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URIEL; Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

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

CHAPTER XXII.

A WALK WITH PAXTON. The morning had come, bright and cheery, and the sportsmen had all set forth to the woods, a lively party of men and dogs, whilst Geoffrey, indifferent to the surprise excited by his whimsicality in declining a day's shooting in the best peasant covert of Cornwall, was conducting Paxton over the broad open downs that stretched along the coast in the direction of Tremadoc.

"You are a bold man, Mr. Houghton," said Paxton; "those remarks of yours last night about the gentlemen poulterers were rather home-thrusts to some of the party."

"Were they?" said Geoffrey. "Well, so much the better; I have no taste for indiscriminate slaughter. I like to see the wild creatures on the wing, without feeling it my duty at once to knock them over."

"Then it won't exactly be a love of wild sport," said Paxton, "that is taking you to Manitoba?" Geoffrey laughed. "Oh, Manitoba is only a castle in the air," he said; "I fancy sometimes, when the mood is on me, that a log-hut in the woods and a brush with the bears would be a pleasant way of beginning life over again."

"I should say now," said Paxton, "that one who has begun life so well and kept it up as successfully as you, Mr. Houghton, would make a mistake in thinking of beginning it over again."

Geoffrey sighed. "I don't know much about the success," he said; "life, after all, is a heavy sort of business."

"To some, no doubt, but surely not to you," said Paxton. "Perhaps you won't believe me serious if I say that my three days at Laventor, the year before last, have left a picture on my mind that I don't care to forget—a picture of real unmistakable home-happiness."

"Ah, but there have been a precious lot of changes," said Geoffrey. "Laventor is not now exactly what you remember it. My two sisters have married, and left us."

"Then I should say," said Paxton, stopping with great deliberation to light his cigar, "that the best thing you could do would be to follow their example."

Geoffrey shook his head. "I'm not the man to succeed in that class of adventure," he said; "I should be more at home with the bears, I fancy."

"In other words," said Paxton, "you are going to Manitoba to build a log-hut, shoot bears—and get rid of yourself, if you can; but that last, my dear Mr. Houghton, is a matter difficult of accomplishment."

"I didn't quite mean that," said Geoffrey; "I was only thinking that there are some days in one's life when one feels as a poor brute of a horse must feel that has to pull its load, with the collar chafing its galled neck, and the roads heavy."

"And what advice would you give the animal under such unpromising circumstances?" "I suppose," replied Geoffrey, "one would have to tell him that there's nothing for it but to pull on, and look forward to the stable."

"That might do well enough for a horse," said Paxton; "if a man were in the shafts, something more would be needed."

"I don't know, really," said Geoffrey; "it does not seem a very sublime sort of doctrine; but, on my word, at such times, I think the only thing is to trudge on blindly and doggedly. But it's grim, hard work, if you keep to it, I can tell you; and at such times, you see, I think of Manitoba."

"You are quite right in principle, I am sure," said Paxton; "the hours you speak of everyone knows. Even in Scripture, if I mistake not, there is notice of 'the dark and cloudy day.' At those times one has just nothing for it but to suffer, and to go on suffering; that is the business to which life is reduced. But there are just two things a man should bear in mind, which a draught horse could not precisely be made to comprehend—first, that sooner or later the bad bit is sure to end; and, secondly, that when it is ended he will find it to have been a time of progress."

"After a plodding, trudging sort of way," said Geoffrey. "Pardon me," said Paxton, "after the way of a winged eagle, of an up-soaring flame, after anything you do choose as a comparison to express what is noble, strong, lofty, and enduring. I say again, times like those are times of progress. I hate the word, and would use another if I could find one, for as it is commonly used it is just caustic. What national progress is I don't pretend to say; as far as I see, the progress of nations is mostly crab-fashion. But that there is a growth of human souls, I take it, is undeniable, and believe me, it is in those grim, suffering hours that it is wrought out and perfected."

"I say," said Geoffrey, "where did you learn all that? Is that what they mean by poetry?" Paxton laughed. "As you like to consider," he said; "every man has a book inside him, called a heart; one may learn a good deal by studying its pages. But, talking of poetry, tell me something of the Pendaragons. Their story was the nearest thing to a living poem I ever remember alighting on. This Uriel—you and I, you know, had something to do with his restoration—was he worth all the trouble we took about him?"

Geoffrey sighed. "Uriel is worth anything we could have done for him," he said; "a noble fellow; but, poor lad, his day is over. His lifeboat service finished him off, and in his last expedition he got a terrible blow, which injured the lungs, as they fear now, past remedy."

"Ah, that is sad," said Paxton;—"and the beautiful Aurelia, is she really to be a duchess?" "I know nothing about it," said Geoffrey, "beyond what you heard last night. Julian told me, in one of his letters, that the duke had taken Uriel for a cruise in his yacht, and that they hoped that it would benefit him. Quite possible."

"I see," said Paxton. "So the spirit of change has invaded Merylin, no less than Laventor." "Ay, indeed," said Geoffrey, "that it has. You know what it was, as you remember it. People were fond of calling it gloomy and melancholy. It was never so to me. From my boyhood I had been used to the old place, and loved every tree in the pine-woods and every stone in the walls; there was not so much as a shadow in the courtyard that did not seem to me as a familiar friend. Now the place is shut up and deserted. I never pass it without a chill, as though it were a grave where something lay dead and buried."

"I see," said Paxton again, and indeed he was seeing far more than Geoffrey guessed or intended. "Yes, it is quite true; the world is all over full of places, where such graves lie hidden; graves of the past, graves of our hopes, graves of our affections. The world, no doubt, is just a big cemetery; still, Mr. Houghton, we must plant it and cover it over, and bury our dead out of our sight; else, you know there would be no living in it. But I was asking about the Pendaragons; if this poor Uriel dies, the family becomes extinct, does it not, and the old prophecy turns out to be a humbug?"

"No, not extinct," said Geoffrey; "there is his son—the little Uriel, as they call him—a lovely little fellow enough, chatters French like a monkey. His mother, you see, was a Breton peasant-girl, whom Uriel married at St. Florian."

"A peasant girl!—his mother!" cried Paxton. So there it is, the prophecy complete! What a strange, bewitching story! So, after all, it will not be the 'fallen heir' who rebuilds the house, but his son, the 'peasant-born,' Uriel."

"They had come to the end of their walk by this time, and were returning to Swinburne."

"It has been a splendid walk, and a splendid talk," said Paxton; "though I'm half afraid I've taken on me too much of the spiritual director. I even felt prompted not to leave you without a parting word, if you would not be offended."

"Oh, no fear of that," said Geoffrey. "Fire away;—no one is offended with his director."

"Well, only this," said Paxton, "don't fling the best years of your life away over shadows, Mr. Houghton. If a fair lady has a mind to be a duchess, were I in your place I would let her, and give her my blessing."

Geoffrey laughed. "Oh, it's not that," he said; "duchess or no duchess makes no odds to me. That is not my difficulty."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Paxton; "then there is less reason for you going to Manitoba. Take my advice, Mr. Houghton, sit under the shadow of your own vine and your own fig-tree at Laventor, and leave the backwoods to your young scapegraces. Home life among your own people is the life for you."

CHAPTER XXIII. COMING HOME.

On his return to Laventor Geoffrey

found awaiting him a letter from Julian. It gave news of the party at Naples, and was written in his usual style of animation. "All the world is here," he wrote; "and all the world is trying hard to enrol Mary and me among its wicked company. I have my fears they may succeed with Mary; she likes it all so amazingly. She carries me off to receptions and dances, and tries to persuade me that I like it as much as she does, whereas, I regard it all as an abomination. We have the best of society here (as they would say in Swinburne); you can't indulge in a quiet donkey ride without meeting half Belgravia, including, as of course, you know, the Duke. He and Uriel have come back from the cruise, and are pretty often together. Our three golden haired friends, by-the-by, are quite the rage; you know what fair hair is in the eyes of the Neapolitans. The boy can't set out with his nurse without being mobbed, and I hear the changes on till one is tired of it. I fear poor Uriel is not yet much the better for the change, and Aurelia tells me he is counting the hours till he can return to Merylin."

This was the resume of most of the letters which reached him through the winter, whether from Julian or Mary. They told them of their joyous life together; they described their excursions by sea and land; they seldom wrote without speaking also of Uriel and his sister; and the burden of what they said was generally the same, Uriel was fading fast; they sometimes feared he would never return to Merylin."

At last, towards the end of March, came a letter in another handwriting, and, opening it hastily, Geoffrey's heart beat fast as he glanced at the signature. It was brief, and ran as follows:

"My dear Mr. Houghton:—My poor brother is considerably worse; and it is but too evident that his climate has been of no real benefit to him. He is longing to be at home again, and though I feel it is a risk for him to encounter an English spring; yet, alas! the risk of staying here may be yet greater. His own anxiety is lest he may remain until return is impossible, and with that longing which is the character of his complaint, he has set his heart on dying at Merylin. So that we propose coming back about a fortnight hence, and I write to ask if you would undertake to see that everything is as it should be. I should dread the journey more than I can say, but when Julian and Mary heard what we had decided, with their usual kindness they offered to accompany us. Julian will take on himself the management of the journey. It is so like him; I never can be sufficiently grateful. Yours ever, Aurelia Pendaragon."

There was also a note from Julian. "Dear Geoffrey:—Uriel is dying; he cannot live many months—perhaps, not many weeks longer. His one thought is to be at home, and Aurelia has ceased to oppose it. Mary and I have made up our minds to travel with them, as it will be a business getting him to England, and we have not the heart to leave Aurelia to face it all alone. So we shall be back before we intended. Can you take us in at Laventor? Somehow I should like to be near the dear fellow to the last; and I suppose you'll put up with Mary for a bit. By-the-by, I had a letter from Paxton the other day. He spoke of you and Manitoba, and said we ought not to allow it. What's in the wind, old fellow? Wait to see us before you pack up. Mary says its dumps, but that she'll cure you. Yours ever, Julian."

"Mary home again; that will be splendid!" Such was Geoffrey's exclamation over the breakfast-table, uttered with an animation which took his mother by surprise.

"My dear boy, how you startle one," she said; "and what do you mean? I thought they meant to stay abroad till June; are they really coming directly?"

"Yes, all of them," said Geoffrey, swallowing his tea with great vehemence, "and I must go to the castle and see about it." Then rising he bestowed on his mother a most affectionate caress, and left the room, saying: "You'll think about everything else, mother. Mary home again; my word, but that will be jolly!"

It had been his first thought, and the immediate effect on his spirits had been like the sudden darting of the sun's rays from behind a dark bank cloud. But as he toiled up the hill towards the castle, and remembered what it was that was bringing them back, his feelings speedily sobered, and he could not but think with dismay of the sorrowful time that lay before them, and the untimely end of the young and hapless Sir Uriel.

We shall not dwell on the fortnight's preparations; they kept Geoffrey busily employed, for he desired to make the old place smile a welcome on Aurelia and her brother, and was at the same time continually receiving fresh inspirations as to something that Mary would like to see done at Laventor. Between the two subjects of solicitude his time was pretty well engaged, and he had succeeded in working off a fair proportion of the dumps.

It was a gleamy, fitful, bewitching April day when the carriage bearing the travellers entered the gates of Merylin, and ascended slowly through the pine woods to the castle. The pines and larches were beginning to bud and send forth their exquisite perfume, the ground beneath them was bright with primroses and bluebells, and the birds were clamoring their joyful notes on every branch.

There was a sound in the air of tink-

ling rills of running water, and further off the deeper, more solemn undertone of the sea. Uriel leaned from the window to drink it all in with eye and ear. "Home! home!" he murmured, "home as I remember it in our childish days, Aurelia; every scent, every sound the same. Those young larches, how sweet they are, and the thrushes—there are no thrushes like those in Italy!" He sank back with such a light on his faded cheeks that a ray of hope darted through Aurelia's heart.

"It will do you good, dear Uriel!" she said; "after all, there is no place like home."

He smiled, but did not speak again till the carriage stopped at the entrance of the castle, and Geoffrey appeared ready to greet them. He was not alone, for Julian and Mary had driven on before, that they too might be there to receive the invalid and his sister.

