

NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

By KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the sixth day after Basil's departure; the lamps had just been lighted; M. de Beauverillon, Sibyl, and Narka were in the drawing room. Suddenly a loud barking of the dogs announced some arrival, and before there was time to conjecture who it might be, the door opened, and Basil walked in. Sibyl ran to embrace him, and the others greeted him with glad eagerness. After the excitement of the meeting was over, Sibyl said: "And Father Christopher? Have you succeeded?"

"Yes; the warrant for his release was signed the day I left." An exclamation of deep thankfulness came from all. "Did you see him on your way through X?" asked Sibyl. "I did. But don't let us begin to talk about that yet," he said, letting himself fall into a chair. "I'm too dead beat."

The light fell full on his face, and they were all struck by its haggard expression. The air of utter exhaustion he wore was scarcely to be accounted for, at his age, by a hurried journey to and from St. Petersburg. Sibyl bent over him, and kissed his forehead.

"You must want some food, dear Basil," she said. "What shall I order? Tea?" "Nonsense—tea!" said M. de Beauverillon. "Give him some strong bouillon and a bottle of good old Bordeaux."

"That would suit my condition better," said Basil, "though a cup of tea would not be amiss either, if it were ready."

"It will be ready in a moment," said Sibyl. "Ring the bell, Gaston." Then, as if too impatient to wait for the summons to be answered, she went quickly out of the room herself.

Beyond a mutual greeting when they clasped hands, Basil and Narka had not exchanged a word, and yet each was conscious of being intently observant of the other.

"How is Marguerite?" Basil inquired, suddenly. "Oh, she is nearly all right," replied M. de Beauverillon. "I will go and tell the good news," said Narka. "She will be overjoyed."

"Why should I not go and take it to her? I want to see how she is," said Basil. He stood up, but it seemed an effort to him. He looked like a man utterly spent with fatigue.

"Mon cher," said his brother-in-law, "take my advice and go up to your own room and take a bath. That will refresh you more than anything, to begin with."

"M. de Beauverillon is right," said Narka; "you will have a better appetite to-night, when you are rested a bit." She said this to give Basil the chance of getting away and being alone with her for a moment. She had a terrible piece of news to communicate to him, and the sight of his weariness, which seemed as much mental as physical, pained her to the heart, and made what she had to say harder even than she had expected.

Basil consented to take his brother-in-law's advice, and followed Narka leisurely out of the drawing room. She was on the landing at the head of the stairs, when he made a sign that he wanted to speak to her.

They both entered the study together. Basil went straight to his desk, unlocked it, and took out a bundle of letters. "I want you to keep these for me," he said; "but I won't give them to you unless you are certain that you can secure them beyond any chance of discovery."

"You may give them to me," Narka replied. And he gave them to her. Nothing more was said; they knew that one was offering and the other accepting a trust which involved terrible possibilities to both.

"And now I have something else to tell you," Basil said. "They have trapped me; a warrant is out for my arrest."

"Ah! you know!" Narka exclaimed, almost relieved at not having to break the news to him. "Ivan told me; but they have not caught you yet. There is time to escape."

"Escape is out of the question. The house is watched, and I have been followed all the way from X. I met

the Stanovoi there, and he announced the good news to me." "He told you about it? Then he offered you some alternative, some chance of escape?"

"He did; but I can't take advantage of it; I haven't got the money. Every available ruble has been raised for Father Christopher's ransom. I called at Ivan's on my way here; but he is absent. That was my one chance, and I have missed it."

"What is the sum?" Narka said, a sudden hope making her heart leap. "Fifty thousand rubles. And to be paid by 3 o'clock to-night."

"Basil, I have got the money. Listen! Her face was flushed; her great eyes shone; her voice trembled with the palpitating joy that filled her as she hurriedly told him about the legacy. And now she had only to go into X, and fetch it. "Oh, what a blessed mercy that it came just in time! I will ride in at once; it is now half past four; a good horse will take me there and back in two hours and half. There will be no delay; I will be here again by 7 o'clock—in time for dinner. No one need know I have been absent. It will be quite easy; there is plenty of time."

She was turning away in the tremor of excitement when Basil arrested her. "Narka," he said, laying his hand on her arm, "you are a noble-hearted friend; but do you think I am such a pitiful dog as to take this money from you?"

"What do you mean?" she said, looking at him in bewilderment. "Is it because it is mine that you would refuse it? Oh, Basil!"

There was a cry of pain in her voice as from a wounded creature; there was a confession to it in that betrayed the secret of her heart.

"I would take anything from you," he said, conscious of a slight shock, and of a sudden burst of tenderness toward her; "but you can't give it to me without sacrificing yourself and your mother. Heaven knows when I could repay it. No, I can't be such a brute as to rob Tante Nathalie!"

"And you think it will be less brutal to kill me? Yes, it will kill me if they arrest you, for I know, and so do you, what will happen, once you are in their hands. My mother knows nothing about this money; she need never know until you can give it back to us. Oh, Basil! Basil! don't refuse me; it will kill me if you do!" Her voice broke, her eyes were raised to his, brimful of tears, and saying as plainly as ever eyes of woman spoke, "I love you!"

Basil moved to the core of his heart. He forgot that he was Prince Zorokoff, and that Narka was a low-born Jewess; he forgot everything except that this beautiful girl loved him, and was offering her all to save him.

He opened wide his arms. "Narka!" With a sob she sank into his embrace. For one long moment he held her clasped. Then lifting her head from his shoulder, "Yes, I will take this money from you," he said; "but only on one condition: will you give me yourself with it? Have you the courage to be my wife?"

"I should give my life for you," she answered. "He kissed her on the lips. "Basil," she said, "I have loved you all my life."

"Dearest, and so have I loved you." And he spoke the truth, but with a difference.

"I must be going," she said, struggling away from him, but he tightened one arm round her. "Wait a moment. We must pledge our betrothal first." Drawing her toward a table, he unlocked a drawer and took out a diamond ring, a hoop of several beautiful stones. "This was my mother's betrothal ring," he said, slipping it on her finger. "Wear it till you come back from X; then let it hang as an amulet round your neck until I can place it on your finger before all the world."

"May Sibyl not know?" she asked, with timid hesitation. "No; let it remain a secret between ourselves until we meet. It will be another secret binding us together."

He was alluding to the ransom she was giving him; but Narka grew pale. "Yes," she said, almost under her breath, "it will be another bond between us."

He kissed her again, and she hurried away, carrying with her the packet of letters he had entrusted to her.

Basil went to Marguerite's door and knocked; but getting no answer, he went down to the dining-room. Sibyl was there waiting for him, and sat with him while he partook of the meal that had been hastily ordered up. Basil was only four-and-twenty, and he was in rude health, and no amount of mental trouble could destroy his appetite, or take away the natural cravings of hunger.

Sibyl said that he was too tired yet to care to talk much, so she busied herself helping him to good things, and kept up a lively flow of monologue, telling him all that had happened since his departure, the excitement in the village, Marguerite's illness, everything that could interest him and save him the trouble of answering further than by an occasional remark or question.

But while Basil was listening to Sibyl, his thoughts were elsewhere. He was in a strange state of mind and feeling. It seemed to him as if he had suddenly become another person, as if a new Basil had been added to the old one. He hardly realized yet what he done, or what was to come of it. He had made a tremendous leap in the dark, and he was wondering where it had landed him. He had taken a step

which must change the whole aspect and current of his life. He had done it without a moment's premeditation, on the spur of a sudden impulse of passion, was it? or generous gratitude? He was not calm enough to analyze his own heart at this crisis, or balance nicely the conflicting forces which had moved him to ask Narka to be his wife. And what would Sibyl say? She loved Narka dearly, as dearly as if they had been sisters in flesh and blood; but this personal fondness was quite compatible with invincible repugnance to Narka as a sister-in-law; Sibyl's soft grace of manner was so entirely free from *morgue* as to lead her inferiors to believe she was altogether unconscious of her superiority toward them; but beneath this outward suavity there existed a spirit of family pride that was hard as flint and strong to fanaticism. How would she take the announcement that a Jewish trader's daughter was going to queen it over her as Princess Zorokoff, the head of the family?

This was not the only problem that was vexing Basil's soul while he ate his caviare and salad. The image of Marguerite kept forcing itself before his eyes with a persistency that was unwarrantably troublesome. He had long since recognized in his little French cousin a creature of a different mould from any that he had ever met: the charm of her brightness, her happy spirit, her childlike freshness of heart, had been working on him like a spell. He had been aware of this, and had not attempted to resist the influence; he knew that it was Sibyl's cherished dream that he should marry Marguerite, and he had been only held back from pursuing it by the fear that he had entangled himself in political engagements from which it would be cowardly and unfaithful to break loose. Still he had been in a dreamy, delicious way caressing possibilities, and it had struck him more than once that Marguerite would not have repulsed him. He was not valuer than most men, but he could not help seeing that she changed color sometimes under his glance, and that her saucy, wistful eyes took a softer, a more timid expression when they met his; he had noted these signs with a pleasant sense of power unchecked by any scruples or remorse, for he had the consciousness of being quite willing, and he suspected able, to heal any wound he might make in her innocent young heart. But now he saw things differently. His conscience smote him; he felt a pang at the thought of having perhaps involuntarily inflicted one on her. He longed to see her; he must see her once again. It would be with very different feelings now from those with which he would have met her an hour ago; but he thought of Narka, of her ripe, glowing beauty, her tender, self-sacrificing love, and he would not let himself be so much as a passing sight to be unfaithful to the loyalty he had sworn to her.

Marguerite was in the drawing-room when he returned there with Sibyl. The meeting was much less awkward than Basil had feared. It was natural that he should be affectionately interested in his cousin, who looked still pale enough to warrant Sibyl's reproach that she had been tiring herself by writing letters.

"You must let me put you lying down, chérie," Sibyl said, "and Basil will tell us all about his journey while you are resting."

But Basil protested regretfully that he could not enjoy this relief of sitting quietly and talking to them. He must go and tell Ivan Gorff the good news before he could enjoy anything.

"We will send for him to come up and hear it," suggested Sibyl.

"No, no; I must take it to him myself," Basil replied, with a touch of impatience that silenced her. Ivan was a pretext for going to the Stanovoi, to inform him that the money would be forthcoming. Basil could not tell Sibyl that he was under warrant of arrest; he felt unequal to the effort of having to console her, and, besides, he was not yet certain of being able to ransom himself. Narka might have some delay, the notary might be out, the key of his strong-box might not be forthcoming at once, an accident might have happened; who could tell? When luck is against a man, he must reckon with bad chances.

