

**PAGES  
MISSING**

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XVIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1896.

NO. 945.

## DEAR SAINT ELIZABETH.

Patron of the Poor and Lover of the Holy Souls.

Thursday, Nov. 19, we celebrate the feast of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, whose humility, despite her royal birth, and whose far-reaching charity to the poor and the sick, bringing her so closely in touch with the great world from which she was isolated both by her station and her holiness, have earned for her the sweet familiar title of "dear Saint Elizabeth."

Traditions of her childhood and earliest youth tell us that the gentle princess had always a marked degree of holiness and a love of prayer and self-sacrifice, although she was not unkind or negligent of the social relaxations which her position demanded of her; for as the daughter of the King of Hungary she was raised amid the pleasures and distractions of the court. In their graces she had her mother's example; but she found it closed she opened a kiss on the door for love of the Divine Presence in the tabernacle. She was fond of dancing, too, which was a favorite pastime of the court; but after a few rounds she would say: "One set is enough for the world; I must deprive myself of the others for the love of God."

The rich dress that became her rank was worn simply because it belonged to that rank, and Elizabeth took no pleasure in its richness nor in her own personal adornment; and when in church she invariably removed her diadem in the presence, as she said, of Jesus crowned with thorns.

It is related that on one occasion she was reported by her foster mother, the Landgravine of Thuringia in whose house she was raised, for this act of humility and for the lowly position she assumed before the altar. "Cannot you do as others," chided the noble lady, "and not as a badly brought up child? Ladies should be erect and not bent over like wilted roses."

Elizabeth remonstrated. "How can I," she responded, "appear crowned and erect in the presence of my King and my God? My crown is a mockery in the sight of His." And so fervently did she return to her devotion that the queen felt constrained, almost against her will, to follow Elizabeth's example.

In her childhood Elizabeth had been betrothed to Louis of Thuringia and when, after their marriage, they came to the throne, she found still more ample opportunity for the practice of those charities which had been the occupation of every moment that, as a princess, she could steal from the court. Her own fare was as frugal as she could manage to make it at the royal table, and her biographers tell us that the cooks of the palace were fairly annoyed by her frequent raids on the kitchen in behalf of her penitents.

The legend of the roses is familiar to everyone:—of the precious cloak-full of food which she was carrying to some poor sufferer and which, when her husband met her and inquired what errand took her so far from the castle—for he met her in a distant forest where he had gone for the hunt—was miraculously changed from food to flowers while she opened her cloak in silent explanation. Not so familiar is another legend which tells us that once, having exhausted in alms the money in her purse, she gave a jeweled glove to a poor beggar who had received nothing. The glove was secured by a young knight who had seen the charitable act, and he wore it ever after as a crest in his helmet, attributing to this token the success of his arms in tournament and in the Crusades.

To the lepers, also, the sympathy of St. Elizabeth was most precious, as she founded hospitals for them and washed their sores with her own tender hands.

Poverty followed upon her husband's death, and her banishment from the palace with her children made her homeless and penniless; but not for long, for she died at the early age of twenty-four, after a life as rich in holiness, charity and sacrifice as if it had lasted the allotted three-score and ten of the Scripture.

St. Elizabeth was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and may therefore be called the special patron of those who enjoy a like blessing. Not inappropriately, too, do we celebrate her feast in the month of the Holy Souls, for she had a great devotion to the souls in purgatory, often saying of them: "These are now dead; they were living once, just as we are, and we must all die, as they have done; so let us love God and remember His saints."—Catholic Columbian.

## THE BISHOP OF GALWAY ON IRISH UNITY.

The Bishop of Galway sends this significant letter to the Dublin Freeman, with his check for £20:—

Mt. St. Mary's, Galway, Oct. 28. My Dear Sir:—I beg you will do me the favor of conveying the enclosed check for £20 to the treasurers of the Irish Parliamentary Party Fund, as my response to the party's appeal for aid.

It seems to me a matter of urgent and vital interest to the country, at the present juncture in our political affairs,

that the Irish party should be sustained by the necessary resources for carrying on their representative work. Should the Irish Nationalists now lapse into lethargy as to the condition and welfare of the representation of the country in Parliament, disaster to the political fortunes of the nation must inevitably be entailed. It must be plain to any one that takes in the present critical situation that the Irish party cannot possibly be held together without the financial support of the Irish at home. How can any one reasonably expect aid from the greater Ireland abroad if the mother country will not, even in her actual and prospective disheartened outlook, manifest a generous and self-sacrificing spirit on behalf of the paramount interests of the National cause? Without an Irish party in sympathy with our people, the certain result must be—that the Irish cause shall once more meet with the old and proverbial deaf ear of the House, and become once again the sport of both English parties alike—Liberal as well as Tory. It is scarcely possible that Irish Nationalists will stand by passively, and see the ground won during the Parliamentary warfare of the last twenty years now exposed to the danger of being lost through their own strange apathy and political blindness. If they are going to rest on their ears, the country must drift, and who can tell how far back it may be carried in the adverse political currents. In such untoward event, we may abandon our Home Rule aspirations, despair of any adjustment of our educational claims, look on in black despondency at our backward condition as to the natural and mental development of our unhappy country, tamely submit to millions of unjust annual taxation, and witness the sad spectacle of Ireland falling back again into the old grooves of twenty years ago, when there was no Irish party to force the Irish cause on an unwilling House, and when British misgovernment of Ireland had a free hand.

Yours very faithfully,  
Francis J. McCormack,  
Bishop of Galway and Kilmaedouagh.

## ENGLAND'S TREATMENT OF POLITICAL PRISONERS.

William O'Brien made a stirring speech at an amnesty meeting in Kilrush, Ire., on the 25th ult., in the course of which he said:—

English sympathy and English money has created political prisoners in every corner of Europe, and yet the moment she comes to deal with the Irish political prisoners she deals with them with a barbarity for which you will find no parallel in the prison system of any country in the world with a spark of civilization (A Voice—You know that, and cries of "Talla more"). What is the history of England on this question? It was in England that the insurrectionary movement against the King of Naples was organized; it was in England that Orsini found a place to manufacture his infernal machines; it was England that supplied the rebels against the United States of America with arms (cheers for America). It was from English territory that the raid upon the Transvaal was planned (cheers for Kruger). It was from England that the Armenians were instigated into all their recent outbursts against oppression. England has been at the bottom of half the rebellions of Europe. She has made a hero of every rebel from Garibaldi to Szepek, and she has never been too squeamish as to the weapons that suit, but the moment she comes to deal with an Irish rebel every instinct of Christianity or humanity seems to desert her. She punishes upon them; she buries them as John Daly was buried in one of those dungeons among the lowest felons of the land, where she tortures them with a malignity that ought to make Englishmen ashamed of themselves when they praise of the Sultan of Turkey about liberty and humanity. I have no hesitation in saying that many of those recent Armenian atrocities, for which England is so justly indignant, are no greater disgrace to civilized State than the way in which Gallagher and Whitehead have been driven mad, and the way in which, probably, Wilson is being driven mad at the present moment, while we are here in Kilrush. The Sultan's methods are more complete, they are shorter and more merciful, for I venture to say that it would have been a less brutal thing if they had plunged a dagger into the hearts of these men the night they were convicted than to condemn them to these thirteen long years of cruel torments, to that system of barbarity by which by slow degrees of hunger and of dreary solitude men's minds are broken down and they are left a prey to all sorts of horrors and delusions.

## AN HONEST SEEKER.

After Truth Tells the Story of his Conversion to the One True Faith.

A convert from Methodism, Mr. N. F. Thompson, says that after he lost faith in Protestantism he was turned back from becoming a Catholic by the apparent formality in the Church and by the belief that it was taking no steps to enlighten mankind in practical religion. Then he tried the secret society.

"It was in this state of mind," he writes, "that Masonry and Old-Fellowship seemed to offer me my greatest solace, and I became a devotee at the shrine of both these orders, and they took so strong a hold on me that I embraced some half-dozen others. I sought in vain for a satisfactory reason of the Church's opposition to these orders, and really had settled down into the conviction that in so far as a correct and virtuous life was concerned—and this was my ideal of what religion should make a person—I feel I had rather risk the tenets of Masonry than any religion that I had met.

"In this state I lived practically for ten years, attending no church, but a zealous and devoted member of every secret order that had attained any prominence in the land. It is just to say that my naturally religious disposition was increased rather than diminished by this experience, but the claims of a growing family made me more and more thoughtful, and more and more desirous to set my children a proper example. My devoted wife never omitted a prayer for my conversion in the evening and morning prayers, and once more I sought to find wherein lay the proper road to take. Protestantism could give me no certainty for my belief, and in a matter so important as the salvation of a human soul I felt Almighty God could not leave mankind without some certain guide. Protestantism said: 'You have that guide in the bible; but I found innumerable sects, all claiming the bible as the special foundation for their teaching, and many of these so wholly irreconcilable that, instead of accepting the bible as such a guide, I felt it needed some authentic and infallible interpreter. No other Church claimed that authority save the Catholic, and this I could not embrace because it condemned Masonry.

"In this frame of mind I met Archbishop Gross, then Bishop of Savannah, Georgia, and to him I stated my difficulties, asking him to explain why the Catholic Church opposed Masonry, and as near as I can give him I will repeat his words, though fifteen years have elapsed since they were uttered. He said: 'The Catholic Church is a divinely founded organization, commissioned and established by Jesus Christ Himself as the sole teacher of faith and morals among men. It can not, therefore, brook a human origin. Masonry is of purely human origin, and the tendency of its teaching is to lead men to that human source rather than to the one He had established for their morality.' Instantly I saw what had always seemed dark to me before, and I replied: 'Bishop, will you take me into the Catholic Church to-morrow?

This request brought a broad smile to the good Bishop's face as he said: 'We do not let people join our Church that way; you must be instructed first. I had heard my children's lessons in catechism and knew all the foundations of the Church, and on being examined I was found fully instructed, and really was received into the Church the following day.

"This is briefly the story of my conversion; but no tongue can tell the joy and happiness that I experienced when all doubts were removed, and I felt that I was in truth a member of the one true Church."

## THE MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

The Official Agreement.

Ottawa, Nov. 20.—The following is the official statement given out by the Premier to-day, announcing the settlement of the Manitoba school question:—

"1. Legislation shall be introduced and passed at the next regular session of the Legislature hereinafter set forth in amendment to the Public Schools Act, for the purpose of settling the educational questions that have been in dispute in that province:

"2. Religious teaching to be conducted as hereinafter provided:

"(1) If authorized by a resolution, passed by a majority of the school trustees; or

"(2) If a petition be presented to the board of school trustees, asking for religious teaching, and signed by the parents or guardians of at least ten children attending the school in the case of a rural district, or by the parents or guardians of at least twenty-five children attending a school in a city, town or village.

"3. Such religious teaching to take place between the hours of 3:30 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and to be conducted by any Christian clergyman, whose charge includes any portion of the school district, or by a person duly authorized by such a clergyman, or by a teacher, when so authorized.

"4. Where so specified in such resolution of the trustees, or where so required by the petition of the parents or guardians, religious teaching during the prescribed period may take place only on certain specified days of the week instead of on every teaching day.

"5. In any school in towns or cities where the average attendance of Roman Catholic children is forty or upwards, and in villages and rural districts where the average attendance of such children is twenty-five or upwards, the trustees shall, if required by the petition of the parents or guardians of such number of Roman Catholic children, respectively, employ at least one duly certified Roman Catholic teacher in such school. In any school in towns or cities where the average attendance of non-Roman Catholic children is forty or upwards, and in villages and rural districts where the average attendance of such children is twenty-five or upwards, the trustees shall, if required by the petition of the parents or guardians of such children, employ at least one duly certified non-Roman Catholic teacher.

"6. Where religious teaching is required to be carried on in any school in pursuance of the foregoing provisions, and there are Roman Catholic children and non-Roman Catholic children attending such schools, and the school-room accommodation does not permit of the pupils being placed in a separate room for purposes of religious teaching, provision shall be made by the Department of Education (which regulations the Board of School Trustees shall observe) whereby the time allotted for religious teaching shall be divided in such a way that the religious teaching of the Roman Catholic children shall be carried on during the prescribed period on one-half of the teaching days of each month, and religious teaching of the non-Roman Catholic children shall be carried on during the prescribed period on one-

half of the teaching days of each month.

"7. The Department of Education shall have the power to make regulations not inconsistent with the principles of this Act for the carrying into effect of the provisions of this Act.

"8. No separation of the pupils by religious denominations shall take place during the secular work.

