

# The Catholic Record.

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

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VOLUME XVI.

### The Good Shepherd.

That was a narrow street  
Where trod Thy blessed feet:  
And that a noisy throng  
That followed Thee along:  
And many a one was such  
Who scarce would deign to touch  
But Thou wast pressed upon by the unfolded  
And they were there when Thy place didst keep.  
And it is thus  
Thou sayest to us:  
"O, if ye love Me, feed My sheep!"

That was a tollow way,  
And that a sultry day,  
When Thou didst, by the well,  
Of living water fell,  
And kindly speak to one,  
As if that one alone,  
The straying one, of all the world had need  
Most deep.

And Thou no thought but to reclaim Thy  
sheep.  
And it is thus  
Thou sayest to us:  
"O, if ye love Me, feed My sheep!"

That was a loveless word  
Which, by strange spirit stirred,  
Forbade the child, in grace,  
To see Thy shining face:  
But Thou didst call them near,  
And smile away their fear.  
And one such little one the symbol, seemed to  
Of Thy great heavenly kingdom yet to be:  
And it is thus  
Thou sayest to us:  
"O, if ye love Me, feed My sheep!"

That was a green hillside,  
By Galilee's soft tide,  
And sweet the garden's shade  
By ancient oives made,  
We often follow there  
Thy voice of life to share:  
But O, the multitude of Thy untended sheep  
Speaks there a voice within our spirit's deep.  
And speaks it thus:  
"O, if ye love Me, feed My sheep!"

—M. E. GATES.

### HOW AN ANGLICAN BECAME A CATHOLIC.

"Arise . . . For The Light Is Come."

Until the doubt came which led to my secession I loved the Church of England above all earthly things and observed the practices which she requires of a faithful follower. "A strong Church woman" was the proudest title that I knew and the maintenance of her honor and the declaration of a personal allegiance ranked, in my mind, with that sovereign duty which every Christian owes to God and to his neighbor. Nothing hurt me so much as the flaws and inconsistencies which, from time to time, were exposed to the recognition of Rome and the Protestant sects. I used to try to hide them from myself and would defend the Church of England when criticized by others, arguing desperately that, while there was a deplorable gulf widening between the opposing factions within her Communion, upon essentials necessary to salvation there was no disagreement. With sadness I was forced to admit that, in matters regarding discipline we had not a shadow of legislation, and might envy the Presbyterian and the Baptist their power to rebuke and to dismiss offenders. To establish an ecclesiastical tribunal within Anglican precincts would be impossible since no one in the present day is able to do more than Anglicanism really is. A half-century ago, with its acknowledged pedigree, it had a recognizable character. Historical evidence proves that it dates from the Tudors and received its character from the State. It was Anglicanism that destroyed every altar in England, denouncing them as "altars to Baal," substituting instead a four-legged table which, for three hundred years graced a position in front of the pulpit. It was Anglicanism that added to its penal code clauses which made the hearing of confessions and the celebration of Mass offences against the State, punishable with death, a penalty meted to countless martyrs. It was Anglicanism that repudiated the Faith as brought to England by Saint Augustine and set forth its doctrine in the Thirty Nine Articles—articles which are violated by a large portion of its Communion to-day. Such was the Church of England—a Protestant Church which has given birth to a vast progeny of Protestant sects. The only representative of this true and definite Anglicanism of the part is to be found in what constitutes the Low Church party of today. If, however, we are to believe the assurances of what is called "the Catholic element" in the Episcopal Church, that party is rapidly disappearing; whether this be true or no, its influence is too feeble to be exerted. On the eve of the twentieth century the true position and the fate of Anglicanism are that of the house divided against itself, for that Catholic spirit, which was suppressed by the Tudors, is hard at work within, undermining its foundation. The writers in their religious papers are like boys who are lost in the woods and who whistle to keep up their courage. They halloo to one another, through their columns, the announcement that "the heart of the Church is sound." They should remember that there are other vital organs besides the heart; where disease may lurk and destroy; and, also, that if anything be out of gear within the head-piece what matters the mechanical action of the heart?

In what does the true test of the stability of an institution consist? In unity, manifested by its power to act with authority, to preserve order and to enforce discipline. For the accomplishment of these ends, any child must recognize the common sense necessity for a head, whether this head be needed for a church, a nation, an army, a college, a hospital, a household or an orphan asylum. If a human being had no head to direct hands and

