

The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1895.

NO. 889.

VOLUME XVII.

Mater Admirabilis.

By REV. MICHAEL WATSON.

How fair art thou,
O Mater Admirabilis!
Fair as the blushing dawn in silver light;
Fair as the violets blue,
Of crystal dew.
Transfixed with arrows of the morn's first
light;
"Fair as the moon," the queen of starlit
realms above;
Fair as the radiant eyes of Hope, or heaven-
ly Love.
How pure art thou,
O Mater Admirabilis!
Pure as the mantling snow on Alpine crest;
Pure as the snow's spray,
The star's mild ray,
Or Lily's cup with pearls by morning dressed;
Pure as the milk-white dove that bathes in
woodland spring;
Pure as the seraph's thought before the Al-
mighty King.
How sweet art thou,
O Mater Admirabilis!
Sweet as the perfume of the perfect rose,
That lifts her stately head
Of royal red,
And freighted with fragrance every wind that
blows;
Sweet as the amber honey lived by summer
bee;
Sweet as thy guileless Heart, sweet as thy
purity.
How wondrous thou,
O Mater Admirabilis!
Above all angel choirs thou art pure and fair;
Rosed with the dazzling sun,
Thou glorious One,
Nought else created can with thee compare!
O marvel and a joy to me thou ever art,
O peerless Mother Maid, sole sovereign of my
heart!
—Ave Maria.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

He Preaches on the Dolours of the Blessed Virgin.

At the dedication of a Church in London some few weeks ago, Cardinal Vaughan preached the following sermon on the Dolours of the Blessed Virgin: When our Blessed Lord gave up the ghost, He repeated, in another application, the words that Pilate had said of Himself. Pilate had said, "Behold the Man"—Behold the Man of Sorrows—and our Blessed Lord, from the pulpit of His cross, exclaimed, "Behold thy Mother"—Behold the Mother of Sorrows—behold that Mother whose eyes were suffused with tears—behold the Mother of Sorrows, behold her in the supreme moment of her agony, because it was the supreme moment of the agony of her Son. Our Lord did not call attention of the bystanders to Himself. He did not say, "Behold Me full of sorrow; look upon Me Whom you have pierced." He said, "Behold thy Mother." If you have the heart of a son for thy mother you will have compassion for her; you will have a tender love for her; you will know that John did take her to his own home, and loved and cherished her as a son loved and cherished his mother. And what was the secret of the intense dolours of Mary which we commemorated that day. The real explanation of it was the extent of the knowledge she had of, and the love she had for, Jesus Christ. If she had not had the knowledge she possessed she would not have borne the love she did bear, and without this knowledge and love she could not have suffered as she did. She had a knowledge of and love for the Incarnate Son of God surpassing all that of the angels and saints and of men and women, so that if the people were employed all the rest of their lives in study of our Blessed Lord, and though they spent all their time in prayer, meditation, and contemplation of Him, they would never arrive at anything like the knowledge and love which was possessed by the heart and soul of Mary. Therefore they could never endure anything like the sorrow which filled the heart of Mary. And how did she come by this extraordinary knowledge and love? In the first place, it was by infused grace. When she was made the Mother of God, by the power of the Holy Ghost, the same Divine Spirit infused into her soul a knowledge of and love for her Divine Son which came wholly and entirely from the knowledge and heart of God. She received them, in the first place, not by any participation of her own, but as a special gift, a special infusion of grace poured into her soul by God Himself. This infusion of knowledge and grace was not singular towards Mary only. All good people who were striving earnestly to serve God—or many of them—had infused grace and virtues that did not, as it were, spring up from their own effort, so that what was given to us in a limited manner was given to Mary without stint, in preparation for the exalted position she was called to occupy as the Mother of God. Therefore, God infused into her soul from the very beginning this light of knowledge, with its corresponding fire of love for Him Whom she so well knew, and which raised her in point of love and knowledge in regard to God to a position far surpassing that of all other creatures. Then, this infused knowledge and love was increased by her own efforts. The knowledge that a child had of the firmament of the heavens was comparatively little. It might look up into the skies and see the myriads of stars and the light of the sun, and be filled with wonder at the beauty the heavens presented, but it understood little about them, compared with the

scientific knowledge of great astronomers who measured the stars, weighed the heavens, and pointed out the course of everything that moved on its orbit. The child's knowledge in comparison with that of the scientific men was slight. So with our knowledge of Jesus Christ. Our knowledge of love compared with that of Mary was like the child's knowledge of the heavens compared with that of the great astronomers. Mary had often been spoken of as the perfect mirror of the perfections of our Blessed Lord. We were all called upon by the Apostle to put on Christ, and so far as we were faithful to our religion, we were all images of Christ. But the image in the soul of many of us was faint as compared with that perfect resemblance of Jesus which we found in the soul of Mary, the perfect mirror. It was necessary in order that a mirror should reflect an object perfectly that it should be near the object, and, secondly, that the mirror should be clean. Let the mirror be a distance away, or covered with dust or filth, it would not reflect the object. But more than this was required—light must shine upon the mirror so that it might be able to receive upon its surface the image of the object it had to reflect. How was this with regard to Mary? Her soul was near to that of Jesus—close to that of her Child; the proximity for thirty-three years had been perfect indeed. Then the soul of Mary was not stained. It was not like ours, subject in the first instance to the corruption of original sin; it was not prone to every kind of evil like ours; it was not torn and distracted by the violence of all kind of passions; it was not a soul in which the lower nature was in a state of rebellion against the higher nature; but it was a perfect soul, created without the stain of sin, a soul in which grace had been infused in great perfection. It was, therefore, capable, as a mirror, of reflecting the object brought before it. Then there was the light which was necessary to the mirror so that it reflect the object, the light being the light of grace, the supernatural light which shone in the heart of Mary. Her soul reflected perfectly the perfections of her Son. This meant that there was perfect sympathy between the soul of the Incarnate Son of God and the soul of His Mother. To have sympathy for the suffering we must have a knowledge of the person suffering. If we had no knowledge we could not feel sympathy; but if, in addition to this knowledge, we had a love corresponding with the knowledge, these two qualities beget sympathy. How many people were there in the world for whom we had no sympathy, because we had no knowledge and consequently no love but of that vague general kind that did not produce sympathy or sorrow in our heart. But Mary had the most perfect sympathy with all Jesus Christ said, did and suffered. She had the most perfect knowledge of Him and His intentions and objects in coming into the world, and she had love equal to her knowledge. Hence she had greater sympathy for Him than all other creatures and she suffered with Him. If we asked ourselves why Jesus Christ suffered we should know why Mary suffered. First of all, Christ suffered on account of the greatness of His love for the Eternal Father. Having infinite love for God He was infinitely grieved to see God outraged and offended. He knew that God was infinitely worthy of the homage, the love, and adoration of His creatures, and His love being infinite, being equal to His knowledge of God—for He was God Himself—and seeing that God's love was disregarded and outraged, and would continue to be disregarded and outraged, by a multitude of men His sorrow being like His love, was immeasurable. There was another reason for His sufferings—He beheld man who had been created to God's image and likeness, and who was destined by God for eternal felicity—He beheld man whom He loved and for whom He suffered defiling the image of God in his soul, and He knew that man would welcome there every kind of evil, preferring the devil, the flesh, and the maxims of the world, to the honor and glory of God. He beheld man not only debasing himself but, in His blindness, hurrying to his very eternal destruction—He saw that man, by his own deliberate acts, committed in this world, would enter into hell and be condemned to eternal torments, and that for a large portion of mankind His sufferings would be in vain. His heart was torn with sorrow, caused by two great motives, the knowledge and the love of God and the knowledge and the love of mankind, which were the occasions of the intense sorrow that grieved and tore his heart. That being the case, and His Mother being in perfect sympathy with Him—being the mirror of His soul and reflecting the knowledge and love in His heart—she participated also in His sorrow, that God should be thus outraged and offended, and that men should thus destroy themselves by their own wickedness. And she had an additional sorrow, one He had not, because she had the sorrow of a mother for her Son and for her Child. She had the maternal anguish and sorrow, in seeing Him on

the Cross, not only God but Man, and not only Man but her Son, formed from her own body. Therefore she had additional sorrow in beholding His sufferings—she had the sorrow of a mother at seeing her Son dying in the midst of agony and torture. This explained how great was the sorrow of Mary and how close was the union of Mother and Son in that sorrow.

WHAT IS THE CAUSE?

The London *Guardian*, the most influential of all the Anglican journals, publishes a letter from an American correspondent on "The Outlook of Christianity in the United States." It is a gloomy outlook for Protestantism. Among other things the writer says: "Among all these dissenting bodies there has been during the last half century a most marked falling off of attendance at even the Sunday services, and in the great cities, in the best and most densely inhabited portions, consolidations of two or more of these corporations is frequently taking place. "The foundations of Protestant dissent in America have been shaken to pieces, and Protestantism as a religious belief is a thing of the past. The Presbyterians of to-day would have been burned by Calvin, and the Lutherans of to-day would have been vivified by Luther, and yet these are the only two denominations that have made any attempt to preserve orthodoxy. "Allowing something for possible exaggeration in this statement, it may be asked, What is the cause of this falling off? There are two principal causes. The first is the disintegrating principle of private judgment, the systematic rejection of all authority save that of the individual mind and will. This is the fundamental principle of Protestantism, and it is at the same time the cancer that is consuming its vitals. The falling off is then the logical and necessary result; a result that has been foreseen and foretold. The ultimate result of the denial of the authority of the living Church of Christ, the Church in whose keeping he left the deposit of faith and the command to teach and promulgate it, is the denial of all faith, is skepticism or agnosticism in matters pertaining to religion. The decay of Protestantism is, then, a natural consequence of the principle which was made its corner stone. Its decay is like that of the consumptive—from within. Society has an inexorable way of working out to their logical consequences principles that are impressed on it. It may take a longer or shorter time, but this law of social movement never fails. "Another reason for the decay of religion in the United States is its systematic exclusion from our system of education. It is an almost incredible fact that there is no place in this broad land where religion may not enter but the little red schoolhouse. Over its door alone can with propriety be placed the warning sign, "Christianity must not enter here." It is passing strange, in this Christian land, but it is true. Need we seek further for the cause of religious indifference? The child is taught how many dimes make a dollar, and the laws of grammar in the little red school house, but he must not learn therein the laws of God! Puck was right when he said, "What fools these mortals be!"—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLIC TRUTH AND NON-CATHOLICS.

Apostolic men within the Church have never been satisfied merely with ministering to the spiritual needs of their immediate flock, or influencing non-Catholics who, of their own accord, seek knowledge of matters Catholic. They have always gone out into the highways and by-ways in quest of the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and of those "other sheep" whom Christ wills to be sought and gathered in, till there is but one Fold and One Shepherd. Their devices for bringing the Word of God to those who would not or could not seek it, have been marvellous in their ingenuity. The great St. Paul set examples which have never lost their power of stimulation and suggestion. The primal office of later-day apostles in English-speaking countries in their mission to those outside the Church has not been to present the true religion to minds devoid of any notion of it, but rather to clear from honest minds essentially false notions of it. The Rev. Walter Elliot, as a leader in the Paulist missions to non-Catholics, which the Holy Father has just commended so strongly, has ordinarily had to begin by telling his non-Catholic audiences not what the Church is, but what she is not. When the minds of good, simple people are rid once for all of the ideas that Catholics as such are not bound to patriotism nor to truthfulness; that they can purchase not only forgiveness for past sins, but "indulgence" for future ones; that the wearing of the Scapular or carrying of the Rosary is of more consequence than the keeping of the Commandments;—the ground is cleared for the presenting of actual Catholic doctrine and morality. There is, however, a class of non-Catholics who are free from the vulgar

prejudices above mentioned. They are drawn to the Church, yet not strongly enough to snap the bonds that hold them in the religious communion into which they were born. They will go half way to meet the Church, and expect her to come an equal distance in their direction, not for the purpose of leading them back with her to the One True Fold, but for the discussion of ways and means to unite the True Fold and some way station on the road to it, on a basis of mutual compromise. Sometimes they are so earnest, so devout, so apparently moderate in their demands, that it seems hard to set against their desire the inflexible "all in all, or not at all," of the conditions of membership in the Church of Christ. Yet, there is only present embarrassment and permanent loss—whether one deals with the great semi-educated mass, or the cultured few, outside the Church, in minimizing—for however kindly motive—the extent of her claims, or the force of her laws. Cardinal Vaughan is most earnest on this point in England, where the religious spirit is more in evidence than in America, and where the movement for Church Unity is stronger—and this, whether there is a question of an old type Protestant, like Bishop Sheepshanks, of Norwich, or those High Churchmen who accept every Catholic doctrine save the supremacy of the Pope. Catholics are in similar case in America. In both countries the child of rationalism which pervades the non-Catholic world has reduced the temperance of many even within the fold. Catholics themselves need to deepen their realization of the supernatural character of the Church. Defect of faith is sometimes at the root of the disposition to compromise. Conversion is something more than a process of convincing the intellect. A man may study and reason himself to the very door of the Church, but the faith which enables him to enter is the gratuitous gift of God. The Church, set forth simply and truly before an earnest truth seeker, can bear all the light that can be turned upon her, and win his heart without.—Boston Pilot.