The tall, wasted form descended from the carriage and leant on Geoffrey's strong arm for support. So leaping they led him into the antique chamber, as bright and cheery as Geoffrey's utmost care had been able to make it; and one and all gathered round him as he sank into the easy chair placed ready to receive him, to bid him "welcome home."

Then for the first time Geoffrey looked well at him and beheld the change. Every trace was gone of the iron frame and stalwart bearing for which Uriel Pendaragon had once been so distinguished. The face which Julian had depicted in its glorious youth, almost terrible in its majestic strength, bore only one expression now—that of surpassing sweetness. The golden hair, indeed, was unchanged, and fell in thick masses over the thin transparent features, making the large eyes look larger still, as they rested on one or other of those who clustered around him. "So glad," he said, "so happy to be back; all right now, Aurelia."

At the sound of her name Geoffrey turned his gaze toward her, and thought that she, too, was altered. Something of the calm cold majesty was gone, and a softer, less exalted character was distinguishable in her beautiful countenance. In fact, two influences had been at work in Aurelia's heart, and had entirely absorbed it: a tender, anxious solicitude for her brother, on every change in whose condition she hung with suspense; and a mother's care for the little Uriel.

When they had seen the invalid fairly settled, Julian and Mary took their leave, and delivered themselves over to Geoffrey to be carried back in triumph to Laventor. On their home greetings we need not enlarge, but leave it to the reader to imagine with what feelings Geoffrey that evening surveyed his family circle, and the immense content with which he once more beheld "old Mary" in her place beside him.

Next morning she found her way into his study, and was received with renewed assurances on Geoffrey's part that it was "simply splendid."

"So it is," said Mary; "but now, Geff, prepare to have your conscience examined. We saw Mr. Paxton in London, you know, and he has been telling tales."

"I doubt he has been inventing them, then," said Geoffrey; "it's the way of those poet gentlemen. He had no tales to tell."

"Yes, but he had; all about your giving; the pheasant-shooters a slice of your mind; and of a tremendous walk you had together, and all he thought of you."

"And what was he pleased to think?" growled Geoffrey; "much I care."

"He thought, of course, that you were a delicious old bear, as you always were, you know; but I gathered from his words that you had been decidedly dumpy."

"And whose fault was that?" said Geoffrey; "whilst you have been gallivanting it at Naples, and I don't know where, I have had nothing to comfort me but the pigs and the mill—we've new roofed it, by-the-by; Jones did it, and you'll say it's capital."

"But mamma has told me of a lot besides the pigs and the mill," said Mary; "that you never let her half hour's constitutional alone, that you looked after her hyacinth bulbs, aired her shawl, I think she said, and read to her in the evenings. Really, Geff, that is the most wonderful part of all to me: what did you read—was it 'Challoner'?"

"Never you mind what we read," said Geoffrey; "we hadn't you or Gertrude to pick holes, so we got along famously. But now, look here, Mary, what do you really think of Uriel?"

Mary's face at once became grave. "There is but one thing to think," she said, "he may linger, you can never tell how long, in that complaint, but he will never see another winter."

"You mean that Aurelia did not encourage it?" said Geoffrey. "Yet he's a Catholic, and a good sort of a body, I am told."

"Oh, yes," replied Mary, "good enough in his way, but if he were not a duke no one would think anything about him; and you know that sort of thing is no recommendation to Aurelia. If she is ever to be won, it will be by something better than a duke's coronet."

"I see," said Geoffrey; "Swinbourne gossip. So now, Mary, put on your thing-a-me-jig—I can't call it a bonnet—and let us go out and look about us. You'll like to see the mill."

AN ANGEL OF CHARITY.

A few years previous to the bloody contest between the North and South, there lived in a town in New England a wealthy family by the name of Wilbern. Their interests and fortune were centered in a large factory, which brought annually a comfortable income and gave employment to hundreds of the poorer inhabitants of the place.

The family of Charles Wilbern consisted of his wife, two daughters and several sons. In principle he was a bitter Puritan, cherishing the severe tenets of his forefathers, and each Sunday found him an attentive worshipper at the meeting-house of his creed. By a strange direction of Providence the man who, like his ancestors, tolerated no other religion, married a fervent Catholic, one professing a belief exactly opposite to his own. The daughters were brought up according to the doctrine of the mother, while the sons followed the steps of the father.

The elder daughter, Maud, a haughty and disagreeable young woman, was a Catholic in name only; for the respect she bore her mother and the fear of incurring her displeasure alone prevented her from forsaking the religion in which she had been baptized. Angela, the younger girl, possessed all the good qualities in which her sister was deficient. She loved her religion and practiced it faithfully. Hers was a hard life. A mighty sorrow filled her heart at the indifference of her brothers and sister, and all her actions were offered to the Heavenly Father for the conversion of her family. She was the sole comfort of her invalid mother, who depended on her and placed upon the young shoulders the care of the entire household. Never a word of complaint fell from her lips, nothing was a burden, no duty irksome to the gentle girl. When death visited the home and took from it the mother, the grief of the family was intense. They were prostrated; and upon Angela fell the performance of all the last sad duties. With a countenance strangely white and drawn, lips devoid of color, and a heart bursting with a grief too deep for expression in tears, she closed the eyes which never again would look lovingly upon her, smoothed the brown hair, kissed the waxen brow and lips, and folded the lifeless hands, twining a rosary around the slender fingers. She then knelt by the coffin and resting her head upon the cold, unresponsive bosom of her mother, vowed that henceforth she would serve God in the religious life.

She attained her twenty-first birthday the following year, and it was shortly after this that she spoke of her intention to her sister. The blow deprived Maud of speech for some moments, but when she recovered from the shock, a torrent of abuse, ridicule, threats, fell upon the ears of Angela. When the father next became aware of the step she meditated, his fury knew no bounds, and every obstacle was placed in her way, but without changing her mind. At length, exasperated at her persistence, he summoned her to his library, and after telling her what he had learned, said:

"You have your choice, and I have called you to give you the opportunity of making the selection this morning. Remain here, performing your duties as you have done heretofore, or leave this house forever. Choose!"

She paused a few moments; then upon her soul fell a heavenly balm as the words of our Divine Saviour came to her mind: "Whosoever loveth father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," and she quietly replied, lifting her pleading eyes to his face: "Father, I have chosen. I shall enter the religious life. Henceforth I belong to God alone."

Livid with passion, he started from his chair and said, in a tone full of menace and fury:

"Go, then! You are no longer my daughter! My everlasting hate shall always follow you. You are from this moment disinherited. Never, while life lasts, enter these doors. You are forever an exile from me and mine—go!"

Angela stepped forward. "Father," she began, but he interrupted her by saying: "I will not listen. You have made your choice; abide by it."

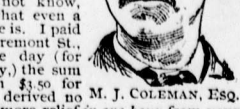
Sorrowfully she turned to obey, and at the door paused to look once again on her unforbearing father. His head, covered with iron gray hair, rested upon the mantel, and his back was turned toward her. Above him hung the portrait of her mother. The mild eyes seemed to smile down on her, while the parted lips appeared to breathe earnest benediction on the suffering daughter. Angela's eyes filled with tears, but the thought that her course was marked out by the Divine Wisdom consoled the troubled heart. She left her parental home on the eve of her sister's marriage without telling them where she was going, and in due



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needed flesh, no matter how you've lost it, take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It works wonders. By restoring the normal action of the deranged organs and functions, it builds the flesh up to a safe and healthy standard—promptly, pleasantly and naturally. The weak, emaciated, thin, pale and puny are made strong, plump, round and rosy. Nothing so effective as a strength restorer and flesh maker is known to medical science; this puts on healthy flesh not the fat of cod liver oil and its filthy compounds. It rouses every organ of the body to activity, purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood so that the body feels refreshed and strengthened. If you are too thin, too weak, too nervous, it may be that the food assimilation is at fault. A certain amount of bile is necessary for the reception of the fat foods in the blood. Too often the liver holds back this element which would help digestion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stimulates, tones up and invigorates the liver, nourishes the blood, and the muscles, stomach and nerves get the rich blood they require.

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time reached the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, her destination.

When the war between the North and South was declared, volunteers came from every part of the country to participate in the bloody struggle.

Charles Wilbern was appointed Captain of the company from his district, and served gallantly under the flag of the Union.

It was during this fearful crisis in our country's history that the Church sent forth her noble bands of women Sisters of Charity and Mercy to relieve the sufferers, to console the dying.

On every battle field these fearless heroines gathered, oblivious of the dangers surrounding them and unappalled at the scenes of carnage before them.

It was July 3, 1863, on the immortal field of Gettysburg. Upon the ground men of both armies were strewn like leaves.

The day was intensely hot, the sun hung like a great copper globe in the heavens, sending down its burning rays upon the dead and dying.

Like angels the Sisters passed from soldier to soldier. Little cared they to what side the suffering men belonged; their task it was to give relief in the name of the Almighty Father.

A young Sister had just finished binding up the wounds of an aged Confederate and consigned him to the ambulance when her steps were arrested by piteous groans coming from the direction of a clump of thick, high bushes.

Hurriedly she parted the branches and knelt beside a dying soldier whose uniform identified him as belonging to the Federal forces.

The straps upon his shoulder marking him as an officer. The face was covered with a rough beard of a few days' growth, and his hand rested upon his breast, from which issued a stream of blood.

It was the work of a moment for the dexterous hands of the Sister to staunch the blood and apply restoratives to the parched lips.

This imparted a little strength and the dying man opened his eyes, murmuring weakly: "Thank you, Sister."

At the sound of his voice, so familiar, a death like pallor overspread the face of the Religious; she gazed into the eyes, over which the film of death was rapidly gathering; on the face, changed and ashen from the approaching dissolution, and with a cry, she lifted his head, and, kissing the lips, said: "Father! father! will you not forgive my Angela?"

It was in truth Captain Wilbern, who was held in the embrace of his daughter Angela, now Sister Angela. At first the poor man was unable to utter a word; then he said: "O Angela, my darling child! that you may see I do indeed forgive you, let me die a Catholic."

"Quickly she arose; no priest was near, and she knew no time could be lost, for her father was mortally wounded, was dying. He had never been baptized, of this she was certain. She took from the satchel she carried a flask of baptismal water, and in a few words she prepared him for the reception of the sacrament.

As the sacred water flowed upon the aged brow, and her quivering voice pronounced the words: "I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," the head fell heavily against her breast and Charles Wilbern was dead.

A few natural tears forced themselves from the Sister's eyes and fell over the stiffening face, but the grateful heart sent up glad thanksgiving to the good God who had granted to her a petition so often asked with tears. She knew her father's soul was safe; and thus, even on earth, did Sister Angela reap the sweet fruits of her heroic self-sacrifice.—Catholic Columbian.

A PRIEST-POET—REV. DOMINIC BRENNAN, C. P.

An Admirable Friend's Analysis of His Work.

Catholic Union and Times. If the possession of a nature attuned to everything high and noble indicates a literary faculty, then the Passionist, Father Dominic Brennan, has essentially the first requisites of poetic genius, but beyond that he is gifted with the talent of beautiful expression.

Longfellow once said that all men are poets, the difference being only in that some are capable of clothing their thoughts in language. Father Dominic has both qualities that comprise the charm of a poetic nature—a fine and delicate appreciation coupled with an eloquence of tongue and pen.

Better than this even in the promise of his future, is the fact that back of them is his manly and splendid character, fulfilling the dictum of Alexander Pope that a great poet presupposes a great man. That the literary promise of Father Dominic is rich with possibility is proven by the work he has already done.

One of the best of the poems he has written is that entitled, "Erin's Martyrs," through the inspiring phrases of which we catch the minor chord, the faint echo of wailing for a lost history that renders so pathetic the history of our land. Indeed, Father Dominic's verse is never so beautiful as when he pays tribute to the glories and the deservings of the land from which his forefathers sprang.

There is no need to dwell upon the merits of the following verses; their beauty speaks for itself: ERIN'S MARTYRS. The martyred dead of Ireland Have hallowed every crime. Where Celtic blood and Celtic dust, Drunk with the patriot's sacred blood, Proclaim her dead's sacrifice.