feet, the usefulness of those members would be decidedly impaired. Anglicanism has no authoritative voice, nor court of appeal, and its hydra-headedness is its own enemy. The orthodoxy of a clergyman depends upon the "doxy" of his Bishop; therefore a man is orthodox or heterodox according to the diocese in which his parish is located. The last "Church Congress" revealed an appalling condition of heresies. Needless to recall all its enormities. Two of the foremost Bishops in the Episcopal Church presided over this assembly and uttered no word of remonstrance or rebuke to harangues that did away with Christian doctrine and proclaimed Rationalism. Discretion obliged them to hold their peace, and why? Because if a Broad Churchman be silenced, he would have the right to clamor for the head of a Ritualist, and these two factions prevail in such numbers that to try both in alternate battalions, an ecclesiastical tribunal would have to sit perennially, until "the crack o' doom." A year or two ago a paragraph ran the rounds of the English papers to the effect that a Catholic prelate of high rank declared the enterprise of the Propaganda to be necessary in England, for the reason that the High Church party were diligently doing all its work in sending souls to Rome. It is true, in a sense, that the Ritualistic churches often turn to be Catholic Kindergartens, for the inculcating of doctrines and practices once so repugnant to true Anglicanism. Their teachers, however, were indignant over the independent conduct of the pupils who take the liberty of walking away, without a certificate, and who present themselves as candidates for admission to the High School of Rome. The only educational branches left untaught are the easiest to learn—Papal infallibility and the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The first means a renunciation of "the right of the individual to general haziness" and a quitting of many Popes to find only one. As for the second doctrine, it is so difficult to believe that God in creating the first woman—Eve—strengthened and full of grace, should design that the second woman—Mary—whom He exalted to become the Mother of His Divine Son should be also free from sin and "full of grace?"

My secession from Anglicanism was caused not by allurement from without, but by the expelling force from within. God represents truth and order, and supernatural truth must be taught with authority. A Church which cannot so teach the truth has no supernatural authority to teach. Anglicanism has always taught that there are but two sacraments. High Churchmen announce their present number to be seven; although concerning one—in constant use in the Catholic Church since the days of St. James—they acknowledge with a naive that is pathetic, they "have not yet found much use for Extreme Unction!"

There is still another view of the matter suggested by this last thought, from which I drew a logical conclusion. If it be true, as High Churchmen declare, that all these treasures: the celebration of the Mass, confession, penance, absolution, the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, are the positive possession of the Anglican Church, how is it that they are produced only at this late date? For over three hundred years generations have lived and died within the Church of England without the knowledge of them and deprived of that help and comfort which these channels of grace afford. How can an institution be divine that plays the magpie and conceals from her children that which is lawfully theirs by divine right of inheritance? Can a true mother defraud her children? For in her this Anglican mother has been unfaithful to her trust, or else some among her sons are bringing false accusation against their mother. Now those who leave her, recognizing in her nothing but a profectory foster-mother, are praiseworthy; those who stay with her and spend their energies in attempts to force from her such things as are not in her power to give, incur a grave responsibility.

Just after the recent *expose* of heresies by the *Church Congress* a clergyman said to me: "I acknowledge the justice of all that grieves and dismays you, but have patience. The Anglican Church is our mother, though the Anglican degraded by her own children, and actually in the mire." The pitiable and forlorn picture appealed to my imagination, and would have touched the heart had not Reason stopped the way by saying to the mind: "So this Anglican Mother is full of inconsistency and contradiction! She has just allowed dreadful liberties to be taken with Christian doctrine in violation of the vows she made to God; her own sons acknowledge her degradation! If she were in truth the Spouse of Christ would He allow such evil to overtake her? How does Saint Paul describe the true Bride? 'A glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, holy, without blemish.' Would God abandon her to the power of men? Could she, who is dedicated to her splendid destiny or fall short of men? Would He, who comes into contact with 'mire'? Heart, be loyal to thy Lord."

And this is the simple story how

Reason, taking the hand of conscience, led me away from the Anglican fold where all is confusion of thought, and of tongue, into the direction of Rome, the home of our true Mother, that venerable and beautiful Church—holy, Catholic and apostolic. Truly it is no easy thing, this uprooting from the old surroundings; but the living plant has greater opportunity for development when removed to a fertile soil that is tended by a Hand altogether Divine. When God sends the light one must arise and follow it; nothing is a sacrifice to the soul that owes everything to Him. A cheerful obedience is the true test of true love. It is, however, the experience of every convert to feel that while "he that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," the only grief lies in grieving those whom one loves and who have no sympathy with a conversion actuated by a conventional scientific and an enlightenment which they cannot, as yet, understand. It is the greatest of all trials that one cannot share with those whom one leaves all the compensation that leaving brings: the perfect security and the abiding peace, that complete fellowship with the stranger who kneels beside one at the holy Communion and who receives the Blessed Sacrament, not as a vague memorial but as the true Body of the Lord.