THE GRACES OF GOD.

Archbishop Ryan Tells us to Correspond With Them.

Philadelphia, Oct. 17.—The devotions of the Forty Hours were begun at the Cathedral in this city last Sunday. At the solemn High Mass Archbishop Ryan preached the sermon. His text was: "The Kingdom of Heaven is like to a king, who made a marriage for his son. And sent His servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding; and they would not come." The Archbishop spoke substantially as follows: "My dear brethren, those who have not an adequate idea of the organization of the Church of God upon earth must sometimes wonder what is meant by our Divine Lord in several of His parables, in which He speaks of the Kingdom of Heaven and the Kingdom of God upon earth. It is clear that in these parables He cannot always mean heaven, for He gives one parable, that of the ten virgins, five of whom were wise and five of whom were foolish. Now, in this parable He could not mean heaven, because there can be no folly in heaven. Then, again, the parable of the man who went out to sow his seed, and like unto a garden into which there was good seed sown and there sprang up cockle. In the Kingdom of Heaven, where all is perfection, there is no cockle. And our Lord speaks of the time when that cockle shall disappear and shall be cast into the fire and be burned. And so it is said the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a marriage feast into which the invited guests would not come, and the master sent out into the highways and hedges and filled his house with strangers; and there being one among them who had not on the wedding garment, he was cast into eternal darkness, where there was weeping and gnashing of teeth. It is very clear, therefore, that something else is meant besides the Kingdom of Heaven eternal. What is meant is that Kingdom of God which Christ was to establish on earth, of which He should be the King and where He should rule over the intellects and hearts of men. By the Kingdom of God is meant His Church upon earth, and to that Church He was espoused. "In one of his figures St. Paul says that 'The Church was to be the spouse of Christ.' "Husbands, love your wives as Christ loved His Church." He died that He might form His Church. In these figures we see the dignity of the Church of God, that it is not a fortuitous collection of people who happen to agree upon certain doctrines, but an institution. "Upon this rock I will build My Church, and he that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as a heathen and publican." So that the Church idea is second only in importance to that of our Divine Lord Himself. And He speaks of but one Church, one spouse; one that shall be holy, one that shall

be worthy of our Divine Lord. In the lesson He gives us He speaks concerning the doctrines and sanctifying influences of that Church, and He uses parables because they will be more easily remembered by the people, and because it was the fashion in Oriental countries for wise men to speak in parables; because there is even more real power in a parable than in simple language of declaration. Who has not read that wonderful parable in which Nathan, the prophet, reproached David? David had received great gifts from God. God had lifted him from the dunghill, as David himself expressed it, and made him the prince of His people. God had bestowed the kingdoms of Israel and Judah upon him, and also many other benefits. He had given unto him the wives of his master with wealth and power. And yet David committed the crime of seeking the wife of that brave, noble soldier, Urias, and to conceal his crime, he had sought the death of Urias by having him placed in the front of the battle. The prophet Nathan comes to him with a message from God in the form of a parable. And he informed David, who knew what he meant, that in a certain city there were two men, one very rich and the other very poor. The rich man had flocks and herds and all the world could sigh for. The poor man had but one little ewe lamb, and this lamb was very dear to him. It lived in his house. He protected it as a father, and it was to him as a daughter—one of his own family. When a traveler came to the house of the rich man, in place of drawing from his own vast flock, he took the lamb belonging to the poor man, killed it and set it before his guest, thus grieving the heart of the poor man. David said, This rich man shall die and four fold shall be returned to the poor man by him, because he had no compassion. Nathan turned upon him with the anger of a just man, and, turning as God's messenger, said: "Thou art the man." He told him what benefits God had bestowed on him, and told him that, as he had taken the wife of Urias, the Hittite, God should punish him. The self-condemnation of David clearly shows to us the value of this parable. One cannot read this parable and think of all of God's goodness to ourselves and our ingratitude to God without finding our hearts touched by the recital. So our Divine Lord uses the parable when speaking of the invitation to the banquet. Let us consider it for a while in the form of a homily and learn the truths of which it is suggestive. God was the inviter; He sent out messengers, prophets, teachers, and afterwards disciples and doctors, sent them out into the world to invite men to come to the truth. He gave them the external grace of hearing His truth and internal grace which comes to the soul in silence. These invisible messengers every man receives, not only the external word, but the internal whisper, and the internal whisper is but an echo of the external word. So He sent His messengers, visible and invisible, external and internal, preaching, threatening and inviting. How were they treated? How are they treated? Some treated them with silent contempt, would not listen and did not come to the feast; others condescended to apologize, but went their way to their various occupations, and heeded not the invitation of God. Others killed the messengers that were sent to invite them. This seems to be monstrous and out of harmony with what we might believe of such an invitation. Why kill them? Why were those who proclaimed the truths of Christianity put to death? Because the world felt reproach in the teaching, because the world hated the light and loved darkness because its deeds were evil. They were put to death because they were the representatives of right against wrong and purity against impurity. They hated them because every word of the message was a reproach to those living in impurity and rebellion against Almighty God. They put them to death, and when the King heard this He was angry. The anger of God, like the love of God, is infinite. Therefore, in His anger, He sent His armies to kill these murderers and burn their city. He sent His armies, for the armies of the Roman Empire were the armies of God in doing the work of His justice, to those who killed His messengers. The King sent His armies to destroy these murderers and that sinful city of Jerusalem. The sentence was pronounced that the city should be destroyed, and that sentence was executed with terrific effect, one million one hundred thousand, Joseph tells us, having been killed in Jerusalem, which afterwards looked as if there had never been a city there. In this let us learn, my dear brethren, God's designs toward men. God sends messengers, God sends reproaches, God sends invitations; and when they are all spurned, then God strikes. You see it in the words He spoke: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that were sent to thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wing, but you would not. Therefore, shall your houses be left desolate. Here we see God, great and

tender in inviting, and infinitely great and terrible in punishing. Looking down upon the city, Jesus weeping, said: "If thou hadst known the things of the day of thy visitation," and He tells the city how the enemy shall come and cast a trench around her and beat her flat to the earth, and that there should not be left a stone upon a stone. At the same moment He weeps. God acts out His nature; God, great in waiting; God, great in punishing. "Many are called, but few are chosen." Why? Because few listen to the call. God is infinitely great, infinitely just, infinitely long in waiting, and therefore, infinite in punishing. It is not for us to say how many are called or how few are chosen. It is more speculation to speak of proportion. We must leave that to God; but we do know from God's acting toward man that numbers never frighten Him, as we learn from the Deluge and the cities of the plain. God is just. After He has been merciful He punishes terribly. Look at the case of Judas Iscariot. Our Lord waited upon him, and many, many times warned him. He said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you one of you is about to betray Me," and when He met him in the garden He said unto him: "Friend, for what dost thou come. Judas, wouldst thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?" How many appeals, how many warnings, what forbearance on the part of our Lord! But then, when the time came Judas' heart was hardened, and he went to his place, as the Scripture says—the place, my dear brethren, which he deserved. Let us then understand, dear brethren, that there is a punishment that comes before the great punishment; this first punishment is the hardening of the heart. God hardened the heart of Pharaoh, that is, withdrew that grace which He was not obliged to give. Pharaoh hardened his own heart and God permitted it because of his sinfulness. So the heart becomes hard; Judas' heart became hard when he conceived the idea of betraying his Master. Why? Because he had rejected grace, and his heart grew as hard and cold as the thirty pieces of silver he grasped in his traitorous hand. Let us, therefore, be careful not to reject the invitations of God and harden our hearts like Judas, thus stifling our conscience and nerveing ourselves for greater indignities against the will of God. But let us resolve to correspond with the graces of God when they are presented to us; let us avail ourselves of the external graces of the preaching of the Word, and let us hear the internal whisper of the divine graces to the soul. By corresponding we shall then use the graces that God has bestowed upon us. Harden not your hearts, but receive these messages from the Most High; for the saints became saints because they received all of God's messages, and appreciated them. Now, during these days of the Forty Hours' Devotion such graces will be bestowed by Almighty God upon those who seek Him. I ask above all things for this correspondence with the Divine grace. Therefore, dear brethren, think of all these things, place them within your own hearts. Ask Jesus Christ during the offering of the Sacrifice that you may be faithful to grace, that you may be covered with the sanctifying influence and love which will make you near and dear to Him. Thus hearing the word of God and keeping it, receiving the messages of God, listening to the inspirations of God within and echoes of those from without, God will bless you and you will receive additional graces that you may persevere until the end in His holy service. Amen.

The Pope and England.

A writer in *L'Univers* calls attention to the great lesson taught by the reception in England of the Holy Father's Apostolic Letter to the English people—the change of attitude adopted in recent years toward the Church. "One of the most noted clerics at Oxford, a Fellow of Magdalen," says this writer, "told me that he had read out the Papal Letter from the pulpit, and introduced it to his congregation as a document emanating from the highest moral authority existing in Christendom. I am assured that several pastors who do not belong to the Ritualist Church have done the same thing; and finally the Episcopate has officially taken cognizance of the Encyclical. Can anything more be desired? But fifty years ago the advances of Rome would have been repelled with contumely, and a cry of 'No Popery!' would have been raised. This change of attitude alone is full of promise for the future. It is not, perhaps, ultra-optimistic to foresee the time when Oxford Fellows will preface their reading of papal encyclicals with the declaration that these documents emanate from the highest spiritual as well as 'moral authority existing in Christendom.' The old time Merrie England, the Dowry of Our Lady, may live again,—and meanwhile Catholics throughout the world will pray with *Lo! XIII.* "So be it!"—Ave Maria.

IT MAKES HOME BRIGHTER

The last glow of sunlight at the close of "wash day," falls on a cheerful home where Sunlight Soap is used. The washing done and the evening the housewife is fresh, bright and high-spirited, because Sunlight Soap washes clothes so easily, so quickly, without rubbing and scrubbing.

6 Cents
12 Cents
24 Cents

Less Labor
Greater Comfort

For every 12 wrappers
Lever Soap, Ltd.,
25 West St., Toronto,
Canada. A sample round
book will be sent.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REMARKABLY KNOWN SINCE 1926
MADE IN ENGLAND
WEST-TRAY, N.Y. CELL-METAL
CHINA, ETC. CATALOGUE AND PRICES FREE.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING
CHURCH BELLS & CHIMES
In the World
SHEPARD 2221, BROADWAY, BALTIMORE, MD.

EDUCATIONAL.

London Conservatory of Music
—AND—
SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION.

W. CAVEN BARRON, (Pianist, late Principal,
300 PUPILS IN ATTENDANCE.
14 TEACHERS ON THE STAFF.

Special pleasure is taken by the Principal
in announcing the engagement of Miss
Barron (late of the Conservatory of Music,
Boston) as head of the School of Elocution.
Her name is a guarantee of excellent
work.

FREE—A circular with course of study,
sent free on application.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE,
BERLIN, ONT.

Complete Classical, Philosophical and
Commercial Courses,
and shorthand and Typewriting.
For further particulars apply to
REV. FRED. SPRETZ, President.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE,
27th Year.

Most widely attended in America.
Affiliated with the Institute of Chartered
Accountants.
For Catalogue address
ROBINSON & JOHNSON,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

THE PINES URSULINE ACADEMY
CHATHAM, ONT.

The Educational Course comprises every
branch suitable for young ladies.
Superior advantages afforded for the cultivation of
HEBREW, LATIN, DRAWING,
and the **CERAMIC ARTS.**
SPECIAL COURSE for pupils preparing for
Teaching in the Convent.
Matriculation, Commercial Diplomas, Stenography and Typewriting.
For particular address
THE LADY SUPERIOR.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH,
ONT.

Only the studies embrace the Classical
and Commercial Courses. Terms, including
all ordinary expenses, \$250 per annum. Full
particulars apply to REV. D. C. CURRIE,
C. S. B.

NEW BUSINESS COURSE,
PREMISES, Opposite Post Office.
TEACHERS, in Peterborough.
CIRCULARS, Sent for one at the
Peterborough Business College.