M. de Beauverillon offered to accompany his brother-in-law, but Basil said that as Sophie was ill, Ivan might not be disposed to receive a visit. It was rather a lame excuse, but M. de Beauverillon understood, as Sibyl did, that he wished to see Ivan alone, and did not press his company upon him. It was natural enough, Gaston said to himself, that under the circumstances, Basil should fight shy of a Frenchman. The latter rather admired him for being ashamed of having a foreigner witness the way his country was governed. Poor fellow, he looked piteously worn! Gaston thought, as he noticed his sunken eyes and haggard, unkempt air, like that of a man who has not slept for nights.

Ivan was not at home, as Basil, who had met him at X, knew, but the Stanovoi was. He asked no questions. So long as he got his money, he did not care where it came from. He assumed that the French brother-in-law had come down with it; in fact, he had reckoned on this when he named so exorbitant a figure. The Zorokoffs were wealthy, but ready money was scarce at Yrakow; it all went to St. Petersburg, where the Prince made it fly as fast as he got it. The castle kept itself; there was plenty on the property of all that was wanted, and what the property did not provide was done without. The result was that odd mixture of lavish abundance and uncivilized discomfort, traces of which

were even still visible in certain details, notwithstanding Sibyl's presence and the reign of orderly splendor that she brought with her.

The interview with the Stanovoi was short. Basil had nothing else to do in the village, and nowhere else to go, and two hours must yet elapse before Narka returned, giving all chances favorable. He could not bring himself to go back to the house and spend the interval with Marguerite and the others. The effort of deceiving them, and keeping the secret that was holding his very life in suspense, was more than he felt equal to. In another hour he would go back and quietly put up the few things he wanted to take with him.

The night had closed in, and the moon had not risen, so it was nearly pitch dark. Basil paced along the road, ruminating in bitter perplexity of spirit. Suddenly Peter, his dog, gave a low growl, and then an angry bark, as if warning off an enemy close at hand. Basil had no doubt but that some agent of the Stanovoi's was watching him. He struck a match, and looked at his watch. Narka had been nearly an hour and a half gone. It was time he went home, and got ready to start, assuming that he was to do so. He turned back, walking quickly, for the air was frosty, and his breath made a cloud before him as he went. Suddenly the moon rose, and a few stars sprang out in attendance, and a few stars, black a moment before, were filled with light. On one side there was a cove, toward which Peter's ill-will was directed, judging from the way he growled at it now and then. Basil, following the dog's indication, kept looking that way; the outer trees threw a tracery of shadow and sheen on the ground, but farther back it was all a chaos of stems; presently his eyes, sharpened by presentiment, descried the figure of a man stealing along through the woods. Basil was quite certain that he had been watched since he left X, but the sight of this spy, dogging him in the dark, made him realize the fact with a shock, and it seemed also to bring more vividly before him the nearness of the peril on the brink of which he stood. If Narka should be late, or fail in her errand—

How slowly the time dragged on! He quickened his step; his foot-fall rang sharp and clear on the hard road. Peter trotted on, and ceased to growl. Suddenly he stood, tall and ears up, pricked; then with a loud bark turned and dashed back down the road, Basil turned too, and listened. Was that the sound of galloping hoofs that he heard? Could it be Narka? He stopped smoking, he almost stopped breathing, as the sound drew nearer. Peter was barking violently, joyously. The horse came in sight. It was Narka. Basil stepped into the middle of the road, where the brilliant moonlight shone unobstructed by a shadow, and waved his hand. She pulled up, and in a moment he was beside her.

"Here it is," she said, in a cautious tone, stooping over him. "I will ride on, and leave this poor beast at the stables, and wait for you in the court."

She unclasped the heavy bag that was fastened round her waist, and Basil took it, and walked on rapidly after her.

On entering the outer court he ordered a groom to get ready a carriage with four stout horses. He then walked on into the second court; he was about to enter the house when some one stepped forward and said, "Does your Excellency want to speak to me?"

"Ah! it is you. Yes, I want to speak to you," Basil replied, with a short laugh. "Very considerate of you to turn up just at the right moment. Come in here, will you?"

The Stanovoi followed him into the house, and they entered a room close at hand. Basil struck a light. They were closeted for a few minutes—just long enough to count the money.

"Now, Excellency, depart with speed, and don't let the grass grow under your feet till you have passed the frontier."

The Stanovoi bowed low, and hugging his bag, went out.

Narka was waiting in the entry when Basil reappeared. The tawny flame of an oil lamp gave enough light to let them see each other. Basil caught her in his arms and kissed her again and again. Then, brusquely releasing her, he turned to ascend the stairs, and flew up to his room.

Narka, in a tumult of bliss and agitation, went up to hers. She was shaken to pieces by her mad ride; but there was no time to rest: there was no time to think. She must be ready to go to Basil before he went down stairs, and say good-by to him alone before going through the ceremony of doing so in the drawing-room. She divested herself quickly of her riding-habit, and proceeded to attire herself in a dress of white cashmere that Basil admired: it was a fantastic garment of her own contrivance, made with much artistic effect, but quite regardless of fashion. She clasped a dead-gold band round her waist, and fastened a crimson rose in her hair, and with a great joy and a great terror in her heart went to seek Basil, but as she reached the broad landing on which his room opened she saw M. de Beauverillon standing at the door. It was a terrible *contretemps*; there was nothing to be done, but she must go down stairs, and trust to Basil managing to find a moment alone with her before he fled. She found Sibyl in the drawing-room.

"Well, you have seen Tante Nathalie?" exclaimed Sibyl, who had taken for granted that Narka had gone out with the good news to her mother. "She will come out for a drive now, I hope? But oh, Narka, how ill Basil

looks! Gaston says he has grown five years older this last week. What a time he staid with Ivan! He has only just come back, it seems."

"It has been a terrible week for all of us," Narka said, ignoring the last remarks. She was standing near a console, one hand resting on the porphyry slab; a large silver lamp high placed on a malachite pillar behind her threw its golden light over her soft white draperies, and made her hair shine like a nimbus. Perhaps the light of a deep and tender joy burning in her eyes and trembling on her full red lips touched her with its outward and visible glory, for Sibyl, who had been gazing in a comfortable ecstasy up at the gods and goddesses on the ceiling, glanced at her suddenly, and was struck by something in her aspect.

"Narka," she exclaimed, "you look like an archangel!" "Never having seen an archangel," said M. de Beauverillon, sauntering into the room, "I was mentally comparing mademoiselle to a vestal, or a Greek bride."

"Why Greek, mon cher?" said Sibyl. Narka blushed, and turned her large liquid glance smilingly on M. de Beauverillon. It was not often he took the trouble to be complimentary, and being a woman and beautiful, she was pleased. But it was not selfish coquetry that made her feel that sudden thrill of exultation in her own beauty. She was proud of it for Basil's sake now.

Partly to escape from the embarrassment of standing to be admired, and partly from her natural impulse to give vent to her overwrought feelings in song, she moved to the piano, and sat down and began to warble a bridal song in Russian. The words were unintelligible to M. de Beauverillon, but the pathos of the melody and the penetrating sweetness of the voice moved him strangely. He said to himself, as he gazed and listened: "What can Zorokoff be made of, that he has not fallen under the spell of such a creature?"

When the bridal song came to an end—quickly, for Narka was impatient to escape—he entreated her to sing it again. She could not refuse, and perhaps the impatience of her soul made her throw more fire of passion into the pathetic melody, for when it ceased M. de Beauverillon was so overcome that he had not a word of thanks ready, but let her rise from the piano in silence.

"What can be keeping Marguerite so long, I wonder?" Narka remarked. "I must go and see," and she walked slowly out of the room.

"And what can be keeping Basil?" said Sibyl. She was growing fidgety. "I think I must go and look after him."

"He was taking a bath when I knocked just now, Vasil told me," replied Gaston. "Oh, then he will be here presently, no doubt," and she sat down.

As she did so a valet came in with a letter, which he presented to her. It was in Basil's writing. Sibyl opened it with a cry and a start, and drew out a sealed envelope addressed to Father Christopher, and then a note that she read rapidly.

"Oh, my God! This is too dreadful!" she cried out. M. de Beauverillon snatched up the note. "Good heavens! Gone! Fled! Where have they taken him? To Siberia? My God! what a country to live in!" With a muttered expletive he threw down the letter, and proceeded to try and calm Sibyl, who had burst into hysterical grief.

Meantime Narka had gone and knocked at Basil's door, and getting no answer, opened it. The room was empty. She called his name, but there was no response. In a flash of lightning she guessed the truth: he was gone. But where? Could the Stanovoi have played him false? She glanced round the rooms. The lights were burning, but there was nothing to give the least clew of why or how he had fled. Sick with terror, Narka took up a candle and went to her own room. Perhaps he was there waiting for her. The room was empty, but on the table—a little round table with a green velvet cover on which there was a solitary book—lay a letter. At a glance she saw it was from Basil.

"My Narka—I have not the courage to meet you again, since we have to part at once. Adieu, beloved. I will write when it is possible. I owe you my life. It is yours for all time." Basil.

Narka sank into a chair, clutching the note in her fingers. Gone! Without one more embrace! How could he? But the relief of knowing that he had escaped, that he had not been treacherously entrapped to his ruin, as she had feared for a moment, was so great that it helped her to forget the cruel disappointment. She recovered herself quickly, and remembered, with that strong sympathy for the suffering of others which was the noble side of her nature, that Sibyl and Marguerite would want to be sustained under this shock. Ah, Marguerite! Narka's heart went out to the child in a rush of purest pity. She rose and hurried to her room, but the news had got there before her. Marguerite was on her knees by the bed, her face buried in the eider-down, sobbing bitterly, so bitterly that she did not hear the door open, or Narka's step crossing the room; she was only made aware of her entrance when Narka knelt down and took her in her arms and drew her head upon her breast. Marguerite gave herself up to the caress; it was pitiful and tender as ever one woman gave to another. Narka had guessed her secret, and it had fired her at first



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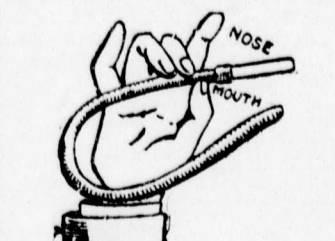
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STORY OF ST. CECELIA.

What is the story of St. Cecilia as it has come down to us? She was a Roman damsel of high birth, brought up from her infancy in the Christian religion. She had consecrated her virginity to God, but when hidden to unite herself in marriage with an amiable and wealthy young patrician named Valerian, she did not refuse, having received a Divine intimation telling her to obey the parental command, and assuring her at the same time that both she and her spouse should retain their virginity and shed their blood for the faith.

Cecilia succeeded in persuading her husband on their wedding day to seek instruction from the pious Bishop Urban, by whom, with his brother Tiburtius, he was baptized. The martyrdom of the brothers followed quickly upon their conversion, and such was the constancy which they showed that the presiding officer and some of the attendants were won to the truth and went with them to receive the martyr's palm.

