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**LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD**

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M. D. BODKIN, Q. C.

**CHAPTER XX.**

"A KEEPER BACK OF DEATH"

—Richard II.

"Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps."

—Much Ado About Nothing.

"Hang there like fruit, my soul, Till the tree die."

—Cymbeline.

Silent, pale, with lips shut tight, and quick-beating hearts, Norah and Lord Edward waited for Dr. Denver's verdict of life or death.

He paced the room impatiently, never ceasing for a moment. She sat apart, in a darkened corner, quite still, with strained eyes fixed on the door through which the news must come.

At the first sound of many feet and whispering voices in the hall, a strange instinct had told her what had happened. As clearly as if she looked upon his ghastly face, she knew the man she loved was wounded nigh to death.

For a moment she had reeled under the blow, which drove the frightened blood to her faltering heart, leaving cheek and lips ghastly pale. But that nobler instinct of woman's nature—the instinct that commands to aid and soothe—conquered grief and fear.

Quietly, calmly, as though it were some customary household duty, she had directed the men to lift their senseless burden to her father's common room bed, which never trembled, she set the pillows softly under his head, wiped the blood-stained foam from the poor cold lips of his which she longed to kiss and dare not.

With deft skill she helped and tended her father, who marvelled at her calmness, while he examined the wound. It was hard to say if the practised surgeon, whose nerves had been strengthened by sad experience of grief and agony at a thousand bed-sides, or the young girl, whose very heartstrings were breaking in her first sharp misery, seemed the more composed.

When the wound was skillfully bound, and the bleeding stopped, Dr. Denver administered a strong cordial through the tightly-closed teeth. Then, with eyes on his patient's face and finger on his wrist, watched and waited. Only trained eye and hand could see life in that ghastly face, or could feel the faint quiver of the thread-like pulse that told the heart still beat.

For five minutes— for ten, the doctor watched and made no sign. Looking up, he saw his daughter's pale face, pitied the silent anguish in it, and motioned her from the room.

Quietly she left—quietly and without a word she found Lord Edward waiting silently for the verdict, and waited with him. Each knew and shared the terror in the other's heart, each feared to speak their common thought—the message would be death.

The minutes dragged on slowly; the solemn ticking of the marble clock on the mantelpiece made the dead silence in the house more silent. To Norah's strained fancy it seemed to tell of the life she loved so, ebbing slowly away. She found herself half-unconsciously counting the seconds he had got to live.

She had reached to ninety-eight, when the door opened noiselessly, and her father entered.

His eyes questioned him eagerly. "Neither despair nor hope," he said in answer to their questioning look. "The wound is deep and dangerous. I fear the sword's point has grazed the heart. Another half an inch death had been certain. With any man but him death were certain now. His body had been quite drained of blood. But he has a wonderful reserve of vitality hoarded up by free air, health and exercise, and never yet drawn upon."

Norah hid her face in her hands while he spoke, and hot tears—tears of joy swelled through her white fingers. The revulsion from despair was complete. She had had no hope. She had no fear now. He would live. He must live. If her feeling might be traced to its source it would be found to be a trusting confidence in Maurice. He was so strong and brave he would conquer death itself.

Yet, mingling with her joy, a sad whisper at the bottom of her heart kept repeating, though she strove to stifle it, "Oh! how I love him. How I love him, unasked, unloved! how shall I hide my love?"

For days and weeks Death and Life fought at close quarters, over Maurice Blake's prostrate body, and the victory was still doubtful.

Norah Denver was Life's best ally in that silent struggle.

Fever followed lassitude, and the body, drained of the vital blood, struggled, at fearful odds, against this fever.

The distracted soul forgot itself. As Norah watched by his couch night after night "like Patience smiling at grief," she found that his body only was subject to her ministrations. His soul, for the time driven out by the hot fire of the fever, wandered at large through the scenes his youth had known, and visited the hunting-grounds, battlefields, and encampments of the bygone days in the wild, free forests of the New World.

As she listened to his rambling words that told of the sport and danger his youth had known, or the more recent trials of his manhood, ever and again her own name would drop from his unconscious lips in accents of such plaintive tenderness that, for a moment, her heart would thrill with vague, delicious hope; and she blushed and trembled, sitting there alone, till cooler reason came to kill her hopes, and whispered that it was pity only spoke. Then maiden modesty would fight and conquer love, and lead it captive, and strive to hide it even from herself.

Yet through all this weary time, when even the doctor was tempted to despair, she never doubted he would live, and the event justified her confidence. Five anxious weeks she watched and tended very patiently, grudging Christy Culkin every hour of his share of that long vigil.

Sir Valentine was more than a month in his grave, resting peacefully in Irish ground after his sore troubles and long wanderings; and the spring daisies were beginning to blossom on the green sod that covered him, when the fever that threatened his son's life was at last driven out, and banished reason returned to its domain.

Very faint and feeble was the conqueror in that desperate strife. His eyelids had scarce strength to open, his lips had barely power to utter a single word, when, returning from his long, painful wanderings in the vague region between life and death, he found himself, with faint surprise, lying between white sheets in the cheerful bed room of Dr. Denver, with spring flowers in the vases, and spring sunshine streaming through the open windows to the lightsome room.

Slowly, very slowly, he crept from death to life, often faltering and turning back upon the road. Norah no longer kept her place at his bedside, only now and again she peeped in at the door when he was in deep slumber, and heard the countersign "All's well" from the faithful sentinel Christy, who had relieved her guard. Yet her spirit seemed to hover about the place, amid the sweet spring buds that made the city room smell as fresh and as sweet as a country flower garden. It may be that Christy, with that quickness which love lends to all eyes, had surprised her precious secret. But he made no sign and said no word.

It is certain she surprised him. How or when neither he or she could tell; for a woman's mind gathers a love secret as the conductor gathers lightning from the air. Christy, nothing loth, told her of his sweet-voiced Peggy Heffernan, the truest-hearted colleen in all Ireland, and how she saved the priest's life and Master Maurice's, God bless her! when the priest-hunters were on the track. If the sometimes mingled the praises of "the young master" with his sweetest's, Norah listened none the less eagerly, he sure.

When Maurice Blake, still very white and feeble, made his way to the drawing-room, Norah welcomed him to her own domain with sisterly joy, clasped his thin hand warmly, and looked frankly in his pale face. But he, searching those clear eyes of hers with a longing look, could find no love there.

For women can hide their wounds patiently as the Spartan boy, and smile when the pain is most.

Thenceforward they were much together. But the same impassable barrier was still between them—impassable, impenetrable, separating their souls as completely as if they lived in different worlds. Maurice had hoped something from his wound—and hoped that sympathy might help to open a way for love, and in a curious way rejoiced in pain and danger for the hope they gave. But at their first meeting he hoped die.

So they lived apart, though together, for neither could quite forget the pleasing pain of the other's company. Their talk, when they talked, was for the most part civil and strange, a little awkward, too, and nervous, as conscious how thin the ice and how deep the gulf below.

But for the most part he read in silence, stealing a stray glance at her fair face, and she, sketching or painting, silent also.

Sketching was no mere school-girl art with Norah. The artistic taste was born with her. Nature and training equally befriended.

