Kingsbridge (in religion Sister Mary Philomena), sister of Sister Euphemia, pronounced her final vows. His Lordship the Bishop presided at the interesting and impressive ceremony, and celebrated the Mass, assisted by Rev. Fathers Noonan and McCormack; while Rev. Fathers Connolly, P. P., of Kingsbridge, occupied seats in the sanctuary. After Mass the rev. clergy and other guests were entertained at the convent.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Toronto Globe, Aug. 23.

Special services in connection with the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science were held in St. Michael's cathedral yesterday. In the morning High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, assisted by Rev. Vicar-General McCann, assisted by Rev. Dr. Tracy as deacon and Mr. Augustus O'Donohoe sub deacon. The musical portion of the service was under the direction of Rev. Father Rohleder and the solos in the Mass (Von Weber) were sung by Mrs. Kohnert, Messrs. Stark and McNamara. The offertory solo was sung by Mons. F. X. Mercier. Rev. Father Halpin, S. J., of Manhattan College, preached the sermon, taking for his text the words: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof: the world and all they that dwell therein." The discourse was an eloquent dissertation upon the stewardship of science. The law of labor, the first law uttered to all created worlds, said the preacher, applied to scientists as well as to the rest of humanity. God wants scientiste, not sciolists: the labor must be scientific from start to finish in all its processes: science must prove all things, must take nothing for granted. Labor in science must also be consciention and courageous. Conscience lifts up the soul of the scientist, enriches him with light and frees him from narrowness, which is scientific leprosy. The end of all science is the building up of the temple of truth. The temple is yet unfinished, its outlines are visible and its proportions have assumed definite shape. From the toil of sincere workers in all ages, but especially in this century, has that temple been enriched by spoils brought from all regions of the globe, won by the sacrifices of men of science. The end of all scientific efforts is to help towards the completion of this temple; no one kingdom of the empire of science has the power or commission to build it; each may quarry a stone of beautiful workmanship, but unless there be unity of design and purpose there will not be a temple but ababel. That ne Toronto Globe, Aug. 23.

FATHER MCPHILLIPS' FUNERAL.

FATHER MePHILLIPS' FUNERAL.

From the Caldwell Sentinel of Aug. 5 we copy the following reference to the late Rev. Father McPhillips:

The funeral of the late Father Henry J. McPhillips, of Uptergrove, which took place Thursday, was largely attended by the clergy of the diocese and by the public generally. It was supposed that the wet, disagreeable weather of the past few days which rendered the roads almost impassable, would have prevented many from attending who otherwise would have shown their last tribute of respect to the deceased priest, but, notwithstanding the bad roads and the stormy weather, more than two thousand people gathered, many of them from long distances.

The obsequies were attended by Profestants as well as by Roman Catholics, and people of every class and rank were represented.

Seventeen clergymen and four students

people of every class and rank were represented.

Seventeen clergymen and four students were present, and the impressive ceremonial of the Church of Rome was given with full effect. Rev. Father Kilcullen, Tottenham, said the Missa de Reouiem, Dean Egan, Barrie, being the deacon, and Rev. Father Whalen, St. Catharines, the sub-deacon. The master of ceremonies was Rev. Father Hand, Toronto, while Rev. Vicar-General McCann, Toronto, preached the sermon, his subject being "Death." It was an effort seldom excelled on such occasions for pathos and depth of tender feeling. The musical service was very impressive. It was conducted by Rev. Father Rohleder, Toronto, who presided at the organ. The plain chant was sung by Rev. Fathers Tracey, Toronto; O'Malley, Uxbridge; Roach, Toronto; and Messrs. M. C. Grand, Montreal; and Frank Doyle, Niagara University. Six of the clergymen present acted as pall bearers. The procession from the church to the grave was a very solemn spectacle, during the progress of which the choir sang the "Benedictus."

Father McPhilips was well-known in Toronto. He was born at Milwaukee in 1862, and was educated, in arts at Niagara University and was the seducated, in arts at Niagara University and was the seducated, in arts at Niagara University.

Toronto. He was born at Milwaukee in 1802, and was educated, in arts at Niagara University, and in theology at Laval, Montreal. He was ordained by Archbishop Lynch in 1885. He then labored for two years in Toronto, and for about eight years at Orangeville, and from there was appointed to Uptergrove, one of the most important rural parishes in the diocese. A keen worker, his health gave way under the strain, and he died of consumption. He was a man of fine literary tastes, of considerable culture, and the master of an elegant style of pulpit oratory. His library is reckoned as one of the best of the kind in Ontario.

