

The Catholic Record.

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

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NO. 882.

The Storm.

The tempest rages wild and high,
The waves lift up their voice and cry
Fierce answers to the angry sky.
Miserere Domine.

Through the black night and driving rain
A ship is struggling all in vain
To live upon the stormy main:
Miserere Domine.

The thunder's roar, the lightning's glare,
Vain is it now to strive or dare;
A cry goes up of great despair,
Miserere Domine.

The stormy voices of the main,
The moaning winds and pelting rain
Beat on the nursery window pane.
Miserere Domine.

Warm comforted was the little bed,
Soft pillow was the little head;
"The storm will wake the child," they said,
Miserere Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white,
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
"Father save those at sea to-night!"
Miserere Domine.

The morning shone all clear and gay
On a ship at anchor in the bay
And on a little child at play.
Gloria tibi Domine.

—ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

ESSENTIALLY WRONG.

A Seed of Evil—It can Never Prove a Blessing but by Its Barrenness.

Anent the grand encampment of Knights Templars in Boston, our esteemed contemporary, *The Sacred Heart Review*, recurs to the opinions of Masonry expressed by two Presidents of the United States. It is interesting reading for Catholics, in view of the position of the Church toward this organization, and the recent decree of the Holy See affecting kindred orders. The *Review* says:

John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States, were he alive to-day, considering his well-known views of Freemasonry, could hardly be expected to look on this gathering with pleasure. We have been reading recently with great interest his "Letters to the Masonic Institution," published in Boston, 1817. From these letters it is clear that John Quincy Adams and his father, John Adams, the second President of the United States, looked with great disfavor on the Masons, and all their branches, including the Knights Templars. It appears that in 1831 during a fierce controversy on the merits and demerits of these organizations it was said that both father and son had belonged to the order.

John Quincy Adams, speaking for himself and his illustrious father, wrote a letter to the *Boston Press* dated August 22, 1831, in which he denied in very emphatic language that he or his father ever belonged to the craft.

In the same letter, he says: "The use of the name of Washington to give an odor of sanctity to the institution is, in my opinion, as unwarrantable as that of my father's name."

This information regarding Washington, in view of the claims made to-day that he was a member, is very interesting, as it comes from a man who had every opportunity of knowing the facts. He gives a peculiar and rather striking instance of the length to which Masons will go to claim illustrious men as members. He calls attention to "an affidavit sworn to before a Masonic Magistrate by Master Mason, that he sat with me (Adams) twice at meetings of a lodge at Pittsfield. Mr. Adams avers that this oath is false, and that he never entered a house in Pittsfield in his life. Again, writing to a friend, under date Sept. 22, 1831, he says:

"My dear sir, go to the records of the courts. You will find witnesses refusing to testify upon the express ground of Masonic obligations, avowing that they consider them paramount to the laws of the land. You will see them contumacious to the decisions of the Court, fined and imprisoned for contempt, suffer the punishment rather than bear the testimony. . . . You will find much more. You will find Masonic grand and petit juries, summoned by Masonic sheriffs eager to sit upon the trials, perverting truth and justice when admitted upon challenge to the favor; and last of all you will find one of the men, most deeply implicated in murder, screened from conviction by one Mason upon his jury."

It appears that Mr. Adams wrote several friendly letters to Col. William L. Stone, a Mason in good standing who wrote a book in defence of Masonry. Mr. Adams argued from Col. Stone's admissions that no loyal citizen or Christian man could belong to the order. He copies and animadverts at length on the form of oath which Col. Stone admits was taken by the Entered Apprentice, the first degree of Masonry. He gives part of this oath, as follows:—

"I, A. B., do, of my own free will and accord, in the presence of God, and of this right-worshipful lodge, erected to God, and dedicated to holy St. John, hereby and hereon most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, that I will always hail, forever conceal, and never reveal, any secret or secrets of Masons or Masonry which at this time or at any time hereafter, shall be communicated to me as such, except it be to a true and lawful brother within the body of a just and regular lodge,

etc. . . . All this I solemnly and sincerely swear, with a full and hearty resolution to perform the same, without any evasion, equivocation or mental reservation, under no less a penalty than to have my throat cut across from ear to ear, my tongue plucked out by the roots, and buried in the rough sands of the sea, a cable's length from shore, etc. . . . So help me God, to keep me steadfast in this my obligations of an Entered Apprentice."

Mr. Adams stated that this was a modified and less severe form of the oath usually taken. Yet he said and tried to show that even "this form of an oath and penalty is itself a violation of all religion and of the Constitution of the Commonwealth." He then formulates his objections to the oath in the following precise form:

"First, That it is an extrajudicial oath, and as such contrary to the laws of the land.

"Secondly, That it is a violation of the precept of Jesus Christ—swear not at all.

"Thirdly, That this oath pledges the candidate, in the name of God, that he will always hail, forever conceal, and never reveal, any of the secrets, parts or points of the mysteries of Freemasonry to any person, except it be a true and lawful Mason, or within the body of a just and regular lodge of such."

That the candidate when he takes the oath is kept in total ignorance of what these secrets of the craft consist. He knows not the nature or extent of the oath that he takes. He is sworn to keep secret he knows not what. He swears to reveal the secrets of the craft to no person except a brother Mason. The single exception expressed is an exclusion of all others. There is no exception for the authority of the law, or for the confession enjoined upon the Catholic brethren by their religion. I use this illustration to show that the intrinsic import of the oath is incompatible with law, civil and religious."

Mr. Adams writes at length on the unnatural character of the penalty and the horrible ideas suggested by it. He says: "It is an oath of which a common cannibal should be ashamed. Even in the barbarous days of antiquity, Homer tells you, that when Achilles dragged the dead body of Hector round the walls of Troy, 'it was a disgraceful deed, and Plato severely censures Homer for even introducing this incident into his poem. A mangled body, after death, was a thought disgusting even to heathens. . . . The Constitution of the United States, and of Massachusetts, prohibit the infliction of cruel or unusual punishment even by the authority of law. But no butcher would mutilate the carcass of a bullock or a swine as the Masonic candidate swears consent to the mutilation of his own, for the breach of an absurd and senseless secret."

He next shows the illegal character of the promise not to reveal any of the secrets or mysteries of Freemasonry to any person except a Mason.

"This promise," he says, "like the administration of the oath, is, in its terms, contrary to the law of the land."

"The laws of this and every civilized country make it the duty of every citizen to testify the whole truth of acts deemed by legislative bodies or judicial tribunals material to the issue of the investigation before them. It is also the duty of a good citizen to denounce and reveal to the authorities established to execute the laws against criminals any secret crimes of which he has in any manner acquired the knowledge. Now, there is nothing in the arts, parts or points of the mysteries of Freemasonry which, in the trial of a judicial cause, or in an investigation of a legislative assembly, may not be justly deemed material to the issue before the court or legislature. . . . Of its materiality the judges or the legislators, have exclusive right to decide. . . . The Entered Apprentice promises never to reveal to any person under the canopy of heaven that which the laws of his country may the next day after he makes the promise make it his duty to reveal to any court of justice before which he may be summoned to appear. The promise is, therefore, unlawful. The oath is therefore," continues Mr. Adams "a double violation of the law of the land and of the law of God. It is in its own nature a seminal principle of conspiracy."

"A more perfect agent," says this book, "for the devising and execution of conspiracies against Church and State could scarcely have been conceived."

He then enumerates the conspiracies hatched by European Masons against civil governments, mentioning Rome, Naples, Portugal, Spain and Mexico, and says:—

"An obvious danger attending all associations of men connected by secret obligations, springs from their susceptibility to abuse in being converted into engines for the overthrow of the control of established governments. The law of Masonry was to them more than that of civil government or of the Deity, even when it was known directly to conflict with them."

Regarding the only feature of Masonry for which any credit could be claimed, namely, the mutual assistance the members give each other, he says:—

"This argument, which has probably made more Freemasons than any other, would be good in its defence were it not for two objections. One of them is that the pledge to assist is indiscriminate, making little or no difference between the good or bad nature of the actions to promote which a co-operation may be invoked. The other is that the engagement implies a duty of preference of one member of a society to the disadvantage of another who may be in all respects his superior. It establishes as standard of merit conflicting with that established by the Christian or the social system, either or both of which ought to be of paramount obligation. . . . There have been men whose rapidity of personal and political advancement it would be difficult to explain by any other cause than this, that they have generally been understood to be bright Masons."

As to the age of Masonry it is claimed to have originated about the beginning of the last century. Mr. Adams' conclusion, very much out of harmony with the rejoicings now heard in Boston at the approach of the Sir Knights, is:—

"Masonry ought to be forever abolished. It is wrong—essentially wrong—a seed of evil which can never produce any good. It may perish in the ground—it may never rise to bear fruit; but whatever fruit it does bear must be rank poison; it can never prove a blessing but by its barrenness."

WHO ARE THE JESUITS?

Barcelona, August 10.

What secret charm has the name of Jesuit to awaken always, whenever or wherever pronounced, the opposing affections of love or hatred. Symbol for some of virtue, of sacrifice, and of learning and of wisdom, it is for others the symbol of superstition, of hypocrisy and astuteness, of avarice and insatiable ambition. He who bears this name knows that he is subject to the espionage of the curious, to calumny, to persecution and to exile. And, nevertheless, the Jesuit passes through the waves of the entire world, often hostile, yet with a face serene and humble, yet not dismayed; firm, yet not audacious; carrying wherever he wishes, without shame, without ostentation—the glorious insignia of his name. Is it necessary to scatter the seeds of the Divine Word in the hearts of a people buried in the lethargy of sin and of unbelief? There goes the Jesuit, unarmed and alone, without considering or knowing whether he meets death or victory. Solely animated by the great and unwarlike thirst for the conquest of souls for Jesus Christ, he even dares to traverse oceans and march through waterless deserts and inhospitable regions in order to carry the light of the Faith and of civilization to souls brutalized by ignorance and superstition. There goes also the Jesuit, dividing with the sons of other religious orders these difficult tasks of the Apostolate, to meet sooner or later certain death, now obstructed by the arrows of the savage, already wounded by the rigors of the climate, and the incessant labors of his heroic mission. Is there a necessity for soldiers who can fight bravely and faithfully beneath the banner of science, in order that they may extend and consolidate its conquests and increase the interests of truth in human intelligences? Well, there is the Jesuit, consuming in so noble an enterprise, his strength, his life, his health, without ever surrendering—nor wearied; not even then neglecting the painful exercises of meditation, of prayer and of study. Whilst instead, in vain will you search for him in the paths frequented by ambition, by riches, by pleasure, or the dissipation of public life. The day in which, after solemn and decisive proofs, he puts on the costume in which he glories, he made formal renunciation of all these things, promised to be poor as his Divine Master, and as Him, humble, chaste, and obedient, even unto death, although it should be the death of the Cross. He knows very well that only by maintaining firmly this promise could he remain incorporated with the holy order, that receives him into its bosom as an affectionate mother; and it would separate him from her as a severe and inflexible judge in that moment in which he should be unfaithful to the vows with which he freely bound himself.

Nevertheless, it is a rare case amongst religious orders. None more execrated, none more vilified amongst men, none more hated and feared than the Jesuit. When the winds of the Revolution had not been able to move the foundations of the temple, of the monastery and of the throne, when still their impetus was not sufficient to cut down the true Christian faith, whose roots were buried in the hearts of a Christian people, already the Jesuit was the first object of their hatred. He walked wandering, exiled, persecuted and marked out as a dangerous enemy of public tranquility, of public institutions and of the national laws. The special object of Lutheran hatred, pursued with the bitterest malice by the Jansenist generation, by the sons of the *regalism* and the pupils of the Encyclopaedia, by those monsters of '93 and those criminals of '48, as well as to-day, always

enveloped in the general persecution, which the Universal Church suffers, continuing to be the privileged victim of their hatred. But in opposition to this diabolical hatred of the Masons, of heretics, of the impious, of the unbeliever and of men deluded by them, is to be found ranged in their defence, the undeviating love of the Supreme Pontiffs, of the hierarchy of all ranks, of the councils, provincial and national, of honorable writers, of the truly learned and of the larger portion of the most sound and select of Christian society in the old and new world. But is it not strange, high inexplicable at first sight, this contrast? Yet, nevertheless, this contrast is perfectly logical. The Jesuit is loved for the same reason that he is hated. He is loved for being an active instrument of Christian propaganda. He is loved as the educator of youth, as the defender and apostle of faith, as the avowed enemy of heresy, and of all classes of rebellion against the faith—these are precisely the foundations of the mortal hatred with which the revolution distinguishes and anathematizes him.

If you wish to discover this clearly, and even understand the entire extension of the roots and motives of this hatred,—if you wish to see in a few pages the machinations and malicious schemes of which especially the "La Compania" are the victims, you have only to read a small, cheap volume—one which will soon have its translations in the libraries of the States—styled "Who Are The Jesuits?" an apology, short but powerful, energetic and unanswerable. In the comparatively few pages of this golden book, there is not a word which is not to the purpose, nor one argument which is not solidly based on incontrovertible facts, with the valor and severity of which there is no fear that with the accompanying judgment and verdict, there does not go, passing in review, all the accusations directed against the order, even the most grave—even those which appear to some as unanswerable—without disfiguring or making little of them, but presenting them in all their nakedness, and such as have gone forth a thousand times from the lips of their enemies. Will it be necessary to say that all these are left completely vanquished, and there is thus demonstrated the bad faith of their authors. Who after reading this little book still persists in his hatred of the Jesuits, indeed, one can say, his heart is completely hardened against the truth, or his mind needs light to understand it.

Subjected to whatever test or trial, the cause of the Jesuits comes out triumphant, even when they have accumulated every class of accusations. One of the greatest proofs of the innocence of the criminal is the contradictions of the witnesses presented against them, because these contradictions stand out in relief in the second chapter of this little volume and serve to explain the origin and injustice which has inspired them. In the face of this testimony, discordant in itself, yet asserted against the Jesuits, the reader clearly sees successively appear the unanimous praise of saints, of founders of religious orders, of pontiffs, of prelates, of writers learned and illustrious. The proofs which proceed from these approbations are complete and obvious.

What in sound logic can one deduce from an institution hated by Jansen, by Voltaire, by Pampal, and loved by St. Alphonsus Liguori, St. Philip Neri and St. Vincent de Paul; by De Maistre, by Pio Nonno? Who would draw from such premises that this institution was bad, execrable, rotten, and a dangerous enemy to society and the Church? Certainly he would merit to be sent to an asylum of lunatics, if already he was not worthy of occupying a prominent place in the ranks of these false friends of the public community.

There is a fact in the history of "La Compania" which is given as a pretext to carry to extremes these attacks, and that event is its suppression. Of it, and of the true attitude of Clement XIV., the ninth chapter of the book treats freely, and is therefore worthy of study, as much for the severe form and impartiality with which it is written, as for the decisive reasonings and conclusions with which the memory of the Pontiff is reinvigorated, although insulted and vilified by the praises of his enemies. Praise from such a source is the greatest and most terrible misfortune that could fall over the sepulchre of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. The conclusion of the work is a magnificent *resumé* of all that is previously asserted, and is at the same time remarkable, because it expresses the secret of the power and vital force of the society. We cannot do better than transcribe those valiant words, worthy of being written in golden characters: "Terrible is the trial the Jesuits have to sustain in this century of apostasy. Notwithstanding all this, they weary themselves and spend their very lives for the welfare of the people. They receive nothing in this world in return but curses, suspicions, envy, defamation, injustice, proscription, despoiled, insulted even unto death. It is well, in *hoc nati sumus*. To them it is of no importance, this terrible spectre of evil, nor will it ever be whilst God uses mercy with those who follow faithful to the grand motto,

which encloses within it the secret of the Christian strategy: 'He can die, but he can never surrender.' Although he loses all, even life itself, whilst he is not a traitor to the Church, to the Pope, to Jesus Christ, he loses nothing—always he goes out of the strife as a conqueror. Whilst on the other hand he would lose all—everything, here and hereafter—if through desire of popularity or worldly favors and preferences, he should surrender one single truth, one single right of his Divine Master, Jesus Christ, of the Pope or of the Church."

Such is the secret of the love and of the hatred which the Society of Jesus inspires; such, also, the secret of their unequalled force; such, too, of that heroic resistance against all her enemies. "He can die, but he can never surrender." Whilst he preserves this divine teaching he could be exiled, dispersed, but never will "La Compania" die. Such, also, is the teaching which one draws from the little volume, worthy of being meditated on, and everywhere read and known.—Juan Pedro, in Boston Pilot.