As a child, her pictures on slate and paper were not as other children's, mere black or white dots and lines. Her lads and her birds flew, and her flowers bloomed, and her birds flew, and her flowers bloomed, and her birds flew, and her flowers bloomed.

She was fortunate to find a master, eager to guide, not cripple, her taste. So she learned to make Nature's beauties, animate or inanimate, her own. She most delighted and most excelled in quick, slight sketches of art or Nature. Her sketching book was a treasury of all things living or dead that pleased her fancy. It seemed as if she caught up a scene or face with the point of pencil or paint brush, and lifted it right on to the paper. Here was a tall, slim spire piercing the blue air with one white spire flying close to it, there was a ragged street cherty, with fluttering signs, and a yard of rough pavement for him to stand on; a cluster of wild flowers, primroses and violets intermixed, sprinkled through the live green moss; a flash of a summer stream, with meadow-sweet by its brink and an overhanging willow dipping in its quick, slight smile.

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She sketched patiently, while Maurice read silently, the pain of his heart eased by her silent presence. He pleased himself by bright pictures of what might have been, to make sad remembrance afterwards in the bitter thought of what could never be. The music, that silent, his pain brought its punishment in reaction. But he was powerless to abandon it. Sometimes he had a curious feeling that her gaze was on him, while he sat reading in the deep arm-chair, close to the window that looked into the street, and she sketched, standing for the most part by her easel in the far end of the room. Though his eyes were on his book, he seemed to feel her glances search his face. But looking up, however suddenly, he found her intent upon her work, and so dismissed the idle fancy for the moment, to recur to it again and again.

But his life was not all love and idleness. Lord Edward Fitzgerald visited him frequently, full of life and spirit, and told the fresh, wholesome news of the outer world. The hopes inspired on that eventful day on which he braved the wrath of the hostile majority in Parliament had not deceived him. The combined terrors of the prospect of a war with France, and of armed revolution at home, had sobered the Government and rendered them meek and amenable to reason. The moral effect of the great Catholic Convention, and the rapidly cemented alliance between the Presbyterians, victims of the Established Church, and the Catholics, victims alike of Church and State—all these motives pressing together had, at the beginning of the Parliamentary session in 1792, produced a sudden accession of conciliation on the part of the Government for the people, which greatly surprised alike its officials in the Castle and its hirelings in the House.

But those servile instruments of tyranny did not allow surprise or disgust for one instant to block the way of self-interest. They endeavored at the word of command to promote justice and conciliation, as they had up to the week before labored to promote bigotry and oppression. They wheeled right round and came up to heel with a whining servility that brought discredit alike upon authority and its supporters, and rendered them hardly more respectable in the right than in the wrong.

In the course of the summer months violent declarations had been issued by most of the Grand Juries and Corporations, denouncing fiercely not only the religious but the moral and political tenets of the Catholics, and proffering prodigally the aid of their own lives and fortunes in excluding them from all liberty. At more than one of these inflammatory meetings persons high in official trust assisted; and the greater number of them, it was supposed, had received sanction and impulse from the ruling powers.

Almost in the very face of this movement, with that blind recklessness of character by which such a Government forfeits the confidence of its friends, without in the least degree conciliating the good-will of its opponents, the present sessions opened with a recommendation to Parliament to take into its wise and liberal consideration the condition of His Majesty's Catholic subjects. The measure of grace was, in this instance, represented as originating in the bounty of the Crown; and a deputation from that lately execrated body, the Catholic Convention, was now seen, day after day, amicably closeted with the Minister, negotiating for their admission to power on a far wider basis than that from which, but a few months before, the same Minister had so contemptuously dislodged them.

While thus on one of the two great questions that agitated the country, symptoms of a more just and liberal policy were manifested, on the other no less vital subject of Parliamentary Reform an admission had been, for the first time, made on the part of the ruling powers of the principle and practicability of such a measure, by their consenting to the appointment of a committee to inquire into the state of the representation.

Lord Edward rejoiced in the reform, regardless of the motives which compelled the Government to adopt it.

Maurice Blake, who, unlike Lord Edward, regarded war or slavery only as a choice of evils of which slavery was the greater, rejoiced still more keenly in the prospect of a peaceful revolution.

But deep grief for his father, so suddenly found and lost, combined with the bitterness of hopeless love, gave a sober tinge even to his rejoicing.

His troubled mind reacted on his feeble body. Halfway up the gentle slope of convalescence stealing back to health, he struck fast and got no further. He seemed to have lost purpose and interest in life, and pine and moped, languid and listless. The Doctor, who found convalescence at a standstill at the point where it ought to be most rapid, could make nothing of his symptoms.

In vain Lord Edward Fitzgerald tried to rally him out of his despondency, painting the future in glowing colors.

Love is blind, and Lord Edward, though now nearly a year married, was still as much in love as ever with his sweet girl-wife Pamela. He did not see—he could not see—that the raptures of his love made Maurice Blake's hopeless longing harder to bear.

He raved about Pamela, lamenting always that her delicate health, to which he alluded very shyly, prevented her from coming up from Carlton to visit his friend. He had no doubt that the sunshine of her presence would revive Maurice Blake. There was nobody, there was nothing, that could resist her witchery.

"Why, the very flowers look brighter and smell sweeter, and the birds' song grows more joyful when she walks abroad amongst them," cried the enthusiastic one-year-old husband.

"I have never seen Pamela," he went on, in reply to a few words of kindly curiosity and regret from Maurice Blake. "Never seen Pamela" this in a tone of the most intense pity. "But surely you have seen the portrait of her that Norah sketched. It comes as near to doing her justice as a picture can, still a long way off, of course. You'll forgive me, Norah; but next to my darling herself—and the artist, of course—that picture is the prettiest object in the world. And Maurice has not seen it?"

"It is not worth his looking at," said Norah quickly in a startled voice, from the corner of the room where she sat sketching. "It is only your good nature, Edward, that—"

**"LET US FOLLOW HIM."**

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

Caius Septimus Cinna was a Roman patrician. His youth was spent in the hard life of the camp. Later he returned to Rome to enjoy his honors and to spend in luxurious living his large but rapidly diminishing fortune. He enjoyed to his full bent all that the great city could give him. His nights were spent at feasts in magnificent suburban villas; his days were passed in polemical controversies with the fanatics, in discussions with the rhetors at the trepidaria, where they had debates interspersed with gossip of the city and the world; at the circuses, at the races, at the fights of the gladiators, with the Thracian fortune tellers, and with the wonderful dancing girls brought from the islands of the archipelago.