Cecilia was suffered to live a while longer, possibly because her noble rank made it invidious to take away her life or because the Prefect Almachius had some hope of shaking her constancy. But it was soon resolved that she should be put to death secretly by suffocation. Thus she was locked in her bathroom, heated to an unusual temperature, every aperture being closed, and there she was left for a day and a night. When the official sent by the Prefect came to visit her after the lapse of time, to his surprise the bloom had not faded from her cheeks nor had the vigor departed from her.

Returning with the wonderful tidings, he received orders to despatch her with the sword. Three times he struck, but either pity or admiration, or else the Divine Power, unnerved his arm, for the head yet remained unsevered from the trunk. It was forbidden by the Roman law to strike oftener than thrice, so he departed, leaving her in this state, the blood oozing forth from the wound, bathing her simple robes. The faithful hastened to her, and to gather up her last words, and to place her lying peacefully on the ground, and when they drew near to the wound, she spoke words of comfort and advice to each. So she remained for three days, till the holy Bishop Urban came to bid her a last farewell; then, raising her head, she told him with a smile how she had prayed to live till he came, that she might resign into his hands, in keeping for God's poor, the house and grounds which belonged to her, and with these words her head fell gently back and she expired. They carried her corpse, without disturbing the peaceful position in which she lay, to the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, and there, near the Papal Crypt, this noble virgin martyr was laid to rest in her cyprus coffin.

Several centuries passed by, and Pope Paschal I. succeeded to the Pontificate. In the first year of his reign he translated in the different churches of Rome the relics of many martyrs, and among them some of the Popes who had been buried at St. Callixtus. He wished also to remove those of St. Cecilia, but he was unable to find them amidst the ruins which blocked up the whole place, so was compelled to desist from his design. Four years afterwards he appeared to him, and told him that when he was removing the relics of the Popes she had been so near to him that they might have held a conversation together. Accordingly he renewed the search, and found the body in the place specified, fresh and perfect as when it was first laid in the tomb, and clad in rich garments mixed with gold, with linen clothes, stained with blood rolled up at her feet, and lying in a cyprus coffin. It is he himself who gives us the account. He adds that he lined the body with silk, spread over it a covering of gauze, laid it in a white marble sarcophagus, and placed it beneath the altar in the Church of St. Cecilia in Trastevere.

Thus far the history of St. Cecilia's martyrdom and of the translation of

THE YEARS OF PETER.

A Notable Article in the Dublin Review.

For one hundred and thirty years at least the battle of criticism has been raging over the body of the Old and New Testament. If we reckon from Richard Simon, the Oratorian, it is two centuries since the great questions of authorship and interpolation were submitted to a searching and exhaustive trial, the issue whereof is now slowly making itself apparent to the public at large. Some curious results are visible: our ignorance has been more strictly defined; and the Bible has revealed its human interest, which during the reign of Luther, Calvin and the creed of predestination, it had in no small measure lost. Now the critics are moving off to a fresh battlefield. They have exchanged Scripture for the Church; their weapons, not blunted by too much exercise, as we might apprehend, are making deep incursions into the first Christian period; and disputes have begun to manifest themselves afresh, reminding us of the deal and gong controversies that filled so many volumes in the earlier half of the seventeenth century. But, more than all, the question of Rome, of St. Peter's Primacy, of the succession of the Popes of his place and prerogatives of the Episcopate and its relation to the "central See"—this it is which has at one point or another, suggested inquiry, and led up to historical investigation, and dictated the famous volumes of Mommsen, Lipsius, Harnack and Lightfoot. Only the other day we had a striking instance of the new old controversy touching St. Peter's Chair in the Cyprian left behind for publication by the late Archbishop Benson. It is a charge pregnant with many consequences, which Catholics will be well advised to remark; and in the general and growing movement they cannot, they ought not to stand aloof. With satisfaction, therefore, and a sense of pleasure at so timely a contribution to this momentous subject, I would invite readers' attention to an article, brief but scholarly, and bearing evidence of studies carefully pursued, as of a critical sense not always associated with them, which Father Bacchus, of the Birmingham Oratory, has published in *The Dublinist* just issued. Father Bacchus takes for his theme, "The Twenty-five Years of Peter." All the world has heard of that tradition, symbolized very pathetically whenever a new Pontiff is crowned. It has long been a portion, integral if not essential, of the dogmatic history in which St. Peter's visit to Rome, his establishment of the Papal Chair, his own Episcopate, his appointment of a successor to it in the person of Linus or Clement, his martyrdom, and his enduring presence ad limina Apostolorum, are all, as it were, links of a golden chain, not one of which must be lightly broken. But our separated brethren have shown themselves remarkably unwilling to grant a line of that history. Was St. Peter, at Rome, early or late? Did he set up a Roman Cathedra? Had he any succession? Is not the whole story a legend, as little to be accepted as the Clementine Recognition? In any case, did he arrive only just in time to suffer martyrdom? Or is there a particle of evidence for the statement which we read twice over in St. Jerome, and which St. Jerome professes to have copied from Eusebius, viz., that St. Peter went to Rome in A. D. 42; the second year of Claudius; was Bishop of Rome for twenty-five years, and was martyred at Rome, A. D. 67. Such is the problem, to one element in which Father Bacchus directs our view at an interesting, though critical, moment.

For the best authorities allow and confirm the old Patristic, orthodox statement that certainly St. Peter went to the Imperial City; that he must be described in the words of Irenaeus, as founding the Roman Church in conjunction with St. Paul, as appointing a successor, who was Bishop of Rome, and as suffering martyrdom under Nero in the place whence he had dispatched his first Epistle to the Eastern Christians. No writer of any stand now disputes these propositions. They may be read, and the evidence weighed and tested, in Bishop Lightfoot's Clement, where he spends no fewer than one hundred and forty-four pages on "The Early Roman Succession." A second most competent scholar, the late Dr. Hort, has thrown a ray of illumination over the pages of Eusebius, whether in St. Jerome's version or in the Armenian, to which we must needs resort when discussing the Bishops of Rome, their dates and order, and their relation to Antioch and Alexandria. Harnack goes one step beyond these and the almost unanimous crowd of modern non-Catholic students, when he writes: "Whether the old tradition which brings Peter to Rome under Claudius, is wholly and entirely valueless, is to me questionable. Of course, the point at issue could only be about a visit. In my opinion the question can never be decided." And Lipsius, intervening at this point with a suggestion which is altogether to the purpose, fixes on the year 42 as indicated by an ancient tradition, our Lord's Ascension took place A. D. 30, and that He had bidden His apostles to remain twelve years in Jerusalem before separating to preach the Gospel among the nations. This particular date of the "division of the apostles," from which it appears that Eusebius started, was not the historian's invention. It is, according to Harnack, "well-attested," and though not found in the "Acts of the Apostles," is still quite in harmony with their structure. "The old tradition," he says, "rests on a

A Strange Religious Mixture.

The people who do not know where they are in religion are always turning to creeds that are outworn, or to beliefs to which they cannot possibly have any affiliation either by race or training. They are in many cases grasping at straws, hoping by this means to escape being carried into the sea.

The movement for making Judaism acceptable to those outside of the Jewish faith was, possibly, started by Protestants who desired to get back to some old form of belief, yet had not the courage to become Catholics. The new Judaism is, according to the *New York Observer*, as far as respects the Jews themselves, to be combined with the traditional and ceremonial Judaism which, throughout its history, has shaped the character and caused the separateness of the Hebrew people. The same authority then goes on to remark in effect that it is apparent that the new departure does not wholly commend itself to the orthodox Jews or to minds dissatisfied with Christian dogmas, which might be expected to sympathize most with it. The Jews would not want to give up any part of their ritual, its plain, neither would they be willing to convey the idea that their ancient faith could be modified by Christians, no matter how far removed they might be from a belief in the divinity of Christ. The Universalists and Unitarians would not be satisfied to adopt the new Judaism, for they claim that their belief has superseded the Jewish faith, because it has drawn upon the more spiritual elements in the earlier Jewish Testament. There are many, no doubt, who call themselves Jews, who will sympathize with this movement, but we venture to say that they stand much in the same attitude to their Church that so-called liberal Catholics do to our own. Neither are heartily in sympathy with the faith of their fathers, and may be accused of that lukewarmness which has been so much condemned and which points, in many instances, to agnosticism. This movement, however, need not surprise us in an age of esoteric Buddhism, theosophy, and countless other illis which people are taking on to avoid a belief in Jesus Christ and His mediatory powers. Anything, anything to avoid the straight road to salvation, seems to be their shibboleth or watchword.—Sacred Heart Review.

Who, then, had he heart of bronze, would not feel himself urged to return love for love to that heart full of sweetness, which was transcribed by the lance that it might offer to our souls a shelter and a refuge wherein they might be protected and secured against the assaults and the snares of the enemy?—Pius IX.

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Father Kernan's Little Joke.

"I'll just surprise those dear people of mine most to death," said the Rev. Father Kernan, of St. Cecilia's Catholic Church, Kearney, New Jersey, as he slipped on board the Lucania at Queenstown and set sail for home.

"They don't know I'm coming," he chuckled. "I'll get into port on Saturday, slip over to Newark to spend the night, and bright and early Sunday morning I'll surprise them in the Church."

It was a fine plan. But Father Kernan did not know his congregation. Spies were at work in Liverpool and Queenstown. The cable was sending lightning messages as usual, and when the good priest stepped ashore it was into the arms of his loving people. From that moment till he went to bed the priest's head was swimming. He found the schoolhouse covered with flags, the porch of his home gay with bunting. There were flowers and songs and speeches of welcome.

"I'll never try it again," said happy Father Kernan. "The dear creatures are too many for me."

The Harp

The harp—for centuries the favorite musical instrument of Ireland—of very ancient date. It is spoken of as long ago as 1550 years before Christ. There is an old harp in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, called "Brian Boru's Harp." The tradition regarding this instrument is that it was sent to Rome after the death of Brian, who died by the hand of an assassin while offering up a prayer of thanks for his victory over the Danes at Clontarf. The harp remained at Rome more than five centuries, and was then presented by one of the Popes to Henry VIII. before his apostasy, and it was returned by Henry to Ireland "to be figured on his coins in compliment to the musical taste of the Irish." This harp when perfect had thirty strings.

Souris, Man., Sept. 21, 1896.