A PLEA FOR CHRISTIAN FRATERNITY.

The Very Rev. James C. Byrne, president of St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn., contributes the following eloquent paper to the *Independent*:

A beautiful story comes floating on golden pinions from an islet of the Aegean. Year after year, on the island of Chios, in the city of the same name, the grand procession of the Greek Church, bearing the Eucharistic emblems, passed by the portals of the Catholic cathedral; but no sound of fellowship or of sympathy ever issued, on such occasions, from the cold, stern edifice. It had but its shadow to cast athwart a procession which kept alive the rebellion of the anathematized Photius. It mattered little that Catholics and Greeks equally believed in the Real Presence, and that for the Catholic, as well as for the Greek, Christ was just as adorable under the emblems of leavened as of unleavened bread. Persistent, unwavering and unrelenting opposition to everything Photian must be maintained. Such was the plain meaning of the Rubrics, and who would dare openly set aside a Rubric? An ordinary law has to take its chances with the vicissitudes of time and environment, but a liturgical law, written in red characters, and therefore called a Rubric, is the slowest to admit any weakening in its binding force. The Rubrics, therefore, forbade any recognition even of Christ while in the hands of schismatics. This year the procession, as usual, passed under the shadow of the old cathedral, when suddenly the joyous peal of the great bell fell on the ears of the startled worshippers. The silence of a thousand years is broken. Instantly every hat in the procession is doffed. The recognition so unexpectedly given is equally returned. Every inhabitant of that little island feels that a pall has been lifted from his heart, and even the stately Greek Bishop sends a note of thanks to his Catholic brother. Nor is this all. The sound of the Chian bell was heard in far-off Rome, and all, from the Pontiff down, rejoiced and commended the fraternal but un-rubricated act of the Catholic Bishop, who ordered this salute to the Greek procession.

Now cannot we strain our ear and catch one joyous note of that fraternity-proclaiming bell? We may not all believe in the Real Presence; but are there not other bonds of sympathy which appeal for fraternal recognition? Undoubtedly there are many. Let us take a glance at a few of them. Naturally we shall select the most obvious.

Bewildered by the tone of so much sectarian literature, is it possible, we sometimes ask, that we have been carried away so far in the heat of controversy that we have made no allowance for a Christian conscience in the majority of Christians? Yet such would seem to be the fact. We think of one another as if conscience did not exist. I refrain from mentioning those grosser charges which can be entertained only by fanatics or the wilful dupes of knaves. But may not Protestants think that it is easy for Catholics to commit sin, as all they have to do is to confess and be absolved; may not Catholics think that with private interpretation a similar case may be adduced from the Bible by Protestants to palliate any crime? Yet this reasoning makes no allowance for conscience. Do we habitually give one another credit for that clear insight into moral truth and that earnest endeavor to do right which, on reflection, we know that all possessors of a good conscience must have? Do we recognize that religious bias cannot for centuries darken the conscience concerning a thing intrinsically bad; and that, therefore, we may be certain that if any religious tenet has been held by a Christian denomination for centuries, conscience has not been adjusted to it, but it has been adjusted to conscience? What is this disunion among the members of the same denomination but an evidence that it is easy—very easy—to forget that our neighbor has a conscience?

No wonder that members of different denominations forget this obvious truth. Yet we know that Pagans had a conscience—read the burning words of Horace, Cicero, Juvenal, Seneca—and we should realize that Christians in general have one. The pure forces of the rational soul are the same for the Christian as for the Pagan, but the Christian has, besides, the guidance of the Decalogue and the light of the Gospel. Reason, then, revolts at the thought that the majority of Christians are conscienceless scoundrels. If now, we put aside a general distrust of our neighbors, what follows? The conviction follows that the world is not peopled by hypocrites alone, although there may be many, nor by criminals alone, although any cloth may cover one. It follows that in the majority of cases preachers are not working for their salary alone, priests are not merely gratifying their ambition to rule, evangelizing and charitable women are not merely seeking notoriety in their reform and relief work, nuns do not profess chastity, obedience and poverty merely to say, "I am holier than thou." On the contrary, there is good, sound, conscientious work going on around about us; and the cynic who imputes unworthy motives to the workers is hugging a delusion and digging his own eternal grave. In moments of fanaticism no doubt conscience has lost its bearings. Facts of history bear sad witness to this. But history likewise testifies that fanatical outbursts soon ran their course, and that conscience then assumed its normal sway. If, therefore, we not only acknowledge but realize that the majority of Christians have a conscience, a sensitive, God-fearing, sin-hating conscience, there would be one strong bond of sympathy between us. It would be a tie which would make us the defendant of one another's good name, and which would inspire us with mutual trust.

Another bond of sympathy is that we are the possession of Christ. I am far from advocating or conniving at indifference in religion. Those who take a smug satisfaction in the thought that one religion is as good as another have neither religious sense nor religious activity. The true religious mind and heart are active and ceaselessly at work along the lines of the truth they have. From day to day new vistas open before them, new lights dawn upon them, principles find new development and application, old truths are rediscovered, mists and prejudices are dissipated, there is a growth and development of the religious man so that he is not to-day what he was yesterday. This is all the more true of a Christian denomination that deserves the name. And among all these denominations, with their living members ever at work, there must of necessity be one which has a deeper insight into truth, a richer possession of Christian revelation, and a nearer approach to the top of the mountain of God than all the others. How can there be indifference in religion since Truth rises before us like a mountain upon which we can make, at best, but a few steps; or spreads before us like an ocean on whose shore we can gather but a few pebbles? But in the meantime, while striving to do our best, I return to say that we are the possession of Christ. "Other sheep I have," He says, "which are not of this fold." They are His, and He claims them before the fold becomes one, the shepherd one. Nor, if I understand the Gospels aright, does He refuse all guidance and love to those who do not yet belong to that one fold. "Master," said John to Jesus, "we saw a certain man casting out devils in Thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us." "Hinder him not," replied Jesus; "for he that is not against you is for you." (Luke ix: 49, 50). Between the fulness of revealed truth and atheism there is a wide range and ample room for many a breakwater between. "Other sheep I have" which are not of this fold.

Finally, not to mention others, Christ Jesus Himself is a bond of sympathy between us. He is our Light, our Model and our Guide. It is to enlarge His Kingdom and not our own that we are at work. In His light our thoughts should follow the same groove, and in the warmth of His love our hearts should beat in unison. It is while dwelling on these things that we catch sweet sounds from afar. They are bells proclaiming an end to antagonism and distrust, a beginning of Christian fraternity and love.

It is a period of sad doctrinal disintegration and of consequent weakening of morals. It is a period of vast social changes, which disturb principles and awaken passions. Thoughtful men are casting around for great forces by which society may be preserved and the flow of moral misery, stemmed. Those forces the Catholic Church owns in that rich abundance with which they came to her from her Divine Founder, and if Catholics are true to their Church she will be hailed as the savior of men and society. But to this end they must live true Catholic lives, and by their fruits prove the principles of their faith.—Archbishop Ireland.

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A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine F. Ober, Authoress of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER XI.

A prison! Margaret shuddered when the hack stopped before the dark, massive front of the city jail. She had never been within such a place before, and she clung tightly to Plowden's arm as they ascended the stone steps, and treaded the stone floors of long, cheerless corridors.

Berton, almost at the very head of his profession, and supported by the mysterious influence of "Roquelare," had little difficulty in having Hubert Berton consigned immediately to close imprisonment. Indeed the secret agent of "Roquelare" had seemed to exhibit a savage bitterness toward Hubert as if in revenge for the long delay of his capture—causing him to be searched, and his pocket knife taken from him lest the unhappy criminal might attempt self-destruction.

So Hubert Berton, the aristocratic-born, the tenderly-reared, the once high-spirited youth, the cultured gentleman, was securely fastened in a murderer's cell.

It was a bare, desolate place enough, and the officer, whose duty it was to give admission to the cells, and who preceded Plowden and his companion, glanced back at Margaret as if he was curious to note the effect on one so lovely, and apparently so refined.

But beyond a trembling eagerness which was visible in her manner, and an intense anxiety that displayed itself in her eyes, there was nothing to betray the various emotions which were struggling in her soul.

The iron door of a dim narrow apartment was flung back, and something arose from a low pallet in the corner—something, for Margaret's vision was blurred by sudden weakness and it seemed as if she saw through a mist, arms extended, and as if she heard from afar, a voice crying:

"We are free at last, Margaret!"

Headless of the presence of others she went forward with a husky, stifled cry to throw herself into those arms, to sob out on his breast the love which was as true to him now and as tender, as it was in the first days of his guilty secret. But he caught her and held her at arm's length, whispering:

"No nearer, Margaret: the gulf between us is as impassable as ever."

Plowden who remained in the doorway jealously, fiercely watching, saw that it cost Hubert a mighty struggle not to fold to his breast the panting, eager girl, and for the first time since his manhood the courtly man of the world was attacked by something very like a woman's weakness. He was sick of the ghastly wrong which separated those two young hearts, and disgusted with his own base part in life. He turned away and joined the officer who was waiting without.

"Though your crime is known," said Margaret, between choking sobs, "your punishment, your disgrace is none the less mine. I suffer for you, with you, as keenly as I have ever done. I would comfort you as much as it is in my power to do. I would show you how, when a poor, frail creature like me loves you so much that your very sin and its penalty beget only new tenderness, what God's compassion, God's love, must be for you."

Hubert, continuing to hold her from him, and to look mournfully down into her eyes, shook his head.

"It is for innocence like yours to talk and feel in this manner; but, for

a murderer like me there is only to suffer for my crime with what courage I may."

"There is more, Hubert!"—she wrenched herself from his grasp and knelt before him—"there is your peace to make with an offended God; there is your return to your religious duties to effect. You have made a public acknowledgment of your crime, make now a private one to God's minister, and then, and not till then, will you be prepared to bear the punishment of your sin."

"I would be a mockery, Margaret—confession to a priest now, when I have fled; you can kneel at the tribunal of penance once more."

"I have already done so; I flung my burden down two days ago. And lowering her voice though her manner became more impassioned, more thrillingly earnest, she whispered the counsels which her confessor had given her for the poor, unhappy criminal.

He listened like one under the influence of a spell until for one brief moment there came back to him the peaceful happiness of the past before he had imbrued his hands in a fellow-creature's blood. But it quickly fled and left him only more vile and loathsome in his own eyes.

He started from her.

"Listen to me, Hubert," she said; and he sank on the bed with a groan.

Approaching him until she was sufficiently near to seize his hands, and to fix his eyes with the tender, earnest, and seemingly inspired look of her own, she resumed: and never did mother plead for an only offspring at the feet of a relentless judge, nor devoted wife imploring mercy for a condemned husband, plead more powerfully, or use more touching arguments than Margaret in her entreaties to Hubert to have mercy on his poor sin stained soul. Love made her eloquent; love sent up from her heart words with which to paint such a picture of God's pardon and tenderness for the penitent sinner, that the unhappy criminal drew his hands from her clasp, and covering his face with them, said:

"But this is not for me."

"For you, for you," she answered; "and now I shall bring a priest to you to-morrow."

He neither assented nor refused, but remained with his face buried in his hands.

He looked up at last, and motioning her to a seat beside him on the pallet, he asked about his mother and what excuse had been made for his absence, answering when she had told him:

"It is well—but how shall we continue to conceal it from her? Some time she must know it."

His head sank on his breast in anguish at the thought.

Margaret replied slowly, as if she were deliberating the plan in her own mind:

"I think Father Germain, who is your mother's spiritual director, will break it to her, after he has visited you, and when he shall deem it best—that is, if you request him to do so."

"My helper in difficulty, my comforter in adversity," burst from Hubert impulsively, and then he continued in the same impetuous way:

"Last night—the story of my crime, of your faithfulness when the picture was drawn of your wretched burden, a thousand devils seemed to pluck the guilty secret out of my heart; but I could have kept them at bay, I could have fought them down and I could still have retained the horrid thing which had been my companion so long, but for you—the proclamation of my crime would set you free: would keep you no longer the murderer's confidante. Faithful, faithful Margaret!"

He put his arm suddenly about her as if to draw her to him, but he was suddenly taken away saying, with a shudder:

"Never, never must we embrace—as I told you before, the gulf is just as impassable, for the blood of my victim swells it high and wide. Come often to me if you will, with such comforting words as you have spoken this morning; continue to attend my poor, broken-down mother as you have done for years, and when the end comes, if the last prayer of a soul that has suffered hell's torture for eighteen months will be heard, if the dying sigh of a man whose life was blasted by one crime will be received, then shall Heaven bestow on you its most cherished reward."

Plowden's form darkened the doorway.

"Shall I intrude if I enter?" he asked. "The time is almost up."

"No, come," said Hubert, and rising he extended his hand to the lawyer. Then, turning to Margaret he continued:

"This is my faithful friend who also knew my secret and yet never betrayed me. I discovered that for the first time last night, when he tried to prevent the confession I made."

A vivid flash darted into the lawyer's cheeks, but it disappeared as suddenly, and he immediately changed the conversation to the plans he had been devising for Hubert's safety.

He spoke low, but still with no fear of being overheard, for his tact had disposed of the eavesdropping officer before he re-entered the cell.

"I saw Delmar this morning," he said, "and a few other friends, Hubert, and they all agree in pronouncing this confession of yours to be a mental illusion—the vagary of a mind unsettled by too close application to study. Your case shall be conducted on this ground; and since all that 'Roquelare' can do will be able to

prove, absolutely prove, nothing against you, we shall defeat its designs and you shall escape."

"No," almost shouted Hubert, "that would be to doom myself again to the living death I have already endured. I have sinned. I shall undergo its punishment, and now I am only impatient to proclaim my crime in open court that my sentence may be immediately passed."

Plowden became furious. "You are mad, man; you would kill yourself," and then with a somewhat calmer aspect, he turned to Margaret, saying:

"Speak to him, Miss Calvert. Beg of this poor lunatic to have some mercy on himself."

She would have pleaded with him, but he waved her back, repeating more earnestly than before:

"My determination is fixed—he folded his arms and drew himself up. 'I tell you the blood of my victim is crying for this atonement: a life for a life.'"

He looked as if he saw another presence than that of Margaret and Plowden, and he made no reply when the lawyer said, passionately:

"Then we must save you from yourself."

Margaret burst into tears when she approached to take her leave.

"You will die here," she said, "in this desolate place with no companion, no friend near you."

"No, Margaret;" and for the first time that morning something like a smile crossed his features, "but I shall be less desolate, less friendless, than I have been for eighteen months. My guilty secret kept me an outcast from all my kind. The mask I compelled myself to wear banished me from fellowship with any, but now that I am known, that I need play a false part no longer, this cell has more of peace and happiness—mockery though it be for me to use such words—than my own home has had since the commission of my crime."

The officer was at the door announcing that every minute of the time had expired. A hurried leave was taken, Plowden promising that his influence should break through prison discipline sufficiently to permit a daily visit from Margaret and himself.

In the hack the lawyer seemed absorbed in troubled thought and Margaret also painfully abstracted. Not a word was spoken, until Margaret, as if suddenly remembering something, said with a start:

"Please stop at St. M——'s church—I shall be in time for the last service."

A curious expression came into Plowden's face—a dark, ominous look, succeeded in a moment by one so sorrowful and tender that it seemed to change his whole countenance.

He bowed assent, regretted that it would be impossible for him to accompany her into the church, but proposed that the hack should wait for her; or, if she preferred, he would stop at her home on his way and send her own carriage for her. She declined both his proffers, saying that she always walked to and from church, and there was silence again until they arrived at the church.

The service had already commenced. Plowden walked with her to the porch of the church holding her hand as if he feared that she might break from him. He whispered:

"When you enter you will pray for your cousin?"

"Certainly," she answered, her tone expressing the surprise which she felt at such a question—every breath of hers was well-nigh a prayer for him whom she loved dearer than life.

Plowden whispered again: "May I ask you when you pray for him to pray also for another unhappy soul—one whose torture is as great as that which your cousin has endured?"

She bowed her head, and with a hurried adieu he turned away. Why she should pause and look back in the very act of entering the church she could hardly explain to herself unless it was owing to the lawyer's inexplicable words. She could neither understand them, nor the emotions they roused within her—mingled emotions of pity, dislike and fear of him who had uttered them.

