

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1891.

NO. 686.

The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded lives of men;
Heart weary of building and spelling,
And spoiling and building again,
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For the dreamer lives forever,
And the toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie,
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by,
From the sleepless to the endeavor
And the hopeless to the child in play,
I would go where the children play,
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I feel no pride but pity
For the birdies of the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands so skillful,
And the child's mind choked with weeds,
The daughter's heart grows a willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustic
And the meadow's soft and sage,
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be content to dream away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are now sending out statements of account to all our subscribers. We do not wish to make any boast as to the standing of the CATHOLIC RECORD. We have done our utmost—sparing neither time nor expense—to make it worthy the name it bears. How far we have succeeded we will allow our subscribers to judge. To enable us to further extend the usefulness of the paper we trust our patrons will be good enough to send us at their earliest convenience the amount of their indebtedness.

REFERENCE was made in last Saturday's Toronto Mail, the Orange organ, to the silver jubilee of Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, and a quotation, as follows, made from the address of Archbishop Corrigan, of New York: "For the Church in America I would make a two-fold prayer: First, that it may ever, by God's mercy, enjoy the privilege of being untrammelled in its work, shielded alike from State patronage as from the fiery furnace of persecution, and then that it may ever keep up those relations already described by an eminence of filial devotion to the chair of truth."

The editor assumes that this statement was meant to apply to France, and also ventures the assertion that the sentiments of the Archbishop apply with still greater force to the Province of Quebec. What a world of interest Ontario Orangemen take in Quebec and its people! And all the while they are oblivious of the fact that they are intermeddlers, brimming over with impertinence born of a hatred of the Catholic religion.

The people of Quebec have their own way of paying their clergy. They appear to be quite satisfied, and if there is any hardship connected with the tithing system that is solely their own business. How would it appear were the habitants to initiate an agitation against the voluntary system in this end of the Dominion? Volumes of abuse would be poured on them hot and fast by the organs of Orangeism and bigoted Protestantism, and they would be told that no Popish interference would be permitted in this Protestant Province.

But are the people of the sister province ground to the earth with ecclesiastical burdens, as Ontario folk so often proclaim from the house-tops? Some time ago we published statistics which proved that the Protestants of Ontario are taxed far more heavily for the support of their different churches than are the Catholic people of Quebec. We might also draw the attention of our friend the enemy to the fact that the Protestant population of Quebec is not forced to support the Catholic Church, while the Established Church in England—the Church of the Equal Righters—draws from the public purse enormous sums for its sustenance. In Wales likewise the people are forced to pay large amounts for the support of the State Church, while but a mere moiety of the population, as in England, attends its services; and it is not long since the Catholic people of Ireland were compelled at the point of the bayonet to suffer a like injustice.

We cannot imagine what can influence the Mail management to stir up bad blood between the two Provinces, unless it be a scheme to break up confederation and promote annexation. It appears to be an organ that will embark in almost any scheme where the mighty dollar seems to loom up in the distance.

LAST week we made reference to a cablegram from Europe which stated that an emissary of the Vatican, a Jesuit, had been discovered in the residence of Lord Salisbury. A later despatch brings us the following information in reference to the matter: "Lord Salisbury's secretary, in the absence of the Prime Minister, was asked to-day whether there was any truth in the story circulated to the effect that an emissary of the Vatican, disguised as a butler, had been recognized by a lady visitor at Hatfield House, the residence of the British Prime Minister, and that the alleged spy fled as soon as the lady recognized him as having been her conductor through the Vatican. The secretary answered emphatically that the story was too foolish to be officially contradicted. From other sources also it is learned that there is not a word of truth in the tale."

Notwithstanding this denial, we venture to assert that the first despatch will for years to come be quoted at no Popery gatherings by so-called preachers of the gospel, and thousands will firmly believe that it is solid truth.

We are pleased to note the continued prosperity of the Toronto Globe. As to its standing as a party paper we do not wish to refer, as we take no sides either in Criticism or Toryism. As a newspaper it is a credit to the province, and the recent enlargement gives it the first place in Ontario journalism. Its circulation is over 24,000 daily, which is indeed a splendid showing. Its list, too, may be considered a bona-fide one, not built up on the coupon business. While granting that its rival printed a slightly larger number of papers during the past year, this by no means proves that its actual circulation is larger. Indeed a few moments consideration will show that it must be considerably less, as hundreds of thousands of papers were bought in quantities for the purpose of clipping the lottery coupons.

Quite likely during the coming year the pretentious Orange sheet will again embark in the gambling business which last season gave the preposterous and noisy theological thimble rigger, Dr. Wild, a free ticket across the ocean. We will now doubtless have contests for popularity between the letter-carriers, the Grand Masters of the Orange and Sons of England societies, the policemen, the firemen, the scavengers, the boot-blacks and the news boys; and at the end of the year the manager of the journal of the Pharisee and the bigot will exclaim: "Behold our circulation!"

DURING the past week each issue of the daily papers contained a long account of a divorce suit in the English courts, the wife of Earl Russell being the petitioner. The Earl is a sort of lily of the field, who would consider it an eternal disgrace were he compelled either to toil or spin for a living; and he went the way of many more before him, and still a greater number about him, developing into an out-and-out blackguard and a sort of general scoundrel, with a right to a seat in the House of Lords notwithstanding. The petitioner did not succeed in obtaining a divorce from her unlovely Lord and master.

It is lamentable to note what prominence is given to nasty proceedings of this kind by the widely-read secular dailies and weeklies of the country; and even the Montreal Witness, which has for nearly forty years constituted itself the Pharisee of Canadian journalism, has dropped into the muddy stream like the rest. No doubt there is a large demand for literature of this character amongst a certain class of our people, which proves the existence of a considerable thirst for that which is low, vulgar and immoral. True, it may be called news, and no doubt it is news, after a fashion.

Let us consider for a moment that the publisher or editor of a newspaper has a family of young and innocent boys and girls growing up about him. Will such a man ask these children to read the details of the Russell divorce suit, or matter of a similar character? If he be a good and thoughtful father he will take care that the innocent little ones of his household will not be permitted to take even a casual glance at such reading. Why, then, we may ask, will he persist in delivering such horrible nastiness day after day at the

firesides of his patrons? What other effect can it have than to sow the seeds of immorality, recklessness and all manner of villainy in the pure souls of innocent children? And for grown-up people as well it will undoubtedly be a hindrance to the development of everything that is noble and good in our poor human nature. We suppose this thing will continue on the principle of supply and demand, and so long as the public conscience is seared and disfigured by a longing for literature of the baser kind, the printing press will continue to glut the market. What are our Public schools doing?

In its last issue United Canada thus referred to the political situation in Ontario: "We are informed on very good authority that Mr. W. R. Meredith, M. P., the leader of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature, is shortly to be taken into the Dominion Cabinet. He will no doubt be an improvement on some of those who are in the present Cabinet, but we fail to see that his presence will in any way strengthen the Government. Except by the professional politicians, he will be very unwelcome in any part of Quebec for many a day, and among the Irish Catholics of Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, regardless of party politics, his name can scarcely bare a mention. Personally Mr. Meredith is popular, but in the political crisis in June '90 he showed wretched generalship and was driven on the rocks by the Equal Rights fanatics, and like many other aspiring politicians, got wrecked."

THE BIBLE, THE CHURCH, AND THE REASON.

N. Y. Sun, Nov. 29th, 1891.

The New York *Presbyterian* threw out the case against Dr. Briggs with a mild admonition to him not to do so again. But he has not heeded the warning. On every subsequent occasion when he has spoken in public he has shown his determination to persist in the teachings for which he is indicted. He has neither recanted nor modified the doctrines and positions of his inaugural address, but has rather made them more pronounced and unmistakable; and it is fair to him to say that from the first he has adhered to them stubbornly, and in the face of the threatening opposition of the General Assembly itself.

In his latest public utterance at the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant last Sunday evening he reaffirmed the declaration of his inaugural address which was made one of the chief points of the indictment against him. He repeated that "there are historically three great fountains of Divine authority, the Bible, the Church, and the Reason," though practically his argument reduced the three to one only. He contended that the authority of the Church came before the authority of the Bible, since "God established Israel as the holy nation before the proclamation of the Ten Commandments and before a single statute of the Pentateuch was framed," and "Jesus Christ planted the Church decades before a single one of the writings of the New Testament canon was written." If, then, the Church was a sufficient source of authority without the Bible at any time in history, when and why was that sufficiency lost? The Church was competent to determine the rule of faith and practice as a source of Divine authority before the Bible was written or collected from a mass of religious tradition and literature, why is it not equally competent now? If historically the Church preceded the Bible as an original fountain of authority, was not the authority of the Bible established by the Church, and did not the Bible come through the Church? Does not Dr. Briggs, therefore, make the authority of the Bible dependent on the authority of the Church?

He has said, however, that the Bible is a fallible book, marred by human imperfections and limitations, and that consequently the human reason must separate its truth from its error. Hence he denies to the Church the authority and capacity to determine infallibility. He passes that function over to the individual reason and conscience, declaring inferentially that the Church was incompetent for the task, since it mixed up error with truth in the canonical Scriptures. It is true that he says that "the Bible alone is the infallible rule of faith and practice," but in the same breath he denies its infallibility. He admits that the Church is a great fountain of Divine authority and the original fountain, but he destroys its authority by denying its ability to discriminate between the revelation of God and the production of the human intellect.

In other words, he has left for himself only one path to pursue, and it leads to the rejection of every source of Divine authority, except the Roman. After tending logically to the Roman

Catholic position, he turned away from it squarely and entered the broad path to agnosticism. For him neither the Church nor the Bible, but the reason, is the fountain of authority. To put it in a different way, there is no infallibility, according to Dr. Briggs, for the reason, of course, is fallible; and there is no religious certainty, but all is speculative and debatable. He does not acknowledge that this is his conclusion, and evidently he does not want to admit it, unless he turns about and takes the other course into Catholicism.

A MOST USEFUL WORK.

With pleasure we give place to the following letter copied from the Winnipeg *Daily Tribune* of Nov. 24. The Catholic Truth Society is doing a noble work, and we earnestly hope that ere long branches will be established in many sections of the Dominion. It is most desirable that our Protestant friends should be taught the truth in regard to the Catholic Church. Ministerial busy-bodies, such as the Rev. Alexander Grant, should be brought sharply to task in the most widely read secular journals whenever they are found bearing false witness against their Catholic neighbors, thus creating bitterness in a community, where all should be peace and good will.

"THE POWER OF ROMANISM."