OBITUARY.

MISS NELLIE DILLON, LONDON.

MISS NELLIE DILLON, LONDON.

Died, at the residence of her mother, Waterloo street, London, on the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, fortified by all the rites of the Church, Miss Nellie, youngest daughter of the late Patrick Dillon. Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of the departed soul on Tuesday, August 17, by the Rev. Father McCormack, in St. Peter's cathedral. She was a fervent associate of the League of the Sacred Heart and an exemplary and edifying member of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. As is customary on the death of a Sodalist, the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary received Holy Communion on the Feast of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, and assisted in large numbers at two other Masses, for the repose of the soul of their late companion. In the social circle in which she moved, Miss Dillon was beloved by all for her unvarying gentleness and amiability, and for many a long day will we sadly miss her graceful tact and warmhearted sympathy. R. I. P.

MRS. DENIS G. DONAGHUE, FLORIDA

MRS. DENIS G. DONAGHUE, FLORIDA.

It is our painful duty to record the death of Mrs. D. G. Donaghue, in the fortieth year of her age, at San Antonia, Florida, on July 28.

When the sad news reached the friends of the deceased in the parishes of Lindsay, Emily and Belleville, many were the expressions of regret at her sudden demise, and of heartfelt sympathy for the loss sustained by her devoted husband and dear young family, now bereft of a loving wife and fond mother.

The deceased was a daughter of the late Daniel Scully, of Emily, and a niece of Father Mzckey, of Belleville. After taking the common school course, she attended the convent at Peterborough for some time, and in 1882 was married to Mr. D. G. Donaghue, a respectable young farmer of Emily township. From the marriage were born seven children, the eldest of whom is thirteen.

Mr. Donoghue having been troubled with rheumatism for some years, decided to quit farming a few years ago, and thinking that a warmer climate would be more congenial to his condition he lately purchased a small

fruit farm in Florids, whither 5the family fruit farm in Florids, whither the family moved six months ago.

The deceased lady was a practical Catholic, always ready to die—charitable to a fault, ever eager to relieve distress. Although apparently strong, she had, for some weeks previous to her death, been troubled with weak spells occasionally, which she regarded as a premonition of sudden death; and so it proved: she died of heart failure. The funeral obsequies were conducted by Rev. Father Benedict and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for the repose of her soul. R. I. P.

JAMES SMALL, ADJALA.

The Cardwell Sentinel of August 5 refers as follows to the death of Mr. James Small:

The angel of death has again been in our midst and removed from Adjala one of its best-known and respected residents in the person of Mr. James Small, which sad event took place on Saturday evening. He was putting up the last few shocks of a field of wheat about 6 o'clock when he called to his son Willie, who was assisting him at work, and fell into his arms speechless. He was carried to the house and medical aid hastily summoned, but consciousness was not restored until about fifteen minutes before his death, when he opened his eyes for the last time to this world, said good bye to those near and dear to him, then quietly passed into the arms of death just as the clock struck 10. The deceased was an unusually healthy man unto the time of his death. Heart fail. into the arms of death just as the clock struck 10. The deceased was an unusually healthy man up to the time of his death. Heart failure was the cause of his sudden demise. He was in his seventy third yeer, was a native of Ireland, coming to this country at the age of five years and settled on the homestead just across the road, with his father, Daniel Small. Mr. Small was an industrious gentleman, a good neighbor and will be missed by many a poor person who was always sure of a meal or a good turn when needed. He leaves a widow and eight children to mourn his loss—Mrs. T. J. Ryan, Mrs. J. D. Carroll, J. A., Robert and Willie of Adjala, Edward, of Toronto, Richard, of Gore Bay and Francis of British Columbia. His surviving brothers are Peter and Daniel of Toronto, and Patrick, Reeve of Adjala.

WHY WILL IRISHMEN ALLOW IT?