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Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shikowear, writes: "I consider Parolee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

Attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordal and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

Some thirty years ago the Archbishop of Bordeaux, being at Aix-les-Bains, was called to visit a dying woman, daughter of a general that had become celebrated in the wars of the First Empire. The venerable prelate was moved even to tears in listening to the dying woman speak of religion; for she spoke as few could do. And having asked her how she had instructed her so perfectly, he received the following answer: "Monseigneur, under God I owe my religious instruction to the Emperor Napoleon. I was sent to the island of St. Helena with all my family when I was only ten years of age. One day the Emperor called me to him, and taking my hand he said to me: 'My child, you are a pretty girl now, and you will be still more beautiful in a few years; nevertheless these advantages of yours will expose you to great dangers in the world. And how can you overcome those dangers unless you have a large fund of religion? Unfortunately your mamma cares but little about religion, and your papa still less; therefore I will fulfil the obligation that rests on me; come to-morrow and I will give you your first lesson.' For two consecutive years, and several times each week, I was taught my catechism by the emperor. Each time he made me read a lesson out loud, and then he explained it to me. When I was beginning my thirteenth year, his Majesty said to me: 'I think that you are now well enough instructed. You should soon receive your First Communion. I will have a priest come from France who will prepare you for that Great Action, and will prepare me for death.' And he kept his promise."—Ave Maria.

No soul will be cast out of the peace of God into eternal darkness which might not, if it had only put forth the will, have dwelt with God for ever. God casts no one away. He deprives no one whom He has made of the grace of salvation. Even throughout the heathen world the Spirit of God is present, working in the hearts of men. If they fail of eternal life, the failure is in their own will, and not in the will of God.—Cardinal Manning.

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Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum. Publisher and Proprietor, THOMAS COFFEY.

London, Saturday, July 10, 1897. THE POPE AND THE GREEKS.

The Italian press has been for some time past discussing with a good deal of acrimony the relations of the Pope with Greece, Crete and Turkey.

This assertion was originated by Signor Bovio, one of the Italian Deputies, who asserted in Parliament a few weeks ago that the Pope is indifferent to the fate of the Greeks and Cretans.

That this is a calumny is evident on its very face, for it is a thing impossible and contrary to all the evidence of history that a Pope should be indifferent to the misfortunes of a Christian people or to the extension of Moslem dominion in either Europe or Asia.

The truth of the matter is that it is due to the petty jealousies of the European great powers that the Turks have been allowed to carry on without hindrance their successful war against Greece.

The Asservatore Romano, a Catholic paper published in Rome, has during the discussion given a very specific answer to Signor Bovio's false statements.

The policy pursued by the Ontario Government, whereby instruction in English is being gradually introduced in all these localities, has been a wise one, and it is meeting with great success.

There is no doubt that the violent methods of introducing English which were advocated by those who were animated by a spirit of hostility to the race and religion of the French Canadians would have been disastrous to the peace and prosperity of the Province.

It was then that the Pope's Delegate himself made representations to the Government in favor of the 71,000 Schismatics, and succeeded in obtaining for them the same favor which had been granted to the Catholics.

thus appears that the Pope's Delegate obtained for the Schismatic Greeks a favor which neither France nor Russia would ask for, and it is thus seen that the paternal charity of the Pope and his delegates extends even to those who reject his spiritual authority.

While on this subject of the recent war we must add here that the situation in Greece is about the same as it has been for the past month. Turkey still holds Thessaly, and is strengthening itself there, and imposing taxes on the people, notwithstanding the fact that the powers have notified the Turkish Government that they will not allow a Christian province to be thus brought under Turkish rule.

BECOMING ANGLICIZED.

The German parishes of Cincinnati, Ohio, have taken a most important step toward assimilating themselves with the people of the United States in language. For more than half a century the German language has been almost exclusively used in the churches of these parishes.

This fact recalls to our mind the acrimonious discussions which took place six or seven years ago in regard to the use of the French language in the schools of some localities of Ontario which are settled by French Canadians.

The official statistical reports of those countries of Europe in which religious teaching has been abolished, and especially of France, Germany and Italy, teach the same lesson, that wherever there has been education without religious teaching, there has been an alarming increase in the amount of juvenile crime.

We cannot expect that even with all that religion can do, sin and vice will be entirely banished from the world; whereas man has his liberty or freedom to do good or evil, for in the words of Holy Scripture, God "has placed before us life and death, blessing and cursing," that we may make our choice, and His command is that we should "choose, therefore, life that we may live."

Love is never lost. It not reciprocated it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.

THE ANGLICANS AND THE RUSSIANS.

A curious report comes from Moscow regarding the efforts now being made by some Anglican divines to bring about an intercommunion between the Anglican and Eastern Churches.

An Anglican Archbishop, who is, we believe, the Archbishop of York, has been visiting Russia for the purpose of cultivating an interchange of courtesies between the two churches.

It is an old saying, "when you are at Rome, do as Rome does," and though the Archbishop did not do at Moscow precisely what Moscow does, he endeavored at least to give himself somewhat the appearance of an Oriental Prelate, for which purpose he adopted a costume which is neither English nor Russian.

The papers state further that when the Archbishop visited Ouspensky Cathedral he adored the holy relics of the Moscow saints, and crossed himself after the manner of the Greek Church.

The adoration of the relics was a strange act by an Anglican prelate, but we presume this means no more than that he venerated them after the manner of the Russians. It is, however, a matter worthy of the attention of Rev. Dr. Langtry, of Toronto, who not long ago made such a row in the Toronto papers about image-worship in the Catholic Church.

The negotiations of the Archbishop towards bringing about a mutual recognition between Anglicanism and Orientalism are not very likely to amount to much, the more especially as the Archbishop represents in his church views only a small minority of the Church of England.

THE PROTESTANT CLERGY ON RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

The truth of which Catholics have long been aware, that the exclusion of religious teaching from the schools must have deplorable results, is at length gleaming on the Protestant clergy of several denominations, and their testimonies to this effect are becoming every day more and more numerous.

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We are, therefore, not to expect that even with good religious teaching in the schools, a millennium will result without any evil, but we may expect that the result of such good teaching will be to reduce that evil to a minimum.

The special adoration of the Precious Blood, when we are kneeling before the tabernacle, is a form of devotion bringing much doctrine before us, and enabling us better to comprehend the august realities of that tremendous sacrament.—Father Faber.

in the Department of the Seine, where the pupils of the Christian schools exceed in number those of the State schools which exclude all teaching of religion, it has been found that ninety-two per cent. of the youthful criminals had their education in Godless schools, and only eight per cent. in the Christian Catholic Schools.

These figures, which are given in recent official statistics, teach an important lesson, and the same lesson may be learned from the official statistics of Germany and Italy, so that in the latter country the attention of the Government has been strongly directed to the matter, and it has had under consideration for some months the question of finding some remedy for so alarming a state of affairs.

The resolution passed unanimously by the Canadian Presbyterian General Assembly, which met at Winnipeg two weeks ago, in favor of the introduction of some kind of religious teaching into the schools, is an indication of the growing conviction among Protestants that public morality is suffering from the absence of any sufficient provision for religious teaching in the Public schools.

It will be remembered that the Presbyterians were the most determined opponents of the Catholic demand for Separate schools down to the year 1863, when the Separate School Act introduced into Parliament by the Hon. W. R. Scott was passed.

We already pointed out in our columns last week that the mode proposed by the Assembly for the securing of religious teaching in the schools would be inadequate and unsatisfactory.

Mr. Langtry remarked that the members of the Church are too divided in sentiment on this subject to secure from the Legislature such a system, and this appears to be really the case, though it would seem that a majority of the Church members in the archdiocese of Toronto at least would be in favor of it.

It is not alone in Canada that the Protestant clergy are beginning to feel the importance of religion in the schools. In the United States many ministers are decidedly in favor of it.

"A cause of crime is a one sided education. As well put in charge of an engine an engineer who knows his engine's machinery, but does not know how to run it, as to teach a child everything except how to live. Our educational system has neglected the moral side in its training. This should be corrected."

Others have frequently spoken to the same effect. It appears, therefore, that the views of Catholics on this important matter are being largely adopted by non Catholics, and especially by the non Catholic clergy.

The special adoration of the Precious Blood, when we are kneeling before the tabernacle, is a form of devotion bringing much doctrine before us, and enabling us better to comprehend the august realities of that tremendous sacrament.—Father Faber.

ST. COLUMBKILLE AND THE ISLAND OF IONA.

June the ninth was the 13th anniversary of the death of St. Columba, called in Ireland Columbkille, who was born in the year 521 in the County of Donegal and died in 597.

For rubrical reasons the celebration of the feast was deferred in Scotland till the 15th, when it was kept by a large pilgrimage of Scotch Catholics to the Island of Iona, which is sometimes called Columba's Isle, as it was there the Irish Saint established his famous monastery from which went forth a multitude of missionaries for the conversion of heathen lands.

To St. Columbkille Scotland owes in a great measure its conversion to the true faith, for he came to Scotland from Ireland and preached among the Picts, converting them to the faith, and in gratitude they gave him Iona for the erection of his monastery, which soon became a centre of learning as well as of piety, and the missionaries who were educated there carried the faith to all parts of the continent of Europe, especially to France and Germany.

The ruins of the monastery of Iona are still to be seen. The island is in the demesne of the Duke of Argyll, and the population is chiefly Presbyterian, being divided between the Free and Established Kirks, with some belonging to other independent Presbyterian bodies.

A few years ago the Duke of Argyll gave a piece of land for the erection of a Catholic chapel not far from the monastery of Columbkille. A chapel was needed for the thousands of Catholic pilgrims who visit the Island every year, but the Duke's bounty in this regard was blamed by the Presbyterian pastors on the Island.

MGR. MERRY DEL VAL'S MIS- SION.

It has been many times asserted that Mgr. Merry del Val had finished the business on account of which he had been sent to the Dominion, and the date of his return had been fixed as the 5th of July.

Mr. Merry del Val had finished the business on account of which he had been sent to the Dominion, and the date of his return had been fixed as the 5th of July. That day has passed, and His Excellency is still at Ottawa, and it is now asserted that he will leave for Rome about, or after, the middle of this month.

MONTREAL'S NEW BISHOP.

We congratulate Very Rev. Canon Bruchesi on his appointment to the Archbishopric of Montreal. As secretary to the late Archbishop Fabre, Canon Bruchesi is personally known and beloved in every parish and church of that important archdiocese, and his appointment to the vacant See was received with unanimous expres-

sions of hearty approval. The Archbishop-elect is a native of Montreal, and was born on the 20th October, 1855. He received his elementary education in the Christian Brothers' school. Leaving St. Joseph's he entered Montreal college, where he first determined to study for the priesthood, and on the completion of his first year in philosophy he left for France. Here he continued his studies in the Grand Seminary at Issy, and after spending a year there he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris.

While in Rome his perfect knowledge of the laws of the Church and the vast information he had acquired while still a young man attracted the attention of the Papal Court, and before leaving the Eternal City to return to Montreal he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity and Licentiate in Canon Law.

At the expiration of that period Archbishop Fabre summoned him back to Montreal and gave him the charge of the parish of Ste. Brigide. Three months later he was transferred to the vicarship of the Church of St. Joseph, where he remained until 1886, when His Grace appointed him one of his advisers when he formed his Chapter in that year.