To the Editor of the Tribune:

Sir—The above is the caption of a sermon delivered last week by Rev. Alex. Grant, Baptist minister, as reported in your issue of the 19th inst. In which, true to his instincts, he devotes the greater part to misrepresenting the Catholic Church. With what Mr. Grant preaches in his church when addressed to his congregation alone, outsiders are not much concerned, but when such utterances appear in the press they are intended to influence public opinion, and are, therefore, subject to criticism; and as the eminent divine on that occasion delivered himself of an effort to injure the Catholic Church, you will, it is presumed, give room in your columns for a short review of what he is reported to have said. The subject of the discourse was the recent decision of the Supreme Court on the Manitoba school case and its probable consequences. Mr. Grant says, "The judgments were given on the words 'or practice,' and if the Roman Catholics had schools by 'practice' so had the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, and the province could never collect taxes from any denomination who by 'practice' had separate schools prior to confederation." As the three denominations above named (and no other) had schools by "practice" at the time of confederation, and the right is continued to them (and to no other) they may establish denominational schools whenever they please, but so long as they do not take advantage of that right so long, and no longer, may they be taxed in common with the rest of the community, provided that the statute under which the tax is levied is a constitutional one. So long as the Episcopalians and Presbyterians are satisfied with a godless system of education, so long can they be taxed for its support, and any assertion to the contrary is made for political effect. The Catholics, on the other hand, cannot be taxed for an unchristian school system, because they have a right to their own, and must have it, whether compelled to support the other system or not.

Mr. Grant defines the civil government as "a compact entered into by society to allow certain men to get together and do certain things unitedly, and a part of the compact is that we shall surrender to the state our children for their education so many hours a day." Mr. Grant knows when he made that statement—and if he did not, he should have known—that the Catholic Church never made that compact of the compact at any time, in any age, or under any circumstance, and never will, for she upholds the parent's prerogative to educate his child according to his own views, but insists that he gives it the best secular, moral and Christian training that his means will allow, while the state is bound to render him every assistance to that end. The state, according to Mr. Grant, claims she cannot guard herself unless she has the children a certain time. What does the state want them for, if they are already receiving proper training in a Christian school, where all the elementary principles of good citizenship are taught them? His contention goes to prove that what the state wants the children for is to deprive them of the moral and religious training, and give them instead that which is secular and godless. It is one of the first principles of missionary work among the savages and heathen to establish schools for the children, where the elements of Christianity and good citizenship may be taught them. Every missionary, even the Baptist, begins his work by opening a school, and surely if a Christian and moral education is good for the savage and heathen, it ought to be equally good for the civilized British subject, who needs it in a much greater degree.

"The Roman Catholic says the individual is subject to the State, but the State is subject to the Church," says Mr. Grant again. True enough. There is a higher authority, the authority of God Himself, revealed and exercised through His Church, and to that authority the State as well as the individual is subject, because all must be subject to the laws of Divine Justice. Nothing can justify the committing of sin, or of any act contrary to God's revealed laws, either by an individual or by the State—hence the State is subject to the Church, which is the servant of the individual, not his master. We have a better opinion of Rev. Mr. Grant than to suppose that he could think a child would become a better citizen if it had no Christian training other than what it received once a week at Sunday school, and from its parents who, in too many cases, are deficient in it themselves. Truly, as Mr. Grant says, it is a light between God and the devil for the souls of men. The Catholic Church is fighting to place the children on the side of God, and teaching them their duties towards Him and their fellow beings, while it may be feared that the rev. divine of the First Baptist Church is enlisting them under the opposite banner.

The rev. gentleman professes to be no alarmist about the spread of the Catholic religion in this western country, but at the same time he gives all the alarm he can, and endeavors to fill his disciples with anything but feelings of love and charity for the adherents of that faith; in fact his co-laborers in the Baptist field have been noted for the notorious loudness of their anti-Catholic tocsin ever since the days of the Puritan Roger Williams. Yet the Church pursues the even tenor of her way notwithstanding all that; she goes on building temples to the glory of God, founding hospitals for the sick, establishing schools, colleges and seminaries of learning throughout the land; providing asylums for the poor, the fallen and the outcast; for the orphan and the aged; for the homeless and the afflicted; but we fail to discover the progress made by our Baptist friends in the same domain of charity.

The learned theologian said he loved Romanism, but he hated Romanism. We are pleased to hear on such good authority that he has so much charity, because our Divine Lord commanded us to love our neighbor as ourselves, and the Catholics, too, love the Romanists, presuming that he is a human being and not a myth; but they hate Romanism, whatever its composition may be. One would think that there were enough sects in the world without inventing another; but as the numerous Protestant denominations had no point of unity among them, they constructed Romanism, so that they would have a common fetich that could be held up to their credulous hearers as the effigy of the Catholic Church, who would thus be led to believe that because the visible head of the Christian Church lives in Rome, this nondescript agglomeration of absurdities which they call Romanism, must be the religion of Catholics. But our rev. friend is assured that this phantom production of fanaticism bears no more resemblance to the Catholic faith than his own form of religion; so that Catholicism, the proof of which is within his reach, and within the reach of all earnest seekers after truth, whenever he or they shall apply at the proper source; then they will see that Romanism is not Catholicism.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

Winnipeg, Nov. 29, 1891.

FIFTY YEARS A BISHOP.

MOST REV. PETER RICHARD KENRICK'S GOLDEN GUILD.

St. Louis, Dec. 12th. The grandest sight in the way of a torchlight parade which perhaps ever been witnessed in the United States it was the privilege of St. Louisians to witness last night, when thirty thousand of the faithful Catholics turned out to do honor to Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, as a closing testimonial of the day's jubilee ceremonies. Hundreds of transparencies were borne by the marchers, bearing eulogistic praises. Each parish was accompanied by a band. At the Archbishop's residence, Lindel avenue, a stand had been erected by which the parade was viewed by many prominent people. At the head of the procession reached the stand, Governor Francis, in his carriage, raised his hat and bowed to the Archbishop and Cardinal Gibbons, who were witnessing the display from a window, the two latter returning the salute in a most gracious manner.

Next came Mayor Noonan, the city fathers and city officials, who performed the same courtesy and received like recognition. When the students from the Jesuit College reached the archiepiscopal residence they halted and gave three cheers for the venerable prelate at the window.

The Great Pantheistic Mass commemorative of the occasion began at 9 o'clock on Monday morning, in the historic old Cathedral on Walnut street. It was the most impressive ceremony ever seen in a Catholic church in St. Louis.

Cardinal Gibbons, who, in full vestments, occupied the throne, was supported on the right and left by Archbishop Corrigan, New York; Archbishop Salpointe, of Santa Fe; Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia; Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago; Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco; Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; Archbishop Gross, of Portland; and Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati. Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University at Washington; Bishop Magnin, of Washington University; Right Rev. Doctor Clappelle, of Santa Fe; Very Rev. Doctor

Markgross, of Charlotte, North Carolina; Very General Brady, Bishop Hennessy, and Father Cinnamon, of the Society of Jesus and Chief of the St. Louis University were also in the sanctuary.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S SERMON. Archbishop Ryan preached his sermon by reading an extract from the pastoral letter of Right Rev. Joseph Rosati, first Bishop of St. Louis, to his clergy and people on the occasion of the consecration of his coadjutor, the present Archbishop of St. Louis, dated Philadelphia, December 1, 1841. The letter announced the appointment of Father Kenrick to the office of Bishop of Droua, and the consequent rejoicing of the faithful.

Archbishop Ryan then said: "There are occasions in our lives so great and peculiar in their nature that they call for a speaker with the eloquence of which they are suggestive rather than of their own greatness and he is tempted to cry out with the inspiring prophet, 'I cannot speak.' If ever one had reason to feel thus embarrassed, I certainly have on this occasion, in the presence of the venerable man to whom for nearly forty years I have looked up to."

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Archbishop Ryan then quoted that portion of the Archbishop's reply which refers to the doctrine of the Council of Trent. When the doctrine was defined he submitted fully to that definition. I remember his return to St. Louis after the Council. As most of you recollect, a splendid public reception awaited him. I was honored by an appointment to read the address from the priests and people to their returned father. I had not been more than five minutes in the Vatican, but I wrote the address as if he had submitted. I consulted him on the previous evening, representing that priests and people, Catholics and Protestants, looked with deepest interest to what he would say of the Vatican decree, and that it was impossible for me not to allude to it in my address. I shall never forget how, raising his eyes and hand to heaven, he simply said: "The authority of the Church above all things, and I follow it." On the next morning, before an immense congregation of priests and people in St. John's Church in this city, I read the address I had prepared.

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To My Mother.

Since thou didst pass, beloved, to thy rest, Long years ago, one constant hope has filled My longing heart—its first wild anguish stilled— That we shall walk again in regions blest With all the old sweet human love unchilled By time or absence; but to-day oppressed With fear I shrink; from dreams like this I flee.

LILY LASS.

By JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P. PROLOGUE BY GEOFFREY LONGSTAFF, OF NEW YORK, AUTHOR.

When General Brian Fermanagh, of the ninth corps of the Grand Army of the Republic, fell in the last of the many desperate charges in which he led his regiment up the heights of Fredericksburgh, it came to the lot of certain of his brothers-in-arms to look after his affairs and make the necessary arrangements with regard to the property he possessed.

Brian Fermanagh was unmarried; he had no relations in the United States; it was only after considerable difficulty that his executors discovered some distant connections in the old country, to whom his few possessions, his farm in Illinois, and what little money he had saved, finally went. He had not made much money; he never seemed to care for money or for the things that money gives; he had lived, until the war broke out, the tranquil life of a man who might have been a philosopher, but who was a soldier in somewhat sterner times.

When the war did come, he flung himself into the struggle with the keenest enthusiasm. He fought with reckless bravery; he planned with rare military skill. In words like those which Freiligrath used about the German poet Platen, he lay dead in the South while the North was ringing with his praise.

Among the General's closest friends was a young journalist from New York, who had abandoned his profession at the outbreak of the war to fight for the Stars and Stripes. He was by Fermanagh's side when the Confederate bullet found its billet in the best and bravest bosom that ever throbbed beneath a soldier's coat.

There came a momentary lull in the pitiless hail of lead, the repulsed remnant of Fermanagh's regiment had rallied again, a more handful of survivors, and charged once more with a wild cheer, their tattered green flag flying still, up the heights where most of their comrades lay reddening the trampled grass with their blood.

