

Non-Catholic Ministers Join The Church.

From St. Andrew's Magazine we take the following article:—

"Gone over to Rome" is a phrase familiar to all; it is said of some person almost daily, said with surprise, regret or contempt, according to the views and temperament of the speaker. "Gone over to Rome" is a phrase without a parallel, just as the fact it indicates is unique. "Gone over to the Church of England," or "Gone over to Dissent," and the like have a strange and unusual sound; nobody deems such utterances to be worthy of attention; philosophers pay no heed to them; they occasion no long and anxious discussions; they are not the theme of any literature. But it is otherwise when the text is "Gone over to Rome;" philosophers find speculation irresistible; historians write the record and pass judgment thereon; the fact is made the motive of many novels; whole religious bodies protest, blame and condemn. Yet in spite of all the theories and all the outcry of the world, men and women from every rank of society and from every form of religious belief or disbelief still go over to Rome. The fact that so many conversions to the Catholic faith occur both at home and abroad in the fields of missionary labor is a testimony to the truth of the Catholic Church which can hardly be overrated. It should have great weight with our countrymen who stoutly maintain that facts are facts and that they should not be ignored.

When the English people are confronted with the long list of scholars who have sacrificed much or all for the Catholic faith, the rejoinder made by them is to the effect that there are more scholars equally pious and zealous who remain in the religion of their fathers. This argument has been used by men of note, both for piety and learning, and it has often sufficed to soothe doubts and to quell inquiry. Yet when looked at closely it proves to be a very weak argument. For in considering the actions of men we rightly take into account all possible human motives; taste, imagination, prejudice, learning, position, fortune, education, loss, gain and all other circumstances which can and do influence men should be weighed so far as possible.

Now, it is no libel on human nature to say that a man who finds himself born into good society, possessed of talents and influence, equipped with the best education his country provides, with fame, fortune, ease and comfort waiting to embrace him, should deem himself justified in remaining where circumstances have placed him. If he acts on the homely principle that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," the world, and especially his own particular world, applauds his sound sense. But if such a man voluntarily throws away all his opportunities, if he dares to cast aside his reputation for learning, dares to grieve all who know him and hold him dear; if he embraces obscurity, discomfort and poverty, the majority of men are perplexed, troubled and angry. The average clergyman of the Church of England is such a man when he "Goes over to Rome." Is it not plain that he is a very different man when compared with his fellow-clergyman who remains? And when a man who so acts is not merely an occasional eccentricity, not a surprise sprung upon the public once in a year, but a spectacle of such frequent occurrence as to be a source of constant alarm on the one side and of expectant rejoicing on the other, is it not obvious that there must be some powerful motive at work, some importunate call, some irresistible drawing which merely human considerations cannot battle against?

Owing to the position of the Catholic Church in England at the present day, stripped of cathedrals, universities, colleges, wealth and social standing, no motive can be reasonably assigned for an English clergyman going over to Rome, save the one and all-sufficing reason that he has discovered that the Catholic Church is alone the Church of God, and that if he will be saved he must join that Church. For this he must turn his back on his family, his university, the glorious cathedral, the historic home endeared by a thousand sacred memories, the matchless version of the English Bible, possible fame and position, and often assured wealth, ease and comfort.

Those who remain keep their hold upon all these things, and granting that they are pious, devoted and zealous, they must be allowed to lack one thing which their convert brethren possess in a marked degree, namely, heroism in religion.

These converts are the sort of men who in times of persecution become martyrs and the leaders of martyrs, and it is fitting that we should think of them at this time, the month in which we especially honor St. Peter. Such a sheaf as that given below, gathered from the fields white unto harvest, is something to rejoice over, something that should make daily prayer for the conversion of our country more earnest and more importunate; it is a sign that this, our land once so devoted to St. Peter and the Holy See, is returning to its allegiance. St. Peter was made the chief of the Fishers of Men because he loved Christ above all things, because he confessed the Divinity of his Lord, because he was obedient and subject to discipline, because in a time of perplexity he turned to his Master and said: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." The names of the men we give below are in their measure like the great Apostle; for Christ's sake they have left all things and followed Him.

Our remarks have been suggested by a perusal of the following list of some of the non-Catholic clergymen who within the last eighteen months have joined the one Holy Roman Catholic Church.

1901.

Rev. C. H. Arden, late curate of St. Philip's, Gillingham, Bradford, was received into the Church on Monday, July 1, at St. Marie's, Norfolk row, Sheffield.

Rev. Hugh Nanney Smith, of Walkley, Sheffield, received into the Church at St. Gregory's, Longton, Staffordshire.

Rev. Martin Cave, curate at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Derby.

Rev. F. T. Roys, of Heysham, near Morecambe.

Rev. Mr. Charleston, moderator of the Established Presbytery of Paisley.

Rev. John Charleson, vice-president of the Glasgow Ecclesiastical Society.

Rev. J. R. McKee, M.A. (Oxon), formerly curate of St. Agnes and St. John Baptist's, Tuebrook, Liverpool, and of Cowley, St. John's, Oxford, was received in Church of St. James, Spanish place, W.

