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"This state of things continued for about a week, at the end of which time he called Geoffrey into his painting-room. There, on an easel, was the result of his labors, a marvellous design, which Geoffrey found little difficulty in recognizing as a reproduction of the vision of Uriel. There was the gigantic form, illuminated with a wondrous light—there were the Light and the Fire of God blazing around it and above it, and in the midst a face, calm, majestic and of superhuman strength, with golden hair that streamed out behind into the darkness,

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URIEL; Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA," ETC.

CHAPTER XII. THE SEVENTH CARTOON.

The visit to Madame de St. Briere and her daughter was accomplished with all propriety; and, when it was over, Julian, as he had said, lost no time in returning to his brushes. He shut himself up in his own room, and painted vigorously from morning till night; appeared at meals with lack-lustre eyes and hair standing on end (an evidence, as Gertrude suggested, that he had sought inspiration by pulling it), then disappeared again, and continued to paint, taking no exercise, not appearing to care about his food, and never so much as looking at a newspaper.

This state of things continued for about a week, at the end of which time he called Geoffrey into his painting-room. There, on an easel, was the result of his labors, a marvellous design, which Geoffrey found little difficulty in recognizing as a reproduction of the vision of Uriel. There was the gigantic form, illuminated with a wondrous light—there were the Light and the Fire of God blazing around it and above it, and in the midst a face, calm, majestic and of superhuman strength, with golden hair that streamed out behind into the darkness,

and forming its only aureola. An exclamation of wonder and delight broke from Geoffrey's lips. He was not much of a judge of art, but there was a life and power in the sketch before him which sent a thrill through his whole system.

"My word, Julian," he exclaimed, "but you've done it at last: let Mary see it." Mary was called, and at the first glance could only cry out, "St. Uriel! O, Geoffrey, how beautiful! There is the light and the fire and the strength—you see it has come at last," she continued, turning to Julian; but when she looked at him there was an expression on his countenance that almost terrified her; it was as though the mortal powers had been brought face to face with an Immortal.

He saw her look of questioning and anxiety, and attempted to laugh. "I have been trying to paint with the sunbeams, as you told me," he said, "and you see the blaze has bewildered my faculties. But you think it will do?" "Do?" said Mary. "I wish I could tell you what I think about it. The odd thing is, that though it startled me with its supernatural look, there is something about it which seems familiar, as though I had seen that face in a dream."

Geoffrey had felt the same kind of half-recognition, but the explanation seemed to him easy enough. Julian had been painting out of the image in his heart, and had conveyed to his canvas a reflection of Aurelia's features. It was not precisely a portrait, and yet in look and expression the artist had most delicately thrown something of that majestic calm which stamped Aurelia's beauty with its unearthly character. But Geoffrey did not feel at that moment disposed to suggest this explanation to his sister; though possibly it connected itself in some way or other with a heavy sigh which she heard just then beside her.

The other members of the family were now summoned, and united in congratulating Mr. Wyvern on his success; but Mary could not be satisfied till Aurelia and Father Segrave had been summoned to examine the completion of the cartoon in which they had both taken so special an interest. So a note was despatched to the castle begging for their appearance without delay, and an hour later Aurelia descended from her carriage. She found Mary lying in wait for her in the hall, ready to carry her on to the waiting-room, in company with the chaplain.

They entered the apartment, and the easel supporting the picture stood exposed before their eyes. Aurelia looked at it for one moment; but what was the surprise, to those who stood around when she gave a cry of anguish, and covered her face with her hands as though she could not, dared not, look again.

Mary stood as one stupefied. "Dear Aurelia," she said, passing her arm around her friend, "what is it—what is amiss?" Aurelia lifted her head and pointed to the cartoon. "It is himself," she said; "it is Uriel." Then turning to Julian: "Where have you seen him to paint him thus?"

"I have, indeed, painted only what I have seen," said Julian. "Then you have seen my lost brother," said Aurelia. "Is it possible that he can yet be living?" "God's ways are wonderful," said Geoffrey, gravely, leading her to a chair. "Sit down, Aurelia, and hear what Julian has to say, for you must tell it to her, as you did to me. Perhaps there is something in it."

Julian told his tale, and Aurelia listened with her eyes fixed on the picture in which the young man had depicted the form and features of his mysterious deliverer. "If he whom you saw resembled that picture," she said, "he must have been the living counterpart of my poor brother. Nay, who can say: may it not have been Aurelia?"

"But dear herself," said Mary, "how could that be? You know, we all know, the sad end which shut out all hope?"

"Shut out all hope, do you say?" said Aurelia; "I have never given up hope, never. When I have prayed for him as dead, something in my heart has always told me that he might be living still."

"And you, Mr. Wyvern, how do you explain this strange affair?" said the chaplain, who seemed desirous of discouraging Aurelia from indulging in so hopeless a delusion. "You have heard what Miss Pendragon says, and I confess the likeness is startling, though surely nothing more than accidental."

Julian shook his head. "I will say it here," he replied, "though I would not care to say it to the world outside; I do not believe the form I saw was that of mortal man. I believe it was an angel—his angel, perhaps—that took his form, or it may be his patron, St. Uriel."

There was a pause, which Geoffrey was the first to break. "I am no judge of these things," he said, "visions and pictures, and so forth; but it seems to me there is an easy way of coming at the truth. The crew of the 'Speranza' ought to know whom they had with them that night."

"No," said Julian, "there is nothing to be learned from them. I went to Penmore and saw them all, with the exception of one fellow, a French fisherman, whose boat was in the bay at the time, having been driven in for shelter in the storm, and who had volunteered to join them. He left next day, so I did not see him—but that," he continued, indicating the picture by a nod of the head, "that was no St. Malo fisherman."

"You think so," said Father Adrian, "because your feelings just then were highly wrought, and you saw everything through their medium. But the only probable solution of this mystery seems to me to lie in the supposition that you saw in your deliverer, and have again reproduced on your canvas, the reflection of your own meditations, which have not unnaturally been mingled of late with recollections of these old portraits of the Pendragons, where the family likeness is so singularly perpetuated. Ah, yes, I see, you think it a cold-blooded sort of explanation, but I have learned to know what strange tricks our imaginations will play us."

"I quarrel with no one for being incredulous of my word," said Julian; "for I have found it hard to trust my own impressions. I attempt no explanation, only this is certain: what I saw I have painted."

Aurelia looked at him with streaming eyes. "Oh, that I had seen it too," she said; "those Seven Spirits! how often I have longed to see them in their beauty! And why may we not believe that it was one of them? an angel, surely—his angel, perhaps, who took his form, to tell us that he still keeps guard over his client!"

It was seldom that Aurelia spoke thus, and Mary, who saw that her friend had been powerfully moved, proposed to accompany her back to the castle, hoping that her feelings, pent up in the presence of others, might find relief when they were alone with one another.

So they departed together; but for some reason Father Segrave did not accompany them. He saw them off, and then returned to the room where Geoffrey and Julian still remained.

"I hope I am not intruding on your time too long," he said; "but I want to hear more of that French fisherman."

"Oh, I can tell you nothing about him," replied Julian; "the Penmore fellow said he was from St. Malo, and I did not give it another thought. What is in your mind? You do not really think there is any ground for Miss Pendragon's fancy about her brother being still alive?"

"I don't know what to think," said Father Segrave. "It is, as you say, a mere fancy, and a most improbable one. But, poor child, her heart has always yearned over that unfortunate brother, whose guilt she never believed, and whose reputation, I believe, she would die to clear before the world."

"Did you yourself believe him guilty?" said Julian. "I have never been able to get Geoffrey here to give an opinion beyond this, that there was much to be said on both sides."

"I suppose I am scarcely an impartial judge," said Father Segrave, "for I knew and loved the lad from a youth, and never knew him to do a dishonorable thing; though I sometimes thought that in this, perhaps, there was less the fear of God than the scorn of disgracing the name of Pendragon. If so, he has paid a sad penalty for his pride, for through him the family has been dishonored before the whole world. The case was briefly this: he had joined his regiment about a year, when the news came of a strange business which had taken place in the barracks where he was stationed. One of the officers, a Captain Redmond, was found in his room, as it seemed mortally wounded by a pistol shot. The account he gave was not very intelligible, but he swore to some one having entered his room at night for the purpose of robbery. Awakening suddenly, he had seen in the dim light a figure of unusual height, and springing from his bed to grapple with the intruder, was shot down, and found lying senseless. When the place was examined it was discovered that the robber, whoever he might have been, had made off with a considerable sum of money, some in cash and some in notes. Every room in the barracks was searched, and some of the notes were found in Uriel's desk, though he solemnly declared they must have been put there without his knowledge. I think this was the main evidence against him, and the circumstance of

the robber being sworn to as of gigantic size, for Uriel was considerably above the ordinary height. Had Redmond died the poor fellow's life would have been forfeited; as it was, his youth was put forth as a plea for mercy, and he escaped with five years of penal servitude, which, to one of his nature, must have been a living death. I will honestly confess the evidence against him never seemed to me sufficient. It was entirely circumstantial, and many important links were missing. The notes might, as he averred, have been placed in his desk by the real criminal; and Redmond made no attempt to identify the person of his assailant. He spoke of his great height, and among the privates of the regiment there was one, equally tall with Uriel, who was known to bear a grudge against him. Then again it was suggested that secret debts must have been the motive of the crime; but after Uriel had been sent to Portland inquiries were set on foot with the view of liquidating any claims against him, but none were brought forward; so that there is nothing to account for a youth in his position having been led to such a crime."

"And what view did his father take of the business?" said Julian—"because with such a poor show of evidence one would expect some effort would have been made."

"I fear," replied the chaplain, "that the sense of crushing disgrace predominated over every other feeling with Sir Michael: it all turned his brain. I well remember the day when he knew that all was over; and, calling for holy relics, he held them in his hand, and swore, so long as this cloud rested on his house never again to touch aught but Lenten food, never to pass the boundary of his own enclosure, and never to give consent to his daughter's marriage, that he might not carry into any other family the stain of their terrible dishonor."

"How monstrous!" said Julian, starting to his feet; "he might have sworn what he liked for himself, but what right had he to dispose of his daughter's freedom?"

"None in the least," said Father Segrave; "nor do I consider that her freedom is in any way so bound. But if you knew the Pendragons better, you would understand the old man's extravagance, overstrained as it is."

"I never heard that part of it before," growled Geoffrey; "very like Jephtha's daughter, I should say. And how did Aurelia take it?"

"Well, you know her," said Father Segrave; "she would never oppose her father's will; and, to say the truth, I don't think she concerns herself much on the subject. Marmaduke Pendragon once tried to bring about an alliance with his eldest son, but she if her father's consent could have been obtained. The conclusion to which his stern resolve has for years condemned her has separated her from the ordinary thoughts and aspirations of girls of her age, who mix with the world. She lives apart, in a world, and with aspirations of her own."

Julian remained silent, as one in deep thought, "So long as the cloud rests on his house, you say: if those are the terms of his oath it would imply that these preposterous restrictions would to an end if the cloud were removed?"

"Of course," replied the chaplain. "Then there is only one thing that can do that," continued Julian, "to find Uriel, if, indeed, he be living, and clear him in the eyes of the world. Now, honestly, do you think there is a shadow of possibility that he still survives?"

