

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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The Babe That Died.

My hands are idle—let them fold
These fingers now at rest
My arms are empty—let them hold
This cold cheek to my breast
And let me press these silent lips
So pale and oh, so sweet
Life's pathway stretches up the cliffs
Scarce touched by these small feet
Life's rugged pathway winding far
Through thorns and shades and sin,
Might lead my little treasure where
No eye might follow him
And I might stretch my empty arms
In vain and vain appeal
To call him back from love that harms
And joys that bring no weal
My love, my pearl, my diadem,
His joy my grief sufficed,
I hold the casket but the gem
Adorns the crown of Christ
My heart throbs hard with mother grief,
My lips are still with pain,
I weep, but faith brings this relief—
It's *And my body tightens*—C. P. Murphy.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S ADDRESS

During the week of the Catholic Congress at Chicago, and in the adjoining hall of the same building, the nineteenth convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union was held. Besides hearing the speakers secured in advance, the delegates were favored with a number of bright impromptu speeches from distinguished Bishops and laymen. Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, who did effective service for the National Union in its early years, presented to the Young Men cordial greetings from the Catholic Congress. Archbishop Ryan's address made a profound impression.

Archbishop Ryan spoke as follows: In reply to a letter inviting me to this congress of young men, I promised to be present, but I did not promise to deliver an address. Now I find myself introduced, with an earnest request to speak to you, and, therefore, I must, at least, say something. When I came into this hall, someone, I don't know who, came up with this badge of your Union, and, as it was the badge of a young man, I felt proud to have it attached to me (applause) so as to be a visible contradiction to any insinuation of my being an old man.

Now, I am very happy to meet the representative young men of this great country, and the very title and motto of your organization suggests to me something to say to you. You are the Catholic Young Men's National Union. Each word furnishes a thought. First of all you are Catholics. Our allegiance to God comes first, and in proportion to our loyalty to God will be our loyalty to our country. (Applause.) We are bound by our loyalty to God to obey the laws of our country. Those who offend against the law offend against the higher power of God, as St. Paul assures us. Therefore as Catholics we must be good citizens, and as our loyalty to God comes first, so the name Catholic properly comes first in the title of your organization.

And then, you are young men, men of promise, men who are to be the future directors perhaps of the nation, the bone and sinew of the Twentieth Century. You are here in the morning of life, here in the spring-time of your days, here with the flowers of promise blooming around you, fresh, free, noble, hopeful American young men. (Great applause.) With such splendid careers, as this country holds out to its youth, you have reason to be hopeful and to be proud of your position before the world, as the young men of our progressive and intellectual nation. As Catholic young men you should remember that whilst our Lord regarded all human souls with tenderness, He had a special love first for the little children whom He commanded to come to Him, and then for the young men. "The disciple whom Jesus loved," St. John, was, as tradition tells us, the youngest of all the apostles. On one occasion another young man came to Him, and the Evangelist tells us that "looking on the young man, He loved him." The Christian young man, the pure young man, with physical strength, the "vigor castitatis," and intellectual strength and power of imagination, power of reasoning, and these powers in their prime, must attract the love of God and man; he stands out as the hope of the century; as he is the object of the love of Jesus Christ Himself, whose heart goes out to him. Looking at the young man of the nineteenth century, as He looked at the young man of the first century—our Lord loves him.

The next words of the title of your society are National Union. The young man in his Catholicity belongs to this National Union. Next to the love for God, must be your love for your country. It is a virtue, and when elevated to the supernatural order it is a virtue in that order. God Himself has planted that love in the heart of man, and that love must ever shine forth. When the patriotic American young man is charged with being a foe to his country and its institutions, unless restrained by Christian forbearance, his first reply might be a knock down argument against the calumniation. (Great applause.)

We love our country. Its constitution is more like the constitution of the old Church, and its genius more like to the genius of our Christianity than

that of any country upon this earth (renewed applause), and, therefore, should the heart of the Catholic young man love the nation, be proud of the nation, rejoice in its joys, glory in its exultation. When he sees here the assembly of various peoples of the earth at the great exposition, the American young man feels prouder of his own country, for though it may not have as long a history, as the history of those ancient peoples, it has a more glorious history, sullied by fewer records of crime. The young man is thus national while he is Catholic, and loves his country, whilst he loves his God. (Great applause.)

"God and our Neighbor." That is your motto. God first, the neighbor, for the neighbor's sake, and also and above all, for God's sake. The supernatural motive of love does not destroy the natural, it intensifies it, it elevates it, and, therefore, when we say, "God and our neighbor," we speak in harmony with nature and faith. God, by planting this impulse of affection in the human heart has given His benediction to that impulse, and we love and serve God Himself in loving and serving our fellow-man for His sake. Remember, then, your title and your motto. (Applause.)

I hope, gentlemen, that there will be union on your final resolutions. I hope that in your deliberation and in the expression of your opinions there will not be union; because independent men cannot meet and be perfectly alike in all their convictions. There must be a difference of views, there must be some conflicts. But reason all points out in Christian charity. Be brave. Do not yield through over amiability. A few evenings ago, the Archbishop of Wellington, in New Zealand, speaking in this building, of the saying of Sidney Smith, at the time that the chiefs of New Zealand were supposed to be cannibals, that no missionary should go out there until prepared for the consequences of his venture, because no New Zealand chief thought of inviting another to dine unless he had some roast missionary on the sideboard. Now, I believe, it is the same Sidney Smith, who, speaking of a very amiable clergyman, who agreed with everybody, who had no mind of his own, no convictions to clash with the convictions of others, said, he ought to go on this mission for the benefit of some dyspeptic chief, because if a New Zealand chief should eat him, he would not, after being eaten disagree with him." (Laughter and applause.) We want no such amiability as that. Mind will clash with mind and the occasional flash of fire will come out, as from the striking steel and flint.

Be brave, be Americans, be independent, say what you think, no matter though you may disagree with others. But this should be in all charity. Hear the opinions of others. Remember that you have unitive powers within you that are not in other organizations, and these unitive powers come from your religion. With the spirit of charity, the motive to do good for yourselves and for your neighbor, to do honor to God, and to benefit your fellow-men; if these supernatural motives are kept before you, you will unite the sooner, because you will see the truth from the same standpoint, as Catholic young men (applause).

Coming here this morning, after the Pontifical Mass just celebrated, coming here from the sanctuary to the hall of deliberation, and first of all as I have seen you kneeling down and asking the God of light to illumine your young hearts, you will surely receive the benedictions of Truth itself. Your resolutions, the result of your deliberations, will be blessed by Almighty God. You will go out from this hall to enjoy these blessings in your various walks of life. Be loyal to your God, and loyal to His truth, and diligent in the reception of the sacraments of His Church. You never will suffer—as people have imagined—you never will be left behind in the progress of the age, because you are Catholics.

Look to those who have lately become so prominent before the world, in political life here; some of them prominent Catholics, consistent, pious, practical Catholics. In the future, no matter in what walk of life you appear, bear this in mind. Many of you may not, perhaps, be called to conspicuous political positions; but whether as men of business or as professional men, remember that the eye of the outside world is upon you, and the more loyal that world sees that you are to God and to your convictions, the more confidence will be placed in you. Prejudice is dying out; the old hatreds are melting away. Men look into each other's faces, and trust each other more than they did of old; and, therefore, your religion will not stand in your way. Do all in your power to honor the name of Catholic. If you are elevated in the political world, remember that the profession of politics has its ethics, and learn that, as public men, you are accountable to Almighty God, in a manner second only in responsibility, to those who stand in His sanctuary. This responsibility arises from the vast interests committed to public men. Read on this subject the passages in the writings of Edmund Burke, the greatest philosophical statesman. Learn the sense of right, even unpopular right. Learn

how to be right in spite of party. Learn to realize that one of the noblest things ever said by a public man, was this "I had rather be right than President." (Applause.) Be right in the face of unpopularity, and I can give you no greater public model of the tenacity of the right than the man who has faced the prejudice of race, the prejudice of religion, all that could terrify the mere timeserver. I would hold forth the example of Mr. Gladstone. (Applause.) A high conception of your duties as public men, such a high conception as Mr. Burke entertained and expressed, with a courage and loyalty to truth in spite of unpopularity, with a consistency in apparent inconsistencies, you will find in Mr. Gladstone, for a sense of responsibility in a high position for a consciousness that the public man holds a trust for which he is accountable to God and the people—in that sense of responsibility I know no man who is a better example than Grover Cleveland, President of the United States. (Great applause.)

The first time I heard him speak in Philadelphia—I had never before seen him—every line of his face, every tone of his voice, and every expression of his heart tended to convince me that he was a public man, who felt himself responsible to God and to the nation. This sense is what our public men need. I hope then this supreme consciousness of responsibility, this loyalty to truth, this high conception of public life, if you are ever called to such positions, as you may be, will ever characterize you.

I did not intend to keep you so long. I shall only give you the apology of the celebrated Pascal in one of his celebrated letters, "Excuse this long letter," he said, "for I have not time to write a short one." (Laughter.) If I had calculated on speaking this morning, I could have condensed and arranged and not have delayed your business. I close by saying that I am with you, head and heart, and, if necessary hand, in this great union of the Catholic young men of America. (Prolonged applause.)

WHAT WILL THE LORDS DO?

The London letter of the Boston Pilot says:

To complete the survey of the situation as it stands and as it is likely to develop in consequence of the throwing out of the Home Rule Bill by the Peers, it is necessary to consider one other alternative which I have alluded to more than once but not fully set forth. That is the possibility of the peers throwing out the English as well as the Irish measures of the present Government. I have hitherto proceeded on the assumption that the Lords will discreetly hedge on the English measures, passing some of them and endeavoring to make some capital out of the fact, while reserving their full patriotic obstinacy for the Irish measure alone, whose popularity with the English voter they believe is daily waning; or even, as Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery have invited them, enter into a deal with a view to passing a less "swathing" Home Rule Bill (should they find opinion strong in its favor), in return for easier terms on something else. This hedging policy I believe to be the more probable assumption. It would certainly be, from the Lords' point of view, and that of their party, the Tories, the more adroit game. But it is quite possible that they may turn out to have been blooded up to a bolder policy by the apparent tameness with which the country has received their action on the Home Rule Bill. A speech which Mr. Goschen has delivered this week throws out a significant hint of this possibility. Most of the English measures of the Liberal Government are really more hateful to the Lords than the Home Rule Bill. They go in the direction of curtailing the privileges of "the classes" and increasing the area of democratic power. When it comes to the scratch, the Lords, I believe, will swallow anything sooner than defy the prospect of their own annihilation. But should they come to the conclusion that their own annihilation is really not in question, they may very well screw themselves up to make a stand on behalf of the classes all along the line. They may throw out the Registration Bill, the Parish Councils Bill, the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, and whatever measure the Government may introduce with a view to securing the principle of "One Man One Vote." Should they adopt such a policy, it becomes important to consider how that would affect the situation from the Irish point of view.

From the Irish, and indeed from the Radical English point of view, this is the course one fervently hopes that the Lords will adopt; for such a line of action would generate a real tide of passion in England against the institution. It would then become a question of fighting the House of Lords not for the sake of the Irish, but for the sake of the English people. This, as I have already endeavored to show, would make all the difference in the world. If the House of Lords is complaisant on English legislation it will never be ruined for throwing out an Irish Home Rule Bill. But if it presumes to deny to the English masses legislation for which they are hungering and thirst-

ing, then indeed the old Adam of the English democracy will be aroused and there will be such a movement against the "hereditary and irresponsible chamber" as that which forced the Reform Bill down its throat in 1832. The result of such an agitation would in all probability be the surrender of the House of Lords as in 1832 and on all similar occasions in its history; and the chamber would be reformed or curtailed in its privileges rather than abolished—for compromise is of the essence of the British genius. But the main point is that the momentum of such an agitation—if the Irish representatives do their part in keeping forward their own cause and not allowing it to get submerged in the midst of a "social" programme—will suffice to carry Home Rule to victory, in the shape of a much stronger measure than the one which the Lords have now rejected. It will enable the English Radicals, too, to carry a far larger series of reforms than they have now upon their list, and to go much further and much quicker towards the goal of full democratic emancipation than they will be able to do if the Lords adopt the line tactics which their more astute advisers are recommending to them.

To sum up then: There are three alternatives on one or other of which the future of the situation will turn: (1) Either the Lords will compromise on the English measures of the Government and resist only Home Rule; (2) or they will compromise on both English measures and Home Rule; (3) or they will compromise on neither, but make a stubborn stand for the classes as against the masses all along the line. In each of the three alternatives the one vital essential from the Irish point of view is the action of the Irish representatives themselves. The Irish cause, as I have said before, and as I desire to repeat, is now about to be thrown back upon itself as it has not been for the past nine years. If, as in the first alternative, the Lords please English legislation in regard to English legislation, it will be the duty of an Irish party to prevent English opinion from forgetting that there is an Irish question, or from imagining that Ireland does not "block the way," or that the English Parliament can ever have an easy time and plenty of English legislation until the Irish difficulty is first removed. If there is going to be a settlement of the Home Rule question by means of a compromise between both English parties, it will depend solely upon the Irish party whether the resulting Home Rule Bill is a real measure of national self-government or a mockery and a snare. If there is going to be no Home Rule Bill until the Lords are overborne by a tidal wave of democratic passion, it will be the task of a stern and vigilant Irish party, thinking only of Ireland, to make the triumphant British democrats feel that there can be no satisfaction of their legislative appetites, until they have first settled their score with the Irish Sphinx and remove her riddle once for all from amongst the problems which vex them. Ireland, in a word, must continue to "block the way." From which conclusion one main corollary follows:—That it is absolutely vital to have a loyal, fearless and untrammeled body of Irish representatives, working harmoniously in essentials, though not necessarily solid in non-essentials, and not, as the Irish representation has been exhibiting itself of late, a squalid congeries of squabbling and anarchic factions.

T. F. G.

FATHER ELLIOTT.

Many Protestants Attend his Valiant Lectures.