However, the other day I was tranquilly surveying Hudson from the stoop of a little place on the river where most of the "Manhattan Essays" were elaborated in the pleasant afternoons of an Indian summer, Brian Fermanagh's boys flashed across his mind. I scarcely know how, and something prompted me to take it from its hiding place and for a second time investigate its contents.

I did so. There was something curiously melancholy in looking once again upon objects that I had not seen for the fifth part of a century, when I was in my hot youth and Brian Fermanagh my companion in arms. The young journalist of those days is getting to be rather an elderly journalist now; his hair is grizzled and his form is not as slender as it was in the days when he buttoned over it the blue uniform of a Federal officer. But his heart is, I hope, as soft as ever.

There is a lad now at West Point learning a soldier's lesson and bearing a soldier's name; I hope that Brian Longstaff will bear witness to the softness of the paternal heart. So, I trust, will the dainty young lady who is, I am told, making sad havoc among the young men of our acquaintance with those bright eyes which reproduce for this generation "those sweetest eyes were ever seen," to which Geoffrey Longstaff wrote impassioned verses twenty years ago. When I think of those sweet eyes and those sorry verses I know that my heart is as soft as ever.

Certainly I make no apology for the fact that the tears dimmed my eyes as I read over again those lines traced by the hand of the good and gallant gentleman who fought and fell for our flag, and who lies beneath the grass at Fredericksburgh. Poor Brian. Since he died that other strand for Ireland of which he wrote has come to pass, and passed away with its own special story of suffering and its own train of high and melancholy memories. So, too, in its time that Truce of God, of which he dreamed, has come to pass—justice has taken the place of the passion of post; England and Ireland are friends for the first time in history. I am not much of a politician; my lines lie in other places; but if I rightly understand the events that are now taking place in the island which was Brian Fermanagh's birthplace, things seem likely to be settled to the satisfaction of the Irish people and the English

friendship, that men will arise in England and in Ireland who will see and will realize the dreamed-of brotherhood. But, no matter who they be, the men who will yet serve Ireland, I say this, and I say it from a full heart, that they cannot be better, braver, truer, and nobler than those who struggled and suffered for liberty in the name of Young Ireland. I have heard words spoken among our brothers here in the great American cities which lead me to think that a green flag may yet again flutter over Irish meadows; that pikes may be trailed, and muskets levelled on the hillsides yet. Well, I am no longer young; the hot blood of my youth has cooled; I should like to think that justice might come without strife, that in the fulness of time Englishmen and Irishmen might join hands in a common freedom and a common love. But let no man believe that the Irish hopes are crushed. Ireland is not dead; she is only sleeping, and something tells me that she is well nigh on the point of waking. May I be there to see. But if I am called away before then, I should like to let those who come after me know all that I can tell them of the last stand that was made for Ireland, the last fight fought for her, the last time her flag floated over our own fields; the last blow struck in the battle that Smith O'Brien (God's grace be on his soul!) began."

Here the paper in the general's handwriting came to an end, and no further investigation discovered any other writing of the General's on the same subject. The young journalist, however, carefully preserved all the papers in the box; sealed the box itself carefully, and deposited it in a place of safety, intending, on some further occasion, to study more closely all the documents it contained in the hope of finding out that his dead friend had done more towards his dreamed-of purpose than that solitary fragment.

But the young journalist recovered from his wound and went back to the war, and the war dragged on its weary length, and when it came to an end the young journalist had his living to make, and the sweetheart who had waited for him all through the dreary years of civil war became his wife, and he begat sons and daughters, and had his way, a hard way sometimes, to make. He made it at last; he thinks he may say with pardonable pride that there is no more admired writer on the New York Press than your humble servant, Geoffrey Longstaff—for to be plain I was the young journalist of whom I speak—that his novels contain the truest pictures of American society that he, at least, is acquainted with, and that his favorite volume, "Manhattan Essays," is destined to a niche in the temple of fame not too far removed from those of Emerson and of Carlyle.

But while that way was being made, while those novels were being written, while those excellent and exemplary essays were being slowly and laboriously evolved in hours of philosophic reflection, Brian Fermanagh's strong box was, I am sorry to say, forgotten. Not exactly forgotten, but it lay in the lumber-room of my memory, together with the materials for my great tragedy in blank verse on the subject of George Washington, of which to this day not a line has ever been put on paper, and my contemplated history of Mexico.

However, the other day I was tranquilly surveying Hudson from the stoop of a little place on the river where most of the "Manhattan Essays" were elaborated in the pleasant afternoons of an Indian summer, Brian Fermanagh's boys flashed across his mind. I scarcely know how, and something prompted me to take it from its hiding place and for a second time investigate its contents.

I did so. There was something curiously melancholy in looking once again upon objects that I had not seen for the fifth part of a century, when I was in my hot youth and Brian Fermanagh my companion in arms. The young journalist of those days is getting to be rather an elderly journalist now; his hair is grizzled and his form is not as slender as it was in the days when he buttoned over it the blue uniform of a Federal officer. But his heart is, I hope, as soft as ever.

There is a lad now at West Point learning a soldier's lesson and bearing a soldier's name; I hope that Brian Longstaff will bear witness to the softness of the paternal heart. So, I trust, will the dainty young lady who is, I am told, making sad havoc among the young men of our acquaintance with those bright eyes which reproduce for this generation "those sweetest eyes were ever seen," to which Geoffrey Longstaff wrote impassioned verses twenty years ago. When I think of those sweet eyes and those sorry verses I know that my heart is as soft as ever.

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I looked over Brian Fermanagh's papers long and carefully, and I found nothing at all that would serve, or seem intended to serve, for that history of the movement of his youth which he made allusion in the few words in his own handwriting.

There were some old diaries into whose private history I entered under the sanction of Fermanagh's dying request; there were a great many letters, all of which I read. There were a large number from men, many men, but the majority of them were written to one man by one woman. They were very tender and pathetic to read, after all these years; sacred, with something of the sanctity of relics, they seemed to me as I handled their yellowed pages reverently and pored over the dimmed and faded handwriting which once had seemed to gush warm and living from the heart's blood of a man and the tears of a woman. These were letters which Brian Fermanagh received from over seas in the later years of his life. They came from within the gray walls of a convent, and they talked to him sweetly and sadly of the days of the writer's youth and the days and friends that were no more. With them were certain of Brian's own letters, sent to him from the same gray convent walls, when she to whom they had been written fell asleep.

I felt almost ashamed to intrude myself into the counsels of those dead and gone writers, and yet, as I read, the reading formed such a story about me, bit by bit, that with the instincts of my trade I could not but continue. As I went on, somehow or other, I scarcely knew how, the lives of those of whom I read seemed to take shape, and I could almost fancy at times that the shadowy presences of those who had once breathed those warm words of love and friendship and patriotism hovered about and lent their gentle sanction to my toil.

At last, when from long study I had grown familiar with every document that the box contained, it seemed to me that I was the absolute master of the secrets of the lives which had lain so long embalmed in darkness. I felt as if by some subtle spirit of enchantment beyond my knowledge I had breathed a breath of life into those dead records, and that those they told of had quickened for me, and not for me alone.

I cannot tell if I am, indeed, as truly right as I believe myself to be; perhaps my long apprenticeship to the craft of fiction is playing its impish tricks with my cooler judgment. All I know is, that as I read those papers the story I am about to tell grew upon me; that every document, every scrap of paper, every hint I found in the box fitted into the whole with faultless perfection, and that such inquiries as I have since been able to make, and such communications as I have received from correspondents to whom I have addressed myself in Ireland, have justified all my assumptions and ratified all my speculations.

Still, the fact remains that I am by trade that strange production of our modern civilization—the professional novelist, who is never more fanciful with his art than when he affects to be interpreting the voices of the dead.

A story-teller beside the gates of an Eastern town tells his tales beneath the Syrian or Egyptian skies to a crowd of eager listeners. The traveller from the prosaic Occident who approaches may learn in a little that its narrative, which flows so readily in his soft, guttural Arabic from the teller's lips, which is heard with such eager devotion by the dark-skinned and dark-eyed group about him, is but one of those marvellous tales which the fair Sultana Shahrazad told to her lord for a thousand nights and one night to avert her threatened destiny.

It is, perhaps, the story of Camaralzaman and his love for the Chinese Princess, or the adventures of the three Calendars, who were sons of kings, or mayhap, the fortunes of Hassan the Prince.

All the crowd who sit and listen there so attentively have heard the story perhaps a hundred times before, could set their master right if he slipped in a single incident or strayed in the slightest from the familiar thread of romance.

They all know the tale as well as he does, and yet they are content to spend long hours in the cool of the evening, till the sun has sunk to sleep and the stars come out, dreaming upon deeds that are as familiar as, and far more real to them than, the daily doings of the bazaars or the gossip by the fountain.

In something of the same way all stories of a man's life must have a great resemblance in them one to another. We of the Western civilization are content to listen day after day and year after year to tales scarcely less familiar to us in their general plan than are the stories of Alif Laila to Bedawin or Copt or Fellah.

All stories of the life of a man that is born of a woman must needs have a great resemblance. Yet somehow the familiar is not monotonous. We have listened, all of us, for long enough to stories of the lives of men and women, all much the same in their loves and hates. It is only the telling that makes the difference, whether our story-teller at the gate be bright or blundering in repeating the well-worn legend.

I, too, will try my chance again—I will spread my square of carpet in some shady place, and call about all those who wish to hear once more how men like themselves have lived. Bismillah! my task begins; I have dreamed a dream of men and women long since dead, and those who care may hear it. If this story should ever come to the knowledge of those still

living who knew my dream-children in the flesh they will be able to say how far I have adhered to or departed from authority.

CHAPTER I. A SOUTHERN CITY.

The town that Brian Fermanagh was born in had, as he always maintained with pardonable pride, no rival in all the South of Ireland. The green hills that girdled it from the world seemed to keep it in an eternal peace. There never was a place where life glided by more pleasantly, or where people grew old more gently. The wide and tranquil river that flowed through the busy streets and under the ancient bridges, that were, perhaps, a little grass-grown, out among the meadows into the smiling country beyond, seemed ever to lull the inhabitants to repose.

Out beyond the town the river lapped its slow way along between green fields and wide meadows, where the mild-eyed, soft-coated kine crushed the clover and the grave sheep grazed, and the horses stood beneath the shadows of the trees, and wished, perhaps, that summer and sunlight brought no flies with it, and watched their colts wheel madly over the grass. Farther and farther the river flowed, leaving the murmuring town behind it, passing between white villages, and in the broad domains which had once acknowledged native lords, and which now were owned by men of foreign name and race and speech, by ruined castles where the crests of the ancient clans had mouldered from the walls, and where the encircling woods seemed ever to answer the summer breezes and the winter winds with some whispered echo of the forgotten war-cries of the septs.