"You may judge for yourself," said the chaplain. "We know positively that on the voyage to America he fell over the side of the vessel, towards evening, when it was growing dark. They threw over life-buoys, and lowered a boat, but the darkness came on, and they could do no more; and nothing further was seen or heard of him from that hour. I own I do not see what reasonable ground there can be for indulging a hope in such a case."

"Well," said Julian, "there is no more to be said: only mark this, if he is yet alive, we will find him."

The chaplain looked at him, half-pleased and half-perplexed. "Ah, well, Mr. Wyvern," he said, "you are of the age of ardent hopes and generous enterprises. May God give you success in what you undertake, and may the holy angels lend their aid!" "Amen," said Julian, gravely. "Believe me, it is not for nothing that their old sanctuary is being restored. Two months ago, I believe, my notions about the angels did not greatly differ from those avowed by Paxton; but my work for Merylin chapel has taught me many things; and when I stood on the wreck the other night, it was from the bottom of my heart that I invoked their aid."

"And your prayer was heard," said the chaplain; "whoever your deliverer was, the fact remains that you were delivered, and to God and His holy angels be the praise!"

CHAPTER XIII. AN EXHIBITION.

As the excitement caused by the first appearance of Julian's cartoon began to subside most parties satisfied themselves that there was nothing in it but "a singular coincidence"; and if any among them still clung to the belief that there was a deeper significance in the incident, either natural or supernatural, they were prudent enough to say nothing more on the subject. Julian himself did not recur to it, but a certain change was apparent in him which did not escape the notice of his friend. There was a gravity and thoughtfulness in his demeanor which

to Geoffrey's thinking had its explanation in the facts which had lately come to their knowledge as to the singular position in which Aurelia was placed by her father's vow.

"I see it all," said Geoffrey to himself, "he feels that as things are it is useless for him to aspire to her hand; ah, well, it makes no odds to me. It is not more impossible for me to think of her now than it has ever been. But I am sorry for Julian."

Then it occurred to him to ask himself how it might be with Aurelia herself? If, as he had every reason for thinking, she had allowed Julian to gain an interest in her heart, the only way of removing the bar to her happiness was the vindication of Uriel's memory. "If he is dead, he is dead," thought Geoffrey, "and all the wishing in the world will not bring him to life again. But, if he were innocent, his innocence might yet be proved, and then—"

What then, good Geoffrey? What thought it which expands his breast and illuminates his eye, as though a noble purpose was rising in his heart, a purpose high enough and hard enough to make his life heroic? for no truer word was ever spoken than that which proclaimed that in every man living in this world who is ready, "not to sell his life, but to give it, there exists the potentiality of a hero." It was the conviction, perhaps, that something more was being offered to his acceptance at that moment than the conscientious discharge of common duties. Not a bad thing either, and by no means too common; yet admitting of something higher, perhaps even leading to the way thereto, as we ascend by gentle slopes, until a height is reached whence through scarped rocks and eternal snows we push our way to the summit.

"So the cartoons are all finished," said Gertrude, as that evening they all gathered round the family hearth. "and we shall lose the delightful interest of hearing day by day that Sealthiel has got a new wing, or that an additional emblem has been found for Jehudiel."

"Yes," replied Julian, "absolutely finished; and, as a rigid, and to me sorrowful, consequence, the artist has no resource but to pack his portmanteau and be off."

"But not till his work has been exhibited and approved," said Gertrude; "we have seen them only one by one; now, to judge them properly you should show them to us altogether, and in their proper order. You can't judge of a thing piece-meal."

"That is a good idea," said Julian, "for they are only parts of a whole, and ought to have a sort of harmony connecting them. They shall be set up to-morrow, and if the judges will honor my painting-room—"

"Oh, no, that will never do," said Gertrude. "If I am to be one of the judges (as I hope you intend), I shall vote for a better exhibition-room than that. Seven angels crowded together in a space of 8 feet by 10, it would be giving them no chance. You should have them in a great gallery, and not too close together."

"As usual, Gertrude," said her brother, "your notions are fitter for Swimburne than for Laventor. You must not look for galleries in an old manor-house."

"Well, but why not have them at Merylin, where they will have to go sooner or later?" said Gertrude; "in the great gallery there we could all see them, and criticise at our ease." Gertrude's proposal was agreed to be an inspiration, and Julian declared he would apply the very next morning for Miss Pendragon's consent. It was willingly granted, and the cartoons, carefully mounted, were as carefully conveyed to the castle and fixed at equal distances in the gallery, awaiting the inspection of the judges.

No one was more pleased with this arrangement than Mlle. de St. Briere, as it promised, for one morning, at least, to add an enlivening element to the society of the castle, which, to confess the truth, she found more sad and solemn than was to her taste. She petitioned hard to be nominated assistant to Mr. Wyvern in his important business of hanging his pictures. She invaded Sir Michael in his solitary chamber, and tried to induce him to attend the trial; in short, she who had not been a fortnight in the house succeeded in upsetting its ordinary routine, and carrying out her own plans and arrangements after a fashion that none of the oldest inhabitants of Merylin would have dared to dream of. But on one point "Monsieur Jules" showed himself inflexible—neither she nor any other of the judges should enter the gallery, until all the cartoons were in their places, and the exhibition was declared open. Imogen was forced to submit, assuring Julian, however, that he was the very first person who had ever contradicted her, and that he should certainly be the last.

"Half a span of angry steel!" will produce no more fatal results than a neglected cold or cough. For all throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy. It is invaluable in cases of croup, whooping cough, bronchitis and la grippe.

TOTALLY DEAF.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE KING'S RANSOM.

A True Story of the Sacrifice Made by a Faithful Heart.

Jubilantly chimed out the bells that morning, and the joyful notes were re-echoed in each listening heart, for the long penitential season was over and Easter, with her gladness, her beauty, her promise, had come. Like the all-embracing smile of God, was poured the mellow sunlight over the chill old English town, making a golden frame for the ever-varying scenes its narrow streets presented; while the shrill chirp of the robin and twitter of the sparrow—why dwelling there having light wings to carry them to open fields and leafy solitudes no man knoweth—were Nature's expressions of her great heart rapture. Beyond the city where she dwelt, her thousand choirs sent forth long drawn out notes of gladness, her stately hills bedecked themselves in verdant mantles, crocus brodered, and her vales smiled through violets' eyes joy at their awakening. To the dwellers in the city her rapture is but waking echoes of music heard in dreams; but Easter's voice is still the same. Here it speaks by thrill of bird and flowers blooming; there by silvery notes sent out from lofty steeples.

From almost every point within sound of the alleluia falling from its many pillared belfrey came flocks of worshippers to old St. Mary's shrine there to offer fealty to their Risen King: Fashion, Wealth, and Power, side by side with Misery, Pain and Woe, passed by the marble steps and through the fretted doorway, nor said the lordling to the slave: "Stand thou aside!" for in His court all men are equals. The light from the hundred tapers was for all; the rich perfume of flowers, mingling with the pungent odor of swinging censers, was for all; and for all were the songs borne downward on the organ's pealing.

Where the humblest of those prayed, far back under the gallery's rounded floor, knelt a woman whose garb and mien proclaimed her lowly station, but whose reverent attitude and faith-enlightened eyes told of a soul made rich in the spiritual blessings trials bring.

Ten years had passed since she, then a slip of a peasant girl, whose laughing voice was as sweet as the whistle of a blackbird, whose blue eyes were as clear as the sky over hanging her, had left her father's cot on an Irish hillside, within sound of the sea's continual calling, to face the over-crowded English city in search of a fortune to lift her loved ones from the poverty into which they had fallen. They had been long years of terrible repression and endless toil. She had found the road from the start harsh and painful to feet accustomed to springy, dew-soaked mountain grass, the work strange to fingers used to mending fishing-nets or gathering in the dripping sea-weed. She had eaten of the bread of the stranger and had found it more bitter than Dead Sea fruit. She had sunk her plummet into the world's heart to quickly find a bottom of cruel, exacting selfishness. She had trusted friendship and had been betrayed; she had given her love and it had been slighted. In the unsuspecting innocence of her heart she had confided in humanity only to learn in bitterness and soreness of spirit that if there is no light it cannot see, there is, alas! no depth so vile to which it cannot descend.

The world had taught her its lesson well and the knowledge thereby gleaned had shown her that the unquestioning faith of Ireland's children ever deserted her—the fertility and delusion of all hopes centered on the fleeting things of earth.

But now the years of toil were over and she was going home. The next sun to rise for her would be across the purple-tinted hills of Ireland; the next words to greet her hungry ears would be the *caed mille faithe* of her people. The price of her freedom lay in yellow gold in her pocket. True, she had given in exchange her youth and health. True, the ring had gone from the voice, the light from the eyes, and the simplicity and trust she had brought with her lay buried in the cold English town. But even this remembrance could not dampen her joy as over her mind surged the thought of that home-going. She would feel again the moist grass beneath her feet, hear the melody poured from the wild thrush's throat, and look on the ocean's "gray and melancholy waste." How the fisher girl's heart had longed for the sea! How often had she waked in the hush of the early morn with its calling in her ears! Now she could answer its summons. She was at last going back to it and to her people.

It is no wonder that as she knelt on the cold tiling that Easter morning, the great joy in her heart, reproducing itself on the pale, thin face, that still retained signs of its former comeliness, made more than one of her companions look at her in surprised scrutiny. She tried to banish all distracting thoughts, but when her eyes would rest on the distant altar, an exquisite poem wrought out in marble by some artist centuries ago, a picture of the simple wooden shrine before which her childish lips had whispered their earliest prayer would come before her mind and instead of the great mingling of wealth and poverty, she would see the scattered groups of fisher-folk with reverently bowed heads as over them the aged priest pronounced the words of benediction.

With the sudden recalling from a musing mood by the remembrance of where she was, she slightly turned her head; and in doing so her eyes fell on the face of a man near her whose expression, as baffling as it was fascinating, held her captive. His gaze was fixed on the officiating priest with an intensity that was startling. She

"I can g she walled. "How m She nam pocket, but again walk "Wait!" more," and savings of look at th at the whit ing woman "This is "Yes!" "You ha amass it?" "For ter Host? W another, as day is over "I can me this O He look and then handed her "You f gold and mocking lo Possesse woman fell and adora traced her rectory. "But w he asked o "I will she said, and faithfully yore in t But think, by that lo reward? passing a dwelling p years wor to grow, listened to by her sid her child eyes resti of beach, less, foam Beatrice bian.

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quailed before it. With an effort she removed her eyes, and, crossing herself devoutly, recommenced her rosary.

THE KING'S RANSOM.

A True Story of the Sacrifice Made by a Faithful Heart.

Jubilantly chimed out the bells that morning, and the joyful notes were echoed in each listening heart, for long penitential season was over and Easter, with her gladness, her beauty, her promise, had come.

From almost every point within sound of the alleluias falling from its many pillared belfry came flocks of worshippers to St. Mary's shrine there to offer loyalty to their Risen King: Fashion, Wealth, and Power, side by side with Misery, Pain and Woe, passed up the marble steps and through the fretted doorway, nor said the lordling to the slave: "Stand thou aside!"

Where the humblest of these prayed, far back under the gallery's rayed floor, knelt a woman whose garb and mien proclaimed her lowly station, but whose reverent attitude and faith-enlightened eyes told of a soul made rich in the spiritual blessings of the Risen King.