Ed. CATHOLIC RECORD:

Dear Sir:—While glancing over the columns of one of the Catholic papers recently my attention was drawn to the fact that Irish still continue to be targets of ridicule. Much has been said and much has been written in condemnation of those who caricature the Irish for the sake of making a laugh. So often do we see samples of these caricatures on the stage, in the newspaper and in the song, that "Hogan's Alley," and such like productions, seem to have come among us to stay. Mr. Editor, is there any use in wasting time to tell Irishmen to awake from their long sleep? Will they still persist in helping their neighboring countrymen to insult their Irish mother's national character—that loving mother who has always been proud of her Irish blood, and her Irish honor is too often put to shame when she hears such low, course, vulgar remarks mingled with that much loved and honored brogue which her dear departed mother and father used to love so well. But now also things have changed it is to be a shamed of their mother's brogue before the "select" company. And so we find so many Irish Canadians declaring themselves against everything Irish. Poor, misquided upsitarts, your education has been sorely neglected. You have been taught, through the stage and in the song, that your dear Irish mother unfortunately happens to belong to a race of half-witted people whose only existence seems to be to gratify the appetites of those who have no conception of the true type of Irishmen.

How long will Irishmen permit this state of thing to last? Are we to sit idly by and listen to those who have no regard for the feelings of Irishmen. Their conception of the Irish have become so disgusting that at times it becomes almost unbearable to listen to their low, coarse delineation of that grand old Irish character. Let Irishmen assert their determination to stamp out this unbearable reproach. Our slumbers have been too long. Let us refrain from patronizing low Irish plays. Let us determine not to subscribe to papers tha Ed. CATHOLIC RECORD:

The Miraculous Escape of Pius IX.

The Miraculous Escape of Plus IX.

August 9, 1897.

Editer pf the Pilot:—In your issue of the 7th inst. your Rome correspondent expresses surprise at the fact that in none of the half-dozen "Lives of Pius IX.," in his possession does he find any reference to the memorable occurrence of April 12, 1855 (not 1854) when the late Holy Father and so many of his suite and others miraculously escaped death by the falling in of the floor of the large hall in the convent of the Canons Regular of St. John Lateran, where he was about to give audience to some hundred pupils of the Propaganda. It was indeed a memorable event, and it is passing strange that the writers of so many "Lives" of his Holiness should have overlocked it, as is stated by the correspondent. I would however, direct his attention to "Pius IX. and His Time," by the late Very Rev. Aeneas McDonell Dawson, of Ottawa, Ontario, Cauada (honorary), Vicar General of the Diocesse of Alexandria, in the same province. It is a work of some five hundred pages, and in it is given, pages, 139 141, a pretty full account of the accident and of the proceedings subsequent thereto; also a reference to a subsequent celebration on the 12th of April, 1875, the twentieth anniversary of His Holiness' return from exile at Gaeta. This work is from the presses of the CATHOLIC RECORD Publishing House, London, Ontario.

A "Popular Life of Pius IX.," by Rev. Richard Brennan, of St. Rose's Church, New York, a work of some three hundred pages, from the publishing house of Benziger Brothers, gives a somewhat more detailed account of the accident, accompanied by a cut of the Church of St. Agne.

Yours, Tirmagaldh.

- Boston Pilot.

THE TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

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F. M. Terrington, Musical Director,

(Affiliated with the University of Toronto) opens its nineteenth season on Sept. ist. with elegant buildings, thoroughly equipped in every respect for thorough all round musical and classical education, its fine three manual organ and its pre-eminent staff of musicians forming its faculty. Usequalled facilities are afforded to musical sudents for securing the highest professional standing.

Mr. Terrington who is always on the alert to strengthen the position of the college has made valuable additions to the personel of the teaching staff for the coming season. Mr. Frank Welsman, piano virtuoso, who has come from Leipzig, Germany, to take Mr. Field's place; Mr. John Bayley, principal violin department; Madame Lucy Franklein of the Carl Kosa Opera, London, Eng.; Miss C. E. Williams, the experienced teacher of voice production, oratorio and concert, in the vocal; and for the elocution, expression and dramatic art department the celebrated Dr. Carlyle has been engaged, and will be assisted by Miss Burns, recently of New York. Mr. Torrington has specially prepared amongst his vocal pupils a number of the principal soloists for the Catholic church service, notably the Meedames Mc. Gann, Clancey, (Miss Susie Herson) Miss Ellictt, and others. A new calendar replete with information may be had free upon application to the College Registrar.

WEDDING BELLS.

CROOKS-GRAHAM.

