

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, February 16, 1901.

### AN EXPERIMENT.

Prof. Harry Peck writes amusingly in the current issue of the *Cosmopolitan* on "Scientific Joy." The article was occasioned by the labors of some Harvard professors "to determine on a biological or organic basis why events happen in pleasant emotions as they are known to happen." For the purpose of experiment fourteen young and impressionable persons were selected and made to feel simultaneously the emotion of joy. The joy producer was money—not hard cash, but something imaginary—due to repeated "auto-suggestion." The learned men were wary in distributing that money. At first they gave only \$10 bill, but before the experiments came to an end, each one of the victims was the proud possessor of an imaginary \$100,000. And all the time they noted assiduously the actions of the subjects from the \$10 stage to the climax. Various things happened, some emitted "low yells of delight, and others played Sousa's marches very loudly on the piano." One young woman, however, began to engage in "reflections of a melancholic sort," due, perhaps, as Prof. Peck observes, to the fact that she felt that the imaginary dollars would not really help her out on a new milk miff. This whole thing, he concludes, has its comic side, and it is that side which at first sight seems to be almost the only one. Yet there is a very serious side as well. Experiments like this conducted gravely in the laboratories of the oldest of American universities, watched over and recorded by learned men, and published for the information of the world at large, serve as an illustration of how much sheer tonifery is permitted to encroach upon and to discredit our university training. What the universities of today encourage must have a value in giving to the student new fields of effort and new points of view, yet after all one sometimes feels the stirring of an uncomfortable doubt: and he asks himself whether, after all, there were not more real mental discipline, more real breadth, a more truly liberal culture, and a far greater sanity in the older learning than can be gathered from a system which enshrines and glorifies alleged results derived from the fictitious emotions excited by the hypothetical gift of an imaginary \$10 bill. We knew all this before, but it is refreshing to hear it from a gentleman of such unimpeachable scholarship as Prof. Peck.

It strikes us also as rather strange that the professors of an institution devoted to higher education and severe in adjudging the amount of learning necessary for its students should have deemed money the best thing to produce joy.

### THE CIVIL SERVICE.

We received during the week a communication containing, amongst other things, the following query: Will I enter the civil service? Not being an information bureau, nor gifted with the astonishing knowledge of the scribes who are teaching the youth of this country the manner of becoming rich on \$5 per week, we are reluctant to give any advice to our correspondent. Still, not wishing to fall foul of etiquette, we beg to submit the following reflections on the innocent little question, Will I enter the civil service? In the first place—God knows: we don't. You may try, however, and convince your unsophisticated soul that the road to the civil service is not all concentered. We can promise you also that you will lead a very strenuous life ere you enter upon your official duties. You will seek out the political magnate in your district and convince him that you and your ancestors for generations have worked for the party. Your bill of political health accepted, breathe freely. Then the great man, with much care—and this by the way is a most important formality—writes your name in a book, and thus proves to you in a touching manner his willingness to befriend you. The career of statecraft will after you take your departure wrap him around like a garment, and make him oblivious to the petty interests that engage the attention of ordinary mortals—

but your name is on the book, and your kindly countenance will lap into view every time he reads it. He cannot forget you, the dear good lawmaker. Of course he does the same for other applicants, but that must not disturb your equanimity. Then go home and amuse yourself in calculating the salary you are to receive.

When the civil service aspirant is a member of a lodge the procedure is much more simple. The Grand Patriarch simply notifies the magnate that he desires a position for one of the brethren—and presto the thing is done.

You may possibly have influential friends, and a document setting forth your excellencies of character, signed by representative citizens, but you may find that even that has not the compelling power of the Orange vote. A case in point. If we do not enter into details please remember that our doing so would be unseemly in this age of increasing toleration, and might arouse the ire of the individuals who have very positive ideas as to how a Catholic paper should be conducted. Suffice it to say that the applicant for a certain position was a Catholic, thoroughly qualified in every respect and supported in his demand by representative Catholics. Pressure in fact was brought to bear on the distributor of the spoils, and the political machinery began forthwith to work so beautifully that the idea that we were after all of some account in the body politic came joyously into our mind. But suddenly something snapped. The exact nature of the accident all were unable to determine, and until the gentlemen who knew all about it speak out, the matter will be a fruitful source of conjecture. We do know, however, that our brethren of the magic apron and half-moon swooped down upon the political magnate and his friends and before circulation was restored to the place where their backbone should be, an order giving an Orangeman the berth was duly signed. So you see we have the yellow peril hard by our own doors. You may, of course, be more fortunate—and then you may not. Should you fail to have your ambition gratified, please do not worry. There should be in Canada opportunities outside officialdom for men with red blood in their veins.

### WANTED: INVINCIBLE DETERMINATION.

What some of us want—and want badly—is sticktiveness and backbone. We have dash and brilliancy, but we tire easily. We are good for a hundred yards, but after that go to pieces. In every community there are sundry individuals who, for lack of it, are, instead of playing a man's part, either bemoaning their few opportunities or prating of the influences that resist their advancement. But what we have to understand is that we must choose our work and stick to it, not slavishly, nor to the exclusion of ought else, but to the extent that it enlists our best thoughts and energies. Never does a man succeed without this. Amongst his weapons for the conquering of the world may be talent or genius, but these are of little avail unless accompanied by the determination to do his best, to front obstacles and to beat them, and to keep on despite weariness and discouragement. Ask any man prominent in Church or State the reason of his success and he will tell you it is backbone—that and nothing else. Many of them had not even the advantages that are to-day within the reach of every schoolboy. They came from poor homes and from country farms, and, without anything that the faint hearted and indolent consider essential to success, they forged ahead, because they knew how to work, and because graven upon their souls was the resolve not to surrender at the command of every passing difficulty and pleasure.

A case in point is the career of Lord Strathcona. What he has to day is the reward of toll and tenacity. When he landed in Canada and bent himself to his work as employee of the Hudson Bay Company the outlook was far from promising. But he did not flinch and he stuck to his post, and so well that he became in after years the Governor of the Company. Since then he has

played no unimportant part in the building of Canada.

Whilst we write we have in mind a churchman who is as learned as he is modest—of rare breadth of mind and of charming simplicity—a man of quiescent enthusiasm and action, as ready and capable to plan a church as to write a scholarly article—a man respected and beloved, whose life has had a stimulating and ennobling influence upon many—who began as a blacksmith. Just what difficulties confronted him can be imagined. We know, however, that doggedness of purpose carried him onward and upward—that he understood that energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world.

When one thinks of the possibilities of life—that opportunities abound in this country for any man who has "sand," it is a pity that many of us waste time on trifles—yes, trifles that make for failure and turn us into receptacles for small talk and sporting miscellany. And because of our indolence and idiotic thoughtlessness, we are retrograding in some sections of Canada. Our numbers in professional and mercantile ranks are thinning fast: our influence is waning. The man who cannot see that is blind to the signs of the times. They may discourage us on our advancement, but we say, and we do not imagine we are in pessimistic mood, that unless our young men bestir themselves they will eventually be the merest nonentities not to be reckoned with except at elections.

### THE CATHOLIC CONVERTS' LEAGUE.

The first general meeting of the newly formed Converts' League was held in the large Assembly Hall of the Catholic Club in New York last Monday evening. There were gathered there between four and five hundred people, mostly converts. A percentage of the newly formed league are Catholics. Archbishop Corrigan was present and made a God speed to the work. De Costa, the president, took the opportunity to explain what the league was not and he emphasized the fact that there was no purpose of segregating converts by themselves, but rather to associate Catholics and converts together in order to emphasize the work of conversion and also to extend the warm hand of fellowship to converts coming into the Church.

The movement will undoubtedly spread. The original league is in Chicago, and before long there will be leagues established in all large centres.

The Catholic Missionary Union has collected and sent in the last four years over \$15,000 in paying the expenses of missionary priests to preach the doctrine of the Church to non-Catholics in the dioceses of the South. The money has been collected from public-spirited Catholics all over the country. The movement is represented by "The Missionary," a quarterly publication, edited and published by the Paulist Fathers of New York.

Persons who know but little about the matter often question the success of non-Catholic missions and the personal work of the missionary. They think that as much good can be accomplished by the diffusion of missionary literature without the trouble and expense of sending priests into the field to give their entire time to the work. But the missionary who has had experience of the work feels more and more keenly the almost absolute necessity of personal works. Books, literature, lectures may all help—and do help—but it is the face to face interview which is most instrumental in winning converts for the faith.

A priest who has been most successful in missionary work particularly in the South, lately said: "The priest may preach and literature may be distributed, but if there is not a priest to go around from house to house and gather the fruit, it will go to waste and never be preserved in the house of God. Most of my converts have come from personal visits and talks, and, without these, I fear few would actually have been brought into the Church, however much convinced of its truth. I expect to continue the instruction of my converts here for some time at least as I am convinced this is the most effective work I can do."

This man gives the two great points which all missionaries agree in, first, the necessity of personal communication with those whom he is seeking to convert; second, personal instruction of inquirers and converts after the formal class of the mission. This last indeed, the missionary considers "the most efficacious work" which he can do.

The same priest tells an anecdote illustrative of one of those missionaries. One of his converts was a Methodist woman, who by reading the Bible had become convinced of Our Lord's Real

presence in the Holy Eucharist. At this time she knew nothing of Catholic teaching and so she consulted several ministers asking for explanations of the Scripture passages, but none could give any which seemed to her satisfactory. She then turned to her Catholic friends, but although she read those diligently, she still had difficulties which she could not solve. She lapsed into a non church going, nearly sceptical condition and was near losing the little faith she had.

For five years she remained in this unhappy condition—or rather her state seemed to get more dark and hopeless. Then, by chance, a non-Catholic mission was given in the place where she lived. She attended; she heard the doctrines of the Church preached concerning the Holy Sacraments; she sought the missionary and laid her difficulties before him. It took but a few interviews, now that she could talk to a Catholic to convince her of the truth of the Church and that here, at last, was the teaching she had so long been groping after. "That is the Church for me," she exclaimed and was at once baptized. She is now a devout and practical Catholic.

"And you see, the missionary concluded, if she had not been able to see and talk to a priest—if her only information was gained from books, it seems likely—humanly speaking—that she never would have been convinced and come to the knowledge of the Truth."

### OTHER PIOUS ACTS OF THE LATE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

About six miles from the city of Elgin in Scotland is situated the ruins of the Priory of Pincard which until lately was the property of the Duke of Fife. Besides its historic memories it possesses some fine specimens of architectural beauty.

On the disruption of the Presbyterian Church the Free Church section obtained the use of a wing of the building which they transformed into a place of worship. Another portion of the ruin was used by the tenant of the farm on which it stood as a stable or byre for the shelter of his cattle, and such was the condition of the revered spot when the writer viewed it forty years ago.

The late Marquis purchased the Priory of Pincard, and his first act thereafter was to present the congregation of worshippers therein with another site near by, to which they soon afterwards removed.

Somewhat three years ago they appeared in the Record a report of the purchase by the late Marquis of the Greyfriars' Abbey in the City of Elgin, the property also of the Duke of Fife—that a solemn High Mass was celebrated in the ruin, at which he assisted by reading a portion of the Ordinary—that many of the high dignitaries of the Church were present, and it was also said that a large sum of money was to be spent on the ruin.

As I spent many of my younger years in Elgin and had the opportunity of knowing the severe anti-Catholic spirit of the people, and could place in contrast with the same the grand and numerous evidences of the Catholic and surrounding "light" of Moray, I have watched this turn of events with a more than ordinary degree of interest.

I have written to several sources for information, and last year I received two communications from a correspondent who resides in Aberdeen. In March he informs me that:

"The dwelling house of Grey Friars came to be occupied some time ago by the Sisters of Mary, then the whole place and grounds were bought by the Marquis of Bute. Very many rumors are going about the thought by the Marquis of Bute went the rounds of such as you read the rounds of the same of the place, but what is the ultimate intention of the Marquis, our priest here told us some time ago, no one knew, not even our Bishop. However, as soon as he came into possession he commenced to restore the old chapel. You will mind on the ruin, I am sure. To make sure that every thing would be as near as possible to what was at first, the foundations were carefully laid bare and evidence from Ireland and other countries, where the Franciscans had such monasteries, was procured. It appears that in all their buildings they followed a general plan. Then a quarry was sought and found with stone to match as nearly as possible the standing walls, which were retained.