A correspondent of the *Michigan Catholic*, writing from St. Joseph, under date of October 16, says that the interest in the lectures of the learned Paulist, to non-Catholics, continued during his stay there, and every night found the large hall crowded with appreciative auditors. After prayer, the question box, into which all manner of questions were piled each night, was first disposed of, the speaker answering everything in a clear, candid, straightforward and convincing manner to the entire satisfaction of those present. Among the more interesting questions were two or more regarding the attitude of the Catholic Church towards saloons and saloon-keepers. The Church, he answered, does not refuse membership to those engaged in that business, because its mission is to save sinners. Its true attitude is to encourage the man to a better life, and to discourage him from a business that is entirely evil. It condemns the saloon, but not its keeper. Several questions on doctrinal points regarding the forgiveness of sin were asked. These were answered in a clear, concise manner, the speaker quoting from Holy Scripture sufficient to prove that the authority was divine. Evidently some of the questions were made for the purpose of eliciting Father Elliott's opinion of the A. P. A.; but this the speaker carefully avoided, except to say that if controversy was sought he would be found

in Father Gore's parlors during the daytime. He preferred to answer objections to Catholicism rather than Protestantism. His lectures on the "Importance of the Scriptures," "The Confessional" and the "Relations of Church and State" were listened to with wrapt attention, and did much to throw a clear light on the very points that many of our non-Catholics have hitherto seen only through a prejudiced eye.

Father Elliott is a zealous temperance advocate, and his talk on temperance was one of the very best ever heard in this town. In concluding his address he drew a powerful word picture of the sufferings and death of Christ, who in His last hours, and by the use of the words "cup," "drink," and "thirst" typified all evil in drunkenness, and singled out the drunkard as the greatest of sinners. Drunkenness ruins men, destroys families and breaks up homes. It blights the affections and is the enemy of religion. He would degrade the saloon to its proper level. The large audience was deeply impressed by the forceful, earnest manner of the speaker, and only feelings of warm admiration for him are expressed by all.

From here Father Elliott went to Benton Harbor, where at the present writing he is attracting large crowds and meeting with the success he deserves. Whatever the impression made on non-Catholics, a great number of nominal, lukewarm Catholics who attend the lectures are stimulated to endeavor to lead holier and better lives and to regard their holy religion as a priceless inheritance worthy of their best efforts to uphold it.

The visit to Bar Harbor, Mich., on the 18, is also referred to by the same correspondent as follows:

Despite the inclemency of the weather on last Thursday evening a large audience assembled at Conkey's Opera House to hear the eloquent Father Elliott in his first address here to non-Catholics. After the recitation of the Lord's Prayer by all present, and a selection by the choir, Father Elliott arose and first disposed of the inquiries in the question box to the satisfaction of all present. This was followed by a masterly lecture on Temperance, in which the speaker showed in a clear, convincing light the great evils resultant from drink.

On Friday night a still larger audience was present. The question box contained many interesting and many amusing questions, among the latter some so absolutely foolish as to merit only the contempt of all sensible people present. For instance, "Are not Catholics arming and drilling everywhere under the supervision of priestly directors?" was one of several equally foolish queries. Such questions were cast aside as beneath the notice of the rev. lecturer. All sensible questions were dealt with in a scholarly, concise manner, and to the utmost satisfaction of the auditors. "Church Membership" was the subject of his lecture. The Catholic Church in retaining in its membership the worst of sinners was ably defended in its action by the speaker. The Church is mainly for them, he said, and secondly for good people. The fact of the matter is, the Protestant churches are made of these good people, while the Catholic Church takes in the bad as well as good, hoping to save the former through the influence of the latter. The Lord lived among sinners and died between two thieves. It is the sinners we should strive to reach. Church membership has everything to do with the salvation of souls. Organism in all good works is essential to public welfare. Christ is the cornerstone of religion. His works clearly indicate that He left behind Him a physical organism. St. Paul says "The Church is the pillar and the ground of truth," and that is the teaching of the Catholic Church. On Saturday night, Father Elliott's subject was "Three Gifts of God—Reason, the Bible and the Church," to which another large audience listened.

The relation and independence of reason, the Bible and the Church were fitly portrayed in metaphorical language. "God is the painter; man's heart the canvas; the Scriptures His colors, and the Church His brush." Or, reason is the best of unheaven stones in which man can exist, but the Bible is the plan for a nobler edifice, and the Church is the mighty builder which takes that plan and from the rough rocks raises a new and stately building that lifts itself to heaven.

Sunday evening one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the hall was present to hear the losing lecture on "Conscience." After prayer and the singing of a few hymns, the question box was first disposed of, and the speaker then delivered a scholarly address in which many beautiful thoughts were expressed. Incidentally he treated of the true spiritualism which permits communication with departed friends, not personally nor through self-appointed "mediums," but through love and prayer and penitence.

The manner in which Father Elliott handled all of his subjects was particularly pleasing to his non-Catholic auditors, who cannot speak too highly of him. During his brief stay here he

made many warm friends among non-Catholics.

A number of invitations from clergy and laity have been received by Father Elliott to visit their respective places. From here he went to Marshall, Mich., where he is interesting crowded houses every night. His lectures are doing much to ally the foolish fears existing in the minds of many, even intelligent, Protestants.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Liverpool Catholic Times, Aug. 13.

The Honorable Roger Gordon Molyneux, youngest son of the late Earl of Sefton, was received into the Catholic Church by Mgr. d'Abbadie d'Arrest at St. Jean de Luz on the 29th July. In his grave illness he has received an especial blessing from the Holy Father.

Mrs. Prole, the wife of the Vicar of Albrouch, was received into the Catholic Church on the Feast of the Assumption at St. Mary's Church, Hull, by the Rev. Fr. Hassan, S. J.

Miss Fisher, eldest daughter of the Rev. Canon Fisher, Vicar of St. Peter's Bourne-mouth, the principal Ritualistic church in the town, has been received into the Catholic Church by one of the Jesuit Fathers at Farm Street.

Boston Pilot.

The first of November next ought to be kept as a sacred festival by the A. P. A., for it is the centenary of the death of the greatest anti-Catholic agitator of his time, Lord George Gordon. His atrocious crusade was the occasion of hundreds of murders, a century ago, and he died in Newgate prison a convert to Judaism; but he was a great defender of Protestantism, all the same; and if he was half fool and half knave, all the more is he entitled to the respect and gratitude of the A. P. A., though they may claim kinship only with the latter part of his character.

"Right Honorable" (we do not know why "right," and we do not know why "honorable," for he certainly is the reverse of both) Joseph Chamberlain has come to America and "absolutely refuses to talk politics." In pursuance of that firm determination, he told the *New York Times* reporters, in which the *New York Times* showed in a clear, convincing light the great evils resultant from drink. On Friday night a still larger audience was present. The question box contained many interesting and many amusing questions, among the latter some so absolutely foolish as to merit only the contempt of all sensible people present. For instance, "Are not Catholics arming and drilling everywhere under the supervision of priestly directors?" was one of several equally foolish queries. Such questions were cast aside as beneath the notice of the rev. lecturer. All sensible questions were dealt with in a scholarly, concise manner, and to the utmost satisfaction of the auditors. "Church Membership" was the subject of his lecture. The Catholic Church in retaining in its membership the worst of sinners was ably defended in its action by the speaker. The Church is mainly for them, he said, and secondly for good people. The fact of the matter is, the Protestant churches are made of these good people, while the Catholic Church takes in the bad as well as good, hoping to save the former through the influence of the latter. The Lord lived among sinners and died between two thieves. It is the sinners we should strive to reach. Church membership has everything to do with the salvation of souls. Organism in all good works is essential to public welfare. Christ is the cornerstone of religion. His works clearly indicate that He left behind Him a physical organism. St. Paul says "The Church is the pillar and the ground of truth," and that is the teaching of the Catholic Church. On Saturday night, Father Elliott's subject was "Three Gifts of God—Reason, the Bible and the Church," to which another large audience listened.

Boston Republic.

The editor of the *New York Evangelist*, in his speech at the Parliament of Religions, paid this tribute to the Catholic Church and its institutions: "When I went across the ocean I thought a Roman Catholic was a terrible person. When I came to know the Roman Catholics, however, I found that I was a very poor specimen of Christianity beside the Sisters of Charity whom I saw, and the noble Brothers devoted to every good Christian and benevolent office." The small bigots who denounce and revile these pious daughters and sons of the Church should ponder over this frank and honest testimony from an honest man who has the courage to say what he means. Ave Maria.

The late Prof. Stelle, who was received into the Church on his death-bed at Mobile, Ala., was well known throughout the country, especially in the South, as a writer on agricultural subjects. He is said to have discovered the only satisfactory method of banishing the troublesome cotton-worm, and his success in introducing foreign fruits and vegetables into Southern farms was recognized by many scientific societies. Many of the members of Prof. Stelle's family had preceded him into the Church, and he himself was found on his death-bed to be thoroughly instructed in the faith. While it is gratifying to know that the grace of conversion was given him in his last moments, one can hardly help sharing the old professor's regret that he had "put off his duty to God until the end."

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual—1894.

We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25cts., in stamps or scrip. Address, Thomas Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ont.

Congratulating Cardinal Gibbons.

The following telegram of congratulation has been sent from Montreal by District Assembly 19, K. of L., to Cardinal Gibbons: To His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore: On this, the 25th anniversary of your episcopal consecration, the Knights of Labor of Montreal are happy to join with the Catholic population of the United States in wishing you long life, in order to permit you to continue the grand work of emancipation which you have begun in favor of the working classes.

The Limerick Belts.
 Was that a bell?
 I scarce can tell
 So soft it comes thro' gathering dark:
 Hark! hark!
 O'er the vale where the perfume rose is climb-
 ing
 Comes faintly the distant chiming, chiming,
 chiming:
 The silvery sound comes floating, flying,
 rising, falling, dying—dying—dying.
 Ah! long years ago, in a Southern land,
 I met a peasant man, who, as evening hand
 Had fashioned bells with curious art,
 That hung and played their curious part
 In an old cathedral tower.
 He dwelt in sound of their sonorous clang,
 They gladden his heart when'er they rang
 Whether they rang out at matin time,
 Or softly sounded the Vesper chime.
 At morn or at twilight hour,
 It mattered not; they were children still
 Of his fertile brain and active will.
 And ever a chord in his heart he found
 Thrilled to their shrill tones' lightest sound,
 And owned their wondrous power.
 Times changed—and the horrors of war and
 strife
 Invaded the peasant's peaceful life:
 The bells were torn from the old church tower;
 No more at matin would hear his cherished chiming.
 Now, years, years after, an old man grown,
 Worn and weary, and all alone,
 We see him next, a wanderer wide,
 Borne on the Shannon's rippling tide,
 A dweller in other climes.
 Now, hark! thro' the twilight's mellow haze,
 From your fair town, where his distant voice
 Is ringing, there comes a silvery note:
 The hostess rest on their oars, and float,
 As always at vesper time,
 And whisper a prayer; the old man's eye
 Brightens with joy as floating by,
 Comes the silvery sound of chiming,
 chiming,
 Rising, rising, dying, dying,
 Falling, falling, dying—dying,
 Then lower is the boat and round head,
 And the boatmen find the old man dead.
 Such is the tale the legend tells
 Of the bells.
LINKED LIVES.
 By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XVI.

"No shade has come between thee and the sun—
 Like some long childish dream thy life has run—
 But now, the stream has reached the dark,
 deep sea,
 And sorrow, dim and crowned, is waiting there."
 —Legend of the Lark.
 The winter season went by, carrying with it a great portion of the shadow which had fallen over Mabel's life. Hugh's love had gone a long way towards lightening to her the heavy cross she had to carry, and though Mabel's sorrow was deep and genuine, she was spared at least that feeling of utter desolation which Miss Mackenzie had so dreaded for her darling child.

The more she knew of Hugh the more Mabel learned to appreciate the great qualities of his singularly noble character, and with more intimate knowledge came the deeper love of ever-growing reverence and sympathy. There was no clashing in their tastes; Mabel had no difficulty in bringing her naturally strong will into harmony with Hugh's smallest wishes. From the first hour of their engagement she appeared, in fact, to have lost her will completely in his. There was but one drawback, one small obstacle to her entire and undivided surrender of herself to the object of her heart's worship. This obstacle was the difference of opinion existing between them upon matters that concerned the services of the Church. Mabel believed, however, that she would be able to train her mind to the adoption of Hugh's views; she set herself steadily to see with his eyes, to understand his explanations, and to reform her tastes so as to bring them into union with his.

She did her very best to imbibe the oft-repeated maxim of Anglicans (a maxim which, if illogical, is very convenient), that High Church and Low Church are but two shades of one color. She argued that, after all, there was between herself and Hugh no real difference of belief. Upon many points they could agree heartily, and for the rest, it would be her duty to yield to her husband. She could of course do so conscientiously. At least, so she would fain have persuaded herself. Delusive hope, alas! which could only exist while gilded, as it then was, with the golden light of first love!

Ah! those days of first love! Their sunshine comes only once in a lifetime. There is more of reality than romance in this idea. Second love has its own special charms, nay, it may in many cases be deeper, far more intense, perhaps better worth having. It may bring light after years of darkness, warmth after long, cold winters; it may be more true, therefore more sacred, and happier in its after consequences, but the golden enchantment of a first love never returns to lay its spell upon a second one—once only is its rapture lent to Eve's daughters. Perhaps it is one single drop, dispensed to them from Paradise.

Just because this enchantment was upon her, Mabel could not foresee the gathering of the tiny cloud, even then looming in the horizon. With Hugh it was a case not of first, but of second love; he loved her none the less for that, but long years of hard experience had dispelled all youth's illusions from his mind. Mabel's High Church principles often seriously perplexed him; he saw clearly that, while she tried her utmost to remould her opinions to his liking, those opinions were too deeply rooted in her nature to be eradicated.

Strictly, honestly conscientious as he was, too, Hugh doubted at times how far it behooved him to let Mabel sacrifice her ideas to him, seeing, as he saw, that her feelings merely, not her reason, were convinced.

He often wondered, and that with a nervous dread for which he could not account, how it would be if, at any

later time, Mabel were to be thrown into the society of Catholics. He himself was one of those who see little to choose between the extremes of Ritualism and Catholicism. He could never understand how any man who sincerely holds Ritualistic views should remain separated from the Catholic Church, and from the first day of his acquaintance with Mabel he had been vividly impressed with the notion that into the fold of that (as he considered it) idolatrous Church her convictions would easily lead her. When, by reason of their engagement, Mabel became his own property, this dread naturally occupied him a good deal more than formerly, making him jealously observant of the least symptom which might give him just cause for alarm.