W. M. PRING, Late Prin. St. John Business College,
W. C. McLELLAN, Late Principal Catholic Academy, Ques.

Address: Peterborough, Ont. 882-12

NORTHERN Business College

Only the studies embrace the Classical
and Commercial Courses. Terms, including
all ordinary expenses, \$250 per annum. Full
particulars apply to REV. D. C. CURRIE,
C. S. B.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS,
The leading Undertakers and Embalmers.
Open night and day.
Telephone—Home, 573. Factory, 547.

HALF PRICE.

As the "Mistakes of Modern Medicine," the work of Rev. G. R. Northgraves on evidence of Christianity, comprising the only complete answer to G. C. Robert Ingersoll, is to be republished immediately, the author will sell the present edition, till exhausted, at 75 cents, cloth; 40 cents, paper; post paid. Highly recommended by the Bishops and clergy and the Press, Catholic and Protestant. Address: Rev. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

DR. WOODRUFF, N. 185 QUEEN'S AVE.
Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throats. Eyes tested, glasses adjusted. Hours 11 to 4.

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

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"This is why I called upon your son in the first instance. I learned that he had been at college with Hubert, and that they had been intimate companions. I have not seen any of the family for many years, owing to my absence in distant lands, and on my return the first news which accidentally, and in secret, greeted me, was Hubert's name coupled with the epithet 'murderer!' The party, who thus spoke was not aware of my acquaintance with the family, and when I pressed for particulars, gave them freely—showed me the papers in which his name was connected with a murder case, and told me the suspicion regarding him which had been roused at that time had rapidly gained credence. He told me also, of Madame Bernot's helplessness, invalid state. She was in perfect health when I went abroad, and I determined not to call at the house according to my first intention for I thought that by pretending to be a total stranger, and in that character, using all my vigilance, I could help them more than by visiting, and perhaps startling them with my own wild fears.

"I called at the college from which Hubert had graduated, and learned that his conduct there had been exemplary. He was in the company of your son directly that he left college, and to your son I came for information. I did not disguise myself with him. I told my story frankly. But your son was incredulous, and being Hubert's friend, he would listen to nothing which implied a stain on Hubert's character. The utmost that I could obtain from him was a promise that he would write to Hubert, nor in any way acquaint him of anything he had heard from me—I feared if he did so, it might startle the young man—if he were guilty—into betraying himself.

"A few days before we sailed, I received private information that a certain person who had left for England the day previous had boasted in a drunken carouse of being in company at the very time of the murder, with the man whom Hubert is suspected of having murdered, and further information gave me clues that I thought would enable me to find this person if I also came to England; but I have failed to discover anything more, and nothing is left for me but to return with you and your son to America."

"If Hubert did commit this crime it was in the recklessness of youth, and he deserves more pity than censure; but, still, if I could only learn how the detectives managed to get the clues they seem to hold—whether they obtained them by Hubert's own want of prudence—I should know better how to save him from the consequences."

"And then his head sunk on his breast, and he looked so dejected, that my heart ached more and more for him. I began to think that Mr. Bernot might have roused other people's suspicions as he had awakened mine, and it seemed to me that I ought to tell Mr. Conyer of my own old perplexing thoughts of the young man—that perhaps by so doing I might help to save him if he were guilty; and Mr. Conyer was such a devoted friend of poor Madame Bernot, there surely could be no harm in telling him. I felt confident Hugh would not mind my telling at that time, however angry he might have been had I told before.

A Bank Failure.

AN INVESTIGATION DEMANDED.

A general banking business is done by the human system, because the blood deposits in its veins whatever wealth we may gain from day to day. This wealth is laid up against "a rainy day" as a reserve fund, and we're in a condition of healthy prosperity if we have laid away sufficient capital to draw upon in the hour of our greatest need. There is danger in getting thin, because it's a sign of letting down in health. To gain in blood is nearly always to gain in *robustness*. The odds are in favor of the germs of consumption, grip, or pneumonia, if our liver be inactive and our blood impure, or if our flesh be reduced below a healthy standard. What is required is an increase in our *own fighting strength*. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enriches the blood and makes it wholesome, stops the waste of tissue and at the same time builds up the strength. A medicine which will rid the blood of its poisons, cleanse and invigorate the great organs of the body, vitalize the system, thrill the whole being with new energy and make permanent work of it, is surely a remedy of great value. But when we make a positive statement that 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the early stages of the disease, be cured with the "Discovery," it seems like a bold assertion. All Dr. Pierce asks is that you make a thorough investigation and satisfy yourself of the truth of his assertion. By sending to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., you can get a free book with the names, addresses and photographs of a large number of those cured of throat, bronchial and lung diseases, as well as of skin and scrofulous affections by the "Golden Medical Discovery." They also publish a book of 150 pages, being a medical treatise on consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, which will be mailed on receipt of address and six cents in stamps.

"So I opened my heart to Mr. Conyer, and I let him know everything I knew about the poor young man; how he kindly returned to the city to transact my business with the lawyer; and I showed the papers in which he could see by the date the precise day that Mr. Bernot had attended to my commission. I told him about Mr. Bernot's paleness when my son passed the remark on his knife, and he inquired if I would know the knife if I saw it again, and I answered that I could not help knowing it, it was so peculiar; then he asked me how I thought my son regarded these things, or if he had noticed them, and I told him Hugh would not hear of such a thing, even when I spoke to him about the papers containing the investigation of the murder which he had so carefully put away, and how hurriedly and strangely he answered me when I remarked on Mr. Bernot's feelings at having his name before the public.

"Mr. Conyer thanked me for telling him all that, and he shook hands with me, and on his way out, when he reached the door, he turned back and shook hands with me again, saying 'I had done him such a service; and I felt very glad, for I thought I had helped poor Mr. Bernot.'

"I told Hugh when he came in, but he did not take it as I did. He became angry and said I had broken my promise to him; and when he saw my feelings so badly and crying to myself that I should be reproached so bitterly, he put his arm around me like he used to do when he was a boy growing up, and said:

"I didn't mean to hurt you so, mother, and it's all my fault. Perhaps if I had told you at first when you wanted to know, it would have been better. But I knew you already suspected poor Hubert of something; and I feared if I told you what Mr. Conyer had told me, you would only wonder and suspect the more, and perhaps betray your suspicions. So I thought it sufficient when I instructed you what to say of Hubert, should the gentleman ask you any questions."

"And my son then further said to me:

"I gave Mr. Conyer my promise not to write to Hubert, nor communicate to him in any way what he had told me, because I thought such a course was the better one for the time being; and Hubert's own letters to me were so calm and cheerful that I could not bear to startle him with my suspicions of this Mr. Conyer, whoever he may be.

"I know Mr. Conyer has been exceedingly kind to us; that but for him we should have been disappointed in our hopes, and should be obliged to return to New York much poorer than I came, but for all that I distrust him. I distrust the very people to whom he has introduced me; there seems to be some secret bond between them that I don't like—something that savors strongly of what I have heard of that mysterious society 'Roquelara.'"

"He may be Hubert's devoted friend as he pretends to be, but for all that I distrust him, and I am sorry you told him what you did."

"Then seeing me begin to cry, he said cheerily:

"Well, never mind, mother, perhaps there's no great harm done after all."

"I wasn't as warm after that to Mr. Conyer, but he didn't seem to mind it a bit; and to my surprise Hugh appeared to become warmly attached to him, even inviting him to spend some weeks with us when we returned home. I asked Hugh what was the meaning of his sudden friendship, and he said it was a feint, in order to watch Conyer; to learn when the latter would make the first attempt to make any use of what I had told him. But Mr. Conyer didn't seem to have the slightest idea of such a thing. He was continually deploring Madame Bernot's illness, and constantly asserting that he was afraid to meet her lest his anxiety should betray itself in some unpleasant way. He used to go to the hotel at the landing, every day, and Hugh discovered that these daily errands were for a letter directed there for him, and which never failed to arrive. And Hugh came home to me very angry.

"He's sneaking spy," he said, "and I'll unmask him before many hours," but just at that moment Mr. Conyer entered, looking so distressed, and so much as if he were going to faint that I hurried to him with a scream.

"He held a city newspaper in his hand, and as he sank into the chair to which I helped him, he motioned Hugh to read something in the paper—it was the account of Mr. Bernot's strange arrest. Hugh looked blank, and I could do nothing but wring my hands and cry, while Mr. Conyer poked himself to and fro, and said:

"Oh, and, I feared it would come to this, and, 'it is too late to save him,' and such like expressions, and then he pulled a bundle of letters out of his pocket and holding them up said:

"You were suspicious and angry, my dear fellow, that I did not have those directed here. They are from a lawyer who has been making secret discoveries of the clues daily gained by the detectives—for Hubert has been sharply and hotly driven to the confession he has made; and I feared if the letters came here their regular and punctual arrival would make it necessary for me to say something of their contents; and the latter were so hopeless, so sad, as regarded the poor fellow's approaching doom, that I could not bear to sadden you by my sorrow and anxiety."

"And he threw the letters on the table in a careless manner, and buried his face in his hands.

"I could see by Hugh's countenance that he was doubting and distrustful yet; but when I saw Mr. Conyer so broken down, all my doubts vanished, and I tried to comfort him. He only shook his head and smiled sadly, and replied, when I had said all the hopeful things I could think of:

"There is nothing for me to do now, but to go to see him, and after that to see his poor afflicted mother."

"And the way he went on then brought the tears to my eyes, though Hugh didn't seem to be a bit moved.

"I'll start this very afternoon," he said, "I can't delay longer," and then he got up slowly, put the letters back in his pocket, and went to his room.

"Hugh remained a good while in thought; at last he said:

"Mother, I'll accompany Mr. Conyer to the city; I must watch his movements, and I want to see Hubert."

"I did not oppose him, and when Hugh announced his purpose to Mr. Conyer at dinner, Mr. Conyer jumped up, and shook Hugh's hand, and said he was so delighted, and that his own visit to Hubert would not be so painful since he should be accompanied by Hubert's warm friend.

"Immediately after dinner he went out, and I saw him go slowly in the direction of the landing. When he returned I was alone, Hugh having gone out on a brief errand, and I asked him if he had been to the hotel? I thought he looked surprised, but he answered:

"Yes, that he had been sending a telegram to the lawyer who wrote to him daily, to have permits secured in order that there might be no delay in seeing Hubert when he and my son should reach the city."

"So they went, and I bade Hugh good-by, little thinking it would be so long before I should see him again."

Her tears appeared again about her face, but she pressed them back with her handkerchief, and resumed:

"My son telegraphed to me the next day, that he was well, but that he would have to remain and testify against Hubert Bernot."

"I could not believe the evidence of my eyes when I read that—Hugh, who was always Mr. Bernot's warm defender, going to testify against him. I thought it must be because he was sure of Mr. Bernot's guilt and deemed it his duty to do so; but even then it wasn't like him to drag a friend to punishment.

"He did not say in the telegram when I should hear from him again, nor did he mention any place where I could write to, and in the midst of my sorrow Mr. Conyer came in. His presence without Hugh, even though I knew the reason of my son's absence, frightened me, and I wildly implored him to tell me where Hugh was, and why he didn't return with him. Mr. Conyer seemed very much distressed; he told me how the lawyer had been false to him, that all the time he had been pretending to inform Mr. Conyer of the movements of the detectives, he had been in the secret pay of the detectives themselves, and, instead of securing the permits for which Mr. Conyer had telegraphed, he had availed himself of his knowledge of the hour at which Mr. Conyer and my son should arrive in the city, in order to have them both seized by the detectives, and forcibly detained, in order to give evidence when the case should come to trial, letting Mr. Conyer go, however, when they found that he had not seen Hubert for such a length of time, but keeping my son because he knew Hubert so well; and making him swear that he would tell everything that had caused him at any time to suspect Mr. Bernot of any crime. And I did not doubt Mr. Conyer's statement, but a sudden thought came to me in the midst of my grief, and I asked him what in the first place had led the lawyer to think of giving him—Mr. Conyer—and my son, into the hands of the detectives, and he answered that he had indiscreetly mentioned in some of his letters to the lawyer, the warm friendship which existed between Hugh and Hubert, and how they had traveled together; then he told me that he could take me to my son, and that I must not be frightened if I found him a prisoner, for the detectives would keep him as such, till his evidence could be taken; so I got ready and came with him. He was very kind to me, treating me almost as Hugh would have done, but when I got here I didn't see my son."

Again she stopped suddenly, and looked for the first time at the grim, dark countenances of the jurors as if she feared to say more.

"Go on," said Plowden softly, "you shall suffer no harm."

"Fear not to speak," said Bertoni, bending slightly forward, "you have served the end for which you were brought here, and all that you may say now can make little difference."