Since the published announcement of his appointment to the vacant See the Archbishop-elect has been overwhelmed with congratulatory addresses, not only from the Dominion, but from all parts of the world. Telegrams and cablegrams were received at the Palace from Rome, Paris, New York, London (Eng.), Dublin (Ire.), and in fact from all the dignitaries of the Catholic Church throughout the world.

It is his desire to be consecrated on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow (August 5), which will also be the Feast of St. Mary Major, and he has petitioned the Holy Father to permit the ceremony to take place on that day.

Referring to his new position the Archbishop said that: "It is a matter to be noted that I received the notification of my appointment to the Archiepiscopal See of Montreal not only in the month of the Sacred Heart, but on the very day dedicated to its special honor."

"VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS."

Saturday's Globe contains a letter from Mr. Lawrence Baldwin in reference to the plan he proposed at the recent Anglican Synod of the diocese of Toronto for the establishment of a system of voluntary denominational schools in which religious instruction might be given to the children, and which should be recognized by the State.

This plan is precisely that on which the Catholic Separate school system is carried out, and Mr. Baldwin argues that as it has proved to be a successful system with regard to Catholics, it would be equally efficacious if the law allowed Protestants of any denomination to adopt it likewise.

The chief opponents in the Synod to this plan were Mr. Samuel Blake, and the Principal of Wickliffe College, Rev. Canon Sheraton.

Mr. Blake argued that the adoption of this voluntary plan would result in the "demolition of the Public schools." This was the very plea advanced by the opponents of Catholic schools in years gone by, but now that Catholic schools have existed under the school laws of Ontario for forty two years without impairing the Public school system, it was very easy for Mr. Baldwin to give a complete answer to Mr. Blake's contention by pointing out that in no instance have public schools been demolished by the establishment of voluntary or Separate schools.

Mr. Baldwin says: "I challenge Mr. Blake or any other to point to one example of the demolition of Public schools by any such voluntary school-

scheme." In addition answer to a very bitter attack on the enemies of Catholicism, Mr. Baldwin says: "I challenge Mr. Blake or any other to point to one example of the demolition of Public schools by any such voluntary school-

Why should we Toronto or any voluntary schools? We argue that the population of 4 complete waterworks Toronto should embark in any such Blake's argumental scheme."

In further progress school system, destroying the efficiency gives parents exercise direct in the of the schools v attend, Mr. Baldwin extract from the John's, Newfoundland. The editor of this system in operation denominational adopting mutual toleration of denominations thereby promoting throughout the life effect to day is educational work aims and scope of the tolerance and gendered, and caused by the effort to make things."

A curious argument Blake to prove schools produce force to the School Board Separate school of the same games the Queen's Jubilee.

Mr. Blake's exhibition of such have taken place calls attention to try was exhibiting school trustees, of the Public school unfortunate argument prop up which M.

In Nova Scotia system of voluntary appears to work is not in operation general liberal the desire of the wishes of citizens produced this independently of the and Mr. Baldwin's system establishment of the Church denominations would work better.

The Synod of win's scheme, at a moment wing, and the Syn its consideration educational shows that there the Anglican C solution of the plan may perhaps be adopted, by least, at some f

We cannot r give Mr. Baldwin Rev. Mr. Sheraton opinion that " in the schools v injurious." M

"This at on consistent with charge of one of tutions representation but one p This reference a red herring There is not on posed voluntary which such sch control. The tary schools is financial support greatly mistaken financial support it the direct co ever, there are more confidence Sheraton has i profession."

Our own clo only clouds be shining sun.—

VAGARIES OF THE SECTS.

The Cause of Confusion Among Protestant Denominations.

A writer in the San Francisco Monitor describes lucidly and concisely the essential difference between Catholicity and Protestantism. There is, he writes, a merry war going on among the sects about the Bible. The preachers have been amusing themselves of late by pitching into Jonah's whale, Noah's ark and various other scriptural references. They are determined at the end of this nineteenth century to discover to what extent the scriptures are inspired. After rejecting almost every fundamental doctrine in the sacred volume they are now engaged in getting rid of what remains. But the most curious feature of this latter attack of Protestantism on inspiration is that the men whose fundamental principle is "Every man his own infallible interpreter," denounce and decry all those who dare to differ from them. One of them was branded as a double-eyed heretic because he rejected the story of Jonah and the whale. This, of course, is the LOGICAL OUTCOME OF PROTESTANTISM.

The hundreds of warring, jarring, wrangling sects maintain that their extravagant ideas are to be found in the Holy Scripture. They all read the Bible, try to understand it and discover in it doctrines contradictory to one another. An English Protestant minister tried to find what doctrines were held by Protestants, and after a careful examination he wrote: "Are Presbyterians Protestants? Yes. Then Protestants, as such, do not believe in episcopacy. Are Independents Protestants? Yes. Then Protestants, as such, do not believe in any established line of ministry. Are Anabaptists Protestants? Yes. Then Protestants, as such, do not believe in infant baptism. Are Quakers Protestants? Yes. Then Protestants, as such, do not believe in any sacraments. Are the Swiss Calvinists Protestants? Yes. Then Protestants, as such, do not believe in the atonement. Are the new school of German Lutherans Protestants? Yes. Then Protestants, as such, do not believe in Our Lord's divinity. We have now seen that of all the articles of the Apostles' Creed Protestants are only agreed in believing two, namely, the first, that there is one God; and the last, that the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting. Nay, I might without any injustice go further. Spinozians cannot be said really to hold the first article, because if they deny God the Son they clearly deny God the Father as Father; and Universalists do not hold the last clause because they deny the eternity of punishment which is implied in it. The resurrection of the body, then, is all that Protestants, as Protestants of all sects and sorts, agree in believing. I mean of matters contained in the Apostles' Creed and in the sense of that creed."

Now after three hundred years' experience of Luther's teaching that every man was to interpret the Bible for himself, behold the result! Protestantism has succeeded in making CHRISTIANITY A LAUGHING-STOCK TO THE NATIONS. It set out with proclaiming that the Bible was a wonderfully clear and simple book; that it needed no infallible interpreter; that, as Luther said, "it was its own surest and clearest and at the same time most intelligible interpreter; it proves everything to everybody and it judges and enlightens all." The results of Luther's principle show its falsity. Surely God is a God of truth, and if the Bible, His inspired Word, were rightly understood, it could not stand sponsor for the clashing and contradictory teachings of the hundreds of sects.

Protestantism, then, has no rule of faith. It supplies no certain method or means of discovering what are the truths and precepts revealed by Jesus Christ and promulgated throughout the world for the guidance and salvation of every man. A rule of faith should be certain and sure; it should be able to determine what doctrines are revealed and it should be perpetual and indefeasible, for it is intended for every generation and every age until faith is swallowed up in vision. The Bible and the Bible alone is a failure as such a rule. Three centuries' experience has conclusively proven that.

The Catholic position alone offers us a satisfactory rule of faith. The Church teaches that faith is absolutely necessary, and that it is of the utmost importance for mankind to know what are the truths and precepts revealed by Christ. The Apostle of the Gentiles has taught us that "Without faith it is impossible to please God," and as God is an all-wise Ruler, whose earnest desire is that all men should come to the knowledge of the truth, He must have devised some means and fixed some rule by which all honest and sincere men might be able to discover the true in religion and to adhere to it. Now Catholics agree with Protestants in saying that the rule of faith established by Jesus Christ is the revealed word of God. Where is that revealed word contained and how are we to know it? Here is where they begin to differ.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH BELIEVES that the revelation of Christ is contained in scripture and tradition, and that our Lord established an infallible authority to interpret it for the human race. If He deigned to reveal His will to man surely He must have thought it worth while to preserve that revelation. All Christ's revelation was not written down. As a matter of fact His method of teaching was to preach by word of mouth to the people. Afterwards His apostles and disciples, as occasion or

necessity arose, consigned that revelation to writing, but there was a time in the Church when there was no New Testament. It is the reading of the Bible then absolutely necessary to salvation? If so were the early disciples and followers saved? The written and the unwritten word of God was from the beginning preserved for us by the divinely instituted and infallible teaching body in the Church. That teaching body was to last forever according to the promises of Christ, and to exercise its office for all generations. Thus the word of God was to be preserved intact for all ages and throughout all vicissitudes, and thus the Catholic Church has ever remained one in faith.

The vagaries of Protestantism are conclusive proof of the necessity of such a tribunal of final appeal. The bible is not a clear and easily understood book. If it is, how could people derive such contradictory conclusions from its perusal. In the second epistle of St. Peter, iii., 16, we read that in St. Paul's letters there are "certain things hard to be understood which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction." Had not Our Lord explained to His followers the meaning of many of His simplest parables? Has He not left some official and representative authority to expound the meaning of other doctrines and revelations? The mysteries and prophecies of scripture are involved in the greatest obscurity, and St. Jerome wrote of them that "they are interwoven with difficulties, and especially

THE PROPHETS, WHICH ARE FILLED WITH ENIGMAS;

that the Apocalypse of St. John contains as many mysteries as words; that the Apostles Peter, James, John and Jude have written seven epistles which are so mystical that rarely can anyone be found who can interpret them without committing some error." The early heretics of the Church started out to interpret the scriptures for themselves by private interpretation, and the result of their vagaries is described by Vincent of Lerins: "One person interprets the divine oracles in one way, another in a way so altogether different that it seems as if from the one source as many opinions may be taken as there are heads to form them. One interpretation is that of Novatian, another that of Sabellius; there are, again, those of Donatian, Arius, Eunomius, Macedonius, Photinus, Apollinarius, Priscillian, Jovinian, Pelagius, Celestius, and, lastly, Nestorius. This is why it is extremely necessary, on account of the numerous variations of error, that the interpretation of the writings of the prophets and apostles should be directed by the decision of ecclesiastical tradition."

The same state of affairs followed immediately on the spread of Luther's teaching. One of his followers married two sisters, pointing to the example of Jacob in espousing Lia and Rachel. The leader of the Anabaptists had many wives in imitation of the patriarchs, as he said. Luther appealed to the same authority when he sanctioned the bigamy of Philip of Hesse. But what necessity is there to give further proof that

THE BIBLE NEEDS AN OFFICIAL INTERPRETER? Are not some of the great central truths of Christianity which are clearly and luminously expressed in the sacred scriptures denied by those who profess to make the Bible the rule of their faith? Did not the Lutheran, the Calvinist and the Zwinglian sects immediately disagree on the meaning of the Lord's supper? Is not the necessity of religion even denied by those who stick to the Bible? This babel of confusion arises from Luther's doctrine that the scriptures having been plain and clear needed no infallible authority to interpret them to the minds of men.

And it is in this pandemonium of absurdities that the "glorious reformation" has ended. It has weakened and almost destroyed faith where it flourished; it has brought the revelation of the God of truth into ridicule; it has attempted to gauge the depths of divine wisdom and has failed in the attempt.