"9. Where the school-room accommodation at the disposal of the trustees permits instead of allowing different days of the week to different denominations for the purpose of religious teaching, the pupils may be separated when the hour for religious teaching arrives, and placed in separate rooms.

"10. Where ten of the pupils in any school speak the French (or any language other than English) or their native language, the teaching of such pupil shall be conducted in French (or such other language) and English, upon the bi-lingual system.

"11. No pupils to be permitted to be present at any religious teaching unless the parents or guardians of such pupils may desire it. In case the parents or guardians do not desire the religious teaching, then the pupils shall be dismissed before the exercises, or shall remain in another room."

## CATHOLIC PRESS.

In her concern for the salvation of souls Holy Church insists only upon a practical faith in Jesus Christ: that is, the acceptance of the defined truths of religion, and the use of the divinely appointed means of grace. But Catholics, as men and citizens, ought to govern their conduct by the eternal principles of public right and social order which form a part of that normal and reasonable philosophy of life which alone has the note of Catholicity.—Church Progress.

The present is a fitting opportunity of reminding our Protestant friends of a few historical facts in connection with the See of Canterbury. They appear to have forgotten that the Chair of Canterbury was founded by the Pope, who placed St. Augustine on it as his first Archbishop, and that in olden times the Archbishop of Canterbury was a most influential and most powerful prelate. He was Papal legate in virtue of his office, and from the year 1019 took rank in Rome immediately after the seven Cardinal Bishops; he was occupant of a chair more ancient than the throne of England, while his authority stretched far wider than the boundaries of the realm.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

To meet again! What ineffable joy is contained in this hope! And now, what shall we do to render happy those of our loved ones who returned to their true home, who passed through the portals of eternity? Many of them are still undergoing punishment for their unatoned faults. Could we only see them, we could not but give them proof of our sympathy. Or would you not make use of the means of relief placed at your disposal? Would you refuse them your help, and thereby demonstrate your disregard for them? If so, they will not meet you in gladness when you enter the portals of the next world; they will give their welcome to those who were more charitable than you.—Rev. John A. Nagel.

A correspondent writing to the Tablet concerning the controversy about the alleged revelations of "Dr. Baraille" about Free Masonry, declares that he was once a Master Mason, and adds: "The secret of Free Masonry is simply the possibility of uniting men of all creeds in one common worship of God. That is all. Its position is that of all beliefs as equally true or equally false. If Free Masonry possessed a secret the knowledge of which is of incalculable benefit to everybody—for Free Masonry is intended to imply universality—then Free Masonry is criminally wrong in keeping that knowledge a secret. If, on the other hand, there is no secret at all, then Free Masonry is a gigantic humbug in pretending to possess what it has not got." The Catholic Church is the one true universal organization. In it all men are brethren. It recognizes neither bond nor free, but children of God and brethren of Christ. And it has no secret and desires no darkness.—Catholic Review.

The famous "Evangelist" Mr. D. L. Moody says: "If any one had told me two years ago that I would become interested in any more work than I then had on hand, I would have laughed at him. But it was about eighteen months ago, when I was on my way to Texas, that the statement was made to me by a lady, that we have 750,000 prisoners in this country. I inquired into this statement and found that the whole criminal class, in and out of jail, amounts to this figure, although all are not behind the bars at any one time." Now these criminals are mostly young men; some of them are in prison for their first offense; their crimes were in many cases committed in moments of anger or under the influence of liquor; they are not hardened in vice; they have time to think,

and their thoughts are full of remorse. Can nothing more be done for those of them who are Catholics in faith though not in action? Mr. Moody and his associates distributed among them more than one hundred thousand books during the past year. Can we do nothing for them?—Catholic Review.

In more senses than a political one we are nearing a crisis. There is evidence in many quarters of a growing disaffection towards the over-extended high-pressure rate of speed at which we have been living, and there are more and more pleas from those who are of "the powers that be" in literature for simpler, easier, less ambitious modes of thought and deed. The world is tired, mentally, morally, physically. There is a universal sigh for rest, and, sooner or later, what the world—the people—really wants it gets. There has been "too much learning"; unlike the apostle, it has made us "mad," indeed, but we are growing quieter through weariness and sorer through the quiet of reflection. In spite of the assumed and widely circulated demand for "a purpose" in everything; in spite of the cramming and jamming, the boring and crushing system of instruction that has oppressed us with lectures even in our leisure moments, made a tool of every recreation and destroyed all social kindness through never-ending struggle of poor wits and very moderately endowed intellects, there is a longing for the "good old times," the days of freedom and the nights of peace, when, if one chose to be a dunce, one was a dunce, and no other one thought it a fact worthy of comment.—Catholic Standard and Times.

When a Catholic man becomes the father of children, he owes them, first of all, a rearing in the faith, and, secondly, an example of the Christian life. If such a parent eats meat on Fridays, neglects his morning and night prayers, talks contemptuously of the priest, sneers at religion, refuses to perform his Easter duties, is deficient in charity, and yields to anger, drunkenness and profanity, his sons are likely to be criminals and his daughters wayward. He is apt to be the main cause of their destruction and they are pretty certain to be his scourges. He will help to lose his own soul by contributing to the loss of theirs. He will sink further into hell because of his evil example to them and of their viciousness of which he was the occasion. He has scandalized the innocent. It were better for him to be chained to an anchor and to be cast into the depths of the sea, than to be an instrument in the perdition of his own children. Even in the depths of the pit, if he and they meet there, he will be upbraided by them and feel his misery deeper because of them. Woe to the scandalous father—misery here and agony hereafter!—Catholic Columbian.

Our Lady of Aberdeen.

On the occasion of the blessing of a new statue of Our Lady of Aberdeen in St. Peter's, Aberdeen, the Bishop of the diocese gave the following interesting account of a famous statue connected with the granite city, of which this is an exact reproduction:—In the olden days—before the Reformation—a statue of Our Lady stood in a little chapel on the Esplanade of Aberdeen. The exact spot where the chapel stood is now designated by the title "Chapel Nook." When the Reformation came Bishop Gavin Dunbar removed the statue for safety to the cathedral of St. Machar, in Old Aberdeen. Fearing that it would suffer desecration even there, it was entrusted to the care of a faithful sea captain, who conveyed it in safety to Belgium, where it was erected in the Church of Our Lady of Fuissterre, in Brussels. Its erection there raised a great degree of devotion to Our Lady among the faithful, and it came to be known as the statue of Our Lady of Good Success, also as "Our Lady of Aberdeen." I have seen the statue at Brussels, and have prayed before it. I have done even more, and tried, as did my predecessors in the bishopric of Aberdeen and all the Bishops of Scotland, to have this statue removed back to Aberdeen, but up to the present, I regret to say, this has not been accomplished. However, Father Clisholm has got an exact reproduction made, in size and appearance, and it is this statue which I am now about to bless. I hope it will have the effect of raising an increased devotion to Our Lady among the Catholics of St. Peter's parish. The Mother of God is ever ready to hear our supplications, and to intercede with her Divine Son for all the graces and blessings, temporal and spiritual, that we stand in need of. I will give you one instance of the fruits of this miraculous intercession. It is of a poor workman who was out of work, and had tried every human means to obtain employment, but in vain. His wife at length came to this church, knelt before this statue of Our Lady of Good Success, and in a few hours her husband found employment in his hand. This is but one instance, and I would ask you all to renew your devotion to the Mother of God in this ancient city.

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"I know you will be sorry, as he has told of four hundred a year. This is with regard to the Thomas, M. A., received into the his wife and six children, says the *London Times*, he generally Mr. Thomas and his a noble sacrifice, and but a typical example number of converts is doing. It is not too this obedience to the science, in opposition claims and ties, and every human interest considered a splendid Not easily can the be realized by those felt pressed by duty excites the fiercest and acquaintances. face the trials of life and prospects of a successful unenviable experience to do so when all been helpful and kind unresponsive, when the means of gain seems closed, and an entirely new sphere from old associations knowing what the m There are many to the religious in present age, and nited that there are v tending to show that look what is spiritual that which is mer temporary. It is, ho the acts of conversion Church that faith has still exercises a com on the lives of men.

The fund which started has been made cheap sneers by certain. If the editors of the difficulties with the Catholic Church they would, we feel they stand in need sympathy that can be and that it should r them by Catholics who interests of their rel the times have chang have changed with t bitterness formerly lics has disappeared is no longer deem inferiority. Those faith are not now su because of their bel from Protestant de still to suffer much.

The authentic a have received from in the past ten troubles they have through the action friends, have been s us that in many of t fully could not have fully exerted. Somers have been partici siding in a party district. When gaged in business have fallen away I reduced to want. I have been the victi ances, and they have leave the district. of the family have employers attempt injure them and dep positions. Against the son of Protestant become a convert had to enter a useful his father and moth been most intimate. covered that he has the attitude of all s deny altered. He will no longer career which he de that he must exp as he remains a Cat in fact, an outca circle, antagonism evinced in the lo language of these v been most intimate. Another type of daughter in a Prote embraces the Cath tried as in a fu Parents' brothers, relatives at one t the tenets of her r mock them; at w with divers pains a testant clergymen vivid colors the d she is pursuing. I she is forced to lea living as best she unjust to say that had this bitter e undoubtedly true lot of many. That section, as we m ceased is manifest, of Miss Buttery, cently commented satisfactorily the mistress in the Lo Bedfordshire, whi diction of a Scho became a Catholi made upon h vicar in a letter v and Miss Buttery the School Board, ever being made efficiency as a tea stance of the tria verts is supplied Father Prest, O S lish this week. A

BACK TO OXFORD.

Jesus Open a Hall at the English University.

The *Sionhurst Magazine* gives the following particulars of the new hall opened by the Jesuits at Oxford, about which so much has been said recently in the press. The new hall opened at Oxford by the Society of Jesus for its university students has now been occupied by us, its first four students, for nearly a month. The old name of No. 40, St. Giles, we hope soon to see changed to that of "Campion Hall," after Blessed Edmund Campion, the proto-martyr of the English Jesuits, and a famous member of the university of his time. A FINE SITUATION. The house is a small and old-fashioned two-story building, over two hundred years old, its front faced with plaster below, and beam and rubble above, and its tiled, high pitched roof, pierced with numerous dormer windows. A small garden fenced off with railings separates it from the street. The situation and climate are very good, lying as it does about the middle of St. Giles, the broadest street in Oxford, and one of the most elevated above the river. Unpretentious as we are, we have yet attracted the attention of the Oxford guide books. This is what is known about us through that medium: "Leaving St. Giles' Church and proceeding south, we may notice on our right lying back from the street, an old-fashioned house (No. 40) which has been acquired by the Order of Jesuits as a hall for University students. This is the first step in the return of the religious orders to the position held by them in Oxford in pre-Reformation times."

This is a concise declaration of our *raison d'être*. The object of the religious orders in pre-Reformation times was to give their subjects the best training their country, or perhaps the world, could afford, in order, in the case of teaching orders, that the students educated in their colleges might have the best teaching that the best training of their masters would give them, and they themselves might in their turn be fitted for their course at the University. This, too, is our purpose here. Since the toleration by the Church on certain conditions of Catholics residing at the University, many more may be expected to come from our colleges to take their degree at Oxford. This, and the recent change in some of our principal colleges—such as Sionhurst and Beaumont—in the final examination of their course from the Matriculation Examination of the London University to the examination for the Higher Certificate, has made such a move all the more imperative. Besides this it is well known how much more the course of studies at our colleges was always in harmony with the Oxford course than with that of the London University.

Our coming here has not excited any animosity among the general public, though when it was first rumored that the Jesuits were coming some of the Low Church party, who are very strong here, talked of calling an indignation meeting to protest against the invasion of Oxford by the Jesuits, and one writer in the *Oxford Times* went so far as to remind his readers that by the laws of the land it was allowable to "shoot a Jesuit at sight." However, this was an extreme case. The only abusive epithet as yet applied to any of us in the street was addressed to one of the Fathers here who was plodding through the rain in an impenetrable waterproof. The waterproof was mistaken by a small boy for the habit of some Protestant monks here, known as the "Cowley Brothers," and the Father, as soon as his back was turned, heard the boy squeal after him, "You Cowley evangelist!"

The humorous side. The university authorities seem, on the whole, very friendly; any of the dons we have come across so far have been most kind and obliging. The attitude of the undergraduates toward us is, as might have been expected, one of good humored indifference. When they first heard that the Jesuits were coming we obtained an honorable mention in a sporting poem in the volumes of the undergraduate paper, the *Isis*. It was an account of a boat race, in which the Jesuits "eight" or "four" oar was described as taking a prominent part.