Being a relative, on his mother's side, of the famous Lucullus, he inherited the tastes of an epicure. At his table were served Greek wines, oysters from Neapolis, locusts from Nuidice, preserved in honey from Pontus, and all that Rome possessed he obtained, beginning with the fishes from the Red Sea, to the white birds from the banks of the Boristenes. He used the good things of this world not only as a soldier who boisterously feasts, but also as a patrician who daintily selects. He persuaded himself to, or perhaps awakened in himself an admiration for beautiful things; for statues excavated from the ruins of Corinth, for the ephephoria from Attica, for Etruscan vases or those brought from the misty sericum; for Roman mosaics, for textile fabrics from the vicinity of the Euphrates, for Arabian incense, and for all those small things which go to fill up the emptiness of patrician life. He knew how to speak of them as a connoisseur with the older patricians who ornamented their bald heads with garlands of roses and who chewed heliotrope after their feasts. He felt equally the beauty of the periods of Cicero, of the verses of Homer or Ovid. Being educated by an Athenian rhetor, he spoke Greek fluently, memorized whole chapters of the Iliad, and during the feasts would sing the songs of Anacreon until he was either drunk or hoarse. Through his master and the rhetors he became familiar with the philosophies to such an extent that he understood the architecture of the different mental structures reared in Hellas and the Colonies; he further understood that they were lying in ruins. He knew personally a great many stoics who were not congenial to him because he regarded them rather as a political party, and also as teachers, who are opposed to the joys of life. The skeptics were often seated at his table, where between courses they upset whole systems of philosophy, proclaiming, by the craters filled with wine, that the delights of life were vanity, that truth was something unattainable, that absolute quietude was the true aim of all sages.

He heard all this, but it made no deep impression on him. He did not profess any particular principles, and did not care to do so. He looked upon life as upon the sea, where the wind blew as it pleased, and wisdom to him was the art of trimming his sails. Besides, he valued the broad shoulders which he possessed, his healthy stomach, his handsome Roman head, with its strong profile and mighty jaws; with these he felt sure he could pass safely through the world.

Although not belonging to the school of the skeptics, he practically was a skeptic, and also a hedonist, though he being ignorant of the true teachings of Epicurus he regarded himself as an epicurean. Generally he looked upon this philosophy as a kind of mental gymnastics as good as that taught by the fanatics. When he was tired of debates he went to the circus to see blood flow at the gladiatorial contests.

In the gods he did not believe, nor in virtue, truth or happiness. He believed only in auguries; he had his superstitions, and the mysterious faiths of the orient aroused his curiosity. He was of the opinion that life was a great amphora, the better the quality of the wine it contained the richer it looked, so he was trying to fill his amphora with the richest wine. He loved no one, but he liked many things, and amongst them his magnificent head and his handsome patrician foot.

In the first years of his elegantly riotous leisure he was ambitious to astonish all Rome, and he succeeded in this several times. Later he became indifferent to such conquests.

In the end, by his manner of living he ruined himself. His property was seized by his creditors and in its place was left to Cinna a sense of great weariness, as if exhausted after hard labor, satiety, and one more very unexpected thing, namely, a feeling of deep unrest. Had he not enjoyed riches, love, as it was understood by his surrounding world, luxury, the glory of war and military honors, dangers? Had he not obtained a knowledge, more or less, of the Circle of human thought; had he not come in contact with poetry and art? Now he thought that he had gleaned from life all that it had to give. Yet he had the feeling that something had eluded him, and that something of most importance. He knew not what it was, and vainly he questioned himself and tried to solve the enigma. Often he tried to free himself from these obtruding thoughts which increased his restlessness; he tried to convince himself that life contained nothing more than that which he had tasted, but the restlessness instead of decreasing

grew to such an extent that it seemed to him that he was not only disturbed on his own behalf, but also on behalf of all Rome. He envied the skeptics, at the same time condemning them for their opinion that the yearnings of life could be satisfied with vacuity. In him were two personalities; one of which seemed to be astonished at his restlessness and the other recognized its justness.

Shortly after the loss of his property, through the powerful influence of his family, Cinna was appointed to a government post in Alexandria, in order that in this rich country he might regain his fortune. His restlessness embarked with him on a ship at Brundisium and was his associate during the sea voyage. In Alexandria Cinna thought that his governmental occupation, meeting with new people, another world, fresh impressions, would free him from this importunate associate, but he was mistaken. One month passed—two—then, as the grain of Demetra brought from Italy waved stronger in the rich soil of the delta, so this restlessness from a small bush grew into a mighty cedar tree, and threw darker and darker shadows on Cinna's soul.

At the beginning Cinna tried to suppress this feeling by indulging in the same kind of life that he had led in Rome. Alexandria was a luxurious city, full of Greek maidens with golden hair and light complexion, which the Egyptian sun coated with amber-colored transparent hues. In their embraces he sought succor.

Even this satisfied him, and he began to contemplate suicide. By this means many of his friends had escaped the troubles of life, and at a much less provocation than Cinna's—often from ennui, emptiness, or for absence of desire for further enjoyments. A slave holding in his hand a sword, strongly and dexterously, in one moment would finish all. Cinna was haunted by these thoughts, and when he had nearly decided to follow their beckoning, a wonderful dream he had restrained him. It seemed to him that he was crossing a river, and there on the opposite bank was his restlessness awaiting him, in the form of an emaciated slave who bowed low before him and said: "I came before you so that I might meet you." For the first time in his life Cinna was sore afraid, because he understood that inasmuch as he could not think of a future life without this restlessness they would be there together. As a last resource he decided to approach the philosophers who swarmed in the Serapeum, thinking that perhaps with them he would find a solution of the problem. Truly they were unable to answer him, and they titled him "ton moussonou," which title they often gave to Romans of high birth and station. At this time it was very little consolation to him; the stamp of wisdom given to one who was unable to answer a most vital question seemed to Cinna ironical. Yet he thought the Serapeum might unveil its wisdom gradually, and he did not entirely lose hope.

Most active among the philosophers in Alexandria was noble Timon, the Athenian, a man of great wealth and a Roman citizen. He had lived over a decade in Alexandria, where he came to study the mysterious Egyptian sciences. It was said of him that there was not a manuscript or papyrus in the Bibliotheka which he had not read, and that he was possessed of all human wisdom. He was a man of pleasant and reasonable temperament. Out of a multitude of pedants and small commentators Cinna at once recognized his worth and associated with him, which relation after a time ripened into a near intimacy and even friendship. The young Roman admired his skill in dialectics, the eloquence and logic with which the old man spoke of the sublime things pertaining to the destiny of mankind and the world. It appeared to him as if his logic were combined with a certain melancholy. Later, when their relations had become closer, Cinna often desired to inquire of the old man the cause of this melancholy and at the same time to open his heart to him. Somehow in the end he came to it.

One evening, after a heated discussion on the question of transmigration of souls, they remained alone on a terrace overlooking the sea, and Cinna, taking Timon by the hand, openly confessed to him the great torture of his life and the cause that led him to seek near relations with the scientists and philosophers of the Serapeum. "At last I have gained this much," he said in the end; "I have got to know thee Timon, and now I am sure if thou canst not solve the problem of my life, no one else can." Timon, who had been watching the reflection of the new moon on the smooth surface of the sea, said:

"Dost thou see, oh Cinna, the flocks of birds which came from the dreary north, dost thou know what they seek in Egypt?"

"I know they seek warmth and light."

"The human soul also seeks warmth which is love and light, which is truth. But the birds know where to fly for their good; human souls fly in the desert, are astray, restless and melancholy."

"Noble Timon, why can they not find the way?"