Thus exhorted her sudden fear seemed to vanish, and fixing her eyes with a confident look on Plowden's face, she resumed:

"Mr. Conyer took me to the house of some friend of his, and I tried to wait patiently until he could arrange for me to see my son. He said they had removed Hugh to another place, making it difficult to find him, and at last he told me that I would not be permitted to see him unless I too would tell everything I knew about Mr. Bernot, and that from Hugh himself the detectives were already aware of much of what I had in the past months told to Mr. Conyer. I became sick then from excitement, and anxiety, and grief, at being obliged to testify, and I was sick a good many weeks; but I was cared for very kindly. When I recovered enough to sit up, I did not see Mr. Conyer, but I re-

ceived a note from him which stated that he was still searching for Hugh, that he would not come to me till he had found him, and it assured me that I should be well cared for. It also said that the detectives had discovered my present abode, and it exhorted me in the event of any visit from them to consent, for Hugh's sake—for Hugh's safety—to tell in court all that I had told him.

"While I was trying to think what I ought to do, some one did come, who announced himself as a detective; he talked to me a long time, and he frightened me so with threats of injury to Hugh if I did not tell everything I knew about Mr. Bernot, that at last I consented; but I was so terrified I could not properly connect the things I wanted to remember, and the gentleman came every day and wrote down all I told him and put everything in its right place and I studied it all. But when he brought me here this morning, and I saw poor Mr. Bernot looking so pale and thought if it was my son was in his place, and Mr. Bernot's mother was going to testify as I was, my heart failed me; and when my name was called I would not have answered, but my escort remonstrated, and whispered that I might never see Hugh again if I failed to keep my promise, and that made me come up here. Now I shall see my son, shall I not?"

She looked about her as if in search of the gentleman who had brought her thither, and having caught sight of him down amid the crowd, she extended her hands to him imploringly, and said with touching pathos:

"He is all I have, you know; no one in the wide, wide world but Hugh."

Plowden signified that he had finished with the witness, and at a sign from the judge, the clerk led her down to the gentleman who had escorted her that morning, and who now hastened to conduct her out of the court room; but even as she went, she repeated in tones that brought the moisture to many eyes:

"Shall I see my son, now? He is all I have, you know."

The interest with which everybody had listened to that evidence, had been so intense that many drew a long breath of relief when the old lady at last vanished from sight, and there was a general straightening of forms, and an effort to recover from the surprise and bewilderment caused by her singular testimony.

Plowden was talking to the judge—apparently urging the adoption of some proposition—and Bertoni smiled, when Walter Conyer was called. No one answered the summons and Plowden with a bow to Bertoni, said, with covert sarcasm in his tones:

"Another evidence of the unflinching invention of my honorable opponent—as I surmised, Mr. Walter Conyer does not exist."

Bertoni rose with that slow, heavy motion which seemed so well suited to his massive form, and returning Plowden's bow, he burst at once into an account of the secret means by which he had hunted Hubert Bernot to his fate.

It was "Roquelara" no more—it was he, the one man, the work of but one mind; and all the power of that massive mind was put forth then. Men who were cast in common moulds caught a glimpse of such might as made them bend in involuntary worship before a creature so gifted. And the creature, in the triumph of beholding the effects of his power on each individual of that breathless throng, imagined his mind—that wonderful, grasping mind which had not been dismayed by dishonor—to be all sufficient for him. He seemed to recognize no dependence on a Creator—he appeared rather, to use the powers which he had been gifted as if they emanated from himself. Men shuddered while they heard him, and yet shuddering, also wondered and admired. He had seized the opportunity apparently, not to show what he had lost by having the secret influence of "Roquelara" no longer at his command, but to reveal what that mysterious society had itself lost in having him no longer to wield its wonderful power.

Grand in the very attitude he assumed, grand in the expression of his face—which was lit up as men had never seen it before even in his most impassioned speech,—he seemed the impersonation of some heroic defiant and triumphant in the midst of the very arrows which sought to pin it to the ground.

As he designed that it should be, every thought of "Roquelara" was absorbed in this picture of himself, and the very members of that mysterious body who had sat in inquisition upon him a few nights before—who shuddered to think of his after fate when "Roquelara" influence should be directed against him—now paid involuntary homage to Bertoni of the master mind.

His eyes lit more brightly, his fiery words came forth with more thrilling force. What to him were dishonor, disgrace, since he could compel from his very judges such deference as they had never paid before, since he could prove that he had never failed in "Roquelara" work, and now, expelled member though he was, he possessed that which was capable of arraying itself against the whole united body of "Roquelara" and defying its sternest menaces—his intellect.

Certainly, if the great lawyer wanted to produce an effect on the society from which he had been expelled,—an effect that should cause his dishonor to be somewhat forgotten in the brilliancy of his talents and power as a man—he was eminently successful, and he was

satisfied of that success. He gradually let his listeners down from the heights to which he had raised them, and dropped his voice to its wonted tone.

"My honorable opponent," he said, "would have Mr. Walter Conyer, or the person who represented that mythical individual, upon the stand; he would interrogate him in order to discover with whom originated the plan of playing upon poor old Mrs. Murburd's garrulity; he would ask him the reason of such an ingenious act, of a part only to wear from the old lady her suspicions, and why there should be so long a delay in prosecuting this case when such a witness was at hand. It is in my power to enlighten him."

He raised himself to his full height and stood for a moment as if he would awe by his mere presence those about him; then he resumed, his tones becoming more impassioned, his voice filling the place as no voice had ever filled it before.

"Bertoni never sleeps upon a thought. Bertoni's mind never relaxes its grasp upon an idea until that idea has served his purpose. When other men buried their cares in the joys of domestic affections Bertoni worked at the problem of bringing a criminal to justice. Had the latter been some wait in the dregs of humanity whose whole neglected, miserable life pleaded in extenuation of his crime, there would be little need of so much secret and disguised work to track him to his doom; if, perhaps, sheltered by that honor which is sometimes found amongst the worst of criminals, such a one eludes the law for a time, still there are not wanting the indignation and merciless vengeance of an unreasoning populace to urge on the pursuit of the unhappy wretch; and when he is found, a whole community shudders and recoils from his bleated face and matted hair, and Self-righteousness asserts that, 'death is too good for him.'

"In this case, however, there were neither poverty, nor ignorance, nor ill-training. The prisoner who to day stands self-accused of a dire crime, was born in wealth, reared with every aid of culture, and trained in the most perfect code of morality. Why should Justice have slept upon his track—why, when it was so unmistakable from Miss Calvert's manner on her first examination, that she knew more than she wished to communicate, were not strenuous efforts exerted to learn that which she concealed—the details of her cousin's traveling tour, where he went directly after leaving home, and if his sojourn at that place was uninterrupted until his tour with Hugh Murburd began. Why did every one, on the conclusion of that first investigation seem to be thoroughly satisfied that no member of the Bernot family knew anything of the murder. Even 'Roquelara'—his voice took an accent of intense scorn—

"failed to discover the clues which were at that time so plain. It was left for me to gather them up, to give the warning, and then to wait—wait for Hubert's return, to watch him when he did return, to institute careful inquiries which won the information, with whom Bernot had traveled, and where he had gone directly on leaving his home."

"While residing in Bernot's face and manner, sufficient to tell me that his remorse of conscience, together with his fear of 'Roquelara,' would eventually compel him to court his doom, I still resolved to weave about him such a web of circumstantial evidence as should prove at least the thoroughness of my work."

Then briefly, but so clearly that the least intelligent mind must have comprehended, he detailed the successive means by which he had planned all that had been done by the gentleman represented as Mr. Walter Conyer. The mode of proceeding adopted by Conyer, the very excuses given by that gentleman to render his actions less suspicious, were due to Bertoni's orders—orders issued almost before they were evolved out of existing circumstances—and yet, though his statements were so brief he omitted nothing, even to an explanation about the daily letters which Mrs. Murburd had said Conyer received. They were his replies to Conyer's epistles, and they were directed to the hotel rather than to the home of Hugh, lest their punctual and regular arrival should excite the young man's suspicions.

"But lest their regular arrival should in any case be commented upon," continued Bertoni, "I had prepared an explanation for Mr. Conyer, that explanation was set forth in Mrs. Murburd's evidence, or rather in the apology for her evidence—with a bow to Plowden."

Then he told triumphantly how he had made "Roquelara" influence, even in distant England, render to the Murburds an important service, in order that his own object might be gained. He showed how the very possession by "Roquelara," of the persons of Hugh Murburd and his mother, was due to his foresight and care—the separation of the old lady from her son was owing to his thought, that there might be afforded a better opportunity for imposing upon the old lady's fears.

"And this," he said, bowing again to Plowden, "probably accounts for the absence of both mother and son, when my honorable opponent himself made a journey to C—for the purpose of interviewing the Murburds."

Plowden savagely bit his lip, and glared for an instant at the opposing counsel while the latter continued, that but for Mrs. Murburd's illness the trial would have taken place at a much earlier period.

He paused for a second, and when he resumed, his voice contained all the

sarcasm which no one else save Plowden could use with such withering effect.

"Perhaps my honorable opponent would ask why I waited to ply my enquiries until the return of Bernot from his tour: why I waited until that time to learn from Mrs. Murburd what I might have learned before, and perhaps with much less trouble. I answer, that I waited to see and to watch Hubert Bernot — to read in him the signs that never fail to betray a man on whose conscience rests the burden of a secret crime.

"Perhaps also, the honorable gentleman would further ask, what course I should have pursued if my plans had failed — if the orders I gave to my agent — with a haughty emphasis on the word *my* — had failed of their effect.

"I answer, that regarding Hugh Murburd, if his friendship for Hubert Bernot had been found by Mr. Conyer to be a sordid thing — if he would build up his own fame or fortune on the ruins of his friend's honor — then would his evidence have been very easy to obtain, and if I had utterly failed to get Mrs. Murburd's testimony, other evidences of the prisoner's guilt which are yet to be shown, would be produced, and those evidences would almost set aside the necessity for examining the last witness.

"I inflicted on myself the care and labor which were necessary to obtain this peculiarly given testimony — his voice quivering with sarcasm — that the reputation which 'Roquelare' bears for vigilance and expert tracing of clues, however slight, might be maintained. I have detailed the successive means which I have taken to gain this evidence, to manifest, as I said before, the thoroughness of my work.

"Whether the counsel for the defence will endeavor to show that the crime of the accused was committed in the rash impulses of youth, or possibly in self defence, though it was shown on the corner's request that malice alone could have struck the blow which sent the unfortunate man into eternity, I know not — I only say — again he drew himself up and looked scornfully about him — 'if, when there is completed every link in the evidence which is still to be adduced, and no doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner remains on a single rational mind; when it is proven that he did not give himself up until he felt upon him the very grasp of the law; when it is remembered that he is one of the elegant young men of society of whom wealth and social standing often form a defence for every crime; when it is shown that if it were some poor, illiterate wretch who occupied the place of the prisoner, justice would speedily have its course; when reflection summons the number and frequency of the red handed murders which disgrace our city, and how necessary are salutary examples to deter immorality from corrupting the very laws themselves; when all these things have been carefully weighed, and yonder prisoner pays not the penalty of his crime, then is 'Roquelare' an empty title which means neither truth nor justice, and I shall be glad to fling its very memory amid the contemned things of the past."

For an instant Bernot raised his bandaged wrist in full sight of the gaping, startled throng, then slowly lowered it, and took his seat amid the most profound silence, and not until it was announced that the court had adjourned for that day, did the awestricken people seem to recover their faculties.

Hannah Moore, having at last recovered from her own especial flurry, was so indignant that "Roquelare" should have produced such damaging evidence, and so angry with Bernot as being the prime and successful mover in the case, that it was with difficulty she prevented her ire from launching forth an exceedingly discourteous epithet at the great pleader, and delivering it in such a manner that it might be heard by the gentleman himself; but she contented herself with saying, in a voice so loud that her words were distinctly audible to every one in her vicinity.

"It is the devil's own work, so it is — that 'Roll your care' — to be entraping any decent body as it does. And faith, the devil will give that great lawyer beyond there, that flustered me, so his wages yet; mind that now!" glared fiercely on the stranger, who was beginning to show their appreciation of her amusing anger by various grins, and whispering picaresqueries, which the honest-hearted woman was very much inclined to regard as insults to herself.

John McNamee, fearing the result, should her indignation become too hot, as it very easily did, took her hurriedly on his arm and escorted her to the street, while the other servants of the Bernot household closely followed.

"Where's Sam Lewis?" said Hannah, when John, quite sure that she was beyond the reach of any stray spark being applied to her inflammable temper, released her from his somewhat over-tight grasp.

The little man was not certain but that the manner in which he had given his evidence, after Miss Moore's caution to keep his wits about him, was such as to incur that formidable lady's anger, and much in doubt as to whether her tongue, or her hands, if indeed, not both, would be applied to him, he thrust his person timidly forward.

"Come here, Samuel Lewis," she said, "and let me shake hands with you," — extending her own stout fist — "you're a credit to everybody this day."