On Tuesday, August 17, Rev. M. J.
Tiernan united in the holy bonds of matrimony Mr. John Crooks and Miss Teresa
Graham, youngest daughter of Mrs.
Marshall Le Garie, 177 Kent street,
London. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated in St. Peter's cathedral, which
was well filled with friends and goodwishers of the happy young couple. As the
bride was a member of the Sodality of the
Blessed Virgin the marriage ceremony was

performed before the altar of Our Lady, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with pink and white flowers; and the Sodality choir sang appropriate hymns during the Mass. The bride, who was prettily attred in white muslin, trimmed with lace and ribbons, was assisted by another Sodalis'. Miss Annie Muckler; while Mr. Wm. Nolan attended the groom. The wedding breakfast was served at the residence of Mrs. Le Garie.

Forgives the Assassin.

Madrid, August 13. - Senor Canovas's body was laid away to day in the family vault in the St. Isidore Cemetery, amid salvos of artillery and the toiling of all the bells of the city. As the pall bearers lifted the coffin to remove it from the house Senora Canovas, in a clear, firm tone, said :

"I desire that all should know I for give the assassin. It is the greatest sacrifice I can make, but I make it for the sake of what I know of my husband's great heart." More than a thousands wreaths had

been deposited in the death chamber, and the roadway from the residence to tance with laurels and flowers. wreath of the Queen Regent rested upon the coffin, and other floral tributes were carried in special carriages.

DISEASE CONQUERED.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Gain Another Great Victory—A Reporter's Searching Investigation into a case a Orangeville - The Claims made or Behalf of this Medicine Fully Borne out—The Greatest Healing Medicin of the age.

Orangeville Sun.

In a cosy little house in Margaret street, in this town, lives Mr. John Garrity, his wife and family. They are indeed, a happy family, although a few years ago a sadder household would be hard to find. Their happi-ness was not occasioned by the sudden obtaining of a fortune, but by some thing much more precious—the restor ation to health of a wife and mother when everyone whispered that she must die. Our reporter heard of Mrs. Garrity's illness and cure, and for the benefit of our readers investigated the case; what he learned is well worth repeating. A few years ago Mr. Garrity kept a well known hotel at Chelterham and was known far and wide for his kindness and hospitality; his wife, too, was noted for her amiability. However, she was stricken with a peculiar sickness, her health failed rapidly, and from one hundred and forty seven pounds her weight became reduced to ninety five pounds. Fainting spells became frequent, and a continual pain in the back of her head almost drove her frantic. Physicians were in attendance, but the doctors all said there was no hope. Mrs. Garrity saw death staring her in the face, and the thought of leaving her little children caused her much sadness. She was advised her much sadness. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but thought they could not possibly do her any good when physicians had failed to alleviate her sufferings. Hoping, however, almost against hope, she procured a supply, and, wonderful to relate, she had not been taking Pink Pills long when the dre dful symptoms of her illness began to pass away, and to day she is the picture of health. A few months ago Mr. Garrity and family removed to Orangeville, and in conversation with our repesentative Mrs. Garrity said : "I cannot find words to express my thankfulness for what Dr. Williams Pink Pills have done for me. Why it is almost wonderful. I wish that everyone who is suffering as I was will hear of this remedy. We always keen a box of the Pink Pills in the house.

Money to Burn.

"Oh, yes, there's plenty of money in Chicago—all kinds of money." With this the man from the Windy City took a cigar from his pocket and holding a ten dollar bill to the gas calmly lit hi cigar.

A couple of bystanders offered him a light.

"This will do," said the Chicago man,
"I don't mind a little thing like that."
"Is that a fact?" said the man from Zanesville, drawing his check book from his pocket; and writing out a check for a thousand, he signed it and went through the same performance. Whereupon the Windy City man took

MARKET REPORTS

ARKET REPORTS

London, Aug. 28. — Wheat, 78 to 80c perbusnel. Oats, 21 to 27c per bushel. Peas, 36 to 39c per bushel. Barley, 24 to 28 45 perbushel. Rye 28 to 80 4-5c per bush. Corn. 39 45 to 33 3-10c, ner bush. Wo milch cows were offered for 875. Apples were scarce, and sold for 31 to 81.25 per bushel. Peaches sold for 39 to 75. Apples were in large quantities, and sold for 40 to 50 cents per bush. Tomatoes were scarce, and sold for 39 to 75 to 25 cents per basket (haif bushels). Celery sold for 29 cents per doz. Cabisage, 20 to 25 cents per doz. Cauliflowers. 39 to 66 cents per doz. Basket, 50 to 10 cents per doz. Butte per doz. Basket, 50 to 11 cents per doz. Butte per doz. Basket, 50 to 11 cents per doz. Butte per doz. Basket, 50 to 11 cents per doz. Butte per doz. Basket, 50 to 11 cents per doz. Butte per doz. Basket, 50 to 12 cents. Crock, 16 to 18 cents a pound.