A Convert of Fifty Years. Father Hewit, who celebrated his golden jubilee the other day, is a typical convert. Although a very noble specimen, he is still a specimen of the kind of men and women who become converts. He was brought into the light of truth from the darkest teaching of Calvinism. From early manhood he was a truth seeker. Of a guileless nature, he was endowed with a clear mental vision, as well as that spirit of heroic sacrifice that enabled him readily to find the truth, and when found to sacrifice everything he had in order to attain it.

Converts to the Church are generally of this mettle. They are men and women who have high ideals, and are earnest in seeking the attainment of the same. To be able to attract a man of Father Hewit's calibre; to satisfy the keen inquiries of a searching mind; to fill a heart such as his to repletion with religious joy, and to continue to do so during a long life of fifty years, is abundant proof of the divine wealth there is in the Church. To make a convert like this once in fifty years is worth the starting of an apostolate.—The Missionary.

WHY ACTOR MARBLE BECAME A CATHOLIC.

Brief but Affecting History of His Conversion.

Philadelphia Standard and Times. Edward Marble, the actor and dramatic author, whose reception into the Church was announced in these columns last week, comes of a family which has given many distinguished members to the stage and whose professional history in this country alone can be traced back over a century. His father was Danford Marble and his mother Anna Warren. He himself is well known as a dramatic author and stage director. He was for many years with Lotta and the elder Sothorn and is the author of the farce comedies "Patchwork" and "Tuxedo." He has just written "Rip Van Winkle, Jr." for the students of Lafayette college, who will produce it June 19.

For twenty years past he has been an intimate friend of Rev. William A. McLoughlin, rector of St. Stephen's church, this city, notwithstanding the fact that he was until a short time ago a thorough believer in Bob Ingersoll's views and thought that death was the end of all things. During their intercourse discussions regarding religion naturally occurred between Father McLoughlin and Mr. Marble, and the former supplied the latter with books bearing on the doctrines of the Catholic Church. The actor always had a great admiration for the Sisters and was deeply impressed with the value of their work. About three years ago, while in the city, he accompanied Raymond Moore, the author of "Sweet Marie," to St. Stephen's, and while there visited the convent chapel. As it happened, it was the hour of meditation, and though he entered the chapel unconcernedly, he left it deeply affected. It could not be the scene alone which impressed him. The theatrical causes no such emotions in an actor. His discussions of religion from this date became more earnest, his investigations more profound and his reading began to bear fruit. Thus continued the work of Divine grace until last summer.

AT THE GRANDSON'S DEATH. His daughter, Mrs. J. Harry Irvin, herself a convert to the faith, had a son, a little boy of six years, the light of the household. It is said "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and the child became ill even unto death. Instead of asking for his playthings, as children on a sick bed are wont to do, the little sufferer told the loved ones about him of the angels that were calling around him, and he asked them if they did not see them. Then and there the grandfather's eyes were opened fully to the light, and he exclaimed: "Show me the man that tells me there is no God after that!" He wrote to his old friend asking his prayers for the recovery of the child that held such a place in his heart, and with awakened faith he prayed himself, a prayer eloquent in its supplication, eloquent in its humility and still more eloquent in its submission to the Divine will. He prayed: "O God of mercy, I pray and beseech Thee to hear the pleadings of one who is not what he should be, but who realizes that the light of Thy eternal life that has been lost to him is shedding its rays upon a guilty soul, and the righteous path that has been so long closed to his sinful eyes is opening clear and bright in Thy holiness. I supplicate Thee, O Lord, to spare to us him whose affliction has shown me the duty I owe to Thee. Bring him safely through the trying ordeal. If Thy holy will is otherwise, give us the strength to bear our loss with fortitude. Thou hast said: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.' Thy will is law; thy word supreme. We will bear our cross in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen."

THE FINAL STEP. The child died. In sorrow faith is put to the test, but in sorrow religion is the only true source of consolation. The grandfather, who had closed his previous prayer with an expression of belief in the Trinity, thus again appealed: "Merciful and all powerful God, who has seen fit to take away from this world of trials and sorrows our boy Boonie, pray forgive us our selfish desires in feeling so deeply his loss. Teach us to realize that in Thy blessed realm he has found peace and happiness, love eternal and all the glories of Thy great sphere, where joy everlasting is his, and let him be our guardian angel to show us the glory of Thy Kingdom and teach us the righteous path that one day may lead us to again meet under the guidance and blessings of Thee, O God, whom we have so sinned against. Boonie, angel Boonie, be the beacon light of our future lives. Thou hast led; we must follow. In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen." It was with such sentiments as these in his heart that Father McLoughlin again met him, when at his request he preached the funeral sermon over the departed child at Corpus Christi Church, Baltimore, almost a year ago, and it has been his happiness, after sufficient time had elapsed for thorough instruction, to stand as sponsor to the grandfather, who was baptized at St. Jerome's Church, Baltimore, on May 17, by Rev. James P. Holden.

Practise Economy in buying medicine as in other matters. It is economy to get Hood's Sarsaparilla because there is more medicinal value in Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other. Every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses and will average, taken according to directions, to last a month, while others last but a fortnight. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

Converts and Perverts.

A subject of profound reflection is presented to the thoughtful Catholic in the words of the Saviour, speaking of His sudden coming at the last day: "Then two shall be in the field: one will be taken and the other will be left." (Matt. xxiv, 40.) We are grieved when those who were baptized in infancy, who were "once enlightened, tasted also of the Heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, have fallen away, crucifying again to themselves the Son of God and making Him a mockery;" but consoled by the "better things and nearer to salvation" which we often set and hear of converts who are "taken" by the Almighty from the world and from error to fill the places in the Church from which the perverts fall. These mysterious dispensations of judgment and mercy are continually occurring. Sometimes it is in the solitude and silence of the soul that the voice of God is heard. Sometimes it is in a religious retreat, a mission. At one time it is near a death-bed, or at a funeral; at another it is the sudden loss of earthly goods, the disappointment of earthly hopes, that reminds the soul that she is made for another world and inspires her with the desire to learn the way to it and to do all that God requires of her to deserve it.

If the Catholic clergy and laity were more zealous, if every one amongst us reflected on the words of St. James "that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save his soul from death and cover a multitude of sins," (chapter v., 20.) we are quite sure that the gains of God's kingdom on earth would compensate for its losses.—Catholic Review.

Methodists and the Index.

The Methodist Recorder has heard that there has to be an "arrangement and revision of the Index Expurgatorius," and gives its readers some inklings of "the contemplated changes." A new Constitution relating to the Index was issued several months ago, and the full text translated into English and published by one of our Catholic contemporaries. The Recorder regards "the whole thing" as a "curious survival of Medievalism." "Medieval" is their pet word for everything Catholic that does not accord with their views. The principle of the "Index" is easily grasped by anyone who has reason and common sense. It is surely as rational to protect souls from the infection of the moral poison contained in bad books as it is to safeguard one's physical health by the avoidance of anything noxious or fatal to human life. The pharmacopoeia specifies certain drugs as poisonous and a doctor's prescription is necessary to produce some of them at the chemist's. Priests are the physicians of the souls committed to their care, and the Church, which is charged with the preservation of the moral well being of its members, is acting wisely in warning them against what is morally poisonous and pernicious. Every man, Catholic or Protestant, who considers the condition of modern society, and how much it is affected for good or ill by literature and art, must recognize the need of adequate correctives to the pervading sensualism of the epoch which is favoured and fostered by bad books.—London Monitor.

Convert's Banquet.

A novel feature of the silver jubilee of Rev. A. S. Siebenfoercher, of Kenton, Ohio, was "converts' day"—the day devoted to the many converts who became Catholics during Father Siebenfoercher's twenty-five years' ministry at Kenton. High Mass was celebrated at 9 o'clock, at which the converts received Holy Communion. A banquet was served later on.

At one long table, extending the length of the hall, were seated the pastor and converts, ladies and gentlemen. Near by were more large tables, at which were seated the invited guests, many of whom were sponsors of some of the converts present. On the stage, upon black canvas, in letters of pure white, were written the names—thirty-four in number—of the departed converts, for whom Holy Mass had been offered that morning. As the roll was called many beautiful addresses were made. One lady admitted that she had attempted to make her convert husband a member of the Methodist Church and failed. She is now herself a devout Catholic.

The gathering was unique, but it may be duplicated in every parish in the country.—The Missionary.

After serious illness Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful building up power. It purifies the blood and restores perfect health.

Maltine with Coca Wine has long been recognized as the most pleasant and efficient remedy for all those functional derangements that find manifestation in lassitude, sleeplessness, dependency and loss of appetite and digestive power. A nerve tonic, a body-builder, a nutrient and digestive agent of inestimable value. All druggists sell it.

The Medicine for Liver and Kidney Complaint.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel free from the disease as before I was troubled."

Coleman's SALT. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

The Cowley Converts.

Mr. Maturin, the clergyman whose recent secession from the Church of England has caused such a profound sensation in England, has arrived here. He is accompanied by his friend the Rev. A. Mather, son of Canon Mather of Bristol, who has also been received into the Church, and who, like Mr. Maturin, has come here to study for the priesthood. To many in Rome the arrival of "Father" Maturin is a matter of great interest, as he was so conspicuous as a Cowley Father for both earnestness and eloquence that his name and work were familiar to most of the English converts. The "Cowley Fathers" have now given two of their best men to the Catholic Church, or perhaps it would be more correct to say lost two of their best men to it. The conversion of Father Luke Rivington about seven or eight years ago was a great gain to the Church in England, of which he is now a most eloquent defender. An ex-Irish parson, who is now a priest on the English mission, told me the other day that the conversion of Father Maturin was a source of intense joy to Father Rivington, who had prayed unceasingly for his conversion since he had been himself received into the Church.—Roman Correspondent of the New World.

Non-Catholics in Rome.

I am reminded of an observation made the other day by a distinguished prelate, says the London Monitor, who I am told, pointed out at a great social reunion that one of the most extraordinary signs of the times, one of the many things which, humanly speaking, lead to an incalculable advance of the Catholic Church among the cultured and the leisured, was the enormous increase of non-Catholic visitors to the Holy City. "It is mysterious," he said: "it is providential." All the world is looking to Rome, as if it felt vaguely that in Rome there was something which would satisfy the soul, something answering to a hidden and scarcely realized want, something which attracts irresistibly magnetically. Other cities have more natural attractions, a busier and a pleasanter life—but they come to Rome." And, he added impressively "they are never the same when they leave it as they were when they came. There is a change, and the change remains and is passed on; one would say that God calls men to Rome, though they do not know it, so that their children may become Catholics."

How the Poor are Cared.