"After it was so far finished the chapel was formally opened by Bishop Macdonald. The Marquis and Marchioness were there, and there was a great crowd, principally Protestants. High Mass was celebrated by the Bishop, but I have not heard that Mass has been said in it again, unless it may be that the Sisters use it as a chapel."

In July also of last year I received a sketch of the restored parts which I find corresponds exactly with the Trapist Monastery at Gethsemani, Kentucky, and my correspondent writes: "I had time to take a turn down to Greyfriars. The mason work is about complete, except perhaps a few details, and the roofing is complete. As far as possible the original plan has been followed. The slates are gray, about one inch thick. The sketch I send will give you an idea of how the restoration

has been carried out. The chapel is finished. It is a long, narrow building. All the standing walls were left, and the gaps built of stone as near as possible the color of the old stone. The stone work of the windows (tracery) are all new except one. The floor is covered with gray slabs and the grave stones that were scattered over the place are now part of the floor. The walls are finished inside and out the same. The joints of the rubble masonry are pointed with cement and each joint shown by a line. I liked this finished irregularity very much. The ceiling is one arch from end to end. The chapel is in two parts. The eastern half with the high altar is apparently for the monks specially, as it is filled with stalls on the floor. In the centre there is a platform reaching from side to side: it is about ten feet above the floor and you reach it by a spiral stair. Under this platform there are two altars—one at each side—and the space between is filled with an iron grill. This half of the chapel is apparently for the public, but as there are no seats the people will have to learn to kneel on the bare stone floor."

Fifty years ago I could not have believed that the trend of thought would have advanced so far in religious zeal as it does now. Not only is the trend of thought verified by the many good acts of the late Marquis of Bute, but is emphasized by the fact that the Duke of Fife disposed of two of the fairest gems of his property, being doubtless aware of the purpose for which they were intended.

### APOSTOLATE OF THE LAYMAN.

His Influence for Catholicity in the Community.

It is often a puzzle to many good Catholics how it is that non-Catholics can be in good faith in this country where the opportunities of learning about the doctrine of the Catholic Church are so many.

There is now scarcely a town that has not a well appointed church. There are eleven thousand priests actively at work ministering to the people about them. There is an abundant supply of literature to be had for the asking, and in many instances forced into the hands of non-Catholics. Yet we come across in our missionary work innumerable instances of well educated people as ignorant of the teachings of the Church as they are of the number of birds in the air or of the fishes in the sea. How much these people are responsible it is not for us to judge, but the fact remains they know nothing about the Church and seemingly do not feel in their own consciences any responsibility for their ignorance.

The time has come for the Catholic layman to ask himself how much of blame is to be attached to his own attitude in this matter. A priest may talk till his breath falls him, and offend more than it is of avail with non-Catholics. His efforts are discredited by them. They say of him, "It is his business to so talk," etc. But the layman has many opportunities which are denied the priest. He is closer to his brother layman. He is in business with him or he meets him in the daily walks of life or should der to shoulder with him in political or public life.

How well is the Catholic layman equipped for the apostolate? The average layman knows that there are missionaries some where in the country who are carrying the truth to his non-Catholic brethren, but first because he does not think he fails to appreciate the great need of such work and the cordial response which it meets from Protestants. One or two instances will serve to illustrate our meaning.

A non-Catholic mission was recently given at a small village in Alabama. It was a little place, but still it possessed a Catholic church and two or three Protestant places of worship. It was the sort of place where all the inhabitants know each other by name and are conversant with one another's affairs. During the mission a certain well known business man was noticed attending all the meetings and carefully listening to all that was said. One of the missionaries sought him out and spoke to him. The man said that "he was a Protestant" that he had lived in the village for twenty three years, and that yet this was the first occasion that he had ever set foot within the Catholic church, and he supposed that if it had not been for the mission being held he never would have done so.

Such a fact seems incredible in a little place such as this was, and yet it is true. The man for the first time in his life heard the truths of the faith, although had been dwelling among Catholics for years. An instance like this shows how the Church is brought to persons who are really in a condition of inconceivable ignorance—brought to them as it never could be in any other way.

Another instance illustrates the same point. At a recently given mission in the South, it was noticed that many of the Protestant ministers attended and paid heed to the words spoken and asked many intelligent and respectful questions. One of them was interviewed on the subject, and when asked his opinion of the mis-

sion "Why," he replied "it is a most wonderful thing. All my life I have been hearing about Catholics and reading books condemnatory of their teachings, but I have never talked to a Catholic priest before; I have never had a chance to do so."

The minister was then asked what he thought about the teaching he had heard and what was his opinion of the Church: "I understand the belief of Catholics, now," he replied, "where, as before it was simply inconceivable to me how any intelligent being could accept the doctrines which I understood were attributed to them. I see now that if a person really lives up to the teaching of the Catholic Church he must be a very good man indeed."

Here the point is touched exactly: these men do not know, and they do not know because they never have any available opportunity to learn.

"How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher?"

In another town the Protestant ministers, after coming to hear the addresses to non-Catholics, exhorted their own people to attend, telling them that the Catholic doctrines would reach them first hand and they would be able to form an intelligent and unbiased opinion as to what Catholics really did believe. Moreover, one of them said "It was only by Christians coming together in this way and making clear their several religious convictions—it was only thus that there could be brought about a reunion of Christendom and a gathering together into one of all who believe in Christ."

It is the awakening of such a spirit as that which gives a real encouragement to the Catholic missionary, for he knows that the truth is so mighty that it must prevail if it only be known, and the real reunion of Christendom is bringing all men into the fold of Christ by allegiance to the Apostolic See.

A report has recently been made public of the work of the missionaries associated with the house of missions of the Paulist Fathers in Tennessee. From the 15th of June to the 31st of December they gave 13 retreats, 6 Catholic and 2 non-Catholic missions, in which 55 converts were received and 186 left under instruction.

### OUT OF PENAL DAYS IN ENGLAND, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The Last Letter of an English Catholic Lady of Family, Mother of the Rev. Alban Butler, Author of "The Lives of the Saints."

"My dear children—Since it pleases Almighty God to take me out of this world, as no doubt you will be long, I am no longer a useful parent to you, for no person ought to be thought necessary in this world who God thinks proper to take them out of; I hope you will offer the loss of me with a resignation suitable to the religion you are of, and offer yourselves. He who makes you orphans so young without a parent to take care of you, will take you into his protection and Fatherly care, if you do love and serve Him. Who is the author of all goodness. Above all things, prepare yourselves while you are young to suffer patiently what afflictions He shall think proper to lay upon you; for it is by His truth His best servants. In the first place, give Him thanks for your education in the true faith, (which many thousands want) and then I beg of you earnestly to persist in His doctrine, what state of life you shall undertake, whether it be for religion (as ecclesiastics), or to get your livings in the world. No doubt but you may be saved either way, if you do your duty to God, your neighbor and yourselves. And I beg of you to make constant resolutions rather to die a thousand times, if possible, than quit your faith; and always have in your thoughts what you would think of were you as nigh death as I now think myself. There is no preparation for a good death but a good life. Do not omit your prayers, and make an act of contrition and examen of conscience every night, and request the Blessed Sacraments of the Church. I am so weak I can say no more to you, but I pray God bless and direct you, and your friends to take care of you. Lastly, I beg of you never to forget to pray for your poor father and mother when they are not capable of helping themselves; so I take leave of you, hoping to meet you in heaven, to be happy for all eternity."

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

### APPROACH OF LENT.

Ash Wednesday falls this year on the 20th of February, and as this is the Jubile year all Catholics should try to make the holy season of Lent what the Church intends it to be, a season of penance and prayer. All of us are so ready when Lent commences to excuse ourselves on all sorts of trivial pretences from a strict observance. Let us this year observe it well. For we are taught that unless we do penance we cannot be saved.—Catholic Columbian.

### ALBAN BUTLER'S IDEAL OF A PRIEST "ON THE MISSION."

He had the highest opinion of a good missionary, and frequently declared that he knew of no situation so much to be envied, while the missionary had a love of his duties, and confined himself to them: none so miserable, when the minister had lost the love of them, and was fond of the pleasures of life. "Such a one," he used to say, "would seldom have the means of gratifying his taste for pleasure; he would frequently find that, in company, if he met with outward civility, he was the object of silent blame; and that if he gave pleasure as a companion, no one would resort to him as a priest."

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FAHRE.

XII.—CONTINUED.

She seemed to speak with the energy of despair, and only that her sobbing choked her, she would have continued.

But Alan, though his heart and his love pleaded for her, could not believe her. Mackay's letters were such over-whelming proof, then, she had not once written while on her reputed visit to Albany, another suspicious fact. He mentioned it.

"Because I was taken ill so soon after reaching there," she replied between her sobs, "and when I recovered I was deemed too weak to do so, and told that I could make all explanations when I returned."

"But some one could have written for you," he insisted.

"O Alan! can't you understand? They were all more or less illiterate people, and I did not have the heart to ask any of them to undertake the task of writing to a lady like Mrs. Diloran."

"But the minister, Ned; how could he mistake you for another?"

"I don't know; such things have happened—I have read of them. O Alan! if I could only tell you, but my oath, my oath."

Her face was buried on his knee, and she was sobbing passionately.

He looked down at her; down at the lovely head with its loosely coiled mass of soft, dark hair, and he thought of her resemblance to Edna, of her own words, uttered a moment ago, "Mr. Mackay may confound me with some one who resembles me," but, in a moment he rejected as absurd the suspicion, the half hope which had come to him.

He stood up, and partly shook her from him; in a helpless, suppliant way, she still endeavored to cling, but he stooped, unbound her hands, and went from her, went to his own room, and locked himself in.

XLI.

Ned dragged herself up also, and almost fell into the chair her husband had vacated. What should she do? Her brain seemed too much on fire to think, and her temples throbbed so violently, that she was a relief to hold them. To whom should she go? How should she act? Again and again she asked these questions of herself in a senseless sort of way, much as a demented person might incoherently repeat a certain form of words; but at length, when more than an hour had passed, and another burst of tears had come to her relief, making her eyes feel as if they were only burned balls moving in a painful way in their sockets, her thoughts became a little clearer.

Something she must do, and do immediately; she would go mad if she remained in that inaction. She would go to Mr. Edgar and demand to see his daughter, then she would write to Edna, asking her to release her from her oath, or to be Christian enough to undo herself the horrible wrong she had done. She would go to Meg, and bring her to corroborate her story of her Albany visit. She would summon Dyke, and at that stage of her feelings gave way again, and she was sobbing once more.

Dyke, and Meg, and the little mountain home, and her happy childhood—oh! how in this hour of bitter anguish she longed for them all! but more than all for true, tender Dyke, who always loved her, and who, somehow, in this dreadful time, she felt would not have doubted her, in the face of a thousand accusations.

Her bruises had turned to him; he would understand her, and pity her as no one else could do; he would advise her, he would help her. Instantly her resolution was taken; she would go to Dyke—she would go that very evening. Fortunately, there was a late train. The necessity for immediate exertion lent her strength.

She summoned her maid and sent for Macgilvray, meeting the man in the corridor when he came.

Imperturbable as his Scotch face always seemed to be to any emotion, it now showed an involuntary concern for the pallor and sadness of Ned's appearance. But, without noticing his expression, she said rapidly, and in a whisper:

"Be ready to drive me to the station in a quarter of an hour. I shall meet you a little beyond the entrance to the grounds."

As Carnew, esteeming the Scotchman for his honesty and prudence, had taken him into his own special service, Macgilvray, though wondering and having his own fears at such a strange request, was obliged to obey; so he bowed, and answered:

"All right, me leddy; since Ned's marriage he would so distinguish her."

She knew it was unnecessary to caution him to silence about her journey; the Scotchman was proverbial for his reticence on the most trivial affairs. But Ned forgot her maid, whom she had sent for the coachman and who was not so proverbial for her reticence.