Not by the tyrant's throne alone Have Erin's martyrs bled. Where Tyranny's yoke driest blood, Drunk with the patriot's sacred blood, With which her lips are red.

Where'er Oppression's arm was raised, There Celt was seen to fall. On soil where Moslem tyranny reigns, On Europe's blood-curdous plains, They died at Freedom's call.

Their bones have bleached on Africa's sands In far Australian wild; And here where Freedom's rules alone On battlefields the Celt is known Her dauntless, noble child.

And as his life blood ebbs away Upon some alien shore, Mark maiden's cheek virgin of the King; Mark maiden's cheek virgin of the King; Mark maiden's cheek virgin of the King.

Go forth, O Son of David's fair! Go forth, O Son of David's fair! Go forth, O Son of David's fair! Go forth, O Son of David's fair!

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Go forth, O Son of David's fair! Go forth, O Son of David's fair! Go forth, O Son of David's fair! Go forth, O Son of David's fair!

When through our land the Irish tongue was heard in festive lays. When our hearts of Freedom's joys, of Faith, of Love most true. When all from tongue to peasant spake the language of Bora.

When priests and people prayed to God in accents He had taught. Before the "sireless Saxon" tongue to Erin's shores was brought. When "Fad" and "Fad" from Tara's height, it was through Celtic dew. He who had nobles' hearts to love their Maker so.

It was the Celtic accents sweet that rose when Fad's hand was laid. For Erin's faith, that faith divine—that bell nor earth has awayed. For vainly men and demons bleed to quench that vital spark!

High up above the head of blood-ripe safe that "Glorious Ark." That Ark of Erin's faith divine, in misery and woe. Doth proud withstand each hellish storm—each hated tyrant's blow!

In narrative verse he has a very happy style, as is shown in the graceful flow of his poem entitled "The Drunkard's Christmas." One can see the crowding Christmas throngs in the picture drawn in this first verse:

'Twas Christmas Eve. Fast fell the snow Like crystal gems from the shroud of night; The streets were filled with joyous throngs. The shops abate with cheering light.

When up above the head of blood-ripe safe that "Glorious Ark." That Ark of Erin's faith divine, in misery and woe. Doth proud withstand each hellish storm—each hated tyrant's blow!

There is a sweet, old-fashioned beauty in this verse from the "Crown of Thorns."

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Go forth, O Son of David's fair! Go forth, O Son of David's fair! Go forth, O Son of David's fair! Go forth, O Son of David's fair!

CONFESSION—AN INSTINCTIVE DESIRE.

There never has been a time since the revival of the sixteenth century in which an instinctive longing for peace through confession has not manifested itself in the literatures of Christian nations.

Absolution may or may not be the object sought by non-Catholics in this desire of confession on the part of the evil doer, or the sorrow stricken child of humanity.

Absolution in its position in the Catholic system is only apprehended and appreciated by those who have been educated in Catholicity, but with confession it is wholly different.

The very idea of unbending the human soul to one who is possessed of human sympathy seems to live among all classes of people irrespective of their religious belief.

At one or another period in the lives of men this instinctive desire for spiritual or mental relief becomes so dominant that its hebesht must be listened to or their possessor driven into profound melancholia near of kin to dementia.

Those best versed in medical science recognize the fact that man is his own sternest informer, his own sharpest detective. Physical and mental law have an interdependency of interests with moral law, and the violations of the latter show themselves in unerring manifestations of mind and body.

Occasionally wrought out its individual detective system culminating in the doctrine of Nemesis or irony of fate, which under the old covenant the reign of law proclaimed in unmistakable words the evidences of sin, which no power could secrete: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Latin in a Cobbler's Shop. He was strictly business and did not mean to be taken in on any sort of a gold brick scheme, sugar coated though the proposition was with flattery.

The story is told by the Detroit Free Press: "You understand Latin, of course?" he began as he entered a cobbler's shop on an uptown street the other afternoon.

"Vhell!" queried the cobbler as he brushed at the heel of a shoe and glanced out of the window. "I'm a bit rusty on my Latin and want a little assistance. One does grow rusty, you know, unless he has daily use of a language. You know what 'magnam bonam' is, of course?"

"You want some shoes fixed?" asked the cobbler, but without much interest in the query. "Not to-day, my friend. While my shoes may seem to require repairs, I wear 'em this way for the sake of ventilation. Are you up on 'aors omnibus cmmunis'?"

"Mebbe you like a pair of shoes to measure?" "I may get new shoes later on in the season, and if so will remember your location. Just at present I am bothered with my Latin. If I should say to you, 'Nemo solis sapit,' what would be your reply?"

"Do you have some peesness to-day?" asked the cobbler as he threw down the shoe. "Not business in the technical sense of the word, but business in the general sense. Let me say to you, 'Omnia cum Deo'."

"Does that strike a sympathetic chord in your heart, or must I exclaim, 'Volo non calcei'?" "Do you like somethings to-day?" asked the cobbler, as he paused in his work to look up.

"Certainly, I do. I want to ask you in Latin for ten cents to help me along." "I speak some English." "Then I ask you in English. Will you give a fellow-man ten cents?" "I gif nobody ten cents." "Neither in Latin nor English?" "No, sir! You petter go out!" "Then it's ne quid nimis, is it?" "She vhas."

secret which was wearing her heart out, Hilda sought, like many other grief-stricken souls, for counsel and sympathy in the confessional.

Absolution she did not crave, because hers was not a Catholic spirit, and, it is needless to add, she was not entitled to it save through the instrumentalities by which the Church grants it.

The priest consoling her, however, craves greater joy for both, for Hawthorne makes him say—"will you not reward him with great joy; one of the last joys that he may know on earth, and a fit one to take with him into the better world?"

In a word, will you not allow him to bring you, as a stray lamb, into the true fold? You have experienced some little taste of the relief and comfort which the Church keeps abundantly in store for all its faithful children.

Come home, dear child, poor wanderer, who has caught a glimpse of the heavenly light—come home, and be at rest."

Confession, then, instead of being the great hardship which some may make themselves believe, is the complete answering to the longings of the soul. Its want is recognized in one form or another, by a large class of non-Catholics, and in proof of this we need but study more closely the literature of the times.

For, after all, what is literature but the expression of the life of the people? The investigation of the instinctive desires of human nature in their relations to Catholicity is both fascinating and instructive. We have presented only one phase of the question in connection with confession.—Catholic Review.

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"And you won't homo homini lupus?" "No, sir." "Then I suppose I'll have to hic finis fandi and take my E pluribus unum. Sorry we can't meet on a mutual plan, but no great harm done, and out I go. Farewell, O cobbler, and may you long continue to cob!"

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London, Saturday, June 6, 1896.

POLITICS AND RELIGION.

Cardinal Gibbons wrote recently a letter in answer to some enquiries of the Rev. Dr. Stafford, of St. Patrick's church, regarding the attitude of Catholics towards the Republican party, by reason of the apparent alliance between that party and the A. P. A. This alliance is not complete as between the two, but it has been practically accomplished in some States, and the Apaisists are endeavoring to make it complete, or at least to oblige the Republicans to adopt the principles of Apaisism.

Dr. Stafford is a Republican in his political preferences, and he even held a foreign mission under appointment from President Harrison, and thus he takes special interest in regard to the question how Apaisism will influence Catholics toward the Republicans.

The object of the Apaisists is to make it appear that any success which the Republicans may achieve is due to them, as they expect by this means to make it appear that they are much more influential throughout the country than they really are.

This is apparent in their attitude in regard to ex-Governor McKinley, of Ohio, who is almost certain to be the next Republican candidate for the presidency, as he has secured a large majority of the delegates who will select the party's candidate for the office at St. Louis, Mo., on the 16th inst.

There is no doubt that Mr. McKinley had many friends among the A. P. A. when his candidature was first spoken of, but that society had some hope of getting one of its members named as the candidate, and both Mr. Linton and Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, were suggested as men, either of whom would have been acceptable to them.

Mr. McKinley could not be induced by the Apaisists to endorse their platform, which was offered to him for acceptance, but, on the other hand, he was cautious not to announce himself as positively hostile to them, as he did not wish to alienate their votes. Nevertheless, when it was publicly announced that he is a member of the order, he thought it right to state in a letter that such is not the case, just as he also denied that he had been admitted into the Ancient Order of Hibernians, when the report was circulated to the effect that he had joined that organization.

The A. P. A. had evidently underestimated Mr. McKinley's strength, and thus they fell into the error of setting themselves in open opposition to him, the Executive Council of the order having proclaimed that he must be opposed for having treated the A. P. A. with contempt. But later, when it was discovered that they would count for nothing, their Supreme Council reversed the action of the Executive, and declared that the order may support his candidacy. They did not do this, however, before they found out that their own candidates have not the remotest chance of being selected. Such a humiliation has, perhaps, no parallel in history, unless we call history the old rhyme which says:

"The King of France with fifty thousand men, Marched up the hill—and then marched down again."

Cardinal Gibbons' letter declares that Catholics are to be found in both political parties of the United States, and that the Church has no preference for one rather than the other. He says:

"Moreover, it is our proud boast that we have never interfered with the civil and political rights of any who differ from us in religion. We demand the same rights for ourselves, and nothing more, and will be content with nothing less."

But he gives the Republicans to understand that if they or any party affiliate themselves with a society hostile to Catholics, and attack the civil and religious liberties of Catholics, the latter may find it necessary to adopt resolute measures in self-defence. His words are very applicable to the state of affairs which has sometimes existed in Canada, and with which we are even now threatened. His Eminence says:

"Not only is it the duty of all parties distinctly to set their faces against the

false and un-American principles thrust forward of late, but, much as I would regret the entire identification of any religious body as such with any political party, I am convinced that the members of a religious body whose rights, civil and religious, are attacked, will naturally and unanimously espouse the cause of the party which has the courage openly to avow the principles of civil and religious liberty according to the Constitution. Patience is a virtue, but is not the only virtue. When pushed too far it may degenerate into pusillanimity."

A VERY DUBIOUS CLAIM.

The Rev. M. L. Hoblit, a correspondent of the Hamilton Canadian Evangelist, the organ of the denomination usually known as the "Disciples" or the "Disciples of Christ," informs the readers of that journal that "there are eleven million people in the great Mexican Republic who have never heard the gospel preached except in a corrupted form." Of course we are in no way surprised to find our contemporary speak of Catholic doctrine as a corrupted gospel, as such is the fashion with the preachers of all the sects, but our friend on this occasion evidently includes under the appellation all forms of Protestantism except that of the Disciples; for it states that "the Apostolic doctrine and practice, though the only system which can be logically presented to a Roman Catholic people, is, as yet, almost entirely unknown in Mexico," while asserting that various Protestant sects have made considerable headway, having received "many thousands" of converts "who have forsaken Rome."

The Apostolic system here meant is evidently that of the Disciples, who have recently planted a mission in Mexico, so that the other Protestant sects, whose systems are non-Apostolic, must be corrupt also. The writer of the letter is the missionary who conducts the new Disciples' mission at Juarez, opposite El Paso in Texas.

It requires no small amount of assurance to maintain that this little sect, a very recent offshoot from the Baptists of America, is alone the Apostolic denomination of Christianity. If this be really the truth, the Apostles must have been very dilatory about propagating the Gospel, notwithstanding that they were commanded to preach the same to all nations. We might infer also that if the Apostles obeyed the commands of their divine Master so poorly, there can be very little advantage in having the Apostolic system which the Disciples boast that they alone possess.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the progress of Protestantism is very much exaggerated by the missionaries, who have an interest in representing it in excess of the truth. But if it were as great as Rev. M. L. Hoblit represents it to be, the rev. gentleman asserts by implication that the Mexican converts have only given up one to embrace another "corrupt form of Christianity."

THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

The ceremonies and festivities in connection with the solemn coronation of the Czar are still in progress in Moscow, and are conducted on the grandest possible scale, the amount of money expended thereon being estimated at over \$20,000,000.

The most important act in the drama was, of course, the actual crowning of the Emperor and Empress, which was a religious ceremony, and was performed in the cathedral of the Assumption.