In some parts of South America the Portuguese merchants (who are imitated by natives) observe an old custom of piling a pile of coppers on the shelf of the store to be distributed to the poor by the clerks on the last day of the week. A similar practice is observed in Spain. When the pile is exhausted the answer to every applicant is, "I cannot," or "I will not." Many Catholic shopkeepers and traders in Ireland observe the same custom—their practice being to put aside all the farthings received during the week, and at a certain hour on Saturday they are distributed to all the poor people who present themselves. Others again make a similar pile of halfpennies, and distribute them in a similar way. There is still another custom peculiar to those engaged in the baking trade. The employer gives the flour and other ingredients to set a "sponge," and the workmen bake it into cakes called "baps," which are distributed to all who present themselves.

Can Heart Failure be Prevented? Startling and brief the announcement, "Sudden Death caused by Heart Failure." Such is the stereotyped announcement of coroners' juries, and reporters arousing the forebodings of those victims of indigestion and malnutrition, who so frequently disturb themselves upon the manifestation, in palpitation or fluttering, of functional disturbance of the heart; symptoms which they are foolishly prone to accept as the signs of an incurable, and speedily fatal, malady. Maltine with Coca Wine, through its remedial influence upon the nervous system, soothes into calmness the disorganized nerves. The heart, in response to increased nerve force, no longer plunges and beats as if determined to break.

SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPER

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The following are the Winners in District No. 1, Western Ontario.

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Mr. D. W. Clark, 61 Bellevue Avenue, Toronto.

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Mr. W. F. Hines, 751 Dundas Street, London.

Mr. Robert J. Gibb, Box 201, Galt.

Mrs. Dr. Elliott, Woodstock.

Miss Dora F. Riggs, 40 Goyean Street, Windsor.

Miss Nellie Burnip, 416 York Street, London.

The above competition will be continued each month of 1897.

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It's the best thing for the hair under all circumstances. Just as no man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature, so no preparation can make hair. The utmost that can be done is to promote conditions favorable to growth. This is done by Ayer's Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp, nourishes the soil in which the hair grows, and, just as a desert will blossom under rain, so bald heads grow hair, when the roots are nourished. But the roots must be there. If you wish your hair to retain its normal color, or if you wish to restore the lost tint of gray or faded hair use Ayer's Hair Vigor.

CASH PAID For Canada Post-Office stamps, all values, used. I will pay five cents each for all the half-cent unused ones used. You can get them all your post office on June 10th. Wm. R. Adams 7 Ann St. Toronto.



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ASK FOR DESIGNS.

AUCTION SALE OF TIMBER BERTHS.

Department of Crown Lands (Woods and Forests Branch) Toronto, June 2nd, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that under authority of Orders in Council, TIMBER BERTHS as hereunder mentioned in the NIPISSING, ALGOMA and RAINY RIVER DISTRICTS, viz., the Townships of KATHLEEN, KELLY, DAVIS, the North half of SCADDING and that part of HAMMER South of the VERMILLION RIVER, all in the District of Nipissing; the Township of COFFIN ADDITIONAL, and certain small areas on the SPANISH and BISCAYNE waters in the District of ALGOMA; and berths 36 and 37 sale of 1892, D 3, D 4, D 5, D 6, on MANTOU LAKE, and certain small scattered areas in the District of RAINY RIVER, will be offered for Sale by Public Auction, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, at the hour of ONE O'CLOCK P. M., on WEDNESDAY, THE EIGHTEENTH DAY OF AUGUST next.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of Sale, with information as to Areas, Lots and Concessions comprised in each Berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands or to the Crown Timber Offices at OTTAWA and RAT PORTAGE. J. M. GIBSON, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

E. B.—No unauthorised publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

FIVE-M

The Fifth

"If thou offerest thy gift against the will of the one who offereth it, it is not accepted." When our Lord says "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors" He prescribes obtaining thine sins.

If we could row and say: "O Aye! always my hold me, a Thee. Look that I have have offend and deed, a get all injur well as to fo ren, that if come with God will su His sins wi given, and ever. As holly Script his transgr I know t people who paring the absolutio, the anger good deal "ever so be, with a when they But if the Gospel their gift the altar a with those and, gift and g finds that suddenly c is strong more rea should not of the kind to in a da "Suppos "Very w your act as you go given you would be means. A priest was an absolun But you feet accou our Chris trespass as good a dition—" easily the we forgiv honesty, who trespass want au tion that leaves or guilt and must do God do enemies, lution th our grud

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FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

The Fifth Sunday After Pentecost.

FORGIVENESS.

"If thou offerest thy gift at the altar, and thou shalt remember that thy brother hath anything against thee, first go and be reconciled with thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

When our Lord told us to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," He prescribed for us a sure way of obtaining the forgiveness of our own sins.

If we could come before God in sorrow and say to Him in a penitential spirit: O Almighty and just God, yet always my most merciful Father, behold me, a sinner, craving pardon of Thee. Look into my heart and see that I have already forgiven those who have offended me in thought, word, and deed, and I would wish also to forget all injuries they have done me, as well as to forgive them—I say, brethren, that if a sinner comes to confession in that frame of mind, he may come with the greatest confidence that God will surely do the same for him; his sins will be all immediately forgiven, and, as it were, forgotten forever. As God Himself expresses it in Holy Scripture: "I will not remember his transgressions for ever."

I know that there are a good many people who don't fancy this way of preparing themselves for confession and absolution. They think to appease the anger of their offended God by a good deal of talk about their being "ever so sorry" accompanied, it may be, with a few sighs and tears when they mention their own sins. But if the priest applies the doctrine of the Gospel, and tells them to leave their gift of sorrow and tears before the altar and first go and be reconciled with those with whom they are at variance, and then come and offer their gift and get a good absolution, he finds that the sorrowful penitent has suddenly changed into a lawyer who is strong in special pleading, with more reasons why he ought not, should not, and could not do anything of the kind than the priest could reply to in a day's time.

Suppose the priest were to say: "Very well, bow your head, make your act of contrition, and I will give you as good an absolution as you have given your enemy," do you think he would be satisfied with that? By no means. He would know that the priest was mocking him, and that such an absolution would be worthless. But you see that it would be in perfect accordance with the doctrine of the Christian Gospel. "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." It is getting as good as we forgive. Not "more easily than we forgive," nor "whether we forgive or not," but plainly and honestly, "just as we forgive those who trespass against us." If, then, we want and hope to get a whole absolution that wipes out everything, and leaves our souls at peace, free from all guilt and debt: to Divine Justice, we must do unto others as we would have God do unto us, and first give our enemies, if we have any, a whole absolution that wipes out all our anger, all our grudge and desire of revenge.

But, your reverence, it is quite different with God. It is so easy for Him to freely forgive, and it is so hard for our poor human nature. "What is that you say? Easy for God to forgive? Yes, but it cost Him the death of His Divine Son on the cross that it might be easy for Him. If you will try to be a little more like the God you believe in, and learn to practise some sacrifice and self-abasement and self-crucifixion, you will find it easy also. And now, in the name of Him who died on the cross for your forgiveness, I charge you to examine your conscience on this matter before your next confession, and if it pleases God to send you a sickness or misfortune or other cross in the meantime, accept it in union with your Lord's sufferings, and you will experience a wonderful power to bear with others' faults and sins, and to banish all rancor and bitterness from your heart, and I promise you there will be no difficulty about your absolution when you come to confession."

George Parsons Lathrop in a sketch of Archbishop Corrigan thus tells an unique fact: "New York is, without question, the greatest diocese in the world, and has the odd distinction of extending its jurisdiction beyond this Republic and into the territory of Great Britain, as the Bahama Islands form part of the region over which the Archbishop watches for the good of Catholics and their faith. In this respect he is an Archbishop of two nations. It is said that when nuns went from here under his direction to teach in the Catholic schools of Bermuda they at first wanted to train the children to sing American patriotic songs, and found it hard work to accustom themselves to the idea of teaching English national songs instead. But of course this had to be done. The circumstance that in this one diocese the patriotic anthems of two great and wholly distinct countries are sung by the children under tuition, upon ground belonging to each of those nations, shows in a vivid way the universality of the Catholic Church, its impartiality in matters temporal, and loyalty to the flag of every land or nation that it works in."

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

When the Pope Was a Boy.

It was springtime in Italy, eighty years ago. The Southern sun beamed radiantly from a sky whose charming blue was broken by never a cloud, its golden rays played brightly on the rolling waves of the Mediterranean, and shrouded in a luminous haze the jagged summits of the Apennines.

A light and elegant carriage, drawn by a span of beautiful horses, rolled swiftly along the route from Anagni to Carpineto. Encoined in the carriage alongside of his tutor was a boy seven years of age, Vincent Joachim Pecci, whose ardent glances drank in the whole magnificent landscape. The little fellow looked fragile and almost too tall for his years. Graceful brown curls fell upon his neck and played about a face that was interesting though not especially handsome. From the marked pallor of his countenance it was easy to guess that he had just recovered from a severe illness, that must have confined him to his room for many weeks.

"How beautiful it all is!" exclaimed the boy, clasping his hands together; and he inhaled long draughts of the perfumed morning air. "How wise and good of the great God to make everything so splendid and so charming—mountains and valleys, forests and rivers, and the blue sky above us!"

It was indeed a delicious garden spot of earth through which the carriage bore them, and the grand panorama unrolling before the ravished eyes of Joachim was well calculated to affect his delicate and sensitive nature.

The tutor smilingly observed his young companion, whose enthusiasm had brought a tinge of color to his cheek, and said to him: "My dear Joachim, we should recognize the Creator in His works. This all-powerful God, who is goodness itself, has spread open before us the great book of nature, in order that by reading it we may learn to love and admire the Author of so many marvels. This little blade of grass that springs up in the meadow and the almost invisible flower that blooms by the wayside reveal to us the infinite Being as truly as does the mighty roaring of the thunder or the furious clamor of the ocean. We should feast our eyes upon the beauties of nature merely to let them afterward impress our souls. Indeed, those who know how to appreciate the beauty of this vast universe, masterpiece of God's handiwork, have, as a general rule, good and tender hearts. Only such souls as are cloyed and dulled by sin and vice can gaze on nature's beauty with careless, inattentive eyes."

Suddenly the harmonious tranquillity of the morning was broken by a discordant note—a cry as of one in pain. The travellers looked out, and saw, just a few rods ahead, a poor child in rags lying on the roadside, exposed to the fierce rays of the sun. He was sobbing bitterly; and as the carriage approached, he endeavored to rise and walk on, but sank back again upon the ground, for his right ankle was all swollen.

The carriage stopped; and the young traveller, jumping out, asked the little sufferer what the matter was. The boy, a poor young goat-herd, replied: "About ten minutes ago, a milk-cart came down the hill here at full speed. I hurried to get out of the way; but before I got across the road I was thrown down, and one of the wheels went over my ankle. Without stopping to help me or paying any attention to my cries, the milkman drove on. And, oh, how my ankle hurts!"