For a while, however, even he was partially deceived, suffering himself to hope that Mabel's submission was genuine, for not for any consideration would Hugh have put a shackle on her conscience. Much as he desired that she should hold sound Church of England views, he would have scouted the idea of seeking to force them upon her. Spring-time came round again. May with her bright sunshine, and her many flowers. Nearly a year had elapsed since the departure of the late Vicar and his daughter Genevieve, and now there was talk of their return. Mabel's wedding was fixed for the 1st of June; she had set her heart upon Genevieve's coming to be her bridesmaid, and fondly hoped that Mr. Vaughan would perform the ceremony of the marriage. She had therefore written a most urgent letter, begging them to spend at least the three weeks previous to the wedding-day at Elvanlee.

Mabel was all the more anxious to see her friend, because, on Genevieve's side, there seemed to have been a strange falling away from the old friendship. She wrote so rarely, when she did so, so briefly, and her letters gave such vague accounts of herself, or her doings, that Mabel was puzzled, and longed to see her once again, believing, with fond credulity, that all would be as before between them. She had another reason, too, for desiring Genevieve's visit. It would be their only chance of meeting for a year, for Hugh found, before he settled down definitely as Vicar of Elvanlee, a temporary return to his mission in Tasmania would be indispensable. Urgent business with his Bishop had to be arranged there; the new church he had begun to build was concluded, and Hugh earnestly desired to be present at its consecration. The mission owed its existence entirely to him, and before giving it up into other hands, he considered it his duty to arrange matters in person with his successor.

Mabel would not hear of his going alone. Notwithstanding her strong aversion to a long sea voyage, she had, so soon as the question was raised declared that she intended to accompany him. Guy and Jessie feebly objected, but soon yielded to Mabel's steady determination; and Hugh was only too thankful to be spared what he had at first thought unavoidable—a long year of separation.

They were to be married, then, on the first day of June, and after a few days to themselves, would return to Elvanlee, to say good-bye before sailing from Southampton on the twelfth of the same month.

One bright May morning, Hugh had just come in from the daily morning service; his breakfast was as usual waiting for him upon the table; those solitary breakfasts—they were numbered now. He sat down, and was just beginning to glance over his letters, when he caught sight of Mabel crossing the lawn hurriedly. Hugh started—there was something wrong, he could see it in her manner even before she came into the room, and his heart misgave him as he opened the door and went out to meet her.

"My darling, what has brought you so early?" he asked, looking eagerly for the usual answering smile from the now downcast eyes.
 "She put her hand within his arm, drawing him along in silence to the breakfast-room before she replied, then she shaded her face with her hands, and said, without glancing at him,
 "I am going to London to-day, Hugh, with Jessie."
 "To London, darling!—why, what for?"

She scarcely noticed his alarmed tone, but pursued:
 "Eva's eyes are so bad. Jessie is not satisfied with old Dr. Bell's advice, and she wants to see a clever oculist about the child. Guy can't go on account of the sailing-match, so she wants me to go instead. I just came up to tell you."
 Hugh's countenance fell.
 "How long will you be away?" he inquired anxiously.
 "Oh, not more than two days, I hope. I wanted so much to be here for the sailing-match, but I am afraid we shall not manage it."
 "Well, darling," said Hugh, much relieved, "I am very sorry you must go even for two days; but that is not enough to put you in such low spirits. Has anything else gone wrong, my Mabel?"

The tears came into her eyes.
 "A great deal," she answered briefly. "There, Hugh, read that."
 Then Mabel, after laying a thick foreign letter down upon Hugh's plate, walked away to the glass door leading into the veranda; and while Hugh was reading the letter, she, leaning over the wooden balustrade, hid her face in her hands and pondered. Mabel had often shown Genevieve's letters to Hugh, so that he recognized the handwriting. The trouble had, then some connection with her. Hugh

shivered slightly. "Was this the first rumbling of the threatening storm?" he wondered, as he glanced at the heading.

"Vancouver, May 18th, 18—
 "MY BELOVED MABEL,
 "You will indeed wonder that you did not receive an earlier answer to your last kind, dear letter. It is not, Mabel, that I take no interest in the preparation for the great event in your life; you know that, don't you? But I have put off from day to day, hoping always that we—or, at least, I—would be able to come to England for the first of June. I am afraid now, however, darling Mabel, that we must give up all idea of my being with you. My dear father's health has been so very unsatisfactory of late, and at present he is suffering from a sort of intermission fever, which tries his already shattered strength dreadfully; under the circumstances, I really dare not leave him, even for a week, it would not be right, and I am sure you would not wish it if you could see him. He is quite unfit for a journey; so you see, darling Mabel, we must take our disappointment, and bear it as well as we can. I think mine will be the heavier of the two, for you now have some one else to love, and can be better off without your old friend Veva.
 "But it is all right, you know, you dear old darling, and I am saying it must be so to myself, though I am afraid I can't always bring myself to feel it. I have something to tell you, Mabel, which is hard to write about. I wish I could have told it to you sitting in our old favorite glen, with the water 'cooling' down the burn's bed, where, as you remember, you and I, darling, and talked about Mr. Fortescue's coming.
 "In your last letter you asked me how I could be so terribly hurt by the late part of my Church. Mabel, I am no longer deprived of such great blessings; my eyes have been cured, and I can see my dear Veva, who has been hidden from me. You know how intensely I loved everything belonging to the Anglican Church—you know with what delight, and how ready to see my dear Veva, and all the beautiful outward forms of her ritual, never dreaming but that they were the manifestations of an inner spirit equally beautiful. It would be my duty, Mabel, to tell you here—how first began my doubts respecting the reality of our position in this so-called Anglican branch of the Church Catholic, and how not sure I could trace, to its commencement, the threads of that silken cord which has drawn me ultimately into the repose of the One Holy, true, and Apostolic Church. The transition has been a very painful one—all the more so, Mabel, because my dear father utterly forbade me the consideration of any such doubts, and anxieties on the subject.
 "This necessity for concealment it was which rendered so terribly hurtful the late part of my stay at Elvanlee—indeed, I will confess to you now, that the putting on the semblance of an old life, gone, I knew, for ever, was distressing to me, and I found a real relief at last to get away from you all. What do you think of that, Mabel? You know how I loved you. Fancy, then, what an amount of suffering I must have gone through, made me, rather than endure it any longer, glad to leave you. You have often complained to me lately of my being so unkind, that the warrant of his rays has been so long in coming to you, and I cannot but be glad to see you, and I will not say much to you now, Mabel, about the so-called 'Church of our Baptism' as we believed in it. It is a dream, a vain, vain, delusive dream, which has been before the full daylight has dawned to dispel it, the awakening is terrible. God grant that I may be able to return to you, and see the truth, as I have been mercifully allowed to do. I love you too much to be able to bear that you cling to a delusion, which will so surely lead to your ruin."
 "How can I thank God enough that not only mine but my dear father's eyes have been opened? We are, in every sense of the word, better—what he is. You know how devoted he was to the Anglican Establishment, and how much he loved you. It makes my heart ache to think how much I am grieving you. I know what you will feel about my father, and how much you will regret that he was so much to you, and you have leaned upon him so entirely. Darling, for once I scarcely know how to console you, for you cannot see clearly as I do, and I cannot but be glad to hear. There is peace beyond all describing within the fold of the one holy (Catholic) Church.
 "This is not to be my letter for 'the day.' I will write again, so that you may receive it on 'the morning.' Meanwhile, and forever, my beloved Mabel,
 "I am your affectionate
 "VEVA."

Enclosed in this long epistle came a few lines from Mr. Vaughan.
 "MY CHILD—God bless and protect you, God lead and guide you into perfect truth! Some years ago you gave up your mission, and you are now, I give it back again now, not to you, or to another, but to God only! your God and mine! Veva's letter will have told you all I am satisfied, my child, content at last! Do not look back to the past, or think all was wasted. Patience, prayer, submission to God's holy will under all circumstances. Strive ever after this Mabel, and if we never meet again on earth, we shall meet in the heaven we have talked about so often.
 "Tray for me
 "Yours as ever
 "GERALD VAUGHAN."
 "Mabel," said Hugh's voice gently, as, having returned the letters to their envelope, he went out to rejoin her on the veranda. She raised her head slowly. What a world of perplexed sorrow answered him from the depths of those earnest, blue eyes!
 "Of Hugh, Hugh," she said, struggling to be calm. "I had loved, been less surprised if I had seen a staff fall from heaven to become a heap of rubbish at my feet. It is pain, dreadful pain! Oh! I cannot, dare not tell you all I feel, but it is just as if the ground were gone from beneath my feet. If it were only Veva! But Mr. Vaughan, Hugh, Mr. Vaughan, in whom I trusted as I would in God Himself!—what can it all mean?"
 "It means, Mabel, just what I have so repeatedly warned you of. These extreme Ritualistic notions can only, if honestly professed, lead to one end,

Our Church has no place for these dear friends of yours. They are truer far in the Roman Church. Genevieve is right when she tells you that your view, her old view, of the Church is a dream."

"Oh! Hugh, dear, dear, Hugh!" said Mabel, laying her hand on his arm with a convulsive pressure. "For God's sake do not say such a thing, or else persuade me into believing as you do. Am I a hypocrite too? Am I dreaming as Veva dreamt? If so, where shall I wake? Must I wake up some day to find that all I have loved and believed in from my cradle has been a delusion, nothing but a delusion?"

"What does Mr. Vaughan say, Mabel?" interposed Hugh for he saw that Mabel was far too much excited for argument just then, and if possible he would have avoided a discussion.
 "Patience and prayer, submission to God's will under all circumstances. That, at least, is sound advice. Try to follow it, dearest; it will lead you rightly, no fear!"
 Mabel was silent, but the expression in her eyes of dread and anxiety, which Hugh had never seen there before, filled his heart with a painful foreboding. She was evidently suffering from some fresh train of thought, which she felt she could not understand, and therefore withheld from him. In expressly pained, he stood by with folded arms, and when Mabel looked at him again his eyes had sought the long line of ocean which glittered in the distance, while upon his countenance sat the weary, sad expression she had so often read there in days gone by. She drew closer to him, remorseful that even for a moment her new sorrow should have made her forget him.
 "Hugh, darling," she said, beseechingly, "don't look so sad—I can't bear it."
 "I am sad for you, Mabel—not for myself."
 "I came to tell you all about it, Hugh." Then she leaned her head upon his arm, and looked up trustfully to him as she continued: "But I am almost afraid to repeat all that has been in my mind since that dreadful letter came."
 "Tell me, darling—it is better told out."
 "Well, Hugh, of course I know Mr. Vaughan is wrong—isn't he now? Of course he must be wrong," she added, with feverish impatience, for Hugh neither assented nor dissented.
 "I am not thinking for one moment that he could be right; but the thought did come while I was reading Veva's letter. I tried to get rid of it, I scolded myself for having it, but it was there after all."
 Mabel paused. Her face was hidden, but Hugh could feel that she was trembling.
 "What thought, darling?" he asked tenderly. "Tell it to me, this terrible thought."
 "Suppose Mr. Vaughan were right, after all? Mind, I do not believe it, but just suppose the bare possibility."
 "Or, to put your thought into fairer words, suppose Mabel were not able to make herself believe differently from her friends Mr. Vaughan and Veva?"
 Mabel tightened her grasp of Hugh's hand, which she had taken, but was silent. He sighed heavily, and stood some moments thinking, as though he too were seeking to measure that terrible possibility. After awhile she resumed:
 "I cannot think why Veva's letter should have had such an effect upon me—it has made me feel wicked, for I think now that the only way to be happy again about it all would be to make herself believe differently from her friends Mr. Vaughan and Veva."
 "But, Mabel, this all goes to prove that there is in your faith more of fancy than reality. After all, what difference need it make to you—I mean, of course, with regard to your faith—if two dear friends have left our Church for another? I quite sympathize in your disappointment and your grief, but surely, Mabel, the foundation of your faith does not rest either on Genevieve, or even Mr. Vaughan."
 "I am left to stand alone though, Hugh—no one—at least, no one I know now, believes as they did, as I do," she said faintly.
 "Well, Mabel, in that case you are one, instead of three—but you know that High Church views are widely spread in the Church of England. Besides," he persisted, returning again to the point upon which he most wished to know Mabel's idea, "I suppose, darling, you have a surer foundation than the opinions of individual members of the Church to rest upon?"
 "What is my foundation, I wonder," she answered, musingly.
 "Really, Hugh, I scarcely know now, it is all confused; because if I were brought to believe that the Church only dates from the time of Luther, or the Reformation in England—well, I would rather be a Dissenter than belong to her."
 "Why a Dissenter, Mabel? I do not think that line would be at all according to your taste."
 "No, no, of course not," she answered; and again the look of dread came back to her eyes. "I only said that because I hate to think of the other—I mean where Veva has gone. But I do not think I could ever cease to believe in some things—things for which I have always had a natural reverence. No one taught me to reverence them, but the love for them has grown up with me. For instance—"
 "Well, for instance, Mabel?"
 "About the saints, Hugh, intercessory prayer, the communion of saints, the sign of the cross, pictures, crosses,

relics, the sacraments, as we look upon them—I mean as Mr. Vaughan once did. In all these I have always believed, but most of all—"

"Oh! Mabel, Mabel," interrupted Hugh, sadly, "can you honestly believe all this in the Anglican Church?"
 "I am puzzled, Hugh—so puzzled!" said Mabel, with a weary sigh.
 "Faith in Catholic doctrines was born in me. I can't help believing them with all my heart. I thought I had the authority of the Church for my faith in them, but now I am all in a maze about the existence of any such authority at all."
 "The mistake, Mabel, is—not in the reality of Church authority, but that you, dear child, will persist in seeking it in individuals, but in the Church."
 "The Church!" she answered, with just a touch of sarcasm perceptible in her tone. "Do you mean the High Church or the Low Church, Hugh?"
 "Mabel, the Anglican Church has given us Thirty-nine Articles to be our guide."
 "The Thirty-nine Articles!—bah! I detest them! Horrid, cold—"
 "Mabel! Mabel!" broke in Hugh, in a voice of grave remonstrance.
 "Is this not open rebellion against Church authority?"
 "No, no, Hugh," she answered, with increasing vehemence. "Don't tell me I must confine my belief to those Articles—please do not say that. You dare not tell me that the Holy Catholic Church gave them to us as our rule of faith. What would religion be stripped of everything that makes it beautiful? Who drew up those Articles? Surely they were not given to us by the Councils of Ephesus or Nicea, or any succeeding Council. They began with Cranmer—oh, how I hate Cranmer, and Luther, and the whole crew of them!"