Rev. F. G. Lee, for thirty years vicar of All Saints', Lambeth.

1902.

Rev. Arthur Whitcombe Taylor, B.A., Worcester College, Oxon.

Rev. Cyprian Browning, B.A. (Eaton and King's College, Cambridge).

Rev. John Russell, late of St. Paul's, Cwmillery, Monmouthshire.

Rev. A. C. Heartley, curate in charge of St. Mark's, Jarrow.

Rev. J. T. Gorman, curate of St. Clement's, city.

Mr. M. G. Dunlop, chairman of the bishopric branch of the English Church Union.

Rev. Arthur Napier Morgan, B.A., of St. Paul's, Barking.

Rev. James Fraser, late incumbent of the Episcopal Church, Banchory, N.B.

1903.

Rev. Cecil Francis Norgate, lately curate of St. John's, Sutton-on-Plym.

Rev. Charles Walton Davey, B.A., of King's College, Cambridge.

Rev. William Wheler Hume, lately curate of St. Michael's, Shoreditch.

Rev. Edgar Lee, lately Vicar of Christ Church, Doncaster.

Rev. George Steward Hitchcock, minister of the Unitarian Church, Chatham.

Rev. H. M. M. Evans, late vicar of St. Michael's, Shoreditch.

Rev. Edward Dudley Elam, M.A., Oxon. For the last two years Mr. Elam has acted as curate at St. Augustine's, Archway Road, N.

MONTREAL'S POPULATION.

The population of the city, estimated up to the middle of 1902, as contained in the annual report of the City Health Department, shows that there are in Montreal 277,829 souls. The religious denominations are: French Catholics, 169,165; other Catholics, 40,549; Protestants, 68,115; making a total of 277,829.

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Our Boys And Girls.

THE LEGEND ON THE LOCKET.

—From the most interesting volume "Mostly Boys" from the pen of Rev. Father Finn, S.J., we take the following:—"I was in my first sleep when the sound of the door-bell awakened me, whereupon I sprang from my bed, and after a few hurried preparations, hastened to throw open the door."

It was a bitter cold night in January, and without the moon threw its pale light over the wan and spectral snow-covered landscape. The sharp gust that swept into the hall as I opened the door made me pity the delicate looking child who stood at the threshold.

Her hair gleamed with a strange and rare effect in the moonlight, long golden hair that fell in graceful ripples about her shoulders. She was lightly dressed, this little child, as she stood gazing straight and frankly into my eyes with an expression at once so beautiful and calm and earnest that I shall not soon forget it.

Her face was very pale, her complexion of the fairest. The radiance about her hair seemed to glow in some weird yet undecipherable fashion upon her every feature.

These details I had not fairly taken in when she addressed me:

"Father, can you come with me at once? My mother is dying, and she is in trouble."

"Come inside, my little girl," I said, "and warm yourself. You must be frozen."

"Indeed, Father, I am not the least cold."

I had thrown on my coat and hat as she had answered:

"Your mother's name, my child?"

"Catharine Morgan, Father; she's a widow, and has lived like a saint. And now that she's dying, she is in awful trouble. She was taken sick a few hours ago."

"Where does she live?"

"Two miles from here, Father, on the border of the Great Swamp; she is a stranger in these parts, and alone. I know the way perfectly; you need not be afraid of getting lost."

A few minutes later we were tramping through the snow, or rather I was tramping; for the child beside me moved with so light and tender a step, that had there been flowers instead of snow-flakes beneath our feet I do not think a single petal would have been crushed, under the airy fall of her fairy feet.

Her hand was in mine with the confiding clasp of childhood. Her face, for all the trouble that was at home, wore a gravely serene air, such as is seldom seen in years of sprightly, youthful innocence.

How beautiful she looked! more like a creature fresh from the perfect handiwork of God than one who walked in the valley of sin, and sorrow, and trouble, and death.

Upon her bosom I observed a locket fashioned in the shape of a heart. She noticed my glance, and with a quick movement of her fingers released the locket and handed it to me.

"It's a heart," I said. "Read what's on it, Father."

"I can't, my little friend; my little friend; my eyes are very good, but are not equal to making out reading on gold lockets by moonlight."

"Just let me hold it for you, Father—now look."

How this mite contrived, I cannot say; but certain it is, that at once, as she held the locket at a certain angle, there stood out clearly, embossed upon its surface, the legend—

"Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me."

"Mamma placed that upon my bosom one year ago, when I was very sick, Father. And kissing the locket, the child restored it to its place."

We went on for a time in silence. I carried the Blessed Sacrament with me; and, young as she was, the girl seemed to appreciate the fact. Whenever I glanced at her, I observed her lips moving as in prayer, and her eyes seemed to, in very truth, fixed upon the place where rested in His sacramental veil the Master of Life and of Death.

Suddenly the girl's hand touched my sleeve—oh, so gently!

"This is the place, Father," she said in soft tones that thrilled me as they broke upon the stillness; and she pointed to a little hut standing back in the dim shadows of three

pine-trees.