Another spell of sobbing followed this explanation. Joachim immediately pushed his way through the hedge that bordered the road, and, hurrying down a sloping bank, dipped his cap in a brook, bringing back to the little goatherd enough water to quench his thirst; then taking his white linen handkerchief, he bound it around the inflamed ankle. The little foot, brown as a berry, peeped out of this unusual wrapper like a weather-beaten stump out of a field of snow.

"Where do you live?" asked Joachim. The lad mentioned a village several miles away in the mountains.

"Well, you can't go home now. You'll have to come with us to Carpineto. Your ankle will be attended to there."

The goatherd smiled his thanks; and, assisted by his young benefactor, rose to his feet and hobbled toward the carriage.

"What are you about, Joachim?" asked the tutor, in surprise.

"What am I about? Why, doing what every Christian ought to do—assisting the unfortunate."

"And are you going to bring him home? What will your papa and mamma say?"

"They will say that I did well. Can we leave this poor little sufferer here all alone? Wouldn't anybody else do as I am doing?"

So saying, he helped the lad into the carriage; and, getting in himself, arranged one of the cushions under the swollen ankle. The tutor gave his pupil an encouraging tap on the cheek, and the horses set off with redoubled speed to Carpineto.

Joachim's mother at first opened her eyes pretty wide at sight of the unexpected guest, whose exterior was not very attractive, but as soon as she heard the sad story she at once sent for the family physician, who in a short time was able to relieve the suffering lad.

Joachim was jubilant, and in his large beautiful eyes there twinkled

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Is it worth while? What's the use? Will it pay? These are the questions, says the Cleveland Universe, which the average young man commonly asks himself when some one proposes an ideal to be acted up to, higher than the sordid, materialistic motives that actuate society at large.

There seems to be an impression almost universal, that desirable ends, and aims entirely praiseworthy in themselves, when separated from the unworthy means too often employed to attain them, can only be encompassed by the rejection of the finer and nobler inspirations which contemplate an ideal line of conduct and effort. We are too familiar with the ordinary purposes which underlie a large part even of that benevolence and philanthropy most lauded in the public prints. Ambition for popular applause and the gratification of personal vanity, most frequently prompt those whose ostentatious humanitarianism attracts the highest meed of newspaper praise. This fact becomes so potent for the methods usually pursued and the conditions under which the thing is done that even the least discerning mind cannot be deceived about it. Unfortunately such courting of publicity on the part of people who assume the pose of public benefactors, has made the world cynical regarding the inspiration of good deeds in general.

Nevertheless every action that springs from pure unselfishness, or from that higher form of selfishness which is not sordid and self-seeking, possesses a merit and an intrinsic worth that raises it infinitely above the low plane of expediency, and makes it worthy for excellence. But, some one will say, "What is the advantage of that? Is it worth while? The multitude will never know the high source whence the good deed flows, if indeed, the few who are nearest, recognize it." And in turn we ask "what of that?" If the reward for which we are working is the praise of our neighbors or their envy, it is useless to discuss the matter. No Catholic young man who has the remotest conception of the true spirit of the faith which he professes, or the slightest appreciation of the real meaning of its teachings, is capable of rejecting the ideal, and estimating life and life-work from the base standard which such a motive bespeaks. Every impulse which moves us, and every single act which we perform should be the result of the operations of God's grace within us. Otherwise, the belief which we hold and the rule of life which we follow are unreal and worthless. They are not the saving faith of Christian truth and the submissive obedience to its behests. Unless our Catholic young men build upon this true, and indestructible foundation they labor in vain. Of course it may seem to less thoughtful minds that this is stating the case in pretty strong language, for application to the minor and unspiritual concerns of existence, but we assure them it is not any stronger than the case requires. There is no concern of any human life that can be justly termed minor or unspiritual. Every thought and word and every deed that springs from our intelligence has a direct and direct bearing in some way on our highest spiritual welfare.

It is obvious therefore that in every life this one, great ideal should be the animating cause of all. And a Catholic young man, or any other, can hope to accomplish anything of genuine and enduring value to himself or others unless he proceed from the starting-point indicated. Hence it is eminently worth while to do the best we are capable of in every emergency, in the smaller and lesser duties as well as in the greater. It pays to make the most of ourselves. It pays in the best of all possible ways. And we are only competent to do this when we build upon a ground-work deeply and firmly laid in sound principle and right-thinking and in right-knowing, comprehension of what we are and why we are here. It is quite plain, if we get this point of view, to understand why success in whatever direction we choose to turn, depends, for the Christian, on a conscious conformity of purposes and achievements with what we know to be the great plan of human destiny.

Regarding from the standpoint the labors and hopes of youth in their purely material relations to the future we cannot escape the conviction that prosperity depends more upon loyalty to right-doing than to any of the accidental causes which a superficial study of the subject sometimes leads one to fancy are the most potent agencies of success. It is quite true that persons whose private character is not above reproach are not scarce in the ranks of the socially exalted and opulent, but their presence there is not usually due to the fact of their moral unworthiness, despite the shallow asseverations of disappointed and disgruntled critics. These people are examples of accident-

al elevation in the purely materialistic order. They are not models for the emulation of intelligent, high-minded youth. The possession of wealth is not the sum of all earthly good as the spirit of our creedless age and country would fain make us believe. This is a thing that our Catholic youth must get firmly fixed in their minds if they aspire to a triumph worthy the name.

Not that riches are to be despised by any means. It is a laudable ambition to aspire to that which can be used in so many diverse ways for advancing and promoting good. But money should be valued not for itself, but as an instrument, and very often, an indispensable one, the slave not the master of the soul as not seldom is the case in this subsidious character. It is a thing of tremendous power and utility, the procuring of which is commendable and a feature of every right-ordered scheme of human activity.

It pays, then, and it is worth while to do everything from the worthiest motive and with the best abilities at our command. Nothing in this world is so good that it cannot be better and the best is the ideal after which we should strive. One's ambition should be to excel in the business which he follows whether one be an artisan or an artist, a clerk or a professional man. And to excel means to work from an exalted sense of conscience and with a determination to give the best satisfaction within the compass of one's talent or industry. Similarly in the other relations of life. It is obligatory upon us to do our utmost to meet the duties of our particular station in life with the highest attainable degree of perfection—to be a truly dutiful son, a kind brother, a loyal husband or an affectionate father as the case may be; then again to prove a faithful employe, or a considerate and just master in whichever position we may happen to find ourselves. It is not enough to be on a level with the average; we must be above it, if we pretend to employ the will and reason with which God has endowed us, as their Author demands they shall be used. Perhaps to some this sounds like sermonizing or abstract generalizing, but those who are capable of using their intelligence, will have no trouble in apprehending how essentially important is the serious consideration of the matter to the question of success in its real significance.

The Church Under the Caesars.

The following summary of some interesting points in the early history of the Church in the Roman Empire was given by Rev. Dr. Shaban, of the Catholic University of America, in a sermon on "Church and State in the First Two Centuries."

The State objected to any worship, save its own recognized gods or cults by the nobles and magistrates. The mob of uncertain origin, the riff raff of the Orient, might adore them or not as they saw fit, but Romans of standing were not expected to take up any of the new Oriental worship. The private meetings of the Christians and their general withdrawal from heathen society were a grave cause of offence, for voluntary associations had always been the horror of the imperial authorities because of their political suspiciousness. Then, as time wore on, the seditions caused by the senseless popular hate of the unfortunate harmless Christians, were a source of anxiety to the emperors whose sympathies, as a rule, were on such occasions with the city mobs, otherwise most detested by them. The slanders of the Jews, who hated the Christians for breaking the compact of Jewish nationality and for the abandonment of a temporal Messiah, worked evil to the Christians in high places. The growing strength of the Christian episcopate, its remarkable unity and prestige, the vast network of charities, the strange cosmopolitan sympathies of the Christians, the mysterious and unexplained source of anxiety to the emperors and their councillors. Above all, the inflexible obstinacy of the Christian seemed to the Roman authorities the worst of social crimes, the denial of the right of the State to absolute unquestioning obedience and devotion on the part of every citizen.

The personal conduct of the emperors toward Christianity is one of the most interesting chapters of the great struggle. The so-called good emperors like Marcus Aurelius, were often the worst enemies, for they saw in it the destroyer of the national gods, who were for them, the prop of the state. The bad emperors, like Commodus and Caracalla, were tolerant, and even kindly disposed. A certain affinity between the head of a world-state and a world-wide religion attracted the Emperors Tiberius, Hadrian, Alexander Severus, personal admirers of Jesus Christ. The Emperor Philipp, son of an Arab Sheikh of the Hauran, is said to have been a Christian. If Decius tried to root out the religion, Gallienus was friendly. The Imperial women throughout the third century, from Julia Mamaea and Otacilia Severa to the wife and daughter of Diocletian, were even more drawn to the Christian religion. The choicer spirits could not but be attracted by the sublimity of so holy a sacrifice. Only the truth, it seemed, could inspire such confidence and so renew a society eternally decimated. Alternately blandishment and rage express the conduct of the astonished Imperial authorities until the day came when they yielded to the magnificent fascinations of a religion that had proved its right to universality by the same means as the Roman faith—endurance, sacrifice and faith—only of an infinitely higher kind.—The Christian Evangelist.

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English Mission. Coningsby, the English correspondent of the Paris Monitor, in speaking of the almost primitive character of Catholic worship in England, says: "It is not unusual to find a mission going on in some public hall, hired for the occasion. I remember to have been present at a very remarkable mission, preached by the Rev. Sydney Smith, in one of the most Protestant suburbs of London. The Farm Street Fathers had hired a large hall, used during the week as a drawing school. The audience was usually a large one, mostly Protestants, including several dissenting ministers attracted by the fame of the celebrated Jesuit. Most of those present took notes and formulated their objections in writing, afterwards handing them in to Father Smith. The result of this mission was magnificent; several ministers were converted, and, soon after, the number of Catholics in Lewisham had increased so that they were able to organize a permanent parish. "Lately an attempt, no less successful, was made in the docks. One of the priests of St. Michael's Mission, Commercial Road, the Rev. Father Amigo, weary of preaching to empty benches, conceived the idea of going down into the streets. Why leave to dissenters and Salvationists the work of converting the pagans that crowd the streets of this vast city? To prevent pale and delicate children from lapsing into chronic invalids later in life, they should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla together with plenty of wholesome food and outdoor exercise. What they need to build up the system is good red blood. "Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced. Your cough, like a dog's bark, is a sign that there is something foreign around which shouldn't be there. You can quiet the noise, but the danger may be there just the same. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is not a cough specific; it does not merely allay the symptoms but it does give such strength to the body that it is able to throw off the disease. You know the old proverb of "the ounce of prevention?" Don't neglect your cough. Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. Put up in gold and blue boxes.

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