Mabel was growing excited, and Hugh determined to put a stop to the discussion, which was becoming exceedingly painful; so he only answered this outbreak by parrying her arguments.
 "I ask you to believe nothing, Mabel; only tell you that your favorite devotions are not according to the spirit or teaching of the English Church. But I do not ask, nor do I wish, you to give them up. Our Church, in her wisdom, leaves much to private and individual devotion, and she may suffer a good deal which she would, however, not allow to become rules of faith. Therefore, I say, think as you like—only, if you follow my advice, you will strive to make your religion less fanciful. Now, do not let us talk more of this at present. Do you know I have had no breakfast yet? Come in and sit down with me while I take it. I will walk back with you afterwards—or part of the way, at least, as I must go to the school."
 "I know you must be right, Hugh," said Mabel sadly, when, after a few moments' silence, during which both had re-entered the breakfast-room, she looked with eyes full of tears up into his face. "Of course you must be right, and I must make it my duty to believe you now. But how glad I am we shall not be here this Summer! This place will never be the same again!"
 "Well, but about the journey to London," persisted Hugh, making an effort to draw Mabel's thoughts into a new channel; "tell me some more about it. When do you go?"
 "To-day, at twelve. I hope we may get back for the sailing-race. Shall you be there, Hugh?"
 "Certainly, if I can possibly manage it; but I am afraid the Inspector's coming may prevent me after all. He has written to-day announcing himself for Thursday or Friday."
 "What a bore if he should come on Friday! That is the very day of the race! Can't you put him off, Hugh?"
 "I fear not. Inspectors are not the sort of gentlemen you can turn round your fingers; and if he comes, of course my place will be in the school."
 "I shall be dreadfully disappointed if I miss it," said Mabel. "Jessie rather wants to be away—she is so nervous; but that is all nonsense. Guy is perfectly safe anywhere on the water."
 The sailing-match in question was an event of yearly occurrence at Elvanlee. Guy possessed a beautiful little sailing cutter of his own, in which he took great pride. His favorite amusement was yachting, and except when he went to London he generally spent the summer months cruising about the Channel. His yachting season usually began early in June, and was, towards the end of May, preceded by a sailing match, which took place betwixt the *Fairy* and two or three rival yachts belonging to other gentlemen.

Among his heap of letters Hugh discovered one requiring an immediate answer, so Mabel wandered out on to the lawn, seating herself to wait for him on a bench under Genevieve's favorite laburnum-tree, where they had so often passed together happy hours in days now, alas! gone by forever. Leaning her head against the trunk of the old tree, Mabel looked far away up through the leafy canopy to where the intense blue of May's sky smiled upon her. Then, closing her eyes, she listened to the many sounds that thrilled the soft, spring air. Merely hummed the insects sipping honey from Genevieve's own bright flowers. Gladly the song-birds carolled forth their wonted hymns of praise. The bees murmured their ever-busy story from Genevieve's beehive close by. The brook, gurgling over its pebbled bed, spoke with its humdrum, soothing voice. Warmth, sunshine, birds and flowers, the humming insects, and the murmuring waters, all, were just as

they had ever been, recalling, as sights and sounds of nature only can do, the scenes, the emotions of the past. Peace breathed with every breath of May's sweet air; but peace was troubled in the young heart of her who sat waiting on the ivy-covered seat, trying in vain to bring her own soul once more into glad union with happy nature around her.

What strangely unaccountable depression had overtaken her, that she could no longer, as formerly, enjoy the beauty she loved so well? What heavy dread was it that pressed her down to the very earth, making for once the silent solitude, in which she usually delighted, almost intolerable? What could it have been, save that, through all the brightness surrounding her, Mabel had caught a glimpse of a pale, shadowy figure, waiting for her in the shrouded future?

It had been but a glimpse, a very transient one, nevertheless it was sufficient to account for Mabel's depression. Sorrow is never welcome, especially when she appears veiled to our eyes. We may grapple with her, nay, we may take her by the hand, and almost come to look upon her as a friend at last. But then it is because she has become a reality, she is no longer shrouded in uncertainty. It is uncertainty that is, especially to warm, excitable natures, so unbearably difficult to accept as the chosen will of God. And yet what perfect peace might be our portion, could we but lie down upon the bosom of the deep, dark sea, and know, with the intimate knowledge of true faith, that the billows closing over us are but the billows of God's love.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DEFINITION OF IDOLATRY.

A New Protestant View of Images that Commends Itself.
 Rev. A. R. Gibson, a Protestant minister at Carnoustie, Scotland, thus expressed himself lately on the subject of images:
 "With all respect to Mr. Primmer, idolatry means not merely bowing to images, but serving them and letting them stand between us and God. An image may be as a lens to a person examining the iridescence of the petals of a flower. The lens reveals its dazzling splendor as the naked eye cannot do. In like manner an image, a Christ of Tintoretto, may bring the Redeemer more vividly before the mind than words. To the idolater proper the image becomes the substitute of God. To him who uses it as a symbol of a larger divine truth it is a window opening into the infinite, a sermon in marble or stone. In fact all men are in one sense worshippers of images, for none of us can see God as He is, but only as our limited ideas represent Him. Even the Father of the New Testament is but an inadequate symbol of Him, inasmuch as it does not represent the whole, but only the paternal attribute of Him. We are only idolaters when we take the sign for the whole reality, or when our image worship ceases to represent our religious convictions; when, in fact, we have outgrown it, but not while it is the measure of our belief. Imagery is a necessity of worship, and if we are allowed to use verbal images we should be allowed to use images in paint or stone. Rightly used all are aids, not obstacles to worship. I believe with Ruskin that the half of the poor and untaught Christians who worship crucifixes are more acceptable to God than many Protestants who idolize nothing but their own opinions and interests. A man in a naked Scotch barn may be a spiritual idolater, while a peasant prostrate before a wayside shrine may be a pure worshipper."
 The clearness and taste with which the subject is treated and the epigrammatic pith of the closing sentence need not be emphasized.

HE DOUBLED THE COLLECTIONS.

A Shrewd Scotchman Cornered the Small Coin Market.
 In a small town in the Midlands there is a rich congregation which is not characterized by lavish liberality. Time after time the minister had vainly appealed to his people to contribute more generously to the funds of the church. The members would, indeed, give something, but it was nearly always the smallest silver coin of the realm that was passed on the plate.
 A shrewd Scotchman, who had recently come to the place and joined the Church was not long in noticing this state of affairs and a remedy soon suggested itself to his practical mind.
 "I'll tell you what," he said to one of the officials. "If you make me treasurer I'll engage to double the collections in three months."
 His offer was promptly accepted, says *Tid-Bits*, and sure enough the collections began to increase, until by the time he had stated they were nearly twice as much as formerly.
 "How have you managed it, Mr. Sandymay?" said the pastor to him one day.
 "It's a great secret," returned the canny Scot, "but I'll tell you in confidence. The folk I saw mainly gave three penny bits. Well, when I got the money every Sabbath evening, I carefully picked out the small coins and put them by. Now, as there's only a limited number of threepenny pieces in a little place like this, and as I have most of them at present under lock and key, the folks man give sixpences at least instead. See, that's the way the collections are doubled."
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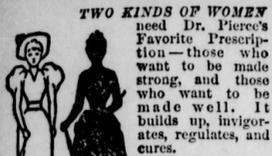
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THE RITUAL OF THE P. P. A. We have published in pamphlet form the entire Ritual of the conspiracy known as the P. P. A. The book was obtained from one of the organizers of the association, and is being widely distributed, as it will be the means of preventing many of our well-meaning Protestants from falling into the trap set for them by designing knaves.

A SIMPLE WAY TO HELP POOR CATHOLIC MISIONS. Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammondon, New Jersey, U. S. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammondon Missions.

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THE ISOLATION OF THE CLERGY IN FRANCE.

Last week we dwelt upon the importance of thorough co-operation between the clergy and the laity in these islands, pointing out how necessary it is that priests should go amongst the people, take an interest in the movements in which they are engaged, encourage them in their efforts to improve their own condition and the position of the Church, and in fact, show that they consider nothing foreign to them that affects the welfare of mankind. An article on the present tendencies of the French clergy, which appears in the Science Sociale, appropriately gives emphasis to the arguments we used. The author of the article is a distinguished Dominican, Father Schwalm, and the reverend gentleman in forcible language insists on the falsity and danger of the doctrine which would restrict the priest to the hermit amidst a population of which he should be the apostle and inspirer. The acquiescence of the French clergy in this view of their duty has, in the opinion of Father Schwalm, had most pernicious results. But they are, he says, beginning to understand that a parish priest has something else to do besides administering the consolations of religion to the dying, confessing pious persons, and hearing confessions. A new tendency is making itself manifest, especially amongst the young priests. They feel that round about them, just as around our own clergymen in Great Britain, there are vast masses to be converted and saved, that they must go amongst them in a manly spirit, live their lives, enter into their aspirations and requirements, and thus win them from indifference.

THE CATHOLIC NUN.

A certain class of thoughtless Protestants, with feelings of religious passion and blind fanaticism in their hearts, listen with approval to tirades and libels uttered by renegades against Catholic nuns. The more outrageous and shameless are the charges and slanders uttered by these creatures the more popular and profitable are their discourses. To the men and women who applaud and pay for such abusive epithets the convents are nurseries of vice, crime and wickedness. It never occurs to them that if the inmates desired to live impure or corrupt lives they would not seek the opportunity inside of thick walls, away from the world; nor would they subject themselves to discipline of the severest kind and to privations and hardships. Some of them beg from door to door for food to keep some poor people from starving; others face the terrors of disease in infected cities; while others still hover between contending armies on the field of battle that they may minister to the wounded and give the consolations of religion to dying soldiers.

Thousands of cases have come to light showing the self-sacrifice, the purity, the sanctity and the devotion of their lives. We quote this tribute paid by an eminent physician to a heroic nun in Algeria who died in the service of humanity: "I saw her for the first time in 1867, when the cholera was raging. I noticed her sweetness and calm courage. I saw her tending the victims of the terrible typhus epidemic of 1863, and the feelings of esteem I had previously entertained for her ripened into those of a respectful and life-long friendship. The administration knew her to be strong among the strong and brave among the brave. She passed with a smiling face through the most terrible scenes, and always with words of strength and comfort on her lips for the weak and the despairing. No wonder that such a woman received the cross of the Legion of Honor. This honor was conferred upon her by the republic in 1895. She had expressed a wish to die like a soldier at her post. This was not to be. She fell a victim to a cruel malady."

It is against such saintly women as these that the slanderous attacks of a lot of cranks and freaks are directed. But they hurt not. The armor of Christian piety protects them. — Boston Republic. When a doctor considers a necessity to prescribe sarsaparilla, he simply orders a bottle of Ayer's, knowing full well that he will obtain thereby a surer and purer preparation than any other which the drug-store can furnish. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the superior medicine.

Hay fever takes a prominent place among the maladies that go to make life uncomfortable during this month. Through the use of Nasal Bain the sufferer will experience immediate relief and rapid cure. No other remedy equals it for the treatment of hay fever and catarrh. Sold by all dealers or sent on receipt of price (\$5 and \$1 a bottle). G. T. Fairfield & Co., Brockville, Ont.

Important to Workmen. Artizans, mechanics and laboring men are liable to sudden accidents and injuries, as well as painful cramps, stiff joints and lameness. To all thus troubled we would recommend Hagar's Yellow Oil, the handy and reliable pain cure, for outward and internal use.

Inflammatory Rheumatism. — Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for Inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

THE PRIEST'S REVENGE.

One day, in the year 1793, the inhabitants of Fergree, France, and the surrounding hamlets were assembled together to celebrate one of the solemn feasts of the Church. The Abbe Aurain was at the altar; the holy words of consecration had been pronounced; the God of heaven was now present in that rustic temple. The pious crowd was engaged in silent adoration, when suddenly the dreaded sound of the alarm bell resounded through the building. Instantly all the men in the church spring to their feet; the women huddled tremblingly together; the priest alone showed no emotion. "My friends," he said, "the sacrifice is begun, and it must be finished. God is with us; let us pray. Pray, my brethren."

A YOUNG LADY'S ESCAPE.

From the Simcoe Reformer. Miss Lizzie Bentley is the daughter of Mr. Ira Bentley, of Waterford, a farmer well known in the district. It is well known that Miss Bentley was long and seriously ill, and it was recently reported that she had fully recovered her health and strength. Her case has excited considerable interest in Waterford, and coming to the ears of the Rev. Mr. Williams, we felt more than a passing interest in the matter for the reason that for a period of nearly three years, there have been from time to time published in our columns particulars of all cases of various serious cases of illness that have been effected through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The recovery of these cures have been located in widely scattered portions of the globe, for some of these stories have been from the United States and some from England, but no great distance from the shores of our own country.

It is of course the common idea that the age of miracles has long passed, and thousands of people who would not relish a classification among doubting Thomases, and who are quite ready to believe any long story, so that it does not trespass upon their preconceived notions and what old Dr. Williams tells them of the limits and capabilities of the medical profession, as laid down by the schools, hear with a shrug, and do not believe a word of incredulity, of cases the evidence of which is so plain, so palpable, and so incontrovertible in the land would question it. Take one of the best known and striking instances of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, we refer to the case of Mr. John Marshall. Could any evidence be clearer or more convincing even to a sceptic than the fact that a man who had been so large a city as Hamilton, and who had been the Royal Templar of the Temperance Society of the city, and who had been so long a member of that institution to its members a life-time, should be so completely cured of his disease, and that the result of these investigations should be published by the Rev. Mr. Williams in his book, and that the Rev. Mr. Williams' Pink Pills was fully endorsed, and the Hamilton "Miracle" unreservedly endorsed by this great Canadian newspaper.