Mrs. Carnew went to her room. With feverish haste, she threw off her hand-some dress, and put on one that she had worn when she was only the "companion." Of every jewel on her person which had been Carnew's gift she divested herself; she placed on her dressing-table beside the jewels, and, going to her trunk, she took from it what little had remained from her earnings with Mrs. Diloran, after she had sent a handsome present to Meg. There was sufficient to defray her expenses until she should reach Dyke. Then, when she was apparelled at her husband's door. There was a hope that she would hear her; that he might even suspect her purpose and come forth, when

she could once more re-iterate her innocence before she left him. But everything was silent; not even a faint moan came to her ear; and in that grave-like stillness she went back to her room, and wrote a note to him—a note that she sealed and left on her dressing-table beside his gilette-jewels and portemonnaie. She stole out then, passing by his door again, and stopping to kiss one of the panels, as if to delude herself into the belief that it was a kiss wafted to him, and then she went on. But Jane saw her—Jane, who was supposed to be in her own apartment until summoned to assist her mistress to retire—and Jane had the hardihood to follow.

On through the darkened grounds, for the moon would not rise until nearly midnight, the young wife fled. Fleeing from husband and home; that was the thought in her mind as she hurried to where Macgilvray waited; but it was from a husband who believed her unworthy of his love, and a home that had ceased to be such when Alan ceased to love her.

The darkness on the outskirts of the grounds was so great that it struck a sort of chill to her, and it brought up, somehow, the dark night when she accompanied Edna to look at the dead Mackay. Again she saw the suicide, and Edna kneeling beside him, and all the horrible events of that night. Little she dreamed then that it would cast its influence so far ahead upon her own life; that it would blight and blacken her hopes, her love, her existence. She drew her cloak closer about her, and hurried on.

"By your ain sel, me leddy!" said the astonished, and now very much concerned Scotchman, as he dashed the carriage lamp on Mrs. Carnew's pale and somewhat frightened face.

"Yes, Donald; I am going to take the train up the river. I have left word for Mr. Carnew. Now drive quick, please. There is no time to lose."

She stepped into the carriage as she spoke, and Macgilvray felt impelled to obey her order. But, at the station, when there were still some minutes to spare, the honest fellow could not refrain from saying:

"I'm sair tribbled, me leddy, at your gang like this; it's noo me place to speak, but the leek o' you takin' such a journey at this time o' the night, and with none but your ain sel, it's a sair tribble."

The train was shrieking its near approach, and Ned stopped him by saying: "Thank you, my good fellow, for your concern about me; but it is quite right for me to take this journey unattended, and I have travelled before, you know."

She smiled and waved her hand to him from the platform of the train, which had ascended, but it was too dark for him to discern either very plainly.

"Right for her to see the journey," he muttered to himself; "aye, an' right for the folks that came to-day to break her heart. She's gang awa' her ain sel, because she's noo her husband's love any more, an' it's plain enough that she's gang frae his hame an' his heart."

But the honest Scotchman kept his own counsel, little dreaming that before Carnew himself should be apprised from Ned's note, of her departure, the whole servants' hall, through Jane's account of all that she accidentally saw, would be discussing his wife's flight.

Carnew, absorbed in his agony, hardly noticed the flight of the night. When the garish dawn of the morning looked in through his windows, it found him in the same position, flung across his bed, on which he had thrown himself after entering his room and locking his door.

Everything passed in review before him, from the moment that he saw her first, to the day of his marriage; every suspicion, every doubt that he had entertained, every thought that he had with a sort of new horror, returned to him with a sort of new and horrible significance; even the forgotten fact of Mr. Edgar's coldness to her—Mr. Edgar who had been her educator, her benefactor—there certainly must be grave reason for the withdrawal of his interest, and perhaps even graver cause for the departure of Ned from Westwood Place to earn her own living.

Through it all, through his doubt and suspicion, through his grief and indignation, through every outraged feeling that seemed to be mastering him like so many demons, the pale, tearful, reproachful, beautiful face of his wife appeared, and he found himself clasping it in imagination to his heart, and letting fall upon it the unmanly tears wrong from him by his fierce agonies.

Like a drowning man clutching at straw, he cast about him for some help, some hope; his great love was desperately pleading for her, and desperately struggling with the stern passions which rent him, and it won a sort of victory at last. He would hold in abeyance his entire conviction of her guilt until he saw Mr. Edgar. That gentleman would be able to throw some light on all which was now so dark; he could at least tell what Ned's conduct had been while she lived in his house, and whether he thought it probable that she could be guilty of so much duplicity. Having come to this conclusion, and being wearied in body and soul by his long hours of fevered thought, he dropped at last into a heavy slumber. But still his thoughts were busy with Ned. It seemed as if she came to him, softly, for fear of awaking him, and dropped a light kiss upon his forehead, that he opened his eyes and smiled at her, that he extended his arms to invite her to his embrace, but she glided from him, wearing the sad, reproachful look he had seen last upon her face, and then, as she disappeared entirely, not going through any door, but vanishing in that impalpable way in which people do in dreams, he saw that she was dressed for a journey; that she even carried a little travelling trundle. He tried to call her back, but his tongue refused to move, and his agonizing effort to produce some sound awoke him.

It was full day; the sun was shining brightly through his open windows, and there came faintly to him the sound of voices from the garden below. He started up, still under the influence of his dream, and unlocking his door, staggered forth into the adjoining apartment. There he was met by Jane.

"O Mr. Carnew! I was just going to ask your valet to waken you. I thought I heard Mrs. Carnew ring for me, and I went to her room, but she is not there. As I am always summoned to go to her before this hour of the morning, I couldn't help being a little uneasy, somehow."

She told the truth in some measure; she was uneasy, but from curiosity, for all night she had kept herself awake to learn if Mrs. Carnew returned; she had even the hardihood to peep into the vicinity of her master's room to discover whether he were really in his own room

and ignorant of his wife's proceeding. With the first light of the morning, she had stolen to Ned's private dressing chamber. She saw the jewels, and the portemonnaie, and the note beside them addressed to Alan, and she drew her own inference—an inference that made her company quite agreeable at the servants' breakfast table.

Carnew did not answer her; he hardly looked at her, but went to his Ned. He was yearning for her presence, as it never more he had never yearned for it before. He entered her room, and he saw her portemonnaie, and her jewels, and the note. With a hand that trembled so he could scarcely steady it to break the seal, he opened it.

"My Darling Husband—I am going to Dyke; he will help and advise me. He is the only friend to whom I can turn now, for we are thousand vile accusations brought against me, his love for me, and I may be able to devise some means of proving to you my innocence. Until that time, until you can hold me to your heart again, feeling that I am as worthy of your love as you thought me on our wedding morn, I think it is better that I should remain away from you. But you will be with your own eyes, and my heart holds only you and Edna, never held any one else in the relation you bear and have borne to me. I kiss you, my own, a thousand times, and may God bless you and keep you."

"Your loving and innocent wife, "NED CARNEW."

The letter fell from his grasp, and he sank with a groan into a chair. Instead of softening and winning him, the little, pathetic note only closed the tender springs of his heart that had been opened by the sight of her jewels, and he thought of himself during his flight, and how, and that he would be able to flow night, and that he would be able to flow morning. She had chosen to flee from his home, his protection, and to Dyke, of whom she spoke even in her note in terms of endearment only befitting a lover, or a husband. With strange inconsistency he became violently jealous of Dyke. He called to mind all she had said so openly given him in the office in New York, her solicitude for him on all occasions, and at the same time he quite forgot the right, the duty which was hers to love him.

He quite forgot that he himself had thought that very affection a noble trait in his wife's character, and that he had even loved Dyke, because the latter was so fond of Ned.

As men violently disturbed by passions of their own rousing are seldom capable of seeing, even in an indistinct way, an unbiased side of the case, so Carnew drove on to another rock that threatened the destruction of his happiness.

Ned had deserted him! He would not lift a finger to bring her back, but he would go that very day to Edgar and warn the previous night. Ah, down in his secret heart were the hope, the wish, the passionate yearning, that, in spite of what Edna had once told him regarding her father's little regard for Ned, in spite of what his own eyes had witnessed of Mr. Edgar's coldness to Ned, in spite of the fact that Ned had always been strangely silent upon the subject, Mr. Edgar would say something that would imply his own doubt of Ned's guilt. If Edgar doubted, could not he, her husband, doubt also? And if he doubted, could he not take her to his heart, to his love again?

O Ned, how hard your sweet face fought for the victory!

XLII.

Mrs. Carnew slept no more upon her night journey than did her husband in his bitter vigil. So impulsive had been her action, and so absorbed was she in the emotion by which her very soul was torn, that she never thought of the difficulties to be encountered on a journey to the mountain home at that unreasonable time.

The train deposited her in a village opposite Sangerites, at a late hour, and there was the river to be crossed, and a twelve-mile drive that led up the mountains.

For the first time she realized her awkward situation, an unexpected young woman out at that hour of the night, and her heart beat violently. Still, she assured herself somewhat by remembering that she was very plainly and darkly dressed, and that her veil concealed as much of her face as was possible without obscuring her vision. And, as she looked about her in the little waiting-room, she had some thought of seating herself quietly in a corner until morning. The impracticability of that idea, however, showed itself in a moment, for a couple of loungers seated themselves at no great distance from her, and though the light in the place was too feeble to discern their faces plainly, she felt they were looking at her. Not even daring to hazard a question of them, she left her seat and went forth. She knew that hotel facilities were much greater than when she was a child, and she hoped that that there might be something of the sort convenient. She had not walked long before the appearance of a certain building seemed to promise a fulfilment of her hope, and to her satisfaction she found it was so. But the accommodations were most rudely only intended for railroad employes; the people told her civilly enough, and then they as civilly added that, as she had been belated, and knew not where to go until morning, they would try to accommodate her, which accommodation not only furnished her lodging, but included her breakfast for what seemed to be a very moderate sum. She had some delay in crossing the river, the rube boat used for the transportation of passengers being slow in crossing the stream, and not over-prompt in starting; but that being at length accomplished, she had only to hire a conveyance for the mountain drive. At the place where she decided to apply, the man looked hard at her, when she said she wanted to go to Mr. Diloran's; but he made no remark further than to tell her the price of the drive, and how long it would take to reach her destination.

How the lumbering ride and the scenes about her, the familiar aspect of which came back with a suddenness that seemed to bridge over at once the gap of years intervening since she passed through them last, brought to remind the old, happy days!

Changes in those times were not quite so rapid as in those days of scientific speed, and Ned recognized, or at least thought she recognized, the same un-

ainted houses, at such long distances apart, and even the very same roomy, open, shabby-looking barns belonging to the unimproved houses, but situated from them the length of a field. Even the mountain road, which the horse so slowly and laboriously ascended that the sleepy driver seemed to awake a little to the difficulty, and to sympathize with the same she had driven along in her childhood. There were the stately trees that once to her had such human significance, and now they were passing the ravine which she used to people with the elves that Dyke told her about. Again, they came in sight of the gorge, with its unknown and dreaded depths, and then some grand old peak of a majestic mountain came in sight, with the sunlight gilding it, and the light blue sky kissing it, and all nature about it shrouding it in solitude and sublimity. Not a sound disturbed the stillness save the creaking of the wagon and the occasional puffing of the more, making her to Ned it seemed as if the solitude was peopled with voices—voices that cried "lost," to satisfy that all she was leaving was lost to her forever. She tried not to look about her, so that the voices might cease, and she tried, by thinking alone of what Dyke would say when he saw her, to shut out the memories of her childhood. But they only came the more, making her heart and her head ache, and for the last hour of the ride, she held her clasped hands on her forehead, to endeavor to lessen the violent throbbing of her temples.

At length they came in sight of the dear old dwelling. It had the same motley appearance she remembered so well. True to his promise, Dyke had been so in dress as to his old, simple fashion. She stopped the sleepy driver and told him he need come no farther. She would alight and walk the rest of the distance. She wanted no stranger's eye on her meeting with Dyke, and she waited until the vehicle had turned about and was proceeding down the road before she got out. Then, though she had been so impatient to reach her journey's end, she walked very slowly. Her heart was beating as if it would burst from her trembling frame, and the color was going and coming in her face with fitful rapidity.