"Formerly people found peace and rest in the gods, but now faith in the gods is burned out like the oil in the lamp. Later they thought that philosophy would be the sun of truth for human souls—to-day, as you know best yourself, on the ruins in Rome, in the academy at Athens, and here, sit the skeptics, and it seems to them that they have brought peace, but they have brought only unrest. For to announce

**TO BE CONTINUED.**

**Blagden, Ingersoll and the "Biblical."**

Says the Revista Catolica de Las Vegas, N. M.: "Let us hear what says Rev. S. Blagden, Protestant minister at Boston, when referring to the little appreciation which meet those whose object it is to uphold the sayings of the Holy Scriptures. He says as follows: 'With the exception of the Catholic clergy, whose members I have always found invariably true to the adherence to the word of God, and with the exception also of a few of our Protestant clergymen, the world is full of heretic masters and preachers of every belief and denomination, full of unbelieving spiritually blind men, who sow everywhere the devil's discord.'"

"This testimony corroborates the one of Colonel Ingersoll, namely: 'There are to-day so many agnostic ministers that it is quite useless for me to remain any longer in this vocation and to preach agnosticism.'"

"And we add: It is odd that it is repeated in all manners of speaking by ministers and would-be ministers, by apostles and evangelists, by honest and by would-be Protestants, that we—the Catholics—are the enemies of Holy Scripture; that we, the Catholics, repudiate the word of God in order to follow exclusively the traditions of man; while they . . .

"Oh! let us not repeat for the thousandth time the ignorant and untrue praises which they bestow upon themselves with regard to their pretended love for the Bible and for the word of God!"

"Is it not true that to give continual corrections to a child is the best mode of showing it the affection which one feels towards it?"

**A Banker's Experience.**

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat," writes Manager Thomas Dawson of the Standard Bank, now of 14 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto. "It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in troubles of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor."



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

London, Saturday, April 2, 1908.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

The hierarchy of Ontario, comprising the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and the Right Reverend Bishops of Peterborough, Alexandria, London and Hamilton, met at Toronto on Friday, the 25th ult., for the purpose of selecting three names from among which the Holy Father will probably choose a successor to the late Most Rev. Archbishop Cleary.

A recommendation signed by all the priests of the Archdiocese of Kingston was laid before the Bishops, praying that the Rev. C. H. Gauthier of Brockville be appointed. Father Gauthier was selected by the priests at a meeting held in the palace at Kingston on the previous Thursday.

ILLITERATES.

A recent article in the New York Sun, in reply to a correspondent, refutes by undeniable statistics the pretence on which those who have been demanding an educational test for immigrants in order that the standard of American citizenship may not be degraded by the illiterate population of Europe coming to America to make their homes on this continent.

Table showing percentage of illiterates in North Dakota, South Dakota, North Carolina, and South Carolina.

THE DELUGE.

The learned men of Europe and America, especially those who take an interest in the monuments and inscriptions which have been discovered in Egypt, Babylon and Assyria, are giving much attention to a recent discovery made by the Rev. Father Scheil, the renowned French Assyriologist.

CONCESSION.

If reports do not exaggerate, it appears that the Manitoba Government is showing a disposition to operate the schools of that province on the plan adopted in Nova Scotia, namely, to allow Catholic schools to participate in the public grants for education, provided they are up to the standard required by law.

Public School law. This mere tolerance of Catholic education is not all that is guaranteed under the Constitution, but as long as the Government may be willing to put a liberal construction on the school laws, the plan adopted may prove so acceptable to the Catholic minority that it may not be deemed necessary to insist upon further legislation.

SAYING GRACE.

A correspondent calls our attention to the fact that some Catholics say the prayer which is called "grace" before and after meals, standing, whereas others do so sitting, and requests us to tell which of these is the proper practice.

PASSION-TIDE.

Sunday last, the fifth Sunday in Lent, is called by the name Passion Sunday, from the Latin word passio, which signifies suffering or enduring, though the English word passion is commonly used in a somewhat different sense.

These two weeks which precede Easter are named Passion-time, or Passion-tide, because they comprise the period during which the Church reminds us in a special manner of the sufferings and death of our Lord.

From the gospel of Passion Sunday and from the whole chapter, from which that gospel is taken, we learn that the Pharisees were plotting against Jesus, and that they had succeeded in embittering the minds of many of the Jews against Him by representing Him as a disturber and blasphemer, so that, notwithstanding the admission of the Pharisees on another occasion that He "did all things well," they now endeavor by all means within their power to entrap Him in His speech, and to bring opprobrium and public hatred upon Him.

Already the Jews are seeking to put Jesus to death, for He said to them: "But now you seek to kill me, a man who have spoken the truth to you, which I have heard of God: this Abraham did not." They claimed to have God for their Father: but Jesus said to them: "If God were your Father, you would indeed love me, for from God I proceeded and came: for I came not of Myself, but He sent me."

When Jesus proclaimed to them His divinity by referring to His eternity, saying: "Before Abraham was, I am," they were exceedingly angry, and took up stones to cast at Him, this being a method by which they were wont to put criminals to death. But He hid Himself from them and left the temple wherein He was speaking at the time.

It is to symbolize this concealment of Himself from the Jews that the crucifixes and pictures of Jesus in the churches are covered with purple during Passion-tide, and other pictures are covered also, because the devotion of this period is to be specially directed toward Christ crucified for us.

It was but a few days after this when Jesus, who had in the meantime gone to Bethania, returned to Jerusalem for the Paschal solemnity, and the multitudes, which are always fickle in their likes and dislikes, assembled to meet Him and greet Him as their Saviour and King. They cast branches of palm and other trees before Him as He came toward the city, humbly riding on an ass, and they cried out: "Hosanna, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord, the King of Israel."

The Jews from all countries who thus received Him in triumph as their King, were aware of His good and wonderful works, and thus they testified their belief that He was the prophet whom they expected to come to deliver them from the power of the foreigners who ruled Judea. At this time, when many asked to have sight of Him for a moment, He foretold His death on the cross, but declared that this ignominious death was the prelude to His glory, thus foretelling, as He had done on several other occasions, His glorious resurrection.

It is to remind us of these events, and that we may profit by them to sanctification, that the Catholic Church observes the festival of Palm Sunday, on which palm branches are also blessed, that retaining them in our houses we may also bear in mind the sufferings of Christ and His death, which are symbolized by the palm branches, inasmuch as these are afterward reduced to ashes to teach us that Christ died and that we also are mortal.

The Holy Week, beginning with Palm Sunday, should be observed with special penitential dispositions, as it is the period when Christ atoned for our sins. We should do penance for those sins, which necessitated that we should be redeemed at so great a cost.

THE MYSTERY OF OUR REDEMPTION.

It is not given to man to penetrate into the mysteries of Almighty God. God is infinite in all perfections, and to know Him thoroughly an infinite intelligence would be needed. As we are but finite creatures, knowing that our intelligence is confined within narrow bounds, it would be the height of folly for us to suppose that we can understand all the things that relate to God. We should be infinite ourselves, and therefore equal to God if such knowledge were within our grasp.

Those truths which relate to God, nature and to human salvation, but which we cannot understand, are called mysteries of religion, and though it might be the extreme of rashness to scrutinize them irreverently, and an injury to God, a calling of His truth to question, to deny them, it is an act of piety to meditate upon them reverentially, and to endeavor to extend our knowledge and appreciation of them.