To Recall a Letter. Many times people would like to recall a letter after it has been mailed. This can be done, even if the letter has reached the post office of its destination. At every postoffice there are what are called "withdrawal blanks." On application they will be furnished, and when a deposit is made to cover the expense, the postmaster will telegraph to the postmaster at the letter's destination asking that it be returned. The applicant first signs this agreement: "It is hereby agreed that, if the letter is returned to me, I will protect you from any and all claims made against you for such return and will fully indemnify you for any loss you may sustain by reason of such action. And I herewith deposit \$— to cover all expense incurred, and will deliver to you the envelope of the letter returned." In many cases persons have made remittances to fraudulent persons or irresponsible firms, not learning their true character until after the letter had gone.

Great battles are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

There was grief and indignation among the people at the news of Mike's cruel murder, or "sudden death" as they called it, speaking under their breath as if they feared the blades of grass at their feet could hear them. Marcella, catching their whispers, told herself that these people must have lived terribly through two mortal fears—dread of the landlord, and dread of the secret societies—to have learned this cowardice, they who cared so little for hurt or death. Mike was followed to his grave by true mourners, but there was no loud demonstration on the part of his friends, and nothing was said about trying to discover the authors of his death. He was put away under the sod and apparently out of mind, with sighs and shudders; but even his own family mentioned him no more.

Marcella, having questioned some of the people on the subject, but without getting any satisfactory answer, asked Father Daly the meaning of this unnatural state of things. Was the murderer one among themselves, and had friends and neighbors agreed by common consent to condone the crime? "Hush!" he said, "it is enough for me to speak loudly when I denounce the murderer from the altar, but it will be safest for you to be silent in the matter. Neither friend nor neighbor could do any good by lamenting over poor Mike's untimely fate. The same hands that with one blow struck Mr. Fioth—who God forgive me for saying it, had worked hard to earn his fair—and struck your husband for defying the power that moves those hands, have felled this harmless lad. Doubtless he was marked from the first moment when he ventured to warn you of Bryan's danger, and told off as ripe for death after he gave his evidence on the trial. We have had a visitor or visitors in the country, it seems, unknown to us. Let me entreat you, my dear, to do nothing to provoke their attentions, to be silent on dangerous subjects, and to be careful how you go and come."

Marcella, appalled at such a view of the case, struggled a while with her impulse to cry out, to condemn, to warn, but remembering her helplessness as a woman, and Bryan's dependence on her, lowered her voice, and was careful in her movements, and acknowledged herself at last to be a coward.

"For they would strike a woman," she said to herself. "Those who would harm a poor simple youth like Mike would strike a woman. And I cannot deny that I want to live for Bryan. I braved the fever for the sake of the saving of many, but I am powerless here; and Mike is already gone beyond my help—"

She did not, however, alter her usual course of conduct, persisted in the discharge of her self-imposed duties, and hung out no signals of fear. Mike had been in his grave a month and the fever was abating; September brought cold, fresh weather, unfavorable to the spread of the scourge, and there was hope that it would have quite disappeared before winter.

One night Marcella had sat up later than usual to finish the letter that, whatever the labors of the day might be, was unflinching posted to Bryan. She had had much to tell him lately, and as she sat now alone with lamp and fire she told him that she felt with relief that winter was coming back and that the sweet air he could not breathe with her, and the brilliant scenes he could not behold with her, were going and would soon be gone—she felt nearer to him as she was now, shut in a room, all her mind concentrated on her thought of him; even the sighing of the night wind—

What the night wind had to do with her fancies remained untold, for suddenly glancing up, she knew not from what cause, she saw the figure of a man coming into the room. She was sitting in the library, a room somewhat removed from the others in the house; the table and the fire were between her and the door. Scarcely believing the evidence of her senses, she stared at the figure, saw that it was totally strange to her, that all the middle part of the face was blackened over so that the features could not be recognized, and, finally, that it was advancing towards her.

She glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was half an hour past midnight, and the servants had all been in bed for two hours at least. In the midst of the confusion of her sudden alarm she realized that there would be no use in calling for help even if her voice would come. If this meant death, then it must be death; yet if she could keep her senses—

claw like hands that supported him as he leaned across the table towards her, and would strangle her. Where had she seen those hands before? Her mind wandered back as in a sort of delirium to the trial, to the witness box. No, she would not swoon, she would try to speak, she would not scream—

And then, after enduring this dreadful madness of gazing and battling for sane thought for a full minute, which seemed like years, she heard the man begin to speak, not ferociously, but in a quiet, reassuring tone of voice. "Don't be so frightened, lady," he said, "I'm no burglar, and I mean you no harm—that is, not unless you force it on me. I have come here to talk to you about business. Come, lady, I know you have pluck. Drink this glass of water, here quite handy, as if you were expecting me, and sit down and attend to what I am going to say to you."

Marcella drank the water hoping that it would give her back her voice, and almost thankful to him for suggesting it. Then she sat down and made a great effort to gather up her wits so as to defend Bryan's property, that is, her own life, and all the comfort and service which that otherwise worthless life must mean for him.

Presently she was amazed to hear her own voice speaking rationally and quietly in the terrible silence of the room. "If you wanted me on business," she said, "why did you not come in daylight like an honest man? I am here every day to see all who come."

"Thank you, but that would not suit me at all. My business is not ordinary business. I have come from them that have their own ways of working. Lady, you have got a warning lately. You met with something in your path that you did not like."

The lowered voice and insinuating tone emphasized the last words. "O God, he was hinting at the murder of Mike. Her blood curdled as she saw again that white face staring up through the heather at the sky. So should she be found one day; and who would dare to tell Bryan?"

"Now, lady, we don't want any more blood in this matter if we can help it; but maybe we will not be able to help it if we find people stupid and obstinate. I come from them that are bound to work their will, not for your sake or my sake, but for the sake of the great cause."

"I am waiting to hear what you want me to do," said Marcella, mechanically. "Well, lady, your husband, Mr. Bryan Kilmarin, belongs to us. That's one thing I have to put before you. Once one of us, always one of us. He thought to shake us off and he was punished. Death was the punishment due to him, but an accident came in the way, and in a matter of a handful of years, twenty, eighteen, maybe fifteen—who knows? he'll be out on the world again. And, lady, he'll want something to do. The pretty, genteel world he wanted to belong to will have nothing to say to him. Let him return to us and we will rub out old sores. What you've got to do now is to swear to me, and to give it to me in writing, that you will use your influence with him. It's well known to us that you write to him pretty often, and that you're the kind of a wife that sticks to a man like glue—that you will win him over for us, so that when he comes out of prison he will be one of us again."

"I suppose this is all you have to say for the present," said Marcella, struggling to control the expression of her horror. "If it is, I will ask you to leave me for the present."

"I'm going," said the intruder; "but I must say before I go that you are a plucky one, lady. I was afraid I might have frightened you to death. And I don't want to hurt you—not if I can help it. I'm only doing my duty and obeying my orders. You'll learn to do the same before long, if you are wise. Good night."

Marcella saw him withdraw from the other side of the table, turn and glide away, she did not see where. Her eyes, released from gazing at him, grew suddenly dim, and she groped her way to a door near her with but one thought—that she would escape to her room and the reaction after her fierce effort at control should set in and might take away her senses. To wake from a swoon, here, alone, in the dead of night, with the recollection of this horror staring her in the face, might overturn her brain. Safe in her bedroom she locked the door, and flung herself on the bed, feeling secure for the moment, if not yet capable of thinking.

Her first clear thought in the matter was that she would write to Bryan and ask his advice, his guidance as to her conduct; he would know how she ought to deal with these people. Whatever he directed her to do she would do. The next thought that came to her was that she must do no such thing, that she would not even hint to him of what had happened. His anxiety for her might lead him to think of temporizing with the fiends, her inextricably, in their toils. By telling him she could only fill him with alarm and cruel agony of mind, causing him to fear every moment, throughout the long monotonous moments that made up the prisoner's day and night, for her safety. She would take counsel with Father Daly only. She would fight out this battle for her husband and for herself, alone.

As soon as possible she hastened to the priest and related her extraordinary story. The old man stood aghast at the dilemma in which he saw her placed. He was dazed and horrified. He had no expedient to suggest, no advice to offer.

"They mean what they say," he said, walking about his little parlor where his breviary lay open on the table showing where he had been interrupted in his reading, "and they generally do what they threaten; not always, perhaps, but generally."

"Not always?" asked Marcella, tremblingly. "Sometimes their only object is to frighten, but I am terrified for you, terrified, terrified. I can only think of getting you away out of this—"

"Would that do any good?" said Marcella. "It seems to me that if they want me they will follow me—anywhere. I have got the impression that if I try to escape they will be the more bent on having me. I fancy that the only thing that seemed to soften that wretch towards me was what he called my 'pluck.' If I stand my ground, I have a chance; if I run, I am lost—"

"Yes, you are right; they admire courage. It is the only virtue they have any longer a conception of. Oh, my lost sheep, my men who ought to have been soldiers!" cried the old man, throwing up his trembling hands. "When will the Lord lift the pall that hangs over this unhappy country?"

Then, recovering himself and returning to the urgent question of the moment, he went on: "And yet I must think about guarding you. I could smuggle you into a convent where you could live as one of the nuns—"

come to the end of my helpfulness?" During the ten days that followed that midnight visit Marcella went her way exactly as usual, and when the night of the tenth day arrived she went to bed early, locking her door and leaving her room in darkness. It surprised her to find that the terror she had expected to feel on this night, more than all others, did not, after all, assail her. Feeling that she had decided as best she could and that the die was cast, she fell asleep from sheer weariness, the entire bodily collapse that often follows on a long strain of suspense and excitement.

The next day she arose refreshed, wondering at her own fearlessness, cheerfulness, almost gaiety of spirit. Now that her course was finally taken she knew by the sense of relief that underlay her good spirits that she must have been in danger of turning coward, and of ruining Bryan's after-life by her weakness. Even if she died, and she did not feel that she was going to die, she would have done nothing to compromise him or his future. Almost before breakfast was over, Father Daly appeared.

"I knew you would be off to the hospital as usual," he said, "sling her hat and gloves on the table," and I have come as your escort. For the future you must have some one with you wherever you go."

"What use, what use, Father Daly," cried Marcella, drawing on her gloves. "You are always welcome, but I do not change my habits one iota. My mind is made up."

Her eyes were sparkling, and a little red spot was on one of her cheeks. She laughed as she tripped down the steps before him. Then she turned grave for a moment as she looked back at him and saw his anxious face.

"I have said my prayers, Father Daly, and what matter about the rest? *Something* is going to take care of me, I know; else how could I feel so blithe when there is everything against me?"

Father Daly answered nothing except by taking her hand and placing it on his trembling arm with an air of protection; as he went along he found himself almost tottering. He realized for the first time that old age had come upon him. It was a fresh, bright September day; the birds were singing with that spontaneous afterburst of song which breaks from them when the heats of summer have gone away. The purple coloring of the heather was at its perfection; the shining silver of the sea was subdued with soft gray lines, the moors were at their tawniest and loveliest. When they had walked about half a mile, a man met them at a turn of the road and appealed urgently to the priest to come with him at once up the mountain where a person lay suddenly dying who has something afflicting on his mind.

The priest stood still with a shock of disappointment. Why could he not fulfil first the task he had undertaken of conducting Marcella safely to her destination? He hesitated, and the messenger renewed his entreaties. It was an urgent case, a desperate case. There was not a minute, not a second to be lost. After a minute's struggle and a short prayer Father Daly's hesitation was over. His priestly duty lay up the mountain road. The angels must take care of Marcella.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Mr. Johnston and the Jesuits. The irrepressible and picturesque John Johnston of Ballykilbeg, the head of the Ulster Orangemen in Parliament and out of it, presided over an Orange meeting in Dublin recently. The chief subject discussed by this ludicrous statesman was the duty of England with respect to the Armenian complication. Mr. Johnston was strongly opposed to British interposition, unless in conjunction with the other European powers. This was the logical and natural position for an Orangeman to take. If there is anything which the average Orangeman dreads it is war. The average Orangeman is a coward and a craven. He only fights with his mouth.

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Well

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and hearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. URBAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

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THE SUFFERINGS OF CONVERTS.

An English Journal Tells of Some of the Things They Have to Bear.