The names of the cathedrals of Moscow are themselves suggestive of the almost complete identity of faith between the Catholic and the Russian Churches, and put in a strong light the flimsiness of the causes which keep the Eastern Churches from unity with the universal or Catholic Church.

The three cathedrals of the city were joined by means of a wooden pathway covered with crimson cloth for the occasion of the ceremonies, as the programme included the visitation of all three, but the most important ceremony took place in that of the Assumption. The other two are named respectively the Annunciation and the Archangel. Thus two of these beautiful buildings are dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, showing the great reverence of the Russians for the Mother of God. The third title indicates the belief in intercessory prayer offered by the angels and saints of God for the Church and its members.

It is remarked, too, by the correspondents who give an account of the proceedings that the walls of the cathedrals are covered with frescoes representing the Holy Trinity, and angels and saints, chiefly martyrs, and especially of the Blessed Virgin; and one

shrine covered with gold, silver and precious stones, exhibits an image of the Blessed Virgin, and the relics of many venerated saints.

The altar resembles that to be seen in any Catholic church, its surrounding being suited to the special liturgy used by the Russian priests.

When the imperial procession reached the altar, clouds of incense were seen to rise from the gold and silver censers used at High Mass, and the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg presented a crucifix to the royal pair to be reverently kissed. They were also sprinkled with holy water, and the prelates, who also blessed the Emperor, prayed that his reign may be prosperous, and that he may attain to the throne of righteousness.

The Imperial crowns were handed to the Emperor by the prelates, but to signify that the Czar is the spiritual head of the Church as well as the temporal ruler of the country, he placed the crowns on his own head, and on that of the Empress.

After these ceremonies Mass was celebrated, and the occasion sanctified by both their majesties receiving Communion.

With the single exception of the claim of the Emperor to be the Supreme Head of the Church, all these ceremonies remind us of the faith with which a Constantine, a Charlemagne, a Clovis, or an Edward of England adhered to and honored religion. We may express the hope that the ardent desire of the Holy Father that a reunion of the Eastern and Western Churches may yet be brought about. The chief obstacle to such a reunion is political, and consists in the wish of royalties to modify the doctrines and practices of religion to suit them, rather than to submit to its teachings. But there are indications that the day of reunion is not so far away in the future as we might have supposed even a very short few years ago.

THE CHRISTIAN UNITY NEGOTIATIONS.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, which was in session at Saratoga during the last two weeks, has finally settled the negotiations which have been on foot for the last few years for the purpose of bringing about a union between that body and the Episcopalians.

The Committee on Christian Union, to which the conducting of the negotiations was entrusted, reported that it could not enter into any satisfactory arrangement, and asked to be discharged from any further consideration of the matter, inasmuch as the Episcopalians did not offer any "basis of mutual recognition and reciprocity" which could satisfy Presbyterians. Thus two of the bodies which have been considering the matter have finally withdrawn from its further consideration, the Congregationalists having previously decided to the same effect.

As the Episcopalians had already brought their terms to exceedingly narrow limits, it seems to be settled now that the differences between the denominations concerned are not likely to admit of a union at all, unless they agree to throw overboard nearly all distinctive doctrines as essential to Christianity.

It does not appear that the Presbyterians would have been difficult to be satisfied in regard to a doctrinal basis, for they were ready to eschew even Calvin's palmary doctrines of absolute decrees and eternal reprobation, and of course to let the Westminster Confession pass into oblivion; but the negotiations were wrecked on the rock of the "historic episcopate" on which the Episcopalians insisted.

It is admitted even by the Westminster divines that the Presbyterians have not apostolic succession, though that was virtually held by them as something desirable. They admitted that in the troublous times through which the Church passed, many of their recognized ministers had not the formal ordination prescribed by the Church, and undoubtedly they would have been glad enough to obtain some kind of ordination which would have given them even a plausible claim to an apostolicity of ministry, could they attain this quietly with not much public attention being drawn to the true state of the case; and if the ministers could have managed to get episcopal ordination and thus obtain even the dubious validity of orders with Anglicans, they would have gained a point; but the Episcopalians insisted upon the recognition of the episcopate as solely authorized to confer ordination, and to accept these terms would have been an open acknowledgment that hitherto Presby-

terian ministers had exercised their ministry without real authority and jurisdiction. They were not prepared for such an admission, and this is what is meant by their complaint that the Episcopalians would not grant them "recognition." They thought, evidently, that the Episcopalians should have dropped more doctrines than they are prepared for, though they already dropped a good deal when they offered to give up the 39 articles in consideration of the Presbyterians giving up their Confession of Faith.

The whole transaction shows how little faith the various denominations now have in their most cherished doctrines. In fact in addition to the "historic episcopate," the only distinctive doctrines insisted on by the Episcopalians were the Nicene Creed, the bible as the only authority on faith and morals, and the two sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper, matters which the Presbyterians would have readily accepted.

It may be well for the future of Christianity in this country that the negotiations have failed, for if the various sects thus so readily drop their distinctive doctrines, there will soon be little more than mere Rationalism left to them. It is a sure fact that even though the present generation would retain a traditional attachment to the doctrines passed over, the next generation would refuse entirely to admit them, or anything more than would be contained in the mere "basis of union," and the door by which Rationalism has already made its way to their midst would be more widely opened than ever, leaving even those doctrines which still remain untouched to be cast overboard just as readily as so many doctrines would now have been thrown aside.

THE ORANGE GRAND LODGE MEETING.

From the Grand Orange Lodge of British North America we could not expect anything but bitter hostility towards Catholics, for the sole purpose for which Orangeism was established was to deprive Catholics everywhere of their civil and religious liberties, and very consistently has this purpose been carried out from the date when Orangeism was first instituted, down to the last meeting of the Canadian Grand Lodge which was held at Collingwood last week.

But all Orangemen are not as virulent as the principles of Orangeism would make them if fully carried out, and there are some who from motives which we need not scan too closely, are disposed to be just, at times, at all events. These motives may sometimes be self-interest, and sometimes, perhaps, an innate love of justice; but whatever may have been the motives on the present occasion, some members of the Grand Lodge at this last meeting opposed the passing of resolutions censuring the Dominion Government for having introduced the Remedial Bill to restore the educational rights of the Catholic minority in Manitoba. Among those who defended the course of the Government were Major Samuel Hughes, of the Lindsay Warder, and Mr. Robert Birmingham, the Grand Secretary of the Orange order, and the chief organizer of the associations of the Conservative party throughout Ontario.

These gentlemen showed to their brethren that the rights claimed by the Catholics of Manitoba are guaranteed by the Constitution of Canada and the Government only did its duty in upholding those rights, which were granted originally, not to Catholics, but to any future minority of the Province, whether that minority should be Catholic or Protestant. They showed that it may happen any day that the Protestants of Quebec may have to appeal for protection to the same clauses of the Constitution to which the Catholics are now appealing, and in the name of equal rights to all they asked that the resolutions proposed by Grand Master Pitts, M. P. P., of New Brunswick, should not be adopted.

Among the speakers who supported the resolutions were Mr. Galbraith, Grand Master of the Quebec Orange-men, and ex-Mayor Essery, of London. From Mr. Essery, the special friend of the notorious Mrs. Margaret Shepherd, little else was to be expected; but Mr. Galbraith is living among Catholics, of whose toleration and friendship towards their Protestant neighbors he is perfectly well aware, but his bitterness towards Catholics exceeds even the worst of his Ontario brethren. He might, besides, have borne in mind the fact that his Protestant brethren in Quebec might any day be in the same position as seekers for justice at the

hands of the Dominion Government and Parliament, just as the Manitoba Catholics are now. This consideration should be to him an object lesson of tolerance.

It is useless to ask an Orange gathering to keep itself within reasonable bounds, so the appeals of Mr. Hughes and his friends were disregarded, and just such a series of resolutions was passed as are usual with that body, endorsing the course of Mr. N. Clarke Wallace in resigning from the Government as a protest against the Remedial Bill, and condemning the Government for introducing the Bill, and all the members of Parliament, but especially the Orange members, who supported it by their votes. How different would have been the tune if it had been the case that a Protestant minority, such as that of Quebec, had been deprived of its rights by a Catholic majority. The lodge would have been loud in its denunciations of Romish tyranny. But there is no fear of such a thing taking place. The Catholics have no proscriptive associations like Orangeism and the P. P. A. to urge them to persecuting measures, and they are tolerant.

A grand conflict was expected between the two wings of the Orangemen, the "Remedialists" and "Anti-Remedialists," as they have been styled, and both parties mustered as strongly as possible at the Grand Lodge meeting, the former to support the Government, and the latter to condemn it; but the party of proscription won the chief points, as might have been expected. Mr. N. Clarke Wallace, who has ever used his Orangeism as an instrument for the gaining of his personal ends, was re-elected to the Grand-Mastership. Mr. Birmingham was also re-elected Grand Secretary, but his majority was comparatively small, notwithstanding his past popularity. The reason for his re-election is said to be the fear entertained by many of the more violent Orangemen, that if they carried their vindictiveness so far as to reject their secretary, there might be a disruption of the order. Mr. Birmingham's majority was 13 on a vote of 500 members.

The resolutions of the Grand Lodge will be of little weight with the country. All reasonable Protestants are aware that Lodge resolutions, whether Grand or subordinate, are dictated by malice and hatred, and the day is gone by when they have any weight with the Protestant body generally. Such resolutions are merely the valves whereby the superabundant vanity and malice of the Lodge members find vent.

Mr. N. Clarke Wallace's address to the Lodge was also full of fire and fury in opposition to the Catholic schools of Manitoba, and to Catholic Separate schools generally. He persists in declaring that the Catholic Church, through its Bishops, is coercing the Government to pass the Remedial Bill. We are much mistaken if he will not soon find out that the people of Canada will not be coerced by the Grand Lodge, and that Catholics and Protestants will unite in protecting the clauses of the Constitution which safeguard minority rights, whatever may be the religion of the injured party.

THE CAMPAIGN.

There is but little change in the general political situation since our last issue, except that the candidates of the various parties have been for the most part selected, and the fight is being more and more vigorously prosecuted. The party press and speakers are making all sorts of charges of inconsistency, dishonesty and corruption against their opponents, and it must be said that there is sometimes foundation for the accusations.

There are not nearly so many McCarthyite candidates as it was loudly proclaimed in the beginning there would be, but there are an unprecedentedly large number in Ontario running on the various Independent platforms, including Patronism, McCarthyism, and Independence of an undesigned character, and there are at least three on the Prohibitionist ticket.

Among the curious incidents of the campaign must be mentioned Mr. Dalton McCarthy's speeches at Winnipeg and Brandon, in which the chief matter spoken of was the School question, which is, of course, the only issue on which he could expect to be elected in Brandon, where he is presenting himself as a candidate besides running in North Simcoe. In his speech at Winnipeg he openly declared that "it would be monstrous if Canadians were forced to submit to fifty men in Downing Street. Thank

God," he added, "we can govern ourselves." This deliverance had reference, of course, to the decision of the Privy Council on the School question. The English judges did not make the law of the case; they only interpreted it, which they are well able to do, and it is against their calm judgment that Mr. McCarthy thus protests—he who was so lately a thorough Briton, boasting that he would bring it about either by ballots or bullets, that British rule should be supreme in Canada, and French domination, and even the French language, be abolished. Consistency! thou art a jewel.

RATHER VAGUE.

Sir Richard Cartwright and the Hon. Mr. Harcourt were among the speakers at a meeting in Welland on the 29th ult., called to further the interests of Mr. Jas. A. Lowell in his candidature for that constituency. Both the speakers spoke strongly for provincial rights in reference to the Manitoba school question, declaring that an amicable settlement should be made with Manitoba. Sir Richard also said that the people of Ontario do not desire to see any wrong done to the consciences of any minority.

We are ourselves in favor of an amicable settlement with Manitoba, if there is any mode of reaching such a settlement; but every resource of this kind has been tried, and Mr. Greenway's Government has given no satisfaction, whether applied to by the Catholics directly, or by the Dominion Government. There is, therefore, no resource left them but to seek the intervention of Parliament and the Dominion Government, in accordance with the principles laid down in the Constitution of Canada. For this reason fair minded Protestants as well as Catholics should support a just Remedial Bill.