During this Holy Week the Catholic Church directs our attention specially toward the mystery of our Redemption through the blood of Christ, shed for us upon the cross. It is impossible for us to understand fully the intimate union of the Godhead with human nature, and the resulting infinite value of Christ's actions, and especially of His submission to an ignominious death for the sake of blotting out the sins of mankind. There are, however, many points in connection with this mystery which we can understand, and we may see also its complete conformity with the power of reasoning wherewith Almighty God has endowed us.

1. The enormity of mortal sin is appreciable by us to some, but not to the fullest extent. Sin is a turning away from God, an act of wilful disobedience to our Creator and Sovereign Master. It is contrary to God's law, and it prevents us from attaining the end for which we were created, which is, of course, the most important business we have to transact on earth; and because the God from whom we turn away is infinite in perfection, the sinner deserves the everlasting punishment to which his sin dooms him. Mortal sin is, therefore, very justly declared in the catechism to be the greatest of all misdeeds into which it is possible for us to fall.

clearly revealed in Holy Scripture, that the sin of our first parents has been transmitted to us. This transmission of sin is more difficult of understanding, but the reasonableness of the doctrine will be seen in the fact that in the natural order of creation human nature is such that it is dependent in many things upon our associations, and especially on our relations to our parents and other members of our family.

We may not be able to account for it why such should be the case, but experience must convince us that it is a state of things which exists inseparably with our nature. We grow up learned or ignorant, according to the care which has been bestowed by others, and especially by our parents, in our education. We become good or wicked, according to the moral principles which have been inculcated upon us, and the company we have kept. We inherit from parents many of their characteristics, some of which are advantageous to us during life, and others are perhaps physical or intellectual, or moral defects. The transmission of original sin, and the resulting loss of God's grace and favor, until we are restored through the merits of Christ as our Redeemer, and by means of the sacrament of baptism, is another form of the same general law by which we are made dependent upon parents and others.

3. We have need of a Redeemer, for it is of the nature of sin that it deserves punishment, and must be expiated. Penitential works have always been necessary in order to atone for sin. The punishment inflicted on our first parents, as far as it was accepted by them in a proper spirit of submission, partook of the character of a penitential work. The sin-offerings or sacrifices for sin under the Old Law were also expiatory, and by penitential works the people of Nineveh averted the anger of God so that their city was not destroyed, even though Almighty God had sent His prophet to announce to them its imminent destruction on account of their sins.

Under the New Law penitential works are also necessary, for St. John the Baptist commanded his disciples to do penance though he also announced that the Messiah was already come, and would soon make Himself known. Christ commanded works of penance when He declared that His disciples should take up their cross, as He did, and He gave the example of penance by His patiently endured sufferings, that we might follow His example.

But our finite sufferings and self-mortifications are insufficient of themselves for the expiation of even a single mortal sin, which is an offense against an infinite God, and, therefore, in order that atonement should be adequate, it was necessary that an infinite person should atone for us, which could not be done by any one but God Himself. For this reason, God the Son, the Word, the second Person of the adorable Trinity, was made flesh, that He might endure the sufferings and death which could not be inflicted upon Him in His divine nature, and thus on Good Friday He paid for us the penalty to which we were subject by sin. Therein consists the essence of the mystery of our Redemption. Thus St. Paul says in his Epistle to the Colossians ii, 13:

"And you, when you were dead in your sins, and the uncircumcision of your flesh, He hath purchased together with Him, forgiving you all offences, blotting out the handwriting of the decree that was against us, which was contrary to us, and He hath taken the same out of the way, fastening it to the cross."

Again we learn from Rom. v. 10., that the satisfaction thus made by Christ for sin was more than sufficient to cover all the sins of mankind; for "where sin abounded, grace did more abound." Nevertheless it was not His intention to free us from the performance of works of penance, as we have already seen. He did what was necessary for us in the way of atonement, and what it was impossible for us to do, leaving to us the obligation of performing the finite atonement which is within our power.

THE JEWISH EXPECTATION OF THE MESSIAH.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.—The Jew believes the Messiah is yet to come. Would you kindly inform me through your valuable paper what would be the best proof a Christian could use in an argument with such a person? and oblige.

To answer G. I. fully would require a long essay, but we may indicate here as briefly as possible a few of the many proofs which may be adduced on this point, and which may be used especially with the Jews.

1. We have the miracles of Christ

and His Apostles, wrought to prove the divine mission of Christ and His Messianic office.

It is conceded by the Jews, and it is clear from reason that evident miracles are the divine confirmation and sanction to a mission which comes from God. Thus Moses was commissioned (Ex. iv, 1, 8,) to work miracle to prove to Pharaoh and the Jews in Egypt that his mission was divine. (Ex. vii to xii.) Many other miracles are recorded in the same book of Exodus and throughout the Pentateuch. We may here specify chapters 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 34, of Exodus; Lev. 9, 10, the standing miracle promised in Lev. xxv, 20, 21, that every seventh year the land should be allowed to rest, and that on the preceding sixth year the fruits of three years should spring out of the earth to supply food for the seventh year.

It is further seen from Ex. xiii, 9, that these miracles are God's proof of the divinity of Moses' mission, and a sign that God speaks through him: "And it shall be as a sign in thy hand, and as a memorial before thy eyes: and that the law of the Lord be always in thy mouth, for with a strong hand the Lord hath brought thee out of Egypt."

Again: the divine mission of Moses was shown by the punishment of three leaders who presumed to dispute his authority and to assume the priestly office. Moses said: "By this you shall know that the Lord hath sent me to do all the things that you see. . . . If the Lord do a new thing, and the earth opening her mouth swallow them down, and they go down alive to hell, you shall know they have blasphemed the Lord." (Num. xvi, 28, 30.) It was done as Moses forecast, and his divine mission was authenticated.

The miracles whereby Christ's mission was accomplished exceeded those of Moses under many aspects. The miracles of Moses were performed by special command of God in each case: those of Jesus were done spontaneously. They showed the obedience of all created nature and of God the Father to His will. Diseases of all kinds were cured, sometimes by His word of command, sometimes by an act of His will only, and it was the same whether He were present or absent, as is shown by the case of the centurion whose servant he healed. (St. Luke vii, 7.) The winds and seas obey Him, the barren fig tree is withered at His word, and the dead are raised to life, even though they are in the tomb, and in a state of corruption.

Christ's resurrection from His sepulchre, by His own power, and after He had foretold it publicly, is rightly regarded as the climax of miraculous manifestation, and this occurred though the Jewish and Roman authorities took every precaution to prevent it.

Farther, Christ transmitted to His Apostles and to others who believed in Him the same power of working miracles which He possessed: even He promised that they should do more wonderful works than those He usually performed, and His promise was kept.