Some one came out of the little dwelling—some one who walked slowly also, as if grief or care might have weighed his steps. In a moment, she saw it was Dyke, and he was coming toward her; but he did not see her, for his head was down. She threw her veil far back and quickened her steps. He raised his eyes on the sound. On she came, opening her arms to him, and with a cry of strangely mingled joy, and sorrow, and relief, she threw herself upon his breast.

He put out his hands and held her there, too much astounded to utter a single word, and yet somehow divining that her slight cry was not made in pleasure. Tears came to her relief, and she sobbed upon his bosom, as she had sobbed the night before on her husband's knee. He knew now that she had come to him in trouble, and he did not ask a single question while her breast of grief continued. He only held her to his heart as if, despite what terrors, what troubles might menace her, he would shield her from them all. But his face had grown very pale, and his heart was beating almost as violently as her own was doing.

When her tears had ceased, and she had lifted her head from his breast, he said:

"Now, Ned; what to the matter? And how have you come all this distance alone?"

"Come off the road somewhere, where we can talk," she answered, continuing as she took his arm, "not into the house, I don't want to go there yet; I want to see Meg until I have told all to you. I am so glad that I met you."

"Yes, Ned; I also am glad that I met you before you saw Meg."

There was a strange and sorrowful significance in his tones, but she did not notice it.

"Come to the wood," she said, "I can tell you all there."

And to the wood they went; the old beloved wood of her childhood, with its serried ranks of trees, now somewhat thinner, for the age of progress had penetrated there in the shape of greater frequency of the woodman's axe. They seated themselves beneath one of the stately trees, she with her hands clasped upon his knee, and her anxious, tear-stained face lifted to his own; he, stooped forward in his eagerness to hear, and his mouth compressed and rigid as it always became when his heart was stirred.

She told her pitiful story; from the first to the last of all that had happened, save that she did not break her oath to Edna, but she said as she had said to her husband, that she was bound by an oath, which, if she could only divulge, would immediately prove her innocence.

"But don't ask me where, nor to whom I gave the oath," she added, "for I cannot tell you."

Dyke did not answer that plea, but he said, while the rigidity about his mouth became more marked:

"And your husband did not believe you? He believed instead what these people said?"

"But Dyke, how could he do otherwise in the face of so much against me? These letters of Mackay, the minister's assertion, all that I have told you? How can we blame him for thinking me guilty?"

"His love for you, Ned, should have been stronger than all that."

He arose then, as if to shake from him some painful feeling, and he walked away a few steps. Then he returned and seated himself again.

"I want a little time, Ned, to think what is best to be done for you; and you, after your long journey, and all that you have endured, sadly need rest; so, when you have had some refreshment, and have gone to bed, I shall try to form some plan for us."

She rose at once, but he gently pallied her back:

"I have something else to say. There is a change in Meg; she is not quite her self. I do not mean that she is insane, or yet idiotic, but there is a sort of strange dotage upon her which might shock and pain you if you came upon her suddenly. She has lost her memory to a great extent, and while she will know you and greet you with affection, she will have forgotten those things that might be your delight to have her remember. When I went to Albany for her, I noticed the change, but it was very slight then. I remained with her in Albany after our relatives had gone to Australia, in order to consult a physician. He said it was a gradual softening of the brain; that she would probably live a long time,

but that she would never recover. I found a good honest woman who was willing to accompany us here, and I did not tell you about this change when I wrote, because I could not bear to sadden your anticipations of your visit to your old home. But I was glad to meet you to-day in order to prepare you before I brought you into the house. Now, Ned, we shall go."

He gave her his hand to assist her, and with the other hand brushed away the tears his recital had caused. How everything that she loved was changing! Would Dyke change too? In appearance he had changed, and easily so. He was slightly stooped, he who had been so erect; and his face was lined, and his hair was slightly gray, and his whole manner was touchingly indicative of silent suffering. Even in her own sorrows Ned sadly noted all that, but she also knew that while his heart continued to beat, and his intellect remained unclouded, he would never change to her.

Meg knew Ned, and evinced as many extravagant signs of delight at seeing her as she might have done in the days of her soundest mind, but her malady was soon apparent; she remembered nothing of Ned's marriage, nor of her visit to Albany where she had seen her last, nor did she make a simple inquiry about the cause of Ned's present and unannounced appearance. Some indistinct remembrances of the young girl's childhood she had, and of her school-days, and that she had gone to live with Mr. Edgar, but further than that everything seemed a blank. She would nod and smile when reminded of certain incidents, but it was evident she did not remember them. She comprehended perfectly when Dyke spoke of refreshment and rest for their visitor, and she even busied herself in helping the hired woman to set the repast; afterward, she accompanied Ned to the latter's own old room, and waited until she was comfortably in bed. Then she stooped, and Ned and Ned held for a long time to her own, the precious old face.

Her fatigue caused her to sink at once into a deep slumber, and when she awoke the long bright day was nearly done. For a moment as she looked about her on the old, familiar surroundings of her childhood, it seemed as if all the years which had intervened were only a dream, and that she was really a happy child again. In that one brief, whirling moment, Edna's shadow, Mackay's, even her husband, were no longer realities, and under that impression she started up; and then the delusion fled. The cruel weight came back to her heart, the cruel, burning thoughts to her brain. She thought, while she bathed her face, of Dyke's promise to think out some plan; in all these hours he surely must have done so, and she hurried her toilet in order to join him. But, when she came out of her room, Anne McCabe, the strong, good-natured looking hired woman, said that Ned had left a note for her, and then she got the note, and Ned read:

"DEAR NED:—I have been thinking a good deal while you slept, and I have come at last to a course of action; but I would rather not tell you all the details of my plan, for you have sufficient trust in me to bear with my secrecy. This plan of mine will take me away, for ever, from this place, but you need remain quietly as you are. Anne McCabe is quiet and good-hearted, and little given to curiosity. Will you do all she can for your comfort. It is a pleasure to Meg to have you, and the quiet and rest will be beneficial to yourself. Be as cheerful and hopeful as you can be, dear Ned, and I, who guide us all, will steer you safely into light and happiness again. You shall hear from me soon."

"DYKE."

Assie read it over and over, wondering what could be the plan that took him from her side at such a time, no inking of the truth came to her.

Dyke, with a singular, far-seeing prudence, could not spend one night under the roof that gave shelter to Ned. If her husband's love had already succumbed to accusations against her, might it not further yield to suspicion from any trifling source? Might not her very secret flight to Dyke, who after all was no relation, be construed into something more against her character? At least such were the fears that came to him, and that made him determine, before he reached any other resolution, to leave the house while Ned slept, for he could not explain his motive to her who was so guileless, so unsuspecting. And, when that was settled, he seemed to see his way clearer.

As he remembered Edna's character, when she was a child, and as from what little he had managed to glean about her in her more mature years, that character did not seem to have lost any of its unlovely traits, he did not think it improbable that she was in some way the source of all the mischief. The oath of which Ned spoke, begging him not to ask where, nor to whom she had made it, somehow would do all she could for your comfort. It is a pleasure to Meg to have you, and the quiet and rest will be beneficial to yourself. Be as cheerful and hopeful as you can be, dear Ned, and I, who guide us all, will steer you safely into light and happiness again. You shall hear from me soon."

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I may return here and I may not. It makes little difference anyway. Since mother died I have nothing to...

He turned away his head, and his shoulders shook. His mother had died in the first month of her death until his letter, written after securing work in the drug store, had been returned to him with the word "deceased" written appropriately in blue across its face. Presently he recovered himself.

"I may as well tell you where I am going," he said. "Possibly some of my old friends will inquire for me. You can tell them, if you wish, that there was a post in the South stricken by yellow fever, and that I went there—to do what I could—at my own request. I would rather do it than not. They will be glad to see me, you know—these poor chaps from whom the others have run away. Ah, it is worth while to have some one glad to see you! You can't imagine what it means to a fellow like me, who was missed somehow when the qualities of personal charm were distributed. It is so glorious when one's motives are understood and appreciated!"

"I suppose it is," said the other. He was thinking of the time when this man was the butt of the village fun, and he was conscious of a feeling of shame for the part he had taken in the cruelty. "Jones," said he, extending his hand suddenly, "forgive me."

"Forgive you?" Jones was quite astounded. "Yes, for—not for knowing you. You are worth in the sight of heaven more than all the rest of us put together."

"Bosh!" said Jones. But his lips quivered again, and the clasp of his hand was exceedingly warm. "It is good of you to say so. It is very gratifying to me to have one of my old friends say that, even if it is not true I am no more worthy than I was seven years ago."

"It was not reproach, and yet it was. The other hung his head. "Don't let us talk of it, Jones," he said. "Don't let us speak of those times."

"Very well," said Jones. And then, with a suggestion of hunger in his eyes, he said good-bye.

Six months later the two men met again. Jones bore the appearance of one to whom physical rest has been long unknown, but there was a sparkle in his eyes that the other had never before seen there, and he carried his chin high, as one who is satisfied with himself. He greeted the other with something like effusiveness, and the other wondered, and said so frankly whether he was in the habit of assuming a new character twice each year.

"God is very good," said Jones, in explanation of the lightness of his heart. "Those people down there were more glad to see me than I expected. They actually showered me with blessings—regularly honest blessings that entered in my life and lifted me up. I shall never look upon yellow fever with horror again. I don't know when I have enjoyed myself as I have during the last six months. There would be little to dread—little of sorrow—in the world were it not for human ignorance. Possibly it is better so. Man would be a wild, dangerous sort of animal if his spirit were not subdued with occasional hot irons. The keenest delight known to us is that which comes with calamity unrealized. Yes, yes; it is well that we are ignorant."

"You are a philosopher, Jones."

"Don't call an old friend names," said Jones, gravely. "One day down there word came from out in the country that a family—a whole family—was down with the fever. There was no one to give them care. The messenger, a negro boy, asked if we could not send some one to them, and it just happened that I was so situated that I could go. It was too good an opportunity to lose. I knew they would be glad to see me. It was worth the long ride under the broiling sun and through the choking dust to meet an honest, heartfelt, fervent welcome from some one's fellow creatures. It was worth—the whills—and—more."

He repeated the words slowly, moistening his lips the while, as one does when the memory of something pleasant lingers.

"It was well that I got there when I did. There were three in the family—a man, a woman and a daughter—a family that had come from the North for the sake of the mother's health. Their small plantation was practically isolated, and they had not feared the fever. They were quite unprepared for it. It was not necessary for me to tell you of the struggle we had; it is sufficient to say that they all lived. And one afternoon, when they were convalescent and I was able to remit the care, which until that time had been constant, I seated myself in a rocking chair, with the family photograph album upon my lap. I did not remain seated long, for among the first portraits in the book was that of a girl—a girl who had known at home. I knew—my feet excitedly and carried the book to the woman, pointing with a finger that shook disgracefully to the portrait.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"My brother's daughter," she said.

"And her name is—"

"Mary Brown."

"My legs went out from under me then, and my head buzzed. I was tired out, I suppose. I collapsed into a chair, and the woman, in her weakness not noticing, went on talking as some women do."

"My maiden name was Brown," she said. "I haven't seen my brother's folks for ten years or more, but we have never ceased to correspond. Poor Mary was sick a while ago. The

doctors called it galloping consumption. But it wasn't. It had been, she'd have died. The doctors don't always know, begging your pardon, sir. 'Twas something else, like a decline, a kind of pining away, that was a mystery. Her mother thinks now 'twas love for a young fellow—one of the harum scarum sort—that lived in the village once. She thinks so because the girl got into a way after a while of talking in her sleep—repeating over and over the fellow's name, which was Jones. It seems that Jones was her whole life, and yet, after he'd flirted with her for a time he went away, and has never been heard of since. He must have been a heartless scamp. Poor girl!"

"And she isn't married yet?" I asked. My throat was so dry that I had to exert all my strength to make my voice audible.

"No."

"And you think that, bad as he is and shameful as was his treatment of her, she'd be glad to see Jones?"

"There's no doubt of it. Poor girl!" I left the room then. I couldn't stand it any longer. I went and threw myself upon the ground and sobbed and laughed like one gone daft. She had spoken my name in her sleep! She wanted me! She would be glad to see me!"

"The quarantine was raised four weeks later, and I went North. It was all true. She was glad to see me. She reproached me for going away from her, and I was sorry clear down to my feet. But after all—and there's comfort in it, as I told her—I'm more worth marrying now than I was then."