"I know you will be glad, but we are sorry, as he has thrown up a living of four hundred a year to go to beggary." This is what a Protestant friend has written to a correspondent, with regard to the Rev. D. Lloyd, Thomas, M. A., who has been received into the Church, with his wife and six children. It will, we think, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, be generally acknowledged that Mr. Thomas and his family have made a noble sacrifice, and their conduct is but a typical example of what a large number of converts have done and are doing. It is not too much to say that this obedience to the voice of conscience, in opposition to innumerable claims and ties, and indeed to almost every human interest, deserves to be considered a splendid proof of heroism. Not easily can the hardships it involves be realized by those who have never felt pressed by duty to take a step that excites the fiercest hostility of friends and acquaintances. At any time the trials of life with slight hopes or prospects of a successful career is an unenviable experience. What must it be to do so when all who have hitherto been helpful and kindly are cold and unresponsive, when every avenue to the means of gaining a livelihood seems closed, and when one must enter an entirely new sphere of life, parting from old associations and scarcely knowing what the morrow will bring? There are many complaints as to the religious indifference of the present age, and it cannot be denied that there are various indications tending to show that men largely overlook what is spiritual and eternal for that which is merely material and temporal. It is, however, clear from the acts of converts to the Catholic Church that faith has not died out, but still exercises a commanding influence on the lives of men.

The feud which the Holy Father has started has been made the subject of cheap sneers by certain Anglican journals. If the editors were fully aware of the difficulties with which converts to the Catholic Church have to contend they would, we feel sure, admit that they stand in need of all the practical sympathy that can be tendered to them, and that it should not be refused to them by Catholics who are alive to the interests of their religion. Of course, the times have changed and Protestants have changed with them. Much of the bitterness formerly felt towards Catholics has disappeared. To be a Catholic is no longer deemed a sign of social inferiority. Those who profess that faith are not now subjected to insult because of their belief. But converts from Protestant denominations have still to suffer much.

The authentic accounts which we have received from time to time within the past ten years, of the troubles they have had to endure through the action of relatives and friends, have been such as to convince us that in many of these instances ill-will could not have been more powerfully exerted. Sometimes the sufferers have been members of a family residing in a particularly Protestant district. When they have been engaged in business, their customers have fallen away and they have been reduced to want. In their homes they have been the victims of petty annoyances, and they have felt compelled to leave the district. If some members of the family have been working for employers attempts have been made to injure them and deprive them of their positions. Again, it may have been the son of a Protestant parent who has become a convert to the Church and has had to undergo hardships. He is about to enter on a useful career, aided by his father and mother and encouraged by all his friends. As soon as it is discovered that he has become a Catholic the attitude of all around him is suddenly altered. He is informed that he will no longer receive support in the career which he designs to follow, and that he must expect no help as long as he remains a Catholic. He becomes, in fact, an outcast from his social circle, antagonism being all too plainly evinced in the looks, bearing, and language of those with whom he had been most intimate.

Another type of case is that of a daughter in a Protestant household who embraces the Catholic faith. She is tried as in a furnace of affliction. Parents, brothers, sisters, and other relatives at one time argue against the tenets of her religion; at another mock them; at another threaten her with divers pains and penalties. Protestant clergymen are brought to argue with her, and to paint to her in vivid colors the dangers of the course she is pursuing. If she remains firm, she is forced to leave home and earn a living as best she can. It would be unjust to say that all converts have had this bitter experience, but it is undoubtedly true that it has been the lot of many. That the system of persecution, as we may call it, has not ceased is manifest, from the dismissal of Miss Buttery, upon which we recently commented. She filled most satisfactorily the position of headmistress in the Lower Standon School, Bedfordshire, which is under the jurisdiction of a School Board. After she became a Catholic a pointed attack was made upon her religion by the vicar in a letter which he published, and Miss Buttery was dismissed by the School Board, no objection whatever being made on the score of her efficiency as a teacher. Another instance of the trials which beset converts is supplied in a letter from Father Prest, O. S. B., which we publish this week. A lady who has been

received into the Church, being in temporary distress, applied for aid to an old friend, a Protestant, on whom fortune had smiled. His reply was, "Give up the Catholics and turn Protestant again, and you shall want for nothing." All who have come into contact with converts after their reception into the Church know that cases in which temptations of this kind are held out are by no means rare.

That Protestants should feel some dissatisfaction when their relatives and friends enter the Catholic Church is not surprising. Annoyance is but natural when our own beliefs are rejected, whether in religion, politics or science. But the root principle of Protestantism is the liberty of private judgment, and that surely should safeguard converts to the Catholic Church from downright ill-will and antagonism. As a matter of fact, the rule with Protestants seems to be that people should have perfect freedom to accept any form of belief or disbelief so long as they do not become Catholics; at that the line must be drawn. This anti-Catholic prejudice is gradually growing less and less, and no doubt, in the course of time it will vanish altogether. Meanwhile, it is the urgent duty of Catholics to display a thoroughly practical sympathy for those who have bravely given up everything for conscience sake. The Holy Father has appealed to their zeal in this good cause, and we feel sure they will respond to his call in a generous spirit.

"SCHOOL OR PRISON."

Under the caption, "School or Prison," Rev. J. B. Soule, a Protestant minister, writes as follows to the Portsmouth Daily News: "This is a grave question, and one that is not receiving the attention that it should. I saw in your paper notice of a corner-stone laying which took place near Phoenixville. The building is to be a great educational institution for young men who have no employment and are drifting out into the world without home or anchor. This educational institution proposes to gather up these poor, homeless men and boys and educate them and make useful men of them.

Did you ever hear of a more noble and philanthropic enterprise than this? But you say this institution will make Roman Catholics of them? What of that? Better that, ten times, than have them become thieves and robbers and a tax on the industrious people. Educate the people and we won't have thieves and robbers. I would ten times sooner have my son a Roman Catholic gentleman than a Protestant thief.

Our jails and penitentiaries are a menace to our country. If a boy steals he is sought out by the police and taken to jail. Why not take him to some good educational institution? It will not cost any more, or not as much; then he comes out of such an institution with a good education and a reformed character, while they say it is right he remains in jail for a time, comes out with no education and worse morally than when he entered. Then what is the real use of your jails; just that much money wasted. It is really a shame in this enlightened day to have such an institution as a jail or penitentiary.

Now the great Roman Catholic Church proposes to right face on this subject. . . . Almost the first thing you see on entering a country town is a court house and the jail. Neither of these ought to be in existence in the closing hours of this nineteenth century. This jail business has been tried on poor Abe Buzzard, and he is still no better. But if the poor man had been put into a first class school at his first offence he to day might be one of our best citizens. The Roman Catholic Church has touched the right key. In the place of the jail, the academy; in place of the penitentiary, the college. Then shall we have no use for those grim-walled jails nor court-houses with balconies so high that the common people are never reached.

I am not a Roman Catholic by religion, but I am heartily in sympathy with this idea of educating the criminals. Nay, every boy and girl, take them when they are young, train them, and we will have no need for police, sheriffs, lawyers or penitentiaries.

An Heroic Act of Charity.

The month of November, the month of the holy souls who have no present solace but our prayers, may be made joyous to them by an heroic act of charity on our part. We may voluntarily resign into the treasury of the Church for their benefit all the surpluses which may be offered for us after death and all our own works of satisfaction, that the suffering souls may be the sooner released from Purgatory. By thus depriving ourselves of personal benefit, however, we do not resign the power of offering our good works and prayers for other intentions. This practice carries with it indulgences granted by several Popes, and while acceptable at any season is especially so in November.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from a pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again. PARMELLE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parnelle's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

HUNGER THE DISEASE EVICTS THE CURE.

It is needless to say, says the Boston Pilot, that there is only one country in Europe whose condition could be described in those six words. Ireland is threatened with famine, and the Government is ejecting the hungry people from their wretched homes because they cannot pay rent, the failure of the crops depriving them of the wherewithal to procure even the necessaries of life. It is the old, old story. The loss of a single harvest entails famine on a country which is compelled in good seasons to pay over to England the fruits of its industry that in any justly governed country would have been the people's reliance in time of distress. The Royal Commission of Inquiry appointed by the English Government, and having no personal or political predilections in favor of Ireland, reports that England has been cheating the "sister island" out of millions of pounds every year since the Union. The cheating is going on to day, and Irish farmers must starve because their surplus produce is stolen by England. The landlords are doing as they helplessly tenantry with all the brutal accompaniments which the word eviction signifies. The story of hunger is told by the correspondent of the Manchester Guardian which, as a cablegram of the seventh instant justly says, is "one of the most trustworthy and least sensational papers in England." The tale of the evictions comes from all quarters. The account of England's action to relieve the sufferers or restrain the evictors comes from nobody.

We are told with much sounding of Parisaical trumpets that the Government of India has made preparations to meet another famine in that country with such care that not a man, woman or child in all the land shall perish of hunger; but India is far away from the daily press and the Atlantic cable, and no tidings of starvation will reach the world through British channels. We hope that there may be some to hide or suppress; but how about the famine at England's door? What preparations are being made against it? None.

The Government is doing nothing, will probably do nothing until too late. Again the outside world will be asked to relieve the distress of Great Britain's subjects, and the appeal will not be made in vain. The shame is with the power which lets its subjects beg for bread, not with the unhappy people whom that power has driven to beggary and famine. Who is this unhelpful Lazarus that he should offend the senses of Dives with his rags and his sores and his hunger?

Indecent Journalism.

The New York Sun took occasion recently to condemn in vigorous language the publishers of the World and Journal for the discredit and demoralizing sensationalism which flouts them in the Sunday issues of these papers. To those who believe that the Sunday paper should be less objectionable in tone and feature than the regular daily editions, the appearance of the contents of the World and Journal on Sundays are simply shocking. The Sun thus describes the sharp competition between Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst for supremacy in the field of filth: "When the multifarious appeal to pruriently seems to pall upon the two constituencies, the exploitation of the horrors of morbid anatomy and disgusting pathology begins. Pictures of diseased tissue sprawl across whole pages formerly occupied by the imaginings of lasciviousness. Crime is illustrated in all its phases, with charts and full working directions for intending criminals. When the Harvard graduate ransacks the shelves of the library hells for forgotten nastiness of erotic literature, the ex-kellner sends forth his men and his women to collect from the cooks of the anonymity of day their mistresses' favorite recipes for Christmas plum pludding. When the ex-kellner goes to the hospitals with his camera to photograph for the benefit of World readers the latest running ulcer, the Harvard graduate promptly furnishes to readers of the Journal explicit instructions, with plates, teaching how milder may be done with a single blow of the fist upon the chin by driving a splinter of the under jaw upon into the brain. So it goes on, Sunday after Sunday, with the bright sun shining in the heavens; and the end is not in sight."

There can be no question of the extent of the evil which is bred in this new craze for sensationalism, and the Sun is to be commended for its exposure of the debasing methods employed by its two contemporaries. The public should cease to patronize these vile publications.—Boston Republic.

Action of Alcohol on the Nervous System.

Doctor Forel of Zurich teaches that alcoholic intoxication, as affecting the nervous system, is conspicuous from the first, often after small doses. The excitement following the first glass is the effect of a paralyzation of the complicated checking apparatus which usually controls instincts, impulses and thoughts. Mentally alcohol paralyzes, in the first line, the highest, most complicated and finest conceptions of reason and dictates of conscience. He states that chronic alcohol poisoning produces mental paralysis. Psychopaths, or nervous people, are extremely susceptible to the narcotic action of alcohol in disease as well as in health, even when the disease is not of alcoholic origin. Very small doses

of alcohol will, in such persons, give rise to considerable pneumonia of alcoholic poisoning. He has seen severe delirium tremens after such comparatively small quantities as one and a half to two quarts of cider daily.

JESUIT AND PURITAN.

In a paper on John Elliot published in the New England Magazine and written by Mr. James De Normandie, a Unitarian minister, is the following interesting passage:— "One is appalled, humiliated, as he thinks of the remarkable labors of this wonderful man. Baxter, writing to him not long before his death, says: "The industry of Jesuits and friars, and their successes in Congo, Japan and China, shame us all save you." The latter part of the seventeenth century witnessed in all the region about our northern lakes a wonderful display of the Jesuit missionary zeal, his readiness for toil, hardships and death. Self was forgotten in utter devotion to his order; he was ready for any sacrifice even to martyrdom. Allouez Dablon and Marquette were but a few of those missionaries who at the same time with Elliot were making unsurpassed missionary journeys and efforts to bring the Indians to a knowledge of the Christian faith.