The Catholics of Canada have endured the tyranny of the Greenway legislation for six years, and it is full time that it should come to an end. There is something more wanted than vague promises that justice will be done if a Reform Government be put into power. Justice should be done independently of the political character of the Dominion Government, and the question should not be treated as a matter of party politics at all, as appears to be the inclination of politicians and the political press. We should have something more definite on the subject than anything which either Sir Richard Cartwright or the Hon. Mr. Harcourt says upon the subject, both of whom seem to imply that we should wait hat in hand till Mr. Greenway may think proper to turn his attention towards us.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

An article entitled "Catholics in Politics," appeared in the Montreal True Witness of May 13, our contemporary giving the CATHOLIC RECORD credit for same. It was also copied from the True Witness into the Catholic Review of Winnipeg. We desire to state that the article referred to never appeared in this paper. Will our contemporaries please make a note of this fact?

WE ARE pleased to note that the Senate of the Toronto University, on Friday last, conferred the honorary degree of LL. D. on Rev. J. R. Teefy, of St. Michael's College, Toronto. Father Teefy is the eldest son of M. Teefy, J. P., postmaster of Richmond Hill. We congratulate the Rev. Father. The honor was richly deserved.

The Catholic Register says: "The Globe also knows that its own frequent advertisements for Public school teachers invariably stipulate that applicants must be Protestants."

The Globe knows nothing of the kind.—Toronto Globe.

Certain it is that we have often seen such advertisements in the public press as that referred to by the Catholic Register. We further know that in London West (a suburb of this city) a young lady named Marshall was engaged as school teacher, and that on it becoming known she was a Catholic the school trustees were very much incensed and requested her to resign. We still further know that some years ago a school trustee in this city, named Wilson, on the occasion of a Catholic, amongst others, making application for a position in a Public school, declared that the Catholic should not get it—that he would rather engage the services of a Hottentot than one professing that faith. Such examples of senseless—we might say brutal—bigotry are very common in Ontario.

THE exodus from Ireland during 1895 continued at an enormous rate,

though the in some number of last year whom 22, 13,195 from Ulster and comprise people of Ireland December it is that operate in other countries and it is that the Home Ru is consider the exodu as it was

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though the figures are not so large as in some former years. The total number of persons who left Ireland last year is reported at 48,703, of whom 22,176 were from Munster, 13,495 from Connaught, 8,109 from Ulster and 4,923 from Leinster. These comprise the backbone of the Irish people. The total number who left Ireland from May 1851 to the end of December 1895 was 3,651,128. Thus it is that laws oppressive to the people operate in driving the population to other countries to develop their resources and contribute to their prosperity. Most of the emigration from Ireland is to the United States, which thus reap the benefit of the legislation which drives the Irish from their own country. Home Rule would change all this. It is considered certain, however, that the exodus will not be so great in 1896 as it was in 1895.

In the average political paper it were unwise to look for consistency. The Toronto Globe furnishes us with a very striking example of the absence of this quality. At a recent meeting of the Orange Grand Lodge a resolution was passed condemnatory of the members of Parliament in the order who supported the Government on the Remedial Bill, in spite of the resolutions of the Grand Lodge, so heartily endorsed in Halifax in 1895. The hierarchy of Quebec having issued a pastoral advising their people to vote for parliamentary candidates who would see that justice be done the Catholic minority in Manitoba, the Globe editor flies into a terrible rage, and contends that the Bishops had no right to take such action—it is an undue interference with the liberties of the people! Not one line, however, has appeared in the Globe condemnatory of the Orange Grand Lodge, which claims that it is the tribunal from which Orange members of parliament must derive their inspiration in dealing with public affairs. We ask pardon of the Archbishops and Bishops of Quebec for making reference to their deliverance in connection with the proceedings of the Orange Grand Lodge. This would be extremely bad taste were it not necessary in order to draw attention to the inconsistency of the Globe.

There is a new Fenian scare among the Scotland Yard officials, who assert that an effort is being made to revive militant Fenianism. It is stated that the Russian Minister to England informed the British Government that overtures were made to Russia to assist Russian designs on the frontiers of India, and that inquiries were started in consequence of the information, with the result that it was discovered that nine men have formed themselves into a central Fenian organization for the purpose of taking continuous warlike measures against England until Ireland be proclaimed a Republic. These leaders of the new movement are said to be Irish Americans who are furnished with money from America, and who propose to organize Fenian circles throughout Ireland and England. The story has a fishy odor, but it is stated that an infernal machine was discovered in possession of an employee at the Parliament House, and this is supposed to have some connection with the alleged plot. It is not improbable that the whole matter is concocted by the police under instructions from the Government, who are always anxious to keep up an agitation against the Irish Parliamentary party, as was made evident when the Salisbury Government passed its coercive laws for the suppression of political discussion in Ireland. The Piggot forgeries proved this beyond cavil.

CATHOLIC PRESS.
That Catholics professing to know their own religion should permit themselves to be influenced by the positions of those who dislike the caricature which is ignorantly made to stand for the Church is more of a mystery than the perpetuation of error itself. Sensitiveness to the opinions of men who have the misfortune not to share with us the unspeakable privilege of Catholic faith is a despicable surrender of righteous pride and independence to a slavish spirit of human respect.—Cleveland Universe.

If a majority of the citizens of the United States will persist in secularizing the nation to the extent of driving God as much as possible out of its conscience, its life and its public affairs, the Catholic Church can stand that policy as well as the Protestant denominations. Indeed, it can endure that policy better than they can, for it has the influence, the grace and the will to have its members make sacrifices to see that religion suffers no detriment thereby. In another century, the only living spiritual force in this

country will be the Catholic Church.—Catholic Columbian.

The Monitor never fails to direct the attention of the A. P. A.'s to some Papal encroachment they may have overlooked. This time it speaks to the female A. P. A.'s: "The Sisters of Charity have undertaken the care of the lepers in Louisiana. They are employed by the State for that service. How is it we do not hear an indignant protest from the W. A. P. A. against this union of Church and State?" It is now in order for some of these patriotic ladies to give evidence of their patriotism by immediately relieving the Sisters and taking charge of the Lepers Home themselves! Now, ladies, don't all speak at once.—The Southern Messenger (San Antonio, Texas).

The commission appointed by Leo XIII. to examine the validity of Anglican orders is expected to be able to report in a few weeks. The decision is awaited with interest by the Catholics not only of England, but of the whole world, as the question has always been one on which much could be said pro and con, and which in recent years has occasioned considerable controversy. Should the conclusions of the commission be against the Anglican position, as is probable, a feeling of uneasiness and uncertainty will be experienced by a large number of the adherents of the Anglican communion. They may assume indifference, but they certainly will realize the crushing force of the decision.—Chicago New World.

Some sciolistic scribblers assume to evince their superior wisdom by ridiculing the Catholic custom of invocation of saintly intercession for spiritual and temporal favors. They ignorantly overlook the fact that the Church which authorizes this act of faith and piety, is likewise exclusive authority for every vestige of legitimate Christian belief and devotion extant. Christianity rests solely on the testimony of the Catholic Church. Her sanction of the sacred scriptures is the surest guarantee of authenticity of the inspired writings, which Protestants claim to follow as their only rule of faith. No fairly well educated non-Catholic Christian disputes the fundamental title and historical claims of Catholicity. When an ignominious question the propriety of specific acts of piety fostered by the Church, he unconsciously assails the whole fabric of the Christian system.—Catholic Universe.

The assumption of what has been called "God-Almightiness" is so habitual to the omniscient editor that a Catholic reads with no surprise, even in papers ostensibly Christian, the sneering references to the prayers of the Spaniards for rain and for peace. But if the gospels are to be taken for truth—and the Spanish Catholics evidently take them for truth—the Father, in heaven who minds the flight of birds and the feeding of sparrows, turns no deaf ear to the pleadings of His children even for the common things they stand in need of. Men who never pray, and who know God's business better than He does Himself, and who also know His limitations of which He does not dream, know from their connection with canceuses and campaigns and wire-pulling diplomacy that there is no such thing as Providence, and therefore no such thing as the hearing of prayers. The surprise is not that there are such men, but that such men should deem themselves Christians.—Providence Visitor.

The Methodists, who are holding a noisy conference in Cleveland, O., had a distinguished visitor on Saturday. The visitor was Presidential Candidate McKinley, and when he was presented to the Conference, we are told, the applause was deafening. "Three times it died away and three times it was renewed; it was the greatest ovation of the Conference." The Methodists are rather an emotional sect, and no one can find fault with them for combining religious and political enthusiasm by way of variety. We are not finding fault with this, nor is any one else that we know of. But suppose this had been a convolve of Catholic Bishops and McKinley, a presidential candidate, had been presented to them, what a shout of disapproval and what a wail against Rome would have gone up from Chaplain McCabe and all the other Methodists. It would mean political death to McKinley.—Catholic Citizen.

for this single occasion, and permitted them to accompany the remains of their beloved Mother to the tomb, where, surrounded by the Religious and the pupils, all the ceremonies of the rite were faithfully fulfilled.

The prayers of her numerous friends and benefactors are earnestly requested.

Mother Mary Xavier, known in the world as Mile. Yvonne Le Bihan, was born in Nantes, France, on the 17th of April, 1814. Although an only child, her parents entrusted her to be instructed in our holy religion to the Ursulines of Nantes. In her early girlhood she entered the convent of the Ursulines of the Holy Family, at Faouette, which house had been suppressed by the French Revolution. Her large fortune relieved the convent from its financial difficulties, whilst her talents helped to establish its reputation. An appeal for Religious having been made through the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, several Religious responded, and Mother Mary Xavier was appointed to the diocese of Marquette. She heroically bade adieu to her beloved France and resolved never to see it again.

In 1857, at the urgent request of the then parish priest of Chatham, Reverend Father Joffre, S. J., the citizens of Chatham, and, with the cordial approval of Right Reverend Bishop Pinsonneault, of Sandwich, Mother Mary Xavier, with a companion, founded the monastery of Chatham, generally known as "The Pines." The early difficulties, poverty, and disappointments, incidental to all such undertakings, were not wanting, but were met with patience and prayer; and from an humble five-roomed cottage, where she first opened a day-school, she steadily labored, until, with the blessing of God, she saw her efforts for His glory crowned by the noble buildings of the Academy, with accommodation for at least a hundred pupils. Extensive grounds, spacious gardens, ornamental groves attest her taste for the beautiful. Her life's motto may be summed up in these words: "Ore et Labore." This maxim she taught to each aspirant to the religious life, as also to the pupils; she impressed on them both by word and example, to work and to pray, as she herself was never idle, and has not to account for any idle moments.

Eternal rest to the beloved soul of the dear Mother, whom

We hope to meet in realms of light. A bright and boundless range. In worlds of glory, of love and joy. Of which cannot change.

OBITUARY.
Death of the Rev. Mother Mary Xavier, Foundress and First Superioress of the Ursuline Convent Chatham, Ont.
Calmly passed away, on the 22nd of May, at 4:30 a. m., the soul of the beloved Religious so well known and affectionately esteemed by the numerous pupils from Detroit and many other cities of the United States and Canada, who have attended the Academy. Mother Mary Xavier had not been in good health for some time. A shock of paralysis last winter gave weakness to her community; she rallied and passed her eighty-second birthday in good spirits, creating hopes of seeing a few more birthdays. Divine Providence willed otherwise. On Tuesday evening, the 14th, she did not feel very well, yet the physician considered the illness only a simple one; but the next day it developed into acute pneumonia; this being the third attack, and there being a complication of disease, several physicians pronounced her recovery impossible. On Saturday, the 16th, Reverend Father Leopold, O. S. F., chaplain, administered the last sacraments to the dear sufferer, who was perfectly conscious, and received the Holy Viaticum with most devout sentiments of faith, humility and resignation; and remained almost continually in prayer until her happy death, which occurred on the following Friday. But she had the happiness to receive her Divine Spouse several times during the week; and a few moments before her death, being still conscious, received the Blessed Sacrament, and, without a sigh, gave up her pure soul to God, amidst the prayers and tears of her devoted children, whilst the Reverend Father chaplain read aloud the prayers for the departing.

ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.
A Noble Declaration on the School Question.—A Letter Written in Rome.—An Appeal to Protestants and Catholics to Guard the Constitution.—The Principle of Justice is Binding on All.
The following appears in the Antigonish Casket:
Sir—On my arrival here from the East, a few days ago, I learned from the reports of Parliament, as well as from newspapers, the fate of the Remedial Bill. I need scarcely say it was a surprise to me, as well as a subject of regret. So strong was my faith in the good sense of my countrymen, and in their spirit of loyalty to our peerless Constitution, to say nothing of their love of fairplay, that I felt it would be an insult to doubt the practical unanimity of the House in upholding that Constitution, and in deciding once forever that in Canada there is as little room for religious firebrands as there is use for political tricksters. The noble action of the Commons, on two previous occasions, had amply warranted this belief. Who could have imagined that public men, in Canada, both within and without Parliament, should have turned a purely constitutional question into a partisan one, or should have sought to perpetuate an admitted injustice at the risk of an era of senseless sectarian strife, and of national retrogression. The worst enemy of our country is the sower of religious discord and of racial enmity. There is no place in our public life for such an one. He should be bound in a sheath with the prophets of pessimism, and the would-be betrayers of our country, and trampled under foot on the threshing floor of public opinion.

A plain question is before the people of Canada. Shall we, or shall we not, stand by our constitution, which ensures the rights of all, but only inasmuch as they are guaranteed to each? Or shall we, by striking at the rights of a few, be the motive what it may, weaken the safeguards of our own, engender a spirit of mutual distrust, and fan into a flame the fast-expiring embers of former unworthy dissensions? Only a desperate professional politician could be guilty of such a crime against the social well-being of our fair country. An honest man, it is true, who dislikes the idea of Separate schools might, for a moment, be tempted to pursue such a course of action, looking at the question from one point of view only; but on reflection he would recognize that it is not whether the constitution shall be observed to-day in regard to the rights of Smith, so that it may be invoked to-morrow to support those of Brown. Our rights must stand or fall together. Few, I trust, have any desire to infringe on those of their fellow-countrymen. Our enlightened sense of true liberty, as well as the conditions of our national life, would render impossible the gratification of such desire.

Having lately passed through various countries, and having attentively observed their social condition, the superiority of our own Canada, as a home of peace and plenty, has been more fully than ever impressed on my mind. And yet we are only at the

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.
Great Rejoicing in the Parish of Yonge.
The church in the parish of Yonge is indeed in a very flourishing condition. Under God the happy state of things, as they exist there, is due to the indefatigable zeal and ardent piety of Father Kelly, the good parish priest, and his truly docile and thoroughly religious parishioners. When His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston appointed Father Kelly to the parish, about seven years ago, he was then a very young priest, but, judging from the marvelous train of events that have followed, one after the other, during his incumbency, we are led to believe that he is carrying an "old head upon young shoulders." Shortly after Father Kelly had been inducted into the parish and installed as its pastor, he set about improving the parish church of St. James, and had it entirely renovated. The interior decorations were designed by himself, and they speak

starting-point of our course. Mutual trust, mutual respect for the conviction of others, a little bearing and forbearing, with a loyal devotion to the Constitution, even when it may run counter to some fad of our own, will ensure to Canada the future, in great part at least, of the world. It is simply wonderful what she has accomplished during the past twenty-five years. History affords no parallel to it. Grecian, or Roman legends of mythical greatness do not equal the sober facts of our short career. The vigorous spirit that breathes life and hope, and national aspirations into the blood and brain of young Canadians has excelled, or at least silenced, the voice of the annexationists, and has created a bond of union between all races and religions in the pursuit of national progress.

An insidious attempt is now made to break that unity, and, although this may not be intended, the consequence will be to bring back that wilderness of discord and national disruption in which the cry of union with, or rather subjection to, the neighboring republic will be heard again; and who can say with what effect?

In a crisis like the present no lover of his country can keep silence. Would that my voice could reach the ears and intelligence of all my countrymen. To non-Catholics I would say: Are you, the descendants of men who won, after a long and hard fight, constitutional liberty, going to inflict a blow which must have far-reaching consequences on the work of your fathers? If you do not uphold the Constitution now, your action will one day be invoked as a precedent for breaking it on some other point—it may be against yourselves. In your hands rest the future peace and advancement of the Dominion. You are a majority; you can oppress a poor minority in a certain Province; you can say, we reek not the decisions of courts, nor the claims of good faith and fair play; you can evoke an evil spirit, and implant a rankling feeling of injustice in the hearts of very many of your countrymen; you can stay the wheels of progress, and blight the fair prospects of our loved country. You can do all this by voting against Remedial Legislation. That any considerable per centage of you will do this, I, who have been nurtured in your midst, refuse to believe.

Every Christian child has a right to a Christian education. Every Christian parent has a duty binding in conscience, to see that his child gets its right. Christian right and parental duty were recognized in the original constitution of Manitoba. It was unjustly abrogated by the Protestant majority. The Manitoba Catholics have never ceased their protest against this injustice, nor their agitation to recover their rights; and the highest court of appeal in the British Empire, the Privy Council of England, has recognized the justice of the Catholic claim and the right of the Federal authorities to interfere, in order that justice be done to the oppressed.

Under these circumstances, it becomes not only a duty of religion, but a duty of patriotism, for God fearing and loyal Catholics, and Protestants as well, to stand by the Catholics of Manitoba. As the Pastoral letter expresses it:

"It is a question, then, for the Catholics of our country, and well meaning Protestants, to unite their strength and their suffrages to secure a final victory for religious liberty and the triumph of the right secured by the Constitution. The means to secure this end is to elect, as representatives of the people, only men sincerely resolved to favor with all their influence and to sustain in Parliament a measure to remedy the evils from which the Manitoba minority suffers. In speaking to you thus, dearly beloved brethren, our intention is not to bind ourselves to any of the parties that are combating in the political arena; on the contrary, we desire to preserve our liberty. The Manitoba school question being, before all, a religious question, intimately allied to the dearest interests of the Catholic faith in this country, to the natural rights of parents and also to the respect due to the Constitution of the country and to the British Crown, we would regard it as betraying a sacred cause of which we are, and ought to be, the defenders, if we did not use our authority to secure its success."

The Bishops also lay down some general principles of morality in politics, which the most bigoted anti-Catholic agitator can scarcely have the hardihood to controvert.

"A general rule, and save rare exceptions, it is a duty of conscience for every citizen to vote; a duty all the more grave and pressing as the questions disputed are important and may exercise over or less decisive influence on the destinies of the nation."

"That is to say, again, you should vote as honest, wise, enlightened and intelligent Christians."

"Avoid then, dearly beloved brethren, the deplorable excesses against which we frequently warned you—perjury, intemperance, lying, calumny, violence and party spirit, which warp the judgment and produce a kind of voluntary obstinate blindness."

"Do not sell your vote. To vote is a duty, and duty is not sold. Give not your vote to the first comer, but to him whom in conscience you judge the best qualified by his mental powers, firmness of character and his moral principles to fill the noble office of legislator."

The Bishops further warn Catholics that they may not be double-faced, with one line of conduct for private and another for public life. They must put their Christian conscience into politics as well as into ordinary conduct; and on this especial political question, which so intimately concerns religion and morals, they should support only the honest, outspoken friends of justice.—"These candidates who bind themselves formally and solemnly to vote, in Parliament, in favor of legislation which will restore to the Catholic minority of Manitoba the school rights to which they are entitled by the decision of Hon. Privy Council of England."

And the Bishops add:

"This grave duty is incumbent on every good Catholic, and you would not be justified, either before your spiritual guides, nor before God Himself, by neglecting this obligation."

There is no division of opinion on this point among Catholics worthy of the name. That the Manitoba Catholics have been the victims simply of the spirit of religious proscription admits of no doubt; for the proscribers fling their oft-vaunted "loyalty" to the winds, the moment the Crown commands the restoration of Catholic rights.

That fraternity which should always be found among Christians asserted itself in a very marked and pleasant manner, says the Catholic Columbian, of Columbus, Ohio, when an Episcopal prelate and a Congregational minister joined their Catholic fellow citizens in welcoming Bishop O'Gorman to St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS DISASTER.
St. Louis, May 28.—The tornado which swept over St. Louis and its suburb, East St. Louis, yesterday, carried with it death and destruction. The first reports of the loss of life brought the number up to between one thousand and one thousand five hundred, and while this estimate is materially decreased by this morning's developments, it is not at all improbable that the fatalities may actually reach those figures, because there is no way of estimating how many were drowned in the Mississippi.

So far as the loss to property is concerned the figures will climb into the millions. In St. Louis proper but little damage was done in the northern and business portions, save along the river, front—and there is no way of estimating its extent here. In East and South St. Louis the property damage was enormous.

The Church of St. John of Nepomuk, at the corner of Twelfth and Souard streets, was razed to the ground, except the front, which stands like a tower, all the side and back walls being completely destroyed. It was a large and handsome church.

CANADIAN BISHOPS AND THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.
Boston Pilot.
The Archbishops and Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Provinces of Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa, have issued a Pastoral Letter on the Manitoba School Question. It is a firm but temperate setting forth of the duty of Canadian Catholics to sustain their brethren in Manitoba in their effort to recover their unjustly abrogated parental and citizen rights.

The Pastoral, at the outset, declares the right of the Bishops to counsel their flocks on this matter. It is no unwarrantable mixing of religion and politics on the part of the Bishops. Their right is from God, and they are the natural judges of questions concerning Christian faith, religion and morals, even when these are involved in politics.

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A VISIT TO LORETTO.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Far away in sunny Italy, in one of the white-walled villages of Recanati, is treasured the most miraculous of relics—none other than the Holy House of Nazareth, the home of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Every Canadian Catholic is, I am sure, especially devout to the Holy Family. To Canada belongs the honor of having embraced from the very foundation of the colony this beautiful devotion, so highly recommended by Our Holy Father in a recent Encyclical.

A beautiful morning in the early part of August, we arrive at the little station of Loretto. A carriage is in waiting, and we proceed up the hill to the town itself, about three quarters of a mile distant. The incline is steep; the day is hot—oh! very hot—and our horse not over well fed, like many other animals in Italy, decides to take a rest.

What a perfect day, if it were not so very hot! And oh, what a delightful view, to us so novel, of a beauty altogether unlike that of our Canadian landscape! There is no grand rushing river—the rivers of Italy are grand only by reason of their historical associations—nothing of the cascade and craggy mountain scenery that delights the eye of those who visit our Canadian shrine of Beaufort.

about the year 1252. About this time the Mahometans were again obtaining a foothold in Palestine, which the brave crusaders had rescued from their grasp.

Now it was that the hand of God intervened, to manifest His glory and to afford to Christian Europe a further motive of confidence in His Blessed Mother, as a gage of His mercy and protection especially against the encroachments of the Israelite.

With like sentiments let us approach the birthplace of Mary. It is enclosed in an exquisitely wrought marble screen beneath the dome of the Basilica. Numerous lamps are suspended around it. A few pious worshippers pass quietly in and out; while others recite their beads as they make on their knees the circuit of the shrine.

Eight months after its arrival it was again mysteriously transferred to the summit of a hill which belonged to two brothers. The inhabitants, being once more free to satisfy their devotion, flocked to the shrine and adorned it with precious gifts.

That the sanctuary we are about to visit is in truth the Holy House of Nazareth, a constant tradition, innumerable documents and the testimony of the Sovereign Pontiffs, forty-five of whom have celebrated its glories, clearly prove.

After the Ascension, the Holy House, as attests Venerable Bede and others, was solemnly consecrated to divine worship by the Apostles, for whom, as well as for the first Christians, it was an object of special veneration.

of Mary, the venerable Pius IX. Here are his own words:

"From our tenderest years, we have always professed the most tender and filial love for the Most Holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and the Mother of all us poor sinners. We have always, and more especially in our necessities and dangers, experienced the powerful effects of her constant protection.

With like sentiments let us approach the birthplace of Mary. It is enclosed in an exquisitely wrought marble screen beneath the dome of the Basilica. Numerous lamps are suspended around it.