"You are going to remain in the service?" I inquired of the other.

"No, I'm going home to settle down at last—home—home!"

There was a rapt expression upon his worn face, and he raised his eyes reverently to the sky.

"Home," he repeated softly, "home—home."

A REMARKABLE SICK CALL.

From St. Anthony's Monthly.

The short October day had drawn to a close. Sunday, the day of peace and rest, had been unusually quiet at St. Joseph's industrial school for colored boys, Clayton, Del. For already the inhabitants of the industrial village (it may really be called a village) are becoming accustomed to the new order of things, brought about by the important changes in the governing staff of the institution.

The newly-appointed rector, who, it may be said, has graduated upwards to his present office, is already becoming accustomed to wearing the mantle of authority. He had announced at the morning Mass that he would preach the usual Sunday sermon in the evening, but in this he will have to desist. A telegram is brought to him summoning him to the bedside of a sick person. As to who is sick he is not informed. Whether he is to go he does not exactly know. Is the person sick unto death or only slightly ailing? May he not wait a few more hours and take a train early in the morning? Is the patient a man or woman or young person? Is it a contagious disease or some other sickness less to be dreaded?

These questions are not answered for him by the telegram. All he knows is that some one needs his priestly services, and that a guide will be waiting for him at Blackbird, a station on the railroad.

But what of his promised sermon, to which, doubtless, he has devoted considerable thought during the day? Has not his little congregation a right to expect the fulfillment of his promise? And then it is night-time, and a dark, chilly night it promises to be.

Those who have had such experiences know what a dreary prospect is a solitary night ride of eight or nine miles and return on a cold, dark night. Surely he can find sufficient reasons for waiting for the early morning train. Such thoughts cannot find lodgment for a moment in the mind of the zealous young priest.

One desire only is paramount, to get there as soon as possible; one anxiety harasses him, perhaps he may be too late. In such cases does the Catholic priest prove himself the true shepherd and not a hireling. No fear of contagion deters him; no physical suffering is to be undergone in reaching the sick one daunts him.

Nothing must stand as a barrier between him and that soul soon to enter into eternity and needing so sorely those graces which God's chosen minister, alone can convey to it through the holy sacraments for the dying. The priest may be naturally a timid man. Now he has become, when necessity requires it, heroic in his courage. Now for the time being he seems endowed with supernatural strength. He may be by nature somewhat easy going. Now he is all energy and resolution. A soul on the brink of eternity to be saved, and he, the priest having power to render spiritual assistance and knowing it to be his duty to use that power, can anything come him to hesitate for a moment? What sort of a man would he be who, seeing a fellow creature about to drown and knowing himself to be able to swim and to rescue the one in danger, would not make the effort to save a human life? And more especially would such a man be a monster if the life about to be lost was one especially committed to his protecting care.

That such is the idea of sick call imbibed by priests from their seminary days and as the years grow apace becoming more and more fixed in their minds is proved by the accounts which we so frequently read in the newspapers of the heroic acts of self-sacrifice

performed by priests to bring spiritual succor to the dying. But the cases which are brought prominently to notice are only a few out of many which are happening daily in some place or other. How many a priest has left his sick-bed to visit one scarcely more sick than himself, and then returned home to die? Every Catholic turned of such instances. How many a priest full of promise, yet feeling himself a probable subject for disease and instinctively dreading it, has visited the pest house, filled with the germs of cholera, small pox or yellow fever, as the case might be? The day of judgment will show us the shepherds who have laid down their lives for their sheep.

Soon Father Sice is on his way to Blackbird. Arrived there, a man whom he does not know inquires if he is the Catholic priest, and upon receiving an affirmative answer, volun- teers to show him where the sick person is. After driving about two miles more they arrive at a hut in the woods. Then the priest's guide walks outside and Father Sice knocks at the door of the hut. A faint voice from within says "Come in, Father," and soon he beholds the interior of the little cabin, certainly not the most inviting room the young priest has ever seen. Clean- liness under the circumstances could not be expected. The furniture, of course, was of the scantiest.

The cot, upon which rested the sick man; a stove, in which was a fire; an old table, a rickety chair, some buckets and a few of the other usual accessories of such a place was the summing up of it all. The ornaments on the room consisted of a very few begrimed sacred pictures and a crucifix. A rosary of well-worn beads seemed now the most valued possession of the sick man. A hasty glance reveals all this to the anxious priest. But can he find nothing attractive or pleasing in this sparse and insignificant of things? Nothing to lonely spot in the woods? He has made and for what he would do the necessity for further exertion exist? Truly here was a sweet surprise for his zealous heart. Upon the cot lay a poor colored man, the only occupant at the time of the hut. A long white beard descended upon his breast. His hair was the color of snow. A beautiful calmness seemed the prevailing characteristic of his features.

He appeared a veritable patriarch translated from the ages gone by and now about to return to the bosom of Abraham. His baptismal name, as he afterwards informed the priest, was Abraham, and surely he had imbibed deeply of the virtues of that ancient type of faith. The good priest, wondering that, even before he had opened the door, he had been addressed as Father by the old man, asked who had sent for him. The old man said he knew not, but supposed it was the good Lord. He said: "I have been praying all day for you to come, and I knew that you would." Father Sice said: "You do not look to be very long in this world, do you?"

But the venerable old man, looking the good Father straight in the eye, replied: "Father, hasten; my Father calls. I go when you give me my soul's delight. Had you not come until morning I would still be waiting for you in this valley of tears. But God has heard my prayer and brought you to night that I may awaken at the dawn of day in heaven."

Of course this was said in the old Negro's own peculiar dialect. As astonished and edified at such pure, simple faith, the priest heard him the man's simple confession, gave him the Viaticum, comforted him, and bestowed upon him the last indulgence. After having received in the most reverent manner these last sacraments and blessings of Holy Mother Church, the old man said: "Good-by, Father; I have nothing to give you. But the next morn, before the sun rises, you shall have many prayers said for you before the throne of God by old Abraham, for that is my name." Then he closed his eyes, and the humble, faithful spirit winged its way to the palace of the Eternal King, who searches the hearts of men, and amongst the little ones finds His best beloved friends. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Truly a beautiful death, fitting reward of great faith and a manifest answer to humble, earnest prayer. Whilst the good Father was exercising his priestly functions for the dying man an old colored woman came in, and was probably one living in the neighborhood who, out of compassion, had lit the fire in the stove and, as far as she was able, had made the old man comfortable.

But she was not a Catholic. For she gave Father Sice to understand that when she became sick she did not want the priest's ministrations, for when he did those things the sick one surely died. Father Sice, when he could do no more in the abode of death, sought out his guide and made arrangements with him to have everything done for the decent burial of the good old man.

EVER FAITHFUL IRELAND.

"Ireland, Ireland, cara Ireland, sempre fidele." "Ireland, Ireland, dear Ireland, ever faithful." These words fell from the fatherly lips of Leo XIII, as his eyes rested upon the Irish pilgrims who recently visited Rome to renew the allegiance of themselves and their country to the Holy See. One correspondent refers to the "careless" tone of the Holy Father's voice as he spoke to his children from Erin. Well, indeed, O beloved, illustrious and venerable Pontiff, how often your sweet musical voice have softened for those Irish sons and daughters that were gathered round

your sacred person. In all the world you have no more devoted adherents—none who would do or suffer more for you, or run greater risks to ward off danger from you, or more rejoice in being able to bring every consolation to your aged heart, or more gladly lay down their lives for the cause in which you are the Great Leader.—The Union.

A FEAR AND A HOPE.

Our esteemed non-Catholic contemporaries are ordinarily so much given to find fault with the Church and with Catholics, and so much inclined to misunderstand and misinterpret our actions, that it is pleasant to find them, occasionally, uniting in praise of some deed or incident which, whatever way they may view it, must appeal to them as the outcome of Catholic faith and Catholic practice. For instance, the heroism of the nuns at Galveston has received attention from a number of Protestant journals, some of them speaking in the highest praise of the Sisters in charge of the Catholic Orphan Asylum, who, when they found the building in danger of being washed away, tied the children in bunches, and then each Sister fastened to herself one of these bunches of orphans, determined to save them or die with them. We say it is pleasant to see such sympathetic recognition of the loyalty and heroism of the Church's members, and yet we have a well-founded fear that the very papers which praise the Sisters for their faithfulness—which was a faithfulness to the death—may in a week or two be attacking editorially, or allowing their correspondents to attack, the Church which teaches and inspires such truly Christian charity and fidelity. Even these Sisters, themselves, and such as they, leading holy and consecrated lives, will not be immune from the slurs and insinuations of ignorant or malicious scribblers. In the very papers that have been giving testimony to the bravery and nobility of soul which prompted them to lay down their lives for the children under their care. We fear that this may be so. We earnestly hope it may not. The brave nuns of Galveston will not have died in vain if the manner of their death, so pathetically heroic, in some measure tends to disperse the clouds of prejudice and bigotry that blind the eyes of so many Protestants to the real truth and beauty of the Church of God.—Sacred Heart Review.

GOD'S WONDERFUL WORKS.

The world's history is filled with examples that show how many wonderful works for God's glory are accomplished by earnest, fervent and persevering individuals, who have consecrated themselves to the work, and who have prayed daily for divine assistance.

Often these were persons of only ordinary ability, not being gifted with special talents of any kind, as the following illustrations will show.

Don Bosco, an Italian priest of very ordinary ability, a few years ago lived in Turin, Italy. After his ordination he became interested in the young homeless vagabonds that roamed the streets of that city. He commenced by taking charge of three or four of the boys and taking them to his humble home, and fed, clothed and instructed them; in a short time he had so many boys on hand that he had to renounce his trade to get means. He was met with opposition in his work; was opposed and derided and told his scheme was wild and foolish and was bound to fail. He kept on in his good work and succeeded so well that he compelled those who derided him to come to his help. His great work was at last recognized by the ecclesiastical and temporal authorities and they assisted. A number of fervent souls joined him in the work and in the course of time he founded a society to carry on the work and placed it under the patronage of St. Francis de Sales. From the small school the work grew and prospered until schools were started in Rome, London, Paris, and all the principal cities of Europe and South America.

Thousands of boys were given good educations and learned useful trades. Out of the multitude of the boys thus saved, over a thousand have become priests, and a number have prominent positions as business men, artists and professional men.

THE HAZERS HAZED.

One West Pointer Who Turned the Tables.

There is an unknown hero somewhere in the United States—if he is not dead. The West Point Investigating Committee has brought a small but interesting part of his record to the surface, thus:

"Did you ever know of a cadet to go through this academy without being hazed?" asked Mr. Wanger.

"I heard of one; I can't remember his name, but think he was a 'plebe' in 1888."

"Why did he escape all hazing?"

"He whipped every man who was plighted against him, sir. He fought five men in one day and in all he licked about thirty," said Binton.

"Is there a monument erected to his memory?" asked Mr. Wanger.

"No, sir."

"Not even a tablet in memorial hall?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, there should be."

This "plebe" had to fight thirty battles to protect himself from the series of insults called hazing. It is a great relief to one's feelings to know that he whipped every man who was plighted against him. It would be interesting to know what has become of him.—Fleeman's Journal.

A sad cloud of misgivings must hang over the memory of him whom Jesus invited to follow Him, and who turned away. Is he looking on in Heaven upon the Face from whose mild beauty he so sadly turned away on earth?—Father Faber.

It is the fate of those who play with their consciences that they maintain the reserve forces of their nature. We need not only moral power for the ordinary temptations of daily life; we need reserves of moral strength for the hours of exceptional trial. The habit of moral and spiritual integrity provides these reserves. Those who possess them may stumble, but they will not fall; if they fall, they may arise, because they have not let go of the hand of Heaven.—Carpenter.

What They Mean. Sacred Heart Review.

When many of our separated brethren talk about the necessity of keeping the Church and State separate they always mean the Catholic Church.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly recommended by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times was out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost every thing recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me."

For Many Years—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Theford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every kind of medicine, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Ointment a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally), in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

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When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success, Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully, in Jesus Christ,

+ D. FALCÓNIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, February 16, 1901.