The little man pricked up his aston

ished ears, and stepped with alacrity to her side.

"I say you're a credit. You gave your evidence beautifully. You bamboozled the great man till he couldn't make nothing out of you; and that's what none of the rest of us done" — looking back scornfully at her fellow-help — "you're a credit to the house you live in, Samuel Lewis, and I'm proud of you," with another grip of the little man's hand that almost brought the water to his eyes.

The little under-water never stepped so lightly; he never held his head so high; he never made so much of his little thin form in walking; holding himself so erect that he felt as if he had grown two inches in as many minutes; and he offered his arm to Miss Moore, and Miss Moore accepted it, and he looked at everybody they met, and he wondered what they would think if they only knew that he was Samuel Lewis who had given his evidence "so beautifully." And when they arrived at the Bernot mansion, and found a poor itinerant musician droning some most doleful ditty beneath the parlor windows, the quick, brave manner in which the little man darted at the poor Italian, and the sudden way in which the latter retreated with his hurdy-gurdy, were very creditable evidences of Mr. Samuel Lewis' desire to perform the most gallant acts of duty.

"We've had music enough," bawled Sam, near the poor old musician, "musical's near the ruin of this ere family, and we don't want no more of it."

"You're a jewel, Sam," said Hannah, delightedly patting him on the back when he returned after his exploit, "and when all this trouble is over — as poor God grant it will be soon — and that poor dear Mr. Hubert will be home safe and well, we'll have one night of it, and you shall be honored for this day's work."

TO BE CONTINUED

A LESSON FOR PARENTS.

Here is a nice little story from the land of steady habits, and we can commend it to the notice of parents.

"After reading a good many volumes of dime novels, little Henry Hopkins, Eddie Kendrick and Johnny Hayes, of Shelton, Conn., became impressed with the idea that Uncle Sam is not exterminating the red men fast enough and that it was their duty to go in and help him. They got together some butcher knives, a revolver, a couple of dollars in coin; quit school, turned their hat bands down, and set out for the great West via Albany. They rode to that city in a box car, and in Albany an unsentimental police officer pulled them off the car, and locked them up in a police station. They told the Albany Superintendent of Poor that they had started West to kill Indians, but he paid for tickets for them from Albany to Shelton and now they are at home again."

This is not an isolated incident, by any means. Happily, in this case, the issue was innocent enough. The gutterite novelists, who confine their tinisal ravings to the red men of the plains and the white scouts, are comparatively harmless. But there has arisen a new school of gutterites, who pattern after Bulwer, Edgar Poe, Gaboreau and others without the fine instinct which caused those writers to convey a moral in their stories without a word of preaching. These gutterite editors and authors are heroes. They are always handsome, dashing fellows whose burglaries, murders and other crimes are glazed over with fine names.

These gutterites are flooding the market with the vilest sheets, sold for ten and five cents. Small cigar and candy stores keep the "libraries," where boys and girls can exchange what they buy at the rate of two for one. Thus, any little chap who has five cents is sure of the perusal of a crude eulogy of crime. Furthermore, the better educated of the gutterites have obtained a foothold in a portion of the daily press, unscrupulous editors having found that they can increase circulation in certain directions by pandering to this most depraved taste.

The influence of this literature is seen in far worse shapes than that of the case we have quoted. The whole community has been startled by the police unearthing gang after gang of regularly organized juvenile burglars. And observe. These gangs were not composed of street arabs — uncared for waifs, newsboys and hooligans. They were those children who have frequently money whereof we have indicated the deleterious use with that amount of education to absorb the lesson conveyed in flash broadsheets and just enough intelligence to put them in practice.

Anguish has wrung many hearts. But let the parents ask themselves if they were not the architects of their own misfortune. It will not be sufficient for them to say that they have forbidden such trash. Have they not often carried equally vile stuff into their homes in the shape of newspapers? Have they provided good literature for their children? We do not mean ascetic reading, but healthy, stirring and interesting histories, of which there is abundance. There are at least five hundred books now on sale that are perfectly sound and at the same time fascinating to the young. We cannot undertake to name them. It is the duty of every parent to read and select for himself; or if he thinks himself incapable, to consult some friends, his spiritual adviser being the best. If he neglect this duty he must take the consequences.

A BORN MUSICIAN.

Many years ago, and when I was just beginning my career as an artist, I made a sketching tour in a picturesque district of Lancashire. It was on an exceedingly afternoon that I suddenly halted in front of a pretty cottage on the outskirts of a village whose beauty was bewildering both in variety and extent. I had already resided in every nook and cranny of the neighborhood for painting purposes, but this particular cottage was so bewitching in its prettiness, that I could not pass it by without the gate of a little copse on the opposite side of the road was open, made me determine to enjoy its inviting shade and exercise my art at that season's time.

To my mind, whatsoever is only beautiful when it is applied to a house's exterior; and on country cottage walls where a soft glow from leaves, and waiting the time and water is always matter in the right place. Backed by spreading trees and rising meadows beyond my little house, I felt that the gate of a little copse on the opposite side of the road was open, made me determine to enjoy its inviting shade and exercise my art at that season's time.

"What a perfect water color it will make!" I said to myself. The time was only a little past 3, and I was prepared to give some thought to the sketching of the scene. The only sound that reached me from the cottage was the occasional cry of a baby, invariably followed by some infant, and sometimes, perhaps, to relieve her own toil. I had reason to suspect that, earlier in the day, the wailing of a child reached me from a larger large scale; but whatever work was now in progress in that little establishment was being carried on in a peaceful one, and I was thankful for the absence of curious gazers and rustic critics. Not that I ever discourage such visits, but I am better that his work should have reached some degree of completeness before it is subjected to criticism, and I have sometimes found the presence of on-lookers embarrassing.

For a full hour, at least, I had sat sketching within the shade of the copse, when I suddenly heard a noise as of a small army approaching from the village. Soon, however, the voices of children reached me, and I knew that the village school had "loosed" for the day, and that the children boys and girls were testing the noise giving power of their sabbath on the highway. Wondering a little why the northerners only had the good sense to resist a certain doctor's call, I drew back a little further into the copse in order to escape observation for the present. The little army swept by, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in the front room, and I was seated on the rest, and passing through the garden, soon had his hand upon the door of the cottage I was painting. The distance, and there was mention of "Bob's hat," and somebody else's ball, and 5 o'clock. It was clear that the lad had been engaged in some cricket purposes. The door was opened and shut as only a hungry boy can open and shut a door, and soon I heard the front room, the clatter of cups and plates. I knew then that the afternoon meal was in progress of preparation. A little later I heard the voices of the woman and the boy as they chatted over their tea, and the crowd and gurgle of the baby, in

The Memory of the Dead.
Oh, it is sweet to think,
Of those that are departed,
While murmured Aves sink
To silence tender hearted,
While tears that have no pain
Are tranquilly distilled,
And the dead live again,
In hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days
Of earthly ties we love them;
For they are touched with rays
From light that is above them;
Another sweetness shines
Around their well-known features;
Glad with His glory signs
His dearly ransomed creatures.

Yes, they are more our own,
Since now they are God's only;
And each one that has gone
Has left our heart less lonely.
He mourns not seasons fled,
Who now in Him possesses
Treasures of many dead
In their dear Lord's embraces.

Dear dead! they have become
Like guardian angels to us;
And distant heaven like home,
Through them best known to us;
Love, that was earthly, wings
Its flight to holier places;
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.

They whom we love on earth
Attract us now to heaven;
Who shared our grief and mirth
Shave to us now are given.
They move with more kindly
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

O dearest dead! to heaven
With prizing sighs we gave you,
To Him—his death's forgiven,
Who took you there to save you—
Now get us grace to love
Your memories more kindly,
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly.

WHICH WAY?

Some one has sent us the report of a lecture given by Col. Ingersoll some days ago to a Brooklyn audience. The sender intended, we suppose, that we should make some comments on it. Some twenty five years ago, or thereabout, Ingersoll started out with a lecture, which contained all that he knew about religion, philosophy, history, science and the Bible. It was not much, but by means of a glib tongue and a lively imagination he made a good deal of it. There was nothing original in that lecture, except some funny jokes that he told very well and made his hearers laugh consumedly.

He has lectured many times since, but he has done little more than to re-hall the old story of which that first lecture consisted. Call it "Mistakes of Moses," "The Gods," "Ghosts," "Which Way," or what not, the same familiar old tune was painfully discernible. He treated his package of misinformation as the equally ingenious Barnum treated his curiosities. When familiarly had sated public interest in some pot curiosity Barnum would give it a new name, get the press to comment learnedly on his what-is-it, and forthwith it was as good as new for a time. He always had a new name ready to come flagging publicly. That is the way Ingersoll has treated his old lecture. When "Mistakes of Moses" grew somewhat stale from familiarity it was easy to shake it up, turn it up side down, leave out the name of Moses, start in at the other end, and there you are. All that was required was a new label. We have read carefully all the lectures of Ingersoll and we have found little more than the same old notions, the same old flavor of Moses and his mistakes. Why then comment on the same old curiosity merely because it has been revamped and newly labeled? True, to freshen it up he has introduced some new names, St. Ann, for instance, and Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Corrigan. This gives the old lecture a passing interest, and that is possibly what it was done for. Why be grudge the old man a harmless privilege like that? Probably the Cardinal and the Archbishop have a more vivid remembrance of a last Summer's mosquito than they have of the man of one lecture with many names. That lecture is like Paganini's single string; a great deal more kinds of noise can be got out of it than one would think.

We have a theory about Ingersoll, according to which it may happen that when we all get to heaven we may find Robert there toying with a harp. It is this: He is the victim of an intellectual, prenatal mother's mark. Physical marks of this kind are common, and there is no reason to doubt that intellectual ones are equally common. An acquaintance of Ingersoll once told us that the colonel was a most pleasant gentleman in conversation; bright, witty and interesting, of a genial and affectionate nature, kind and charitable. But introduce the subject of religion, or even the word, and the effect was magical: the whole man was changed, the smile was gone, and in its place a frown, his muscular and nervous systems were visibly affected; he gathered himself together like an acrobat for a leap. All this would indicate that the colonel belongs to that class to which Nordan gives the name "degenerates." It is known by physicians that there are alcohol degenerates, whose appetite for liquor is so strong as to deprive them of liberty and therefore of moral responsibility. This degeneracy manifests itself in an uncontrollable aversion to a thing, as well as an uncontrollable desire for it. If Ingersoll was born with an uncontrollable aversion and repugnance to religion his liberty was destroyed; but is not a free man or a moral agent, and is therefore not morally responsible for what he says on the subject of religion. If he is not

morally responsible he is guiltless in the matter, and being good enough otherwise may get to heaven as an irresponsible degenerate. This theory is worth considering.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

HOW THEY SAW THE POPE.

The Audience of a Party of Western Girls with the Head of the Roman Church.

From the St. Louis Republic.
In an interesting letter received from Miss Lucy Donovan, daughter of Mr. J. T. Donovan, she gives an account of the interview she was fortunate enough to obtain with His Holiness the Pope. Miss Donovan, in company with Misses Ollie Fusz, Katherine and Grace Cunningham, Blanche Duross and Augusta Dougherty, have been touring Europe under the chaperonage of Miss Louise Garesche. They reached Rome on the 15th of September. After visiting the many points of interest in Rome they sought to obtain an audience with the Pope, but in consequence of the Italian celebration of the independence of Rome the Holy Father had been in retirement and had refused audiences to every one.

The Pope is himself inclined to be somewhat unceremonious, but owing to his great age and responsible position he is compelled to surround himself with precaution and maintain certain rigid rules of etiquette. In Miss Donovan's letter she describes the happy termination of their endeavors to see his Holiness.

"I think I mentioned in a previous letter that we had abandoned all hope of seeing our Holy Father. We have had a number of the most influential persons in Rome interested in our cause, but the Pope had positively refused to grant audiences. Father Farrelly of the American College was working to obtain for us permission to see the Pope as he passed from his palace to the garden, but was even doubtful of obtaining this favor. Count Cassell called on me, but I was not in. He left a note asking if he could render any service. I told Miss Garesche to avail herself of his offer. Well, you can't imagine what she asked him to do. It was to deliver a letter to the Pope.

"The Count called the following morning. I was not able to see him and he left a note for Miss Garesche telling her that he had delivered the letter to the private secretary of His Holiness. After lunch, as Miss Garesche was preparing to go out, the porter brought her a letter which required an immediate answer. The letter was in Italian. It was a summons for Miss Garesche and her six companions to appear at the Vatican at half past 5 the same evening. Can you imagine our excitement and surprise? We did not know whether it was to see the Pope in the garden of the Vatican or to receive his blessing. We were informed that audiences were seldom granted in the afternoon, and that during the celebration of the Italian occupation of Rome there would be no public audiences. We prepared to answer the summons, and, arrayed in black dresses and veils, the latter arranged in Spanish style, we procured two carriages drawn by black horses, for custom requires this.