He, having descended the steps, was standing with his hat in his hand looking toward the open door of the edifice.

Margaret Calvert never forgot the expression of his face—Hubert's countenance when it showed his suffering most, never wore such an appalling look as this was.

He turned away, replaced his hat, and quickly entered the hack, while she went up the aisle, feeling like one just aroused from an ugly dream.

Many times during the day that look presented itself to her unbidden—unwished, it came before her: she sought no solution of it, for its cause was utterly beyond her comprehension. It was something about which she could ask no explanation, and though in a puzzling, tormenting way it would associate itself with every thought of Hubert, she could give no definite place to it in her fears for her cousin.

All that bright, mild Sabbath a certain inexplicable heaviness seemed to oppress the whole Berton household; even the invalid seemed to be affected by unusual languor and weakness, so that Margaret feared to leave her, though she was most eager to see Father Germain in order to tell him about Hubert.

Late in the afternoon, however, Madame Berton sank into one of her childlike slumbers, and her niece seized the opportunity to hurry forth on her anxious errand.

The good old clergyman was somewhat surprised to be summoned from

the reading of his sacred Office to meet the young girl.

"Is your aunt worse? Does she require me?" he asked hurriedly.

"No, Father; but Hubert does, and I have come to tell you about it."

He conducted her into his study and prepared to listen, his face expressing the greatest concern and attention.

It was almost a repetition of the sacred confidence she had given in the confessional two or three days before, but this time there was no mention of herself. It was a simple recital of Hubert's suffering—of Hubert's remorse; but the clergyman's keen penetration discovered much that she had left unsaid.

He said, softly, when she had finished:

"Your cousin was not alone in his suffering—you, poor child have sorrowed with him—you also have borne his secret—is it not so?"

She averted her face, for tears which the tenderness of his tones, had called up, were rolling down her cheeks.

"I knew you were troubled about something," the kind voice resumed; "on the morning of my recent visit to your aunt when you met me at the door, you seemed to wish to speak to me, but something prevented: it was to tell me this unhappy secret, was it not?"

She bowed her head, still keeping her face averted, for the tears were coming faster.

Her sensitive heart could not as yet receive the tenderness and sympathy from which it had been debarred so long without being overcome by grateful emotion.

The priest waited until she grew calm.

"I shall visit Hubert to-morrow and consult with him what to do about your aunt. By all means keep the news of this unhappy affair from her for the present—it will require the greatest care and tact to break it to her."

His face became very grave and sad, as if the hardest and most mournful part of the whole wretched affair would be the telling to Madame Berton that her only child was a murderer.

"The servants," said Margaret, "will learn of it through the daily papers, and they may perhaps betray it to the attendant who waits upon my aunt, or they may speak of Hubert in such a manner as to cause his mother to suspect something."

"Tell them," said the priest, "tell them to-night before you retire, briefly what has happened. Eighteen months ago when the papers were full of this case, and they themselves played important parts in it, they were careful at your desire to keep everything pertaining to it from your aunt. Surely you can trust them again."

And mingling a blessing and encouraging words with his kind adieu, the old clergyman saw her depart.

The evening had passed heavily in the servant's hall of the Berton house. Some of the domestics, according to their Sunday wont, had gone to church, or to visit their friends; but all had returned by a certain hour, in order to be in time for a brief season of festivity which was according to their nightly custom.

Margaret, aware of this practice, waited until the hour arrived; then she rang for Annie Corbin and announced her desire to speak to the assembled help.

"Faith, I am afeard there's something bad up," said McNamee when he heard the order; and Hannah Moore paralyzed. A chorus of exclamations, and questions and surmises burst from the others, in the midst of which the door opened and the young mistress entered.

Silence instantly reigned, and every face wore an expression of sympathy.

She approached slowly, as if she were not sure of how her communication would be received, and pausing when she reached the centre of the room she looked about her. Every eye was riveted upon her with something more than respectful attention—with a kind of sorrowful tenderness as if her fair, fragile appearance had struck at once the kindest chords in their warm Irish hearts.

Some one in respectful silence had placed a chair for her, but she waved it back with a smile, and as if the survey of their faces had given her confidence, she began:

"Eighteen months ago all of you were summoned to give evidence on a sad and peculiar murder case. There were circumstances connected with that affair sufficient to arouse not only your curiosity but your suspicion; yet you forbore to wound me with either. I asked you at that time to aid me in keeping from my aunt all knowledge of it: you faithfully did so. I have come to-night to make a similar request. Your master, your kind, young master, lies in a prison cell, accused of the murder of this man who was found dead on the street eighteen months ago."

She paused as if she was startled by the sudden blanching of the faces about her; then, recovering herself, she resumed:

"The papers to-morrow will probably contain full, though not strictly correct, accounts of the manner in which his arrest was effected, and all of you may be summoned again to give evidence. You may even hear a strange confession from Hubert's own lips, but I ask, for his sake who was always a kind master to you, that whatever you may read, however startling the rumors you may hear, you will faithfully keep every syllable from reaching my aunt. It will be necessary to tell her sometime, but she must not know yet, perhaps not

for some days. A single unguarded word uttered in her presence might cause her instant death. I know I have your sympathy my good, faithful people; shall I have your promise as well—your promise to aid me in keeping this unhappy affair from my aunt? Give no hint of it to her attendant, and as she does not read English, and has no friends in the city whom she can visit, she will learn nothing about it."

The help looked at McNamee as if they expected him to answer for them. Either because of the fearless, genuine honesty with which he always gave his opinion, or the true kindness of his frank nature which won for him popularity wherever he went, or, maybe, both, the coachman was looked up to by his fellow-help, and on any occasion where leadership became necessary, John was assigned the prominent position. On this occasion he understood what was required of him, and stepping slightly forward while a blush dyed his face, he began in his simple, hearty way to thank Miss Calvert in the name of his fellow servants for the confidence she had again given them, and which he promised in the name of them all, should be sacredly kept, adding as the continued sound of his own voice made him less abashed:

"If we should be summoned again, we have only the same evidence to give that we gave before; whatever any of us think, whatever any of us know"—his eyes rested on Hannah Moore's face—"we have only to tell what we told before."

"Thank you, my kind friend," said Margaret, and she extended her hand to McNamee.

"Thank you all," she repeated, bowing to the others, and then with a kind "good-night" she retired.

McNamee's words, "whatever any of us know," had caused her heart to beat quickly, and as she ascended the stair she tried to think what it might be that any of them could know. She hurriedly reviewed every incident of the past eighteen months, back to the terrible night, or rather morning, when Hubert first told her of his crime. She felt certain that no one of the servants had seen or heard anything at that time which might cause suspicion. Then what could they know? But, remembering in a moment that Hubert intended to accuse himself in open court—that, as he had said to her, he would tell her everything, she thought how little difference it made whether the help had become possessed of any of the facts or not.

Too sad to retire, she sat listlessly at her dressing table trying to look into the dark and impenetrable future.

A timid knock sounded and to her invitation to enter Hannah Moore presented herself her face flushed and her eyes red from weeping.

Margaret kindly pointed to a chair, and the cook sank into it.

"You seem unwell," said Miss Calvert, gently, "what is the matter?"

"I'm trying to get courage to speak to you," answered Hannah with a burst of tears, "knowing what you'll think of me after, and you so kind and considerate yourself."

"It is not that you intend to leave us?" asked Margaret with a sort of wail in her tones; for the thought flashed upon her, that perhaps the very servants would refuse to remain in a house, the master of which was charged with murder, and that this was but the foreshadowing of how all Hubert's friends would eventually desert him.

"God forbid, miss, that I'd want to leave a home where I've had more happiness than ever I had since I left the old country! It's not that,—thank God!—but it's something that will make you think me bold and impertinent, and stepping out of my place; but it's laid heavily on my heart this many a day, and it'll give me no peace till I tell you."

Margaret Calvert's face grew whiter. Was it something connected with Hubert's crime that she was going to tell—something which must be told when he should be brought to trial?

"It's about Mr. Plowden," resumed Hannah. "He comes to see you, and you seem to think kindly of him; and sure that's none of my business, only to bid you be careful. Don't trust him further than you can see, for his deep and smart, an' maybe he's only laying a trap to take your cousin in, the poor, dear boy that didn't do the deed at all." Margaret sprang terrified from her seat.

"What do you mean? what do you know about my cousin?"

"Poor girl! the rapid succession of alarming events had totally unnerved her. Every moment she was forgetting that Hubert was bent on bringing himself to justice, and she was wild with fear at the thought of still another possessing his secret, as though he had not already revealed that secret.

"Calm yourself, miss, for God's sake!" exclaimed the cook, as she rose, terrified also at Miss Calvert's wild manner.

"God knows," she continued, "I didn't mean to speak of your cousin, but in my trouble it slipped from me."

"Tell me what you know about him," said Margaret, and she spoke with such trembling eagerness that the words came forth brokenly.

"Oh, miss, it's only the night that he came back after we thought he had gone away to travel. I couldn't sleep that night with my rheumatism pains, and I was up when the door bell rang. I thought it was your cousin, for your aunt was taken worse and a doctor had been sent for; but on my way down I heard the door opened, and I heard some one come in. I listened, for I was anxious about Madame Berton, but I could hear nothing more.

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Silence instantly reigned, and every face wore an expression of sympathy.

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"If we should be summoned again, we have only the same evidence to give that we gave before; whatever any of us think, whatever any of us know"—his eyes rested on Hannah Moore's face—"we have only to tell what we told before."

"Thank you, my kind friend," said Margaret, and she extended her hand to McNamee.

"Thank you all," she repeated, bowing to the others, and then with a kind "good-night" she retired.

McNamee's words, "whatever any of us know," had caused her heart to beat quickly, and as she ascended the stair she tried to think what it might be that any of them could know. She hurriedly reviewed every incident of the past eighteen months, back to the terrible night, or rather morning, when Hubert first told her of his crime. She felt certain that no one of the servants had seen or heard anything at that time which might cause suspicion. Then what could they know? But, remembering in a moment that Hubert intended to accuse himself in open court—that, as he had said to her, he would tell her everything, she thought how little difference it made whether the help had become possessed of any of the facts or not.

Too sad to retire, she sat listlessly at her dressing table trying to look into the dark and impenetrable future.

A timid knock sounded and to her invitation to enter Hannah Moore presented herself her face flushed and her eyes red from weeping.

Margaret kindly pointed to a chair, and the cook sank into it.

"You seem unwell," said Miss Calvert, gently, "what is the matter?"

"I'm trying to get courage to speak to you," answered Hannah with a burst of tears, "knowing what you'll think of me after, and you so kind and considerate yourself."

"It is not that you intend to leave us?" asked Margaret with a sort of wail in her tones; for the thought flashed upon her, that perhaps the very servants would refuse to remain in a house, the master of which was charged with murder, and that this was but the foreshadowing of how all Hubert's friends would eventually desert him.

"God forbid, miss, that I'd want to leave a home where I've had more happiness than ever I had since I left the old country! It's not that,—thank God!—but it's something that will make you think me bold and impertinent, and stepping out of my place; but it's laid heavily on my heart this many a day, and it'll give me no peace till I tell you."

Margaret Calvert's face grew whiter. Was it something connected with Hubert's crime that she was going to tell—something which must be told when he should be brought to trial?

"It's about Mr. Plowden," resumed Hannah. "He comes to see you, and you seem to think kindly of him; and sure that's none of my business, only to bid you be careful. Don't trust him further than you can see, for his deep and smart, an' maybe he's only laying a trap to take your cousin in, the poor, dear boy that didn't do the deed at all." Margaret sprang terrified from her seat.

"What do you mean? what do you know about my cousin?"

"Poor girl! the rapid succession of alarming events had totally unnerved her. Every moment she was forgetting that Hubert was bent on bringing himself to justice, and she was wild with fear at the thought of still another possessing his secret, as though he had not already revealed that secret.

"Calm yourself, miss, for God's sake!" exclaimed the cook, as she rose, terrified also at Miss Calvert's wild manner.

"God knows," she continued, "I didn't mean to speak of your cousin, but in my trouble it slipped from me."

"Tell me what you know about him," said Margaret, and she spoke with such trembling eagerness that the words came forth brokenly.

"Oh, miss, it's only the night that he came back after we thought he had gone away to travel. I couldn't sleep that night with my rheumatism pains, and I was up when the door bell rang. I thought it was your cousin, for your aunt was taken worse and a doctor had been sent for; but on my way down I heard the door opened, and I heard some one come in. I listened, for I was anxious about Madame Berton, but I could hear nothing more.

absolutely prove, nothing against you, we shall defeat its designs and you shall escape."

"No," almost shouted Hubert, "that would be to doom myself again to the living death I have already endured. I have sinned. I shall undergo its punishment, and now I am only impatient to proclaim my crime in open court that my sentence may be immediately passed."

Plowden became furious. "You are mad, man; you would kill yourself," and then with a somewhat calmer aspect, he turned to Margaret, saying:

"Speak to him, Miss Calvert. Beg of this poor lunatic to have some mercy on himself."

She would have pleaded with him, but he waved her back, repeating more earnestly than before:

"My determination is fixed—he folded his arms and drew himself up. 'I tell you the blood of my victim is crying for this atonement: a life for a life.'"

He looked as if he saw another presence than that of Margaret and Plowden, and he made no reply when the lawyer said, passionately:

"Then we must save you from yourself."

Margaret burst into tears when she approached to take her leave.

"You will die here," she said, "in this desolate place with no companion, no friend near you."

"No, Margaret;" and for the first time that morning something like a smile crossed his features, "but I shall be less des

I waited in the hall that Mr. Hubert's room opens from, and in a little while I heard some one coming up. It was so dark I knew I couldn't be seen, and I thought it would be better to stay there till whoever it was should pass, for fear it might seem queer to find me in that place at such a time. I could tell by the sound of the steps there were two persons coming up, and by the rustling of a dress that one of them anyway, was a woman; I heard whispering, but I couldn't understand what was said, till they came so close that it was only by wedging myself into the niche in the wall, that I saved myself from being found out, and then I heard one of them whisper:

"Don't ask me what has happened."

"They passed on, and I heard some door softly opened and closed. I went back to my own room, thinking queer things of what I had heard, and dreaming of it when I went to sleep. I didn't speak of it next day, for I feared you'd hear it, and that perhaps you wouldn't believe how I came to be listening at such a time of the night. Afterwards, when we came to know that you were held as a witness, and saw in the papers all about that case I kept thinking of what I had heard that night; but didn't think anything about Mr. Hubert. I didn't think one of the whispering voices was his, though I was almost sure the rustling dress belonged to you. I didn't speak of it, for, somehow, there was a great fear on me that if I did it might injure you. I didn't think of Mr. Hubert at all, for I believed as, all the help did, that he was far away then. But when Mr. Plowden examined me in the court—when he asked me if there was ever anything to make me think your actions strange, or to suspect Mr. Hubert hadn't left home at all—you looked at me, and somehow in a minute, it all came into my mind. I knew then that one of the whispering voices was Mr. Hubert's; that what had happened was this murder, and that you knew all about it. But I'd have cut my tongue out before I'd have told it there, or told it anywhere. My heart ached for you, and many a time since, when I've seen you sad and sick, and heard the rest of the help remarking on the ill looks of yourself and your cousin, I knew it was the secret that was killing you both."

"I'd have tried to comfort you in my humble way, but I feared you'd be frightened at my knowing so much, or that you'd be angry at my presumption. I never spoke of it to the others and I tried to keep down the suspicions that would come in their minds sometimes."

"When I saw Mr. Plowden coming here so regular, and the warm way yourself and Mr. Hubert seemed to take to him, my heart misgave me, for I knew what his nature was. I'm bound by a promise to the dead—his dead—not to speak, so I can't tell you something which would make you distrust him too. I didn't know him in the court at first, for I didn't look at him much till it came my turn to be examined by him, but then I knew him, and he knew me; he couldn't help but know me, and I saw he did by the look in his eyes. Oh, why was Mr. Hubert mixed up with this case at all! Why did he have anything to do with the murdered man lying in his cold grave this night, and I not able to tell you what I know!"

"And Hannah Moore flung her apron over her head, and sobbed bitterly. Margaret was as white and motionless as a statue. She could make no attempt to bring order out of the chaos of thoughts caused by this strange communication. Her imagination was too wild and too swift in its erratic resolution to succumb to her will now, so she could only wait as one on a rack might do, not for relief, but for change of torture."