OFFICIAL.

Lenten Regulations for 1901.

The following are the Lenten Regulations for the Diocese of London:

1st. All days of Lent, Sundays excepted, are fast days.

2d. By a special indulgent from the Holy See, A. D. 1894, meat is allowed on Sundays after Easter, and at one meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except the Saturday of Ember Week and Holy Saturday.

3d. The use of flesh and fish at the same time is not allowed in Lent.

The following persons are exempted from abstinence, viz: Children under seven years; and from fasting, persons under twenty one; and from either or both, those who, on account of ill health, advanced age, hard labor, or some other legitimate cause, cannot observe the law. In case of doubt the pastor should be consulted.

Lard may be used in preparing fasting food during the season of Lent, except on Good Friday, as also on all days of abstinence throughout the year by those who cannot easily procure butter.

Pastors are required to hold in their respective churches, at least twice in the week during Lent, devotions and instructions suited to the Holy Season, and they should earnestly exhort their people to attend these public devotions.

They are hereby authorized to give on these occasions Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Besides the public devotions, family prayers, especially the Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, should be recited in every Catholic household of the Diocese.

By order of the Bishop, D. EGAN, Secretary.

A RESULT OF CIVILIZATION WITHOUT RELIGION.

The startling announcement is made that during the year 1900 there were ten thousand murders committed in the United States. The Chicago Times-Herald commenting on the facts says that "the task before the Church, the schoolhouse, the home, and the State, is big enough to stagger human optimism and Christian courage."

And yet we are assured by those who have great confidence in the mission of the United States to save the world, that they are the great civilizing force of the age. We have no doubt they would be so were it not for their new fangled churches without faith in the doctrines of Christianity, and their schools without religious teaching. We presume it will be a considerable time before the American people as a whole will be convinced that there can be no true civilization without religion; but till they learn this lesson, the fearful increase of great crimes must certainly continue year after year and decade after decade.

A GOOD MOVE.

Governor Nash of Ohio has been authorized by the State Emergency Board to spend \$60,000 if necessary to stop a prize fight between Jeffries and Rubin, which has been announced to take place at Cincinnati on Feb. 15. The money is placed at his disposal to be used if needed for the calling out of troops to put down any rioting which might occur in suppressing the fight.

There can be no two opinions among people who have the welfare of the country at heart that decisive steps should be taken to correct this great evil, which in the past has been the cause of much demoralization. It is an undoubted fact that the increase in great crimes has been very large in the country during the last ten years,

and the freedom which has been accorded to such disgraceful exhibitions is undoubtedly one of the reasons. There will be one cause less for such demoralization if prize fights be suppressed.

THE PRACTICE OF HAZING.

The United States Senate is firmly resolved to stop the barbarous practices of hazing in the military academies, and in the discussion on the Academic Appropriations Bill, an amendment was added to effect this object. One Senator, Mr. Allen, of Nebraska, proposed that cadets on entering should take an oath not to engage in hazing. This proposition was withdrawn, but Mr. Allen proposed some other amendments making the phraseology of the committee's hearing stronger, and the following paragraph was finally adopted:

"That the superintendent of the military academy shall make such rules, to be approved by the Secretary of War, as will effectually prevent the practice of hazing; and any cadet found guilty of participating in or encouraging or countenancing such practices shall be summarily expelled from the academy, and shall not thereafter be reappointed to the corps of cadets or be eligible for appointment as a commissioned officer in the army or navy."

The bill was then passed.

A NOTABLE DIVERSITY.

One of the most noteworthy features of the ceremony at the funeral of the late Bishop Creighton of London, England, is said to have been the diversity of department of the clergymen who took part in the obsequies. On the way from their robing room or sacristy to the chancel the procession passed an "altar," so called, but which was the table at which the Communion service is wont to be said. Though all the clergy belonged to one diocese of the Church of England, the diversity of conduct in passing the altar went from one extreme to the other. Some passed without making any sign: some bowed slightly or with a nod, others profoundly; some turned to the east and made a very deep reverence, and a large number made on them selves the sign of the cross.

It will surely be a difficult task to reconcile the diversities of belief symbolized by this diversity of ceremonial.

THE LETTER CARRIERS.

In a recent issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD we drew the attention of the Postmaster General to what we considered the unfair treatment of the letter carriers of the Dominion. We wish to again refer to the matter, as we have particulars which will abundantly prove our contention. No one, we feel sure, will accuse us of any political motive in this matter, nor can any one say the present Government is worse than its predecessors. They are but carrying out the arrangement they found in existence when they assumed office in 1896. The time has now come, however, when they should in all justice make a liberal advance in the salaries of our faithful letter carriers.

A few days ago we wrote to the Postmaster at Port Huron, Mr. L. A. Sherman, asking for particulars as to the salaries received by the letter carriers of that city, and in reply we received the following:

"In the Port Huron office, which ranks as second class for free delivery service, although first class for general business, the pay of letter carriers for the first year's service is \$600. Thereafter they receive \$850.00 per annum. I think that in cities which rank as first class for free delivery, having a population of 75,000 and upwards, the regular pay is \$1,000 per annum."

Now, let us see how fares our Canadian carriers. They begin at \$340.00 per year, or about 92 cents a day. They receive an annual increase of \$30.00 for eight years—or until the amount of their salary reaches nearly \$600.00, and there they remain. In other words, they have to work eight years before they receive the amount that is given the letter carriers of Port Huron when they are first appointed. Is it, we ask, any wonder that so many of our Canadian young men are leaving the country to better their fortunes in the American Republic when they find the conditions of living there are better, since the remuneration for their services is on a far more liberal scale?

We trust the Postmaster-General will take this matter into consideration. We have nothing but words of praise for the many excellent improvements he has made since his assumption of office. Still more credit will, however, be due him if he but make the lot of the letter carriers a happier

one. The people of Canada do not, we feel safe in saying, wish their servants to subsist on a starvation wage. If the increase is given, and if, in consequence, the Postmaster General will not be able to make as good a showing when balancing his books at the end of the financial year, no one will say that he has acted wrongly in giving the letter carriers that to which they are in all justice entitled.

A FAIR TEST.

The Christian Scientists are in a state of commotion in New York in consequence of a bill which has been introduced into the State Legislature to prohibit the so-called Scientist mode of treating diseases. They call persecution.

At a recent hearing several of the Scientists gave evidence to the effect that under their treatment there is no danger from disease germs of any kind. This is, of course, a natural consequence of their theory of faith that disease has no real existence. It follows from this, as a matter of course, that disease germs are only a thing of the imagination. But a member of the State Medical Society has proposed a practical test of the theory by offering to distribute among the Scientists a vial of typhoid fever germs to be swallowed by them to show their faith in their own principles which they assert so positively.

The test is undoubtedly a fair one, if the Scientists have confidence in their oft-repeated assertions to the effect that they would incur no danger from the test; and it is important to the public that they should verify their theories. Should they perish in the attempt, at least it will be a warning to the public to put no faith in their protestations, and many lives may be thus saved which will be quite as precious as those of the Christian Scientists who may offer themselves as a test of the truth of their principles. If, on the other hand, they survive the experiment, there will be many converts to their sect. Surely, then, they ought not to hesitate, as, according to Mrs. Eddy's teaching, microbes and bacilli and all disease germs exist only in the fancy of the wicked people who do not believe in her Christian Science theories.

We have no expectation that the Scientists will accept the proposition; but will the public continue to be humbugged by them?

THE ANTISALOON CRUSADE IN KANSAS.

A virago by name Mrs. Carrie Nation is at present engaged in Kansas in carrying on a so-called "crusade" against the saloons of that State, breaking and cutting the furniture and fittings with a hatchet, everything in the "joints" being destroyed indiscriminately. She is aided by a small band of men and a number of women in her expeditions, by means of which she hopes to put down the liquor traffic.

The first note of warning by which it was made known that this crusade was to be carried on in earnest, was in the form of a letter which was in fact an ultimatum to those who rent buildings to the saloon keepers. This was as follows:

"You have entered into partnership with keepers of these murder shops, and our indignation will be alike against the shelterer of these criminal factors, as against the bar fixtures and liquid damnation. If we find unbarred doors we will annihilate all opposition, and you will find at a tribunal of justice that your building will be held to pay the fines of these murderers, your partners against 'home protectors.'"

The actual work was begun in Topeka, Kansas, where Mrs. Nation entered several saloons on February 5, for her work of destruction. She overturned slot machines, smashing the glass on each occasion with her hatchet. The refrigerators and bar fixtures were demolished, the liquors flooded the floors, and a large amount of damage was done in all the saloons visited. In the "Senate" alone, which is said to be the best equipped saloon in Topeka, damage was inflicted to the extent of \$1,500. The Good Templars and several other temperance societies have formally expressed approval of Mrs. Nation's course, and already a branch of the Good Templars at Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, has passed a resolution commending her crusade. They have also purchased a hatchet which they are to send her as a mark of their appreciation of her "bravery."

The crusade is to be continued in other cities on the same lines, and flaming bills were posted in Kansas City on Feb. 6, announcing that

"Mrs. Carrie Nation, the bravest woman in America, now leading the most wonderful crusade ever waged against the rum traffic, is on her way to Chicago, accompanied by a band of her saloon-smashing warriors, and will speak at the Academy of Music in Kansas City on Friday, Feb. 8." It is thus seen that her intention is to begin the physical force crusade in the larger cities, but what the outcome will be, it is impossible to predict. It would seem, however, that the police in Chicago are already on the war path against saloon keepers who are guilty of breaking the law; for it is announced that on the same day when Mrs. Nation began her onslaught in Topeka, two hundred and fifty saloon keepers were arrested by the Chicago police charged with keeping their places open on Sunday. It is also stated that this action is the forerunner to the prosecution of every saloon-keeper and inn-keeper who sells liquor on Sunday in that city. It is understood that the physical force crusade is to be inaugurated by Mrs. Nation both in Kansas City and Chicago when she reaches these cities.

While we should rejoice that limits be set to the liquor traffic, so that temperance may be promoted, we are believers in lawful methods, and we cannot approve of the course on which Mrs. Nation has set out. If private parties are permitted to take the law thus into their own hands there will be no security for life and property. The business of the saloon keeper and inn keeper is a legal business when it is carried on in accordance with the law, and it should be protected under such circumstances, but it is right that the police should carry out the law and punish transgressors accordingly. We are, therefore, in favor of the action taken by the Chicago police authorities, whereas we can only condemn the course pursued by Mrs. Nation. It resembles too closely the attempt of John Brown, otherwise "Osawatimie Brown," who in 1856 attempted, to suppress slavery by invading Missouri with a small band of resolute men; and, by the way, the headquarters of Brown's operations were in the same locality as those of Mrs. Carrie Nation's crusade. Kansas seems to be the happy dwelling place of fiery and thoughtless enthusiasts.

The new crusaders have this much to say in defence of their course, that in Kansas the liquor-traffic is entirely unlawful, as it is a prohibition State. But if the crusade is to be carried into Illinois, the same excuse cannot be advanced. In any case, the law ought to be strong enough to vindicate itself, if recourse were had to lawful methods, but there is a great danger to the public peace and welfare if encouragement be given to Mrs. Nation's crusade. It would be an endorsement to all the lynching and white capping which have made life and property unsafe in, and brought disgrace upon many Western and Southern States.

ANOTHER WOMEN'S CRUSADE.

Sooner than we could have anticipated, the illegal work of Mrs. Carrie Nation has borne fruit by producing another unlawful crusade similarly carried on, but for a different purpose from the attack of Mrs. Nation on the saloons of Topeka.

This time the attack is on the drug stores of Chicago. Our readers are aware that it is a doctrine of the so-called Christian Scientists that drugs are a diabolical invention, made for the purpose of circumventing God's Providence. In Chicago one Rev. Mr. Dowie, who is the chief priest of a sect very much of the same character as that of the Christian Scientists, but who does not recognize Mrs. Eddy as leader, has several churches in which his doctrines are taught.

Half a dozen or more of the women belonging to this sect of "Faith Curists" having heard of Mrs. Nation's doings of the previous day, organized themselves on Feb. 6 into a band of crusaders to wreck the Chicago drug stores, under the war-cry that "drugs are the agents of the devil."