"I saw you," she cried, between gasps of breath, "stealing the Sacred Host!" "Did you?" she sneered. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"You must give it to me!" she snatched, looking at the poorly clad figure. "I can give more than you think," she smiled. "How much?"

"Not for the world," she sobbed. "I have more," she said, and she held out to him the savings of the ten long years. He looked at the pile of yellow gold, then at the white, wrinkled face of the pleading woman.

"You fool!" he said, taking her gold and turning on his heel with a mocking laugh. "Not for the world," she sobbed. "I have more," she said, and she held out to him the savings of the ten long years.

Spring is full of terrors to all whose constitution is not able to resist the sudden changes of temperature and other insubstantialities of the season.

James Whitecomb Riley to Crouch.

That is an exquisite bit of verse James Whitecomb Riley has addressed to the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen." Here it is:

Kathleen Mavourneen, the song is still ringing, As fresh and as clear as the trill of the bird, In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing.

In paths too sweet for the tenderest word. Oh, have we forgotten the one who first breathed it? And have we forgotten his rapturous cry? Our need to the master whose genius bequeathed it?

Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart? Kathleen Mavourneen, thy lover still lingers, The long night is waning—the stars pale and low.

Thy sad serenade, with tremulous fingers, Is bound with his tears as the lily with dew. The old harpstrings quaver, the old voice is sighing, In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning, The old vision dims and the old heart is breaking— Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again!

"AVE MARIS STELLA."

Newfoundland Fishermen go Down in the Sea Singing the Hymn They Learned in Childhood.

A writer in Macmillan's Magazine gives an interesting description of picturesque St. Malo. He says: It is autumn, and already the Newfoundland fishing boats are coming back, one by one.

Had the dread abode of the eternally lost opened under her feet the loyal Catholic heart of the woman could not have been more appalled. All the evil she had ever seen or heard of seemed snaped suddenly into that one act.

Outside the sun shines broadly golden and the trees wave in the wind; one hears the thud of falling apples, and the ground beneath is variously yellow or green or red with them.

Describing a beautiful religious custom of the place the writer says: Slowly the procession moves on till it reaches an altar built up against the ramparts of St. Malo, a mass of rocks, a boat dashing up against them, the feet draped with long grass-like seaweed, and on the rock the Virgin standing with hands outstretched, as if in greeting.

There was a schooner came home lately bringing with it some men from a goletto wrecked in a storm off the Newfoundland banks. They had been picked up half dead floating on spars; and they said that in the storm, them fix it shines on the rock the Virgin standing with hands outstretched, as if in greeting.

Regarding the Catholic layman in civil life, let it be said that no power on earth can turn him from what is right. Laymen should know well their religion, for only through intelligence can men become Christians.

Spring is full of terrors to all whose constitution is not able to resist the sudden changes of temperature and other insubstantialities of the season.

ST. JOHN'S ELOQUENCE.

The Sublimity of the Writings of the Inspired Evangelist.

The art nearest to nature, the art we learn first, is the art of speaking. Though all men are bound to cultivate it, few attain excellence, because few worship an art so commonplace, and art must be wooed and worshipped in order to be won.

St. John aims always to carry conviction, not merely to please and to charm. Besides, much that is called eloquence is intended to excite heated feelings, to produce some passing effect. The divine writer desires to rouse no heat, and the effect he aims to accomplish is lifelong.

Here we have to remark that eloquence does not consist in abundance of language, wealth of illustration, depth of learning. Eloquence, like all fine arts, acts on us by suggestion. Eloquent is the speaker whose touch is magnetic, swift, soft, captivating, clear, commanding—eloquent is he who says more by a look, a smile, a movement of the hand, than by periods involved and studied.

"The family is the divinely appointed school instituted by Providence for the express purpose of training up candidates for heaven. The school is the world, and the present life is the time of discipline; therefore, the interests of time are not to be overlooked.

What a different state of society there would be, what a different aspect the Church would present, if all parents did their duty! It is a sad thing that so many vicious young people of both sexes received their first inclination to evil in the home, which should have been to them a school of virtue.

Either by acquired habit or heredity those who are born to a vicious parentage face the generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.

As Old as Antiquity. To tell you that if you want to do your washing easily, in the "up to date" way, the Sunlight way, without rubbing your clothes all to pieces (and your hands too) you must use Sunlight Soap.

Cleanse clothes and most everything else with Sunlight Soap. For every 12 Wrappers sent to L. V. Scott & Co., Ltd., 33 Scott St., Toronto, a beautiful paper-bound book will be sent.

With the sudden recalling from a musing mood by the remembrance of where she was, she slightly turned her head; and in doing so her eyes fell on the face of a man near her whose expression, as beaming as it was fascinating, held her captive. His gaze was fixed on the officiating priest with an intensity that was startling. She

rounded with omens of ill owing to the corruption and dissoluteness of men, the fickleness and light-mindedness of women. The priest who ties the knot trembles like an aspen leaf and hides behind the doctrine that bride and groom themselves are ministers of the sacrament, and he but the solemn witness.

The glowing eloquence of this simple passage, the reverence of the Christian, whoever he be, that dishonors his Lord and Saviour, by lessening the least privilege of her who is at once our Comrade's best inspiration and our own. The Mother of God is our Mother: the sky above, her mantle; its clouds of white, the face our Lady chooses to wear; lakes are mirrors that remind us of her serene face and flowers, the poetry scattered by angel hands upon her pathway.

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The duty of instruction requires that the parent should not only send his children to the day school, the Sunday school and avail himself for their sake of such means of instruction as the pastor of the parish provides, but also that he should instruct them at home, and especially that he should take pains to provide them with suitable reading; and by suitable reading we mean not the fashionable novels—the pernicious literature of the day which they are only too certain to get unless better is furnished them—but good Catholic books and such non-Catholic ones as are unexceptionable.

Special pains should be taken to interest children and to furnish them with innocent amusements, so that they may not be tempted to seek those which are demoralizing or of a doubtful character.

Above all should unwearied efforts be made to keep children faithful to their religious duties. For this purpose religion should be presented to them not as a mere duty which in time becomes irksome, but as something beautiful, attractive and lovely—an immense privilege and blessing.

THE REUNION MOVEMENT. La Crise Religieuse en Angleterre has just been published; it is edited by Father Rugey, a Marist, who has been honored by a letter from His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan.

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London, Saturday, April 25, 1896.

REVERENCE TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

In a recent issue of a Moncton, N. B., paper there appears a report of a sermon preached by the Rev. W. B. Hinson of the Reformed Episcopal Church, on Good Friday morning, the subject being announced as "The Seven Utterances from the Cross."

These last utterances of our Blessed Lord are words full of charity for all mankind, implying the intense love which led Him to pray at that time of His agony, even for His persecutors. It would seem hard to distort such words to the extent to which Mr. Hinson has done in his sermon. But he belongs not to the Church of England, whose clergy are now-a-days at least usually disposed to charity; but to a Church which is founded on the principles of hate and misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine, and he fully keeps up the character under which his Church seceded from Anglicanism.

The secession of the Reformed Episcopal Church was based upon the hypothesis that Anglicanism does not erect sufficient barricades against Popery, and certainly Reformed Episcopalianism as it is represented by such men as Rev. W. B. Hinson, does carry out its purpose of keeping up special barriers in the shape of misrepresentations which the rest of the civilized world has relegated to the shades of Ilium.

But we would like to be informed if the original Church of Christ had for its foundation the same principle on which Reformed Episcopalianism is based, opposition to Popery. If this is really the case, and it is the only hypothesis on which Reformed Episcopalianism can claim to be the Church of God, Popery must be ancient indeed, not only more ancient than the Reformed Episcopalians would have us believe, but more so than we ourselves claim it to be, for we only claim that the primacy was given to St. Peter, the first Pope, when our Blessed Lord made him the rock whereon he built his Church, whereas this hypothesis would make Popery more ancient than the Christian Church itself.

This point is too farcical for serious argument. We scarcely think the most zealous Reformed Episcopalian would pretend that his Church is the one which Christ established on earth, or that Christ established His Church on the new-fangled notion of opposition to Popery, which is the foundation-stone of Reformed Episcopalianism. There can be no claim, therefore, that Reformed Episcopalianism is the pure and original Church of Christ, and we are not even aware that any polemist of that Church has claimed that it is so.

But let us consider Rev. Mr. Hinson's sermon apart from the character of the sect of which he is a minister. He chooses to make an attack on Catholics by occasion of the words which Christ addressed to St. John and the Blessed Virgin while the two were at the foot of the cross bemoaning the ignominious death to which his Master and her Son was subjected.

Christ said to John: "Behold thy mother," and to Mary: "Behold thy son." Mr. Hinson, by a very queer process of reasoning, asserts that by these words Christ dealt a heavy blow against the Catholic Church. He says: "These utterances deal heavy blows at that Church which has claimed for Mary what she never claimed for herself; for if, as Catholicism suggests, Mary be equal with, if not superior to, the Deity, how could Christ have told John she henceforth would be to him as a mother, and He be to her as a son? Small wonder is it that the bible is a closed book to the professors of such a faith; for she to whom the Lord in His youth said: 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business,' and here other words of our Lord are quoted—but we do not conclude the sentence, because Mr. Hinson does not do so. The gentleman probably imagines that he has issued a powerful argument, but as he has

not sufficient respect for the rules of Lindley Murray to say what she (the Blessed Virgin) did, said, or thought, we cannot penetrate his meaning, or see the force of the argument.

However, he adds at the end: "Ah no! Mary took her proper place when she said 'My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour,' and when Catholicism would enthroner her queen of the skies, it seeks to do that for which no authority is to be found in the word of God."

Mr. Hinson's assertion that Catholics place Mary on an equality with, or in a position superior to, the Deity is a falsehood not worth refuting seriously. Only those among Protestants whose ignorance is too gross to listen to common sense give such assertions any credit, for all know that Catholics honor the saints as God's special friends and servants, and Mary as being the first among God's friends and servants, because she is the Mother of God, the second Person of the Adorable Trinity. We do not give divine honor to any creature.

Catholics do not give to Mary any position which she did not in modesty and humility claim for herself; for she said: "He that is mighty hath done great things to me and holy is his name—and behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." (St. Luke i, 48.) Mr. Hinson's admirers may well consider whether they are included among the faithful Christians of whom these things are foretold. Are they not rather among those who vilify and abuse the Mother of God? We know it to be a fact that this is the course of those Protestants who take Mr. Hinson's path of maintaining that the Mother of God is not to be honored.

When our Blessed Lord was dying on the cross He committed her to His disciple, the beloved one by pre-eminence, to be loved cherished and respected as a mother. It certainly requires wonderful acumen to discover in this fact a proof that the Blessed Virgin ought to be treated with disrespect and the contempt with which she is usually regarded by Christians of Mr. Hinson's stamp. We remember that some years ago in the parish of Blackheath, near London, there was a no-Popery demonstration, at which the image of Christ crucified was dragged through the mire, and the effigy of the Blessed Virgin burned by Mr. Hinson's co-religionists. While this disgraceful scene was going on one of the mob said to a Catholic Irishwoman who was looking on: "See what treatment your Virgin is getting." The Irish woman answered: "Yes! I see, but she has a Son who will make you smoke for it yet."