Hannah lowered her apron, and resumed:

"I wanted to tell you many a time to be careful how you'd trust the smart lawyer. I feared he'd ferret Mr. Hubert's secret out, and use all his means to bring the poor young man to himself for the sake of getting himself a fine name. I thought of trying to see him in some secret way, when I'd let him know that I was watching his actions, and that perhaps I'd tell something in the long run if he meant any harm to Mr. Hubert; but I didn't know how to manage a secret meeting with him, so I only kept on fretting to myself, and worrying, when I saw you two young things sinking under the secret you thought no one else knew anything about."

"Sometimes the help would talk of Mr. Plowden's attentions to you, and to day when you went out with him it was said that he was really paying his addresses to you; then, I couldn't rest, knowing what I do about him. When you came down stairs to-night and told us of Mr. Hubert's arrest my heart jumped into my throat, for I thought it might be through Mr. Plowden he was taken, and then I resolved that I'd tell you all that I could, without breaking my promise to the dead. Maybe he's different now; maybe he's sorry for the poor heart he wouldn't comfort before its death, and maybe he's very good; but be careful of him, Miss Calvert—don't trust him too much, and forgive me my boldness in telling you this."

"And again she covered her face with her apron and sobbed bitterly. It seemed to be little use for Margaret to seek light out of the thick darkness which was settling upon her. More perplexing and more numerous were the mysteries which appeared to grow out of this one sin. If Hannah Moore could but tell what she knew of Plowden, but to stop short, just where doubt and conjecture became absolute

pain, seemed so cruel. All that the cook related might, after all, be only the vagaries of a suspicious mind which had been too ready to build huge piles of evidence on slightest foundations; but Plowden's inexplicable look of the morning rose before her; as if to strengthen the testimony just given. There was something, nay, there was a good deal, in what Hannah Moore had just told, and there was much in that appalling look.

Did it mean that he had been hunting Hubert to his doom, that his passionate avowal of love to her, his affection for Hubert, his expressed determination to save him, were but so many masks to hide his base object—was it possible that he had been working with "Boquerle?" At that stage of her wild conjectures there swept into her soul such a flood of bitterness as she had experienced never before even in her moments of sharpest agony.

Trust betrayed; and such a trust! Winning friendship and affection only that he might effect a base purpose—truly in the past hour, the world had turned upside down to her and left her drifting hopelessly out to an unknown, bleak shore.

Hardest of all was the search for her own line of conduct, amid so much broken trust and cruel deception. Since Hubert's arrest she had clung to Plowden as the one mutual friend whose legal skill, whose powerful influence was to bring some degree of light out of the great darkness. Now, if this was to be no more, if she must discard him herself, and warn Hubert against him, what would be left? Nothing; no one—for in all the vast city Margaret could think of no friend whose influence would assist in this case, or whose sympathy could support her, and amid Hubert's friends there were none who possessed the skill, or influence of Plowden.

The warm-hearted cook had only made the lot of her young mistress harder to bear, and had she not been too absorbed in her own tears, she might have seen more suffering in Miss Calvert's face than she had seen there ever before.

Sorrow makes the best of us selfish in some degree. Margaret, absorbed in her own wild thoughts, forgot for a few moments the presence of the faithful domestic and the effort she had made to do that she deemed to be her duty; but it flashed on her suddenly, and she held out both hands to the weeping woman, and said softly:

"How can I thank you, my faithful friend? You, to whom no confidence was given, have kept what you knew, so well."

"Don't speak of it, miss. I'd do far more if it was in my power, and I'm only fearing that I spoke too late about Mr. Plowden. Perhaps he's worked harm already to Mr. Hubert."

"I don't know—I hope not," and Margaret's lips grew white with mental anguish.

"He seems to be Hubert's best friend now, and mine, so far as helping my cousin is concerned. Hubert gave himself up, publicly confessed his crime, and he intends to make the same confession when he is brought to trial."

"The poor boy; may the Lord help him!" ejaculated Hannah Moore.

Margaret continued: "It is due to your faithfulness to tell you this much. My cousin did not intend to commit murder; he was maddened to it, and there are circumstances connected with that murdered man, which, if made known, will do much to lessen my cousin's guilt. The whole dreadful case will be revived again I suppose. All of us may be examined over."

"Faith, they'll get nothing out of me but what they got before, if they examine me fifty times," interrupted the cook.

But Margaret, without heeding the interruption, continued: "And through all the trying time I shall have but one friend to turn to—Mr. Plowden. I must trust him still; I must lean on him, be he what he may, until this trial is over. If he be our enemy instead of our friend, then God help him and pity us!"

"Amen," ejaculated the cook. And then, with painful hesitation in her manner, she said:

"Maybe it'll be better not to tell Mr. Plowden that I've said anything to you. He knows how I am bound by oath never to speak of what I know, and it might make him fiercer like, if he knew I had been trying to put you on your guard."

Margaret faintly smiled.

"For Hubert's sake I shall be sure to conceal every suspicion from Mr. Plowden—I shall endeavor to treat him as I have already done—so have no fear."

"Thank you, miss! and now have you entirely forgiven my boldness in speaking as I did?"

"There is nothing to forgive," Margaret replied, "but there is cause for great gratitude on my part."

She wrung the cook's hand to reassure her, and said a kind good-night.

Hannah Moore, as she passed through the hall, still wiping her eyes, murmured to herself:

"Thanks be to God, there's a great load lifted from my mind."

A load lifted from her only to be added to the burden of doubt and fear and anguish, which her young mistress carried.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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HER TWO TRIALS.

BY THE REV. DENIS NAUGHTON, S. J.

It was midway between Great and Little Christmas, with snow on the ground and bright stars shining out of a clear sky. One of the countless clocks of Edinburgh Town had just struck 9, when a timid and faltering knock was heard at the door of Father Grosvenor's presbytery. Many a knock came to that door. Night after night the poor used to come to get comfort or to take the pledge, or to ask advice, or to complain. And it must be confessed that the chief delight of the saintly and—though still young—venerable looking priest was to hear that knocker going, much trouble as it brought on him from within as well as from without. His servants were continually leaving him on account of it, and even his old Aberdeenshire house-keeper, who had been with him since he began life, every three months regularly, and occasionally besides, gave him notice in her own vernacular, that she was "gawn to quit."

However, like Andrew Fairservice in "Bob Roy," who had been "flitting every term for four and twenty years," she never could make up her mind to go.

"Well, Bridget," said Father Grosvenor, "someone wants me. I think?"

"Yes," she answered, "they've come when I'm sitting down to my tea; and between the kitchen and the hall, it's na muckle rest they gie me. It's Bredgee here, and Bredgee there, an' I only just fit for the Kingdom of Glory."

"I know you are overworked, Bridget," mildly replied the Father, whom experience had taught to quell the rising storm.

"Weel, it's na it to mind. My trouble is na that great to be complained o'; it's naething to make a sang about. But ye dinna spare yerself. You gie a' these folks their ain way and are not that pleased wi' me when I tell them to gae away hame wi' them for a lot o' haverils."

"Bridget, thank you; you do spare me many a time. But who wants me now?"

"I dinna ken exactly," she said; "a' she'd tell me was that she wanted you. Yet I'd no be that surprised if the bairn had seen better days."

When he went into the hall he found awaiting him a young girl. Perhaps she had seen some twenty years or more. But as she wore a heavy shawl that completely hid her features, he could not tell. Only no disguise could hide that she was not such as usually sought him.

"Well, child," he said, "you wish to see me, I think; what may I do for you?"

"I shall take it as a favor," she answered, "if you give me the pledge."

Completely put out by the direct and slightly haughty reply, he could not see his way to continue the conversation, which was precisely what he wanted. Many a soul he had won that way.

"Child," he said, "you do not seem like one who needs it. But, of course, as you wish. You are one of my little flock, I think, though I don't remember you. Pray, child, where do you live—with what friends, I mean?"

"No, sir," she answered, still more coldly, "I am not one of your flock, and friends I have none, except one who is almost a sister to me, by whose advice I am here for the only favor you can do me. I have told it already."

Baffled once again, he gently opened the door of an oratory facing his parlor, with a pretty little tabernacle, before which a lamp was brightly burning.

"Child," he said, "I do not like your kneeling here. Just take that little prie-dieu, and I shall give you the pledge. The Blessed Sacrament is on the altar."

"No," she answered, "no, do not speak to me, Father. You could not guess who or what I am." The ring of unmistakable hopeless despair was in her voice as she moved towards the door, saying: "I suppose I may as well go."

But he gently beckoned her to kneel, and with a voice full of emotion spoke the words, which she solemnly repeated.

"Now, Father," said she, rising, "I have been rude to you. Please forgive me, for I am not used to be so."

"No, child," he answered, "you have not been rude, whatever I may have been. But we shall part friends, and I shall forgive myself if you just do one thing for me. You won't refuse, please," he said, as he drew from his purse a large silver piece.

The sight of it brought the impetuous blood to her cheek.

"Father, I do not want money. I have plenty of my own," she said.

"It is not money," said the Father. "I would not dream of offering you money. It is only a silver medal, whose real owner is—I know not where."

"If I accept it," she said, "you will forgive me."

"Yes, that readily and easily enough; but I cannot so readily promise, at that altar and at Holy Mass to forget you. We may meet again hereafter."

"Well," she said, taking the medal from his hand, "thank you, Father, and good night; I wish I dare say—God bless you!"

Out she went into the starlit, snow-covered street, muffled herself still more closely, and straightway made for home.

"Little fear," she said to herself,

"that he will meet me hereafter, and still less hope that I shall meet him. What I have done I have done, and what I have written I have written; and though my eyes became a fountain, they must ache in vain over a blighted existence. What I have lost can never come back, and all my sorrow must be idle as the wail of an orphan—"

"Though pour like a river My tears without number, The buried can never Awake from its slumber."

She reached home after a little time and went immediately to her room.

"Please," she said to the maid who opened the door, "please, Bertha, I have not been well. Would you let me have tea in my room, and I shall not have to trouble you more."

"Certainly, miss; you never trouble."

Her little repast soon served and sooner over, the poor girl, drawing an arm chair in front of a bright fire, sat down before it, somewhat less sad, but more than usually pensive.

"Well," she thought, "I feel happier now that I have done it at last. One link to hell is broken, but what is that to those that are chained by so many? It was good of the Father to tell me that I looked out of place amongst the miserable, and to force upon me the first holy thing I have had for many a day. What is it, I wonder?"

She took the medal from her pocket and looked at it earnestly a minute or two.

"Yes," she said, "I know well what it is. 'Tis a First Communion medal, and with a slight tremble of the hand she laid it down. "God help me, that's enough of it. 'Twas a strange present for me, and not a kind one," she said.

Yet there was some fascination about it she could not resist, and bending over but not touching it again, she fixed her eyes on it. At an altar-rail were four little girls with lighted candles in their hands; all were dressed in white, and wore long lace veils held close to the head by a wreath of flowers and flowing to the ground so as to cover their feet. A priest in chasuble was standing before them, administering the First Communion. Two little acolytes were kneeling at the altar in surplice and soutane, and six candles—three on either side of a large crucifix—were burning by the tabernacle. Without any searching to remember, she was at once in a reverie of the past. Without the least effort of imagination her memory went back to a certain time and place, and the picture of herself as she was ten years gone by stood before her mind; a young and very beautiful child, in whose look there was something more than innocence, for it seemed to her as if her look was holy.

"Oh, how like me!" she said. "Did I ever think it would come to this?"

After a ten minutes' dream and another look at the medal, with a still more faltering hand she turned it on the obverse side, and in bright, clear-cut letters, read:

1871.
"EMILY MARY HARGREAVEN."
"Great God!" she cried, "it is my own medal! That, or my poor, troubled brain is not working right. Am I walking or dreaming? Well, let me try." And she took up from the ground the medal that had fallen from her hands. "Tis a dream," she said; "tis light as a feather—it has no substance. It would not ring on that glass if I struck it." And she struck three times slowly but weakly. "Tis a dream," she said again. "I knew it was. That's the Sanctus bell at Mass in the old chapel of Ancloucy; and I am here, am I not?"

In a moment all the room seemed to go round and round. She swooned away and softly fell to the hearth rug, upsetting the little table on which the tea things were set.

When the maid rushed into the room she saw her lying perfectly motionless and pale.

Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye, Heat outwardly or breath within, was none.

"She is dead!" cried the maid. "God bless us! that makes the third I have seen. O God of mercy! mercy!" she added, as she hastily undid the dress, and with the true sense of womanhood, devoted herself to the care of the poor girl.

"No, no, she's not dead! I feel her heart beat," she said, after five or six minutes. "God be blessed, and His Holy Mother, to whom I often prayed for her, she is not dead!"

In a short time the panic was over, and before half an hour she was herself again.

"I am going to stay with you to-night, miss," said Bertha.

"Thank you a thousand times for all your kindness, but there is no need. It was nothing. Please help me to undress, and you will be quite safe in leaving me alone."

In less than a quarter of an hour the poor girl was in bed, and in still less than that, asleep; for she had scarce laid her head upon her pillow when she was in a deep and tranquil slumber.

It was far into the morning when she awoke with her mind perfectly clear as to the events of yesterday. They were distinctly before her, and what was strangest, she could ponder them over and over again within one trace of emotion. Not that she was uninterested by them, but that a cold determination to solve the mystery entirely absorbed her.

"Surely," she said, "the medal is mine. I know every line of it and remember it well. It hung over my head in my room at home, on a little background I made for it of red plush velvet, between an image of the crucifix and a holy-water font. This day

shan't pass nor another night come on till I make out how it came into the priest's hands, and what puzzles me more, how it came that he gave it to me. He knew me somehow, but, she added, smiling, "he'll not know me to-day, I promise. He may be at home by 1 o'clock."

She then put her hand under her pillow, and taking out the innocent cause of her trouble, pressed it to her lips.

"There," she said, "there's for the day that can never return. And there's for one whose heart I have broken."

And all her mother came into her eyes, and gave her up to tears.

"And there, for my dear Uncle Richard, who gave me my first Communion and hung you round my neck in the old chapel on the hill. And after a long, long pause, as if she feared to say it: "There's for the feet of my Lord. Whose face I shall never see. Oh," she added, "I once heard that the lost hate God whilst they long to see Him; but I know one who is lost and loves Him, though she never hopes to behold Him. But this won't do. I have no power to spare from this day's work, and 'tis getting late."

At 12 o'clock she left her house, beautifully dressed, but with an eye to whatever might give her a matronly air. A quick and very decisive knock soon brought Bridget to the door.

"May I ask," she said, "is Father Grosvenor at home?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And disengaged?"

"Weel, he's rarely that," said Bridget, "but an' you'll tude a wee in the parlor, I dinna doubt but he'll see you."

"Please, then," she said, giving her card, "a lady wishes to see him on business and will not detain him long."

When Father Grosvenor entered she rose and, making a quiet bow, apologized for calling at so unreasonable a time, but she came on business which would be best done if done soonest."

"Father, I came about a young girl," she said, "who called on you last evening to take the pledge."

"How strange," said the Father; "my dream is out. I thought she came to see me again, and that I did not know her till she was gone."

With one quick glance of surprise she looked at him, but that glance sufficed to reassure her all was right.

"It is not at all likely," she said, "that she will come after me."

"Oh, I don't believe she will," he answered. "I pay but little heed to dreams. I only meant how strange the coincidence that her name should turn up so soon. I was greatly interested in her."

"Well," she said, "so, I confess, am I. I am the only one on earth, I think, that really cares for her or has any influence over her."

"Doubtless," said Father Grosvenor, "you are the friend she spoke to me about, almost in the same terms."

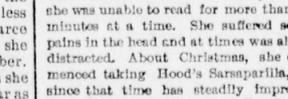
"Likely enough," she answered. "I have known her from her childhood. She is a proud, petulant, self-willed girl, passionate to a degree, and withal so cold and distant that nothing seems to affect her. In fact, for years I have not seen her show signs of emotion till last evening, looking at the lovely and valuable medal you so kindly gave her."

"Thank God!" said Father Grosvenor very earnestly, "thank God! I am so glad I gave it to the poor child; though," he added, with a smile, "I scarcely should have. You

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L Saturday, Sept. 14, 1895.

OFFICIAL.

The clergy of the counties of Essex and Kent will meet in conference at Windsor on Thursday, September 19, at 11 a. m.; of the counties of Huron, Perth, Oxford and Norfolk at Stratford on Tuesday, September 24, at 1 p. m., and of the counties of Middlesex, Elgin, Bothwell and Lambton at London on Thursday, September 26, at 2 p. m. A full attendance is requested.