It is the belief of these fanatics that physicians are impostors, and physists of all kinds an imposture. They therefore began in a well organized band to wreck the drug stores at the West End, and in several instances they had had to hand fights with the druggists who defended their property. The assailants were armed with pitchforks, umbrellas, and canes, and were therefore able to cope successfully with the unarmed druggists who were not prepared for such an attack.

Several drug stores were wrecked, and the women sang on each occasion,

"Praised be the Lord" or "Zion Forever."

The police who, we presume, were loth, through a false delicacy, to interfere with the ravings of a party of women, pretended not see their doings and let them carry out their work of destruction. The only real checks the fanatics encountered were that from one store they were driven off by buckets of water thrown on them by the attendants.

At this store the attack was preceded by a sharp discussion.

"Do you not know," said the leader of the band to the proprietor, "that all the diseases and ills of human life can be cured by prayer, and that drugs are a fraud?"

"I am not aware of it, if such is really the case," answered the druggist.

"Hurrah for Dowie" shouted the woman, and at once her companions began to strike at the druggist with their canes and umbrellas. He dodged the blows as well as he could, and while the women were busy destroying the chemicals, his assistants procured buckets of water and drove off the attacking party. From another store they were kept off by means of a revolver pointed at them by the druggist.

Such fanaticism is contagious, and we are not surprised at these lawless doings springing out from Mrs. Nation's crusade. But whether such disorders come from a false zeal for temperance, or to support the cause of the Faith Curists, they should be vigorously suppressed by the authorities.

The superstition of Faith Curism is a direct result of the false principle that the only Christian Rule of Faith is the Bible as understood by the private interpretation of each reader.

THE SALVATION OF NON-CHRISTIANS.

"Inquirer" of Toronto, Ont., asks, "What does the Catholic Church teach in regard to the souls of conscientious heathens, as, for example, Chinamen who live up to their religion, whatever that may be. Is there any possible chance of their going to heaven, or do they suffer for eternity because they do not believe in a creed the existence of which they may not have heard of?"

Answer.—In the first place it must be noted that "God is charity. By this hath appeared the charity of God in us: because God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him. In this is charity; not as if we have loved God, but because He first loved us, and sent His Son a propitiation for our sins." 1 St. John, iv. 9-10.

This love or charity of God extends to all mankind, even to the heathen; for we are told by the same Apostle: "He" (Christ) "is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for those of the whole world. And in this we do know that we have known Him, if we keep His commandments." II., 2, 3.

From these texts we may see that it is only through our redemption by the blood of Christ that salvation comes. They who died before Christ obtained salvation through their belief in a Redeemer to come and by keeping the commandments of God. Among these commandments must be included, as a matter of course, the duty of contrition or sorrow for sins which have been committed, as sorrow for the offence, and a firm resolve not to repeat it was always requisite to reconciliation with God. Since the death of Christ, salvation comes to us through our belief in Him and our doing His will, "that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and in hell, and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of the Father." Phil. II., 10, 11.

From these and other passages of Holy Scripture it follows that through Jesus alone, who is truly our Saviour, can salvation be obtained, and to denote this the name "Jesus" or Saviour was given Him by God, and the Angel of God announced to Joseph: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins." St. Matt. i., 21. And again "The angel said" (to the Judean shepherds) "Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David." St. Luke II., 10, 11.

The heathen Chinaman who has not even heard of the Gospel, and of whose condition our correspondent speaks, cannot be bound to follow its specific precepts, yet for him Christ died equally with the rest of mankind, as

may be seen from the texts of Holy Scripture above quoted. How, then, is he to gain the fruits of redemption through the blood of Christ?

The case is covered by the Apostle St. Paul in Rom. II., 11-15:

"For there is no respect of persons with God. For whosoever have sinned without the law shall perish without the law; and whosoever have sinned under the law shall be judged by the law. For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. For when the Gentiles who have not the law, do by nature those things that are of the law, these having not the law, are a law to themselves: who show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness to them, and their thoughts within themselves accusing them or else defending them."

It is thus seen that there is a natural law teaching us the general difference between right and wrong, our duties to God and to our neighbor, and by this natural law the heathen who have not heard of the Gospel will be judged, and not by the specific laws of the Gospel. Such a one is not bound to hear Mass on Sunday, or to receive the sacraments, which are duties of which he has no knowledge; but he must believe in God, and that "God is a rewarder of those who seek Him," as the same Apostle says:

"But without faith it is impossible to please God. For he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and is a rewarder of them that seek Him." Heb. xi., 6.

The belief that God rewards the good, implies that He is displeased with sin and vice; but beyond this the Church has not definitely sanctioned the opinion of some theologians that there are other truths absolutely necessary to be believed by every adult that salvation may be attained.

That the knowledge of these truths as founded in nature is clear from the fact that all nations have had some knowledge of a Supreme Being, and that there is on all mankind an obligation to believe in Him and to serve Him, and to do good to our fellow men. Thus the heathen Cicero says:

"What nation does not love mildness and benevolence, gratitude and thankfulness for benefits received? What people does not despise and hate the proud, the evildoers, the cruel and the ungrateful?" Cicero on Laws.

So, also, J. J. Rousseau, while showing how even the great pagan men of old adored vicious and wicked deities, says: "The holy voice of nature, stronger than that of these Gods, made itself respected on earth, and banished from heaven crime and criminals. There is, therefore, in the nature of souls an innate principle of justice and virtue, by which we judge our actions and those of other people, even in spite of our own favorite maxims."

It is by these inborn principles of right that they who are in total ignorance of Christian truth must be judged, and if they observe the natural laws of justice and morality, they may be saved.

But here another difficulty arises. It may be said that according to Catholic teaching, the reception of the sacrament of baptism is necessary for salvation. This is true, ordinarily; but it must be borne in mind that when baptism cannot be obtained in fact, it may be supplied either by martyrdom, which is therefore called the baptism of blood, or by the baptism of desire, which is included in the sincere love of God above all things, with the earnest desire of fulfilling in every respect God's laws. This disposition of mind may be had by the heathen who follows the natural law, and thus we may see that redemption through the blood of Christ is applicable to the case in point. Thus, also, the words of St. Paul in 1 Tim., II., 4, are verified, that "God our Saviour will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth;" that is, that all men may know at least so much of the truth as is necessary for their salvation.

To this it may be added that many theologians have declared that to such a one as truly desires to fulfil all the laws of God, God will send even an angel from heaven to confer baptism rather than that he should die without the grace of baptism.

The great St. Thomas says of the baptisms of blood and of desire:

"Beside the baptism of water, the effect of the sacrament can be obtained through the passion of Christ so far as one is conformed to Him by suffering for Christ. Wherefore the Apocalypse (Revelation) says in VII., 14, "These are they who have come forth from great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the lamb." Also one may for the same reason attain the effect of baptism . . . so far as, through





OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Winter Birds. These are the natives and the Polar visitors—the little Northern birds that do not care to migrate farther southward when Jack Frost sharpens his spears.

The most striking in appearance of these birds is the pine grosbeak, a robust, heavy-shouldered fellow about the size of a robin. He is short billed, short-legged, with wings all of black, and for the rest of his tailing wears an entire suit of deep, rich crimson, a little rusty in places, as though he had neglected to dust his jacket.

Their visits seem to be a matter of chance rather than the result of the severe weather, for often several seasons will lapse without their appearance; then perhaps for several successive winters they will be more or less abundant.

The evening grosbeak is a smaller bird of the same family. It is yellowish green, blotched after the fashion of a harlequin with black, white and yellow. It is a resident of the far Northwest, and may hardly be termed a regular winter visitor to this State.

Probably the most common of our winter visitors are the crossbills. Of these there are two varieties. They are slightly larger than a bluebird and in color and general habits much resemble the pine grosbeak.

The crossbills arrive each year in October or early in November and remain sometimes as late as the middle of May; they are quiet birds, doing everything with an air of mystery like strange people in a strange land.

Another interesting group are the red polls, so called because of a crimson crown, a tinge that also marks the throat with a bright splash of color.

Another beautiful but a very rare visitor is the Bohemian waxwing. It is a large sized cousin of the cherry bird or cedar waxwing, and, except for the size, is a perfect counterpart.

The foregoing are all aliens, whose appearance is more or less doubtful and uncertain, continues our authority, a writer in the New York Sun. For continual companions we have the native inhabitants that all the year round add life and cheerfulness to woods and fields and orchards.

ing across it, alone or with an irregular detachment of companions, walking gravely about some spruce or swamp or in and out among the rustling "shocks" of a cornfield, or perched on the topmost branch of a tree taking a general inventory of all visible objects and reporting his discoveries with that rough "caw, caw?"

Frequent callers in the orchard and the trees about the house are the woodpeckers, the nuthatches and chickadees. The hairy woodpecker is the big speckled fellow with the loud, brisk chirp and the wide awake manner of "scuffling" about the trees.

The nuthatches, with their white fronts, reddish-brown vest and black coats, with black trimmings, are very quiet little fellows. They run woodpecker like up and down tree trunks, uttering their peculiar little squeak or grunt, a sound which, when they wish to summon a companion, is prolonged into a loud and rather cheerful call.

But the busiest of the busy are the chickadees, rightly known as black-capped titmice. They are fearless of man or beast, too much occupied to notice whether they are head up or head down, picking here and prying there, checking and twittering to themselves, uttering at times their plaintive whistles as though they said, "Oa, dear," and then reassuring themselves and every one within hearing with their cheerful, comforting "Chick-chick-chick chickadee-dee-dee."

A half day's walk through the fields and along the hedges and bushes will often discover many of the shy birds who keep well away from the doorways. As you pass a bunch of hawthorn trees you may see a flock of the quiet, exclusive, drab coated cedar birds busily picking at the red fruit.

In some fields where the weeds left standing in the autumn still reach above the snow you can across two varieties of the small birds dining together in the greatest harmony. The little fellows clinging to the weeds are yellow birds or goldfinches, males and females clad alike in sober colors. The larger birds on the ground are shore larks. Their backs and crowns are light brown with a decidedly pinkish tinge, breast lighter and throat yellow, with black markings somewhat resembling a necktie.

Perhaps in your walk you pass through a swamp of cedar or hemlock and a harsh, impudent voice tells you that a blue jay is on your trail and will scoff and swear at you until you leave the woods in disgust. Then he will praise his own conduct with soft, bell-like notes that would really sound very clear and mellow if they were not so conceited.

All these birds, both residents and visitors, have a fairly comfortable time and pick up a good living. A sleet storm is about the only calamity to be dreaded, for the frozen rain covers everything with an impenetrable armor, so that the birds, like Tanialus, can often see the things they seek, but are unable to overcome the difficulties in a way. On such occasions, however, a two or three days' fast is generally endured with little discomfort.

The birds have acquired so generous a coat of fat that only long starving has any bad effect.

Their living enemies are fewer at this season than in the summer, for, save an occasional red-shoulder or goshawk, the hawks have disappeared. The screech-owls are on hand, but they are looking for mice more than birds, and the only really terrible foe is the great horned owl, who, in spite of his reputation as a night prowler, sometimes hunts by day. When he hunts, he is light or dark, there is no escape from the swiftness of his broad wings and the clutch of his talons.

often a legend than a reality, is the great snowy owl, the white, silent spectre of the grim Northern wastes, who, like the Arctic robbers of old, comes at long intervals, unexpectedly, slays, destroys and disappears.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Though a man have comparatively little culture, slender abilities, and but small wealth, yet, if his character be of sterling worth, he will always command an influence whether it be in the workshop, the counting house, the mart, or the senate.

Improving Opportunities.

Few people live up to all the privileges that they might enjoy. To illustrate, one well written, business-like letter might open up a line of business that would be far reaching in its effects, yet that letter is never written. A determination to investigate some new idea in ascertaining the cost of production or increasing the value of a product might mean the difference between success and failure, but the step is never taken.

"I'm My Own Master."

"No, sir, I come and go as I please," said a young man on the street corner, speaking boastfully to a companion.

We watched him a few minutes from our vantage point at the window, and decided that his mastership was very much divided. He was smoking a cigarette, and when he and his friend compared notes on the subject he confessed that he "couldn't get along with less than half a dozen a day"; he was servant to a bad habit.