Does Mr. Hinson think that the reverence which our Lord intended that St. John should show toward the mother designated for him is a justification for the rabid hatred with which teachers of Mr. Hinson's class endure their flocks with regard to the Blessed Virgin? We prefer to think that it is an evidence that we too should regard her as our mother, for we believe that in commanding St. John to regard her in this light, our Lord intended that all faithful Christians should do likewise. Christ's words on the cross are a heavy blow to Blackheath mobs and to all who like Rev. Mr. Hinson would refuse to the Blessed Virgin the honor due to her as Mother of God.

A. P. A. TACTICS.

The A. P. A. of the United States are playing either a very wily trick, or one which must result in their greater degradation in the eyes of the public, if there is a lower depth to be attained by an association whose every successive act has been such as to make it more and more contemptible and ridiculous. We are strongly inclined to the belief that the course it is now pursuing will prove to be as great a failure as its previous escapades.

A conference of this proscriptive association took place at Washington last month at which it was decided to bring the forces of the order into operation so as to oblige both political parties of the Republic to make a declaration of A. P. A. principles. It was also decided to use their influence in the selection of a Republican candidate for the Presidency, who would be favorable to their order, if not a member of it, and it has been for some time understood that Governor McKinley, of Ohio, would be their candidate.

The Philadelphia Times stated in a recent issue that only within the last few weeks it was discovered that A. P. A. organizations of the country are enlisted in Mr. McKinley's favor, and that the fact has "chilled the ardor of very many fair-minded Republicans who would be quite willing to accept McKinley if fairly nominated

by the honest expressions of the Republican party."

The same journal asserts that it is the A. P. A. element which stirred up opposition to several others who have been designated as likely candidates for Presidential honors, among whom are Messrs. Reed, Morton, Quay, Cullom, Davis, and Manderson, in their respective States.

Gov. McKinley himself has been ominously silent concerning the A. P. A., and therein he has acted very differently from the other possible candidates whom we have named, especially Messrs. Morton and Cullom, who have been very outspoken in denunciation of secret, political proscription on religious grounds.

But Mr. McKinley's silence has not been pleasant to others than himself. The Catholics look upon him suspiciously on account of it, and respectable Protestant Republicans are incensed at the double game he appears to be playing; and now it is further announced that the A. P. A. have taken umbrage at his silence, or at least they make a pretence of it, so that, on the 13th inst., Judge J. H. D. Stephens, of Cincinnati, Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the Apaisists, announced that the order "will not support Mr. McKinley, either for the nomination, or in the election, if he be nominated," giving for reason for this that "the Major (McKinley) has treated the A. P. A. with indifference," and the judge adds that "the A. P. A. will fight him to the last, and W. S. Linton is the coming man."

It is just what might be expected from Apaisists. They will attend the Republican convention and will endeavor to capture it, being under obligations freely taken that they will give their support to the Convention's nominee, but if the result do not suit them they will turn tail on the party and their promises at the same time.

It is hard to say whether Judge Stephens is honest in his declaration that the society will drop their recent pet, the Ohio Major. Nothing that is really honest can be expected from such a quarter, and the plan may be to divert public attention from the support which has hitherto been ostentatiously given to Mr. McKinley. At all events, Linton does not appear to have the ghost of a chance of the party nomination, or of election if he be nominated. He is the Congressional Representative of a Michigan district, and has rendered himself notorious by his opposition to the statue of Father Marquette in the statuary hall of the Capitol, but he is not distinguished as a statesman, and the country would be blind indeed if it were to elect him to the high office of the Presidency. But there is not the least likelihood of such a thing occurring, as even in his own town, Saginaw, he has received such a rebuff at the late elections that his A. P. A. brother, who ran for the mayoralty, was beaten by a majority of 1,600, where the Democrats usually obtain only 500 votes all told. Apaisism is evidently coming to be taken already at a great discount even in its strongholds of Michigan, and it is scarcely to be expected that it will capture the country while its hold is so precarious in its own cradle.

Col. McClure, who is the editor of the Philadelphia Times, already quoted in this article, says:

"The fact that a secret and powerful element is likely to become the leading or controlling factor in the nomination for President, is a clear indication that a general recasting of political lines is not far distant. The party that becomes the creature of a secret organization may win a temporary victory, but only to hasten its dissolution. Even so great an organization as the Republican party cannot survive the demoralization that must inevitably follow such a control of its councils and actions."

Mr. Linton's pretence on which he founded his opposition to the Marquette statue was that Father Marquette was not a citizen of the United States, and therefore that the law providing for the admission of statues to the Capitol at the request of the State Legislatures did not contemplate such a case as the present; and also that it is improper that there should be a statue in ecclesiastical dress. As regards the first objection, it may be remarked that there is truth in the allegation that the great Jesuit explorer was not an American citizen. In this respect he was in the same category with Columbus, and for the very same reason, that the time was rather early. The second objection is thus disposed of by the Detroit News of 13th April:

"The reverend figure of the pious explorer has a place in the circle of the country's great benefactors, and Linton's resolution lies buried in the Library Committee, and this is all the senseless agitation amounts to, except to exhibit an unworthy and excessive

excitement over the preference of the sculptor's chisel in tracing out a cassock and cowl for the consecrated discoverer, instead of a full-dress suit and silk hat, which were not generally worn when he was engaged in his merciful mission in Michigan and Wisconsin."

This blundering organization has just rendered itself ridiculous by another act.

To the present time the United States torpedo boats have been painted white, but it has occurred to the naval authorities this color rendered them too conspicuous an object in the water, and it has been decided to have them all painted sea green. There was certainly no intention to show special deference to Catholics or Irishmen in this choice of color, but the A. P. A. have taken offence at it, and threaten to impeach Secretary Herbert for issuing the order, the more especially because by a coincidence it was signed on St. Patrick's day.

The Apaisists declare that is an act of deference to Irish Catholics, and by petition they have asked Congress to annul the law. The Navy department will pay no attention to the petitions, and the boats are to be painted green as decided upon.

The green flag of the sixty-ninth New York regiment was very acceptable to the war authorities when carried side by side with the stars and stripes during the war with the Southern Confederacy, and President Cleveland is not the man to pay any attention to the senseless bigotry of an organization which has committed so many follies as the A. P. A. have been guilty of.

THE SIN OF SCHISM.

It is certain from Scripture and ecclesiastical tradition that Christ in establishing His Church intended it should be one fold, and so we find that the Apostles were joined by a bond of unity through the efficacy of Christ's prayer that they should be one even as He and His Heavenly Father are one. During the succeeding ages also one faith was preserved throughout the world by union and submission to the one supreme authority of St. Peter's successor.

National vanity and the rebellious spirit of man have ever been the causes why this essential unity of the Church has been broken by schism and heresy, and it is from these causes that Protestantism sprung up. It is in the natural course of events, therefore, that there should be divisions into sects, but there is nothing supernatural or spiritually good in these divisions.

In reference to the recent division in the Salvation Army there was at first a burst of enthusiasm in the United States on account of Mr. Ballington Booth's declaration of independence, for it flattered the vanity of those who followed their leader into the new organization of American Salvationists or Volunteers. But sober second thought has brought about a change, and now the newspapers are beginning to blame the ex-Commandant for having by insubordination broken up an organization which had done so much natural good by rescuing numerous unfortunates from the slums, though it did not furnish them with any more substantial religion than the beating of drums and the persuasion that they were saved.

It is now understood that Mr. Ballington Booth's schism has weakened the power of the Army to do good, and this is declared to be a great evil brought about by his stubbornness. It is certainly not what we would expect from the Apostles, that they would break the unity of the Church for the sake of flaunting the American flag, and of ripping out the red trimmings from their garments because they are supposed to represent British domination.

On the other hand, it is to be said that Mr. Ballington Booth had the same right to establish a new Army, as his father had to start the original one, and as Martin Luther, Calvin and Henry VIII. had to establish the sects which they originated.

St. Paul numbers sects or schisms among the sins which separate men from God and shut them out from the Heavenly Kingdom, but the schisms he speaks of are those which separate from an authority divinely instituted, and not those which spring up among man-made organizations, even though they dignify themselves with the name of churches.

There was a sin of schism in the separation of the Reformers from the Catholic Church, but it is a fallacy to suppose that either the Salvationist Commandant or the four or five hundred other sects of Protestantism were

guilty of schism in separating from each other. They had certainly more right and less wrong in doing this than had the sects from which they separated to depart from Catholic unity, and in setting up their new-fangled Churches they followed the principle of individual judgment in religious matters, which Protestantism proclaimed to be the right of every human being.

THE REMEDIAL BILL.

As has been anticipated for some time, the Remedial Bill for Manitoba has been withdrawn from the further consideration of the present Parliament. Sir Charles Tupper moved that the Committee rise, and it was further announced that there is other business to which Parliament must devote its attention during the few days which remain for its existence. After that business is completed, he said, the remainder of the session would be devoted if possible to the Remedial Bill, but it is perfectly understood that it is now impossible to complete its consideration.

It was always our desire that Manitoba itself should settle this troublesome question. There has not been since Confederation any interference on the part of Parliament with the Provincial systems of education, and under the Canadian Constitution it is not desirable there should be such interference; yet it was not without good reason that the British North America Act provided that minorities should be protected by the Federal Parliament wherever Separate Schools then existed by law or might afterward be established. It was understood that the Catholic and Protestant minorities valued highly their rights to Separate Schools, and yet that it might happen that in a moment of ill humor, or after some such furious religious agitation as had not been previously unknown in Canada, the majority in the Provinces referred to might sweep away the rights thus existing, and it was to prevent such hostile action that the Separate Schools clauses were introduced into that Act through the Hon. Sir A. T. Galt, as representing specially the Protestant minority of the Province of Quebec.

By these clauses the Provincial Legislatures were directed to leave intact the educational rights of minorities. The case of Manitoba was somewhat different from that of the other Provinces. It entered into Confederation with a population almost evenly divided between the two religions, Catholics having a small preponderance. It was impossible to foresee on which side the scale would preponderate in the course of time. The large increase of population there was certainly not then expected, and it was the general belief that Quebec would send a large proportion of the new settlers, who, it was thought, would prefer homes in Western Canada, instead of emigrating to the United States, as they had been doing in large numbers.

It was, therefore, at least as much to satisfy Protestants as Catholics that it was insisted on by the Manitoba delegates that there should be Separate schools in the new Province. We do not enter upon the question whether or not the Manitoban Bill of Rights contained a clause to this effect. There is at present a difference of testimony in this regard, but the Canadian Supreme Court, and the British Privy Council both attest that the point was fully agreed to and constituted a compact; and it was in accordance with this compact that the Separate school clauses were introduced into the Manitoba Act, as accepted and agreed to by unanimous vote of the Manitoba Legislature.

We say then that it was an act of treachery on the part of the Manitoba Government and Legislature to abolish Separate schools, and it thus became the duty of the Canadian Government to protect Catholics against the action of a tyrannical majority. It would have been preferable if that majority would undo its own work and settle the trouble of its own making; but since it has positively and persistently refused to do this, it was the natural and proper course for the Catholics of the Province to appeal to the authority of the Dominion, as this is the course provided for in the Constitution.

We have been told sometimes that if Mr. Laurier were to become Premier Mr. Greenway's Government would solve the trouble in a satisfactory way. This is no excuse or justification for the Manitoba Government, nor is it a valid reason why Remedial Legislation should not be passed. The inherent rights of Catholics are not to be made dependent on the support or non-

support of either political party, nor are they to be left subject to certain party contingencies, which may or may not happen.