Montreal, Auc. 26. — Flour — Receipts, 8,100 barrels; market very firm and advancing.

Toronto, Ont., Aug. 26. — Wheat on the local market is strong and prices higher in sympathy with weslern markets. New wheat, north and west, wanted at 85c, and 50c is quoted at from 57c to 81; No. 1 hard, Godd and west, and 57c to 81; No. 1 hard, Godd at 123; to 25c. Peas teady; cars, north and west, are quoted at 45c.

Detroit, Micho,, Aug. 26. — Wheat, No. 2, red. 88c; No. 1, white 88c; care.

at 22\frac{1}{2}\$ to 23c. Peas steady; cars, north and west, are quoted at 45c.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 26. — Wheat, No. 2, red 88\[\text{lc}\$; No. 1, white, 88\[\text{lc}\$; corn, No. 2, 2\[\text{lc}\$; No. 3, yellow, 2\[\text{lc}\$; No. 3, vellow, 2\[\text{lc}\$; cors, No. 2 white, 2\[\text{lc}\$; cyt. 4\[\text{lc}\$; lay, No. 1, timothy, 88.50 per ton in car lots; honey, beat white comb, 10 to 12 per lb; cheese, full cream Michigan, 8\[\text{lc}\$; oper lb; eggs, strictly fresh, 12\[\text{lc}\$; to 13c per dozen; green corn, 50\[\text{lo}\$; 00 6\[\text{lc}\$coper\[\text{lc}\$; bis coper dozen; green corn, 50\[\text{lo}\$; 00 6\[\text{lc}\$coper\[\text{lc}\$; bis coper dozen; green corn, 50\[\text{lc}\$; 00 6\[\text{lc}\$coper\[\text{lc}\$; 00 10\[\text{lc}\$coper\[\text{lc}\$; 00 10\[\text{lc}\$; 00 10\[\text{lc}\$coper\[\text{lc}\$; 00 10\[\text{lc}\$; 00 10

ceipts, 64 cars through, 2 on sale: market closed for the week steady and firm; veals scarce and steady, at \$4.25 to \$6.25. Horse Heccipia; 9 cars through, 17 on sale; market strongs of good light, unchanged for others; 10 rkers, \$3.30 to \$4.25; roughs, \$4.25 to \$4.35; others, \$4.25; sto \$4.35; others, \$4.25; roughs, \$3.40 to \$3.36; others, \$4.26; and lambs—Receipts, 8 cars through, 5 heep and lambs—Receipts, 8 cars through, 5 of sale; of five decks of Canada lambs that coutside of five decks of Canada lambs that arrived late; native lambs, culls to good, \$5.50 to \$4.25; wethers, \$4.40.

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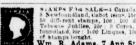
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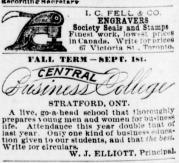
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Creator, God Imme

BY CARDINAL

VOLUME X

O God from God, and L Why art Thyself the d Our chauts shall break Be with us while we p

Chase thou the gloom the thronging shader.
The sloth and drowsine.
The senses with a spa Lord, to their sins indu Who, in this hour for By faith in what they d With songs prevent t

Grant this, O Father, o And Spirit, God of g To whom all worship s In every time and pl PRIESTHOOD A

Recently His E Vaughan delivered mon on "Priestho He took for his tex ad intepellandum p living to make in Jesus Christ, he sai to make intercessio beginning there From the days of read that sacrifice God ; and there we ous kinds offered the whole length the people of God sacrifice. God w should always offe fice should be the adequate worship We may sacrifice is the si God, so that if or multitude not worship God conclude therefro the people of Go as he had stated, in the Old Law, sacrifice here wa The sacrifices of were correlative priest offering sa very common thi life that the peop persons to rep who speak in the act in their r make themselve velfare of those to represent, so persons who sh ho shall stand object which we tain for us-betw objects of our d tives. And so i religion. The stood between They, the peop their priests; their priests ; their priests. were offered for so that withou their priests the in the spiritu stood between God, and this the great legis Hence we wer that there are are priests wh not so much fo people. Great the offerin thought it tween them these were the doctrines of t sixteenth cent away with pr That was, th knew, the control Protestant " see where the in respect to t hoods in the there were

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