But in spite of the stately calm of the river, in spite of the placid tranquillity of the fair country which circled round the city of my story, as wrought gold encircles some rare jewel with a setting worthy of the precious stone; in spite of the soft, attractive air of languor which those gentle skies diffused, and which seemed to make the spot a Hibernian rival of my own dear, legend-hallowed Sleepy Hollow, the town was wide awake and unusually active at the time of which I write.

That was the time when Thomas Davis, but lately dead, had fired the heart of all Ireland with his deathless ballads; when the teachings of the Nation were animating the youth of the country with passionate aspirations and glowing hopes; when the oratory of Meagher and the genius of Mitchell were inspiring new ambitions and suggesting new and well-nigh undreamed-of possibilities.

In spite of its surroundings of more than Aecadian quiet, in spite of its lulling appearance of complacent repose, the city was throbbing as actively with passionate purpose and restless animation as a beehive on an early morning in summer. There were few young men in that fair city who were not proud to call themselves "Young Irelanders;" few, indeed, who were not eager to rise, every man and boy of them, "with the pikes in good repair," when the signal should come from their leaders. The lovely, languid city was as dangerous as a grass-grown but still active volcano at the moment when my tale begins.

The principal inn of the city stood in the city's principal street, of which, as it was placed at a central point from which the road curved in both directions, it commanded a comprehensive view. The citizens were vastly proud of their principal street, and scarcely less proud of their principal inn, which ranked as one of the civic lions, and counted only immediately after the town hall.

Indeed, the old inn was in its way a building to be proud of. It had been solidly constructed in the middle years of the last century with as much care and pains as if it had been intended to outlast the Pyramids. In the early days of its existence it had been looked upon by the townspeople as a masterpiece of its kind. The town and county members had often been heard to declare that it had not its fellow for cleanliness or comfort even in the Viceregal Capital itself. Such of the local gentry as had made the Grand Tour, and knew their way about great cities like London and Paris and Vienna, had been known, time and again, as they warmed their wet riding-boots and drew the steam out of their damp surtouts before its hospitable hearth, to asservate with the copious assistance of many genteel and amazing oaths and sundry imprecations upon various parts of their person that there was not another hostelry in all wide Europe, from the Low Countries to Sicily, which could for a moment compare with the Crown, good luck to it.

In its best parlour the Hell-Fire Club had held some of their merriest and maddest meetings, and there were wild tales of their doings and of a duel which had been fought in the backyard with the landlord himself standing in the doorway to see fair play, and the serving-men and cook-maids watching the fun from the kitchen windows. How that duel came to be fought was one of the marvels of local legendary history, for though the Hell-Fires were a quarrelsome set enough they were friendly folk among themselves, and if they were reckless of life and limb, and the lives and limbs of others, seldom thirsted for each other's blood. What lent an older and ghastlier air to the whole story was that the two antagonists had been close friends, and that no one knew of any open breach between them until some trumpet squabble over wine or cards sent them out into the inn yard of the Crown on that fatal evening to tilt with desperate steel at each other's lives.

The upshot of that duel was that the

chairmen and the footmen carried my Lord Mountmarvel home to die, and that Desmond MacMurched had to fly for his life over seas, and end his chequered career as a soldier in the service of Spain. The Hell-Fire Club, it was said, never quite recovered from the scandal of the duel. Its members, indeed, still met at stated seasons, still amused themselves in their cups by insulting women and pinning harmless, unwarlike burgesses; but somehow the heart had gone out of them. The ordinary decent citizens who were neither drunkards, drabbers, nor diceers, plucked up courage to make head against the eccentricities of the Hell-Fire Club. It began to be found that when heads were to be broken, the head of a "Hell-Fire" was no harder than another; so the Club died out of existence gradually in that town, and the fame of its worthies faded into the purple of the past.

There were portraits of many of these last century worthies still in the possession of the Crown. They had been presented to the Club in its palmy days, and there they still were hanging in some of the Crown's dim corridors. My Lord Mountmarvel, in all splendor of his star and blue ribband, smiled furtively down upon the ever-changing company of the coffee-room as if even in his painted image the weak, vicious face sought to avoid the stern and sinister gaze of the portrait opposite. Succeeding generations of hosts of the Crown when they showed the picture to visitors would explain that the picture had only been painted a year before that fatal duel in the inn yard. Standing on tip-toe the landlord would touch with fat forefinger the spot on the left breast, just above the heart, where the small sword of Desmond MacMurched made that ugly hole through which the thin tide of my lord's foolish, evil life had ebbed away. At this point the landlord would always turn round and, pointing impressively to the picture on the opposite wall, would say in tones of horrified admiration, "and that's the man who killed him."

The picture of Desmond MacMurched displayed a very different man from his enemy and victim. The dark-eyed, dark-skinned man in the blue frockcoat, whose powdered hair contrasted fantastically with the almost Oriental swarthinness of his skin, was staring straight out of his canvas across the room at the picture of his rival and enemy. The painter who had done the portrait was no prophet; but he may have heard whispers about the country-side concerning the growing feud between the two friends, or it may be that Desmond MacMurched's hate for his friend and foe, being then the busiest thought in his brain, had stamped itself already in lines of characteristic sternness upon his lineaments. However, there the two were, scowling and smirking across the somewhat gaunt coffee-room of the Crown Inn, with the likenesses of many of their companions about them.

Faded gentlemen these, who had been very splendid once, and heard the chimes at midnight a great many times ringing out from the sweetest peal of bells and the fairest steeple in Christendom, and who had diced and drunk and quarrelled and cursed and fought their way through life, and had died in all sorts of ways—violent ways most of them, of which a broken neck in the hunting-field was the mildest and most respectable; and a bullet fired at the length of a neck-cloth, or a sword-thrust cunningly dealt by the dim, flickering light of the linkmen's flambeaux, the commonest; and violent disunion by suicide of the bankrupt soul from the bankrupt body, the worst and most shameful.

CHAPTER II. PICTURES AND PEOPLE.

Everybody in the city who had ever been inside the portals of the Crown knew those pictures and their history by heart, and everybody who was anybody had, at some period or another, been called, by business or by pleasure, within the ample walls of the venerable hostelry. It was to strangers, therefore, that the landlord of the Crown, at the time my story opens, chiefly relied for an audience to whom to relate the particulars of the great Mountmarvel-MacMurched duel, and to descant upon the blended horrors and splendours of the old Hell-Fire Club.

In these days strangers were not quite so common as they are now in the fair southern city of which I write. The railway from Dublin to-day pours in daily its living freight of alien wanderers; but in the times to which I refer no train linked the capital of Ireland with the city of the South. At a certain point beyond Dublin intending travellers were obliged to take the mail coach, and to make the best of their way by that uncomfortable and ungainly vehicle to the place of their destination.

So the landlord's tale was growing somewhat rusty from lack of repetition. The fame of the inn and the details of its duel had spread abroad, and fair days and lusty days and great civic celebrations seldom brought in strangers from the country for miles about who were not as familiar with the records of the Hell-Fire Club, and the lives and limbs of others, seldom thirsted for each other's blood. What lent an older and ghastlier air to the whole story was that the two antagonists had been close friends, and that no one knew of any open breach between them until some trumpet squabble over wine or cards sent them out into the inn yard of the Crown on that fatal evening to tilt with desperate steel at each other's lives.

The upshot of that duel was that the

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HAVE NOT LOST A SINGLE DAY on account of sickness. I believe the disease is expelled from my system. I always feel well, am in good spirits and have a good appetite. I am now 27 years of age and can walk as well as any one, except that one limb is a little shorter than the other, owing to the loss of bone, and the sores formerly on my right leg. To my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous, and I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of medicines." WILLIAM A. LEHR, 9 E. Railroad St., Kendallville, Ind.

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One day, in the early spring of 1848, CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.

what the distinguish of the best a sitting-r the princip its walls on Hell-Fires Topham Tr as "Hell" became L ventent su room was tinguishin cular mom "Chesteri question w most popu tenanted by A man r clesely elden grizzled, had on the is the prod a man who and grave, him to be a near the pages of a displayed h cramped a study of w solitary a for ever an smiled, a himself i in the not So intent that he behind him gracious p nineteen y for a mon resting a h surveyed w student. She wait the open s pretty thin pale yung keener lue painter wh then night slight girl face, and brown hair angels. I saintly sch model than who pause threshold of figure tend noisless st icio slipped ing the roo wary scho very light, "Edward that kind loving lips to the most commonpl The reader book, and fingers, as in a fond p he threw h and looked him with affection. "Well, as Lily Lass her warm thin face of "Edward lord has qu "I do a scholar into girl's fair I. She sho a pretty slightly fr when peop appearance "Don't mean that quite take He sees in illimitable who is, ho ciently high liguence to beloved old me all over all sorts of "Indeed a little. The girl "Don't gentlemen me to-day shadow of or a beat They were "Ghosts "Yes, a They were quite a gal fellows in a had a wild name, som ever so lo scene of th their port to the inn ment. It before you you do p antiquity. The girl's was as lig leaf, and it as if h girl did no "Do you myself co those spect so wicked, so loud an are their q to set the those red sodden eye traits are t I feel like of some p gentlemen bottle and, perha The gi shudder,

what the landlord delighted to term distinguished strangers occupied one of the best sitting-rooms in the Crown, a sitting-room giving directly on to the principal street, and boasting on its walls one of the portraits of defunct Hell-Fires—none other, indeed, than Topham Triunbull, known to his friends as "Hell" Triunbull, who afterwards became Lord Bulcote through a convenient succession of deaths. The room was occupied rather by a distinguished stranger; for at the particular moment to which we refer the "Chesterfield," as the sitting-room in question was called in honor of the most popular of Irish viceroy's, was tenanted by a single occupant.

A man no longer young, if not precisely elderly; a man whose hair had grizzled, and whose shaven cheeks had on them that grey pallor which is the product of the laboring years; a man whose slightly stooped shoulders and grave, thoughtful face proclaimed him to be a scholar. He sat at a table near the window, intent upon the pages of a book whose vellum leaves displayed line upon line of a curiously cramped and fantastic character, the study of which appeared to afford the solitary a great deal of gratification; for ever and anon he leaned back and smiled, and then wrote something in the note-book by his side.

So intent was the man upon his task that he did not notice that the door behind him opened to admit a rare and gracious presence. A young girl, nineteen years old at the most, stood for a moment in the open doorway, resting a hand on either lintel as she surveyed with a loving smile the quiet student.