In a way it reminds us of the story of the great lawyer who attended a prayer meeting. The man of religion wore of the most heterogeneous character. He went to the meeting and came away with all his preconceived ideas changed. He said: "I had thought men were as good as the Bank of England get into their feet and tell what religion had done for them, not theoretically, but in their own personal experience of it. Were these men in a witness box I would not have the slightest inclination to doubt their words as a conscientious man I was unable to doubt them anywhere else. I had doubted, now I believe."

The man of woman who will give an hour's attention to the evidence that the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, at all concerns that the Pink Pills contain wonderful properties for the amelioration of human ailments. All these reflections are introductory to the case that has come under our notice. Mr. Ira Bentley, who lives in this district, and who has carried on business as a pump and mill manufacturer for years. He formerly resided in the village of Waterford, Ontario, and he was at one time a member of the Rev. Mr. Williams' Pink Pills. He was at one time a member of the Rev. Mr. Williams' Pink Pills. He was at one time a member of the Rev. Mr. Williams' Pink Pills.

In a few moments the soldier opened his eyes, and recognizing the priest of Fergree, he gasped in faint accent, "What! is it you who have saved me — you whom I was pursuing, and whose life I had sworn to take?" "It is so," said the priest calmly; "and now I am your prisoner: I have now no power to escape. Do you still wish to kill me?" "I would rather die first," replied the soldier. "I will not touch a hair of your head. But how we have been deceived! We have always been told that the priests were our most determined enemies; that they thirsted for blood, and breathed nothing but revenge."

"My good man," said the abbe, "you now see whether we thirst only for revenge. Every priest, nay, every Christian, is bound to forgive his enemies, and to requite evil with good. In being able to save your life, I have been more than usually fortunate, that is all; and I thank God for it. Do you thank Him also; and cease to persecute those who believe in God, and serve Him."

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HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills. Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscous phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickel's Anti-Consumption Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

The Power of Nature. For every ill nature has a cure. In the healing virtues of Norway Pine lies the cure for coughs, colds, croup, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup represents the virtues of Norway Pine and other pectoral remedies. Price 25c.

Corn cure intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what an amount of pain is saved.

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Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, and the Bishops of London, Hamilton and Peterboro, and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

London, Saturday, October 28, 1893.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

Among the papers read at the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair, one by Sir William Dawson of Montreal, entitled "Science and Religion," is well worthy of attention.

Sir William was invited to prepare a summary of his mature convictions on the relations of natural science to religion, a field in which infidels and agnostics revel. He was prevented by infirmity from being present in person; but he contributed the paper asked of him, and it was presented before the assemblage.

Infidels and Agnostics are accustomed to boast that they have demonstrated that on certain points where Revelation or the Holy Scripture touches upon natural science, the two are found to be in irreconcilable contradiction.

It has been frequently proved that this is an error. Revelation was not designed by God to teach man science, but to lead him to save his soul, nevertheless there are certain passages of Scripture which touch upon scientific subjects more or less directly.

These researches have not enabled man to penetrate very far below the surface, in comparison with the size of this globe which has a diameter of nearly 8,000 miles. Nevertheless the operation of the laws of nature has produced in the course of time, during millions of years, undoubtedly, so many convulsions and changes that the interior of the earth has been from time to time greatly disturbed, and even portions of it at a depth of miles have been forced to the surface.

By examining carefully the various rocks which have been thus brought within the possibility of research a pretty accurate knowledge has been obtained of the general character of the earth to a depth of at least eight or nine miles; for it must be remembered that the numerous cuttings which have been made in the building of canals and railways, and in mining and quarrying have greatly increased the opportunities of search in this direction.

It is, of course, possible that the earth came from the Omnipotent hand of God in the condition in which it has been found to be, and therefore there can be no contradiction between the lesson taught by Geology and the account of Creation given in Genesis. But the analogies of nature make it extremely improbable that this is what has occurred.

The power given by the telescope and the spectro-scope to penetrate into the mysteries of nature has thrown great light upon what has been going on through the vast universe, and has shown that the earth is but a speck among the myriads of worlds which are found in the vast regions of space, many of them being thousands of times larger than this comparatively small orb of ours.

The process of the formation of new worlds is seen to be gradual, and it must have taken millions of years to bring a globe like this from an atomic to a solid state, and even in its solid state millions of years must have elapsed while it passed through the various stages of existence of which geologists have discovered the evidence.

But, properly understood, the first chapter of Genesis gives plenty of time for all these changes to have happened before Almighty God began to prepare the earth for man's life upon it, so that there is in all this no contradiction between science and Revelation.

It will be noticed that we are told in Genesis that "In the beginning God created heaven and earth. And the earth was void and empty, and dark-

ness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved over the waters." After this began the remote preparation of the earth for the purpose of being fitted as a place of habitation for man. Even then six days were required for this preparation, and it is a question very debatable whether these six days were ordinary days, or periods the length of which is absolutely unknown to us.

But one thing is evident, that before these six days began there was an interval between the original creation and the first day spoken of by the inspired writer.

During this interval may have occurred all the lengthened periods the evidences of whose existence have been discovered by geology.

All the efforts of Professor Tyndall, and the horde of infidel Sciolists who have endeavored to show a conflict between the scientific and the Mosaic records, have been unavailing. But there is one salient fact of which the secret is revealed in the Scriptural account, whereof physical science affords us no solution: it is that matter was created by God. "In the beginning God created heaven and earth."

Elsewhere we have it, "Praise Him ye heavens of heavens: and let all the waters that are above the heavens praise the name of the Lord. For He spoke, and they were made: He commanded and they were created. He hath established them for ever, and for ages of ages: He hath made a decree, and it shall not pass away." (Ps. cxlviii.)

Sir William Dawson does not enter at length upon the question of the apparent, or rather the pretended, conflict between Science and Revelation; but he points out that science leads us to the belief that "there must be a first cause for the phenomena of the universe."

We cannot reasonably suppose that the dead matter, still less that the sentient and rational beings which swarm everywhere where the ken of man has penetrated, are causeless. It is equally irrational to say that they are self-made or eternal.

Science itself, therefore, intimates to us that there is a Great First Cause by whom they were designed, and the unity of design proves the unity of that cause, who must also be powerful and wise beyond human conception.

An effect cannot exceed its cause in perfection: and so, the Great First Cause of the universe and its phenomena must be above matter, immaterial, and spiritual, like the soul of man, but infinitely surpassing the latter in the qualities which make the human soul superior to matter.

As Sir William says: "Since the whole universe must in some sense be an illustration and development of its first cause, it must all reflect light on this primitive power, which must thus be known to us at least in the same manner in which such agencies as gravitation and the etherial medium occupying space are known."

This science refutes the agnostic fancy, which is but a fantastic theory, that the Great First Cause is unknown and unknowable. We may know something of Him by His works, and we may know much more of Him if He vouchsafes to reveal Himself to us, which He is certainly able to do since His power and wisdom are infinite.

This is not precisely pointed out by Sir William Dawson, but it is an undeniable inference from the facts which he lays before us.

It is therefore clear that a revelation from God is possible and reasonable. Now when it is considered that our own capacity to know something of our future destiny is extremely limited, may we not very reasonably also expect that the Great First Cause should give us some light, where scientific research has left us in total darkness? The only answer we can give to this question is an affirmative one; and therefore we have deduced from science itself the reasonableness of the Christian Revelation.

The qualities of the Great First Cause, as science reveals them, are just those qualities which are required to lead us to believe in a personal creator such as Christianity declares God to be; and thus instead of the conflict which Infidels say exists between religion and reason, we find an admirable concord: reason leading us to precisely those conclusions which theology teaches us as having been received through Revelation.

Concerning the existence of a future life for man science is, perhaps, not quite so clear; but it is the favorite theory of scientists that matter is imperishable; and as far as human power is concerned this is certainly the case. Matter is, and must be, imperishable, unless He who created it wish to

destroy it, or to withdraw His ever-sustaining hand. It is God's perpetual Providence which preserves the universe. If then, science claims that matter is imperishable, what reason has any one to assert that the more perfect being, spirit, will perish with the dissolution of the body, which means only that the parts of which the body is composed assume other forms and enter into other combinations?

No reason can be assigned, therefore, for a belief in the annihilation of the soul, and we are thus led by science itself to believe in the soul's immortality.

Sir William Dawson gives us another consideration which leads to this same conclusion, namely, that "All animals are actuated by instincts adapted to their needs and place in nature, and we have a right to consider such instincts as in accordance with the will of their Creator."

Now it is certainly a universal human instinct that man will enter upon another life after he shall have ceased living on earth. Sir William concluded, therefore, that "This instinct of immortality should be recognized by science as constituting one of the inherent and essential characters of humanity."

There is, therefore, on this point also a great accord between science and religion. We welcome the good and elevating thoughts which this able scientist has contributed to the Parliament of Religions, and we feel confident that they will do their share towards helping to Christianize the world. They are, indeed, an embodiment of Catholic philosophy. We would be pleased if we could say of the other emanations which were placed before that Parliament by Protestant divines that they would have effects as beneficial as Sir William Dawson's paper, but we fear that their contrarieties will have a very different effect on the learned Paganism who were present.

Their chief object seemed to be to prove that Christianity is just a little more reasonable than Mahometanism and Buddhism, all religions being very much of a sameness.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE. Among the curiosities to be seen in the Catholic historical collection at the World's Fair are two Bibles in German printed in the year 1470. This fact alone is sufficient to show that the oft-repeated assertion made by Protestant polemical writers that the Catholic Church is opposed to the circulation of the Bible in the vernacular is without foundation.

The Bible was, indeed, the first book printed when the art of printing was discovered, and before Luther was born there were several editions of the Bible printed. They were numerous and easily accessible long before Luther declared himself a rebel against the authority of the Church.

The story, which has been so frequently and feelingly repeated as to Luther's accidentally finding some pages of the gospel and of St. Paul's Epistles, the beauty of which and the sublimity of whose doctrine struck him for the first time and led him to the adoption of the so-called Protestant rule of Faith, "the whole Bible and the Bible only," is, of course, a fiction pure and simple.

In every ecclesiastical seminary the study of the Bible has always been part of the seminarist's education, and all sermons are founded on the teaching of the Bible. Now as Luther received this ecclesiastical training, and was a preacher of considerable ability, he must have been familiar with the Bible, and it was no new thing for him to read the gospel or the writings of St. Paul.

The Catholic Church has always regarded the Bible as the most excellent of all books because it is truly the Word of God. But she does not ignore the fact mentioned by St. Peter (2 Peter iii., 16.) that there are in the Scriptures "many things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction."

They should therefore be read even by the learned with due humility, and with reverence for the interpretation given to them by the Catholic Church, which is "the pillar and the ground of truth."

It is certain that the majority of Christians are not able of themselves to draw from the Holy Scriptures a complete and satisfactory knowledge of the truths of religion; and this is true of the learned as well as of the unlearned. The unlearned are apt to err through want of knowledge, and the learned through pride and self-sufficiency.

Hence both classes of readers are equally in need of assistance from the living voice of the Church of God to enable them to understand the sacred

volume. There is, therefore, this great difference in the manner in which Protestants and Catholics regard the reading of the Bible by the generality of Christians. As Protestants reject the infallible authority of the Church, they maintain of necessity that each individual is bound to read the Bible in order to find therein the doctrines he must believe.

This leads to indiscriminate reading of the Bible, and it is notorious that from such reading many of the most grotesque and dangerous errors have arisen. The crimes of patriarchs, for example, have been supposed to be virtues from the fact that they are recorded on the pages of the Bible.

The lawfulness of polygamy and divorce has been maintained, on the plea that they were tolerated in some cases in ancient times, though they are expressly forbidden in the New Testament; and other evils have arisen from the wrong understanding of isolated passages.

The Catholic, on the other hand, is guided through these difficulties by the teaching of the Church. He is instructed by her infallible voice in the doctrines which he must believe, and it is unnecessary for him to wade through pages of history, legal observances and ceremonial, in order to discover them.

He reads the Bible to strengthen his faith and to animate his virtues by means of the good examples and counsels which he finds therein; and for this purpose he prefers to read those parts which will best produce the desired results.

The purpose for which the Bible should be read is well explained by the letter of Pope Pius VI. to Archbishop Anthony Martini of Florence, commending him for having published his Italian version of the Bible. The Holy Father says:

"At a time when a vast number of bad books which most grossly attack the Catholic religion are circulated among the unlearned, to the great destruction of souls, you judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be exhorted to the reading of the Holy Scriptures. For these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to everyone to draw from their purity of morals and doctrine, to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times.

This you have seasonably effected, as you declare, by publishing the sacred writings in the language of your country, suitable to every one's capacity: especially when you show and set forth that you have added explanatory notes, which, being extracted from the Holy Fathers, preclude every possible danger of abuse."

It may be seen from this that the reading of the Holy Scriptures is highly commended to Catholics, provided always that they are read with the spirit of faith, and with those safeguards which prudence points to as being necessary to protect the reader against the dangers of insinuating error.

Of course, before the invention of printing, when books had to be written out by hand with much labor and at great expense, it was an unusual thing or any one to be possessed of a Bible unless he were rich enough to pay well for the expense of transcription, and it was only when printing had made considerable advance as an art that the Bible, or any other book, could become so cheap and accessible as to be in common use.

This fact is a proof that it was not the intention of Almighty God in inspiring the sacred writers to make the book the sole rule of Christian faith, as Protestants have done. Both before and after the invention of printing, the Church of Christ was the supreme judge in all matters of doctrine and morals, and this is the case still.

However, from the beginning the Church was anxious that the Bible should be within the reach of all who would read it with profit, and she legislated to this effect. There were published editions of the Bible in several languages long before Protestantism was established, and the two German copies at the World's Fair are simply samples of what had already been done before the end of the fifteenth century.