"Arriving in the court of the palace, where stood several of the Swiss guards dressed in their peculiar uniforms of black and yellow—said to be designed by Michael Angelo—we passed through the arched gateway and entered the palace, ascending a broad marble staircase. Chamberlains clad in crimson satin ushered us into a room. Here we were met by a Cardinal robed in purple, who took our invitation, bowed and walked away. We sat down and waited, and yet uncertain of what we were waiting for; if it was an audience, surely there would be others coming, for the Pope had not had a private audience for a long time.

After the lapse of probably twenty minutes the door at the further end of the hall opened, the Cardinal again appeared, and ushered us into the adjoining room. Here, to our utter amazement, the Cardinal said the Holy Father would receive us in his private room. Another door opened and Miss Garesche was summoned; in a few minutes a little bell rang and the Cardinal conducted us to the next room. I was in the lead. When I saw the Cardinal bow I did the same, though to whom I did not know. I heard a low, clear voice say, "Venez, venez." "Looking up I saw our Holy Father with his arms stretched out toward me—only five feet away. The room was small. He was sitting at the end of a raised chair; not another bow did I make, but, walking hastily toward him, I knelt and would have kissed his foot, but he held out his hand and I kissed his ring. He then rested one hand upon my head, holding my hand with his other.

"After asking about my life and family he turned to Miss Garesche and asked if any of us were married; and, being answered that we were not married, he smiled and said: "Then you are all virgins, and God loves you all dearly. This is a beautiful and holy time of life, for you have not now the cares and troubles which may come later on."

"He spoke to each separately for five minutes. I had ample time to look at him. He wore a white cassock and a little white skull cap, slippers, and a gold chain around his neck. In his ring there was a large sapphire, surrounded by diamonds. His eyes are dark, keen, and penetrating, while his smile leaves an impression never to be forgotten. He asked us if we remembered him in our prayers,

and said that this was our duty. He was glad to hear that we had taken no part in the Italian celebration. He then invited us to attend his Mass on Sunday and communicate. After imparting his blessing he arose and left the room.

"The impression he made upon me will always remain a beautiful and venerable one. On the following morning we reached the Vatican at 7:30.

"There were about thirty persons present, but we were the only persons to receive Holy Communion. As the Pope stood at the altar he trembled in every limb, but his voice was clear and penetrating. As he said the Confiteor he took the ring from his finger and replaced it when he reached the side of the altar. At Communion the Cardinal signalled us to approach. When the Pope turned to bless his voice was loud and full of emotion; but when walking from the altar to the Communion rail he had to be supported by two Cardinals. After Mass a chamberlain approached and said the Pope wished to see us again.

"He had spoken in French during the first interview and continued in the same language when we saw him again.

"At the second interview the Pope said: "I have seen you all before, and you are my children from America. We thanked him for the many privileges he had accorded us, and he said: "Yes, you will receive the Communion from the hands of the Pope. You must treasure this in your memory as a precious souvenir, and let the graces of to day forever remain in your hearts. I will again bless you and renew the benediction which I have granted." Then in turn he placed his hand on each of our foreheads and imparted his blessing to each of us separately. I would have gone all the way to Rome and put up with all the inconveniences if only to have been favored as we have been this week. No one, much less ourselves, can understand why the Holy Father treated us so favorably. We are envied by all here, but Monsiegnor says the whole proceeding has been extraordinary, but that we deserved to have our efforts rewarded, as we had striven so hard to obtain the interview."

The Monks of Old.

The epithets "lazy" and "ignorant" applied to the monks of old, and so generously employed by many generations of Protestant scribblers, are in imminent danger of being relegated to "innocuous desuetude." During the past two decades the Muse of History has shown a praiseworthy disposition to reverse many of her past verdicts; and it has been remarked that the Church has invariably profited by the reversal. Dr. Gasquet's powerful vindication of the English monasteries as they existed at the time of their suppression has already borne fruit, as is evident from an article by a non-Catholic writer in the *Quarterly Review*. Dr. Gasquet himself could hardly have written more enthusiastically than this Protestant, who candidly admits that the wholesale suppression inaugurated by King Hal, and continued by his successors, was for revenue only. Singularly enough, it is the learning and industry of the monks—their services to science and agriculture—that are most strongly emphasized in the article; though their virtues and the simple, mortified lives they led are also acknowledged. As the *Tablet* observes: "The organ of old-fashioned orthodoxy of the Church of England writes in a very different tone from that manifested in the utterances of the English press ten years ago; and the tardy measure of justice thus rendered to a much reviled class may be looked upon almost as the utterance of national recantation."—Ave Maria.

Rules for Assisting at High Mass.

Be in time. Have prayer book or beads. Stand at the Asperges. Kneel from the beginning until the Gloria. Stand while the celebrant is reciting the Gloria. Sit with the celebrant and stand until the Epistle. Sit from beginning of the Epistle to the Gospel. Stand during the chanting of the Gospel. Make the sign of the cross on the forehead, lips and breast. Sit until the reading of the Gospel by the preacher. Stand whilst the preacher reads the Gospel. Sit and listen to the sermon. Stand whilst the Creed is being said. Sit when the celebrant sits. Kneel during the singing of the Incarnatus, etc. Rise with the celebrant and stand whilst he sings Dominus Vobiscum and Oremus. Sit at the Offertory and until the beginning of the Preface. Kneel from Sanctus until the priest takes the wine and water after Communion. Sit until he sings Dominus Vobiscum. Stand until the orations and the *Missa Est* are sung. Receive the blessing kneeling and make the sign of the cross. Stand at the Gospel, making the sign of the cross, on forehead, lips and breast. Remain in your pew until the priest has left the sanctuary. Remember, the vestibule of the church is not a reception-room.

Why Not You?
When thousands of people are taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to overcome the weakness and languor which are so common at this season, why are you not doing the same? When you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured rheumatism, dyspepsia and all diseases caused by impure blood, why do you continue to suffer? Hood's cures others, why not you?

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.

AN EX-RITUALIST.

He Calls Attention to the Stride Which Anglicanism Has Taken in "Ritual Practices."

A reader of the New York *Sun* who signs himself "An ex-Ritualist, now a Catholic," has written an interesting letter to that journal reviewing some features wherein the Anglican Church has conformed to the Catholic ritual. The words of the writer prove that he has devoted considerable time to the study of the question. He says:

Your correspondent who signs himself "Anglican Catholic" expresses "fear" that you would have "considerable difficulty in substantiating your statement that in all other points (than the one above referred to) submission to the Pope Anglican Catholics are one with the Church of Rome." Possibly you are a little premature, but you are no less certain, and the stride which ritualism in its seven league boots has taken within the past decade in "Ritual Practices" justifies your assertion. Does not "Anglican Catholic" know about the appropriation of our confessional, our rosary, our service of benediction, which last is out-and-out "Roman," for does it not antedate the days of Henry VIII? If he does not, let him visit a "High" little church in West Fourth street and ask its rector for his tract upon transubstantiation. He will find it, word for word, analogous to "the Romish definition," which, as an up-to-date "Anglo-Catholic," he ought to accept. In regard to "ritualistic" teaching concerning the Blessed Virgin, please recommend to him a recent little book written by Bishop Hall, of Vermont, for I see this right reverend is on the list of those whom "Anglo-Catholic" cites as reliable guides. Bishop Hall does not hesitate to call the Mother of our Lord by honored and endearing names. Is not she the "Mother of Sorrows," for who among mothers ever suffered as much as Our Lady? And if Bishop Hall calls her the "God Bearer," can his disciple deny her to be "Queen of Heaven"?

Concerning the withholding of the cup from the laity, if your correspondent had met with the experience which some Episcopalians had, seven summers ago, in a charming summer resort in Bishop Hall's diocese, he, in common with the "Low" and "High" communicants would have reached a speedy conversion to the Roman doctrine of communion under one kind. The family of the undertaker of the village kept the communion wine; a frightful mistake was made, and instead of wine, embalming fluid was consecrated and administered! All who received were made ill, and if "communion under one kind" had been the only point of difference the whole congregation would have "gone over" next morning, so great was their indignation and dismay. Sanitary grounds are enough to abolish the common cup. Think of the diseases of mouth and throat to which this is heir—cancer, diphtheria, not to mention neglect of the tooth brush. Your correspondent says that to yield to the Pope's claims, "never acknowledged by the Greek Church nor by the West," including of course the Church of England, for the first few hundred years of its existence, would be "to accept a condition of affairs unknown in primitive times." Now this is a statement that is valuable merely as an assertion, and our day is a matter-of-fact day, one that insists that statements shall be backed up by proofs. Nearly all the little Anglican tracts on this subject are glib with this declaration: "Many ancient authorities concur in the testimony that St. Paul preached in Britain about the year 60." Yet history affirms that not a single "ancient author" has ever mentioned the name of St. Paul in connection with Britain. The invention dates from the Reformation.

On the other hand, there is reliable testimony to prove that in A. D. 179 King Lucius of Great Britain sent a letter to Pope Eleutherius entreaching him that by his Pope's command he might be made a Christian! The venerable Bede adds: "He soon obtained his pious request, and the Britons preserved the faith which they had received uncorrupted and entire, in peace and tranquility, until the time of the Emperor Diocletian." Permit me to cite one more instance. The little Anglican tract acknowledges that "in 314 three British Bishops were present at the Council of Arles." Now what were they doing there, at a council that recognized the supremacy of the successor of St. Peter and that communicated its decree to him that they may be made known to all by him who holds the mightiest diocese? This isle of Britain, and the three Anglican Bishops subscribed to it with their signatures.

"Anglican Catholic" asks: "Do ritualists teach the Roman doctrine of Indulgences?" Certainly not, and who could authorize them, even if the doctrine were understood and desired? Could Indulgences be granted by the "High" infallible of Western New York? In a word, where does authority rest in the Episcopal Church for we are told that an effort is to be made to establish as law that doctrines shall be definable by the bishops?

The only permanent cure for chronic catarrh is to thoroughly expel the poison from the system by the faithful and persistent use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful remedy proves successful when all other treatment has failed to relieve the sufferer.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

General Intention for November. CHURCH INTEREST IN GERMANY.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Who has not heard of the famous saying of the veteran Von Moltke? "We must all sooner or later end by becoming Catholics." The keen-sighted old warrior must have had some grounds for his forecast when he half-godhumorously made such an avowal.

But on what serious foundation are the hopes of the Catholic world based? We might ask ourselves—as our gaze, wandering over the map of Modern Europe, stops to take in the extent of what, in the lapse of ages, has become the home of the Teutonic races? They are based, it seems to us, first, in the social order, on the influence of the regularly recurring sessions of the Catholic Congress and of the *Vallée-sarvén*; in the political order, on the cohesive strength of the Centre; in the intellectual order, on the superiority, everywhere apparent, of Catholic science, under which head may also be ranged the wonderful expansion of the Catholic press.

"At the very outset," as the Abbe Kannegger justly remarks, "the clergy understood that all resistance to the laws of oppression would be of no avail unless backed by the press; whereupon they became journalists. Hundreds of priests, armed with their incisive pens, took up the defence of the Church's freedom. Not a few became famous for the vigor of their polemics, their characteristic fearlessness and the number of months they passed behind the prison bars."

The Catholic press is the glory of the German clergy, as it is its strength and its trust. To give an exact account of its achievements would be to write a history of all the religious events of the last twenty years, the collapse of the *Cultur Kampf* and the partial check of the onward movement of Socialism.

May we then conclude that every thing is at its best for the Church, in German-speaking countries? Alas! no. If we are in a position to put on record generous endeavors and partial successes we are constrained to acknowledge that heresy is striving with all its ponderous weight to crush resurgent Catholicism in the Fatherland. The efforts of the most courageous are paralyzed by meeting with a triple obstacle—the perversion of State schools and the paucity of Catholic institutions; governmental favoritism in behalf of everything Protestant; and the destructive laws relating to the education of children born of mixed marriages.

Add to all this, inasmuch as Austria is also concerned, the unbearable tyranny of Jewish capitalists, who day by day are becoming more absolute masters of the empire.

May that day dawn at last when so many wandering sheep will be gathered in again to the fold of the Good Shepherd! Dear Associates of the Apostleship, it would be an object worthy of your zeal and ambition for the glory of God to hasten its coming by unremitting prayer to the Divine Heart, the only Pastor of Souls.

PRAYER.
O Jesus, though the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer, in particular that the extending of the devotion to Thy Divine Heart in German speaking countries may hasten the moment of return to the unity of faith. Amen.