Among the Jesuit missionaries of the North-West perhaps no one was more active than Father Gabriel DuRoi. On one of his expeditions he came from Quebec to Rogsbay as he called Rockaborough, where he was received by Governor Dudley, and made a visit to Elliot the year after he had established his mission at Natick.

In "The Puritan Age and Rule in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay," Dr. George E. Ellis writes: "And now we have to present to ourselves a notable scene. The priest, a Jesuit on an embassy, named Le R. Pere Gabriel Dremillette de La Compagnie de Jesus writes: "On my way I arrived at Rogsbay, where the minister named Elliot, who was instructing some savages, received me to lodge with him as the night had overtaken me. He treated me with respect and affection, and prayed me to pass the winter with him." Here is a scene which might well engage the pencil of an artist whose sympathies responded to the subject. Two men, then in the vigor of life, who were yet to pass their fourscore years in their loved but poorly rewarded labor for the savages, separated as the poles in their religious convictions, principles and methods, trained in antipathies, and zealously hostile to each other, are seen in simple, loving converse as kind host and responsive stranger guest. The humble sitting and working room of the Apostle Elliot in his modest cottage has the essentials of comfort, and there is a guest chamber. Around the hearthstone are two or three Indian children, whom Elliot had near him as pupils, while he himself was a learner from some docile elders of the race, whose barbarous tongues he was seeking to acquire through grunts and gutturals, that he might set forth in it the whole oracles of God. His hopeful experiment in the Indian village at Natick had recently been put on trial. The priest was, after his own different fashion, spending himself in his own work. The aims of both were the same; their methods widely unlike."

Have we not all, amid earth's petty strife, Some pure ideal of a noble life, That once seemed possible? Did we not hear The voice of its angels, and feel it near, And just within our reach? 'T was! And yet We lost it in this daily jar and fret. We live life in a vague regret. But still our place is kept and it will wait Ready for us to fill it, so long as we have seen, We may as well be glad that we have been, 'T is never too late to think, has life and breath— God's life—can always be redeemed from death. And 'Evel, in its nature, is decay. Any hour can blot it all away. The hopes that lost in some far distance stand, May be the truer life—and this the dream. —Addicks Proctor.

What an Angel is.

In his new book on "The Christian Inheritance," Bishop Hedley supplies this description of an angel: "Each of us may have some idea of an angel. It is probably a figure of youth and beauty, clad in a simple flowing robe, with strong fair wings folded gently, with serene face and eyes of gentle love, and, perhaps, a majestic arm upraised for man's protection. The figure is not false. Yet, if we could see them up there in Heaven where they are, it would seem a truer figure to say that an angel was a flash of the lightning of Heaven. Bright light, fierce heat, tremendous power—this is what an angel is. The saint who is what an angel is, the hierarchy of Heaven. Saint Denis, tells us that fire is the chief scriptural symbol of an angel. The activity of fire, its penetrating subtlety, its uncontrollable freedom, its irresistible power, the brilliance of its action—these are the qualities that make the Holy Scripture describe the angels as fire—as wheels of fire, as rivers of fire, as burning flames, as creatures full of fiery brightness. An angel is a soul without the prisons of the body. He is so swift that space is annihilated before him. He is so strong that he rives the earth in his progress, he melts the clouds, holds the helm of the whirling tempest, lifts the ocean waters, guides the orbs of Heaven, quells the demons, nay, almost penetrates the thoughts of the heart of man. His life is so living, so real, so true, that, once again, there is nothing to express the swiftness and the heat of his intellect and his will but the electric fire that darts from cloud to cloud, most terrible of the forces of the world." And these glorious, powerful, swift and subtle intelligences are the friends of man as well as the servants of God.—Catholic Review.

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METHOD OF HEARING MASS.

Devout Practises with Which all Catholics Should be Familiar.

On your way to the church, consider that you are going to Calvary, there to witness the most sublime and affecting spectacle that can be imagined, that of a God made man, who immolates Himself on a cross, suspended between heaven and earth, in order to reconcile earth with heaven, and man with God. Consider with lively faith that the sacrifice of the Mass is the renewal of that of the cross, or, rather, that it is, according to the Council of Trent, the same sacrifice, with this sole difference, that, on the altar, it is accomplished without the shedding of blood, and that consequently it produces the same effects, since the Victim and He Who sacrifices are the same, Jesus Christ, Who by the ministry of His priests, offers Himself to God His Father.

These considerations should inspire you, while on your way to the church, with sentiments of reverence, confidence, and devotion.

Having entered the church, and chosen a place where you may be free from distractions, resolve to avoid those faults which you are liable to commit when assisting at Mass, and beg of God the grace to be faithful to your resolutions. You will then express your desire to attain the ends for which the Holy Sacrifice is offered, namely, to render to God the honor due to Him in acknowledgement of His supreme dominion over all creatures, to obtain from His infinite goodness mercy and forgiveness of your sins; to thank Him for the innumerable benefits received from Him, and to implore a continuance of His favors.

There are many ways by which you may secure to yourself the fruits of the Holy Sacrifice. Much latitude is left, on this point, to the devotion of the faithful. Some use the prayers for Mass to be found in any of the Prayer Books, while others prefer to recite the Rosary or the Litanies, with pious exercises suited for every day in the week, or else the office of the dead, the little office of the Blessed Virgin, or that of the Sacred Heart. Choose those prayers which seem best to you, taking care, however, that these vocal exercises do not so occupy you as to exclude the consideration of the three principal parts of the Mass: the Offerings, Consecration and Communion.

Adapt for these precious moments some fixed practices of devotion, which may assist you to participate largely in the graces attached to them. A few may be here suggested: 1st. AT THE OFFERTORY. Whilst the priest elevates the Host on the paten, pronouncing the words, *Suscipe Sancte Pater, hanc immaculatam Hostiam*, "Accept, Holy Father, this unspiced Host," unite your offering to his; place yourself in spirit on the altar of sacrifice and say from your heart: Deign, Heavenly Father, to receive the offering which I humbly make to Thee of my body and soul, with all their senses and faculties. They are the gifts of Thy bounty. To Thee do I surrender them, and I declare before the holy angels who now surround this altar, that I desire to use them only in conformity with Thy holy will made manifest in Thy Commandments. My most fervent wish is to belong wholly to Thee, and to devote myself in all things to the advancement of the glory of Thy Holy Name, to the salvation of others, and to my own sanctification. Sustain me by Thy grace, I entreat Thee, O Father of Mercy! that I may persevere to my last breath in these dispositions. Having thus prayed and offered yourself to God, make a brief examination, considering how far your conduct has hitherto corresponded with the profession you have just made, in order that you may henceforth prove more faithful.

2nd. THE CONSECRATION OR ELEVATION. At this solemn moment when the priest elevates before the congregation the Divine Victim concealed under the appearance of the consecrated Host, contemplate with lively faith your beloved Saviour, as He was beheld by those who had nailed Him to the cross, covered with blood and wounded for your sins, and in the midst of His agonizing pain, forgetting Himself to plead your cause with His Father, and to implore pardon for you in that cry which He uttered from His heart, *Pater, dimite illis*. ("Father, forgive them.")

This contemplation should inspire you with lively sentiments of admiration, love and gratitude, with horror of sin, contrition and boundless devotion. Having expressed these sentiments, unite with Jesus in the prayer which He offered to His heavenly Father on behalf of all mankind, contemplate in succession the five wounds which are, as St. Bonaventure says: "so many places of refuge, so many voices raised in supplication, to intercede for us," and at each one ask some particular grace or favor.

At the wound of the right hand: Pray for the Sovereign Pontiff, and for those Bishops, priests and missionaries who labor under his direction for the salvation of souls, that their zealous exertions may be crowned with the fullest success. At the wound of the left hand: Pray for the conversion of heathens, Jews, heretics and schismatics, and for the return to God of all bad Christians who are in league with hell against Jesus Christ and His Holy Church. At the wound of the right foot: Pray for the members of your family, beginning with those most closely connected by affinity; for your benefactors and friends; and likewise, as Christ ordains, for your enemies. At the wound of the left foot: Pray for

the souls in purgatory, particularly those who have most claims on your charity. At the wound of the heart of Jesus: Pray for yourself; place in that heart, burning with love, all your cares, troubles, fears, hopes and desires.

By adopting the habit of thus offering your petitions in a certain order, corresponding with the five wounds of Our Divine Lord, you will always be able in a few moments and without effort to offer an universal prayer, pleasing to God, and most beneficial to your neighbor and yourself.

3rd. The Communion. On those days when you have not the happiness of approaching the holy table, you should not neglect to make a spiritual communion, which, according to St. Teresa, "is sometimes as advantageous as actual communion." This consists in forming in your heart with great devotion, three acts, namely, an act of contrition, as nearly perfect as possible; an act of charity or love of God; an act of ardent desire to approach the Holy Communion and derive from it the abundant graces which it confers on those who prepare to receive it worthily.

Examine briefly: If you have followed exactly the preceding counsels.

How you have employed the intervals of time which separate the principal parts of the Holy Sacrifice.

If you have been careful as to your exterior deportment and vigilant in avoiding distractions.

If all has been well done, return thanks to God; if otherwise, ask pardon for your negligence. Before leaving the holy place, beg of Jesus to bless all your occupations during the coming day, as well as the good resolutions that you have made during morning prayer or meditation.—Catholic Columbian.

Catholic Marriages For Catholics.

Bishop Wigger in his sermon last Sunday thus referred to marriages: "In the fifteen years that I have been Bishop I have become convinced that some Catholic men and women do not know the sacred character of Christian marriage. Some Catholics decide in an hour to get married, some in six months, and they run off to a squire, a non-Catholic minister, a layman, a Jew, a heathen, or a pagan and get married. They make no Christian preparation for the marriage, but instead they commit crimes and sins of such an awful character that I would not dare to mention them. There are many who get married in a state of mortal sin. This brings curses down on the marriage and causes many unhappy lives. That is why so many husbands and wives are separated. Every Catholic should be married by his own parish priest, or, with his permission, by another priest. Very often couples go to a strange priest to marry them. No strange priest will marry them unless they tell him a lie. They tell him they are his parishioners. A priest can not know all his parishioners. He marries them, but it is bad and they cannot expect a blessing.

"Did you ever hear of the Saviour designating laymen to administer that sacred sacrament? Every Catholic married by a non-Catholic is guilty of a mortal sin, is an enemy of God, is robbed of all rights to a place in heaven, and is in the power of the devil. All Catholics who are married by a non-Catholic minister or a layman are excommunicated from the Church. It is not necessary for the Bishop or a priest to excommunicate them, they are cut off immediately. Some Catholics look upon excommunication as a trivial thing. They should know that when a Catholic is excommunicated he is deprived of his right to receive the sacraments; he is in mortal sin, and if he should die he could not be buried in consecrated ground."

Our Conception of God.

Therefore if the spiritual heart of man was to have religion, not only must that religion be definitely given to it by a message from outside, but what is more, that message from above must reveal the very highest conception of a Creator and a Last End—the most perfect ideal of a God and Father; or else the heart would languish and restlessly seek for something more. A reason of the same kind makes the personal infusion of Divine Grace a necessity, in the sense explained. For infused grace is made necessary by the Beatific Vision which is our inheritance as children of adoption. Now, our adoption itself and that blissful Vision of God's face are so far necessary to man that a future life without the Vision, in order to be a satisfied life, would have to be a continual and violent and multiplied miracle. For a future life without the Vision would be only the possessing of the finite; but if it had only the finite, the speculation and reaching out of man's spirit would go on as in this world below; therefore, there would be unsatisfied restlessness, and therefore no peace, unless horizons were arbitrarily drawn, sounds despotically hushed, and faculties paralyzed. Therefore God's immensity is needed for the heart, and God's abyssal depth for the intellect. And this makes infused grace necessary on earth, because the tree must be the same as the root. Ah! my brethren, we know not what we are. We seem to belong to this valley of mortality, to this narrow region bounded by earth and sky, by birth and the grave; but all the time our inheritance is—not the universe, for that is too small—but the infinite;

space, light, joy, and immortality, which can only come from one Fountain of Being, and one Plenitude of Existence, Who is at Once our Maker, our Father, and our Last End.—Bishop Hedley.

A MINISTER'S VISIT TO ST. BERNARD'S PASS.

Enjoyed the Monk's Hospitality—An Encounter With the Dogs.