We have not been over enthusiastic in admiration at the course of the Dominion Government, because we could not entirely exonerate them from being somewhat responsible for the delays which have resulted in the laying over of the Remedial Bill till another session.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy spoke very gleefully because the measure has been effectually shelved for the present. He boasts that the Remedial Bill has been buried and that the House is now "celebrating its obsequies." He will find that his self-gratulation is premature, for he may rely upon it that the Catholics of Canada are determined not to abandon their Manitoban co-religionists in this matter of constitutional right. Mr. McCarthy and his clique have succeeded in putting the country to the expense of some hundreds of thousands of dollars, but he will find that there is honor enough among the liberal Protestants as well as Catholics of the Dominion not to permit the gross injustice of Mr. Greenway to be perpetuated.

We do not anticipate sanguinely that the Greenway Government will itself act loyally to the Constitution by securing the passage of a remedial measure; yet it is not altogether unlikely that it may do so, now that it must be convinced that the Constitution is not to be a dead letter. As the Provincial Legislature is now in session, it will have an opportunity to do this before the next session of Parliament; and it will do so if it wishes to retain control of the Provincial educational system.

The following editorial pronouncement from *La Verite*, of Quebec, presents a view of the case with which those who are not swayed by a too ardent partyism will be likely to agree:

"It is apropos to remark that it was the Government which insisted that the Committee of the Whole should sit days without interruption, under the pretext that if the committee had risen the obstructionists led by Mr. McCarthy would not have permitted it to sit again. The Government would have done better, it appears to us, to have accepted the proposition of Mr. Laurier, who insisted that the committee should sit every day from 3 in the afternoon till 2 or 3 in the morning. The obstruction could hardly have been more disastrous than it has been, since, in spite of this uninterrupted sitting of the week, the committee has only been able to adopt twelve clauses of the unhappy bill, which contains one hundred and twelve of them; and a normal sitting of twelve hours interrupted by a regular adjournment would not probably have degenerated into a Parliamentary scandal. What sort of duty do you suppose a chamber can do which sits permanently during six days? We find, then, that the Government is very blamable for having insisted on such a sitting, which could be of no use and must necessarily be scandalous. If the Ministers have insisted on a procedure which, as they ought to have known, would be without practical result, it is apparently because they wish to throw dust in the eyes of their partisans, especially in the Province of Quebec. 'See,' they will say to the Catholic and French-Canadian electors, 'the superhuman efforts that the Ministers have made to secure the adoption of the remedial bill; they have made the House sit day and night for a whole week, and if they have not succeeded it is the fault of the Opposition.' We do not believe that our people will let themselves be thus blinded. Without doubt Mr. Laurier is seriously blamable for having proposed the hoist to the fanatic in their desperate war against the bill. If the French members, instead of dividing into hostile camps, were united like one man to insist upon the principle of Federal intervention, perhaps the McCarthy's, the Wallace's, the Martins, etc., would have shown less boldness. But, seeing our people divided, as always, by the spirit of party, they said to themselves, 'We are all powerful; let us march boldly to the assault of the bill and choke it.' Mr. Laurier and those who followed him have, therefore, a large part of the responsibility in this grave crisis, but, after all, it is the Government which must be especially blamed for not having done what it might have done to avoid the formidable check which it and remedial legislation have received. The Government has no right to put itself at the mercy of the Opposition, especially when it knows that in that Opposition there are elements absolutely irreconcilable and sectarian, which will try every move to make the Ministerial policy abortive. In the month of July last the Hon. Mr. Angars, in explaining to the Senate his departure from the Cabinet, said: 'I think the Premier of Canada is animated by the same spirit, but unhappily I fear that the opposition exerted to prevent the execution of the Queen's order will be greater and stronger than his intention. The hon. leader holds in his hand the present; perhaps no man in Canada could more effectively than he present at this session legislation favorable to the minority; but if the hon.

support of either political party, nor are they to be left subject to certain party contingencies, which may or may not happen.

We have not been over enthusiastic in admiration at the course of the Dominion Government, because we could not entirely exonerate them from being somewhat responsible for the delays which have resulted in the laying over of the Remedial Bill till another session.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy spoke very gleefully because the measure has been effectually shelved for the present. He boasts that the Remedial Bill has been buried and that the House is now "celebrating its obsequies." He will find that his self-gratulation is premature, for he may rely upon it that the Catholics of Canada are determined not to abandon their Manitoban co-religionists in this matter of constitutional right. Mr. McCarthy and his clique have succeeded in putting the country to the expense of some hundreds of thousands of dollars, but he will find that there is honor enough among the liberal Protestants as well as Catholics of the Dominion not to permit the gross injustice of Mr. Greenway to be perpetuated.

We do not anticipate sanguinely that the Greenway Government will itself act loyally to the Constitution by securing the passage of a remedial measure; yet it is not altogether unlikely that it may do so, now that it must be convinced that the Constitution is not to be a dead letter. As the Provincial Legislature is now in session, it will have an opportunity to do this before the next session of Parliament; and it will do so if it wishes to retain control of the Provincial educational system.

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Premier holds the present in his hand he cannot say as much for the future.' In support of his fears the Hon. Mr. Angers cited an article from the *Speculator*, a Tory Journal of Hamilton, in which it was said that the same influences which had prevented the presentation of the bill at the July session would exist at the January session in a more ardent form than ever. 'That,' said the Hon. Mr. Angers, 'is what I fear. According to my opinion remedial legislation has been in such great danger by the inaction of the Government that the minority may never obtain it, consequently I cannot accept the responsibility of such a risk.' As we see, the Hon. Mr. Angers foresaw perfectly in July last what has happened to-day. The Government would listen to nothing. It has been headstrong. It has obstinately postponed remedial legislation until the month of January. It is but justice to hold it responsible for the actual check. Must we accuse the Ministers of blindness or duplicity? Have they postponed the remedial legislation until the present session with the hidden design of making it abortive, or are they sincere in their apparent efforts in favor of the bill? Probably there was blindness on the part of some, duplicity on the part of others; but at the bottom it makes little difference which motive the Government has obeyed. What is manifest is that whether of deliberate purpose or from a lack of foresight, it has rendered impossible the adoption during the present Parliament of the legislation solemnly promised. It is an enormous fault, which loses nothing of its enormity if it has been committed through incapacity. It is no more permitted to Governments to be incapable than to be dishonest."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Detroit Sunday News Tribune has a rather severe though brief criticism on the character of the sermons delivered by certain preachers of that city. Referring to the sensational preachers who speak on every theme except the gospel, it asks: "Is it possible that Jeremiah could have had certain Detroit preachers in mind when he prophesied: 'The prophets shall become wind and the word is not in them?'"

On the 9th instant the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times celebrated its silver jubilee. We send our hearty congratulations to Father Cronin and his staff. Ability and harmony must be the order of the day in the office of this paper, for it is one of the brightest in America. Father Cronin's clever and racy articles give the *Union and Times* a sparkling appearance each week. That its golden jubilee may find it still holding a foremost place in American journalism is our sincere wish.

WE ARE very much pleased to notice that a movement has been inaugurated in this city — with the approval of His Lordship the Bishop of London — for the establishment of a Catholic Young Men's Society. There is a great work before our young men, in the way of promoting good works, taking an interest in literary matters, and, above all, encouraging an increase of those Catholic practices which help to make our young men respected in the community, and which also give material aid to their success in matters pertaining to their worldly affairs. We shall watch with interest the progress made by this admirable undertaking, and we sincerely hope that others of a similar character will, ere long, be organized in every parish.

It is being again urged by some that Palestine should be once more established as the country of the Jews, and Mr. Holman Hunt, the celebrated painter, is urging that it should be purchased from the Turkish Government for a hundred million pounds sterling. It is remarkable that it is not from Jews that these propositions emanate, and though recently there have been many Jews who have settled in Jerusalem, there seems to be no general desire among that race to re-occupy Palestine, nor is it at all sure that the Turks would consent to sell it thus. They might, however, be induced to take the money, and then to kill off the Jews, as they have been doing with the Armenians. Thus they would have the money and the property too. This would be a very convenient arrangement for the Turks. We are told, however, that the European powers might guarantee the new Jewish principality, but such paper guarantees were of little use to the massacred Armenians. The Jews generally are not inclined at all to trust themselves to the tender mercies of the Turks.

The Holy Father does not by any means despair of a return of the Separated Churches, Eastern and Western, to Catholic unity. There is a special Commission consisting chiefly of able members of the Benedictine,

Franciscan and other orders with a Cardinal at their head whose duties are to consider the best means to bring about this desirable object. Canon Moyes of Westminster, and Father David of the Franciscans have recently been added to the Commission, and as these rev. gentlemen are thoroughly acquainted with the tendencies of religious thought in England their attention is to be particularly directed to the consideration of the best means by which the English people may be led to consider the question of reunion. It is announced also that in the letter which the Holy Father is expected soon to issue concerning the separated churches, special attention will be paid to the Anglican Church, and that the question of the validity or invalidity of Anglican orders will be settled. It is the belief that this question will be settled negatively.

A DESPATCH from Chicago gives the curious intelligence that on Sunday, 13th inst., Colonel Ingersoll preached the sermon in the Militant Church, of which Rev. Dr. Rush is pastor, in that city. The colonel gave his opinion as to how the church should be managed, and Dr. Rush prayed that Providence might give to Colonel Ingersoll many more years of health and continued usefulness. Professor Oakshette also prayed and read a chapter from the bible. During the service copies of Ingersoll's lectures were hawked through the congregation, and "during the softer passages of the music the cry was many times heard: Colonel Ingersoll's last lecture." The young men with the books sold many copies. It was very farcical to see the colonel take part in a church service wherein God was involved and appealed to in prayer, and in which the bible was read, as his blasphemous attacks make God, the bible and prayer constant subjects of ridicule; yet from Dr. Rush's words it is clear that it is not the colonel who has been converted to Christianity, but Christianity, so-called, which has been adapted to suit the colonel's views. What is the Christianity of this enlightened age coming to that such proceedings can take place in its name?

IN CONSEQUENCE of a petition purporting to come from the French-Canadian colony at Verner, Ont., which is composed of French-Canadians who have returned from Michigan to Canada under the guidance of Father Paradis, an investigation was held on the spot by the chief of the emigration branch of the Dominion Interior Department, together with another officer of the Department and the Secretary of the repatriation society of the Province of Quebec. General charges of mismanagement on the part of Father Paradis were made in the petition, and it was asserted specifically that he had mismanaged the small Government bounty entrusted to him in aid of the colony, it being even hinted that the funds were misappropriated. The investigation showed these charges to be unfounded, and Father Paradis was completely exonerated. It was shown that the bounty money was administered to excellent advantage, and that by good management he had increased the available fund, all the sum being judiciously expended on the work he has in hand. Many of the settlers repudiated their supposed signatures to the petition sent to the Government, and others whose names appeared thereon were not settlers of the colony at all, or had left the settlement for some time previously. Nearly all those who actually signed the petition explained that they had been made to believe that the petition was a means whereby they would obtain seed grain for their farms in the spring, which they needed very much.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Mr. Louis Benziger, for many years the senior member of the well-known firm of Benziger Brothers, died last Sunday at his home in New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., aged fifty-six years. The deceased was a distinguished and public-spirited citizen, a thorough Catholic, generous to the Church, charitable to the poor, a model husband and father. He had a very large circle of friends among the Bishops and priests of this country, to whom he always gave a warm welcome in his elegant and hospitable home. May he rest in peace.—Catholic University.