We enter and kneel within the Holy House. It consists of a single room about 30 feet long and 12 feet wide. At one end is an altar, above and a little in the rear of which, resting against the chimney, is the antique statue of the Virgin and Child.

Delegation sent by the inhabitants of Loretto and Loretto and lastly by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, during the pontificate of Innocent XII, have examined the walls, and have found them to perfectly coincide, both as regards dimensions and material, with the foundation, that remained at Nazareth.

What a privilege is ours, to kneel within those sacred walls so closely associated with the daily life of the Holy Family! They are, as it were, the true book of the Imitation of Christ, wherein the learned and the unlearned alike, may read lessons of holiness, of charity, of humility, of purity, of every virtue.

A Hint to Subscribers. The following, taken from the writings of the late Mr. Nye, is not by any means applicable in the case of the great majority of our subscribers.

A new game, called the "Editor's Delight," is played this way: Take a sheet of ordinary writing paper, fold it carefully and enclose a bank note sufficiently large to pay up all arrears—ages and one year in advance.

Most coughs may be cured in a few hours, or at any rate in a few days, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. With such a prompt and sure remedy as this at hand, there is no need of prolonging the agony for weeks and months.

THE DECADENCE OF FAMILY WORSHIP.

We learn from a Protestant contemporary that a veteran missionary was once asked, on his return from the Orient, what sign of change during his ten years' absence had most impressed him.

We are not surprised that the writer avoids the discussion of causes, for it must be a very unpleasant subject to all Protestants. The truth is, and they know it well, the cause of the decadence of family worship among the descendants of the Puritans is the waning of that faith with which their ancestors were animated.

The Puritan Fathers were distinguished for their fidelity to this important feature of family religion. If they were a little tedious sometimes in their long extempore prayers, and their not very short graces at meals, they deserved credit for their fidelity to their family duties.

And when we pray in company with a congregation or a family our fervor is greater than if we prayed alone. The family is the foundation, or, as it is called, the "unit" of society.

It is not a sad fact that many of our Catholics—even those who are called leading, influential ones—never think of gathering their families around the domestic altar and bending their knees and bowing their hearts before that Divine Providence whom they at least theoretically acknowledge as their Creator, Preserver, Benefactor and Redeemer.

There is truth in what our Protestant contemporary says about the influence of habit in social devotion. If Almighty God has promised His special blessing to two or three who are met together in His name, surely He will take special pleasure in manifesting His gracious presence to the family who in humble, common devotion seek His blessing and return thanks for His manifold mercies.

Surely no intelligent, right-feeling Catholic would ever think of being deterred from so important and essential a duty by a feeling of shame, especially from the fear of being called "pious." A consistent Catholic need not be ashamed of being called pious in derision.

There can be no doubt that family devotion has a most powerful influence on the minds and characters of children. It is a most important agency in deepening the religious impressions and giving tone to the moral character.

They (the parents) seem to forget that religion is the most important concern in this world and that, therefore, religious instruction should have the first place and constitute the basis of education for their children.

The fact is, it is not enough for our young people to take for granted these familiar, every day truths of their religion. They must understand them and be able to explain and give a reason for them, as well as to answer objections to them.

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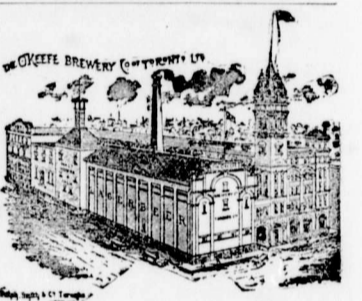


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My Dear many profound surveying the ness, and in discover the p formed and mind. With powers of sort of dark been illumina even by the science. It is the masters of the thirteenth process of me pretentious u mysterious w and the other ate with the produce ideas analyze the nevertheless duced. The to communica spirit, and do of the senses. of mental phi these sensibl muted into t we obtain a world of thov graph, and the world ar

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

"Jesus said to them: I am the bread of life; he that eateth me shall not hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst." (St. John vi) 35.

My Dear Brethren: There are many profound thinkers interested in surveying the domain of consciousness, and in making explorations to discover the process by which ideas are formed and retained in the human mind. Within the brain, where the powers of thought reside, there is a sort of dark continent that has not yet been illuminated by the sunlight, or even by the electric light of modern science. It is more than probable that the masters of scholastic philosophy in the thirteenth century knew as much concerning the laws that govern the process of mental growth as the most pretentious modern scholars. In a mysterious way the sight, the hearing, and the other corporeal senses co-operate with the faculties of the mind to produce ideas. Without being able to analyze the process closely, we are nevertheless certain of the results produced. The material world enters into communication with our immaterial spirit, and does so through the agency of the senses. The most difficult problem of mental philosophy is to explain how these sensible impressions are transmuted into thought, and to show how we obtain assurance that the inner world of thought is a correct photograph, and exact representation, of the world around us.

During the time of our Lord's public life He performed many astounding miracles which proved His dominion over the forces of nature, which proved His power in the spirit world beyond the grave. He gave sight to the blind, health to the sick, life to the dead. He multiplied a few loaves of bread and some fishes so that the hunger of five thousand people was appeased. All these were miracles that fell under the senses. They are evidences of His power which come to our understanding through the ordinary channels of human thought and knowledge.

But in the great mystery we celebrate during this octave, my dear brethren, faith, and not the senses, tells us of the greatest of all His miracles—His presence in the Holy Eucharist. Our eyes see nothing that would of itself convince us of His presence. Our senses cannot perceive that our Lord is truly present under the appearances of bread and wine. It is only by the aid of faith that we can penetrate the veil that hides Him from our view.

We believe solely on the testimony of our Lord; we call to mind the words He spoke at the Last Supper, and remember that He has declared those blessed who have not seen and yet have believed. So when we receive Holy Communion, when we assist at Benediction, when we make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, we make an act of faith in the Real Presence.

The mysterious life that our Lord has chosen in the Blessed Sacrament is the greatest of all miracles, and when considered attentively fills the mind with wonder and amazement. By a constant and perpetually recurring miracle He abides with His creatures. He still dwells among us, and finds delight in distributing gifts and blessings to the children of men. It was not sufficient for the accomplishment of His plan that He should assume our human nature, that He should offer Himself to the poorest and most destitute of the people among whom He lived. He laid plans and appointed ambassadors to secure the peaceful conquest of all nations. He entered into an agreement beforehand with all who should receive His doctrine. He promised to reward every one who would live righteously, in conformity with the law that He established.

He is still living with us. He is as really present on our altars as He is in the home of His eternal Father. He is with us because of His personal love for each one of us. His presence among us is a great and unceasing wonder, but it is a wonder that can only be explained by His love.

Wherever the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated, there is He present, not only in His Divinity, but in His ever-adorable humanity as well. Thrones and temples have been built for Him in all nations, and from His presence the sorrowful find comfort, the weak find strength, the cowardly find courage, and all find the pledge of eternal life.

Gentle With Children.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of the Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say; "I talk to them very much, but do not like to beat my children. The world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle around the table, heartful and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long enough spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them, but midst all, let memory carry them back to a home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

Get the Best.

The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time, on the contrary they want the best! Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Be True to Your Old Friends.

Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one through petty jealousy, or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it scratched you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of the earth.

Moral Safeguards.

The safeguard against temptation is not seclusion, but self-culture. As it is not disinfectants which will most certainly secure one against infection, but a sound constitution, so it is not rules of life which will strengthen one against temptation, but a strong soul. One must build up his moral constitution by the habit of noble deeds and high thinking, by fellowship with pure women and honorable men. The chief aids in this regimen are literature and friendship.—[Jan MacLaren.]

I'm Glad to See You

Folks are often glad to meet other folks, you know. But they sometimes falter when it comes to saying so. Or they say, "I'm glad to see you," O so faint and low. That you wonder just how far their gladness feelings go. Say, "I'm glad to see you," when you mean it. Speak it out; Don't bite off a piece of it and leave the rest in doubt. Let your lips know what your soul is thinking most about.

Does it take an orator to say the sentence right? Does it need much rhetoric to make you feel His might? Has it not a thousand tongues which tell its meaning quite?

You feel it when you're going home and see the window light. You see it in a sweetheart's smile, blushing warm and bright. In a mother's morning kiss and in the last at night. In the baby's reaching arms, which tell the same delight.

"Glad to see you;" O, you friends of long dead yesterday. Could we only hear it from your dear lips far away? Could we tell it into ears which mingle now with clay.

We might gain the meaning which the simple words convey. Say "I'm glad to see you," then, to friends who still are here; Say it with a meaning that is music to the ear. More than simply say it; words are cheap, but deeds are dear; And men will say it back to you and make their meaning clear.

There is a charming story told about the late Charles Dickens that has the merit of not being well known. He was walking in the neighborhood of Gad's Hill one day not long after he had acquired his property there, when he suddenly knocked against a little girl wheeling a doll's perambulator. In an instant the tiny vehicle upset, the dolls being thrown out. It was a bad accident as far as they were concerned, for wax heads and limbs are not calculated to stand much hard usage. The little maid burst into tears, and, much to the kind-hearted novelist's sorrow, refused to be comforted. "Then, come home with me," Dickens whispered soothingly, "and we'll see if we can't find some grand waxen lady in silks and satins for you."

So back to the big house the two went; and sure enough, up in his children's nursery he managed to discover a few prettily dressed dolls. With these he safely tucked in her perambulator the once happy little girl trotted off. But it is in the sequel that the best part of the story lies. The child's heart was set on making some return for this kindness; so her parents, who had not the faintest suspicion of her friend's personality, took her to town to choose something. Her choice fell eventually upon a gorgeously bound book. When Dickens the next day undid the parcel his small visitor brought, he was surprised and delighted to see a copy of "David Copperfield."

Not till many years later, when they met again in society, did the little girl learn who the "kind gentleman" was.

A Bit of Daily Inspiration.

Fixed duty claims every hour. And human love to charm each hour. These, these, my soul, make blessedness: I ask no more, I seek no less.

The Little Enjoyments.

Is there anything more delightful than the capacity to enjoy whatever of pleasure comes in our way, not waiting for the especially grand occasions before we can enthuse and enter thoroughly into the spirit of the events of minor importance?

This sort of a disposition enables its owner to extract far more enjoyment from life than that which can only become exhilarated over the rare happenings. The girl who enjoys a quiet evening at home and finds in it many points as attractive, though utterly different from the charms of a theatre party or reception, is the one who will not be cast down after marriage when she finds that there are many more of the stay-at-home times than the expensive outings. The nature that has to have its enjoyables on a grand scale in order to appreciate them will lose much of earth's beauty. There is as much music in a wild bird's song as in an entire orchestra. The beauty of field and tree and leaf are spread open before us to revel in and enjoy. The interchange of congenial conversation is as elevating and inspiring as the best play ever written, and even in solitude there are not always left to us the solace of great thoughts of master minds to be found in books?

The world is so full of happiness if we do not turn our backs on the trifles and make ourselves miserable longing

for the events of great importance to come along.

"I Forgot" and "I'll do Better." The two sentences which are the most frequently in the mouth of a certain lassie, who shall be nameless, are "Mamma, I forgot," and "I'll do better, mamma."

Now, when I was a little girl, and given to making excuses for my shortcomings, my dear, wise mother used to say, very gravely:

"Helen, that may be the reason you did it; but it is no excuse for your having done it. I forgot' never can excuse your doing or not doing a thing, it is simply telling of another fault committed. Only old people whose memories are failing are excusable for forgetting."

This made a very deep impression on my mind, and I think of it to this day whenever I find myself forgetting, and wonder whether I have reached the age when I am excusable for these lapses of memory.

I wish the girl who says "I forgot" so frequently could manage to remember my mother's reply, and lay it sufficiently to heart to profit by it. She is always ready to supplement it with:

"I will do better, mamma." "Now every man, woman or child who says, 'I will do better' in his own strength, will find that he has no power to do better."

Therefore, my dear young readers, don't content yourself with saying "I will do better," but first give yourself to God, and then say:

"God helping me, I will do better." Notice it is not "shall," but "God" and "will." We must let Him put His strength inside of our earnest desire, and then His will becomes our will; and what He wills always comes to pass. And this is what is meant when we are told that He works in us according to His good pleasure, "both to will and to do."