She waited for an instant, framed in the open space, lightly poised, with a pretty flush of interest warming her pale young cheeks, and lending a keener lustre to her grey eyes. A painter who could have beheld her just then might have likened her, with her slight girlish figure, her fair young face, and the twisted braids of her brown hair, to one of Angelico's angels. Indeed, the master of the saintly school never found a fairer model than the brown-haired maiden who paused for a moment upon the threshold of the "Chesterfield," looking tenderly upon the bowed, silent figure before her. Then, with a light, noiseless step, the vision from Angelico slipped from its frame, and crossing the room softly, stood by the unwary scholar, and laid her light hand very lightly upon his shoulder.

"Edward," the vision said, with that kindly quality of voice that loving lips have the secret of lending to the most familiar name or the most commonplace and conventional phrases. The reader lifted his hand from the book, and, raising it, caught the girl's fingers, as they rested on his shoulder, in a fond pressure. At the same time he threw his sash, wore face back, and looked up at the bright eyes above him with an expression of intense affection.

"Well, Lily Lass, what is it?" The girl whom the student addressed as Lily Lass leaned down and pressed her warm young cheek against the thin face of her interrogator.

"Edward," said the girl, "the landlord has quite taken a fancy to me." "I do not wonder at that," the scholar interrupted, smiling up in the girl's fair face.

She shook her head at her elder with a pretty little air of menace, and slightly frowned, as she always did when people made any illusion to her appearance.

"Don't be foolish, dear, I didn't mean that; I only mean that he has quite taken me into his confidence. He sees in me a young woman with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, but who is, however, educated to a sufficiently high standard of mental intelligence to appreciate the charms of his beloved old inn. He has been guiding me all over it, and introducing me to all sorts of people."

"Indeed," the man's eyebrows lifted a little.

The girl laughed mischievously.

"Don't be frightened, dear; the gentlemen who have been presented to me to-day would make but the most shadowy of suitors. Not a warm hand or a beating heart amongst them. They were ghosts, my dear."

"Ghosts?"

"Yes, and only the ghosts of ghosts. They were pictures. The old inn has quite a gallery. All sorts of strange fellows in old-fashioned dresses. They had a wild club here with a dreadful name, something quite satanic, dear, ever so long ago, and this was the scene of their revels, and they all had their portraits painted and presented to the inn in memory of their merriment. It was ever so long ago, long before you were born, Edward, though you do pretend to such a venerable antiquity."

The girl rested her hand fondly on the man's grizzled hair. Her touch was as light as the fall of an autumn leaf, and yet the man winced under it as if it had been a blow. But the girl did not notice, and went on gaily.

"Do you know, I feel quite spectral myself coming from the company of those spectres. They were so wild and so wicked, and laughed and drank here so loud and so deep, and now here are their quips and quanks which used to sat the table in a roar, and wrinkle those red faces and brighten those sodden eyes into smiling? Ah, portraits are the worst of phantoms, and I feel like a ghost myself—the ghost of some poor girl whom those wild gentlemen had toasted here over their bottle and loved in their savage way, and, perhaps, fought for and died for."

The girl gave a little frightened shudder, and was silent. Her com-

panion scrutinized her face anxiously.

"You seem to take these dead and buried wassailers very seriously, Lily Lass," he said.

"I don't know," she answered; "it seems to me as if I had seen some of them before, or should see them again soon—I hope not," and she looked over her shoulder hurriedly, as if she expected to see some one of those still last-century shadows standing behind her in all the glory of his maroon velvet and his powdered wig. Then she laughed again merrily at her own fancy, and added, "Do you know, Edward, that one of them was a Lord Mountmarvel?"

"Indeed!"

The scholar seemed interested, for he turned slightly and looked at the girl inquiringly.

"Yes, and he was an ancestor of your friend—a great-grandfather, or something of that sort—and he was killed in a duel by another member of the Club, whose portrait is here, too, opposite to Lord Mountmarvel's. It was an older Irish name; I cannot remember it."

"The family history of the Mountmarvels," said the scholar, "is a tempestuous and jawling record. They are one of those families whose existence is like—"

But what the existence of the Mountmarvel family was like he was not permitted to say, for his narrative was at this moment interrupted in the most peculiar and appropriate manner. There was a knock at the door, and before either of the occupants of the room could speak, the portal promptly opened and admitted nine host side-ways, very respectfully heralding a young man, a stranger.

The stranger paused for a moment on the threshold, while the scholar rose to meet him, and the girl drew back with something like a cry of dismay on her lips.

The landlord opened his mouth in a kind of unctuous enthusiasm.

"My Lord Mountmarvel to see you, if you please," he announced, and then promptly disappeared, leaving the visitor and his hosts face to face.

It had not even occurred to the landlord to inform his guests of the arrival of their visitor. Any one whom the young lord from the Castle wanted to see could but be only too glad to receive him at once without further ceremony.

CHAPTER III.
THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

The newcomer broke the constrained silence that seemed to have fallen on the room.

"I hope I have not visited you at an unopportune moment," he said, advancing towards the elder man; "but I only came back to Mountmarvel last night, and found your letter there. I thought it would be best, therefore, for me to ride over this morning—it was long past noon, but it was still morning to Lord Mountmarvel—and pay you my respects in person. I have only to ask you to excuse me, Mr. Geraldine, for the unavoidable absence which allowed your letter to remain even so long unanswered."

Lord Mountmarvel looked at a decidedly handsome young man as he stood there in his close-fitting riding coat, lightly striking his boot leg with his riding-whip while he spoke. His fair face was slightly flushed with his morning ride, his voice was easy and pleasant, his manner self-contentedly courteous.

The girl, as she looked at him closer, began to miss more and more the resemblance to the dead and gone ancestor of his downstairs which had so startled her out of her composure when he first entered the room.

He whom Lord Mountmarvel addressed as Mr. Geraldine bowed gravely his acknowledgment of the young lord's speech.

"I am your debtor, Lord Mountmarvel," he said, "for this prompt and personal reply to my letter. Pray be seated. But pray let me introduce you to my"—he paused for a moment, and then went on—"to Miss Geraldine."

The young lord bowed gracefully to the girl. His quick eyes had noticed her embarrassment as he entered; had noticed also with infinite satisfaction how young she was and how graceful. He sat down with his eyes fixed admiringly on her face, and she in her turn looked frankly back at him. She had now quite recovered from her first surprise at the resemblance of the portrait of the slain great-grandfather, and looked at the young man with interest, trying to catch again in the fine lines of his face the likeness which had seemed so surprising a minute before, and which now seemed to have faded away almost as completely as if it had never been.

The young man spoke to the elder, glancing at him as he spoke, but his eyes turned half unconsciously to the girl again, and rested admiringly upon her.

"So you knew my father, Mr. Geraldine."

This was what he said; what he was thinking of was that Miss Geraldine was most attractive. He could not make up his mind, however, whether she was or was not really pretty. Mr. Geraldine's reply interrupted the working of this problem.

"I knew your father very well in London," Mr. Geraldine answered.

"He and I had some thoughts and some tastes in common—and we became something more than acquaintances, if something less than friends. It was

in the morning," writes Col. David Wylie, Brookville, Ont., May, 1888, "that a severe attack of rheumatism, and could not stand on my feet. The pain was excruciating. I was histored and purged in true orthodox style, but all to no purpose. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, which I did. I had my ankles well rubbed and then wrapped with flannel saturated with the remedy. In the morning I could walk without pain." Many get up and walk in the same way.

on the strength of a promise he made me long ago that I took the liberty of writing to you."

Mr. Geraldine's voice was very soft and quiet—a scholar's voice—the voice of a man who has little time to waste in talking, but who wishes out of every love of language that all he says should be as well said as possible. Lord Mountmarvel mentally wondered what thoughts and tastes there had been in common between the reserved, studious man opposite to him and his father.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A GLAD THANKSGIVING.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

She was a pretty woman. In fact she had just stopped short of being beautiful. Looking at her in her shabby gown and unbecoming surroundings one could not help wondering how she would look dressed as handsomely as the woman who lived across the way from her—the woman who never seemed in looking any way but ordinary and common-place, in spite of all the helpful accessories of the toilet.

She remembered; she could call up very bright pictures of herself in the days when pretty gowns and dainty laces were her portion.

Now she was only a dressmaker. Only, I say, as if in these days of high art in dress that were not enough; but, then, she had not grown up in it, and she lived in a country town, far from the centres of art and fashion.

It was only after her unhappy marriage that she had taken a stitch for anybody. Then, being driven to do something to provide bread and butter for herself and her one child, dear little Ned, she turned to this. She had taste, a good eye for form and color, and what the Yankees call faculty. She was resolute and strong and patient, as well as kindly and sweet of temper, so with the help of "ladies' book" and cut paper patterns, and her own "knack" she succeeded in attaining a proficiency that answered all the demands of the doers of Kingsley.

She had just finished a gown, and it was to be sent home that night—the night before Thanksgiving. The room seemed more than usually disordered, and as she tied the package, which she was to take home in the evening, it seemed to her, so tired was she, as though she could never bring order out of the confusion. She felt sure for a moment that she really could not make any attempt at Thanksgiving.

She had promised Ned that there should be at least a chicken pie. He did not insist upon turkey or oysters, but he had very decided opinions as to the qualities of the chicken pies that his mother made.

All this afternoon he had been teasing her with childish, unthinking persistence to leave the window where she sat and come over to his window. These two windows were in different ends of the room and represented two different states and conditions of being.

One looked out on a little yard green with grass and gay with a climbing rose in summer weather. By this window stood a rocking chair, and near by a table with a big photograph album, a few books and a pretty shaped lamp. There was a well worn but clean, cheerful looking ingrain carpet on this end of the long room, a comfortable lounge with a number of gaily covered pillows upon it. There were Ned's little chair, the bird cage and two or three pictures—not very choice ones, but they gave pleasure and that is more than choice ones do. There are fans tacked up against the wall and a stuffed owl on a shelf, likewise a set of swinging shelves also filled with books. Not much time had she for reading, but there was an odd minute now and then, and Ruth Gray was a woman who made use of the odd minutes.

The other end of the room, and the one wherein Ruth spent most of her time, was the business end. Here were the sewing machine, the kitchen table, the few common chairs, the rag carpet and the wonderful brand new coal stove that was both parlor and cooking stove in one—a recent acquisition and one they had not yet ceased admiring. It would do most remarkable things in the way of cooking. It possessed hidden and marvelous resources, and above its adaptation to the needs of housekeeping it had a most dignified and at the same time cheerful exterior. It was a great delight. So one end of the humble room meant work—steady, hard, nerve trying work; the other meant rest and relaxation, or, as Ned said, "a good time." No wonder that he liked to get his mother over the line that divided these two sections.