It has frequently been stated that the Salvation Army teaches no special doctrines. Such an assertion is false. Like every other religious society, it has a creed. How it could exist without a creed, is difficult to imagine. Its doctrines are essentially those of Protestantism. As an organization, it is an outgrowth of Protestantism, and differs little from it, except in discipline, and in its method of reaching the

multitudes. It is differentiated from the numerous sects of Protestantism chiefly by its aims, its uniformity, its drums and banners, and its practices of street preaching. It aims at temporal as well as spiritual relief, and confines its energies largely to the lower classes. In this it is a protest against the aristocratic spirit of Protestantism, which ministers to wealth and fashion.—Chicago New World.

Although the idea is not so prevalent now as it was in earlier days, thanks to the good work effected by the Church influences and the agencies of the total abstinence societies, the mistaken notion is still entertained by many people of other nationalities that in the matter of intemperance and the consumption of intoxicating liquors the Irish people in their own island, and their kin in other lands, have a worse record than their neighbors. Some statistics recently published at London, show how erroneous this notion is with regard to the Irish people in their own land. The statistics show that the annual English expenditure for drink per head is \$19.40; the Scottish outlay \$14.70, while the Irish figures are \$13.12. This showing makes the Irish a more temperate people than either their Scotch or English neighbors, and this is not the first time, either, that such an exhibit has been made.—Catholic Columbian.

Calumny and slander about Catholic preachers are so frequent, even habitual, by Protestant journals and preachers, that we deem it well to bring out with emphasis any testimony to the contrary from Protestant sources. Dr. J. W. Clark, writing in the April *Arena*, on Mexico and its people, says: "The police are very efficient, attentive to their duties and very polite. At night every policeman carries a lantern, and this is set out in the street in front of wherever he may happen to be on the sidewalk, so that looking down or up the street, the rows of lanterns can always be seen. Stop up to one of these men and ask him where your hotel is and he will not only tell you, but, unless you object, he will go with you to the next policeman, who will in turn pass you on till you reach your destination. This is always done politely and without expectation of reward. In how many American cities would this happen? Not only in this respect, but in all others and by all classes the greatest politeness is the rule. It seems a part of the nature of the people of the country. They have their faults and many of them, as most nations, but boorishness or want of politeness is not one of them."—Catholic Progress.

A very sensible crusade has been projected against the oath taken by English sovereigns at the time of their coronation. Father Bridgett, writing in *The Month*, describes the oath as a "national act of impiety," and some of the English journals speak of it as "a grave affront to the ten millions of Catholics subject to the English Crown." The honesty and truthfulness of Catholics are impugned by implication in terms "vile and insulting"; and this, of course, in presence of many Catholics, official and lay. When the young Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the absurdity of the ceremony was pointed out by the historian Lingard; and the honest Charles Waterton was moved to exclaim: "Had I been near her sacred person, the sun had not set before I had imparted her royal ear a true and faithful account of that abominable oath. It is a satire on the times; it is a disgrace to the British nation; it ought to be destroyed by the hand of the common hangman." The oath is indeed an anachronism; it is a relic of barbarism. We fancy it must be especially distasteful to our Anglican friends, who, despite their protests, have been unable to disprove to the world that Henry VIII. was the venerated founder "of the Church, which they say never lost faith in the sacraments and the Mass.—Ave Maria.

The average Protestant newspaper is not exactly the place that any one would think of going to for humor, and least of all of them the *Christian Statesman*. And a typographical error adds to the humor of an editorial paragraph on "sectarian divisions" that it has printed. It will be news, for instance, to most Protestant that "the Protestant churches are as closely united in their systems of doctrine as the Roman Catholic Church, in which there is an endless diversity" (we suppose the editor wrote) on many important points." Not on points of doctrine, Mr. Editor, on which there is no diversity among Catholics, nor even "against unity under the government of a central authority." Yet the writer goes on to complain that "Protestants of the same name even are divided into numerous distinct organizations," seventeen different kinds of Methodists, thirteen of Baptists, twelve of Presbyterians, and twenty of Lutherans. But the climax of humor is reached in the question with which the paragraph concludes: "When will these Protestant bodies learn the lesson taught by the Roman Catholic Church?" Never until they make up their minds to return to her fold and submit to her divinely instituted authority. Division and subdivision is a fundamental and essential principle of Protestantism.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

In temptation often take counsel, and deal not roughly with one that is tempted; but comfort him as thou wouldst wish to be done to thyself.—The limitation.

The prudent and covetous are never easy.—The limitation.

SCHISM NO JOKE.

We have been interested and not a little amused at a rather facetious article on a very serious subject in the *Independent* of March 12, about the formation of a new sect, "The Christian Catholic Church of John Alexander Dowie." Our contemporary, remarking on the modesty which restrains the new prophet from claiming to be an Apostle, says that he evidently has the position in view for while he modestly disclaims the title now, he begs his brethren to pray for "Manifested Apostolic Fellowship." "This," explains the *Independent*, "is delightful; and so was what he said about Martyrdom." He was so persecuted by the wicked Chicagoans that his friends advised him to give up the fight lest the enemies would kill him. At this the heroic candidate for martyrdom exclaimed: "Oh, if God would call us to the glory of a martyr's crown! that is a joy and honor! But, beloved friends, I have begun to think that it might be best for the martyr's crown to be held back for twenty years." "This," our contemporary exclaims, "is nothing less than sublime. Longing for the martyr's crown yet content to wait for it, yet rather preferring to wait for it twenty years." This is a very good sample of the wisdom, inspiration and apostolic spirit of the prophets who form new "churches" and inaugurate new dispensations, and it suggests to the *Independent* some serio-comic — perhaps we had rather said sarcastic — remarks on the subject of Schism.

"We suppose," it says, "we ought to feel encouraged. Everybody knows that the *Independent* has labored in season and out to keep down the number of denominations in the United States. We have tried hard to prevent schisms in existing denominations, such as the Evangelical Association and the United Brethren; but schism has come, nevertheless, and we have two in every such case where there was only one."

And now comes the new Christian Catholic Church, the schism of Ballington Booth and a new Community Society. "The Community of Children of the King," whose prominent article is a pledge, "to love one another." "Why can not Christians love one another," asks the *Independent*, "without dividing so much and organizing new denominations?" True enough, that is a very serious and important question. The estimation in which it is held by our Orthodox contemporary is indicated by the following curious suggestion:

"We do not know what can be done to keep the number down unless some extreme limit be fixed, say one hundred and fifty, and Christians be prohibited from going beyond this liberal number. If one could fix this as the limit, then those who wanted to form a new denomination would have to wait until consolidation or death should make a vacancy. In the case of the communistic societies there was a vacancy. The New Icarian Community went out of being, and the New Community fills its place. We believe General Webb's Mohammedan organization has also failed, so that the Dowie Church comes in to fill the vacuum. Please hold on a while, now, brethren. The new Salvation Army will be all we can possibly stand for a good ten years. Do not plant any more divisions, for pity's sake. We shall despair of being able to keep track of all of them."

That will do for a joke, but no one knows better than the *Independent* that it is no joking matter. Schism is either a sin, or it is not. If it is a sin — and surely no one at all acquainted with the Scriptures can deny that it is a damnable sin — then it becomes a very important question, whether a burning question — Who is guilty of it and how can the sin be atoned for and remedied? If forming a new sect is schism, the important question arises, What Protestant sect or denomination is free from its guilt? Protestantism was founded in schism and it tends to schism as naturally as water seeks its level. Its very fundamental principle tends to free thought, and free thought tends to independence, to individualism, to insubordination, to schism. Schism is separation from the true Church of Christ. If any single Protestant denomination can prove beyond successful contradiction that it, and it alone, is the true Church then all who are separated from that Church are guilty of schism. But where is there such a Protestant Church? Not one dares to set up such a claim though each successive sect claims to be truer, wiser and better than all that have gone before.

The truth is, the original sin was separation from the Catholic Church. Luther, the arch heretic and schismatic, cut himself off from the Catholic Church, with its divine organization and its apostolic tradition and teaching, protested against the Pope, and set himself up in his place. Henry VIII., that model reformer, a man of similar character to Luther's, imitated his example. Since the days of these two great champions of "truth, purity and order," a whole brood of sects has been spawned upon the world, and the prospect is, upon Protestant principles, that the disintegration and division will go on *ad infinitum*. There is absolutely no authority among them by which even the *Independent's* limit of one hundred and fifty can be securely fixed.

What, then, is the remedy? It is certainly very plain, simple and common sense. As the sin of schism consists in separation from the true Church, obviously, the only remedy is to be found in a return to the unity of that Church. There is absolutely no other way. There is no power on

earth that can constitute a thoroughly effective principle of religious unity out of the Catholic Church. There must be a central, divine authority, inherent in the very nature and constitution of the Church and conferred by its Divine Author for the very purpose of teaching the truth, settling disputes and ending controversy. Otherwise unity is impossible and separation — schism — really no sin at all.—Catholic Review.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

Rights of Religious Advisers — Full Text of the Judgment Delivered by Hon. Judge Curran.

A most important judgment was delivered by Mr. Justice Curran on Friday afternoon. The point at issue was the refusal of Rev. Father Dubuc to answer a question which he considered would be a violation on his part of a professional secret. The following is the full text of the judgment: Etienne Ouillet vs. Eusebe J. B. Sicotte.—This is an objection raised at enquete by a witness, the Rev. Louis Napoleon Dubuc, one of the assistant priests of St. Vincent de Paul parish, in the city of Montreal. The action is for slander, and the rev. gentleman is called to testify to a conversation he had with defendant concerning plaintiff in the month of September last. Being sworn, witness states that he is one of the assistant priests, as just mentioned, and then declined to answer any further questions, without giving any reason for his refusal. The Hon. Judge presiding at enquete last term very properly ordered him to answer the question, "Whether he knows defendant, and if he did not pay him a visit during last September."

Witness was then under the erroneous impression that his sacred character relieved him from giving any testimony in the case at all, without assigning any reason for his reticence. This is made clear from his statement in answer to the following question: Q.—Will you give your reason for not answering? A.—I have no reason to give. I cannot answer you. I am on oath and you ought to understand. Being asked whether, on the occasion of his interview with defendant, any reference was made to the plaintiff, witness again refused to answer, but assigned the following reason:—I refused to answer the other day for the following reason: My relations with Mr. Sicotte were those of spiritual director and religious adviser. I received his confidential communication under the seal of professional secrecy.

So that witness thereby invoked Article 275 of the Civil Code of Procedure, which, referring to a witness, says: "He cannot be compelled to declare what has been revealed to him confidentially in his professional character, as a religious or legal adviser, or as an officer of state when public policy is concerned." I am now called upon to rule on the objection. It appears to me there can be only one construction placed upon the above cited article. Religious advisers, whether they be priests, pastors, or rabbis, who receive from those who consult them in their religious capacity, statements made in confidence, cannot be compelled to divulge in the witness-box the subject of such confidence. In this case witness has sworn that the whole conversation he had with defendant was under the seal of professional secrecy as his religious adviser. I hold that witness is not bound to answer. That, in my opinion, is the law. Taylor on Evidence, referring to the effect of the rule in England, which exempts the legal adviser, says: "The rigid enforcement of the rule, no doubt, occasionally operates to the exclusion of truth; but if any law reformer feels inclined to condemn it on this ground, he may be reminded of the language of the late Knight Bruce, L. J., who observed: 'Truth, like all other good things, may be loved unwisely,—may be pursued too keenly,—may cost too much. And surely the meanness and the mischief of prying into a man's confidential consultations with his legal adviser, the general evil of infusing reserve and dissimulation, uneasiness, suspicion and fear into these communications which must take place uselessly, or worse, are too great a price to pay for truth itself.'"