DIocese of Hamilton. (OFFICIAL.) At Cayuga on Monday morning, Oct. 30, the month's mind for the Very Rev. Dr. Bardou, will take place in the parish church at 10:30. The priests of the diocese who can conveniently do so, are invited to attend.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration on Wednesday, Oct. 18. Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by His Eminence, and Archbishop Corrigan delivered the sermon.

The new diocese of Idaho, which the Holy See has just elevated from the rank of a Vicariate-Apostolic to that of a Bishopric originally formed part of the Louisiana territory.

NOTES ON LACORDAIRE.

Some years ago we had the pleasure of hearing the celebrated Dominican, Pere Monsabre, in Notre Dame of Paris. We remember the scene very well—the sea of upturned faces and the white-robed monk announcing to them in irresistible language the great truths of Christian doctrine.

Among the audience we beheld men noted in the boulevards as the maturer products of the school that believes only what it understands, members of the Academy, and poor old men and women who appreciated little the finished periods of the orator, but were honored personages of the faith on which the oration was grounded.

Pere Monsabre has worked hard and successfully and he bears gracefully the mantle of Father Lacordaire. Not that he is the equal of that celebrated preacher; for no one since the days of Bourdaloue has swayed a French audience like the silver-tongued Lacordaire. Great talent is his, but he lacks the warmth, the impetuosity of his predecessor.

One is like unto a river that winds down through pleasant fields to the sea, and the other is as the rushing torrents that over rock and obstructions bounds into the ocean. Even at an early age he gave signs of great ability, and one of his friends, speaking of a debating club of which he was a member, says that he "can never forget that voice, clear and vibrating, full of emotion, intoxicated with its own richness, attentive to its own echoes alone, abandoning itself without reserve or constraint to the quenchless fullness of its poetic inspiration."

Thrown amidst gay companions, the bright flame of faith became dim; but the noble soul could not long subsist on the husks of infidelity. His warm, sympathetic heart clamored for something to love, and bitter experience taught him how powerless are unstable and transient things to minister to human happiness.

Nearer and nearer he approached the faith of his fathers, and at length we see him renouncing the success of the bar that was presaged by experienced judges and lending himself to the work of equipping himself for the ministry of preaching. It was a comparatively easy task for the brilliant genius of Lacordaire. His sermons were at first delivered before the pupils of the college of St. Stanislaus; but God had His designs upon him and placed him in the pulpit of Notre Dame, to be a new prophet, to spread broadcast the truth that enlightens every man that cometh into the world.

He thus tells us of his first appearance as the preacher of Notre Dame: "The day having come Notre Dame was filled with a multitude such as had never before been seen within its walls. The liberal and absolutist youth of Paris, friends and enemies, and that curious crowd that a great capital has always ready for anything new, had all flocked together and were packed in dense masses within the old cathedral. I mounted the pulpit firmly, but not without emotion, and began my discourse with my eyes fixed on the Archbishop, who, after God, but before the public, was to me the first personage in the scene. He listened with his head a little bent down, in a state of absolute impassibility, like a man who was not a mere spectator, nor even a judge, but rather as one who ran a personal risk by the experiment. I soon felt at home with my subject and audience, and as my breast swelled under the necessity of grasping that vast assembly of men, and as the calm of the first opening sentences began to give place to the inspiration of the orator, one of those exclamations escaped from me which when deep and heartfelt never fails to move. The Archbishop was visibly moved."

From that day Lacordaire held undisputed right to the title of France's greatest orator. Year after year the multitude thronged to hear him, now denouncing the false and pernicious systems that had wrecked his own faith, and again, in accents that struck deep into the heart, exhorting all to live so as to make their country better for their living. And yet, endowed as he was with such a marvellous aptitude for expression and gifted with a profound and clear mind, his mission was also of great difficulty and responsibility. Around his pulpit gathered men renowned in science and letters, who came to criticize, who clung fondly to the traditions of the school of Voltaire. To sow in these unbeliever-swept souls some seed of faith and to warm it with the sunshine of conviction into a goodly tree was the aim of Lacordaire. And did he succeed? With some he failed, but upon the majority he exercised an influence that was to last long after the grave held all that was mortal of the great Dominican.

He was in sympathy with his age

and its inspirations. He appreciated its qualities and saw clearly its dangers. "Christianity," he says, "has never braved the world: it has never insulted reason and nature: it has never made its light a power which blinds by irritating; but, as gentle as it is bold, as calm as it is energetic, as tender as it is immovable, it has always known how to penetrate into the heart of its generation; and these souls who will be found remaining faithful to it at the last day will have been preserved or conquered by the same means." His preaching was of an order different from that which Frenchmen were accustomed to hear. Dry theological disquisitions were never employed by him to win souls to God. He left the past, all its old theories and systems, and to the present, with its false notions, he devoted her care. The Church was the foe of science, said many; but Lacordaire showed them how the Church has ever fostered and encouraged every progress of the human intellect; how she has defended reason against those who would fain belittle its dignity, and that between reason and faith, children of the same God and portraying truth each in its own sphere, there can be no possible conflict.

His words were steeped in the kindness of a noble heart, and no one ever heard from his lips, even in the heat of an oratorical outburst, one sentence that could leave a bitterness in any soul. Error he denounced. He tore off the flimsy veil with which the enemies of faith concealed their malevolent designs, but it was more in pity than in anger. The thought that human souls, dowered with sublime perfections, created for the Infinite, could harbor aught unworthy of its origin and its destiny, evoked his compassion, and in his conferences and letters we see how he deplored it. He was of too lovable a character to use invective as a means of assailing falsehood, and this, perchance, constituted the greatest charm of his discourses and rendered them capable of effecting a permanent good.

CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.

NOTES BY THE WAY. We were asked some time ago our opinion of Augusta Watson, author of St. Elmo and of other novels. Wishing to pass an impartial judgment, we secured her principal productions, and with the aid of a classical dictionary we succeeded in deciphering her meaning. Verily she is wonderfully learned, in fact she is a female Miranda lecturing us on all things and some others. But that would be comparatively innocuous were it not for the morbidity that pervades it. Visions of wicked men and high-strung damsels trooped through our mind till we almost felt like assuming a mournful mien and murmuring lofty platitudes for the sake of hearing some noble-browed being, "with eyes of dark azure," upbraiding us for our wickedness. There is nothing healthy about her novels, as regards style or thought. She is also a rank bigot, venturing to distort and misrepresent the practices of Catholics. Critics have praised her works, but criticism cannot claim infallibility.

It is amusing to read the remarks of some Episcopalian ministers ament the Parliament of Religions. They did not attend its sessions, because, forsooth, a divine institution had no need of being "boomed." Do they not misunderstand the real nature of the Parliament of Religions, whose sole object was to put the truth clearly and forcibly by contrasting it with systems founded on prejudice and error, and thus giving solution to many questions that are agitating the minds of men. Perhaps they recoiled at the thought that truth is great and will prevail. But it serves no purpose for them to robe themselves in the mantle of Churchmen and wonder why "the Church of Rome participated in the Parliament." The Church of Rome was there to utter with no uncertain tone the message of her Founder, Jesus Christ, to humanity, hoping that it might gain willing entrance into ears now pained by the clamor of contradictory systems. She sent her prelates to show that Catholicity could satisfy the minds of humanity. No one expected wonderful conversions, for human nature is prone to cling fast to time-honored traditions, but "the net result of the Parliament will be for the good of religion." "It has surely," says Bishop Keane, "been pleasing to our Heavenly Father to see His scattered children meet on the basis of mutual respect and charity—a delightful substitute for the mistrust and hostility

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which religious differences too commonly inspire. The men who stood on the platform together, and grasped hands in friendship day after day, will never be guilty of stirring up religious strife and casting odium on each other's religions."

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

From Paris comes the intelligence of the death of an illustrious Frenchman who will be mourned for by Irishmen equally with patriotic Frenchmen, at the goodly age of eighty-five years.

The deceased is Marie Edmond Patrick Maurice de MacMahon, Marshal of France. Heartily we offer up a prayer for the repose of his soul.

Marshal MacMahon was partly of French, and partly of Irish descent, and it is asserted that he was a direct descendant of the famous Irish king, Brian Boru, who conquered the Danes at the battle of Clontarf, thus relieving Ireland of an intolerable tyranny.

The Marshal was highly proud of his Irish descent, and Irishmen were equally proud of him. His ancestors came to France from Ireland in 1691, on account of the persecutions to which Catholics were subjected in those penal days.

For many generations the name of MacMahon has figured in French history as belonging to a war-like race, sharing in the successes and reverses of French arms.

The late Marshal was born at Autun on July 13, 1808. At the age of seventeen he entered the military school of St. Cyr, and at nineteen he was appointed sub-lieutenant of the 4th hussars, of which his brother was captain.

In 1830 he took part in the Algeria wars and he was decorated by General Clauzel on the battle-field with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

In 1831 he attained the rank of lieutenant of the 8th Cuirassiers, and in 1832 he took part in the Belgian expedition as aide-de-camp to General Achard. For his bravery at the siege of Antwerp he was given the Cross of the Order of Leopold.

He then returned to Algeria. In the battle of Terchia he exhibited great bravery, and was sent across the country with an important message. He was followed by a troop of Arabs, from whom he escaped by jumping his horse across a ravine, the Arabs being afraid to follow.

In 1833 he was made Captain and in 1836 he took part in the siege of Constantine and received a slight wound. For his bravery at this siege he was promoted to be an officer of the Legion of Honor, and in 1840 he became Major of Chasseurs.

In 1842 he was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the foreign Legion, and Colonel in 1845. In 1848 he was made General of brigade and Governor of Tlemcen, and in 1849 he was promoted to be Commander of the Legion of Honor and Governor of the Province of Oran and Constantine.

In 1852 he became General of Division, and in 1855 he led the assault on the Malakoff, which was the key to the Russian position at Sebastopol. This was the most desperate and well-contested battle of the Crimean war, that tower being most bravely defended by the Russians; but MacMahon cut his way to the fort and held it against great odds.

For his services in the Crimea he received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and he returned to Africa on the close of the Crimean war. He was then made Commander-in-chief of the French forces in Algeria.

When Italy and France declared war against Austria, Napoleon called MacMahon to take part in it. His great achievement in Northern Italy was at the battle of Magenta on the Ticino. After a triumphant week, the French forces were attacked by a superior force of Austrians, and were on the point of being defeated when MacMahon, who had been appointed for another duty, contrary to the instructions he had received, suddenly came to the relief of the beleaguered French, and gained the victory, taking prisoners seven thousand Austrians, and putting to rout their whole army.

This splendid achievement was rewarded by Napoleon on the field of battle, MacMahon being at once given the baton of a Field Marshal, and raised to noble rank with the title Duke of Magenta.

In 1864 Marshal MacMahon was made Governor-General of Algeria. In 1870 he was put in command of the first army corps with headquarters at Strasbourg, with the object of invading Prussia during the war of 1870 and 1871. He had under him fifty thousand men; but from the beginning the Prussians were able to outnumber the French in every battle, and MacMahon, after fighting with great bravery, was beaten at Worth, and compelled to fall back.

and he returned to France. He was then placed in command of the French army to put down the anarchist party which had taken possession of Paris and established the Commune of 1871. After desperate fighting, the Communists were totally defeated, and on the retirement of M. Thiers from the Presidency of the French Republic, Marshal MacMahon was elected to the office on May 24, 1873.

In the same year the National Assembly voted that the President's term of office should be seven years, but in 1877 there was a disagreement between the President and the Assembly, and the President dismissed M. Jules Simon, the President of the Council, charging him with incapacity. The Duke de Broglie was then chosen to the office, but the Chamber refused to support him, whereupon President MacMahon dissolved the Chamber and appealed to the country. A majority hostile to the President's policy was elected and he was compelled to bow to the popular will by forming a ministry with M. Dufaure as his head.

The Republican majority in the House now demanded the resignation of those Generals who were hostile to Republican Government, but President MacMahon refused to be a party to such a measure and he accordingly resigned the Presidency of France on 30th June 1879. He then retired to private life, and took no further part in politics.

The Marshal leaves his wife and four children surviving, of whom three are sons and one daughter. His eldest son, Marie Armand Patrick de MacMahon, inherits the title of Duke. Like his father, the new Duke is a faithful Catholic, much beloved and respected by the circle of his friends. He also prizes highly his Irish descent.

Many telegrams of condolence have been sent to the Duchess, among them being messages from President Carnot, Marshal Canrobert, Cardinal Rampolla and General Loizillon.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our friends the Baptists are holding a convention in Waterford, Ont. While they would wish to be known as ardent Christians, following in the Master's footsteps, full to the brim and flowing over with all manner of goodness and godliness, with eyes lifted skyward, yet it seems extraordinary that these pious men should in their hearts harbor a most undying hatred of the faith of their Catholic neighbors.

The Baptist system sustains a missionary enterprise at a place called Grand Ligne, in the Province of Quebec; and possibly a few recruits may have been found amongst the ignorant and depraved, a number of whom will be found in every community under the sun. We wish to remind our Baptist friends that whilst converts to the Catholic Church are frequently ministers of Protestant denominations and laymen of culture and refinement, holding prominent places in the community, those Catholics who leave the fold of their childhood are invariably the criminal class who have brought disgrace upon themselves by their bad conduct.

While we gain the Mannings and the Newmans we can very well spare the Chiniquys and the Widdows - while we take the Rose Hawthorne Lathrops, our friends fancy they have a prize in the Margaret L. Shepherds - while the old old church is made the richer by drawing to its bosom the best in the land, men of education and high character, the new Churches gain recruits with a dish of soup or the promise of some worldly advantage.

Dr. Justin D. Fulton, late of Boston, was a prominent figure at the Waterford meeting. Rev. D. Dack suggested "the necessity of conciliation in dealing with Catholics," and Rev. J. Pattenham asked "whether Romanism was to be considered a form of Christianity or a form of idolatry," whereupon, we are told, Dr. Fulton was on his feet in a moment and declared it to be idolatry. Rev. Mr. Stobo protested against this, remarking that there are Roman Catholics and Roman Catholics. Dr. Fulton would have none of this, however, for the report goes on to say that he took the floor and expressed himself in vigorous terms upon the character of the Roman Catholic Church.