I pushed open the door, which hung loosely upon its hinges, and turned to wait her entrance. She was gone. Somewhat startled, I was peering out into the pallid night, when a groan called me to the bedside of the dying woman.

A glance told me there was no time to lose. The woman lying in that room had hardly reached middle life, but the hand of Death had touched her brow, upon which stood the drops of sweat, and in her face I read a great trouble. I was at her side in an instant; and God be thanked for it, soon calmed and quieted the poor creature. She made her confession, and in sentiments of faith and love such as I have rarely seen received the Last Sacraments of the Church.

Standing beside her, I suggested those little prayers and devices so sweet and consoling at the dread hour. I noticed as the time passed on that her eyes frequently turned toward a little box at the farther end of the room.

"Shall I bring you that box?" I asked.

She nodded assent.

On placing it beside her, she opened it with trembling hands and took out the dress of a child.

"Your little daughter's dress?" I said.

She whispered, and there was love in her tones: "My darling Edith's."

"I know her," I continued.

"She brought me here, you know."

I stopped short and caught my breath. The woman half rose in her bed; she looked at me in wonder that cannot be expressed. I, no less amazed, was staring at a golden, heart-shaped locket fastened to the bosom of the child's dress which the woman was holding in her hands.

"Madam," I cried, "in the name of God, tell me, where is your daughter? Whose is that locket?"

"The locket is Edith's. I placed it here on the bosom of her dress when my little girl lay dying a year ago. The last thing my darling did was to hold this locket to her lips, and say:—

"Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me."

"She died a year ago."

"Then the mother's face grew very sweet and very radiant."

Still holding the locket in her hands, she fixed her eyes straight before her.

"Edith, my dear Edith, we are at last to be united in the Sacred Heart. I see you, my darling; Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me."

Her voice faded with the last syllable into silence. Edith and she were again united.

GOOD READERS.—The following incident conveys a lesson to girls which may prove profitable. A writer in Harper's Bazar tells it.

On a trans-Atlantic and trans-Mediterranean crossing not long ago one of the passengers, a delightful woman, whom the entire ship's company had promptly admired on acquaintance, was stricken speechless, about the third day out, by a hard cold which also affected her eyesight.

She could not speak for several days, but was fairly well otherwise, and when the situation was understood, her new friends made on ship-board proceeded to minister to her pleasure by reading aloud to her.

Every day she was established on the warm side of the ship in a quiet corner, and readers in turn sat at her side to relieve the monotony of the hours with looks. These kindly friends were of different ages and both sexes, and a listener never noted that only one of the dozen or more officiated was a really good reader. Weak or expressionless voices, nasal or otherwise bad tones, faulty pronunciation of common words, careless slurring of syllables, clumsy handling of sentences to cloud or sometimes, quite miss their meaning—these were attributes of most of the readers. Their listener must have needed all her sense of appreciation of their good intentions, to endure the infliction of some of them. Among the number were three or four young women, and with grief it is said that they combined in each of their performances more of the faults mentioned than any of the others. To read aloud intelligently and acceptably is not a difficult accomplishment to acquire, but it seems to be a rare one among the rising generation. It needs, first, a little concentration of thought on the subject matter of the printed words to get their drift quickly, then practice. I wish every girl who reads this page would try herself in this

DENTIST.

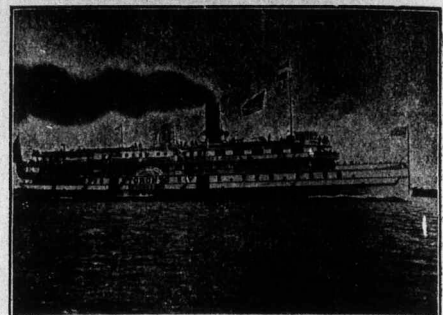
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Dame Josephine Leonard, wife common as to property of Damase Tardif, grocer, of St. Leonard de Port Maurice, District of Montreal, has instituted an action in separation as to property against her said husband, this tenth day of July, 1903;

Montreal, July 10th, 1903.

LEONARD & LORANGER,
Attorneys of the Plaintiff.

Pastoral Letter of Bishop On Death of Pope Leo

We have before us an admirable pastoral letter by Mgr. Emard, Bishop of Montreal, to the clergy, secular, the religious community, all the faithful of his diocese on the occasion of the death

Sovereign Pontiff, Pope have had several pastoral the same grand and majestic, but owing to the corner in which the ever forcible pen of Bishop traced the life-work of Pontiff, we deem it a duty late it for our readers thus:—

"The painful event feared, in deep anguish, days past by the whole arrived. After quite a which you, with us, have dread and in hope, our Father the Pope quietly the Lord and returned great soul of Pontiff and Until his last breath he the world with the special intellectual lucidity that eclipse, and a strength was invincible amidst ings in such a frail cons such a weak body. He full possession of his fact in a supreme action of signation, still scattered Church and on the worl ings that so abundantly heart.

"In his last moments rounded by his brothers nals of our Holy Church by the prayers of the fa until the last moment that God might still r days of that beloved P XIII no longer lives, H is in mourning, and all children, participate in row. The grief that thi