As in the Province of Quebec, our law covers the religious as well as the legal adviser, the foregoing remarks apply to clergymen as well as to the legal profession. It is unnecessary to enter here more fully into the subject which has been treated in the same spirit by many English, French and American authorities. Under article 275 in Foran's Code of C. P. many authorities are cited as well as the jurisprudence of the Province. I shall merely direct attention to the remarkable case, *Rev. Kolmann*, reported at full length in *Pykes' Index, Advocates' Library*, and the case of *L'Abbe Pierre Pay*, Cour de cassation, December, 1891. The main motive of the judgment is as follows: Seeing that ministers of religion are legally bound to keep the secret relations made to them by reason of their functions; that for Catholic priests there is no necessity to distinguish whether they had knowledge of the facts through confession or outside of that sacrament; that this circumstance would not change the nature of the secret of which they are the depositaries if the facts were confided to them in the exclusive exercise of their ministry; that this obligation is absolute and for public order. The objection is maintained. Witness cannot be compelled to answer.

It is better to suffer than to sin.

THE FUNERAL OF BISHOP RYAN.

Buffalo Commercial, April 13.

The funeral procession on Delaware avenue yesterday afternoon in honor of the late Bishop Ryan, organized as an escort of the remains from the episcopal residence to the cathedral, was by far the largest and most impressive demonstration of the kind ever seen in Buffalo. Such a procession, over a mile in length, and taking an hour to pass a given point, would be notable under any circumstances, but it was especially so from the fact of its great solemnity: as a tribute of respect and love to him who had passed away, its significance was without precedent on our streets. The flower of the Catholic youth was in the line, but all classes were represented: men of wealth and prominence in the community marched side by side with their clerks and employes, and the day laborer from the East Side; only one band, that at the head of the line, was allowed to play, and its music was a dirge; and the entire decorum that marked the progress of the procession from first to last, was one of the most striking features of the occasion. It was a very remarkable illustration of the marvellous organization of the Roman Catholic Church.

The great crowds that lined the sidewalks to witness the mournful pageant, seemed inspired by a spirit of reverence. Though there must have been at least fifty thousand people on the avenue at one time, not a loud word was uttered, or an unseemly act witnessed. It was indeed a demonstration that will long be remembered in this community.

It was a splendid demonstration and vindication of the spirit of Christian unity when at Music Hall yesterday, crowded to overflowing, the vast audience of Protestants, on the motion of the Rev. Dr. Fitch, passed warm, tender and earnest resolutions expressing their sympathy with the loss of the death of Bishop Ryan.

Resolved, That we, a body of Christians, representing forty Protestant congregations, assembled in Music Hall for special evangelistic services, express our esteem for the personal character and public services of Bishop Ryan and our sense of the loss of education, temperance, morality and religion sustained by this community and by his diocese and our hope that the good work committed to him may be continued by a worthy successor. The workman may die, but the work is immortal.

In the light of such a resolution as that how petty, how pitiable, how despicable seems the conduct of those who try to sow dissension and to divide the human brotherhood on the line of religious creed.

Buffalo Inquirer, April 13.

It is sometimes said that the great city of Buffalo has grown so rapidly, and that so many strange elements of population have gathered about one center in quick succession, that there has not been time for the formation of a distinct municipal character. It has been suggested that in reality something like several cities of diverse nationality surround the original American city that formed a nucleus, and that there is lacking mutual understanding, sympathy and harmony for the present, if not the spirit that will ensure unity and consistent development in the future.

Yet, even among men coming from varied nationalities there are not wanting bonds of unity; and the outpouring of the people at Bishop Ryan's funeral yesterday showed what a great moulding force may be in religious sentiment. Men of different tongues and races came together, because the influence of the same creed impelled them, not less than the sense of a common loss. With fuller measure of Christian charity and a more loving cooperation of all creeds that influence might be multiplied and intensified. There are those that seek to make religious faith a source of strife; but there was a lesson in the streets on Sunday as to its power for harmonizing otherwise clashing elements.

An A. P. A. Petition.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. We do not complain of any idea of ours being stolen when such good use is made of it as is indicated in the following despatch from Washington, dated April 10: "Many members of Congress have received the following petition: 'The undersigned citizens of the United States who are of foreign birth, but who are the only true defenders of this glorious country, recognizing the fact that this country knows no religion, and fearing the Jesuits will obtain full control of this free land of ours, point with alarm our warning fingers to the fact that, owing to some hidden and evil influence, the free and heretofore unconquered grass of our beloved country, appears to be getting greener than is usual this spring; and recognizing in this the sinister hand of Popery and the Scarlet Lady, we petition Congress to pass a law and an appropriation to prevent in some manner this insidious plan from being carried out, as it means in the end the subversion of the sacred rights for which our forefathers fought and bled.'"

Pope Leo now the Oldest Bishop.

The Pope is now the *doyen* or longest consecrated of all the bishops in the world. He was consecrated Titular Archbishop of Damietta—a title borne by the late Cardinal Perron—on February 19, 1843. Hitherto the distinction attached to the late Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, who was consecrated in 1841.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian. Here and there may be found a young man inclined to sneer at total abstinence and who looks upon it as a virtue practiced by those who haven't will power to otherwise restrain their appetites.

Mr. Upham is one of Ohio's merchant princes, yet he tells with pride of the time he had to support himself on \$3 a week. Unlike most employers, he takes a personal interest in those who work for him.

Some time ago, he found that the young men in his employment were beginning to take advantage of his well-known good nature. A few were rushing down the inclined plane of life.

One of the best remedies for one's ills of both mind and body, provided they are not extremely radical or incurable, is a thorough absorption in some sort of agreeable work.

It is historically certain that Jesus Christ lived on earth, that He claimed to be the Son of God made Man, and that He proved this, His claim, by the sanctity of His life.

Even if we had not the express words of our Lord, that He would found only one Church, reason alone would convince every one that there can exist only one Church founded by Jesus Christ.

Christ not only promised to found a Church, He promised also to build this Church as the prudent man in the Gospel had built his house—that is to say, upon a rock.

There are others whose minds dwell painfully upon the mistreatment which they receive from some one, and having but little else to do they contrive to harbor hard recollections of the offender.

There are far too many young men, engaged in no particular work, who are suffering from some real or fancied disorder, either of mind or body, but which might be soon, and easily, remedied by the course of treatment above indicated.

The Little Things of Life. There are no young men in the world with better manners than the best type of American men. Manly, simple, unaffected, respectable and remarkably graceful.

Consequently all those who say that the Church founded by Jesus Christ has fallen into error, teaching now a doctrine different from that confided to her by her Divine Founder.

It is certain that our Lord has authorized the Apostles, and, consequently, also their successors, the Bishops, who form the teaching body of the Church, to teach all nations.

round next morning. Well, I found the fellow's account of himself quite true; I employed him; he continued steady and faithful; I advanced him step by step according to the worth I found in him.

An employer has no use for a man who is shilly-shallying with the drink habit, who makes resolutions one day and breaks them the next.

Now, gentlemen, I have nothing more to say to you except this. I have a sincere interest in your welfare. I don't believe I fill all my obligations to you when I order my cashier to pay you your salary on Saturday afternoon.

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latest device to aid new riders in so doing is a steering strap. By using the strap it becomes possible for novices to ride "hands off" at the slowest gait.

You willing admit that every one is strictly bound firmly to believe what our Lord has taught. But in order to firmly believe what our Lord has taught you must be absolutely sure that what is proposed to you is really the doctrine taught by our Lord.

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As true, then it must needs also be true; for if not true, then our Lord Himself would lead people into error by strictly obliging them to believe firmly to be true what is not true.

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"I have taken Ayer's Pills for many years, and always derived the best results from their use." For Stomach and Liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equaled.

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Highest Awards at World's Fair. Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the blood.

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The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Ltd. High-class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales, XXX Porter and Stout.

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THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS, CHIMES, BELL METAL, COPPER, BRASS, ETC.

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Should be used in all cases where it is desired to make the finest class of goods—Biscuits, Pastry, Cakes, Johnny Cakes, Pie Crust, Baked Paste, etc.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS

SANDWICH, ONT. ERNEST GIRADOT & CO. Our Alter Wine is a Specialty.

REID'S HARDWARE

For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers Superior Carpet Sweepers Sincere, the latest Wing, Mangles, Cutlery, etc.

POST & HOLMES, ARCHITECTS

Offices—Rooms 28 and 29, Manning House, King St. West, Toronto.

the doctors

approve of Scott's Emulsion. For whom? For men and women who are weak, when they should be strong; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat.

Two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Third Sunday After Easter.

HOW TO WORK FOR SALVATION.
The God of all grace, who hath called us to his eternal glory in Christ Jesus, after you have suffered a little will Himself perfect you, and confirm you, and establish you.

The time in which the Easter Communion should be made is now drawing towards its close. To-day is the third Sunday after Easter, and Trinity Sunday, the last day for fulfilling the precept, is only five weeks off. All, therefore, who have not yet performed their duty should begin to think seriously about it.

There is a very weighty consideration which I wish to lay before those who are still negligent. Indeed, what I have to say concerns all who remain for any length of time in the state of sin. This consideration is not merely the danger of dying in this state, and consequently being lost for ever.

This, of course, is a point which no prudent man will neglect. What I wish specially to point out, however, is that, even supposing that those who are in the state of sin could be certain that they would before the end recover the state of grace, and should actually do so, and so secure eternal happiness, yet, for all that, the whole of the time spent in the state of sin would have been lost. Now, that this loss is not trifling one, will appear from what I am going to say.

As you well know, my dear brethren, Almighty God requires of each of us that we shall work out our own salvation. The happiness which we shall obtain, if we obtain it, will be the just reward of our labor. This reward must be earned. The crown of glory is not an alms thrown to a beggar; it is the payment due in justice for work done. But this is only a part of the truth. We have, indeed, to earn, to deserve the eternal recompense which God has promised; but that we may be able to do so God's grace is necessary.

Not necessary merely in the sense that God's actual help must go before us, and accompany us in all our good actions; but necessary in the sense that he who merits must be in the state of grace.

Now, given that a man is in the state of grace, every supernatural work at least—that is to say, every work which springs from faith and hope—is a meritorious action, and deserves for him who performs it an increase of never ending joy and happiness. We may, perhaps, go even further than this; for there seems to be good reason for thinking that not merely every supernatural action, but every good action, even though it springs from merely naturally good motives, is meritorious in God's sight.

And not only are the actions of a man who is in the state of grace meritorious, but the greater part of them have also another fruit of great value. The temporal punishment to which, there is reason to think, the larger number of men are liable must be satisfied for, before we can enter into the kingdom of heaven. Now, almost all the actions which are performed in the state of grace satisfy for the temporal punishment which otherwise we should have to undergo. So that the works done in the state of grace have a two-fold value: they are meritorious of reward, and they satisfy for temporal punishment.