On this special day he had been particularly "trying." He seemed to develop a new and alarming faculty in devising cunning mischiefs, but he had finally exhausted himself. When Ruth turned from one kind of work to begin the process of picking up and arranging the fragment strewn room, she found the restless little fellow curled up in a little heap on the braided rug before the stove, where, with the long-suffering kitty in a close embrace, he had fallen asleep. Tenderly she raised him and kissed the rosy cheek and sunny, curly hair.

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Yes, she had something to give thanks for. Out of her sea of sorrow she had saved this pearl.

She didn't like holidays, and above all she had an unconquerable aversion to Thanksgiving day. Not from ingratitude, for she was a devout and sorrowful woman; but because the chief sorrows of her life had happened—if anything ever really happens—on the day set apart by the authority of the land for good cheer and gratitude.

She thought about it as she proceeded to make preparations for observing the day in a fashion that should meet Ned's approval. She had followed father and mother to their graves on a long past Thanksgiving day; she had quarrelled with and parted from the only man she had ever truly loved on that gala day of the year; she had married James Gray, whom she had loved, and who had loved her, on Thanksgiving; and praise came from grateful hearts. She dreaded each year of the day, fearing lest it should bring her some new sorrow. She looked at the flushed cheeks of her little boy with a sharp pain. What if she were to lose her only delight and joy on her fateful day? But when he opened his eyes and declared himself as hungry as a bear her fears vanished.

"I say, mamma," he cried, "let's begin Thanksgiving to-night. Let's have a nice supper. I'm so hungry. Then let's have some popcorn and"—he paused as if trying to originate some new dissipation—"let's make some candy. You know, mamma, we haven't made any on the new stove yet, and maybe we can't do that. I'm so tired of not doing anything nice—ain't you?"

"Yes, dear, I'm more tired than I can tell," and sudden tears dimmed her eyes.

"Don't cry; oh, don't cry, mamma! please don't. I really think," added the wise little fellow, "that you need a little more fun—don't you?"

"I think I do. You are wiser than you know, my dear."

"Then let's have some molasses candy."

Ruth laughed at the child's logic. She needed "fun," therefore, she needed molasses candy. Then she resolved that the dear child who found his sunshine or shade in her eyes should have his "fun," though memories heavy and dark were thronging upon her. So they made a jolly supper. The wonderful stove baked the sweet potatoes to a turn; they made no attempt upon it to which it did not respond.

Then the lamp shone with unusual brilliancy; mamma had brushed her pretty hair till the little sunny rings lay all around the fair, white forehead, and she had, just to please Ned, put on the pretty cardinal wrapper, and Ned declared there wasn't a prettier lady in the land.

Then came the candy-making and corn-popping. Again the little stove proved itself a success.

"How jolly it is, isn't it, mamma?" cried the child.

"Very jolly, dear," said the brave little mother, remembering an evening two years ago, as gray as heart could wish, followed by a day the darkest she had ever known. She had never seen John Sherman since the hour when she had sent away from her the strong arm and the strong, true heart.

But in spite of the headache, she told over and over and over the stories she had told a thousand times before, and sang the little songs Ned liked to hear, until, as the clock struck, she said, "Do you know, my dear, that it is 8 o'clock, and I must run down to Mrs. Green's with her dress. She couldn't get Thanksgiving without it; half her praises would be left out if she could not sing them in a velvet gown."

"So you just sit right here in this chair. I will not be gone more than twenty minutes; you can stay alone that little bit of a while, can't you?"

It was a brave little voice that answered, "Of course I can. I'll just think about the farm and the horses, anyway."

Ruth threw a long black cloak over her bright gown. It covered up her shabbiness, did this friendly wrap, when from her work she had to run to market, and now it covered her unwonted gay attire. She had a passion for color; rich, warm hues thrilled her like music. She said she felt like another woman when dressed in the glowing, rich, warm cardinal wrapper with its flowing folds. Always when Ned wished some indulgence which she felt obliged to deny him, he would say, "I know you'd say yes, mamma, if you had on a pretty dress or a pretty ribbon at your throat."

As she hastened down the street with her bundle, in the face of the keen November wind, she thought of all her broken dreams, of the weary years passed by the side of the man who made every hour a torture, of his wretched life and more wretched death, of the one who, somewhere in the world—in a world widely different from her own—lived forgetful of her.

She thought of the years to come—very, lonely years she thought they must be, yet she wanted to live them. For the sake of the child she prayed to live. She prayed, too, that her trials might not make her hard or bitter.

On the way home she stopped at the grocer's and made various little additions to their prospective Thanksgiving dinner. The fresh air invigorated and exhilarated her, and by the time she reached her own gate she raised

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grateful eyes to the stars that shone so brightly above her. "They are always there," she said, reverently; "however dark it seems. God is good. His tender mercies are over all His works, and what is best for me He will not withhold."

She went up the walk saying softly to herself that restful poem of Burroughs:

The stars come nightly to the sky,
They fall on the thirsty leaf,
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.
What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And gathered up the fruits of tears.

The room looked very pleasant to her as she opened the door—the bright light, the brighter fire, and sweetest, faintest sight of all, her boy curled up in the rocker fast asleep. He roused at her coming. She had just loosened her heavy crimson cloud around her head and unclasped the cloak, when there came a rap at the door. Quick as a flash came the thought, "There's something wrong with the dress—a button to move or a seam to take in the hundredth part of an inch."

She opened the door. No package was thrust into her hands, no small boy was there with a disagreeable brand on his lips. Instead, a tall man, bronzed and bearded, stood without.

"Come in," she said in reply to his inquiry if Mrs. Gray lived there.

In he stepped, tall, strong and broad shouldered; the room seemed smaller for his entrance. Even Ruth, who was a tall woman, looked slight and girlish beside him. How lovely she looked as she stood there, waiting, wondering. The fresh wind had brought a beautiful color to her cheeks and blown the rings of sunny hair into charming disarray around her forehead. The bright light shone on the warm-hued dress, and the man who stood gazing at her thought that for many a year he had not seen so fair a sight. It was only a moment, but thought is not measured by time. In that instant's space they both went back to that night just ten years past—the saddest they had ever known, for it held all the pain the after years brought.

"You know me, Ruth?" he said, holding out his hands to her. "Surely you have not forgotten."

"Not for a moment have I forgotten," she said, and then little Ned, who had been looking on in silent wonder, seemed to feel that the occasion demanded his attention.

"Stop," he cried, "you shan't kiss my mamma! You shan't, I say. You bad man!"

It took some coaxing on the part of the tall stranger to appease the child's wrath, and not till his mamma told him that she was not the least angry with the bad man did his anger abate.

But it was not long before he sat on the stranger's knees, and told him confidentially that his mother was the nicest, sweetest, prettiest woman in the world. When the stranger agreed to this he further confided his plans for the future, stating his uncertainty in regard to the black and gray horses.

He also, in the excess of his confidence, told him they were to have chicken pie for dinner the next day. After which piece of information he was carried off to his dreams.

Opening his sleepy eyes for his good night kiss, he murmured, "To-morrow will be Thanksgiving day sure, won't it, mamma?"

"Yes, darling; to-morrow will be Thanksgiving day sure," she said.

Then those two so long parted sat by the fire, and above their mutual forgiveness and sorrow for the past planned a future that should hold in it something of the joy and sweet content they had missed.

"Isn't it too late, John?" she asked.

"I have had so much sorrow. I am so different from the gay girl you loved ten years ago. My eyes have shed so many hurts in my heart. Why, see," she said, "there are gray hairs here," and she bowed her pretty head before his eyes.

For answer, he kissed the bright hair, saying, "You are different from the girl who sent me away ten years ago, but you are changed only in being sweeter and tenderer and more lovely. You shall shed no more tears if I can help it, and the hurts in your heart, love, shall heal. We are going to be happier than the day is long, my darling."

"I am so glad," she said, "that I am going to have one glad Thanksgiving day. They have always been such sad days to me. We will begin to sing our songs of joy and gratitude to-night, John."

"Yes, and we will sing them the glad year round, won't we dear?" he asked.

"Yes, the glad year round!" said she.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Lost Friend.

[From Lyrics and Legends, by Nora Perry]
Oh, what was the hour and the day,
The moment I lost you?
I thought you were walking my way,
I turned to meet you.

And silence and emptiness met
My word half unspoken;
But I thought, and I said, "I shall get
A word or a token,
That sometimes and somewhere he will wait,
Impatient, to meet me."
Round the corner, perhaps, at the gate,
Come smiling to greet me.

But never a token or word
Has he sent to me thither,
Nor wherefore he went have I heard,
Nor wherefore nor whither.

Oh, what was the hour and the day,
The moment you left me?
When you went on your separate way,
Oh, friend, and bereft me?

Sometimes and somewhere shall we walk,
Clear of earth, in high places?
Sometimes and in how places shall we talk,
With our hearts in our faces?
And see all the meaning writ clear,
The depth and the sweetness,
And from this doubt and this fear,
This sad incompleteness?

A SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

How it may be Made With Abundant Profit.

Besides the Holy Communion, which consists in the actual reception of the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, which the faithful enjoy by the ministry of the priest, there is another kind of communion, called, says St. Alphonsus, a spiritual communion. St. Liguori recommends every soul desirous of perfection often to make it, not only at Mass, but frequently every day. We know of no better way to present our views on the subject than by repeating the words of the holy Bishop Challoner, which are found in his meditations for every day in the year.

Next to the consecration, in which consists the very essence of the Sacrifice of the Altar—inasmuch as the Body and Blood of Christ are thereby exhibited and presented to God for all the four ends of sacrifice—the principal part is the Communion. Now, all the assistants ought to join with the priests in offering up by his hands and by the hands of the invisible High Priest Jesus Christ, this most holy Sacrifice for those great ends; so it were to be wished that all would join with him in the Communion also—at least by making a Spiritual Communion as often as they hear Mass.

This Spiritual Communion when made with proper devotion, brings Jesus Christ into our souls in spirit, so that, though we do not receive verily and indeed His Body and Blood, we partake plentifully of His heavenly grace, and unite ourselves in spirit to Him who is the foundation of all grace. O, let us continually aspire after this union of grace and love!