Now the question arises, were Christ's miracles and those of His disciples genuine? Did they really occur? We have all the evidence to prove their reality, which can be demanded for any fact we have not seen ourselves. All the Apostles and Evangelists who have written an account of Christ's life or of the Apostolic work, and who have given instructions on Christian doctrine and morality, were eye-witnesses to nearly all the events narrated by them, except two who witnessed them only partially, but even these two being on the spot where they occurred, had every means at hand to know the truth of the matter. These witnesses who have given us the books of the New Testament are eight in number, and their twenty-seven books or epistles, though written at different times and under various circumstances, are in perfect accord in regard to the facts related, being so harmonious that they form a grand whole, both as to doctrine and the events upon which that doctrine is based.

Premising that we make no reference here to the sublimity and excellence of the doctrine of Christ as they taught it, we say that these witnesses tell of facts or events which were public and palpable to the senses. They could not have been deceived regarding them, and even if they could have been in error, they could not have induced the Christians of their day to accept them, for thousands of these Christians had been themselves eye-witnesses of the same events. Neither could they have persuaded Jews and Pagans to become Christians, for many of these were also eye-wit-

nesses to the events, and those who were not were in a position to ascertain the falsehood, if there had been any deception attempted.

The only hypothesis which remains whereon it could be maintained that there was any deception, is that the Apostles and Evangelists conspired with the thousands of first Christians to propagate a fraud. This supposition is simply an impossibility. It is unheard of that a conspiracy of fraud should have been undertaken for the purpose of propagating a pure and holy doctrine which forbids all fraud, especially as in the present case there was absolutely nothing to be gained.

So far were the original propagators of the gospel from hoping for any gain through teaching a false gospel that they were told by Christ Himself that they would be persecuted for His sake, and so truly did He speak that all became martyrs in testimony to their sincerity. St. John the Evangelist can scarcely be called an exception, though he died a natural death; for if he survived the persecutions to which he was subjected it was because he was miraculously preserved from death when thrown into a caldron of boiling oil.

Men, particularly a large number of persons at various times in different countries, and under varying circumstances, are not disposed to suffer death in attestation of the same facts which they know to be false. We admit that there have been comparatively a few enthusiasts or fanatics who died for their erroneous beliefs or opinions; but beliefs and opinions are speculative matters on which it was easy to be in the wrong. But these martyrs of Christianity attested public and sensible facts concerning which there could be no mistake. The enthusiasts we have referred to, by suffering for their opinions, proved their sincerity at least, though they were mistaken. The Christian martyrs showed their sincerity also, but in matters concerning which they could not be mistaken. It is evident, therefore, that we have witnesses to Christ's miracles who were not deceived, who had no wish to deceive, and who could not have deceived others, even if they had so desired. Therefore their testimony is true. The miracles of which they speak are facts. The doctrines of Christianity are, therefore, attested by God, and Christ, who frequently appeals to His works to prove that He is the Messiah foretold by the prophets, is truly what He represents Himself to be, as when He said to the Samaritan woman, "I am He who am speaking with thee." (St. Jno. iv, 26.)

Here we might be told that the gospels and the other books of the New Testament are a recent fabrication not written by the authors to whom we attribute them. We have no space here to more than indicate that there is a chain of more than one hundred testimonies during the first three centuries, showing that the apostles and evangelists wrote them, and some of the witnesses quote from them so copiously that the books themselves could be almost reproduced from the writings of two or three of these witnesses, if the originals had been lost. There is, therefore, no doubt that the New Testament is the work of those who knew of the matter of which they wrote; and there are intrinsic evidences of this, among which we may mention the one fact that they always incidentally refer to the temple of Jerusalem as existing when they wrote, whereby it is seen that the books making these references were written before the temple was destroyed in A. D. 70.

This proof would not be invalidated if all the witnesses referred to were Christians, but it is greatly strengthened by the fact that they comprise not only Christians, but such heretics as the Gnostics, Ebionites, Montanists, Marcionites, and Pagans, such as Celsus and Porphyry, who attempted to refute Christianity.

2. We have treated this part of our subject somewhat lengthily on account of its importance. We have room only for a short reference to some other weighty proofs to the same effect. We may state that there are numerous prophecies in the Old Testament which refer to Christ very plainly, foretelling incidents of His birth of a Virgin, His miracles and teachings, His incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension, and the wonderful propagation of the gospel. We will specify four of these prophecies which are peculiarly striking, and which have been applied even by the Rabbis to the coming of the Messiah.

3. In Gen. xlix, 19, the blessing imparted by the patriarch Jacob to his son Judah announces that the sceptre of

royal power of taken from Judah shall be sent: that the Messiah. The with the fact the Christ, Judah nation.

4. In Daniel prophecy of great occur within seven weeks are no as in Leviticus of days would not accomplishment of it follows that rebuild Jerusalem xeg, B. C. 453, ascertainable system to the beginning sixty-nine weeks eighty three years in the middle of it years, the Jewish succeeded by the cross, and that a half year should be firmly has been literally

5. In the two (Haggai) ii, 8, and foretold that he shall fill the new usalem with glory this temple was the seventieth year, the Messiah earth before the alone has fulfilled

TH. How It Was V the Catholic Vouches For H

In his series Catholic Church Reason." Father ing to the world knowledge clots language and a logically established shirks away.

His last sermo Histext was from of the Apostles, count of the first held in Jerusalem Divine Master sacrifice to redee Disciples and th From that coun Those who atten seen, heard a Christ." And y that at this cou disputing.

Father Pardo puting if Chri Church to guide wishes His Apost ors to use their mind: He wish question before He only preac that they teach true in matter But listen to the in the Acts: "the Holy Spirit: this sound like these few unedu nounce on what It is only beca words of the Church: "Go whatsoever I and behold I even unto the world." They ment on a ver all discussion is The Father th was made. He to think that t all written up ascended to He the various wr it up were sele ber, by a St Church. That held in Jerusa what Christ s all days even of the world."

And then said: "Our separa refuse to admi Church, and y admit all of the New Test thority of the Church is eithe If she is not, mitted into the the word of words, and so the Bible disap ble, and can b important a v the real Word it is not to tru which she teach "If the Bib book to read; to occupy a centre-ta would not m merely human not. But the Bible and all That what o to believe, I n or not believ, come of it; b to do and bel have under Heaven and e God's Word Now, the Bible hence the trib the necessity Preter of the





FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Palm Sunday.

SERVING GOD FROM THE HEART.

"Hosanna to the Son of David." (St. Matt. 21:9)

Today, my dear brethren, we are reminded of that hour in the life of our Lord on earth in which He was receiving from the people of His own nation all the honor they could render Him.

He then entered the chosen city of God in triumph over all who had opposed Him. Thousands surrounded Him, went before Him and followed after Him.

But why are these men worse than the others? Simply because they received the graces of Christ in their baptism, in their confirmation, and in their first Communion, as well as in their many Communion thereafter.

Why do I say this? Because nothing can move their hearts to return to God. Missions, sermons, exhortations, threatenings, warnings, counsels, the prayers and entreaties of fathers, and mothers, kindred, and friends are all unavailing to them, are all in vain.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE SPRINGTIME.

EUGENE FIELD.

A child once said to his grandfathers: "Grandpa, what do the flowers mean when they talk to the oak tree about death? I hear them talking every day, but I cannot understand; it is all very strange."