But now suppose that these same works are done by a man not in the state of grace, but in the state of sin, what are they worth? I will not say that they are worth nothing; that would not be true. But this is certain—they are neither really meritorious nor satisfactory. They do not earn for us the recompense of eternal life, which must be earned. All the works done by a man in this state are lost, and the time is lost. It matters not how difficult or how good in other respects these works and actions may be, they do not deserve eternal life; they do not satisfy for sin. If this is so, is not this in itself a sufficient reason for at once fulfilling our duty, and thereby obtaining such a value for our actions as to make our life really worth living?

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Nobody knows of the work it makes, To keep the home together, Nobody knows of the steps it takes, Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes, Which kisses only smother, Nobody's pained by naughty blows, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care Bestowed on baby's brother, Nobody knows of the tender pray'r, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught Of loving one another; Nobody knows of the patience sought, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears, Just darlings may not weather The storm of life in later years, Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above To thank the Heavenly Father, For that sweetest gift—a mother's love; Nobody can—but mother.

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to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless Georgie had no lack of "mothering."

A Wise Little Insect. Of all small creatures, none is more interesting or worthy of study than the ant.

Solomon observed these tiny work-men and drew lessons of wisdom from their industry and forethought. Ants are very intelligent. They will form themselves into armies, with officers to lead and command, and will fight real battles. After one of these battles they will carry off the dead and wounded as carefully as real soldiers.

They march in regular order, and in battle never mistake friend for foe. They keep pets as well as we do cats and dogs, these pets being a much smaller kind of ant. They also keep slaves and prisoners, and an insect that supplies them with a juice of which they are very fond in somewhat the same manner that cows furnish us with milk.

There are mason ants, mining ants, and warrior ants. One species of ants builds paved cities, constructs roads, and sustains a large military force. There are some species of ants that construct houses large enough to hold a dozen men, with roofs impervious to the rain, and with large rooms and galleries.

Much pleasure and profit may be obtained from the study of God's works in nature. In birds, insects, flowers, may be found perpetual delight. In all these things we can see the wonderful goodness and powers of God. All nature is a museum to those who have eyes to see and hearts to feel the manifestations of Divine love and skill.

It is a good thing for young people to cultivate the power of observation. It will open up to them a thousand avenues of pleasure, and keep them from ever feeling lonesome or have the time hang heavily on their hands. Eyes or no eyes make the difference between the scientist and the common man. Solomon was a keen observer, and he it was who said: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."

An Aged Woman's Advice. A young girl once heard of a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman—a woman who had rounded the full term of ninety years, and with eyes still bright and clear looked out upon the twinkling waters of eternity, says Harper's Bazaar. The girl was impressed with the emphasis with which the venerable dame said to her, "Bessie, never insist on having the last word. The determination to have the last word leads to more quarrels and more bitterness of feeling at home than most anything else in domestic life. The fact is, that one may so control her tongue and her eyes that she may allow her opponent the pleasure of this coveted concluding thrust and yet placidly retain her own opinion, and, in the homely colloquial parlance of the up-country, where one finds strong-willed people living together in peace with the most pronounced diversity of characteristics, 'do as she's a mind to.'"

Another bit of wisdom may be condensed into a pithy sentence. Avoid explanations. In some families nothing is taken for granted. Every action, every decision, every new departure, every acceptance or rejection of an invitation, must be endlessly talked and fussed over, explained and re-explained. In that way lie all sorts of stumbling blocks. As a rule, beyond your parents there is nobody who has the right to demand of you explanations at each step of your onward path. Don't give them. Establish a reputation for keeping your own counsel. It will serve you well in many a crisis, and be no end of a comfort.

Again, don't be forever setting people right. There is a household fiend with a memory for dates and details, who can never sit still and hear papa say that he went down town on Monday, at 8, without correcting the statement with the remark that the hour was half-past. If mamma happens to allude to Cousin Jenny's visit as having occurred last Thursday, the wasp-like impregnation of accuracy interposes with the statement that it was Friday, not Thursday, which brought Cousin Jane. A dozen times a day exasperating frictions are caused by needless corrections of this sort, referring to matters where exactness is not really imperative, the affairs in question being unimportant, and no violation of truth being for an instant intended.

A manifest bit of wisdom is to refrain from criticism of food. The same may not be quite piquante enough, the said may be wilted; but in the name of decency say nothing about it in either case.

Silence is golden in nearly every instance where a defect obtains in the home economy.

To abstain from superfluous apologies is also the habit of discretion. There should seldom be the occasion for apology in the household, where all would do well and wisely to be constantly gentle and courteous.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fester its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can cure them by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, acrid, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parnelle's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box

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

BANEFUL TAIN OF PRIDE.

We give below an extract from a masterly sermon on Pride delivered by Rev. Henry A. Otko of Chattanooga, in which the good pastor points out how insidious is the sin by which the angels fell, and how like an octopus it throws its tentacles across every path of man's life: "In the human heart there nestles a certain craving for honor—one strives to overtop the other and frequently arrogates to himself the prerogatives and qualifications of his neighbor. This contention of man is un-Christian, and inevitably leads to an innumerable series of errors. Pride is the vice which, according to Scripture, history and daily experience, is the foundation and root of all evil. Pride caused the fall of the angels and plunged them from the uppermost dome of heaven to the sulphurous pit. Pride cajoled our first parents to disobedience and drove them out of paradise. Pride inflicted a punishment, not confined to one couple, one race, or one nation, but to all couples; all races, all nations. Pride flooded the earth with the ills of sixty centuries and will be the cause of all misery to come. Pride created the angel of death and caused the spirit of war, famine and pestilence to breathe on the nations. Pride incited the brothers of Joseph to dispose of him, and silvered the hair of a Jacob. Pride drowned the enemies of Pharaoh, petrified the hearts of the Nivvites, burned the city of Sodom and changed the beautiful country of Gomorrah into a salt sea. Pride closed the schools of Athens; disrupted the Roman Empire; Lutheranism, Germany; apostatized England, that isle of chyls, and opened the gates of Paris to infidelity. Pride murdered a Caesar, prostituted an Anthony, drove Marius to the ruins of Carthage and Henry from Canossa; uncrowned the monk of Wittenberg, bespattered the altar of Canterbury with the blood of a Becket and banished Napoleon to the cliffy isle of Helana. The statesman at the head of the nation, the general at the head of the army, the father at the head of a family, the aged philosopher at the head of the school of his day, the merchant in his office, the priest in the church, the monk and nun in the cloister, the mother in the family's sacred tabernacle, the child in the lap of its mother, are one and all poisoned by Pride. Pride is born in us before our birth; and although yet infantine and barely perceptible, one word, one look, ye! even a hand shake will suddenly convert it into a monstrous giant. When Pride appears virtue disappears. Purity, kindness and charity are banished and pride introduces her eldest daughter, Impurity, and her twin children, Calumny and Detraction, to abide in the heart she has conquered. Pride is so deluding that the eye of a tender mother sees not its beginning; the ear of a doting father hears not its vain boasting; the spirits of both are insensible to the ruinous touch it has laid on the future of their children. Such, my friends, are the ravages caused by Pride.

A Young Lad's Rescue.

Confined to His Room for More than a Year—An Intense Sufferer Through Falls in the Muscles of His Legs and Arms—Reduced almost to a Living Skeleton. From the Wolfville, N. S., Acadian. Mr. T. W. Beckwith is the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Wolfville, the most important hotel in the town, and is a man well known and esteemed throughout that section. He has a bright, handsome looking son, thirteen years of age, named Freddie, who is a lad of more than average intelligence. It is pretty well known in Wolfville that Freddie underwent a very severe illness, though perhaps the means to which he owes his recovery is not so generally known, and a statement of the case may be the means of helping some other sufferer. On the 26th of December, 1893, Freddie was taken ill and was confined to his room and his bed until March, 1894. Two different physicians were called in during his long illness. One said he had a gripe, and the other that his trouble was rheumatic fever. He was troubled

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A Just Criticism of the Public Schools.

There are too many "fads" in our schools to the exclusion of those more important subjects which are vital to the welfare of society. The great majority of boys and girls in our schools are destined by nature and environment for commonplace lives of honest, hard work. Such need a thorough drill in basal studies—language, arithmetic, geography, etc., and they have not the slightest use in the world for two thirds of the "isms" and "ologies" that are crowded into the ordinary school curriculum. To get through with credit the regular public school course necessitates an amount of night study that cannot be had for even a robust child, and it is simply ruinous for a delicate boy or girl. There is no sight more pitiful than to see, as one frequently does nowadays, the child of ten or fifteen years of age wearing spectacles—his eyes injured by night study. It is time that sensible, practical educators take this matter in hand and overhaul our school systems. School Superintendent Brown, of San Luis Obispo County, expresses the matter in a nutshell when asked to define school fads: "Any study which consumes much time beyond reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, language or grammar, history and geography, the essential studies, may be called 'fads.'"—The Monitor, San Francisco.

Sorrow and Kindness.

A pale little lad in a west bound train glanced wistfully towards a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him. "What's the trouble?" he asked. "Have you no lunch?" "Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awfully hungry." "What is it, then?" "Tell me; perhaps I can help you." "It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there, and they've got their mother." The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said gently, "and you've lost yours?" "Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I have never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up this lunch, hung this card to my neck, and they they would be kind to me, but I didn't show it to anyone yet. You may read it if you like." The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words: "And whoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward." The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then "I'll come back very soon," he said and made his way to the mother and her children. And presently little Georgie felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear fellow, begged him

Wise Words.

The intellect is really a passive faculty which is roused to activity only by its appropriate object. Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it. Cultivate the mind which God has given you and which He proposes one day to inundate with His glory and blessedness. The every-day cares and duties, which man calls drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving to it the true vibration, and its hands a regular motion. One great mystical theologian calls the gifts of the Holy Ghost the seven sails of the soul, in which it catches the various breezes of inspiration, and so navigates the sea of perfection.

Greatest Words of Jesus.

The Boston Globe of Easter Sunday had a symposium on "The Greatest Thing Jesus Ever Said." The Catholic edition was supplied by Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S. J., rector of Boston College, who wrote: "The best thing Jesus said!" A bewildering problem surely, where all is infinitely good, to select the best, and not sovable by me. In keeping with the Easter season the words: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go before to prepare a place for you," are inspiring and consoling. "THE 'NEW WOMAN' NOT IN IT. With all her freaks and fads the 'New Woman' does not commence to enjoy the same comfort with her masculine clothing that a man does. For she will almost always sacrifice comfort for style and effect, while with a man comfort comes first. Men's suits and overcoats admit of such few changes in style that the main question is to get a becoming color, and, for severe weather, to make them warm enough without too much bulk or weight. And here men take advantage of the many feminine appropriations of their styles and borrow the invaluable FROCK COAT, on which such extensive sleeves are safely built, using it in winter coats and vests for the sake of the beautiful warmth it gives, a comforting warmth which neither wool nor rain will penetrate.



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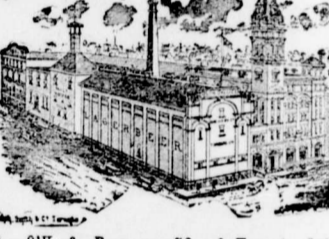
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