Whatever other authority he had broken away from, he did not control himself. The voices of appetite, vanity, or cowardly fear, spoke and he obeyed. His reason, conscience and manliness, were dominated by his low passions; he boasted of liberty, but he was not his own master.

The Gospel of Saving.

In the Christmas number of the Saturday Evening Post Russell Sage presents some of the best advice that has ever been given to young men regarding the handling of their money.

"No matter how fast a man may make money, he owes it to society as well as to himself to be economical. Any young man who will live up to the following set of rules will get more genuine happiness out of life than his neighbor who violates them."

"Get up at regular hours every morning, and work until the things that are before you are finished. Don't drop what you have in hand because it is 5 o'clock."

"Be honest; always have the courage to tell the truth."

"Don't depend on others. Even if you have a rich father, strike out for yourself."

"Learn the value of money. Realize that it stands when honestly made, as the monument to your value as a citizen."

"Be jealous of your civic rights. Take a wholesome interest in public affairs, but do not let politics or anything else interfere with the rigid administration of your private duties. The state is made up of individuals."

"Be clean and decent. Don't do anything that you would be ashamed to discuss with your mother."

"Be circumspect in your amusements."

"In connection with amusements, I have never been able to understand why the young men of to-day deem the theatre an absolute essential in seeking diversion. An evening with a good book is, or ought to be, more satisfying to the young man of brains than an evening in a hall where a lot of make-believe characters are strutting up and down the stage, like children at a masquerade. When the human race reaches its highest mental development there will probably be no theatres."

The Value of Perfect Work.

The tragedy of to-day is of the man who has the best intentions and the best character and a fair equipment for his work, but who has not a thorough equipment, and who cannot do the thing he starts to do in the best possible way. Society is crowded with

half equipped workers, with men who are honest and earnest and not incapable, but who are not up to the level of the very best work. It is amazing, in view of the immense number of those who are seeking for positions, how few persons there are competent to fill a position of any particular position. To fill a position of any importance requires often most diligent searching in many directions.

There is a host of thoroughly well equipped people, but there seems to be, at the moment when they are needed, few perfectly equipped persons. When one has a piece of work to be done it is easy to get it fairly well done, but it is extremely difficult to get it thoroughly well done. This is true of all grades of labor. The really competent men who go out for daily work in any community can generally be counted on the fingers of one hand.

If a leading position is vacant it is astonishing how few persons thoroughly equipped for it can be found at the moment. In spite of the ambitious desire to rise higher, and in spite of the superior processes of education which are offered the fortunate few, it remains that society is filled with incapable or only partially trained people, and that when the thoroughly trained man perfectly fitted to do a specific thing in a superior way, is needed, a candle must be lighted and a long search begun.

All young people who have ambition enough to advance themselves in life desire to command others, to be captains in civil or military life. To their inexperienced view the commander has an easy time. He has only to direct work to be done, and some one else is obliged to labor. It is related that an Irish laborer wrote to a friend at home that America was a great country; that he was helping a bricklayer, and that all he had to do was to carry bricks to the fourth story of a building and the man at the top did all of the work.

We laugh at the Irishman who took such an absurd view of the real conditions, and yet the majority of young people have about the same idea of the relations existing between the captains of industry and those who serve them. They want to be captains, but they do not take the first steps towards reaching high rank. The captain necessarily knows more than those whom he directs. He can read plans, he can make a drawing, he can baffle men and if necessary he can do the work they are expected to do.

But above all things else he has learned to control himself before undertaking to control others. Technical ability is not of as much importance to the captains of industry as this ability to control one's self and others. The man who is to be a successful foreman, manager or employer must be able to control and guide men, and he cannot do this until he has first learned to control and guide himself. To become a captain, civil or military, the first step is self discipline. One must learn to obey, to do disagreeable things without a murmur, to recognize authority, before he is prepared to enforce discipline in others or to assume any kind of power.

The young man of ambition should therefore give special attention to himself before he assumes to direct other people. He must obtain full control over himself, his emotions and his passions if he is to successfully deal with the emotions and passions of other people. It is for this reason that captains, civil and military, so often rise from the ranks instead of being trained in schools for commanding positions. The school bred officer has a great advantage over his illiterate fellow if he possesses self-control as well as learning, but the man who has risen from the ranks by reason of his self control has the advantage in competition with one who has nothing to entitle him to command except technical knowledge. Self control is, in fact, the prime factor in the composition of the leaders of men. The man who can make personal sacrifices from a sense of duty, who can set aside a promised holiday because he has important work on hand, who can control his temper when aggravated—this is the man to be set in command of others, for he can appreciate their weaknesses and temptations and deal with them both firmly and sympathetically.

It is men of this class who become captains of industry, not by favor of any kind, but because they are fitted by their self control to control other people; and all ambitious young folk observing this fact should aim first of all to control themselves, that they may become worthy of promotion step by step to high command. In or out of the army they may become captains by favor or influence, but they will never become worthy captains until they have learned to control themselves.

CONVERTS FORM A LEAGUE.

An organization composed of men and women of New York City and vicinity who have been converted from Protestantism to the Catholic faith has been formed. The organization was effected when twenty two recent converts met a few evenings since at the Church of the Paulist Fathers. The Rev. George Dashon, superior general of the Paulist Fathers, acted as moderator of the meeting. The organization will be called the Catholic Converts League of America. Dr. Benjamin F. D'Costa, formerly rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York City, was elected president of the league. George D. Mackay, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, was elected vice president; Miss Annie Barritt of Bridgeport, Conn., a young woman of wealth and position, was chosen secretary, and S. Coates, member of the firm of thread manufacturers bearing his name, was chosen treasurer. A report of its initial meeting was given in our last issue.

RENEWED VIGOR.

Brought About Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

MRS. PETER BEAMER TELLS HOW THESE PILLS RELEASED HER FROM YEARS OF NEURALGIC PAINS AFTER DOCTORS AND OTHER MEDICINES HAD FAILED.

Among the best known and most respected residents of the township of Gainsboro, Lincoln county, Ont., are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beamer. For a long time Mrs. Beamer was the victim of a complication of diseases, which made her life one of almost constant misery, and from which she nearly despairing of obtaining relief. To a reporter who recently interviewed her, Mrs. Beamer gave the following particulars of her illness, and ultimate cure: "For some nine years I was troubled with a pain in the back, and neuralgia, which caused me unspeakable misery. I could not sit or lie down. I suffered more or less for my entire life, and I suffered from headaches accompanied by attacks of dizziness that left me at times too weak to walk. My nervous system was badly shattered, so that the slightest noise would startle me, and my sleep at night was broken by sheer exhaustion. I was under the care of three different doctors at various times, but did not succeed in getting more than the merest temporary relief. I also used several advertised medicines, but with no better results. I was finally urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and got half a dozen boxes. In the course of a few weeks I noted considerable improvement, and as a consequence, I gladly continued the use of the pills for several months, with the result that every symptom of the malady left me, and I was able to do my household work without the least trouble. As several years have passed since I have used the pills, I feel safe in saying that the cure is permanent, and the result also verifies the claim that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicine fails."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored more weak and ailing women and girls to robust health than any other medicine ever discovered, which in part accounts for their popularity throughout the world. These pills are sold by all dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

How Are Your Nerves? If they are weak and you feel nervous and easily "frustrated," can't sleep, and rise in the morning unrefreshed, your blood is poor. Strong nerves depend upon rich, nourishing blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the nerves strong by enriching and vitalizing the blood. It gives sweet, refreshing sleep and completely cures nervous troubles. Begin taking it today.

Nausea, indigestion are cured by Hood's Pills. Faguel, Ont.—None but those who have been afflicted know what a depressing, 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 Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmentier's Pills.

DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST, HONOR Graduate Toronto University, Graduated Philadelphia Dental College, 129 Dundas St. Phone 1381.

DR. STEVENSON, 391 DUNDAS ST. W. London, Specialty—Anesthetics, Phone 510.

DR. WAUGH, 87 TALBOT ST., LONDON Ont. Specialty—Nervous Diseases.

DR. WOODRUFF, No. 185 Queen's Avenue West, Toronto, Ont. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throat. Eyes last set. Glasses adjusted. Hours: 11 to 4.

CATALOGUE FREE INCUBATORS

LITTLE FOLK'S ANNUAL—1901. FIVE CENTS. With a frontispiece "First Steps"—The Infant Jesus, surrounded by ministering angels— with the Cross and the instruments of His coming sorrow in the distance—the Little Folk's Annual for 1901 comes to us in even a more attractive and pleasing form than its predecessors. Besides numerous pretty illustrations, it also contains many interesting stories and a number of games, tricks and puzzles. Sent anywhere on receipt of FIVE CENTS. Address: Theo. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD, London. We have still a number of these Annuals for 1900, which are well worth the price, 5 cents.



Keep your Hands White. SURPRISE won't hurt them. It has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes, but is harmless to the hands, and to the most delicate fabrics. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap. ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.

THE SANITARY DAIRY CO.

OF LONDON (LIMITED). CAPITAL, \$100,000. Divided into Shares of \$10 each. PRESIDENT, DR. C. S. MOORE. VICE-PRESIDENT, T. B. MILLER. (Manager of the Thames Dairy Co., late Dairy Government Inspector.) DIRECTORS: W. M. Spencer, P. W. D. Brodriek, Banker; George Hodges, M. D.; C. Norman Spencer, and Chas. H. Ivey.

The object of the Company is to enable the citizens of London to have their milk supplied under thoroughly sanitary conditions. The Company will take over the property and assets of the milk supply business of the promoters on the 15th April next, including buildings, machinery, plant, bottles, cans, etc., together with milk routes purchased from milk dealers amounting to not less than 4,000 quarts daily delivery.

A block of stock amounting to \$30,000, placed on the market has been taken up. The Directors have, however, induced the promoters to offer a further lot of \$20,000 at par. Those who could not get the number of shares required, and others who wish shares in the Company, may secure the same by applying promptly either personally or by written application, at the office of Hellmuth & Ivey, corner Dundas and Richmond streets, London, Ontario.

Catholic Supply Co.

Manufacturers and Importers 19 Barclay Street, N. Y. This beautiful and ornamental gold plated Passion Cross, incased in glass globe, stands 12 inches high; will express the same, on receipt of \$2.00. Catholic men wanted to take agency. Headquarters for: SURNIS, STATARY, MISSION CROSSES, ETC.

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Neglect or Sore Throat may result in Consumable Throat Trouble or Bronchitis. For relief use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Nothing excels this simple remedy. Sold only in boxes.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA

News was received at the University during the week of the Rev. Father Dr. Right Rev. Dr. ...

DIocese of Hamilton

REGULATIONS FOR LENT TO BE READ BY THE REVEREND CLERGY FOR THEIR RESPECTIVE PARISHES ON SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 18, 1901.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON

On Thursday before the Queen's funeral all the Catholic children and teachers of the ...

DIocese of St. Albert

THE SMALL SEMINARY OF ST. ALBERT ONE YEAR AGO—TO-DAY.

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DEAFNESS HEAD NOISES

The case of Mr. Geo. W. Sleight of Tonkwa, Man. though it had lasted only fifteen months ...

EAR WAS DISCHARGING

Mr. Sleight hardly expected much relief from this but soon found that Dr. Sprague's treatment ...

DEATH OF MOTHER M ROSE

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." How little known and loved thou art, Thou angel with the pining heart ...

OUT OF SCHOOL NINE MONTHS

Weak and Thin From Ulcerated Throat Almost Totally Dead Nearly out of her Mind With Head Noises.

INDESCRIBABLE NOISES

GRADUALLY AFFECTING HEARING—HAD TRIED MANY PATENT MEDICINES AND DOCTORS, WHICH HELD HER UP FOR A TIME. DR. SHOULDE HELPED HER PERMANENTLY.

A MINISTER CURED.

CATARHIC DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES—GONE IN ONE MONTH.

DEAF DOCTOR.

I give you much pleasure to answer your kind and welcome letter. I am sorry to hear that you are suffering from deafness and head noises.

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I feel very grateful to you as the instrument in the Lord for curing me of my deafness and head noises.

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Impressive Ceremony at the Church of Our Lady.

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