By order of the Bishop,
THOMAS NOONAN, Secretary.
London, Sept. 5, 1895.

THE SLAUGHTER OF MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

The attack made upon the British missionaries, Rev. Mr. Stewart and his family and assistants, in Ku Cheng, China, whereby eight victims were killed, and two others hurt, as well as being obliged to make their escape by flight, has caused much commotion in England, and the British Government is endeavoring to obtain from China such satisfaction as is alone possible after such an atrocity: that is to say, the punishment of the leaders in the attack, and probably an indemnity to be paid to the families of those who have been killed. The British Government will also insist upon guarantees that subjects of Great Britain shall be protected in future by the Chinese authorities, and shall have security against such popular outbreaks as that which resulted in the recent massacre.

The Chinese Government, upon being pressed to give the satisfaction required from it, showed great reluctance to comply, but was at last obliged to consent to send a mixed commission, composed of English, American and Chinese inquisitors, to examine into the facts, and bring to justice those who perpetrated the atrocities complained of.

The unwillingness of the Pekin Government to grant what was demanded was amply manifested by its refusal at first to take any step toward allowing the commission to go to the scene of the disturbance, and nothing but the fear that England would declare war to vindicate its honor and prestige, induced the Government at last to comply with the demand; and even after that, the extraordinary news was telegraphed to and published in the London Times so late as the 20th of Aug., that the Government had refused to permit the British and American consuls to make any investigation at all, or to be present while the Chinese officials were making inquiries into the matter. Then again the still more extraordinary announcement was made that Lui Ping Chang, who was formerly Viceroy of Su Chuan, and who is believed to have been the originator of the riots, has been appointed Imperial High Commissioner to enquire into the whole matter. Such an appointment is farcical, and it is not a matter of surprise that the foreign residents of China, all of whom are as deeply interested as are the English, in the protection of Europeans of every country against anti-foreign rioters, should be very much dissatisfied at an appointment which shows the disposition of the Government to burke enquiry.

The latest intelligence, however, is to the effect that the firmness of the British and other consuls has brought the Chinese to terms, and that the foreign commissioners are to have every facility afforded to them to conduct the inquiry, instructions having been sent by the Chinese Government to its officials at Ku Cheng to this effect. It is announced also that six Chinese who had a hand in the outrages have been found guilty of murder, four of whom have been executed. It is certain that if a Chinaman residing in London were to open a joss house or to preach Confucianism, and he or some of his Confucian disciples were killed, there would be no delay in bringing the murderers to trial and punishing them according to their deserts.

The British Government is not generally disposed to embroil itself with heathen nations to protect missionaries; but as the sufferers on this occasion were British subjects, laboring under the auspices of a British missionary society, the case is an unusual one, and for the purpose of preserving her prestige in the eyes of foreigners in general, whether heathen or Christian, it is necessary that England should take a firm stand on the broad ground that her subjects should be unmolested when living in a country with which she is at peace. Since the massacre at Ku Cheng there have also been at other points attacks on missions which are under the auspices of American missionary societies. The American mission at Foo Chow has been broken up, and its chapel and school-house wrecked, and several of the native scholars wounded, though the missionaries themselves escaped without personal harm. Other missions have also been attacked, and unless the interference of the Government be efficacious to prevent it, there is danger of a general uprising of the Chinese against foreign missionaries.

It appears somewhat strange that, in the reports of these outrages committed on missionaries, so little has been said of any attacks made on Catholic missions, though the Catholic missions are more numerous than the Protestant, and have more natives belonging to them. Yet there have certainly been attacks made on them as well as on the Protestant missions. Thus in the communications sent by Mr. Jernigan, the United States Consul at Shanghai, to his Government, it is stated that the Viceroy made no effort to have the fire extinguished when the Catholic Bishop's residence was in flames at Cheng-Tu, near Ku-Chen, though the Viceroy's house was no more than the distance of a stone's throw from that of the Bishop. He merely said that it was a matter for his successor to attend to. From other quarters also it is learned that the Catholic missions have not escaped during the recent outbreaks. Thus a letter from the pro-Vicar of Western Szechuan or Su-Chuan relates that Mgr. Durand, the Bishop, was personally attacked when he went to the Tartar marshal for protection. He was struck by several stones and was badly hurt, and a mandarin was about to give him the final blow when a bystander thrust him away. The Catholic church and orphanage and the Bishop's house were totally destroyed by fire, after the mob had carried off all the valuables they could lay their hands upon.

It is probable that the cause why so little has been said on this occasion concerning attacks on Catholic missions, is the fact that they are under charge of French priests, and therefore less attention was paid to them by the correspondents of English and American papers, and perhaps, also, because there have not been any actual murders of Catholic missionaries during the recent outbreaks.

If the Catholic missionaries have suffered less than the British and Americans on the present occasion, it is a great change from what has usually occurred in the past. The Catholic missionaries to China have always been aware that in undertaking the missionary office they were subject to suffer persecution, and they went to death at any moment, and they went prepared for this emergency; and not having wives and families to encumber them, they were ready to make the sacrifice of their lives, for the sake of the propagation of the gospel, whenever they were required to do so. It is something new in the history of Protestantism to have its missionaries put to death in the cause they are propagating, as they usually only go to those countries where their lives are safe, and where they will be under the protection of the British Government. The Chinese persecution will probably be a great blow to Protestant missions, as missionaries with wives and families cannot be expected to expose their lives to the dangers of missionary life where it is known that danger really threatens them.

The success of the Catholic missions in China has been much greater than is generally supposed. There are no less than forty-seven Vicariates Apostolic in the Empire. The precise number of Catholics is not reported, but as there are 140,000 in the two Vicariates of Pekin and Shanghai, the total must be very large, probably approaching or exceeding 500,000.

It is to be hoped that the mutual jealousies of the Christian European powers will not interfere to prevent them from acting in concert to insist upon the safety of missionaries there, whether Catholic or Protestant.

upon the safety of missionaries there, whether Catholic or Protestant.

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

The Catholic Summer School of America closed its fourth session last week, and its success has more than satisfied our expectations. It has, indeed, been the object of much adverse comment from some who complained that it was but superficial, and hence of no educational value. But they are attacking a mere phantom, born of ignorance and jealousy. Let them read the programme of the Summer School.

One thing that seems very strange to us is that hostile criticism should come from a Catholic. Is it not, at least, a splendid advertisement; and, let its educational value be what it may, is it not productive of some good? It is much better to have one thousand five hundred young people listening to scientific and literary lectures than to have them dawdling around summer resorts retelling the newest scandal or reading the last novel.

It is a sign of progress in the right direction. Our feeble words add nothing to the honors so well merited by the Summer School, but we should wish to place ourselves on record as its supporter and well-wisher. It is hewing towards the light. It is a reproach to the sluggards, but a joy to all who love Christ and His Church. It is doing work, splendid work, and the generations of the future shall call it blessed.

A NEW RITUALISTIC MOVEMENT.

The question is being very seriously and earnestly agitated among Presbyterians in England and Scotland to amend the form of Public Worship as prescribed in the Directory adopted by the Scotch Kirk in 1562 and 1564 and which has been substantially followed by the Presbyterian bodies of English speaking countries which for the most part derive their origin from Knox's Presbyterianism as exemplified in the practice of the Church of Scotland. The question was also considered at the last General Assembly of the Church, held in Toronto this summer, and though no decisive action was taken on it the general feeling appeared to be in favor of greater uniformity in that denomination in the form of worship. This uniformity cannot of course be obtained without some positive action of the Church prescribing the prayers to be used and the manner of conducting the worship according to some set form.

It is argued that there is a laxity in the present practice whereby too much latitude is given for individual caprice, and that this leads necessarily to a want of decorum in many churches. As a consequence numerous societies and committees have been appointed or have appointed themselves in England and Scotland to examine into the matter and to recommend such changes as will restrict the present variety within much narrower limits.

It was the direction of St. Paul in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, xiv. 40, that all things connected with public worship should be done "decently and in order," and there is ample evidence that there were special forms of public worship established from the earliest period, and even in the Apostolic age, and in all likelihood by the Apostles themselves, so that we have liturgies still in use in the Catholic Church which bear the names of Apostles, and of which it may be truly said that their substance, at least, was introduced by the Apostles: for we have historical evidence of the dates at which certain modifications were introduced. Among the known additions were some by St. Clement, who, though not an Apostle, was contemporaneous with the Apostles, so that his name is mentioned by St. Paul as being written in the Book of Life.

It is certainly in accordance with the spirit of divinely revealed religion that there should be a liturgy, or an established form of ecclesiastical worship not subject to change according to individual whims. Hence under the Old Law the forms to be followed were prescribed by Almighty God Himself, even to the composition of the incense which was to be used during the offering of the sacrifices.

The Holy Scripture does not lay down any special forms to be observed under the New Law, but St. Paul's mandate that order should be observed proves that the ritual to be used should be that which the authority of the Church sanctioned, and accordingly from the earliest age it was not lawful for individuals to change the

sanctioned ceremonies of the Church.

That these ceremonies resembled those used at the present day is sufficiently clear from the description which St. John the Evangelist gives of the Son of Man, and of the throne of God in the prefatory chapters of the Apocalypse, which is almost literally applicable to the forms of Catholic worship as used in the Church to this day, and there can be no doubt that it was a picture also of the usages of the Apostolic age in conducting public worship.

The beautiful liturgy of the Catholic Church was abolished by Knox, and any return thereto in the slightest degree has always been regarded by Presbyterians as an approach to idolatry. Even the very poor semblance to Catholic worship which the Church of England retained in the Book of Common Prayer has always been denounced by them as being rags or remnants of Popery; but it appears that they are now becoming conscious of the fact that a solemn Ritual is an incentive to devotion and piety, and this consciousness is the source of the present movement toward re-establishing a liturgy, though the advocates of the movement are very careful to tell us now that a regular form of Church worship was used by Presbyterians in the time of the Reformation, and does not by any means lead to Episcopacy or to what is more terrible still, to Popery.

The Presbyterians generally, however, have been so thoroughly indoctrinated with the belief that a liturgy tends to bring in idolatry that there is already a strong opposition to the proposed reform. The opponents of the movement say that it is un- Presbyterian and unscriptural to restrict the present liberty, and that to do so would be the wedge for opening a way to the entering in of Prelacy.

A liturgy of some kind would undoubtedly tend to greater reverence in Presbyterian churches, and would render impossible, or, at all events less frequent, the comicities which have sometimes found their way into Presbyterian worship. But it is doubtful whether in the face of the strong prejudices in which that body has been educated, it will be possible to introduce a liturgy during the present generation. The tendency appears to be toward greater laxity and variety rather than toward ritualistic uniformity. The mistake was made when the solemn worship of the Catholic Church was abolished, and the door opened to every species of idiosyncrasy. The present movement, however, taken in connection with other signs of the times, indicates that there is a growing tendency among Protestants to regard as reasonable those doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church against which they have waged an unrelenting warfare for over three centuries.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

The seeming inactivity and indifference displayed by the Catholics of France with regard to questions that are of vital interest to them, is one of the things that never fails to excite the astonishment of the tourist. Here and there you find bands of energetic individuals working for the repeal of iniquitous laws, but their efforts are but feebly seconded by the majority of the people.

We do not presume to assign the cause, but we cannot help thinking that a genius like Lacordaire might perchance rouse Gallic hearts to strenuous action. It was just such another time when Lacordaire commenced his public work. The Church was in disfavor, and infidel philosophy was endeavoring to destroy every vestige of faith. The wits of the Voltairian school battled with polished epigram and double entendre against Catholicity. It was the fashion of the hour to ridicule religion, and its ministers, skilled and eloquent though they were, met with but little success in their efforts to eradicate it. But Lacordaire slipped away from the old moorings as far as methods were concerned, and ventured into new ways, in the hope of bringing souls to love Christ. This he did by creating public opinion, and it became the fashion to listen to the eloquent Dominican.

Many came to admire the man, with face aglow, pouring out the resistless eloquence that has made Notre Dame historical, but the majority came to be taught, for the friar had the truth. His discourses were not according to traditional style. He broke away from the plan of the school of his predecessors, who had major, minor and conclusion, but not the persuasive power that influences and moves human beings. It was a bold step, and Lacordaire was young. But his success was

not an instant in suspense. Crowds flocked to hear him. The old church was again an object of interest, and many a one owed the spark that enkindles their faith to Lacordaire. He had the truth, and he preached it into the hearts of his fellows. It was not an affair of learning by heart, it was a soul, and this soul, to use his own expression, would break like a tide through the walls of flesh and cast itself, reckless and desperate, into the soul of another.

REV. PRINCIPAL GRANT ON THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

In the Toronto *Globe* of the 5th inst. appears the first of a series of letters which it is intended shall appear from the pen of the Rev. Principal G. M. Grant, of Kingston, on the Manitoba school question, which has been so much discussed from every possible point of view.

The Rev. Principal Grant has not been in favor of Catholic Separate schools in the past, and we could scarcely anticipate that in his present visit to Manitoba for the purpose of examining into the whole school question of that Province, he would enter upon the task with any prejudices in favor of the Catholic minority.

The *Globe* tells us in an editorial which appeared on the same day with the professor's letter, that "it will be found that the principal is a strong advocate of religious instruction in the elementary schools supported by the public," in proof of which it points out that he "comments with considerable severity on the action of the Provincial Government in making so radical and sudden a change effected by the Acts of 1890."

We do not see that the principal declares himself very strongly on this question, in his letter; but we are ourselves convinced of the need of religious instruction, and the Catholics of Manitoba are of the same conviction.

Now the rev. principal argues that the convictions of the people ought to be taken into consideration in establishing a school system, and in this we believe he stands on a foundation which cannot be shaken. On this ground we have always maintained that the Manitoba Government acted wrongfully, though this is not the only ground on which we have upheld the rights of the Catholic minority in that Province. We agree, then, entirely with Rev. Mr. Grant that "policy and justice alike demand treatment of a very different kind, and in particular it would not be amiss to remember the golden rule in connection with all such cases." He further tells us that the Provincial Government and Legislature have by their harsh course "aroused a state of provincial feeling which makes it almost impossible to discuss the question on its merits. The sooner it retraces its steps the better. In the meantime the people suffer because the kings—Provincial and Federal—are unwise, if I may be allowed a free translation of a well-known Latin line."

Principal Grant has generally shown himself to be a man of liberal and tolerant mind, and willing to allow the same liberty of conviction to others which he claims for himself, and from his antecedents we would not expect from him the enunciation of any other than the tolerant views to which he here gives utterance.

While he does not very strongly (in our estimation) insist upon the importance of religious education, he certainly seems to favor it, and he gives expression to the suspicion that it is due to a lack of such education that there is a falling off of Bible reading in Ontario. He says:

"How far this Ontario farce of Bible instruction is responsible for neglect of Bible reading in after life I shall not venture to say."

He speaks here of that class of Bible instruction which is confined to the mere reading of the words of the Bible, without going into the meaning, doctrinal and historical.

The professor gives some proofs that before 1890 the schools of Manitoba were not all that it was desirable they should have been. But he gives some very good reasons why this should have been the case. The country was sparsely settled, and is still so to a great extent—and the weather in winter is so severe that to this day in not a few sections the schools are closed from December to April. Time will remove these difficulties; but surely the difficulties the pioneers of Manitoba had to meet in educating their children are no reason why they should be treated harshly, or why the injustices already perpetrated should be continued.

We have never claimed that the

Manitoba schools under the denominational system were perfect, but we do claim that the religious convictions of Catholics should be respected amid all the improvements which the Government may introduce. Principal Grant tells us that, in spite of their defects, "the schools (before 1890) were as well taught and managed as was possible in the circumstances of a Province so sparsely settled, and with such winters."

The question of decision in the Manitoba school matter does not regard the perfection or imperfection of the system in vogue before 1890, but it regards the question whether the compact entered into between the Dominion and Provincial authorities, for the protection of minorities, is to be observed or not.

There is no least doubt that it would have been religiously observed if it had turned out, as was expected, when the Federal and Provincial Legislatures agreed almost unanimously to the terms of the Manitoba Act on education, that the majority would continue to be Catholic. It is only because the majority now sustain an intolerant Government that there is any difficulty, and it is not to be expected that the Catholics of the Dominion will submit tamely to the present injustice.