This disagreement is really distressing, gentlemen! It would be to Catholics the world over a great consolation if the Baptist convention in Waterford, Ontario, came to a unanimous decision in regard to the rating of their Church; and if, at a future period the three hundred millions of us awoke some fine morning with the conviction that we should all be Baptists, it would be well now to advise us which division or subdivision of the sect we should belong to. We would be pleased to know whether we should attach ourselves to the Northern or the Southern wings, to the Primitive or the Regular or the

Missionary Baptists; to the Old two-seed-in-the-Free, the Free Will, the General, the General Free Will, or the Original Free Will, to the Seventh day Baptists or the Six Principle Baptists, to the German Baptists or the Dunkards; and if we make choice of any one of these it would be well to point out which particular division of each should absorb us.

DR. PARKER, of the City Temple, London, England, has been creating quite a sensation by a violent denunciation of Bishop Temple of that city. The doctor accused the Bishop of abusing the authority given him by the Church. The abuse of authority of which the doctor considered him guilty consisted in his being supposed to have forbidden one of the canons of St. Paul's Church to be present at a temperance meeting in the City Temple. The doctor said: "If any Bishop stoops to such a course as this, there is but one party guiltier than he, and that is the party submitting to these conditions. I do not hesitate to declare here that one of the first spiritual needs of London is that such a Bishop as the Bishop of London be expelled from his Bishopric." After making this public statement, the doctor found that his information was incorrect, and he publicly retracted the charge he had made.

"In an article published in July last reflecting upon the excessive amount of money expended by the Government on the construction of the Curran bridge the name of Mr. Curran, M. P., was mentioned, the question being asked: 'Whether Mr. Curran and the Government were anxious to spend the money and build the bridge in order to make friends of the mammoth of unrighteousness so as to be ready for the next elections. It is scarcely necessary to say that there was not the slightest intention to suggest corruption against Mr. Curran, and we should regret very much if our remarks could be construed so as to reflect upon that gentleman's character.'" - Montreal Witness.

It is to be regretted that a prominent paper like the Witness should have for helmsman a person who flings truth and discretion to the winds when the fever seizes him to deal a blow at a Catholic or at the Catholic Church. It does not seem in accord with the fitness of things that the publisher of a religious paper should so frequently appear in court as defendant in libel suits.

Belfast, Oct. 18. - Dr. Kane, the Orange grand master, made a rabid anti-Catholic speech at the National Protestant Congress here to-day. Rome, he said, demanded that the State establish and endorse an ultramontane university in Ireland, but he hoped that he would never see the distinguished spectacle of an English statesman conceding the impudent demands of the hierarchy, whose members had been the patrons and the strength of the leagues of hell that had successively started in Ireland in recent years.

Dr. Kane will have no Home Rule, but it is quite evident he is badly in need of self-government. He would be pleased to see many Protestant universities established and endowed by the Government, but Catholic ones - no! never! This is Orange Equal Rights.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

The London Sisters of St. Joseph Meet in Convention and Spend Two Days With Interest and Profit.

Two days of last week - the 19th and 20th instant - were occupied by the Sisters of St. Joseph teaching in the diocese of London in holding a general convention for pedagogic purposes. There was a full attendance, every teacher being present and taking an active part. The exercises were composed of practical lessons, essays and addresses interspersed with occasional musical selections. The first named included some twenty in all, treated precisely as if in the ordinary course of school work and with all the necessary appliances. The methods in use were almost entirely according to the intuitive and inductive principles - the best that are known: the scope included all the subjects of the school programme, and these were so arranged that every grade of pupils received its due share of attention. The essays were fresh, pithy and scholarly. The teachers went about their work not only with true professional ability, but also with the utmost rollish and heartiness, thus making the assembly both pleasant and profitable. His Lordship the Bishop was unavoidably absent, but his place was well supplied by Rev. Fathers Tiernan, Noonan, Gahan and McCormick, all of whom delivered addresses of a well-deserved complimentary and encouraging nature. The Reverend Mother also honored the occasion with her presence throughout. The Departmental Inspector, who presided during the convention, pronounced it a thorough success - one of the best he had ever attended. He then addressed the audience for a considerable space in a talk on "Topics of the Times," concluding with the remark that London Catholics ought to feel proud of their teachers and the high standard their schools had attained. Following is one of the essays referred to above:

Cheerfulness. I once read of a superintending who, having asked a bright-faced little teacher her specialty, received for answer, "Patience," and as his quick-upturned glance seemed to question further, she said, "I hope I can teach something else, but I place particular stress on patience." Had my little sister teacher added, "and cheerfulness," I would willingly respond, "hear! hear!" as I firmly believe that these social virtues of politeness and cheerfulness are necessary stepping stones to the satisfac-

tory attainment of knowledge in any school, whether primary or otherwise, and that they can neither be ignored nor carelessly left out. Youth is the sunny side of life; there are shadows, but like clouds, often obscure its brightness, but the silver lining may be had for the seeking. Cheerful and happy herself, the teacher ought to fill the school room with the glow of a desirable quality. She may do this in innumerable ways - by being herself extremely kind, thoughtful, gentle, helpful, and unselfish - thus giving, as it were, reflected on the characters of the little ones, must necessarily and unconsciously brighten and glorify them. Besides, children are peculiarly susceptible to the spirit which emanates from the one under whose guidance they are placed. Just as indigo thrown into water makes the water blue, so does the spirit of the teacher color all the minds in the school room. Good children render teaching an agreeable task; and as our nature inclines to what is agreeable, it follows that our school, if possible, will have only good children. Any means that will help to bring this about is well worth consideration. Study and nature, and the teacher who respects every inmost heart of children nobler standards than we are apt to give them credit for. The reason they do not live up to those standards is not that they are ignorant, or lack of opportunities. One strong motive for the child is the expectancy of the teacher - take ourselves for instance. Just so with the child. If we expect him to do a good work and express ourselves confidently as to the result, the chances are ten to one that he will do it in a manner that often surprises. The secret of a happy school is the teacher. She should be cheerful, first, for her own sake, on account of the improvement it will make in the school; and, secondly, on account of the facility with which the work may be done. Let cheerfulness predominate and we have secured a co-partner in discipline. I grant that results will not always be satisfactory, but in earnestness, much less in the best way we can, is itself sufficient reward. Surroundings have a great deal to do with securing happiness, but the main thing is our own attitude toward them. They are of deeper origin. They come from the gray, serene spirit which Schiller says is the source of all that is noble and beautiful in the world. That noble spirit is given to making things pleasant, and that the school room is becoming a place where children go for amusement. Such things are inappreciable in understanding child-nature. Every true teacher has learned that a child who eagerly looks forward to recess or to a half-holiday for the sake of amusement, cannot be in earnest, much less make any notable progress in his studies. Any child to improve in school, must like school work; and as experience has shown us that children do not delight in study, we may safely infer that, when study becomes a duty, it is not the child's fault, but the teacher's. If the apparent expression and hearing of secular teachers convey lessons as surely as does their speech, how much more effectual ought to be the lessons taught by the religious, earnest in the discharge of her duties as a teacher. Even our dress instructs them, our mission is to lead them Heavenward. I know there are many hindrances to a constant cheerfulness, the first in the morning being alive with them. Some prove a hindrance by coming late, some by not coming at all, some by being indifferent when they do come; some are dull, others are slow to learn, and some are impatient. In the way of patience - "the blue of Heaven is larger than the cloud." Be cheerful, then, Sisters; there is really joy in our work, and it is the harmonious blending of light and shade that makes any picture beautiful. I shall conclude with a quotation from one of our poets, who, if he did not teach, fully understood the art of child-government: "O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule, And in the light of happy faces? Love, Hope and Patience, these must be thy graces. And thy own heart let them first keep school."

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON. The following announcement was made from the pulpit of St. Mary's Cathedral, last Sunday by Archbishop Kelly:

"The Archbishop earnestly re-requests all the gentlemen of this congregation to meet him in the cathedral at High Mass, his business with them to-day is of interest to all and of great importance. He wishes to place before you a balance sheet of all the receipts and expenditure on account of works done on the tower and facade and vestry of this cathedral during the year 1892. It is the first time in the history of this cathedral since the first Sunday offering was made by this congregation towards the grand work so successfully and so magnificently carried out in this cathedral, and he wishes to place before you the account of the work given by the splendid work on this cathedral to our holy religion. It is a glory to the Lord Jesus Christ, whose name is glorified in this cathedral, and in the Tabernacle, day and night, to receive our homage of praise and thanksgiving and petition. No church, or any public building in the whole Dominion of Canada is so majestic a front as the house of the Lord Jesus Christ in the city of Kingston. It is the admiration and wonder of all foreigners who visit this city. It is, also, and every one acknowledges it, the glory and honor of the congregation of St. Mary's in this generation and in all generations hereafter to come. Other edifices of ambitious design will crumble to dust, but St. Mary's cathedral will stand for thousands of years, ever beautiful, ever majestic, ever ennobling in its grandeur, always presenting to the public eye a signal evidence of the faith of Catholics in the Real Presence of the Saviour and Redeemer, the Lord and King, the Eternal Son of God, who has made it His home."

"On account of nine years' receipts and expenditure is necessarily a long account; but every cent received on the plate from Sunday to Sunday for the past nine years, and every cent expended on the works, will be set forth to the meeting to-day immediately after High Mass; and certain persons who have latterly reduced their very small Sunday offering to the smallest coin of silver in the Dominion, will hear in the statement of the accounts how much they have fallen short of their duty as Catholics towards Jesus Christ and the maintenance of His holy House."

"His Grace wishes all to be present, and will be pleased with all who, on this important occasion, will show a Catholic interest in this cause. He wishes to know that the whole work on the exterior of the cathedral is now finished, and that a small balance only remains to be paid the contractors. When this shall be paid the work entirely paid for. Please all Catholics interested in the cathedral meet the Archbishop in St. Joseph's chapel after High Mass."

At the conclusion of High Mass a large and very representative meeting took place, the Archbishop presiding. Rev. Father Carey read the Financial Report of St. Mary's Cathedral Improvement Fund.

This fund, derived chiefly from the Sundays' offertory, is intended solely for the building of the tower and wings and the vestry of the cathedral, and the necessary repairs of the sacred edifice; also for supplying the apparatus for heating the church by steam. Not one cent of this fund has been applied to payment for the stained glass windows, or St. Joseph's altar, or the statuary and carved shrines within the cathedral, all

which are the gifts of individuals; nor has a single cent of it been expended on the erection of St. James' Memorial Chapel, for the cost of which the Archbishop is personally responsible. The works paid for with this fund have all been undertaken with the unanimous consent of St. Mary's congregation in public meeting assembled.

Table with columns: Receipts, Total, Sunday. Rows include various financial entries from 1884 to 1893, such as 'Total Sunday Offering', 'Standard Co's Loan', etc.

EXPENDITURE. G. Newlands, masonry, etc. 509,434.89. C. Hill, carpentry, etc. 9,204.00. M. Mahon Bros, painting, etc. 424.00. N. McNeil, heating and gas fixtures, etc. 923.00. Elliott Bros, slating, etc. 773.00. W. D. Hogg, slating, etc. 4,141.15. Mr. Connelley, architect, etc. 5,545.25. Boardwalks, drains, sodding, etc. 1,491.15. Standard Insurance Co. 8,054.56. A long list of minor payments 1,830.33.

The foregoing amount represents the cost of all contract work on the front of the church and vestry since it began in April, 1889, and all has been paid except \$1,798.34. The following payments were made from the same fund between August, 1884, and 1889: Frank Wheeler, steam heating apparatus, 4,967.00. Arch. Powers, supervising same, 1,000.00. A. Cameron, pews in cathedral, 147.50. Spence, fixing stained windows, 493.88. G. Newlands, re-erecting side pinnacles, pointing walls of church, etc. 822.89. McKelvey & Birch piping and iron, 565.00. Chatterton, work on east window, 49.94. J. Bowes, architect, 180.00. Savage Bros, painting, etc. 253.36. Elliott Bros, steam pipes, etc. 253.36. Gibb, wire screen to windows, 81.30. Advertising, 247.10.

Total receipts, \$191,885.55. Total disbursements, \$190,887.07. Balance on hand, \$998.48. THOMAS CAREY, palace accountant. JAS. A. GUNNOLDY, architect. JAS. V. CLEARY, Archbishop of Kingston.

To provide for the payment of the balance, \$1,798.34, due to contractors, and also for the amount of interest and premium on policy due to the Standard Life Insurance Co., on the 1st prox, \$3,442.50, the Archbishop convoked this general meeting of the gentlemen of his congregation. The statement of accounts having been read by Father Carey, and explanations given by His Grace in reply to interrogations, it was proposed by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. James Swift, and carried unanimously that the Archbishop raise a loan equivalent to the two amounts above stated on the conditions of the former loan raised in 1880.

His Grace then proceeded to a statement in reference to the insufficiency of means for the maintenance of the clergy who serve this parish. He pointed out that expenses have been incurred in the palace during the past half dozen years for which no provision has been made by the people, whilst the income has unfortunately been diminished. When he came to Kingston, thirteen years ago, no taxes were levied on the church property; whereas now he is obliged to pay from year to year the heavy tax of \$310. Provision for the method of heating the cathedral in winter, by a hot air communicated from a furnace in the basement through gratings in the floor. This was very inadequate and heating of so large and lofty a building was consequently the people suffered much from chilliness in the church, and many were deterred from attending divine service by the cold. Some provision, however, involved comparatively little cost - merely the supply of firewood. Since the introduction of the steam heating apparatus the cathedral is heated throughout the entire winter, on week days as well as Sundays, and the most delicate ladies find the temperature pleasant and healthy in all the varieties of weather. But the cost of providing this comfort for the congregation is \$700 every winter. Thus this double burden of expense, amounting to \$1,090 a year has had to be levied on the palace for the past seven years from its insufficient income, no fund of any kind having been provided for it. Moreover, as the congregation well knows, the services have now to be maintained for the priests of this parish, and evening devotions in the cathedral, involving a large expenditure of gas and candles and other requisites, and all the expenses of the altar and all other benefits in May and October. Meanwhile the annual income supplied for the maintenance of the clerical staff has been substantially diminished through the penuriousness or thoughtlessness of many members of the congregation. All Catholics are requested to assert the Archbishop produced the accounts of Christmas and Easter offerings in the past four years, and comparing them with the offerings of twenty years ago, when the congregation was not so numerous, he showed that the income from this source has been diminished by 55% a year since 1875. The consequence is, that bills of tradesmen and storekeepers, amounting to more than \$3,000, have been sent to the palace recently, and there is no money to meet them. The Archbishop left it to the assembly to determine how these claims should be satisfied, and also how the palace should be heated in the winter, and what other burdens above mentioned, which involve pecuniary obligations for which no money is provided by the congregation. It was unanimously and cheerfully agreed by all present that \$3,000 should be immediately supplied to meet the present liabilities created. There was considerable discussion as to the method of providing the money, namely - whether by a general collection or by borrowing. It was finally decided that, in addition to the collection, the Archbishop should borrow \$3,000 in like manner for the payment of the debts imposed upon the palace. It was further agreed that a committee what means should be adopted for preventing these extra burdens of heating and taxes being imposed on the palace in the future; and a method was finally proposed and accepted by the assembly, which the Archbishop will explain to the congregation at High Mass next Sunday.