The grandfathers bade the child think no more of these things; the flowers were foolish prattlers, what right had they to put such notions into a child's head? But the child did not do his grandfathers' bidding; he loved the flowers and the trees, and he went each day to hear them talk.

It seems that the little vine down by the stone wall had overheard the south wind say to the rosebush: "You are a proud, imperious beauty now, and will not listen to my suit; but wait till my boisterous brother comes from the North, then you will drop and wither and die, all because you would not listen to me and fly with me to my home by the Southern sea."

These words set the little vine to thinking; and when she had thought for a long time she spoke to the daisy about it, and the daisy called in the violet, and the three little ones had a very serious conference; but, having talked it all over, they came to the conclusion that it was as much of a mystery as ever. The old oak tree saw them.

"You little folks seem very much puzzled about something," said the old oak tree.

"I heard the south wind tell the rosebush that she would die," exclaimed the vine, "and we do not understand what it is. Can you tell us what it is to die?"

The old oak tree smiled sadly. "I do not call it death," said the old oak tree; "I call it sleep—a long, restful, refreshing sleep."

"How does it feel?" inquired the daisy, looking very full of astonishment and anxiety.

"You must know," said the old oak tree, "that after many, many days we all have had such merry times and have bloomed so long and drunk so heartily of the dew and sunshine and eaten so much of the goodness of the earth that we feel very weary and we long for repose. Then a great wind comes out of the north, and we shiver in its icy blast. The sunshine goes away, and there is no dew for us nor any nourishment in the earth, and we are glad to go to sleep."

"Mercy on me!" cried the vine, "I shall not like that at all! What, leave this smiling meadow and all the pleasant grass and singing bees and frolicsome butterflies? No, old oak tree, I would never go to sleep; I much prefer sporting with the winds and playing with my little friends, the daisy and the violet."

"And I!" said the violet, "I think it would be dreadful to go to sleep. What if we never should wake up again!"

The suggestion struck the others dumb with terror—all but the oak tree. "Have no fear of that," said the old oak tree, "for you are sure to awaken again, and when you have awakened the new life will be sweeter and happier than the old."

"What nonsense!" cried the thistle. "You children shouldn't believe a word of it. When you go to sleep you die, and when you die there's the last of you!"

The old oak tree reproved the thistle; but the thistle maintained his abominable heresy so stoutly that the little violet and the daisy and the violet were quite at a loss to know which of the two to believe—the old oak tree or the thistle.

The child heard it all and was sorely puzzled. What was this death, this mysterious sleep? Would it come upon him, the child? And after he had slept awhile would he awaken? His grandfathers would not tell him of these things; perhaps his grandfathers did not know.

It was a long, long summer, full of sunshine and bird-music, and the meadow was like a garden, and the old oak tree looked down upon the grass and flowers and saw that no evil befell them. A long, long play day it was to the little vine, the daisy, and the violet. The crickets and the grasshoppers and the humbees joined in the sport, and a merriment and music till it seemed like an endless carnival. One day every now and then the vine and the little flower friends talked with the old oak tree about that strange sleep and the promised awakening, and the thistle scoffed at the old oak tree's cheering words. The child was there and heard it all.

One day the great wind came out of the north. Hurry scurry! back to their warm homes in the earth and under the old stone wall scampered the crickets and humbees to go to sleep. Whirr, whirr! Oh, but how piercing the great wind was; how different from his amiable brother who had travelled all the way from the Southern sea to kiss the flowers and woo the rose!

"Well, this is the last of us!" exclaimed the thistle: "we're going to die, and that's the end of it all!"

"No, no," cried the old oak tree; "we shall not die; we are going to sleep. Here, take my leaves, little flowers, and you shall sleep warm under them. Then, when you awaken, you shall see how much sweeter and happier the new life is."

The little ones were very weary indeed. The promised sleep came very gratefully.

"We would not be so willing to go to sleep if we thought we should not awaken," said the violet.

So the little ones went to sleep. The

little vine was the last of all to sink to her slumbers; she nodded in the wind and tried to keep awake till she saw the old oak tree close his eyes, but her efforts were vain; she nodded and nodded, and bowed her slender form against the old stone wall, till finally she, too, had sunk into repose. And then the old oak tree stretched his weary limbs and gave a last look at the sullen sky and at the slumbering little ones at his feet; and with that, the old oak tree fell asleep too.

The child saw all these things, and he wanted to ask his grandfathers about them, but his grandfathers would not tell him of them; perhaps his grandfathers did not know.

The child saw the storm king come down from the hills and ride furiously over the meadows and over the forest and over the town. The snow fell everywhere, and the north wind played solemn music in the chimneys. The storm king put the brook to bed, and it wore a great mantle of snow over him; and the brook that had romped and prattled all the summer and told pretty tales to the grass and flowers—the brook went to sleep too. With all his fierceness and bluster, the storm king was very kind; he did not awaken the old oak tree and the slumbering flowers. The little vine lay under the fleecy snow against the old stone wall and slept peacefully, and so did the violet and the daisy. Only the wicked old thistle thrashed about in his sleep as if he dreamt bad dreams, which, all will allow, was no more than he deserved.

All through that winter—and it seemed very long—the child thought of the flowers and the vine and the old oak tree, and wondered whether in the springtime they would awaken from their sleep; and he wished for the springtime to come. And at last the springtime came. One day the sun beams fluted down from the sky and danced all over the meadow.

"Wake up, little friends!" cried the sunbeams—"wake up, for it is springtime!"

The brook was the first to respond. So eager, so fresh, so exuberant was he after his long winter sleep, that he leaped from his bed and frolicked all over the meadow and played all sorts of curious antics. Then a little blue bird was seen in the hedge one morning. He was calling to the violet:

"Wake up, little v'one!" called the bluebird. "Have I come all this distance to find you sleeping? Wake up; it is the springtime!"

That pretty little voice awakened the violet, of course.

"Oh, how sweetly I have slept!" cried the violet; "how happy this new life is! Welcome, dear friends!"

And presently the daisy awakened, fresh and beautiful, and then the little vine, and last of all, the old oak tree. The meadow was green, and all around there were the music, the fragrance, the new, sweet life of the springtime.

"I slept horribly," growled the thistle. "I had bad dreams. It was sleep, after all, but it ought to have been death."

The thistle never complained again; for just then a four-footed monster stalked through the meadow and plucked and ate the thistle and then stalked gloomily away; which was the last of the sceptical thistle—truly a most miserable end!

"You said the truth, dear old oak tree!" cried the little vine. "It was not death—it was only a sleep, a sweet, refreshing sleep, and this awakening is very beautiful!"

They all said so—the daisy, the violet, the oak tree, the crickets, the bees and all the things and creatures of the field and forest that had awakened from their long sleep to swell the beauty and the glory of the springtime. And they talked with the child, and the child heard them. And although the grandfathers never spoke to the child about these things, the child learned from the flowers and trees a lesson of the springtime which perhaps the grandfathers never knew.

QUESTION BOX.

Rev. Father O'Connor in Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Variety marked the question box at St. Teresa's this week. Matters of doctrine and discipline from non-Catholics were mixed with a few queries regarding observances of fast days and others suited to the confessional from Catholics. There was also a request for the special prayers of the congregation from a Protestant and a number of apparently frivolous queries from a non-Catholic young woman.