We are pleased with the general character of Principal Grant's letter, and we believe that rev. gentleman will continue the series in a manner similar to the way he has begun. We insert in another column his remarks on the Trappist monastery at St. Norbert.

VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS.

In the Philadelphia *Catholic Times* of Aug. 31 appears a very racy letter, from the pen of Mr. Wm. Ellison, of Bowmanville, giving a description of St. Catharines, Ont. The following reference is made to the talented parish priest of that place:

"In concluding this brief sketch of this interesting city and its inhabitants, your correspondent may be permitted to say that in the person of the Very Rev. W. B. Harris, dean of St. Catharines, all creeds and classes recognize a churchman of broad mind and sympathetic nature, with which are combined the refinement and qualities of an eminent scholar and author. His new book, entitled 'The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula,' is a work of rare merit and is destined to do good service to the cause of true religion and morality in the coming years. Its gifted author was born in 1818, in County Cork, Ireland, coming to this country with his parents while yet a child. His early studies were made at St. Michael's College, Toronto, then continued at St. Ann's, Quebec, where he took his degree in arts. After finishing his theological course at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, he went to Rome to pursue the post-graduate course in the College of the Propaganda, where he won the degree of B. D. On the 11th of June, last, in the midst of the congratulations of his faithful flock and of the citizens, he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. The genuine tokens of love and esteem evoked by the occasion testify to the worth of a noble priest and pastor."

THE BICYCLE AND THE PULPIT.

There is not a single fad which is not considered nowadays a suitable theme for pulpit orators among the Protestant sects, especially in the United States. It appears that the people have grown tired of the gospel, and nothing will attract them to the churches now but some of the subjects which give the daily papers an opportunity to display their wit or to publish sensational articles.

The bicycle or bike is one of the subjects which are now treated of most frequently in the Protestant pulpits, and a sermon announced on this interesting, though not necessarily religious article, is sure to attract a crowd curious to hear the preacher's opinion on the new and popular mode of locomotion.

Bishop Cox of Buffalo has condemned the use of the bicycle for women at least, and in this he is followed by many preachers, who denounce the machine as an invention of Satan, and condemn especially the women who have adopted the bloomer costume as being most suitable for riding.

There might be some gain to morals if the preachers could speak with authority on the morality or immorality of this and other practices, but as the matter stands no attention whatsoever is paid to the opinions thus freely expressed in the name of Christian morality. The sermons are listened to simply as a matter of curiosity, but no one thinks of putting into practice the principles announced, so completely has Protestantism ceased to be a guide to moral conduct.

It is not surprising that this should be the case on the particular subject to which we here refer, for while some preachers thus loudly condemn bicycle riding, others speak of it, and even of bloomers, as the precursor of the regeneration of the human race. This was the burden of a sermon delivered a couple of Sundays ago in one of the Chicago churches; and, indeed, in many of the churches the same view is substantially maintained Sunday after Sunday, though perhaps the language is not so extreme as that of the Chicago preacher. So true is this that many of the churches celebrated not many weeks ago a "Wheelmen's Day," when the bicycle was made the subject of special laudation.

Before expecting that their views on moral questions will be accepted by their congregations the ministers will need to come to some kind of agreement regarding the acts they condemn, whether they are really moral or immoral. The existing diversity of sentiment creates confusion and embarrassment among those who are expected to be taught, and when they have heard such conflicting views they are thrown upon their resources, and come to the conclusion they wish, rather than that which they ought to draw.

THE TRAPPISTS.

A letter appeared in the Toronto Globe, of the 5th, from the pen of Principal Grant, of Kingston, in which the following reference was made to the Trappists of Manitoba:

I drove up the Red River the other day for ten or twelve miles, past Louis Riel's old home, and at St. Norbert had an object lesson that would show to the dullest capacity what might be made of all those untitled or semi-titled acres of loam. Three years ago a little company of Trappist Brothers came out from France and built a monastery on a farm of one thousand five hundred acres which Father Richot, of Bill of Rights No. 4 fame, gave to them. They cleared the ground of its scrub, laid off a garden and began breaking. This year they will harvest twelve thousand bushels of grain, and their garden is a sight worth seeing for the marvellous quantity and quality of its vegetables, enough apparently to supply a town of moderate size. They have put up stables for cattle and for horses, of the most approved modern type; a small creamery; a henery with some hundreds of fowls; a pigery of the right kind, and they are building a large granary. Most of the work is done by themselves. As we drove up we noticed the Father Superior, a French gentleman of distinguished family, at work in the garden, and our local guide informed us that he was the humblest, the most hard-working and most accomplished of the band. It is well known that the rules of the order of La Trappe are of the strictest kind, but they are somewhat modified in Canada. The day's programme for a clerical member is as follows:—Six hours, that is, from 5:30 p. m. to 2:30 a. m., for sleep; six hours for chapel, six hours for manual labor and six hours for the reading-room and private work. The lay member gives from eight to ten hours to manual labor. No fish or flesh food is permitted. All are strict vegetarians, yet everyone seems physically strong, clear-eyed and clean-limbed. They number fifteen members at present, twelve of them French and three Canadian. The work of the whole establishment is done with military precision, without the slightest appearance of stiffness or restraint. There is implicit obedience, but as it is based on religion it has all the appearance of freedom. The work of the farm has increased so rapidly that they are obliged to hire farm laborers. To these, and to all the inhabitants of the parish, and to visitors, the success of this experiment is an object lesson of the greatest value. It is one of several demonstrations that have been given of the enormous wealth that lies hidden in the land round Winnipeg.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

DR. BARNARDO, the professional philanthropist, has taken the circus mode of advertising. An extract from his book appears in the Montreal Gazette of Sept. 6. We are surprised that our contemporary has been so easily imposed upon. Dr. Barnardo's book has been received by almost every newspaper publisher in Canada; and were we to believe the doctor's statements his work would indeed be a most estimable one. The fact is, however, that the doctor is one of the most arrant humbugs in existence, his philanthropy having the pounds shillings-and-pence basis only. The large cities of England, of course, deem it prudent to be relieved of their criminal population, and the doctor is the high commissioner through which this work is effected. We are under the impression that the Dominion government assists this man in his unlovely task. If this is the case the Dominion government ought to be ashamed of itself. The doctor is, too,

we believe, somewhat of a proselytiser. He is a Protestant of the Mrs. Smiley stamp, about whom the poem reads—
"Then come along to Merrian Square,
And as sure as my name is Reilly
Every month's relief will get mutton and beef
If he prays with Mrs. Smiley."

Where in the world the fellow ever got the name of "Barnardo" we do not know, but certain it is that he came originally from Cork. Why he should be permitted to unload the dump heap of English cities in Canada is a mystery. If he is allowed to continue his despicable work there will soon be a hornet's nest flying about the heads of our Ottawa Ministers. This nefarious work has gone altogether too far already, and it should be stopped.

A STATEMENT concerning the anti-missionary riots in China has been published by Rev. D. T. Williams, pastor of the Central Christian Church of Cincinnati. He says these riots are anti-missionary instead of anti foreign. That the Government blue book against foreigners contains lies so indecent that it would be a violation of the law anywhere in the United States or England to reprint them. He writes that tracts containing blasphemous lies and illustrated with terribly obscene pictures written by Mandarin Hünen in 1890 are still in circulation and are inciting riots. How remarkably like the Chinese officials are the ex-priests and ex-nuns and anti-Catholic Protestant preachers of this country! It is also passing strange, but yet quite true, that there are thousands of people who place the same faith in their statements as the average Chinaman does in the assertions made by the Yamen.

THE Parliamentary election in Kerry, where so much bitterness was caused by the nomination of a candidate by the Healyites in opposition to the candidate previously put forward by the followers of Mr. Justin McCarthy, has resulted in the choice of Farrell, the McCarthyite nominee, by 1,209 votes, against 474 votes cast for Murphy, the Healyite candidate. It is a great pity Mr. Healy does not retire from the field of Irish politics. He has for many years been a most disturbing element therein. To us on this side of the Atlantic it is a matter of surprise that he should find a constituency in which he could be elected. He is doing more harm to the cause of Home Rule than Colonel Sanderson and all his followers.

THE Contemporary Review has a very vigorous article by "Ouida" on Francesco Crispi. As may be imagined the article is anything but complimentary. Speaking of his government she says:

"The Government of Francesco Crispi has sent the country back sixty years. By him, and through him, all the old instruments of torture are in use. Spies fill the cities, detectives scour the fields, informers listen to all speech, public and private; packed juries condemn; venal judges sentence; military courts imprison civilians. There is a reign of terror from Alps to Etna, and the police, armed to the teeth, swarm everywhere, and the prisons are crowded with innocent citizens."

We give the quotation for what it is worth. Inveective and rhetoric are no longer fashions of public opinion. However, comparing "Ouida's" remarks with those of more impartial writers, we are inclined to believe that Crispi is no honor to Italy.

THE Iconoclast notes that while anti-Catholic papers delight in publishing every scandal that can reflect discredit on the Church, Catholic papers never retaliate in like manner. It is quite true, and the reason of it is that Catholic editors have too much charity for those who, though not of the fold, belong to Christ. We have the truth, and we shall always have an audience, despite the efforts of "escaped" nuns and ex-priests.

A FUTILE attempt was made by the A. P. A. element a few days ago in Cincinnati to create an impression that the Catholic Church is opposed to patriotism, and is especially hostile to the Stars and Stripes. A Protestant gentleman whose wife is a Catholic, and who belonged to a society known as "The American Flag," died, and it was learned that before death he became a Catholic, and that the funeral services would be held in the cathedral. The Apostats of the city thought this an opportunity not to be lost, and the rector of the cathedral was asked if it would be permitted to display the American flag during the funeral service. Meantime a report was circulated to the effect that the cathedral authorities would not allow the American flag within the walls of the cath-

edral; but, to the dismay of the delegation which asked permission to display the flag, the rector acquiesced in the demand as soon as it was made, though unaware of its covert purpose. Yet on the day of the funeral not a flag was to be seen. When this was observed by the officiating priest, and the reason of the demand became known, the priest thought it right to make public the facts as they occurred, and made the following announcement:

"A committee from the Order of The American Flag called on me and asked if they could bring flags into the church. 'A million of them, if you wish,' I replied; 'the more you bring in the better we shall like it. The Catholic Church and our Catholic citizens honor the flag of our country, and know the lesson it teaches, and we are always most happy to see it at all times and in all places.' I was surprised that no flag was to be seen in the church."

FATHER FLEET has written the life of Father Hecker. It is the picture of the career of a man who has done much for Catholicity and limned by a reverent and loving hand. It is inspiring and instructive.

FATHER ZAHM'S lecture on Evolution has been severely handled by the critics, lay and clerical. One gentleman has dubbed him an "agnostic philosopher," and others brand him a liberal of the most advanced kind. It is one question whether Father Zahm's idea of evolution is found in the Fathers, and it is another whether it is heretical or not. The learned lecturer's orthodoxy is above suspicion, and his theory, which is not new, has received a warm welcome from those in authority.

THE remarks of Mr. Knox, son of an Irish Protestant Bishop, who was recently elected to office by a constituency almost exclusively Catholics, are worthy of remembrance. "A young Protestant," he said, "knowing the record of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, might have expected tolerance, but I do not believe there is any country in the world where a politician would receive, from the clergy of a Church to which he did not belong, the same unquestioning support and constant warmth of welcome which I have received from the Catholic clergy and people of Cavan, from the Bishop downwards."

THE A. P. A.'s are feeling very sore after the drubbing administered to them by Senator Hoar. It has made them and their methods objects of approbrium from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

IT IS a surprising fact that the Catholics of the Swiss Republic contributed during 1894, \$23,000 for foreign missions, while the wealthy Austro-Hungarian Empire gave only \$7,000 francs, or \$11,400, less than one half, for the same purpose. The Swiss Catholics are to be reckoned as among the most earnest and zealous Catholics in the world, and they stand in the foremost rank in all movements for the propagation of the faith.

A CORONER'S inquest has recently elicited the fact that an English sect calling itself "The Peculiar People" refuses all aid from doctors when there are sick among them, though, when their horses or cattle are sick, the skill of medical men is invoked. The Bible, they say, has nothing in it against doctors when animals are to be cured, but human beings are to be cured only by faith and the laying on of hands by the "elders of the Church." One mother belonging to this sect testified that she let five out of six of her children die of bronchitis in this way. This is the manner in which private interpretation of the Bible works: not only the "unlearned," but also the "unstable," wrest it to their own destruction.

IT IS stated that a wealthy Birmingham (England) merchant who has made his fortune chiefly through the manufacture and sale of idols for the Hindoos, has made his will, whereby a large sum is to be devoted to the missions established in India for the conversion of the natives from Hindooism. He thus proposes to undo in part the work he has been engaged in doing all his life.

CARDINAL LANGENIEUX seems to have inherited the spirit of Louis Veuillot. He has the chivalric courage and dauntless opposition to sham and wrong that made the great journalist a tower of strength. He says what he thinks, and plainly. Truth to him is too sacred to be robbed in the vesture of meaningless rhetoric. Herein is the secret of his power and influence—the

reason why he is to-day the leader of the Episcopate of France.

A PRESS despatch from Chicago, dated 9th instant, informs us that there is great excitement in Hyde Park Methodist church circles over the report that the Rev. Herbert G. Leonard, pastor of the leading church in that fashionable suburb, had yesterday received the Papal blessing from Mgr. Satolli. It is said that the Ablegate blessed the Rev. Mr. Leonard in the name of the Pope at a function at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, to which the Methodist minister had been invited. Rev. Mr. Leonard later admitted that it was true. He said that he had received the blessing, and that he was proud of it.

EMINENT CANADIAN PRELATE.

RE. REV. RICHARD ALPHONSUS O'CONNOR, D. D., Bishop of Peterborough, Ont.

Although the diocese of Peterborough only received its third Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, on the 1st of May, 1895, no Canadian See, for the years of its existence, writes Mr. Wm. Ellison, in the *New World*, of Chicago, has rendered greater service to the cause of religion and morality.

The pleasing result is due to the fact that the new diocese has been blessed with episcopal rulers of foresight, enlightened and Apostolic zeal, tempered by tact and prudence, commending by their lives the doctrines of the religion of which they are the preachers. The first Bishop of the diocese the late lamented Dr. Jamot, was pre-eminently a man of this character, and so was his successor, the able and energetic Bishop Dowling, whose translation to the diocese of Hamilton left the vacancy which has since been so worthily filled by the present distinguished incumbent. The Crozier wielded to such good purpose by his two eminent predecessors lost none of its beneficent sway of falling into the hands of Mgr. O'Connor.

When Bishop O'Connor entered upon the administration of his diocese something over six years ago, a great deal of the work of diocesan organization had to be continued, and many unfinished projects carried into execution. St. Joseph's hospital, the cornerstone of which had been laid barely a year previously by Dr. Dowling, had to be completed. An enlargement of Notre Dame convent and additions to the schools of the episcopal city were undertaken by the new Bishop shortly after his installation in office. But the energetic prelate's labors did not stop here, for the constantly increasing wants of a new and growing diocese are ever present, and call for attention and adjustment. As the number of the faithful multiplied new parishes came into existence, and that meant new churches, convents and schools; and of course these foundations need pastors, nuns and teachers. From this it will be inferred that Mgr. O'Connor's episcopal responsibilities kept pace with the progress of his extensive diocese. As an evidence of the development of Catholic interests in this See it may be mentioned that new churches have been built at Douro, Sudbury, and in fifteen places throughout the large district of Algoma, and a few weeks ago at Cobourg, Dr. O'Connor laid the cornerstone of a new church which will be a source of pride to the large congregation there.

The diocese of Peterborough extends over a very wide territory. It takes in the counties of Peterborough, Victoria, Northumberland and Durham, together with the districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound, Algoma and the district of Nipissing west from North Bay.

The amount of labor involved in the pastoral visitation of these widely-separated flocks may be imagined, yet the Bishop's paternal concern for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his flocks has caused him to make ten pastoral visitations of the whole diocese, as well as frequent visits to the more populous places and larger parishes.

Scattered through the Manitoulin islands, on the shores of Lake Superior and Lake Nipigon, His Lordship has numerous Indian Catholic missions, which count about 5,000 souls. To carry the sacrament of confirmation and the other spiritual consolations of religion to these faithful children of the forest Dr. O'Connor has penetrated these regions where the foot of a white man never trod before, traveling for days along the streams and portages and through the dense woods where silent, primitive nature holds undisturbed sway. All this means great fatigue and episcopal anxiety, but the paternal heart of the prelate is consoled and compensated by the deep Christian fervor and filial attachment displayed in these Indian missions, where the faithful Catholic Indians gather in loving obedience to pay deserved respect and reverence to the chief pastor of the diocese.