The best is what you want when you are in need of a medicine. That is why you should insist upon Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even other preparations fail. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Steeplechess is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Larmesley's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

The Horse—boldest of brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. THOMAS' ELEGANT OINTMENT. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

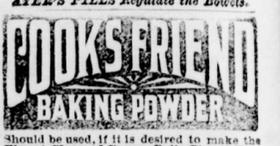
Real merit is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even other preparations fail. Get Hood's and only Hood's.



James E. Nicholson. CANCER ON THE LIP CURED BY

AYER'S Sarsaparilla
"I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but to no purpose. I suffered in agony seven long years. Finally, I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a decided improvement. Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared." JAMES E. NICHOLSON, Florenceville, N. B.

Ayer's Only Sarsaparilla
Admitted at the World's Fair.
AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels.



Should be used, if it is desired to make the finest class of Cakes—Rolls, Biscuits, Pastry, etc. Light, sweet, snow-white and digestible. Guaranteed free from alum. Ask your grocer for Mellens' Cook's Friend.

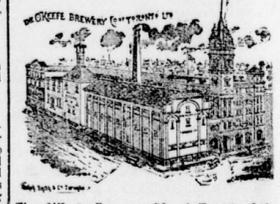
OBJECTS OF THE—

New York Catholic Agency

The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular dealers prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States. The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, a few of which are: 1st. It is situated in the heart of the whole sale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence— 2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them the benefit of our experience and facilities in the actual prices charged. 3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate lines or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of all orders. Recurring letters will be only one express or freight charge. 4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such parties all the same by sending to this Agency. 5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount. Any business matters, outside of buying and selling, entrusted to the attention and management of this Agency, will be strictly and conscientiously attended to by your giving the authority to act as your agent. Whenever you want to buy anything send your orders to

THOMAS D. EGAN, New York Catholic Agency, 45 Borely St. New York, N. Y.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.



The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Ltd. SPECIALTIES: High-class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales, XXX Porter and Stout, and other fine liquors. Pilsener-Lager of world-wide reputation. E. O'KEEFE, W. HAWKE, J. G. GIBSON, Pres. Vice-Pres. Soc. Sec.

STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES. Best Qualities Only. Prices the Lowest. McCausland & Son 76 King Street West, TORONTO.

TRY THAT MOST DELICIOUS TEA & COFFEE

SOLD ONLY BY James Wilson & Co. 393 Richmond Street, London. Telephone 694.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS SANDWICH, ONT.

ERNEST GIRARDT & CO. Altar Wine a Specialty. Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux. For prices and information address, E. GIRARDT & CO. Sandwich, Ont.

OUR DUTIES TO GOD
Render therefore that are Caesar's, and give God's. (St. Matthew 22:21)

If the Pharisee tried to construe their proper day's gospel, they would find them for the answe For it unmistakably a duty not of State as well.

No Christian would hesitate to God has upon us, our Redeemer, our we have to own a nate sense of grwa man to see the ju He has upon us, he acknowledged th it is quite another

It is easy enough should honor God Him with our whole mind; but when God in the circumstance don should render up belongs to Him a natural in-dia-tion filament of the cla Men in most cases logical end first th of other thing ing for everything God's claims at a

Never forget, always are the owe Him a servm is not to let days or years of Neither must have to render that are Caesar's, must always respect and obe ment under whic

This, indeed, task for who ege of living u governments in enjoy peace, fr Here we can b our schools, and without any m from the State, our religious ob content, and n Here we can things that are we all the more the State all the how? By being State, as we v of God; by co our duties as b the interest of

Some men th against either neglect to do Some are too la an honest vot and so on as to highest bidder worthy the prot a free country among the seri

No, brethren never forget o never neglect We must have matter, and les respect the con for us, obey its good consisten imposes upon u

The Sava Probably in Europe except Freeman of Se rible case as a crooner's July

A poor Catho rage of the bu in law for a p was admittin the door of the open, and the house rused interrupt the e the priest, den friends as De had left the b throw the cor "the thing w inquest the de duct would co death, and th him of what? Yet, though was stvolved every highly intell the teeth of acquitted the for the death

Few more come even b investigation more horrible of the priest's sympathized hood. The p to the rescue that his life crowd that h This is what Christianity political pur fanned and u ate people v played upon the name o savage leve velation of stay the p sectarian h deavors?

A cough day, should er. It near more local i is relieved Cherry Peet and sure to

Love & Dignan, Barristers, 174, 418 Talbot Street, London, E.C. 2, ENGLAND.

THE ONLY PERMANENT CURE FOR CHRONIC CATARRH IS TO THOROUGHLY EXPUL THE POISON FROM THE SYSTEM BY THE FAITHFUL AND PERSISTENT USE OF AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. THIS WONDERFUL REMEDY PROVES SUCCESSFUL WHEN ALL OTHER TREATMENT HAS FAILED TO RELIEVE THE SUFFERER.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost.

OUR DUTIES TO GOD AND THE WORLD. - Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. (St. Matt. xxii. 21.)

If the Pharisees were a bad set and tried to ensnare our Lord by the question they propounded to Him in today's gospel we may at least thank them for the answer it brought forth. For it unmistakably shows us that we owe a duty not only to God but to the State as well.

No Christian worthy of the name would hesitate to admit the claim that God has upon us. He is our Creator, our Redeemer, our Sanctifier. All that we have we owe to Him, and our innate sense of gratitude prompts every man to see the justice of the claim that He has upon us. But if it is one thing to acknowledge the justice of a claim, it is quite another to make it good. It is easy enough to admit that we should honor God's claims, by serving Him with our whole heart and our whole mind; but the difficulty arises when God in this or that particular circumstance demands of us that we should render unto Him that which belongs to Him by every right. The natural inclination is to put off the fulfillment of the claim as long as we can. Men in most cases strive to invert the logical order which God has established of seeking first the kingdom of heaven and other things afterward, by striving for everything else first, and then God's claims at the end.

Never forget, brethren, that we always are the subjects of God, that we owe Him a service, and that the payment is not to be made the last few days or years of our life.

Neither must we ever forget that we have to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. That is to say, we must always remember that we owe respect and obedience to the government under which we live.

This, indeed, should not be a hard task for us who have the great privilege of living under one of the best governments in the world. Here we enjoy peace, freedom and happiness. Here we can build up our churches, our schools, and our public institutions without any unnecessary interference from the State. Here we can practice our religious observances to our heart's content, and no one will interfere. Here we can render unto God the things that are His. Therefore should we all the more willingly render unto the State all that belongs to it. And how? By being worthy citizens of the State, as we wish to be worthy children of God; by conscientiously fulfilling our duties as become those who have the interest of their country at heart.

Some men think it is no offence against either God or the government to neglect to fulfill their obligations. Some are too lazy or indifferent to cast an honest vote; others are so mean and sordid as to sell their votes to the highest bidder; such men are not worthy the protection they receive from a free country. They ought to be among the serfs of Russia.

The Savagery of Orangeism.

Probably in no town in Western Europe except Belfast, says the Dublin Freeman of Sept. 20, could such a horrible case as that unfolded before the coroner's jury in Belfast have arisen. A poor Catholic was dying of hemorrhage of the lungs. He sent his sister in law for a priest. While the priest was administering the last Sacraments the door of the sick room was burst open, and the infuriated owners of the house rushed in with imprecations to interrupt the ceremony. He assaulted the priest, denounced the dying man's friends as Papists, and when the life had left the body his wife threatened to throw the corpse into the street unless "the thing was taken away." At the instant the doctor swore that such conduct would contribute to the poor man's death, and that it certainly deprived him of whatever chance of life he had. Yet, though the conduct of the Andersons was such as ought to have revolted every humane person, the highly intelligent Protestant jury, in the teeth of the doctor's evidence, acquitted them of any responsibility for the death of the unfortunate man.

Few more horrible stories have ever come even before a coroner's jury for investigation. What makes it the more horrible is that the savage action of the priest's assailant was evidently sympathized with in the neighborhood. The police constable who came to the rescue of the clergyman swore that his life was in danger from a crowd that had gathered in the street. This is what Orangeism has reduced Christianity to in Ulster. For base political purposes religious rancor is fanned and nursed until the unfortunate people whose passions are thus played upon have been reduced, in the name of religion, to below the savage level. Will this terrible revelation of the fruits of their work stay the political manipulators of sectarian hate in their devilish endeavors?

A cough which persists day after day, should not be neglected any longer. It means something more than a mere local irritation, and the sooner it is relieved the better. Take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is prompt to act and sure to cure.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Panace and Think.

Our trials we could soften, If we'd only panse and think. Tears would not flow so often, If we'd only panse and think. Our skies would all be brighter— Our burdens would be lighter— Our debts would all be whiter— If we'd only panse and think. We would not proceed so blindly— If we'd only panse and think. We would never speak unkindly— If we'd only panse and think. We would cease unrest to borrow— Darkly claiming each to-morrow— We could banish worlds of sorrow— If we'd only panse and think.

Dutch Cure for Laziness.

During a morning walk a merchant who was detained by business in Amsterdam, came to a group of men who were standing round a well, into which a strongly built man had just been let down. A pipe, whose mouth was at the top of the well had been opened and a stream of water from it was flowing down into the well and beginning gradually to fill it. The fellow below had quite enough to do if he did not want to be drowned, to keep the water out by means of a pump which was at the bottom of the well. The merchant pitying the man, asked for an explanation of what seemed a heartless, cruel joke. "Sir," replied an old man standing near, "that man is healthy and strong. I have myself offered him work twenty times, nevertheless he always allows laziness to get the better of him; and will make any excuse to beg his bread from door to door, though he might easily earn it himself by working if he liked. We are now trying to make him feel that he can work. If he uses the strength which is in his arms he will be saved, if he lets them hang idle he will be drowned. But look," continued the old Dutchman, as he went to the edge of the well, "the fellow finds out that he has got muscles; in an hour we shall let him out with better resolutions for the future." Such was the case, and the cure was effectual.

Only a New York Newsboy.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Third Avenue, a delivery wagon, loaded down with evening papers, and drawn by a galloping horse, dashed up to the sidewalk and stopped. In a moment it was surrounded with a shouting, struggling crowd of newsboys, as thick as a swarm of flies around a sugar barrel. Every one of the youngsters tried to get his papers on the instant, for the sooner he got them the more he could sell—an every moment's delay meant the loss of so many pennies. Passers by stopped and looked on, amused at the struggles of the boys, who were reaching over each other's heads and shoulders to get at the men who sat on the tailboard of the wagon scooping in the nickels and handing out piles of papers as fast as they could. The street was full of boys who had got their papers and were scampering off, shouting, as they ran, "Extry Telegram!" "Even Sun!" "News!" (which is newsboy for "Evening News.")

A blind man with cautious steps, and came outstretched before him, came through Thirty-fourth street and paused on the Third Avenue curbstone. He evidently wanted to cross the street, but feared to undertake it alone, for horse-cars, trucks, beer wagons and other dangers of the highway, were passing in a constant procession. The blind man stood there, his pale, thin face partially turned, with that patient, strained, listening expression that is so pathetic in the blind.

At that moment a newsboy dashed diagonally across the avenue in the direction of the news wagon. He was a bright eyed, wide-awake little fellow, and one of his rosy cheeks was almost hidden by a smudge of black. He hadn't bought his papers yet and was behind time. He had nearly reached the wagon when he happened to look back and saw the waiting blind man. Without a moment's hesitation, and sacrificing his chance to get his papers, he instantly started back. He reached the blind man's side, took him by the arm, said cheerily, "come along, pop, and I had steered him across the avenue in a jiffy. Then he ran over to the wagon and bought his "Teles," after nearly all the boys had received theirs.

The promptness with which he took in the situation, went to the instant relief of the blind man, letting his own interests go when time was money to him, and the matter of course air with which the thing was done, were simply astonishing. "One would have thought he had been waiting for the blind man, and that the whole affair had been pre-arranged. Perhaps other boys might have shown the same instinctive chivalry; but only a New York street arab would have "flashed" to the situation as quick as a flash.

Utterly unconscious of having done anything in the least degree remarkable this little gentleman in rags was hurrying away with his bundle of papers to make up for lost time when I hailed him. I bought two copies of every newspaper he had, gave him a quarter and told him to keep the change. "What fur?" he demanded, in surprise, and looking at me suspiciously. "For helping that blind man." "Who?" he inquired with a puzzled air. The youngster had actually almost forgotten it. "Oh, that duffer! Oh, that's nawthin. S'pose I'd take money for dat!" And his lip curled contemptuously, and I felt I had done a mean thing, and had insulted a gentleman, as I meekly permitted him to count seventeen pennies change into my hand. But he was only a newsboy, and a

ragged and dirty one at that!—New York Herald.

Saved by an Elephant.