Some time ago an English paper asserted that Cardinal Vaughan acknowledged the validity of Anglican orders. The remark occasioned much comment and no little surprise. His Eminence, however, denied that any such utterance came from him, and rejected Episcopal claims to validity of orders: "The sentiments of charity and sincere respect which we feel for the many zealous and estimable men who labor in the ministry of the Anglican and Dissenting bodies are happily a matter altogether independent of any recognition of canonical status. Upon the latter subject the mind of the Catholic Church is abundantly clear. Of the one thousand two hundred Bishops who form her episcopate, I do not know of even one who would admit for a moment the validity of Anglican orders."

Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M. P., speaking recently at Cork, made a strong appeal to the electorate to sustain the National Party. He said: "If the majority were not upheld chaos and confusion would result, and they would give the watchful enemies of Ireland an opportunity for pointing to the disunion amongst them and indicating their want of capacity for managing their own affairs. That

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost.

IMITATION OF THE SAINTS.

My fellow-laborers, whose names are in the book of life. (Phil. iv. 3.)

Thus does St. Paul in the Epistle of to-day speak of St. Clement and the others who had "labored with him in the Gospel." Do you wish that your name, too, should be written in the book of life? Follow the path trodden here below by the saints of God, and then, even while yet on earth, your name will be recorded in heaven. For Holy Church commands us to observe this festival of All Saints, not only in honor of those whose names are in the calendar, and whose feasts come round in the course of each year, but also in praise of that great multitude which no man can number—of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues—who stand before the throne and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands. The saints whom the Church has honored with canonization are but a small number in that vast multitude. They were the heroes of the Christian army, but the great majority of those who are now receiving the homage of the Church were the rank and file—common everyday Christians, like ourselves. The festival of All Saints, therefore, especially appeals to us by showing us that sanctity is not something away off out of our reach and entirely beyond our powers, but that it is what we must each strive after if we hope to win heaven. For nothing defiled can enter there, and without holiness no man shall see God. As, then, we hope to be one day saints in heaven, we must try now to be saints on earth. That is why St. Paul addresses all the faithful as the "beloved of God, called to be saints." Yet many Christians are forgetful of this high vocation. They seem to think that God has laid down one rule, one course of life, for saints, and quite another for ordinary people. This is a mistake. God's law is the same for every one. Here are, indeed, special duties belonging to particular states of life, but apart from these there is no difference in what is required of every Christian. We are all of us bound to follow the straight and narrow way which leadeth unto life. The chief happiness of that life will consist in the sight of God, to be always in His presence, serving Him continually in joy and thanksgiving. And the way to this life our Lord has told us in the sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."

So, then, in order to attain to this life, to dwell for ever in the sight of God, it is not necessary to imitate the saints in their extraordinary deeds, their heroic acts of penance and self-sacrifice, their suffering for the faith. Some of us are, indeed, called upon to stand out conspicuously among other Christians, as they did, and show to the world an example of courage and heroism. But for all of us the hidden virtues are the ones required, and if we cultivate these God, who seeth in secret, will Himself reward us openly in the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. The one thing needful for each one of us is purity of heart, to cleanse our hearts from sin and from all affection towards sin. "Dearly beloved," says St. John, "if our heart do not reprehend us, we have confidence towards God." See to it, then, that your heart is all right towards God. Cleanse your soul from mortal sin by turning your heart away from the sin you have committed by sincere and hearty contrition and by a good confession. Then keep your heart right towards God by giving it to Him who says to you, "My son, give me thy heart." God alone is worthy of the full love of our hearts, and He alone can satisfy the heart of man. If we set our affections upon sin or upon the passing things of this world there is reserved for us in the end nothing but unsatisfied longings and bitterness of heart. But if we purify our hearts from every affection that would lead us away from God we shall indeed be called "blessed," and our names shall be written in the book of life.

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How They Worked Their Way.

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

III.

It only wanted a few days of the great feast when the children of the parish, in which the Dorans lived, were to make their First Communion. There was much preparation in many households. The boys were to wear new suits, if possible, with white rosettes on their breasts; and the girls to have white frocks with blue sashes. Anna Doran had passed her examination for that happy circle that was to approach the altar.

Anna was thirteen years old and large for her age—in fact she was quite as stout and a little taller than Mary Beresford. She had lived in the country, far from a church, and her First Communion had been postponed. The Dorans were very poor. Dick, Anna's elder brother, lay on a lounge in their little parlor, unable to speak. He had been thrown from a wagon and internally injured. Mrs. Doran went out to people's houses and acted as laundress.

Anna was obliged to stay at home to nurse Dick. To-day Anna was unusually silent. She was a ruddy-cheeked girl, with dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, and a good-humored expression. Generally, she was very gay and cheerful; but to-day her fits of quietness made her brother wonder.

Anna had a deep grief in her heart. It may seem as small to you as Mary's, for in both cases a frock was concerned. Anna's was much the greater. She had only two worn and patched dresses. They might be made to do in the street, for they were always neat and clean; but they were so old and rust-colored, from hard wear, that she could not wear either of them in church on the great day. Oh, if she only had a white frock! But it was useless to wish for such an impossible thing. Her mother could scarcely get sufficient money to pay the rent and Dick's medicine bill. Dick would have given her a frock, if he were well and able to earn money. And her dear father could not do it. They had never let him know how poor they were. He was looking forward to see Anna come to his bedside at the hospital, in her white dress, after the function at the church. Tears came into Anna's eyes when she thought of his disappointment.

Her mother had thought of asking Mrs. Howe for an old frock of Alice's. We know how that turned out. The time was so near, and nobody would lend her to the thing she most wanted—though it was a little thing! She saw many girls in the street carelessly wearing white dresses. And she said a Hail Mary to save herself from envying them. While Dick slept, after she had tenderly washed his face and hands and combed his hair, she took out her rosary and prayed that she might be allowed to make her First Communion with the others.

After all, she thought, "Our dear Lord will know best." And then the fear and anxiousness left her. She busied herself in arranging a few flowers on the table, sent to Dick by a neighboring market-woman. There was a knock.

Anna opened the door and Mary stood on the threshold, smiling a little. "May I come in?" "Certainly," answered Anna, recognizing her guest, for she had seen her at church. "You are Miss Beresford, are you not?" "I am Mary Beresford." And, catching sight of the covered figure on the sofa, "is your brother sick?" "Yes," said Anna, "he is better now; he is asleep."

"I must talk softly, then." Anna gave her a chair, and, as she noticed how neat and tasteful her guest's dress was, she wished hers was less shabby. Then the remembrance of her own trouble which so nearly concerned a dress, came to her and she sighed.

Mary's quick ear caught the sigh. "I must tell you why I came, I hope you will not be offended. I was told that you were to make your First Communion with the others in a few days." "Not with the others, I'm afraid."

An eager question rose to Mary's lips; but she did not speak it. She waited for Anna to go on. But Anna paused. Mary felt the difficulty of alluding to the frock, now that she had come.

Suddenly, Dick who had been dozing and not aware that a stranger was present, spoke— "If I were rich, Anna, do you know what I'd do? Why, I'd just buy you a new dress, so that you could look like the other girls."

"Hush, Dick, Miss Beresford is here." Dick looked up and smiled at Mary. He was very pale; but sickness could not take the expression of god nature entirely out of his face. His half-open eyes, his stiff red hair, and even his weak voice expressed good nature. Dick nodded towards Mary and then relapsed into a doze again.

"I came to ask you if I might give you a frock I have," said Mary, plunging into the subject in desperation, "I haven't worn it, and if you would please take it, I would be obliged—"

Anna could scarcely credit the words. "It is a nice white frock and I think it will fit you." Anna hid her face in her hands, and Mary saw tears trickling through her fingers. "I am so sorry—I hope you are not offended. Indeed—indeed—"

tear-filled eyes, "you don't know how happy you have made me! It seemed so dreadful not to be able to go with the others. And father would be so disappointed, if I did not go in white. Oh, dear, if you will only lend me your dress, I shall be very, very happy!" Mary's face glowed with pleasure. "I will give it to you, if you will take it. Let me see. You are just about my size. I'll send it over this afternoon. I must go now. Good-bye!"

Mary hurried away, to escape Anna's thanks. All her forebodings were forgotten—all her desire to wear her pretty frock was gone—she almost ran home. She met Alice Howe coming out of a confectioner's shop, with a big box of chocolate bonbons. Alice called to her to stop and have some, but Mary shook her head; she was eager to get home.

It did not take her long to rip off the silver lace from the white gown. She hid it, singing cheerfully. She knew now how sweet it is to make others happy. It is really the most solid pleasure in this world of fading joys.

Her mother gave her some thin stuff for a veil for Anna, and some blue ribbon. In the afternoon, Mary put the precious frock in its box, and with the veil and ribbon wrapped in tissue paper, went with Kathleen to Wilbert's Court.

Kathleen talked quite gaily to Dick and amused herself with a cat, while Anna tried on the frock and Mary critically inspected it in the kitchen. A little pinning and a few stitches made the dress just right.

Anna forgot her bashfulness in the excitement of the process, and Mary had so many suggestions to make, that she talked very much and very fast—an unusual thing with her.

At last Anna stood arrayed in the new dress. Dick almost jumped from his sofa in delight. "She is prettier than Alice Howe," cried Kathleen, clapping her hands. "And much nicer, if she is poor," thought Mary.

Smiling and blushing, Anna let them admire. While they were thus employed, Mrs. Doran entered, tired and worn out, laden with brooms, brushes and a bucket. She understood the situation at a glance.

She sat down on a chair near the door and looked at Anna. Then she looked at Mary and tried to speak. "God bless you, my dear," she tried to say and her voice choked. She began to sob. "You don't know what a kindness you've done."

When Mrs. Doran had wiped her eyes, she asked Mary to have tea with the family. Mary said she would, partly because she feared to offend Mrs. Doran, and partly because she wanted to see how poor people live. She expected to be very poor herself, and she would like to know how the poor lived.

Anna was not long in getting tea ready. A round table was moved over near Dick's sofa, so that he could sit up and have his tea, too. A tea-pot and five cups and saucers were produced and put on the white cloth, with some bread and raspberry jam. Mary, who expected to see tin cups and perhaps wooden spoons, was agreeably surprised. Everything was as clean and as shining as at home. Kathleen laughed and chatted away, and enjoyed her tea very much.

Some paper roses on a stand struck Mary as very pretty. She admired them. "I almost thought they were real." Anna put them in her hand. "Take them, please," she said, "I made them when I had to watch Dick, during the long winter nights."

Mary thanked and brought a vivid look of delight to Anna's face, by putting them in her belt. After a pleasant hour, Mary and Kathleen said good-bye.

In the evening, Mary told her father all about her visits. He was very much interested. "And so you gave up your new dress?" "It wasn't much loss to me, father; I didn't need it."

"Well, my dear," said her father, smiling—how that smile on his pale face cheered her in after years!—"I have heard that Carmelite Nuns say, when they heard of a good deed, 'God reward you!' I say, with all my heart, 'God reward you, little girl!'"

Dermott and Brian were eager to know more about their new home.

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"I am going to take you out to see to-morrow," their father said. "Now let us have some singing. 'The air shall be filled with music—'" Kathleen broke in with great pride—

"And the cares that infest the day Shall fold their tents like the Arabs, And silently steal away."

"Shakespeare!" said Brian. "Longfellow!" cried Kathleen, triumphantly. "You boys don't know anything!"

They laughed. Song followed song until Mrs. Beresford gave Gounod's "Ave Maria." After that they sat quiet, as the moonlight stole into the room.

They were all fond of music. There was one fear that oppressed Brian;— would they be too poor in the country to have their piano? The rest were pondering over the same question. Kathleen suddenly asked it.

"No," Mr. Beresford said, "we shall take the piano with us, and Brian's spirits rose. He went to the piano and began—

"I love to play the violin, And hear its sounds so sweet, It gently rests beneath my chin, My weary heart to greet."

"I cannot play it very well; I have not learned it long; And when I play, as you can tell, I get a little wrong."

"Those stupid folks who live next door, they hate the violin; But my practice will be an improvement. My dear old violin!"

"Isn't it, Kathleen?" cried Dermott. Kathleen looked puzzled.

"I found it in my scrap-book the other day—out of the Key-note. It expresses my feelings to a T." Mr. Beresford was very quiet; but he was happy. He looked at the little group and thanked God that poverty could not make them poorer in love for one another. They said good night, after the rosary had been recited, and went to dream of their new, strange "home."

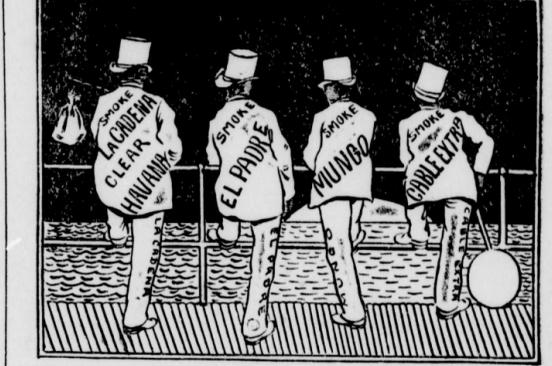
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