The subject of this sketch, Right Rev. Richard Alphonsus O'Connor, D. D., third Bishop of Peterborough, Ont., was born in 1838, at Listowel, county Kerry, Ireland. When the future Bishop was only three years old his parents left their native home, and, emigrating to Canada, they settled in Toronto, in the Separate schools of which city, young master O'Connor made his preparatory studies. About this period brighter days had dawned for the Catholics of Ontario, adherents of the true faith had waxed stronger in their social and religious positions, and their educational facilities had greatly

improved. St. Michael's College opened its doors in 1852, to receive students, and young O'Connor was one of the first to enter. At this seat of learning he took a full course in literature, mathematics, classics and philosophy, with very marked distinction. In order to perfect himself still further in ecclesiastical science and the different branches of human knowledge which serves to strengthen the soul which devotes its life to the service of the Church he went to the Grand Seminary, Montreal, where he made a profound study of theology, and of the Holy Scriptures, and in 1861 he received the sacred right of ordination from the venerable hands of the late lamented Archbishop Lynch, Toronto, and was assigned to the cure of Toronto, as the first field of his priestly labors. A zealous discharge of his clerical duties here led to speedy promotion, and he was appointed to Niagara Falls, and some time afterwards to the flourishing parish of Adjola. Here the labors and responsibility pertaining to the administration of a populous parish brought out the rare administrative qualities of the energetic pastor, and in 1870 Archbishop Lynch appointed him Dean of Barrie.

This was the beginning of a pastorate which lasted nineteen years, and which was uncommonly fruitful in good results. I am sure it was the wish of both priest and people that their pleasant relations should end only with the demise of the pastor, but God had willed otherwise, for word reached Barrie in the spring of '89 that Very Rev. Dean O'Connor had been named Bishop-elect of Peterborough by the Holy See.

The confirmation of this fact was the signal for hearty congratulations from the clergy and Catholic laity of the diocese. The faithful of Barrie, however, viewed the change with mingled feelings of gladness and regret, while they could not help rejoicing at the deserved elevation of their devoted pastor they could not part from him without keen feelings of sorrow.

On the 1st of May, '89, in the cathedral at Peterborough, the Very Rev. Dean O'Connor, was raised to the episcopal rank, and took possession of his diocese, with all the ceremonial befitting the solemn occasion. Eminent Bishops and priests came from a distance to witness the imposing spectacle which was conducted by the consecrating prelate, the Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, D. D., S. T. D., Archbishop of Kingston.

The newly-consecrated prelate lost no time in entering upon the practical and onerous duties of his office: his active mind grew stronger under his increased burden of responsibilities, and every want of his growing diocese, its devoted clergy and faithful laity received his prompt and fatherly attention, and the abundant fruits of his episcopal work is seen to-day in the gratifying position of Catholic interests throughout the limits of his diocese, religiously, educationally and socially.

As a pulpit orator Dr. O'Connor takes high rank. All his utterances are well reasoned and logical and teem with apt illustrations and references from Holy Writ. He has, besides, a well-modulated voice, great breadth of comprehension, precision of thought and a pleasing expression. When he speaks, the listener realizes that he is hearing solemn words of truth coming from the heart of a Bishop of God's Church, and a true shepherd and pastor of the best interests of his people.

In the immediate work of caring for the spiritual and temporal well-being of the large cathedral parish his Lordship has associated with him on the cathedral staff Venerable Archdeacon Casey, Rev. D. J. Scollard, Chancellor, and Rev. Fathers Seanan and Fitzpatrick. The last two named priests, in addition to their home duties, attend outlying missions.

The highly respected Vicars-General of the diocese are Very Rev. Father Laurent, parish priest of Lindsay, and Very Rev. Joseph Browne.

In a new diocese where so much constructive work has to be done, so many new churches to be built and so many parishes organized, the Bishop has largely to depend upon the loyalty, zeal and devotion of his priests and people. In this respect Mgr. O'Connor's efforts are seconded with a readiness and heartiness which must bring joy to his paternal heart.

Being comparatively a young man, vigorous in body as he is clear in intellect, it may be presumed that the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor is destined for long years of noble service in the Church, and that his faithful labors of the past are but forerunners of greater things in the future.

His Good Deed Rewarded.

Father Lacordaire, the eloquent preacher of France, gave the following remarkable incident in one of his conferences, so popular and so fruitful of good results, in their day:

A Polish Prince, De X—, an unbeliever and declared materialist, had written a work against the immortality of the soul, and was upon the point of having it published, when, while walking one day in his park, a woman bathed in tears suddenly threw herself at his feet and in tones of deepest sorrow, said to him: "Good Prince, my husband is dead. At this very moment perhaps he may be in purgatory, may be suffering, and, ah, me! I am in such misery that I have nothing to offer to have a Mass said for the repose of his soul. Deign in your goodness to help me to relieve my husband."

The gentleman, although he did not believe in a future life or in purgatory, nevertheless had not the courage to refuse this earnest and tearful re-

quest. He took a gold piece in his hand and gave it to the woman, who went joyfully to the parish priest to have some Masses offered for her husband.

Five days afterwards, towards evening, as the Prince was shut up in his study revising his manuscript, he raised his eyes and saw standing before him a man dressed as a peasant of the country: "Prince," said this unknown person, "I come to thank you. I am the husband of that poor woman who asked assistance of you a few days ago that she might have some Masses said for the repose of her husband's soul. Your charity has been accepted by God, who has permitted me to come to thank you: your aims was the means of opening for me the gates of Paradise."

Having said this, the peasant disappeared like a shadow. The emotion of the Prince was indescribable; the effect on his mind was so irresistible that he immediately committed his manuscript to the flames, had recourse to the confessional, entirely changed his life, and persevered in the fervent practice of Christian Faith until his death.

THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

On Tuesday of last week the Hon. G. W. Ross visited the Separate schools of this city. He was accompanied in his visitation by Rev. M. J. Tiernan, Chairman of the Separate School Board, and Rev. Fathers Noonan, McCormack, Valentine and McKeon. There were also present School Trustees McNeil, Pocock Hanavan, LeBel, High School Trustee Murphy, Thos. Coffey, John Pocock, and H. Beaton.

The Hon. Minister first visited the senior boys' room of St. Peter's school, where he was warmly welcomed, on behalf of the teachers and trustees, by Rev. Father Tiernan, and a few well-chosen words were spoken by Master Fred Bricklin on behalf of the school-children. He also presented a bouquet. Hon. Mr. Ross spoke to the boys about fifteen minutes, his remarks being most appropriate, practical and pleasant. The replies of the pupils to the questions of the Hon. Minister were for the most part given promptly and intelligently. The remainder of the children were grouped in another large room which the Hon. Minister afterwards visited. Little Edna Pocock presented the distinguished guest with a bouquet and Violet LeClear recited a few appropriate words of welcome, in the name of their companions. Here, also, was given evidence of efficient work. The party then drove to the Sacred Heart and Holy Angels schools, where like exercises were gone through with. The Hon. Minister expressed himself in the warmest terms as to the efficiency of the Separate school pupils. He was likewise much pleased to note the first class condition of the schools: they are commodious, well lighted and well ventilated.

When so much is now said by opponents of the Separate schools in regard to their inefficiency it is pleasant to note, from time to time, as in this instance, that the accusation is without foundation in fact, and we have no doubt that the London Separate schools will be found equal to any of the Public schools in the province in the matter of efficiency. The nuns, who have complete control of our schools, deserve much credit for their earnest and painstaking endeavors. Their hearts are in their work, and evidences of its efficiency are to be seen in every school in the city.

VISIT TO THE SACRED HEART ACADEMY.

Having concluded his visit to the Separate school in connection with the Sacred Heart convent the Hon. Mr. Ross and the party accompanying him were escorted through the Academy by the Lady Superior. Here was found evidence of a first class educational institution for young ladies. The class rooms are large, well-lighted and well-ventilated, neatness, order and cleanliness being their most striking features. The chapel, class rooms, dormitories and the large recreation room in the basement presented indeed a most inviting abode. A new school term was about being opened on the day of the Minister's visit, and the pupils were already arriving. Last year was one of the most successful in the history of the institution, and from present appearances it is confidently expected that this year will even surpass the previous one. We feel that it were superfluous to say aught of the superior educational advantages given young ladies by the nuns of the Sacred Heart. Their work is well known the world over and their graduates every where bear the stamp of superior training in everything which makes womanhood respected and beloved. The visit was a pleasurable one to the Hon. Mr. Ross. His life time has been devoted to the work of education, and he is an ardent admirer of everything which tends to advance its interests. The Catholic educational institutions are doing a noble service in this regard, and God has indeed blessed their efforts.

The necessity of prompt action as well as of thought is taught in the following Servian legend, which is suggestive of much when one considers the condition of Servia: "When the earth was divided among the tribes of mankind, each expressed what it most desired. The Latins wanted wisdom, the English wanted the sea, the Turks wished the land, the French desired gold and war, the Russians asked for mountains and mines, while the Servians, in response to the inquiry, 'What would you have?' said, 'We are thinking.'"

W. J. O'NEILL, Proprietor, Toronto, U. S. A.

HER TWO TRIALS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.
won't tell her what I am going to say to you? It might spoil all.
'I promise you,' she answered, 'she shall hear it, if at all, from you alone.'
'Well, then,' he said, 'I was wrong to have given it. It was not mine but confided to me for another. I don't know by what sudden impulse I acted, for impulse it surely was, as far removed as could be from purpose, or even deliberation. I had had it three years—more—three years last July—and since then I had sought the poor child whose name it bears. I was put under promise to do so by a dying friend of hers, whom nothing could reconcile to die except my undertaking the task. 'Father, I will pray for you and her,' he said—they were near his last words—and mark me, you or God will find her yet. But pardon me," said Father Grosvenor, "you seem tired; and when I get on the topic of these poor creatures, the old man comes on me and I become garrulous."
'No, Father, no; you are interesting me beyond measure. Please tell me, for good may come of it. But," she said, "perhaps I am asking what you may not tell."
'Not at all; I am perfectly free. I shall tell you all, leaving to your discretion what use you may make of it.'
'Father, thank you," she said, as she turned her chair from the light and under pretence of adjusting her veil, slightly lowered it.
'Well, it is a very short story. Some four years ago a clergyman called on me—a tall, slight, priestly-looking man, with silver-gray hair in advance of his years, I imagine. He was slightly stooped. I think I never heard anyone speak with a voice so gentle and so sweet. He wanted permission to say Mass in my church, which he did every morning for well nigh a month. Many a time, late and early, I met him walking through the streets of my parish in every sort of place, and I thanked God every time I saw him. The sight of him was a sermon to my flock—so priestly, so venerable, so thoughtful, gazing with the privilege of a stranger at every old place. The people used to come out of their doors to look after him, and the little children, just to have a word with him, asked if there was no one he was looking for.
'One month went by and brought the first morning he did not come to say Mass. A whole week passed, but he did not come. One night, before I had retired to rest, I heard the bell ring violently. It was a sick call to a house in Sydenham Villa, where I found the dear holy priest. He was ill, but not very ill—able to talk cheerfully for a long time, and seemingly glad to have someone to talk with. As I rose to leave, my eyes fell on a beautiful cross of dark ebony lying on his table, and I remarked how beautiful it was. 'Yes,' he replied, and suddenly I saw his face grow pale, and big tears stand in his eyes. 'It is beautiful. I am very fond of it. It was given to me by the dearest child I ever knew; and Father,' he added, 'in a few days it shall and must be yours.' There it is on my writing desk, behind your chair," said Father Grosvenor to his visitor.
'Good God!' she said, "what a lovely story," and she slightly turned her chair from where the writing desk stood, and clutched its arms to keep herself steady.
'Am I tiring you?" said the Father.
'No," she answered, "indeed you are not. Only, I am such a poor bundle of nerves. Please don't mind me, I am so interested.
'Well, then, I will hurry on. Every day I called, for I knew his illness could not last long. My sixth visit was my last, and never till I see a saint die again shall I see such a death. 'Now, Father,' he said to me, 'you have done all for me, or nearly all; but there is one thing yet. Look at that medal. There is a name upon it you may read. I lost her and came here on a slight clue to find her. Three things were my hope had I succeeded—her first Communion medal, her devotion to her mother, and her love for me. Keep that and give it to her, and give her this also—'tis her mother's picture, with a few words written on it—and give her, lastly, my blessing on earth and promise her my prayers in heaven. Mind, you'll find her.' In less than a quarter of an hour he was dead, with the ebony crucifix clasped in his hands. Her mother's picture," said Father Grosvenor, "is in the drawer of that table."
'All was now becoming very vague to the poor girl, but with one supreme effort of the will she rallied and said:
'Father, will you show me the picture?"
'Certainly," he said, opening the drawer and presenting it to her.
'It was a large cabinet photograph, with these words under-written in a feeble hand: "Emily, dearest, come back. I have forgiven you."
'Well, she may, but God in heaven never will!" exclaimed the poor creature, with impassioned ardor. "If ever girl sinned against the Holy Ghost, it is she."
'Oh, child," said Father Grosvenor, "do not say so. There is no such sin except final impenitence, and surely you won't say that to her you have come about. Don't you remember that God says, should even a mother forget us, yet will not He?"
'Is there, then, power in heaven or on earth to forgive her?" she asked, clasping her hands.

"Yes, child, if she were a thousand times worse," he said, alarmed at her fierce passion.
"Then, Father, hear my confession. I will tell the worst before I kneel down—I am Emily Mary Hargraves."
"God is good and God is great—who is like God?" was his only answer. "Just wait a little here—'I shall not keep you long; and when I send, come to me in the church."
She turned round, knelt at the writing desk, then looked at her own crucifix and kissed it again and again. The sealed fountain of her heart was loosed, and in an outburst of grief she bathed it in a flood of tears, saying:
"My God and my all, I have found Thee again!"
In three days she was gone from the world forever.
* * * * *
But for one interesting episode in which another plays the chief part, the poor girl's story might close here. There were other alternatives open to her, but by choice all her own she put herself under the care of the Good Shepherd Nuns at Highland Park. When all the little she had was given away, she found herself at last in what seemed to her a shelter, and in a way, a home. The thing that made her to herself a hell—her conscience—was at rest. Joy seemed to be enwrapped for her and grief behind. She could look within herself again, nor try to stifle anguish by suppressing thought. The peaceful solitude was paradise to her, now that her heart had ceased to be ill at ease. But alas for the harm a passionate word may do! Her second trial was before her.
"Mother," she said one evening, to the Mistress of Penitents, "I am going to leave."
"God forbid! my child."
"Yes, Mother, I am going to leave. One of the girls, before them all, has wounded me to the quick. All my happiness is gone and all my good, but don't fear—I shall be true to God wherever I go."
Everyone in the house loved her, but all the kindest words of kind hearts could not prevail to shake her purpose, and after three or four days her little trunk was packed with everything she might need, and her wardrobe furnished with a generous hand. About 12 o'clock the car drove up to the door.
"Oh, Reverend Mother," said a young nun, rushing into her Superior's room, "God has put a thought into my heart."
"What is it now, dear?" said the Reverend Mother. "A vision, I suppose. You are so silly; six weeks received to-day, and not a bit wiser. But what is it, dear?"
"If you give me leave, I am sure I could keep Emily from going."
Sister Gertrude was a very young, very beautiful and very holy child, for "child" is exactly what describes her best. Innocent, ardent, arch almost, her little ways got her into many a trouble—above all, her incurable habit of taking three steps at a time coming downstairs. She had an extraordinary love for the poor Magdalens. Every new arrival was a new joy and every departure a fresh trouble. For the last few days she had been unusually serious. "I know I could do it," she said to herself, "and there would not be the least harm in it; only I shall be in another scrape, and maybe they will not give me my votes for profession. So, God help me! I don't know what to do."
That was her frame of mind when the roll of the car on the avenue settled it all. A new and bright idea struck her; and in she rushed, as we have said, to get the Reverend Mother's leave.
"Reverend Mother," she went on, "I am sure I could."
"Who said that?" said the Reverend Mother, "you surely are a queer child. But in the name of wonder, what is your plan?"
"Oh, Mother," said Gertrude, "don't ask me—trust me this once. Give me leave to do and say what I like. It is not the least harm, and I suspect that my plan will yet be adopted as part of our holy Constitutions."
"Go, in the name of God," said the Reverend Mother, laughing. "Sometimes the foolish succeed where the wise fail."
Sister Gertrude scarcely waited to express her thanks, but made straight for the room where Emily was putting the last finish to her toilet before the only mirror the whole establishment possessed. She knelt a moment outside and then gently opened the door.
"Emily," she said, "they tell me you are going, and I came to say a word to you."
"Oh, Sister," she answered, "how good you all are to me. What a world of trouble I am giving! I know I am wrong—my pride has vanquished me, but it is useless to say anything. All the same, God will bless you. Don't trouble for me, however. I will earn my bread with these hands, and, though father and mother I have none, God and his Blessed Mother will find me a home somewhere."
"Emily," said Sister Gertrude, and her beautiful face became waxen pale and her voice trembled, for she really feared to utter the words, "Emily, I only came to tell you that I am thinking of going too."
"Good God!" said Emily, "you, dear Sister; what put that into your head?"
"Well, Emily, if you ask me, I will tell you. It was you. The thought never occurred to me till I heard you were going. Bless me," she continued, going over to the glass, "bless me, what a fright I am, thinking of going home to papa and mamma! And I shouldn't mind them, only