"Bible Student," who has appeared before in similar questions, could not understand how ignorant and illiterate Catholics could wade through the volumes of the ancient fathers to find out what they say about the doctrines of the Church.

He was told that most of the writings are explanations of the primitive or Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed, short summaries of which children memorize. The virtue of faith does not depend on our theological knowledge. We believe in order to understand. We need not understand in order to believe.

"Major" asked if it is sufficient to go to confession and Communion but once, and that at Easter, to still be a Catholic.

Yes, that much is necessary and would be sufficient, but frequent attendance is advisable.

"A Greenhorn" wanted to know why women are allowed to wear hats in church, while men must bare their heads.

St. Paul forbids women to be present at church with uncovered heads.

"An unhappy Mother" of a still-

born babe asked as to whether she could hope to see it in heaven.

She was told that a writer in the current number of the American Ecclesiastical Review quotes St. Bonaventura, Cajetan and other theologians as holding that the desire or prayer of a parent for the salvation of a child who, without its own or its parents' fault, dies deprived of the sacrament of baptism may effect the baptismal grace which removes original sin and procures for the child entrance into heaven.

The prophet Jeremiah and St. John Baptist were sanctified in the womb. It is always consonant with Scripture and reason to have unbounded confidence in the mercy of God, whose very essence according to St. John, is love—"God is charity."

"An Afflicted Mother," a Protestant Christian, asked Father O'Connor to request the prayers of the congregation (with whose piety she had been struck) in a great affliction.

The congregation was asked by the lecturer to pray for her.

"E. J." inquired if a Catholic could marry a Jew and be married by a Catholic priest.

The answer was yes, if a dispensation could be procured, which is very difficult in such a case, as one of faith to the Catholic party and to the children is even more likely than in a marriage to a Protestant.

"M." asked: "If a person be baptized on her death bed, is the temporal as well as the eternal punishment remitted?"

The answer was yes.

"J. E. M." was concerned to know why no Irishman ever became Pope. Many other Catholic nations have never had a representative on the Papal throne. There is no national impediment in the choice. The Cardinals are under the most solemn obligations to choose a Pope according to the dictates of conscience, and nationality is not considered, hence it is that even with an overwhelming number of Italians in the college, those of other nations have been chosen.

"C. L. B."s important queries were referred to an imaginary court-mittee of young ladies. She wanted to know whether a very trifling circumstance could be construed into a proposal of marriage, asked about fortune-tellers, black cats and bad luck, and finally as to whether a "splendid Catholic, not a bit pious, who drinks beer, takes girls to the theatres, dances," etc., would make a good husband.

This young man will probably be accepted before he knows he has proposed, and the outcome, unless both parties reform, will be a very much "mixed" marriage in more senses than one.

"Bella" wished to know whether a widow might become a nun.

Yes; there are many widows who are canonized saints and even founders of religious orders, as St. Jane de Chantal, of the Visitation, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

"Charley" does not like to see Catholic girls on bicycles, and he asked if the Archbishop forbids this.

There is no prohibition. A true lady will be as modest on a bicycle as on horseback or in a carriage.

"P. A. M.," who says he (or she) reads the question box every week in these columns, acts as corresponding secretary for a number of friends with queries, some of which are obscure and others already answered. The first is apparently about faith curists or spiritualists, though indefinite. The second asks whether Protestants can go to heaven. This has already been answered in the affirmative, with the provision that they be baptized and in good faith. The third requested the lecturer's opinion of "a strict Catholic" who never misses Mass, but has not been to confession or Communion for forty years!

"Grocer" wished the lecturer to get his hands on some of his bad pay customers who are Catholics, as he had heard about the priest compelling them to pay their debts. He finds that Catholics are much like other people, and that religion is more talked about than practised. He also wished to know why some of the "best people" never go to church, and said he would not criticize were it not that Catholics claim so much. Most Catholics are no better than other Christians and some a great deal worse. "Grocer" has come to the conclusion that some men are naturally mean and tricky, and others naturally good and noble. There are people who can't help stealing and getting drunk and they know the Bible by heart. "I don't blame the Church," he says; "she's all right, but I think she claims to do the impossible."

He was told that in our serious world that not to pay your debt is as bad as stealing, and that no abolition is valid unless our debts are paid. If we are within a man's power to pay them, in the confessional a restitution is insisted upon, but the priest is not a bill collector and cannot go after the debt, though stolen articles are frequently returned through the confessional.

One of the grandest tributes to our noble faith is that at non-Catholics expect more of Catholics than of others, and that for this reason Catholics are more blame-worthy when they bring scandal upon the Church. "I paid bills may be the cause at times of preventing a conversion where the creditor does not distinguish rightly as to cause and effect. Another thing to be remembered is that the Catholic Church, like its Divine Founder, does not censure sinners, but endeavors to save them. A congregation of fifty or sixty sinners may appear less sinful on the surface than one of several thousand collected from a among persons of all

classes. How much worse Catholics without their faith would be, and how much better the naturally good would be with supernatural graces added is something "Grocer" loses sight of. So far as the Church is concerned, it not only teaches that failure to pay your debts is sinful, but to contract a debt which you have no respect of paying is also sinful.

"Jennie" (1), whose minister is very much pleased with the fair manner in which the lecturer spoke of Anglican orders, says that all "Anglo-Catholics" admit a superior dignity in the Bishop of Rome, but not that he is supreme in jurisdiction over the whole Church.

All Catholics in the true sense admit the primacy of the Pope, which is an essential part of the constitution of the Church, as the head is an essential member of the body. What the superior dignity of the Bishop of Rome consists of according to Anglican ideas would be interesting to know. It is at least a big admission to confess that the head of the Roman Catholic Church is superior in dignity to all other Bishops.

Her minister thinks that the Catholic Church will gradually drop many of her ceremonies and usages, such as strict fasting before Communion.

The Church is the sole judge of her ceremonies and discipline. Inability to fast until early morning would indicate serious illness, in which the priest might give Communion as viaticum. Again, a sick Catholic might receive shortly after midnight and thus observe the law.

Rome (says "Jennie's" minister) has alienated nearly every country by insisting upon its peculiar customs. Reserving the sacrament is one of them.

The Church which contains by far the largest body of Christians can scarcely be said to have alienated nearly every country. The Blessed Sacrament was reserved in the primitive Church, as we know from the Acts of the Martyrs.

She cannot believe everything in the Bible, and wished to know if she is a hypocrite when she continues to go to church while in this mind.

A hypocrite is one who pretends to be what he does not. Perhaps it is your interpretation that you do not believe and which may not be the proper definition.

She has a young Episcopalian gentleman friend who calls to see her, who says if she were to become a Catholic she should never be his wife.

As Protestants, and particularly Episcopalians, admit that salvation is to be found in the Catholic Church as well as in their own such manifestation of intolerance must be ascribed to a stubborn disposition. It would be well to settle all religious doubts before marriage, if possible, and thus may much future unhappiness be avoided.

A CRIPPLED SHADOW.

The Remarkable Statement of Jas. Davis, of Victoria.

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