This remarkable pass in the chain of the Alps known as the Great St. Bernard owes its name to the celebrated hospice for the succor of travellers, which is supposed to have been founded by St. Bernard in 862. The hospice is situated on the summit of the pass at 8,150 feet above the sea level and is the highest habitation in the Alps. The pass was traversed by the Roman armies, by Charlemagne, by Frederick Barbarossa and by Napoleon. Its passage was made by the latter between May 15 and 21, 1800, with an army of thirty thousand men, including cavalry and artillery.

Rev. John S. Heisler, of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, of Camden, in a recent address to his congregation made reference to a Sunday which he spent at the famous convent of the monks of St. Bernard. A representative of *The Catholic Standard and Times* called upon the pastor and interviewed him regarding his visit. He said that while making an excursion among the Alps, accompanied by William T. Nicholson, of Trenton, they arrived at the convent about sunrise on Sunday morning. They were quite chilled and hungry and rang the bell of the hospice. One of the monks came to the door, received them cordially and conducted them to seats at the fire. Though it was August the region abounded in snow banks, and the heat from the fire proved very acceptable. They were provided with soup, assigned beds, and some time after had a substantial but not luxurious meal with the monks, who numbered about a dozen. For these services no charge is made, but voluntary contributions usually given. The monks were all young men, of apparently robust constitutions, several of them speaking English fluently. The devotion with which they said grace and the spirit of thankfulness with which they partook of their meal impressed the visitors. About 10 or 11 o'clock one of the monks celebrated High Mass, the others chanting the responses.

During their stay the travelers paid a visit to what is known as the dead house, where the bodies of travelers who perish in the storms are placed. They are wrapped in cloths and either laid on the floor or stood up around the walls. The atmosphere of the region preserves the corpses, so that they dry up thoroughly and there is no corruption. Of the comparative youth and vigor of all the monks, Rev. Mr. Heisler said he believed that after some years in that duty they are relieved and called to other houses of the order, thus keeping at the hospice a force that is thoroughly able to assist travelers at all times.

A stereoscopic view in Rev. Mr. Heisler's possession shows in the foreground a group of the monks in black robes, relieved by what appears like Roman collars and a cord of white hanging from the neck like a socialist's ribbon, but tucked in the belt. In the background is the hospice, apparently several stories high, with a steep gable roof, while the dead house appears near by.

Of the St. Bernard dogs, whose feats in saving exhausted travelers have been the subject of so many interesting stories, he related an incident which shows how alert the noble animals are in their calling. After dinner on the Sunday in question he took a stroll, wrapping himself in a shawl, which was necessary to his comfort. It was a beautiful sunny day, and finding a nook sheltered from the wind he lay down on a natural bed formed by the rocks and shortly after fell asleep. He awoke from his nap and rose to his feet to find about a dozen of these massive dogs standing around him. He was in doubt as to whether their intentions were hostile or not, but after looking at him and evidently making up their minds that he was in no distress and not in need of their assistance they moved away.

Rev. Mr. Heisler is engaged with the other Protestant ministers of Camden in an evangelistic campaign, his church being the centre of one of the districts. Those engaged in it are making a systematic canvass of the city in an effort to find out what is the religious status of the people. Where a person is found to have a preference for any particular denomination, the pastor of that sect's nearest church is notified. Acknowledging the good work of the Catholic Church, he expressed a willingness to give his list of those who said that they are Catholics to the priests, but supposed that our system was so perfect that we already had them all. He also spoke of the kindly manner in which the Catholics upon whom he had called received him.

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THE POOR SOULS' APPEAL.

Catholic Columbian.

Some lines of Cardinal Newman's voice the soul of the Church at this season, when Nature herself puts on a funeral garb, and the "falling leaves are preaching of decay," and "the year, its life resigning, its lot fore-shadows ours":

"Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made The souls to Thee so dear; In prison for the debt unpaid Of sins committed here."

What a tender and yet strong devotion is that of our remembrance of the souls in Purgatory! Reason would dictate our obligation to help those gone before, did not Revelation explicitly point it out. As the great Anglican Bishop Heber, the author of many beautiful and graceful religious poems and hymns, put it: "Few persons, I believe, have lost a beloved object, more particularly by sudden death, without feeling an earnest desire to recommend them in their prayers to God's mercy, and a sort of instinctive impression that such devotions might still be serviceable to them. Having been led attentively to consider the question, my own opinion is, on the whole, favorable to the practice, which is, indeed, so natural and so comfortable, that it is neither displeasing to the Almighty nor unavailing with Him." Thousands of non-Catholic hearts have felt the same and yearned for something definite in doctrine as to prayers for the dead; but to the children of the true Church alone is this natural instinct made holy and beautiful; for, after all, our very instincts are but dim fore-shadowings of mighty truths. All Christian literature abounds in this yearning to help the dead who have been near and dear to us. Who can ever forget the words that Tennyson put into the mouth of the dying King Arthur:

"Pray for my soul! More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of; wherefore let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day. For what are men better than sheep or goats That nourish a blind life within the brain? If knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer Both for themselves and those who call them friend? For so the whole round earth is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The Mother Of God.

Sophronius, speaking of the Blessed Virgin says: "Thou hast surpassed all the angels, obscured the brilliancy of the Archangels; the Thrones are beneath thee; thou art raised above the Dominations; thou precedest the Principalities; thou art mightier than the Powers, stronger than the Virtues; thou standest above the Cherubim; thou hast preceded the Seraphim." "She is greater than the Heavens," says Peter Chrysologus, "stronger than the earth, broader than the world; for God, whom the world, does not contain, was contained by her alone. She carried Him who carries the world, bore her Genitor, nourishes Him who feeds all the living."

Thus stands Mary in the midst of time on the boundary lines of the Old and New Testament; the former she explains, the latter she fulfills and founds. She conceived the greatest blessing bestowed by God in the Old Testament—the blessing of maternity in the flesh; with her and through her enters the still greater blessing of the New Testament, the charisima of virginity, the spiritual maternity, the most fruitful Mother of the purest Virgin, from whom henceforth, as from an immortal root, the virginal branches spring. She is the last prophetess and queen of the prophets, for the Word of the Lord not only came to her, but she conceives and bears in her womb the Incarnate Word. Therefore she exclaims in the spirit of prophecy, "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." And with the million voices of the faithful, and for hundreds of thousands of days, thrice a day, in fulfillment, ascend to her the words Ave Maria. Thus she is the only witness, the only possible witness, of the Incarnation, from whose lips the Apostles learned it and proclaimed it.

Pat to the Rescue.

A clergyman was standing at the corner of a square in the city on Thanksgiving Day about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy Father in perplexity, thus addressed him:

"O, Father O'Leary, how is your reverence?"

"Mighty put out, Pat," was the reply.

"Put out! Who'd put out your reverence?"

"Ah, you don't understand, that is just it. I am invited to dine at one of the houses in the square, and I have forgotten the name, and I never looked at the number, and now it is nearly go'clock."

"Oh, is that all?" was the reply. "Just now be aisy your reverence; I'll settle that for you."

So saying, away went the good-natured Irishman around the square, glancing at the houses, and when he discovered lights that denoted hospitality, he rang the door-bell and inquired:

"Is Father O'Leary here?"

As might be expected, again and again he was refused. At length an angry footman exclaimed:

"No, bother on Father O'Leary, he is not here, but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is in rage and says the dinner will be spoiled. All is waiting for Father O'Leary."

Paddy leaped from the door as if the steps were on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest, saying:

"All is right, your reverence; you

dined at 1245, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"O, Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you."

"Long life and happiness to your reverence. I have your malady, and only wish I had your cure."

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The Condition of many Young Girls in Canada—Pale Faces and Bloodless Lips—Given to Headaches—Extreme Weakness, Heart Palpitation and Other Distressing Symptoms—The Means of Cure Readily at Hand.

Leamington Post.

The attention of the Post has lately been frequently called to a remarkable cure in the case of a young girl living within a few miles of this town, whose life was despaired of, but who was completely cured in a short space of time by the most wonderful of all remedies Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since reading in almost every issue of the Post of the cures effected by the use of this medicine, we felt it to be a duty we owed to investigate this case which has so urgently been brought to our notice, and we are sure the interview will be read with interest by the thousands of young girl all over Canada, as well as by the parents of such interesting patients. The young lady in question is not anxious for notoriety, but is willing to make her case known in order that others who are similarly afflicted may have an opportunity of being equally benefited. The symptoms in her disease differed in no way



from those affecting thousands of young girls about her age. She was suffering from extreme weakness, caused by an impoverished condition of the blood, and her chances of life seemed to grow less every day. The best and brightest fade away as well as others, but when we see a young girl of sixteen years, who should be in the best of health, with cheeks aglow with the rosy flush of youth, and eyes bright and flashing, just the opposite, with sallow cheeks, bloodless lips, listless in every motion, despondent, despairing of life with no expectation or hope of regaining health, and with only one wish left, that of complete rest, physical and mental, we think it one of the saddest of sights.

In the quiet little hamlet of Strangfield, in Essex county, just such a case was presented to the sorrowing eyes of loving friends a few months ago in the person of Miss Ella Beaton, who frequently said she did not care how soon she died, as life had no charms for her. To our reporter she declared that life had been a burden, but after suffering in this way for months, and after trying all sorts of remedies prescribed by physicians or furnished by friends from some cherished recipe handed down from their grandmother, but without being benefited in the least, she was at last persuaded by a neighbor to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial; but she had tried so many remedies without getting relief that she still refused for some weeks. However, after repeated urgings by her parents and friends she began the use of the pills. Before one box was taken she experienced some relief, and after the use of a few more boxes she was restored to perfect health, and there are few young girls now who enjoy life more. She says she owes her life and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and is willing that all the world shall know it. Her case attracted much attention and her perfect recovery has created much comment.

The facts above related are important to parents, as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath on the slightest exercise, faintness and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency no remedy yet discovered can supply the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are a certain cure for all troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old. Pink Pills also cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of a gripe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

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FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON

First Sunday of Advent

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE. And he spoke to them a simile: when the fig tree and all the trees: when shall their fruit you know again?

"That seems a strange thing for our Lord to make use of to his brethren? Yet what forcibly teach the lesson we learn? Every one, an old child, when he sees a youngling to put forth their fruit that summer is nigh, and wished us to see that the end of the world is clear. And not only is that great last day which shall be changed and the angel shall be heard to judgment; it is equally day when the world shall be forced to see the signs of the world. There are signs telling that we are fast approaching the appointed lot of all too often we live as if it still far off, as if we were years to live; and when it comes, how many do we prepared?"

"What could be a clearer of the approach of death than this first Sunday of Advent? What is it? It is the beginning of the year. It is the day when the Church begins over again of penance and prayer, and how have we spent the year of our lives? How have we spent? How do we live in God's sight? Are we were a year ago? We are to us a year of work, and neighbors have fallen of life during this past year, unexpected, perhaps, to them! How many have come to you! They were and the one lesson they taught you was that it was short and was rapidly close. Did you ever see that? Did you ever see why it was your friend was taken away and you Ah! it was that you missed the words of warning of our Lord Himself. He says, your hearts be overhauling, your hearts be overhauling, your hearts be overhauling, and that day come suddenly." These words you. You have often fore, but what effect it? Have you given of drunkenness and gluttony and idleness and sinful cares of life, delude yourselves? Did you from the church and am young yet; I see in me; there will be think of those things which Thou fool! Have you words of the Gospel of man who thought he had for enjoyment? And heart was filled with awful voice of God was

"Thou fool, these things shall be taken, thy soul cast into hell, ask yourselves now, your fate if the voice to call you. Do not order when you think of it is then, as reason we ought to do? It is awful state? Ah! it has permitted us to be warned perhaps for the sad indeed will be no heed them. And now prepare; now, at the of this new year, is the works of darkness, from the sins by which so long enslaved, for tion nearer than wh

A Mother's I

I do not think that realize what the ear influences of a mother when he reaches ye. The time which a mother's knee is to the man. Our most there. We are most when we are in a state of penance upon the road in his life and perplexed, on mother's words, unto child, come before him the way. It is alizes that the best to a man is to have him watchful, tender and a mother can be concerned. In those the lesson taught—not by a stranger, I garten, but at the becomes a precious benediction. It me salvation. And in a man thinks of a never thinks of a A look of tenderness eyes, a feeling of his heart, and the lest infancy comes seriously, he looks up to himself the most words, "Mother."

When from over-wearied and rest medical sorted to, then no medi with the same benefic Emulsion.

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

First Sunday of Advent. LOCKING TO THE END. And he spoke to them a similitude. See the fig tree and all the trees: when they now shoot forth their fruit, you know that summer is nigh.