The Children Who Saved Hamburg.

Hamburg was besieged. Wolf, the merchant, returned slowly to his home one morning. Along with the other merchants of the city, he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy, and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armour day and night. And now, he thought bitterly, that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates.

As he passed through his garden, he noticed that his cherry trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. He knew how much the enemy was suffering from thirst. What would he not give for the fruit that hung unheeded on the trees of his orchard? Might he not, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

Without a moment's delay, he put his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to be lost if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open and they set out on their strange errand.

When the leader of the army saw the gates of the city open, and the band of little, white-robed children marching out, many of them nearly hidden by the branches which they carried, he at once thought it was some trick by which the townspeople were trying to deceive him while preparing for an attack on his camp. As the children came nearer, he remembered his cruel vow, and was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death.

But when he saw the little ones so close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own children at home, and he could hardly keep back his tears. Then, as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general knew that he was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned, the general sat at table with them, and laden with food for the starving people of the city, and the next day signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had vowed to destroy.

For many years afterward, as the day came round on which this event took place, it was kept as a holiday, and called "The Feast of the Cherries." Large numbers of children, in white robes, marched through the streets, each one bearing a branch with bunches of cherries on it. But the old writer who tells the story is careful to say that the children kept the cherries for themselves.

Every age of the world's history has its tales of war and bloodshed and cruelty, of wild struggles and of great victrities, but nowhere among them all does we find the story of a more beautiful victory than that which was won by the little children who saved Hamburg.

Health and happiness are relative conditions; at any rate, there can be little happiness without health. To give the body its full measure of strength and energy, the blood should be kept pure and vigorous, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Parmelee's Pills possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Best for Wash Day For quick and easy work For cleanest, sweetest and whitest clothes Surprise is best. USE SURPRISE SOAP. Best for Every Day For every use about the house Surprise works best and cheapest. See for yourself.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Universe.

After the fatigue and wear of the day's toil, be it toil of brain or muscle, we naturally seek a relaxation, and young men, as they put it, are bound to have a "good time." A good time of the right sort and in season is "the one thing needed" in every man's life. Of all human facts and forces that contribute to a man's happiness, perhaps the keenest and most telling are books. Of things human, the highest enjoyments, I think, have been bestowed upon you here, with a reiteration of these eulogiums, but I want to introduce you into the circle of a few great minds. As of everything else under the sun—and for that matter above the sun, too—erroneous opinions have obtained respecting books and reading. Many a young man associates books and reading with that hard, painful mental effort, we call study, and because he has a natural antipathy for study, steers clear of books and book-men. I think it was Frederick Harrison, who said that the poetic and emotional side of literature are the most useful for daily life. Many books to be properly digested and assimilated, do indeed require study, but is a study sui generis.

The Requirements of a Book.

Our own wants and tastes should determine our relationship with books. Books, then, should conform to the dictum of our needs and likings, and surely studies that are on subjects which have a real grace and charm in particular for us, can never become dry, trying, or hackneyed. Mathematics was the most distasteful subject under heaven for Macaulay. Certainly, then—and I confess the same in my case, "The Euclid" and kindred books on matters purely arithmetical, had no attraction for him. Yet Trevelyan, his biographer, tells us that Macaulay's greatest source of happiness was his books, and Macaulay was a man who had more of wealth and talent, rank and fame than falls to the lot of most men of our own day.

The Case With Working Men.

If the men who spend the day at hard work over a machine or engine, or at any of the trades, where the body is put to great physical taxation, knew the blessings of books, how readily would they exchange the boisterous company of the paper making saloon for the dull humor and quiet pathos of "David Copperfield," or the sterling interest and touching narrative of "Adam Bede." Every young man, who has received the rudiments of a common school education, has by dint of application and in spite of the difficulties, real or apparent, that stand in the way, within his grasp the best obtainable pleasure in the land, the surpassing pleasure of a good book!

How to Read.

If you have never learned the ways of reading and are still a neophyte in the art of books, I cannot too strongly recommend to your earnest and careful perusal several good works on the subject of books and reading. Father F. X. O'Connor's, "Reading and the Mind, with Something to Read," is an excellent little treatise. Brief enough, so as not to be pedantic, and still comprehensive enough to give all required information on the subject. Father O'Connor's book can be had at the Public Library, or can be purchased for the trifling sum of 25 cents from the publishers, Benziger Bros., New York. Another manual on the subject, replete with valuable lessons and suggestions is from the scholarly pen of the reverend editor of the "Rosary," "What, When and How to Read." A more elaborate work, sound in principle and tolerant in spirit, is President Porter's "Books and Reading."

The First Book.

The stumbling block with most young men is an incalculable ignorance of what books to read first. I would recommend, without restriction for the new reader, books of fiction. Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," "Arabian Nights," Miss Alcott's, "Little Men" are suitable for the beginner. John Bright, the famous English philanthropist and lecturer, never tired in his maturer years of "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights" and "The Vicar of Wakefield." If one's first acquaintance with book-friends be fortunate, consciously or unconsciously he will find himself drawn towards his new friends, and a life-long companionship will soon spring up between the reader and his books that will stand by him in all vicissitudes of fortune or of family, and however things may go amiss and the world frown on him, will be a shield against every ill and contribute most to his happiness and cheerfulness.

A Young Man's Library.

Every young man ought to possess himself of a bible, and a "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "As You Like It," "Merchant of Venice" or any other of

Shakespeare's plays that he likes best. Never attempt Shakespeare, without a commentator. Rolfe's edition, (Harper Bros., 49 cents a volume) has found great favor, though I much prefer Hudson's edition (Sinn & Co., 40 cents a volume.) The Shoddist, a complete one-volume-edition of Shakespeare, that find a market in dry good's stores, and cheap book-stalls, are infallible indications of one's crude taste and palpable ignorance of the great poet. Never undertake to read one author through *ab od usque ad mala*, and least of all Shakespeare. I knew a man who went through Scott in this way, and ever after he held the name of Scott in execration. Only the greatest of our literary people ever attempt the whole of Shakespeare. It were better to get the best out of "Hamlet," "Othello," "The Twelfth Night" or any other trio of plays, by an earnest and ot-repeated reading, than to go through the whole list, in a desultory manner, merely for the story.

Poetry.

Of modern poets, you should have one with whose works you are entirely conversant, whom you have read and reread, and always turn to with the same avidity. Alfred Tennyson, the ripe scholar, the able poet, and noble man, stands without a peer at the head of modern English poetry. Byron were better left untouched. No man who values purity of thought, can consistently read the licentious pages of Byron. Lord Tennyson never penned an impure line. "In Memoriam" and "The Idyls of the King" are, perhaps, the best things we have had in the way of poetry, since Shakespeare lived and wrote. Of course you have read Longfellow's "Evangeline," and perhaps the "Spanish Student." The "Spanish Student" is a bit of neat work, though I confess I was somewhat disappointed in the "winding up." Adelaide Procter, has no rival, for pure, chaste poetry, and tender pathos, among the female poets.

In the Field of Fiction.

In fiction the range is so extensive and tastes so different, that I feel some hesitancy in recommending this or that author. There is honest Walter Scott who though occasionally arising a little spleen against things Catholic, is in general not only very fair but many of his stories have a Catholic coloring. Scott created for himself a distinct place in the field of fiction, and no one has yet usurped his place. We could little spare "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," or "Rob Roy," from our literature. No one has written such whole-souled, spontaneous narratives in the whole range of English fiction. Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, Cooper, George Eliot, Bronte and Jane Austen all have their clients, who claim for them first place. No one can afford to miss the pleasures of "David Copperfield," and to an earnest and appreciating soul, broad enough and noble enough, there is no story in any language equal to "The Mill On The Floss." Beside this the finest of her work, and "Adam Bede," "Romola," and "Scenes From Clerical Life," I would not recommend indiscriminately to young men, the rest of George Eliot, not because, as it is ignorantly held by some, whose opinion on men and books is about as weighty as their gray matter, she is licentious, or as they put it, immoral (George Eliot never wrote a licentious line) but because there is a great ethical principle at the bottom of all her works, more particularly in her later works, which she solved according to her own lights, and unfortunately these lights were those of Comte — George Eliot in her later life was a Positivist, pure and simple, and of course all the deductions that naturally flow from this agnostic school of philosophy are found in her books, but not "free-love" or any other such revolting doctrines, as the literary dolts hold. "Dion and the Sisybils" and "Ben Hur" are both classics. "Ben Hur" for the first hundred pages may prove a little stiff to the pleasure-seeking reader, but when once you get into the story, you will be loath to lay it aside before finishing it. Both books will bear repetition.

If you have once acquired a taste for reading, your own good judgment and natural bent of mind, will suggest your selection of books. I presume you have already some special department of study or literature in which you are interested. In this department, read only the best, but read thoroughly and broadly. Philosophy, science, art, history, literary interpretation and criticism, all are valuable, but though you should have sound general ideas in all, you cannot hope to be master of more than one. Some one has said it is well to read "everything of something" and something of everything.

Purity.

Nothing makes a man so much in love with purity as purity. Many a man by coming to know and love a pure, sweet woman, has been lifted out of sins against which he vainly struggled. It is the sight of embodied goodness that makes us want to be

good. Many a mother, by the usefulness of her life, fills her children with a desire to be like her, and this desire in turn makes them unselfish, filling their lives with the truth and beauty of noble living. There are obscure men and women who hardly in their lives utter a word of preaching, yet, by their example they do more to make people around them, gentle, truthful and Christ-like than any ten who preach but do not practice. It is not those who talk about goodness, but those who are good, that are the light of the world.

It is impossible for one who never goes wrong, nor makes a mistake, nor commits a sin, to know just how to be sorry for an erring one. We must stumble ourselves before we can judge with equity of the hardships of a road and the frailty of weary feet. My heart goes out to young men who in the hard fight of life have fallen, and are chained to a secret sin. Pain would they rise up and live the high and noble life of purity, love and self-conquest. But their efforts are unavailing — they are anchored to the secret sin. But all hope has not fled. Where there is the faintest desire to live the right life, there is hope. To realize one's incapability and want of strength is a good thing, and where there is courage to fight against failure there is success awaiting the effort. Strong passions are often like fierce flames, they burn out and leave in fact whatever is solid and noble in the character. No matter what his life is no young man should lose confidence in himself. Faith in his capability for higher and nobler things, should be part and parcel of every young man's moral make-up. "Poor human nature," exclaims Carlyle, "is not a man's walking, in truth, always a succession of falls." The real man is he, who can rise, after the fall, and still fight on.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Rev. H. Augustine Ottke, of Chattanooga, delivered a sermon on the cure of drunkenness which advocates the gradual elimination of the evil in place of stringent measures of reform. Father Ottke does not urge teetotalism, but makes temperance his text: We quote from his sermon:

There is no salvation for the thirsty, sauntering tribe of mortals usually called drunkards? There is. And what is it? Temperance. Temperance, my friends, is a virtue, and a cardinal virtue at that.

Tipplers, dipsomaniacs, drunkards, or by whatever name you will call them, are the most generous and whole-souled of men when sober. Their stomachs, however, have been accustomed to liquor, and to deprive them of every species of intoxicating drink would be to place too great a restraint upon them. They must be gradually weaned away from the bottle as a child is weaned from the breast of its mother, and I therefore suggest the following means:

First. Monthly confessions and communion. The humiliation attached to the former and the strength imparted by the latter will gradually loosen and break the shackles of vice. Secondly. The drunkard should resolve never to drink an intoxicant unless handed to him by his wife or mother. Let the holy of holies of the household be the dispenser; she will never give him too much, and he sacred hands of a faithful mother and dutiful wife will exercise the alcoholic demon. Let the wife or mother give him a glass with his breakfast, with his dinner, with his supper, but no more.

Follow these rules and within three months you will have conquered the demon of drink. You will come to the church and, in the fullness of your heart, exclaim: "What shall I render the Lord for all He hath done unto me. I have forsaken the cup of intoxication and taken up the cup of salvation. I invoke the name of the Lord."

Real merit is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other preparations fail. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

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There are so many cough medicines in the market that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Croupous Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folk like it, as it is pleasant as syrup.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical sciences, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

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