Mohun and Radha had grown up together. Radha was the elephant named after the wife of one of the many Hindu gods, and Mohun was the son of the old Mahout, Radha's own particular attendant.

Radha, young and only half trained, was brought in from the 'Kottah' in the forest, where they catch and tame the wild young elephants, and chained by his foot to a peg in the ground, or the nearest tree, in a long row of elephants in the government yard, destined to work for the sovereign lady, the queen.

Little Mohun, not a bit afraid of the big beast, would play around him within reach of his huge legs and twisting, twirling trunk. He would feed Radha with one of the great flap-jack cakes which, along with sugarcane and dry grass, made up his meal. Meanwhile Radha would whisk himself with a whip of grass in his trunk to keep off the flies, swaying the whole gently from side to side, as an anchored ship sways in the tideway; or if the sun were very hot, try to cool his burning hide by pouring over it little powderings of dust.

If any stranger had dared to feed him or order him about it would have been the worst for the stranger, for elephants know but one master. In Radha's case, however, it would seem as if he recognized Mohun as a sort of deputy master. He would let the boy stand close to him, and lay his head against Radha's long slender trunk, calling him pet names such as Radha piyari, love or darling.

Great was Mohun's delight when as he grew bigger, he was allowed to assist in Radha's toilet. The process of Radha's toilet was as follows: First he was washed to the brink of the well, where he was gradually trained to be useful, and to draw up his own water by working the bucket with his trunk. Then he was made to lie down, raising head or leg at a word, while Mohun and his father climbed about him with—not a sponge, but a brick bat rubber, which was just the thing for Radha's tough hide.

He was, however, generally inattentive during the process, lifting up the wrong leg, turning over at the wrong time, blowing clouds of vapor from his trunk; and he had to be scolded and even slapped. But when the washing was over he would sling his nurses up on to his neck with his trunk, or give them a "leg up" behind, in a friendly fashion, and shuffle back to the yard to be dressed in the howdah pad, clothed on with cotton ropes over flaps of leather, to prevent his skin chaffing, and be thus made ready for his work.

It was Mohun's great ambition, when his father got too old for work, to be allowed to succeed him as Radha's attendant. Great was his joy, therefore, when Radha having been sent to a government engineer who was building a bridge over a river at the foot of the mountains, he was permitted to accompany him. Radha was of as much help as a hundred coolies. In the heavy toil of carrying the timbers he was unrivaled. He piled the logs, carrying the small ones on his tusks clipped over and held by his trunk.

By way of a holiday the engineer determined one day to have a day's sport tiger shooting; and it was absolutely necessary that Radha and the other elephants should help them in their play as they did in their work, for they wanted them to beat the jungle for the game. A tiger had been heard of that had killed a cow in the forest, not far off, and sportsmen, servants and coolies were eager to be off after him. Mohun hoped against hope that he might accompany Radha; but there was small chance. He was not the Mahout, and would not be wanted.

When the early morning dawned, damp and misty, the great mountains looming large overhead, the elephants stood ready, saddled with their howdahs outside the sportsmen's tents, on each elephant its attendant in each howdah a servant to load for the sportsman. Disconsolate, poor Mohun stood and looked up at his favorite beast. The signal to move on had been given. "Good-by, Radha piyari!" exclaimed the lad. "I hope you'll have a pleasant—"

He never finished his sentence, for Radha whisked his trunk round him, and had seized him and deposited him on his back before Mohun knew what he was about. Evidently Radha did not wish Mohun left behind, and so he was allowed to stay where the elephant had placed him.

The great beasts waded through the forest and the tall elephant grass till they came to a patch of jungle where the tiger was taking a nap. Then some of the elephants were sent in to beat the jungle by marching through it and driving him out, while two others, of which Radha was one, each with a sportsman on his back, waited at the far end to watch for the tiger when he emerged. They had not long to wait, and they waited motionless, for Radha evidently knew something was going on, and smelt the tiger. Presently a patch of tawny color was seen flitting on the outskirts of the grass. There was a shot from the sportsman on the other elephant, and before anyone could prevent it a wounded tiger sprang on Radha's back, holding on to the trappings of the howdah by its claws. It sprang on the side of the elephant on which Mohun was sitting, and might have dug its claws into him had he not slipped off with all the haste he could possibly make. Quicker than it takes to tell, a shot from the sportsman in the howdah—

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY

shooting in peril of his life—had dislodged the unexpected passenger, who, dropping unheeded and enraged to the ground, turned on the nearest victim he could see, who happened to be Mohun.

The latter in his hurried descent from Radha's back, had fallen headlong into the grass, and before he could pick himself up the tiger would have sprung upon him, had not the elephant interfered. Once more, quick as lightning, the agile trunk swooped down upon Mohun, and picking him up, deposited him again in safety, while Radha, who had no mind to carry a tiger pick a pack, bolted off through the forest, with uplifted trunk, trumpeting with fright, and a final shot stretched the tiger dead upon the ground.

Radha had a treat for his supper that night—a reward for saving Mohun's life—a sort of cake, ginger, cloves, pepper, treacle, mixed with flour, such as elephants love.

ST. VITUS DANCE.

A Malady that has Long Refined Medical Skill—A Speedy Cure for the Tremble at Last Discovered—The Particulars of the Cure of a Little Girl Who was a Severe Sufferer.

From the Ottawa Journal. In a handsome brick residence on the 10th line of Goulburn township, Carlston Co., lives Mr. Thomas Bradley, one of Goulburn's most successful farmers. In Mr. Bradley's family is a bright little daughter, eight years of age, who had been a severe sufferer from St. Vitus dance, and who had been treated by physicians without any beneficial results. Having learned that the little one had been fully restored to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a correspondent of the Journal called



"Now Entirely Free From Disease."

at the family residence for the purpose of ascertaining the facts, and found the little girl a picture of brightness and good health. Mrs. Faulkner, a sister of the little one, gave the following information: "About eighteen months ago Alvira was attacked by that terrible malady, St. Vitus dance, and became so bad that we called in two doctors, who held out no hope to us of her ultimate cure, and she was so badly affected with the disease as to require almost constant watching. About this time we read in the Ottawa Journal of a similar case cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which gave us renewed hope. We procured a couple of boxes, and before these were all used there was a perceptible improvement. After using six boxes more she was entirely free from the disease, and as you can see is enjoying the best of health. Several months have passed since the use of the Pink Pills was discontinued, but there has been no return of the malady, nor any symptoms of it. We are quite certain Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her, and strongly recommended them in similar cases."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the rheumatic form of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on

A Wide Range.

A preparation which enriches and purifies the blood and assists nature in repairing wasted tissue must have a wide range of usefulness.

Such a preparation is Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. The uses of Scott's Emulsion are not confined to wasting diseases, like consumption, scrofula or anæmia. They embrace nearly all those minor ailments associated with loss of flesh. Scott & Bowne, Baltimore. 50c. and \$1.

VERY LIBERAL OFFERS. An Opportunity to Possess a beautiful Family Bible at a Small Outlay.



THE HOLY BIBLE (WITHOUT CLASP.) Containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the decree of the Council of Trent, translated from the Latin vulgate. Diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek, and other editions in divers languages. The Old Testament, first published by the English College at Douay, A. D. 1609. The New Testament, by the English College at Rheims, A. D. 1582. Revised and corrected according to the Clementine edition of the Scriptures, with annotations by the Rev. Dr. Challoner, to which is added the History of the Holy Catholic Bible, and Calmet's Illustrated and Explanatory Catholic Dictionary of the Bible, each edited by the Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and Liturgy in the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, and prepared under the special sanction of His Grace the Most Rev. Jas. F. Wood, D. D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. With references, a historical and chronological index, a table of the epistles and gospels for all the Sundays and Holydays throughout the year, and of the most notable feasts in the Roman calendar, and other instructive and devotional matters. With elegant steel plates and other appropriate engravings.

This Bible will prove not only useful in every Catholic household, but an ornament as well. The size is 12 1/2 x 10 1/4 inches, weighs 1 1/2 pounds, and is beautifully bound. For SEVEN DOLLARS (cash to accompany order) we will send the Bible by express to any part of the Dominion, charges for carriage prepaid, and besides will give credit for one year's subscription of THE CATHOLIC RECORD. The Bible and the Record for a year for SEVEN DOLLARS. Subscribers who live where there is no express office can have book forwarded to the one nearest their residence. Please note that if, on examination, anyone is dissatisfied with the purchase, the book may be returned at our expense, and the money will be refunded. Bibles similar to these have for years been sold by agents for ten dollars each.

THE HOLY BIBLE.

A SMALLER EDITION

Translated from the Latin vulgate. Neatly bound in cloth. Size 10x7 1/2, and weighs 3 pounds 6 ounces. This book will be sent to any address on same conditions as the larger edition, for Four Dollars, and a year's credit given on subscriptions to THE CATHOLIC RECORD. It is always better to send remittances by money order, but when cash is sent the letter should in every case be registered.

Address THOMAS COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Our Duty to the Dead.

According to the earnestness of the prayers we say for the Poor Souls and the measure of the good work we do for them, will the intercession of Mary and all the saints be efficacious with Jesus in their behalf.

It is unspeakably consoling to the living and the dead to know that the members of the Church Militant upon earth have it within their power to aid and relieve the members of the Church Departed. It is therefore really and indeed a holy and a wholesome thought for us of the one to pray for those of the other. It is more: It is an imperative duty we owe the faithful departed. They are our brethren in Christ, bought at the same price, nurtured from the same source of grace, living by the same faith, and sanctified by the same spirit. Many of them this life; and of those many again may now suffer because of us; whether it was that we led them directly into wrong doing, or whether it was that, in their loving kindness for us, they connived at, permitted, aided or abetted us, in what their consciences had whispered them not to be right.

In each and every case it is our bounden duty to do all in our power to assuage sufferings to which we have been accessory.

The Touch of God's Hand.

All things work together for good to them that love God. The tears are not all wiped away, the sorrows are not all over; but, because we know that God is love, and because we are living under His roof and with Him, we know that the sorrows and the tears are themselves God's ministering servants. We no longer think of pain as penalty, and when grief has come into our homes wonder why God has set the seal of His wrath upon us. In the blindness of our grief it is hard to realize that the pains and the troubles and the sorrows that come upon us are those that belong to the Father's house. He Himself—that is the very meaning of the Incarnation—He Himself takes all the sorrows and troubles He allows us to take. Do we know what it is to wrestle with temptation? So did He. Do we know what it is to have our veins throbb with anguish? So did He. Do we know what it is to be despised of men? So did He. Do we know what it is to follow our loved ones to the grave? So did He.

There is no experience of pain or suffering that He did not know. No tear glistens on your eye that has not first glistened on His. There is no heart throb in your heart that has not first throbbed in His.

The pains and sufferings of life—we do not understand them, but we know that they are the ministries of love, and we no longer either treat them as the penalty of living nor think of them as the self-inflicted natural consequences of our own folly and misconduct. So we are able to believe, with Browning that "all pain is gain."

Visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

The custom of visiting the Blessed Sacrament is a most beautiful one, but unfortunately it is one too seldom practiced by Catholics. Were Our Saviour to appear as a man in some church, how great would be the desire of every Christian to go to that church to see Him! Should He remain here for any considerable time, it matters not where the church was located, great pilgrimages would be organized, and thousands would leave their homes and cross oceans and continents to see Him. We all know that He is as certainly in the Tabernacle of the altar as He was in Jerusalem nearly nineteen hundred years ago; and yet so many who believe that fact seldom think of visiting Him, except when forced under pain of sin to attend the celebration of Mass. We know that the Holy Eucharist is an evidence of the intense love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for man; and yet do we show even in a simple way our appreciation of that love by entering the churches as we pass to say a short prayer? We should remember that the Second Person of the most Holy Trinity is there, and that He will most assuredly bless those who come to see Him. Notwithstanding our faith, we are inclined to treat Our Saviour with far less respect than we show to the great men of the earth or to our personal friends. Faith should find expression in words. If we believe Jesus is in our churches we should give testimony to that belief in going to see Him and praying before the altar. It requires but a few moments, and most assuredly the time there spent is well employed.

To Become A Monk.

Dispatches from New York state that Mr. Charles Robinson, who until last February was assistant editor of the North American Review, and who was mentioned as the possible successor of Josiah Quincy when the latter resigned as Assistant Secretary of State, has decided to enter a Franciscan monastery. Mr. Robinson is a Catholic. He was born in Dublin twenty six years ago. He came to this country at a very early age and has always lived in New York. He has always been a student and a lover of books. His father, Mr. Nugent Robinson, is editor of Vanity. It is said that, after leaving the Review, with which he had been since Nov., 1892, Mr. Robinson went abroad for his health. He then decided to enter some religious order.