That seems a strange similitude for our Lord to make use of, does it not, my brethren? Yet what could more forcibly teach the lesson I should have us learn? Every one, even the simplest, knows that the trees begin to put forth their leaves, knows that summer is nigh. So our Lord wished us to see that the signs preceding the end of the world are equally clear. And not only is this true of that great last day when all things shall be changed and the voice of the angel shall be heard calling all men to judgment; it is equally true of the day when the world shall end for us, when we shall be forced to leave the world.

What could be a clearer sign to us of the approach of death than this day, this first Sunday of Advent? For what is it? It is the beginning of a new year. It is the day on which the Church begins over again her round of penance and prayer and joy. A year of our lives has gone from us, and how have we spent it? What have we done? How do we stand now in God's sight? Are we better than we were a year ago? Has it not been to us a year of warning? Look back and see how many of your friends and neighbors have fallen in the battle of life during this past year; and how unexpected, perhaps, was it to many of them! How many afflictions have come to you! They were all signs, and the one lesson they should have taught you was that the time of life was short and was rapidly drawing to a close. Did you ever stop to think of that? Did you ever ask yourselves why it was your friend or neighbor was taken away and you were spared? Ah! it was that you might hear again the words of warning spoken to us by our Lord Himself. "Take heed to yourselves." He says, "lest perhaps your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, drunkenness and the cares of life, and that day come upon you suddenly. These words are not new to you. You have often heard them before, but what effect have they produced? Have you given up those sins of drunkenness and gluttony? Have you rid yourselves of those excessive and sinful cares of life? Or did you delude yourselves? Did you go forth from the church and say: 'Oh! I am young yet; I see no signs of death in me; there will be time enough to think of those things when I get older.' Then fool! Have you not heard the words of the Gospel addressed to the man who thought he had a long time for enjoyment? And even while his heart was filled with such things the awful voice of God was heard saying: 'Thou fool, this night all these things shall be taken from thee, and thy soul cast into hell.' My brethren, ask yourselves now, what would be your fate if the voice were suddenly to call you. Do not some of you shudder when you think of it? And what is it then, as reasonable beings, that we ought to do? Is it to go on in that awful state? Ah! my brethren, God has permitted us to hear these words of warning precisely at the last time, and sad indeed will it be for us if we do not heed them. And now is the time to prepare; now, at the very beginning of this new year, is the time to cast off the works of darkness, to free ourselves from the sins by which we have been so long enslaved, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

A Mother's Influence. I do not think that women exactly realize what the early teachings and influences of a mother mean to a man when he reaches years of maturity. The time which a boy spends at his mother's knee is never forgotten by the man. Our morality is learned there. We are most impressionable when we are in a stage of absolute dependence upon others. Many a man has stood at the forks of the road in his life, broken hearted and perplexed, only to have his mother's words, uttered to him when a child, come before him and point him the way. It is then that he realizes that the best thing in the world to a man is to have had a good mother, watchful, tender and anxious, as only a mother can be where her child is concerned. In those supreme moments the lesson taught, not by the nurse, but by a stranger, not at the kindergarten, but at the mother's knee—becomes a precious recollection and a benediction. It means then a man's salvation. And in that quiet moment a man thinks of a good mother as he never thinks of any other woman. A look of tenderness comes into his eyes, a feeling of softness creeps into his heart, and the attitude of his earliest infancy comes to him as, unconsciously, he looks upward and breathes to himself the most precious of all words, "Mother." It remains for all mothers of to-day to determine how much that word will mean to the men of tomorrow.—Edward W. Bok, in Ladies Home Journal.

Many a Young Man. When from over-work, possibly assisted by an inherited weakness, the health fails and rest or medical treatment must be resorted to, then no medicine can be employed with the same beneficial results as Scott's Emulsion.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

At The Door. I thought myself indeed secure. So fast the door, so firm the lock; But lo! he tapping comes to knock. My patient ear with timorous knock.

My heart was stern could it withstand The sweetness of my baby's plea. That timorous baby knocking and, "Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book. Regardless of its tempting charms, And, opening wide the door, I took My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in a moment I, like a trust child, shall wait The glories of a life to be. Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate? And will that Heavenly Father heed The truant's suppliant cry. As at the door I stand, "This, O Father! only I!" —Eugene Field.

St. Louis and the Miraculous Host. It is related in the life of St. Louis, King of France, that upon one occasion while the priest was celebrating Mass in the royal chapel, our Blessed Lord manifested Himself to the assistants during the time of the elevation, under the form of a little infant of surpassing beauty. As the king was not present, a messenger was immediately despatched to inform him of the miraculous event. In the meantime the priest was earnestly requested not to lower his hands until St. Louis had arrived, in order that the king might witness with his own eyes so extraordinary a prodigy. The messenger having reached the royal apartment, informed the king of the event, and urged him to lose no time in repairing to the spot. Whereupon St. Louis, without manifesting any surprise, quietly replied: "Let those go who profess the prodigy who have no true faith in the Blessed Eucharist. For my part, I am more satisfied about the real presence of Jesus in the consecrated Host than if I were to behold Him with my own eyes." So well did he know that true faith has a firmer foundation in the Word of God and the teaching of the Church, than any that can be obtained by the testimony of the senses.—Anne Divota.

The Sunshine of Past Ages. The teacher bade me write an essay upon "Coal." I studied the encyclopedia until my head was in a whirl with big words like "amorphous substance," "bituminous coal," "lig-nite and cannel coal," and all contained "carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen," and then I did not know one single thing about coal, and so I asked mamma: "What is coal, any way?" "It is the sunshine of past ages," said she, and then she told me a pretty story that I thought I would write for "Our Boys and Girls" to read.

Ages and ages ago, when the earth was young, and man had not yet begun to live on it, because as yet the conditions were not favorable to the life that mankind needs, monster fishes swam in the slimy seas and giant animals stalked over and through the marshy lands. Monster trees grew from the sloppy, moist ground, while grasses with huge stems and gigantic leaves, grew beneath their branches.

great earthquakes occurred, and the waters would roll in places where they were not before, and where they were once would be bare ground. The giant trees and the plants beneath them would be packed and buried in the mud and would see the sunshine no more.

Over and over again, trees and grasses, plants and ferns, grew in the sunshine; over and over again they were buried and packed down in the darkness, ever undergoing chemical changes.

Agos came and went, and finally man, the crowning work of the Creator, appeared upon the scene. Centuries came and went before he discovered the buried sunshine. Many are the legends as to how and when he first learned of the warmth imprisoned in the black mineral that, now and then, was found above the ground.

As every good deed sooner or later leaves its good record on the annals of time, so the short lives of the tiniest ferns of ages ago are now making light and happiness in many a home that would be dark, cold and gloomy had not the Creator, in His wisdom, ages and ages ago, buried the sunshine in earth's dark bosom, to be until such time as He was ready to bring it again to the light of day.

It's Worth All It Costs. "Cultivate the habit of being gracious and entertaining at home." There was never better advice than that. "Company manners" are the most detestable things in the world, not alone because of their pretension—and all pretense is vulgar and wrong—but because of the evil they work upon those who practice them. The girl who does not cultivate the habit of being gracious and entertaining at home is never easy and sure of herself away from home. Her voice is affected, her words are illy chosen, her attitudes are too stiff or too careless and she lacks refinement in a dozen small, fine, dainty yet most pleasing ways. The unrestrained yet always carefully guarded intercourse with "home people" is an education in itself. They know each other's hindrances, drawbacks and weak places; therefore they readily perceive the strength and courage which overcomes difficulties, and it awakens both pride and hearty sympathy when one of the circle brightens and widens in wit and learning. A family party needing three times each day around a plain and frugal board with the determination to make it pleasant for each other, passes through years of trial and care, through sickness and disappointment, from youth to middle-life and even into age, with cheerful spirits, with courage and hope, with growing intelligence, deepening refinement, an unshowered and vigorous youthfulness of heart and mind that wards off the real evils of age. Keep the merry thoughts and amusing incidents of each separate life story to tell graphically at home; read and talk to each other of what you read; gather beautiful things to share under the roof-tree; mark the birthdays and the feast days with the spoken word of congratulation if no more, and with some slight and simple honor if the costly gift is beyond your means. In fact, for this work money is not needed—not one cent.

But no one can tell until they have tried it how delightfully entertaining the home circle may be and how pleasant and attractive are at times the plainest and roughest, the shyest and dullest belonging to it. Never to be unkind or rude, never to refer to unpleasant matters, never to talk over sorrows, misdeeds or mistakes, unless they can be remedied; add these precautionary measures to active efforts to entertain the family, and the habit will become in time with all of you so delightful, so comforting, so cheering, that you will like home better than any place else and turn to it with warm and happy hearts from every dark, cold hour. Take it up in earnest, every girl among you, and be just as pleasantly entertaining as thoroughly gracious, polite, kind and brilliant at home as you possibly make yourself anywhere. Let nothing daunt you. You will find it worth all it costs in the end.—Catholic Standard and Times.

He always wins who sides with God. To him no chance is lost; he is victorious when he triumphs at his cost. All that God blesses is our good. And unbest, good is ill; he is right that is his most wrong. If it be his sweet will!

When obstacles and trials seem Like prison walls to be, I do the little I can do, And leave the rest to thee. I have no cares, O blessed will! For all my cares are Thine; I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou Hast made Thy triumph mine.—Faber.

A Word in Time. The too careful avoidance of religious discussion which some Catholics feel as incumbent upon good breeding, may be the means of deterring some one of wavering faith from pursuing an investigation that might lead to the light. The of canons society say that religion is a subject which is to be tabooed, and generally speaking the rule is a very good one to hold by. It is the exceptional case that calls for the transgressing of this law, and the private judgment of every individual must decide whether queries are put in good faith, or merely for the sake of provoking an argument that will lead to naught. If the repulsion of a single honest enquirer and his subsequent indifference result from the too strict adherence to this unwritten code of manners, it were better that it be broken daily than that a seeker after truth should be turned aside.



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

He who does the best he can is always improving. His best of yesterday is overdue to-day, and his best of to-day will be overdue to-morrow. It is this steady progress, no matter from what point it starts, that forms the chief element of all greatness and goodness.

Use Every Opportunity. It is the sum of little things that stands for the great accomplishments of human energy and ingenuity. If we analyze a career crowned with fame or one that breathes the perfume of good deeds, we shall find an aggregate of trifles, so to speak, imposing and monumental. No great act, singly, ever brought renown. Though to the popular mind it seemed the foundation and the capstone of reputation, invariably a philosophical study of antecedent circumstances discloses a line of conduct logically culminating in the event upon which public interest centres. This is so of spiritual and intellectual heroism no less than of minor achievements in the lower order of merely social and material successes.

ATTENTION TO LITTLE THINGS. It is the key that unlocks the door of prosperity in every line of human effort. Not alone does it brighten the prospect of future progress, but it affords in a very direct and substantial way our immediate happiness. Take for example, the careful observance of all these little conventionalities that comprise "good breeding," as it is called, mark the result which it produces on the minds and dispositions that come within the radius of its influence. It means uniform courtesy and consideration that almost always awake a responsive chord. It means modesty and frankness of manner that are not unwelcome even on the most barren of mankind. It means the establishment of pleasant relationships which facilitate the utilization of opportunities and the means of getting on comfortably. No nature is proof against the insidious potency of politeness. The most obturate will ultimately capitulate to its silent but resistless persuasion. Amiability and sincerity achieve more conquest than the harsh spirit of dictation that commands where persuasion would better serve the purpose. To wield this mighty instrument of dominion, we have only to exercise that which civilization denominates courtesy.

THE HABIT OF OBSERVING THE REQUIREMENTS AND AMENITIES of social intercourse arises from the cultivation of respect for the little things that bear upon our relation to others. Too much attention therefore cannot be bestowed on the cultivation of this side of the character. The same influence that wins the good will of those with whom we come in contact in a social way operates in much like manner for the benefit of our material or business interests. One of the best investments that can be made by any man who aspires to enlarge his field of commercial or professional activity, is the assiduous cultivation of this trait. That is one of the little things that count immensely in the equipment of success.