In order to make this Spiritual Communion with fruit, we must be in the state of grace; Jesus Christ will not unite Himself to a soul in which Satan dwells.

Then we must invite our Lord into our inward house: 1st—By a lively faith in His real presence on our altars, of what He is, of what He has done and suffered for the love of us, and what those treasures are which He carries about with Him in this Sacrament, and which He desires to impart to us. 2nd—By an ardent desire in the way of hunger and thirst after this life-giving food. 3rd—By a profound humility, in the acknowledgment of our great unworthiness to receive Him sacramentally, and bewailing our manifold sins in His presence.

Lastly, by inflamed affections of love, offering our whole selves to Him, and pressing Him to come and take full possession of our souls for time and eternity. Such devotion as this will not fail to bring Him to us, and engage Him to open His heavenly treasures in our favor.

A Spiritual Communion may be made with fruit to the soul, not only as often as we assist at the Sacrifice of the Altar, but also at any hour we please either of day or night, and this signifying after Jesus Christ, by inviting Him into our souls, by offering our whole souls to Him, by embracing Him and loving Him with all our power; for He loves all them who love Him. He is quickly found by all that seek Him, and He gives Himself to all who give themselves to Him.

O, happy change! Give, then, thyself, my soul, at all times to this true Lover; to this thy Sovereign and Infinite Good, and He will communicate Himself to thee. This kind of communion is not tied to time or place, but will bring thy God to thee whenever thou pleasest; and what canst thou receive or desire either greater or better?

Make, then, a Spiritual Communion every day of thy life, and even repeat it often in the day—the oftener the better. This frequent repetition of acts of faith, love and desire will unite thee to thy Sovereign Good, so that He will live in thee and thou in Him. Then thou wilt become a true disciple of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and His love will be a shield in danger and a shield in trial. A few words like these contain sufficient for a Spiritual Communion, so far as regard may be paid to form:

"Since I cannot now receive Thee, dear Lord, sacramentally, I greatly desire to receive Thee spiritually into my heart. Come to me: I unite myself as if Thou wert already come under the sacramental species. Abide with me, lest danger should encompass me, and, destitute of strength, I shall perish by the way. The night is dark, and I am far from home. Strengthen my heart, and make it like Thine. Amen."

"Who said Hood's Sarsaparilla?" Thousands of people, who know it to be the best blood purifier and tonic medicine.

Mindard's Lintment cures Dandruff.

FOLLY OF SOME PARENTS.

Bad Example of Badly Directed Education of Children Related by a Priest.

BY REV. J. MAHONY.

We take it for granted—since it is so glaringly apparent to those who study such things—that the majority of parents either forget or do not choose to remember that their children have souls as well as intellects, hearts as well as bodies. And the sad result of such blindness, the folly of such conduct, at least in the generality of cases, should determine us to meditate on them with a view to our own proper guidance.

Speaking of a sad result—of blindness and folly on the part of parents—that is, of such parents whose anxiety and eagerness in rendering to Caesar what is his due, in raising for Caesar, what is his due, smart, polished, highly educated and able citizens—whose anxiety to do this is so engrossing, so absorbing that it excludes the faintest notion of cultivating the disposition of the hearts and the inclinations and morality of the souls of their children.

Parents should take into account not only the bodies and minds of their little ones, but their hearts and their souls, their dispositions and their spiritual needs and requirements. These latter, the dispositions of the heart, the careful developing, beautifying and strengthening the souls of their children, which Almighty God has to a very large extent left in the hands of parents, are what is due to God. The educating of the minds and careful preservation of the bodies of their children are what, in a certain manner of speaking, parents may be said to give to Caesar, to the state, to the visible, every-day world about them.

Now, the too exclusive attention to these latter, the absorbing anxiety to give Caesar his due and the consequent (for it almost necessarily follows as a consequence) carelessness and indifference in rendering to God what belongs to Him as regards their children, needs very little proof to show its existence among the majority of the parents at the present.

Take one family as a type of many others, and I am not going to speak of an imaginary family which I shall conjure up and depict to suit my purpose, but a family I was acquainted with for a long number of years.

In this family there were five sons and one daughter, a fond mother and an affectionate father. They were Catholics, but the father and mother were so anxious on the score of their children's bodily comfort, or else in their advance in studies, and so regardless of their spiritual advantages, that they protested against their sons being obliged according to the rule of the school to be in time to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which was offered up each morning previous to the commencement of studies. They either considered that half an hour spent in bed, or half an hour longer devoted to studies was a greater advantage to their children than the half hour spent assisting at Mass; and really it was distressing at times for a visitor to this family to be constantly hearing from the foolish mother, and no less unwise father, of the remarkable cleverness, industry and progress of their boys in school matters.

This much I know for certain, and I can easily infer that their whole endeavor was to urge upon their children the desirability of their becoming eminent in the professions or walks of life which they themselves had settled upon.

A very striking circumstance in connection with this family was that Sunday after Sunday one or more of its members would be found coming to Mass very late, this as the effect of their training. In that Catholic family temporal welfare and success, under the delusive hope that such would lead to happiness, so intensely absorbed the minds of the parents that there was neither time nor attention to be devoted to their children's spiritual and religious interests. The results of this were sad to the last degree, more so perhaps than would have been the case in other families, but all the same, exemplifying the logical outcome of such a course of conduct on the part of parents.

This family was regarded as being fairly well-to-do, but the educational opportunities given to the boys, each of them being transferred from the Catholic school in which I knew them, to the Godless university which was in the town, in which, however, it would appear that the father and mother believed that the Godlessness was compensated for by the superior secular advantages to be had there, induced people to shake their heads at the outlay that was being expended.

Nine years after I had first become acquainted with this family the daughter had blossomed out into a third rate actress, two of the sons occupying moderately fair positions in warehouses, two others had gone to seek their fortune in Australia, and the father and mother were living with their youngest child on the charity of relatives. Occasionally, their grown-up children would visit them; and it was a well-known fact that the sons had ceased to practice their religion and had even to myself expressed disbelief in it altogether. I have known the father of those children, whilst his sons had all the polish and external appearance of gentlemen, to come to the presbytery shabbily dressed and request a loan of \$5.

To a large extent he had impoverished himself by supplying his children with every worldly comfort and advantage, and the return which in his old age he naturally should have looked for was denied him; and why? Because the hearts of those children had never been trained. A love for God and His Church had not been instilled into them from day to day as it should have been. Hence the result I have described.—Catholic Columbian.

A PRECIOUS PRIVILEGE.

The love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament has ever been the distinctive mark of deep, loyal faith. In Catholic doctrine the Real Presence holds a unique place: it is the mystery around which all the others group themselves, and its glory sheds a radiance over them. "All doctrines lead to it; all devotions are united and satisfied in it." In the Holy Eucharist the Blessed Sacrament offers us the food and nourishment of our souls; in the tabernacle it is the object of our adoration; when borne in procession, we worship the Body and Blood of the Man-God; and our hearts and voices sing the *Lauda Sion*, while hosts of angels hover near in rapturous love. All the rites of the Church are most beautiful, most consoling; but there is one which by many is looked upon with indifference, or at least without that high appreciation it merits—namely, the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

As soon as might come before a parent at night," wrote Cardinal Newman, "so once or twice a week the great Catholic family comes before the Eternal Father after the bustle and toil of the day; and He smiles upon them, and sheds upon them the light of His countenance." Such is Benediction—the smile and blessing of God. In the monstrance Jesus Christ is our King, and surely we owe Him allegiance; He is our Father, and we owe Him our gratitude; He is our Friend, and we owe Him our love. We read in the sacred writings of the value attached to a father's blessing, and do we not ourselves know how the sweet unction of a loving parent's hand upon our bowed head sank into the depths of our hearts? Jesus waits for us; and as we bend before His throne, His blessing falls upon us as soft rain on the parched earth.

We envy the little children who drew near our Blessed Saviour, and who felt the influence of His benediction on their young souls; we think with longing of those privileged followers who stood on Mount Olivet when Christ blessed the assembled disciples and ascended to His Father; yet whenever we kneel before Him and receive the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, we are blessed by that same God, and to us, as to His Apostles, does He whisper: "Peace be to you!"

What graces might be ours did we only assist at the offices of the Church in the spirit of those who believe and love! We approach to offer our homage to Jesus in the Sacrament of the Altar, and in it we find our burdens grow lighter as He blesses us; we come to Him in grief, and comfort emanates from the Heart of our dearest Lord in the monstrance; we bend before Him confessing our weakness, and upon the sacred air is borne strength to our soul. Father Faber says: "The grace of Benediction is not only in the faith and love which it excites in our souls, great as is that boon; but that it comes from Him substantial, solid, and powerful; purifying and creative, because it participates in the reality of the Blessed Sacrament itself." And how sadly we need that grace, surrounded as we are by so much that is inimical to His interest! The world is, in a measure, an unbelieving world; and the worship of the Blessed Sacrament is a protest against its spirit. Kneeling at the foot of the altar, the tapers gleaming through the clouds of incense, the flowers giving out their perfumed life before Him, in the soft hush of eventide, who could think of the world?

Let us not lose a single opportunity of receiving our Saviour's blessing; for each time the Sacred Host traces the sign of salvation over a reverent, prayerful multitude, the hand of Jesus Christ is raised in loving benediction over those hearts which are offering protestations of loyalty, acts of love, or pleadings for a Father's mercy. If we would only realize the full meaning of the precious ceremony, how rich to us in graces would be the rays on which the Church allows benediction! And as the soft-toned and hallowed passing of Jesus, head and heart would bow in awe and expectancy, our souls echoing the tender words: "Nobis donet in patria!" Then, indeed, would we long for our true home, feeling the depth of that word, *patria*, "so sweet to an exile's ear, so sad on an exile's lips"; and our hearts would yearn for that last Benediction: "Come, ye blessed of My Father!—Amen. Maria."

18 Pounds of Blood

Is about the quantity nature allows to an adult person. It is of the utmost importance that the blood should be kept as pure as possible. By its remarkable curative powers of serofula, salt rheum, etc., Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven its claim to be the best blood purifier.

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills. They should be in every home medicine chest.

Now Free From Pain. DEAR SIR, — I have been troubled with Lame Back for about 6 months, and thought I would try Hagar's Yellow Oil, which cured me. Am now free from all pains, and recommend Yellow Oil very highly. FRANK PALMER, Winona, Ont.

A. B. Des Rochers, Arthabaskaville, P. Q., writes: "Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, from which I nearly constantly suffered, until after having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for nine days, bathing the head, &c., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle."

THE WORK OF THE MASONS.