George and Kathleen will break their hearts laughing at me. But no matter—I often settled them before."
It was now poor Emily's turn to get pale.
"Sister Gertrude, did you say I put that into your head?"
"Certainly—no one else; but what are you so frightened about? I am only a novice. I have no vows, and I have what you have not—would to God you had!—a dear father and mother and a happy home, as holy as a convent."
"My God!" said Emily, "was I born for misfortune? Trouble never lights on earth but it lights on me! This is the greatest of all the crimes I have committed!"
"Crime?" said Sister Gertrude.
"Crime?" said Sister Gertrude.
"Take you from your God and Spouse—to destroy your holy vocation. Only a few weeks ago I shed tears of joy when they took all your fiery away, out of your beautiful hair and brought you in before the altar in your novice's habit. I shall never forget with what emotion I heard you say that God was your portion forever, and now I have ruined it all! Oh, Sister," she said, and the color came back to her face, "I feel as if the hand of God had touched mine eyes. How good He is to me in this moment of peril. My pride is fallen, and I bless and thank Him for sending you to me as an angel of mercy. Sweet Jesus, I have found Thee again!"
Once more the fountain was loosed and she rained down tears in one unbroken flood.
Wetting the Feet the sea-depths wetted not.
Sister Gertrude stood by completely overawed.
"Sister," said Emily, raising her head, "Sister, look here," as she took out the pin that bound her hair and let it fall in glossy curls on her shoulders. "Sister, look, and with a steady, unfaltering hand she tossed the scissors from Sister Gertrude's cincture and deliberately cut from her hair head lock after lock, letting them fall in waving wreaths to the table.
"Sister," she said, "I'm not going. Won't you stay?"
"Stay?" she answered. "Yes, I'll stay. If I had a thousand hearts, I would give them to my God instead of taking a little one I have away."
"But," she added, with real earnestness, "I'll never be forgiven for what I have done."
"Do not fear," said Emily; "you have done no wrong. I know one to whom God has forgiven much and terrible, though she loved Him less than you."
"Oh," said the poor Sister, for whom the tragic denouement of her little plot was too much, "tis not that I mean," and taking Emily's hand and looking at her with a sweet, imploring look, she added: "This, your dear, will never forgive me."
"Forgive you what?" she answered, "is it for being an angel to me? God help me, too much the wrong I have had to forgive, to find a difficulty now in forgiving such a blessing."
"But," said Gertrude, "you don't know it yet," and she could say no more.
"Tell it to me," said Emily. "I'll forgive you anything."
"I pretended," she sobbed out; "I never meant it. 'Twas the love of you made me do it."
"Ah! Sister," said the poor girl, smiling, "is that all? Would to God I had never to forgive but plots of love like yours! May heaven reward you with its choicest gifts. But gracious mercy," she added, laughing as she looked in the glass, "what a fright I am!"
"Nearly as great as myself," said Sister Gertrude, as she pushed her affectionately and fled, leaving her to finish her toilet.
"I told you, Reverend Mother, I'd do it," she said, as she rushed into the Reverend Mother's room.
"and how did you do it, dear?" said Reverend Mother.
"I told her I was thinking of going, too, and that she put it into my head."
"O, dear child," said the Reverend Mother, trying to look shocked, "will you ever have sense? Why did you? If I had but known it! I'm afraid you will never be a nun."
"Mother," said Gertrude, "of course you know I did not say I was going or mean it, only I was thinking of it."
"I know, dear—I thank God you did not mean what you said; but child you said, or went dangerously near saying, what you did not mean. Yet I cannot be very angry with you. Go, try to be a good child, and who knows but you may be yet professed?"
"Reverend Mother," said Gertrude, "won't the novices get hot cake this evening in honor of what I have done? And what about the Constitutions?"
"Way, dear! you are perfectly incorrigible," said the Reverend Mother, not further able to keep up a serious look.
That evening there was hot cake for tea.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

MARGIOTTA'S LEMMI.
VI.
For the CATHOLIC RECORD.
The infamous Lemmi labors night and day not only to destroy the Catholic Church but to erect on its ruins the temple of Lucifer. Pope Leo XIII. always knew what was planned, and raised his warning voice frequently and strong. The liberal press endeavors to convince the world that the Holy Father is exaggerating. But Lemmi and his fellow-Masons are in dead earnest, and the king, as well as his Prime Minister, Crispi, are nothing but tools in their hands. As a proof of this behold the following authentic document, or secret circular, issued by A. Lemmi, as chief of the Grand Orient of Rome, to all the Italian lodges:
Valley of the Tiber, Oct. 10, 1890.
To the Venerable Brothers of the Italian Lodges:
The edifice which the brothers of the whole world are now erecting can not be considered well built as long as the Italian brothers have not completed the ruin of the institution of our great enemy (the Church).
Our work is progressing quickly in Italy and the Grand Orient of the Valley of the Tiber was able to proclaim on the anniversary of 1789 that in Italy the laws are made in the light and spirit of universal Freemasonry. We are about to apply the chisel to the last refuge of superstition, and the fidelity of the brother at the head of the political power is for us a sure guarantee that the Vatican will fall under our vivifying hammer.
But in order that this work may proceed without trace, it is absolutely necessary that at the approaching elections at least four hundred brothers enter the Legislative Chamber. Now we have there three hundred brothers. This number is insufficient for the coming work; because the work of delivering humanity must at last be completed, and our last efforts will meet with the greatest obstacles from the part of the chief priest (Pope) and his miserable slaves.
The Lodge of the Tiber (Rome), in agreement with the numerous Italian lodges, succeeded in obtaining that its Venerable Crispi prorogued the dissolution of the chamber, in order that we might be able to draw up a complete list of our candidates for the national representation. Our lists are ready, and I forward a copy to all the Italian lodges. All the candidates, without exception, are willing to follow Crispi, who, in his turn, submits himself to and receives orders from the Lodge of the Tiber, the depository of all the Italian and foreign lodges. At the same time our candidates will never lose sight of the Pact of Rome which was agreed upon for the good of democracy. Indeed the programme of the present Government must give place to a more progressive one.
Hence the brothers of the various lodges must work upon the Prefects, who, for the most part, belong to us; upon the Departmental Councils, and upon influential persons generally, for the triumph of our candidates. The priests, the press of darkness and the irregulars who attacked us in the last session of parliament, on account of the Tobacco question, must be placed in such a position that they cannot harm us. We also use this occasion to remind you that the means of making money for a fruitful propaganda of our principles are legitimate and that these means will always be employed for the interest of the order.
The Grand Orient invokes the Genius of Humanity in order that all the brothers may labor with all their strength to scatter the stones of the Vatican in order to build up the temple of Emancipated Reason.
Given at the Grand Orient of the Valley of the Tiber
ADRIAN LEMMI, 3rd.
The elections of 1890 were therefore held at the dictation and under the direction of Lemmi. The government officers all over the country were his agents. The money which Lemmi received by millions from Berlin and America, and the millions which Lemmi and Crispi forced from the coffers of the Roman and other Italian banks, formed the greatest bribery fund ever known to ancient or modern politicians. No wonder, then, that the legislative hall of Rome was filled with a body of men—malefactors, whose place should have been in the penitentiary! No wonder that the "Pious Works" were secularized and that a large number of impious laws were enacted by the parliament, elected and directed by Lemmi! No wonder that such a parliament could not investigate the Tobacco and Bank scandals of its supreme chief, A. Lemmi and company!
Yet its glory did not last long. Crispi fell. But he had the satisfaction of plundering the chest of the secret funds at the disposal of the Government so thoroughly that his successor did not find a cent in it. However the new Minister and Lemmi still had a rich and handy mine to draw from, in the person of M. Taulogno, the manager of the Roman Bank, who, nifty willy, furnished 600,000 francs, at least, for the new elections.

Nearly everyone needs a good tonic at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true tonic and blood purifier.
Still Another Triumph—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years but Electric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."
An organization of clergymen of all denominations to be called the United Religious Association, has been formed at Ayer, Massachusetts. Its members, so far, are thirty-one Protestant ministers and one Catholic priest. Its objects are: "fellowship and acquaintance with each other's religious doctrines, local co-operation with each other on the basis of love to God and man, and to the furtherance of all social reforms and the bringing into the kingdom of God." At its first meeting, the Reverend Mr. William J. Batt, of Concord Junction, spoke of the need for unity among Christians and referred with praise to the letter of Pope Leo of June 17, 1894, the writer of which he said was one of the first and most influential workers for the removal of divisions. He thought that that letter should be answered, and he added: "What should be the characteristics of such reply? First it should be irenic from beginning to end, and we should be careful that not one discordant note be struck; second, it should be a grateful reply. The Pope should see that we are sincerely grateful to him personally for his letter; third, it should be an expression of our gratitude for this appeal, regarded as a providence; fourth, the reply should be written on as high a plane of thought as that upon which the Pope has written; it should be as broad, as statesmanlike (if we may use that term), and as Christian as is the letter of the Pope; fifth, it should contain strong expression of our personal desire for a larger unity. Catholic priests and Protestant ministers now live together and yet they live apart; it is certain that good Catholic priests and good Protestant ministers will draw together by and by; we have the same ideals, the same great standards, and substantially the same work to do in the world. Sixth, it should contain some expression of the faith we have that something will come about by the grace of God, from the great number of movements that are abroad in the world to-day, especially that noble letter of the Pope, for the greater union of all Christian people." Why should not the Rev. Mr. Batt be selected to write out the answer to the Pope's letter that he has so well outlined?—Catholic Review.
Knowledge and Religion.
Speaking to the members of a reading circle, Archbishop Ryan said, recently:
"The last one to fear knowledge is the consistent Catholic, who believes in religious truth most firmly because it is a revelation from God. The Catholic has a perfect fearlessness of scientific truth. If I have only an opinion, then, I have to fear the revelations of science and of historic fact; I must move timidly; if I am not quite sure of my religious convictions, then there is a ground for timidity; but if I have absolute certainty, then I say welcome to scientific truth, it is only the ignorant who fear. Like the great Leo, who threw open the Vatican Library to the world, saying, 'Come and read the secret doctrines of the Church; we are not afraid of the light.' In the brilliancy of the truth which goes out from God there is no fear."
Science has made yet no discovery that conflicts with religion. Some scientists have put out theories against the truths of revelation, but theories are not demonstrated facts. No, the truths of creation and the truths of revelation all come from God. They will be found to harmonize. It is man's ignorance that makes them seem to clash.
If we only knew how much our actions in supreme moments in life—in times of crisis—depend on the little thoughts and acts that precede them, we should keep vigilant watch on the little foxes that make way through the gaps in our hedges!—M. F. Egan.

AYER'S Hair VIGOR
Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents it falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, Digby, N. S., says: "A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray and fall out. After the use of one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. F. Fenwick, Digby, N. S.
"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored my hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color."—H. W. Haselhoff, Patterson, N. J.
one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition.—Mrs. H. F. Fenwick, Digby, N. S.

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BAKING POWDER
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4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency.
5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount.
Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention of the management of the Agency, will be attended to conscientiously and to your giving authority to act as your agent. Whenever you want to buy anything send your orders to:
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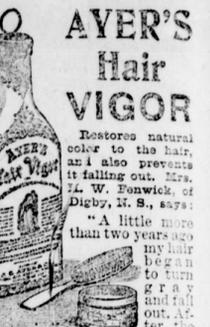
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AYER'S Hair VIGOR Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents it falling out.

Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents it falling out. Mrs. L. W. Foxwick, of Digby, N. S., says: "A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray and fall out."

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SEPTEMBER 14, 1895.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost. CORRECTION: FOR FAULTS.

Brothers, if a man be overtaken in any fault, you who are spiritual instruct such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted.

Perhaps there is no duty so hard to perform well as that of correction; and of course I refer chiefly to parental correction.

Others, on the contrary, are too severe. If they really love their little ones they have discovered how to disguise it.

It is not, then, a difficult thing to avoid both extremes, to be neither too lenient nor too severe?

St. Paul in the text—although speaking of correction in general—lays down two rules which good parents know by experience to be the two wings of their flight to heaven.

Furthermore, the spirit of meekness is necessary. The true spirit of correction is not the spirit of authority, but the spirit of meekness.

Ayer's Hair Vigor tones up the weak hair-roots, stimulates the vessels and tissues which supply the hair with nutrition.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Baby's Beauty. Before our Lady's shrine she knelt, Our little blue-eyed girl;

A baby quite—of summers three,— She loved her shining hair; And, as she told the beads, she lisped, With lips of cherry-red,

Her azure eyes on Mary's face, A look of rapture wore, Such as the eyes of Gabriel

The small, ragged and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant.

The First False Step. It is the first false step that tells. You know that when you fall down stairs.

The Boy Musician. The biographies of Mozart read like romances, so full are they of anecdotes of his marvellous precocity.

As the little fellow insisted that it was really a concerto, the father examined it. The piece proved to have been written strictly by rule.

Father Martini regarded the boy with favor, but he was determined that the academy should not be suspected of admitting a boy because he was an "infant prodigy."

hours, alone in a locked room, with no helps but pen, ink and paper, were allowed for the performance of the task.

It was with severe misgivings, for he thought highly of the boy, that Father Martini delivered to the youngster the theme.

Yet this "musical prodigy" never became a spoiled child. His success did not puff him up.

IN AFFLICTION. Excessive grief for the dead, without hope, or without yielding to the consolations of religion, is unreasonable.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY. A Young Lady in Elgin County Tels How It Saved Her Life—The Case Baffled the Family Doctor and He Gave It Up—Relief Came When Hope Had Almost Gone—Health Again Restored.

From the Tilsonburg Observer. Mr. J. W. Kennedy, who resides on the 8th concession of the township of Bayham, is one of the most respected farmers in the township.

Notwithstanding these arguments of reason and religion, nature is slow to acquiesce, and urges in her turn that when those bands by which divine Providence has connected heart to heart are severed, they must bleed.

Why should we sorrow for the dead? Their sorrows are past, their toils are over, their struggles are ended and their tears are wiped away.



the tempest; not because we know the storm to be injurious, for we see its beneficial effects in reviving nature, causing all things to grow, purifying the atmosphere, and giving health to the animal economy.

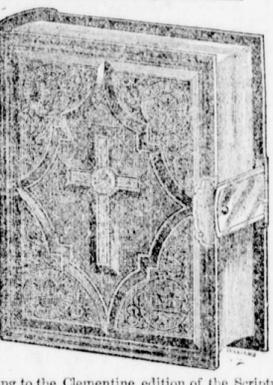
It is the beauty of our holy religion that it has a God of love for its Founder, and nothing can bring to the sorrowing heart so much comfort as is embraced in the short creed that the Supreme Ruler is our Father.

HEALTH FOR ALL. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. THE PILLS. Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

One of Hawthorne's venerable characters declares, "I have spent all my life in pursuit of to-morrow, being assured that it has in store for me some vast benefit, but I am now getting on a little in years, and must make haste, for unless I overtake to-morrow soon, I fear it will finally escape me."

Children Shrink from taking medicine. They don't like its taste. But they are eager to take what they like—Scott's Emulsion, for instance.

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