It is the application of the same principle in a material sense that has wrought the most wonderful results in scientific progress and material advancement. To fully understand the importance and value of close observation of the trifles that comprise the details of the life around us, it is only necessary to study the marvellous consequences evolved from the discovery of the relation of these to the great forces that underlie the magnificent and harmonious whole. In astronomical science, the movements of the heavenly bodies, which the ordinary mind would consider a waste of time to follow with that minute particularity which characterizes learned research in this direction, are known to exert a most momentous influence on the great conditions and relations that govern the universe. In physics and mechanics, it is the discovery of immutable principles and the appreciation of natural laws and forces that lead to the most remarkable adaptation of these simple agencies which contribute so much to man's comfort and happiness. An excellent illustration of the fruitfulness of THIS HABIT OF OBSERVATION, as applied to what apparently are the least important phenomena of nature, is the accidental character of the great discoveries that produce the most marvellous results of civilization, on its practical side. The present status of steam and electricity and the revolution which they have wrought in the methods and results of productive industry, are striking consequences of the habit. We are all familiar with the genesis of steam-power in harness, as it were. The usefulness was developed from the simplest experiments by Watts, whose observation of the principles involved was the result of habit. In the era of invention which followed the

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popular use of steam as a motive force thousands of ingenious devices were introduced with the purpose of improving upon hand labor, and the primitive means of production and transportation so long employed by mankind. It is not necessary to allude to the wonderful advancement that has been constantly made under the impetus of steam and electricity, and the subsidiary factors that have transformed the face and character of external civilization. Our object is to point out the fact that in this new field of discovery and invention, the quality of close observation of little things has been productive of enormous material benefit to its individual possessor as well of INCALCULABLE GOOD TO HUMANITY at large. Coming down to the personal application of the matter and the practical fruits that have rewarded the efforts of inventive, because observant geniuses, we find in a current publication some interesting facts that have an important bearing upon the human interest which the subject inspires. As showing the humble beginnings of some of the great fortunes coupled with great fame, won by the pursuit of this policy of turning little things to account, the substance of the article in question may prove profitable as well as entertaining to the young men who read it.

According to the writer, it is estimated that five out of every seven of the millionaire manufacturers began by making

WITH THEIR OWN HANDS the articles which made their fortunes. One of the greatest hindrance to advancement and promotion in life is the lack of observation and the inclination to take pains. A keen, cultivated observation will see a fortune where others see only poverty. An observing man, the eyelets of whose shoes pulled out, but who could not afford to get another pair, said to himself: "I will get up a metallic lacing book, which can be riveted into the leather;" he was so poor that he had to borrow a sickle to cut the grass in front of his hired tenement. Now he is a very rich man.

An observing barber in Newark, N. J., thought he could make an improvement on shears for cutting hair and invented the clipper, and became very rich.

A Maine man was called in from the hay field to wash out the clothes for his invalid wife. He had never realized what it was to wash before. He invented the washing machine and made a fortune.

A man who was suffering terribly with a toothache said to himself there must be some way of filing the teeth to prevent their aching; he invented gold filling for the teeth.

THE GREAT THINGS OF THE WORLD have not been done by men of large means. Want has been the great school-master of the race. Ericson began the construction of the screw propellers in a bath room; the cotton gin was first manufactured in a log cabin. John Harrison, the great inventor of the marine chronometer, began his career in the loft of an old barn. Parts of the first steamboat ever run in America were put up in the vestry of an old church in Philadelphia by Fitch. McCormack began his famous reaper in an old grist mill. The first model dry dock was made in an attic. Clark, the founder of Clark University, of Worcester, Mass., began his great fortune by making toy wagons in a horse shed. Farquhar made umbrellas in his sitting room, with his daughter's help, until he sold enough to hire a loft. The boy Edison began his experiments in a baggage car on the Grand Trunk railroad when a newsboy.

Every one cannot be a great inventor or acquire vast opulence, but NO ONE CAN SAY POSITIVELY, that he does not possess the necessary qualifications for success in one or the other direction. Nor is it desirable that the sordid love of material reward should replace ideals more in keeping with the spirit and teaching of Christian faith, which is founded on something infinitely higher and more enduring than worldly greatness and glory. But there is no reason why the

most exalted ideals of Christian civilization should not in a measure be linked with the purpose and energy requisite to the attainment of a moderate degree of material prosperity, which brings with it vast possibilities for good and for the realization of the noblest ends of Christian faith and endeavor.

We would impress on the thousands of young Catholic men who have left school and college to fight life's battles, that there is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man as a good moral character. It is his wealth, his influence, his life. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every condition and glorifies him in every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than everything else on earth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool—no crouching sycophant—no treacherous honor-seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a person. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them, how glorious it would make their prospects, even in this life; never should we find them yielding to the groveling and baseborn purposes of human nature.

Stray Chips of Thought.

Every man is a failure at something. It is easy to compile a list of "don'ts."

Not a few men are like the anemba—they live on what sickles to them.

A jingo and a patriot are separated by the distance between brag and do.

A young lawyer has a hard time. Necessity makes him know the new laws, and when he has mastered them some old fellow tells him they are unconstitutional.

It's all very odd, but a man knows less as he grows old, until at sixty he doesn't know anything at all. At twenty he knows everything and more, too; at forty he has doubts, and at fifty he becomes very modest. What a pity that at seventy we can't really know as much as we thought we knew when we were twenty-five.

The home is the sunniest side of every great people. Without devotion to home there can be no devotion to country. The home is the cradle of good citizenship and patriotism; it is the fountain of happiness, not only to individuals but to nations as well; and it is the one spot on earth that should be guarded from needless shadows.

My Duty.

True repentance has a double aspect: it looks upon things past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watching eye.

"Then what is my next duty?" What is the thing that lies nearest to me?" "That, I repeat, belongs to your everyday history. No one can answer that question but himself. Your next duty is just to determine what your next duty is. Is there nothing you know you ought not to do? You would know your duty if you thought in earnest about it, and were not ambitious of great things.

Ah! then," responded Lady Georgiana, with an abandoning sigh, "I suppose it is something very commonplace, which will make life more dreary than ever. That cannot help me."

"It will, if it be as dreary as reading the newspapers to an old deaf aunt. It will soon lead you to something more. Your duty will not begin to comfort you at once, but will at length open the unknown fountain in your heart."

—George MacDonald.

PHON DISTENTION leads to nervousness chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Thousands Like It.—Tona McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter. In order to give me a quiet night's sleep, I took a dose of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL three or four times a day, and the cough spells render it necessary."

Vertical text on the left margin containing various advertisements and notices.

Vertical text on the right margin containing various advertisements and notices.

C. M. B. A.

Resolution of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 57, Ottawa, the following resolutions were adopted...

A. O. H.

Toronto, Nov. 18, 1897. To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD:

Please permit space in your valuable paper to throw a little light on what I consider an erroneous impression...

DIocese of Hamilton.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR O'BRIEN.

It is with sincere regret we chronicle the death of Professor D. J. O'Brien, of Hamilton...

RECEIVED REWARDS OF MERIT.

During the past week the boys of St. Mary's school have been awarded the following medals...

WEDDING BELLS.

SCANLON-HASSETT.

A very pretty wedding, says the St. Mary's Journal, was celebrated at 9 a. m. Tuesday...

M'KEACHEN-FINLAN.

One of the most joyous events of the season occurred in the Catholic church, Bristol, on Wednesday...

LAD IN THE SILENT TOMB.

With all the solemn magnificence of the impressive funeral service of the Roman Catholic Church...

OBITUARY.

MRS. MICHAEL DILLON, PAW PAW, MICH. It is with deep regret we record the death of Mrs. Michael Dillon...

FROM KINGSTON.

The interior of St. James' chapel, attached to the cathedral, is being decorated by an artist from New York...

"THE CATHOLIC CLUB."

For some time past the Catholic men of London have had on hand the establishment of the above named Club...

BAZAAR IN AID OF ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

Persons holding tickets for the St. Thomas Bazaar are requested to send the returns...

NEW BOOKS.

A book which will be read with much interest has been published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo., entitled "Children of Mary, a Tale of the Caucasus..."

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. Nov. 24. Wheat, 32 to 34 per bushel. Corn, 17 to 18 per bushel. Barley, 11 to 12 per bushel. Beef, 25 to 26 per bushel. Pork, 25 to 26 per bushel.

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.

Complete sets of the monthly "Sunlight" Soap Wrappers are given away. Each wrapper contains a coupon for a chance to win a bicycle or watch...

WANTED.

A MAN for every unrepresented district in Canada to sell our "Sunlight" Soap. High-Grade Canadian Trees, Berry Bushes, Roses, Ornamental Trees, Hedged, Seed Potatoes, Etc.

A TREAT FOR THE CHILDREN.

We have now on hand a supply of "Our Boys" story books, which are so popular with our young readers that it is beautifully illustrated throughout...

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases.

Free A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases. Cases of a man who had been suffering from heart disease for 5 years, so that I often felt as if the top of my head came off...

1897. 1897. THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL.

We have now on hand a supply of this popular Annual, and are pleased to announce that the contributions are from the best Catholic writers and its contents are almost entirely original.

LONG LIST OF ITS ATTRACTIONS.

It Contains 7 Fine Full-Insert Illustrations, and 10 Illustrations in the Text. HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS - "A Good Book."

MARKET REPORTS.

TORONTO. Nov. 25. -Wheat, white, 91 to 92c; wheat, red, 90c; wheat, coarse, 87 to 88c; barley, 25 to 26c; oats, 22 to 23c; corn, 17 to 18c; peas, 25 to 26c; beans, 25 to 26c; pork, 25 to 26c; beef, 25 to 26c; mutton, 25 to 26c; lamb, 25 to 26c; hogs, 25 to 26c.

TEACHERS WANTED.

TWO FEMALE ASSISTANT TEACHERS wanted for Pembroke Separate School. Salary \$200 per month. Apply to J. J. O'Leary, Sec. Treas. Dover South P. O., Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL. Section No. 9, Adolph, holding a 1st or 2nd class certificate. Apply, stating salary, to John O'Leary, Sec. Treas., Emis P. O., Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL. Section No. 7, Mara, for 1897. Holding 2nd or 3rd class certificate. Applicants please send testimonials and salary required. Also enclosing testimonials. Address John Fox, Jr., 3414 Shilington, Ont.

WANTED. THREE TEACHERS FOR AN ALMOND SEPARATE SCHOOL FOR YEAR 1897.

WANTED. THREE TEACHERS FOR AN ALMOND SEPARATE SCHOOL FOR YEAR 1897. One male and two female teachers. One teacher to hold 2nd class certificate; female teachers, 2nd or 3rd class certificate. Applications received by the undersigned until 30th day of November. Applicants to state qualifications and salary. W. H. Stafford, Almonte, Ont.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Like a Ship in rough seas. I suffered from heart disease for 5 years, so that I often felt as if the top of my head came off...

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases.

Free A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases. Cases of a man who had been suffering from heart disease for 5 years, so that I often felt as if the top of my head came off...

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MARKET REPORTS.

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VOLUME X

The Dreamer. Men call me dreamer - Because I dream of the world that I dwell in reality beyond the gold I mint in heaven. Men call me dreamer - Because I dream of the world that I dwell in reality beyond the gold I mint in heaven. Men call me dreamer - Because I dream of the world that I dwell in reality beyond the gold I mint in heaven.

DR. LANGTRY'S WORDS

To the Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: Sir - I see by the Toronto, that the Rev. John L. in the congenial of recting the ancient worship, and endea charge on Catho lie Church, at bolstering the st extracts from St. St. Augustine. H a refreshing air edifying to all C and to his Angli ticular, some of selves of the Mail him. There are who are aware Anglican preacher before the readi ract, a veritable daw. To expl years ago there another Anglican Dr. Littledale, wh Catholic in his da dale spent a good exhuming all the covered slanders of the Catholic Church fully distributed polemical religio years before his of the hard things h against the anc which he wrote a it, "Plain Road the Church of R treasure house of it is, for those w is to misrepres which they can by any honorabl this book, or coll nies, that our fr try, drew his pos have in my eye Littledale's "Pla H. J. D. Ryder, or, and there arguments used Dr. Littledale an as his own. I comments in ful readers who may letters can judg "Dr. Littledale the doctrine of the worship of the explanation that only the condu or, as others pu material image in adoration may ive image - say our minds, for object with its more precisely interior act of in the image object, for the exterior acts embraced, whi entirely on to way Vasquez (in k Da Luc Theologians, wh Sec. 3, ar 4, Thomas, who 3): "Religio images con such or such they are imag carnate God. scul towards t does not styl that of which for the fact y to tak would seem with that o which, wher properly is du clearly admit, insinuating that whole worshi emplers?" So much fo try lays un Augustine, s same pass quoted before lies are gu were the b idols. The ment on Pa lows: "But som himself lear says I do nor that i feeling; fo prophets sh