The Freemasons Have Complete Control in France.

The *Annales Catholiques* says: A correspondent writing from Marseilles to *L'Univers* declares that it is by the Freemasons that this blow has been struck at Mgr. Gouthe-Souillard, and the Government has yielded to the orders. Since he spoke at Toulon to the workmen when he said justly: "We are not under a Republican government; we are ruled by the Freemasons," his persecution has been resolved on.

The Masons awaited only the opportunity. The attacks on him in the *Radical Journal*, of Aix, show plainly the intention, but a few of the politicians of the sects hesitated. No doubt, said one of them, he deserves to be prosecuted, but he is such an excellent man.

It may be said that the well-merited popularity of the prelate, his goodness, his charity, his disinterestedness, have caused him to be called the "Archbishop of the workmen," and this fact alone has thus far arrested the explosion of the hatred of the Masons.

One of the most eminent prelates among the clergy of Paris declared to one of his brethren that he considered the prosecution of Mgr. Gouthe-Souillard the most fortunate event that could happen to awaken the faith of France. He believed, too, that the Government will not stop at that case, for "it needs to create a new danger coming from the clericals now that it is freed from the Bonapartists."

M. Jules Simon said to one of our friends of *Le Gaulois* that it was a great wrong to prosecute the Archbishop of Aix. It was doubly wrong because it was useless.

"In my opinion," he said "Mgr. Fallieres should have ignored the letter of Mgr. Gouthe-Souillard. It was an act that was neither practical nor politic. Personally I would not have prosecuted him, because I do not see sufficient cause, and because the Archbishop's reply was both strong and pointed."

"Strictly he may have deserved blame, but between that and bringing him before a criminal court, there is a vast gulf, which the minister should not have overleaped. Besides, it is always dangerous to enter into conflict with the Church. Its enemies never do it much harm, but they may do themselves a great deal."

Leonis Andrieux, a former Deputy, has sent to Mgr. Gouthe-Souillard, his townsman, the expression of his most respectful sympathy.

The harsh, drastic purgatives, once deemed so indispensable, have given place to milder and more skillfully prepared laxatives; hence the great and growing demand for Ayer's Pills. Physicians everywhere recommend them for costiveness, indigestion, and liver complaints.

The Best Yet. DEAR SIR, — My mother was attacked with inflammation of the lungs which left her very weak and never free from cold, till at last she got a very severe cold and cough. She resolved to try Hagar's Pectoral Balsam, and, on so doing, found it did her more good than any other medicine she ever tried.

MRS. KENNEDY, 50 Smith Av., Hamilton, Ont.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

Cold Weather Trials. DEAR SIR, — This fall and winter I suffered from neuralgia in my face and had the best medical advice without avail. I at last thought of trying B. B. and after using one bottle have not felt any symptoms of neuralgia since. I regard it as a fine family medicine.

J. T. DROST, Henslip, Man. Mr. G. W. Maccully, Pavilion Mountain, B. C., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I ever used for rheumatism. Nearly every winter I am laid up with Rheumatism, and have tried nearly every kind of medicine without getting any benefit, until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has worked wonders for me, and I want another supply for my friends, &c."

Enjoying a Blessing. DEAR SIR, — Last summer my younger sisters were taken very badly with croup, indeed we were almost in despair, having little hope of curing them. Finally we applied Hagar's Yellow Oil, and to our great joy it cured them perfectly, and they are now enjoying the blessing of perfect health.

ANNIE JOHNSTON, Dalhousie, N. B. Minard's Lintment cures Burns, etc.

"German Syrup"

We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

Ed. L. WILKERS, of Mrs. JAS. W. KIRK, Alma, Neb. I give it Daughters' College, to my children when they have depended upon it in attacks of Croup, and never saw any ill effects. My little daughter, E. It is simply miraculous, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible fits of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs.

IT GOES THE ROUNDS.



From all quarters of the civilized globe come words of praise of the grand cleansing and labor saving qualities of "Sunlight" Soap. It makes dirt and grease vanish like magic, and brings cleanliness and comfort to millions of homes. Use it. You'll never regret it.

THE HURON AND ERIE Loan & Savings Company

ESTABLISHED 1864. Subscribed Capital, - \$2,500,000 Paid up Capital, - - - 1,300,000 Reserve Fund, - - - - 581,000

J. W. LITTLE, President JOHN BEATTIE, Vice-President

DEPOSITS of \$1 and upwards received at highest current rates. DEBENTURES issued, payable in Canada or in England. Executors and trustees are authorized by law to invest in the debentures of this company. MONEY LOANED on mortgages of real estate. MORTGAGES purchased.

G. A. SOMERVILLE, MANAGER London, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

DUTTON & MURPHY Undertakers and Embalmers OFFICES AND SHOW ROOMS: 479 Queen St. West 521 Queen St. East Telephone 1741 and 2796. Funerals Furnished at Moderate Prices.

BELLS! BELLS! PEALS & CHIMES FOR CHURCHES.

School Bells. Clock Tower Bells. Fire Bells. House Bells. Hand Bells.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Catalogues & Estimates Free. Loughborough, Leicestershire, England.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS

NOTICE OF INVENTION. AUTOGRAPH OF STEWART HARTSHORN OF THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

BURDOCK'S PILLS SUGAR COATED

A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

180 KING STREET. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, The leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open night and day. Telephone—House, 373; Factory, 543.

JAMES KILGOUR Undertaker and Importer of Fine Funeral Furnishings. Funerals furnished at their real and proper value. 355 RICHMOND STREET. Residence—112 Elmwood avenue, London South.

Try a Roberts Ozonator

For dispelling any and all disagreeable and unhealthy odors. Satisfaction guaranteed. For sale by SMITH BROS. PLUMBERS, ETC. 172 King Street, London. Telephone 138.

COOKS FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Should be used. If it is desired to make the finest class of bread, cakes, biscuits, pastries, etc., use Cook's Friend. Light, sweet, snow-white and digestible food results from the use of Cook's Friend. Guaranteed free from alum. Ask your grocer for McLaughlin's Cook's Friend.

McShane Bell Foundry. Finest Grade of Bells. Chimes and Peals for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. Fully warranted; satisfaction guaranteed. Send for catalogue and price list. McSHANE & CO., BALTIMORE, Md., U. S. Mention this paper.

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BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue and Price List. VANDUZEN & TIFF, Cincinnati, O.

DOUBLE BACK AND DOUBLE BREAST UNDERWEAR

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NO SIDE STEELS TO HURT NO SIDE STEELS TO BREAK NO SIDE STEELS TO RUST

SCREEDY All the Leading Dry Goods Houses IN CANADA MADE ONLY BY CANADA LEATHERBONE CO. LONDON, ONT.

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS. W. J. THOMPSON & SON, Opposite Revere House, London.

Have always in stock a large assortment of every style of Carriage and Sleigh. This is one of the largest and most complete of the kind in the Dominion. None but first-class work turned out. Prices always moderate.

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THE KEY TO HEALTH. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY OF CANADA.

The Direct Route between the West and all Lawrence and Bate des Chateaux, Province of Quebec; also for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton and Magdalen Islands, Newfoundland and St. Pierre.

Express trains leave Montreal and Halifax daily (Sunday excepted) and run through without change between these points in 27 hours and 30 minutes. The through express train cars of the Intercolonial Railway are brilliantly lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive, thus greatly increasing the comfort and safety of travellers.

New and elegant tourist sleeping and day cars are run on all through express trains.

The Popular Summer Sea Bathing & Fishing Resorts of Canada

are along the Intercolonial or are reached by that route. The attention of shippers is directed to the superior facilities offered by this route for the transport of flour and general merchandise intended for the Eastern Provinces, including Cape Breton and Newfoundland; also for shipments of grain and produce intended for the European market.

Tickets may be obtained and all information about the route; also freight and passenger rates on application to: W. H. FATHERSTON, Western Freight and Pass. Agent, 83 Rossin House Block, York Street, Toronto.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Supt. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 24th June, 1891.

OUR BOYS

Kind Loving words Journeying up But they make Stronger, firmer Do you count it? What to earth Never was a kid Never one was

When the care And its burden For the ones who If you love the What you count? Has an alms And beneath the Hearts will

So, as up life's Not as kindly words, In the dark? Grudge no love! As along the To the ones who If you love t

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What The only where, say and to beg to find ou your eyes a scamp of a high chari level o to read th always hu books of ab about his would dig

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Kind Words. Loving words will cost but little. Journeying up the hill of life...

A Poet Answered. Pope was one evening at Burton's Coffee House, where himself and Swift...

The Dunces of the College. This story is told of the Rev. Michael Blake, the first rector of the Irish College at Rome...

The Smallest Leaf. Once upon a time, during a famine, a rich man invited twenty of the poorer children in town to his house...

A Mother's Prayer. There was a young soldier in the French army who, when he went to war, had most earnestly asked for the prayers of his mother...

What a Bright Boy can do. The only thing is to take hold somewhere, says Charles Dudley Warner...

Bathing & Canada. are reached are directed to the Province of Ontario...

are reached are directed to the Province of Ontario. The only thing is to take hold somewhere...

THE DRINK EVIL.

We subjoin from a sermon of the Jesuit Father Sykes, recently delivered at St. Francis Xavier's church, Liverpool, England, and reported in the Times of that city:

Read the testimony of a well-known doctor on this point, Dr. Alfred Carpenter, who writes in the Times of September 21, 1891: "The deaths from alcoholic poisoning each year in England come to more than 1,500, and at the lowest figure 60,000 die from causes directly induced by alcohol."

What is the cause of these murders? Again the answer is drink! drink! What shall we say of men who have raised their hands against their own lives, or let the silent river receive their bodies, being weary of life?

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice...

There's a good deal of guarantee business in the store-keeping of to-day. It's too excessive. Or too reluctant. Half the time it means nothing.

So, whoever is honest in making it, and works not on his own reputation alone, but through the local dealers, whom you know, must have something he has faith in back of the guarantee.

What is lacking is confidence. Back of that, what is lacking is that clear honesty which is above the "average practice."

The Reason Why. The reason why Burdock Blood Bitters leads all other medicines in the race for popularity is because it is absolutely pure...

THE DRINK EVIL.

the one runs into the other, and sometimes one comes of the other. There are some forms of moral corruption which they would see, but he should pass by them hurriedly lest the mere mention of them should pollute the sacred atmosphere of that place.

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What is the cause of these murders? Again the answer is drink! drink! What shall we say of men who have raised their hands against their own lives, or let the silent river receive their bodies, being weary of life?

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