A well-known English divine says: "That which attracts me towards Rome is a strong, logical and consistent theory about religion, not only comprehensive and profound but in full operation and fruitful of good results. . . . And then the immense amount of self-denial and devotion, the surrender of home and family among the clergy, the resolute abandonment of the world." Within the past quarter of a century, the growth of the Catholic Church has been marvellous and it enheartens all who love her and whose dearest desire is the establishment of Christ's Kingdom throughout the world. On the human side there have been instances of disloyalty, but was there not a Judas among the Twelve? What sincere soul in search of the Christ would have been prevented from becoming His follower by the incident of meeting Judas on the way, halter in hand, about to hang himself? Nothing is more puerile than to assail this glorious Church, because of misconduct on the part of one or other of her children, and who, in her authority, is unchangeable, her discipline has ever been maintained. She stands, a figure of composure and of power, secure in that strength whose source is from on high; with her steady hand she holds aloft the Lamp of Consolation and of Truth, and, in this world of sin, of mystery and of shadow, guides the myriads of men and women whose footsteps are echoing along the pathway of Time.

Christ said, "Hear the Church." There is but one that speaks with authority, that is the one to which we should listen and which we should obey. Saint Paul was the great seceder, and there can be no doubt he was called "a traitor" and "a little touched," and that he suffered the reproaches and estrangements of his friends; yet how his conversions of great numbers his trials, and going quite alone, one has not the slightest sense of loneliness, for is not the Catholic Church the only Church where our dear Lord, His sweet and gracious Mother and the whole Company of the Blessed are always to be found, and where the soul is on speaking terms with all the Saints? The door of God's House stands open always; it is the earthly home of the poor, the refuge for the outcast, the easer of the burden of the oppressed. The Catholic Church is supreme, arrayed in majesty, yet stooping to lift the lowliest, for, in her eyes, the most wretched sinner for whom Christ died is a great being with a mighty claim upon salvation. She stretches forth her strong arm and, following the example of the Saviour, gathers the little children to their parent minds principles that will help them to overcome temptation. Her priests would regard it as a mortal sin to neglect a summons to a poor creature afflicted with a loathsome disease because their religion commands them to watch for the contrite sigh of a dying sinner and offer it to Him who pardoned a penitent upon the cross. They interpret literally the promise "He that loseth his life for My sake, shall find it," and thus count no sacrifice too great to offer the Love divine, the Love unfathomable, that Love which for Love's sake let *Love Himself* be slain.

Nothing for self, all "for the greater glory of God" is the watchword, faithfully practiced. The form of public worship is so such that the worshipper has not to galvanize his soul in order to incite devotion, for all contributes to the aid of his intention and lifts the heart upon strong, swift pinions into that region where, with Angel and Archangel, it may join in adoration of the Most High.

Reflecting upon these things, and with a dawning comprehension of what the Catholic Church has been in, and will be, such an overwhelming

sense of personal insignificance took possession of me that it seemed like utmost presumption to announce a choice in a matter where my position was plainly that of a suppliant. Deeply sensible of God's goodness, yet with a certain misgiving as to the effect and responsibility which my conversion would have upon lives closely identified with my own, I laid the matter under the consideration of a Jesuit Father, who, quick to understand, answered without delay: "By all means, we claim you. Come then in God's Name, and leave the consequences to Him." While it is an inestimable blessing to be born a Catholic, yet it is also true that none can so appreciate home life as they can who have known exile. The little child receives the sacrament of baptism unconscious of its saving grace, the Protestant adult grasps the significance of each act and ceremony to the soul. Intelligence waits upon the spiritual insight and follows the meaning of the exorcism of Satan: the use of the consecrated oil: the frequent signing with the Cross: the blessed water flowing over the forehead in regenerating contact, washing away the stain of sin and bidding the soul live to God, in eager obedience. The catechumen, made by baptism a member of the Catholic Church, apprehending by faith all that is hidden from the senses, has no difficulty in believing that when the Rite is ended, the Holy Spirit, who broods upon the waters in every baptism, spreads the white wings of His Love over the soul upon whom His blessing descends and conveys heaven's own message in the final words: "Frederica, go in peace, and the Lord be with thee."

### REV. FATHER DESMARAIS DELIVERS AN ADDRESS IN A PROTESTANT CHURCH.

We learn by special correspondence that on the evening of the 15th May, the rev. gentleman above named delivered an address before a vast audience of non-Catholics assembled in the Lutheran church of Marshfield, Oregon. There were on the platform the Rev. Mr. Hartelius, pastor of the Swedish Lutheran congregation, and the pastors of the Presbyterian and Methodist congregations.

Father Desmarais proceeded to speak with all the fervor of a true son of the Catholic Church: "My Dear Christian Friends,—To speak of love and peace is my evening's task. I stand before this honorable meeting as a citizen, a friend, a Christian. I come to greet you and your rev. pastor with a token of love and friendship more precious than all the gold and jewelled crowns of potentates. I come to unite with you in spirit and weld into everlasting links of tender love the friendship and good understanding that have hitherto existed between you as a people and our Catholic congregation.

As an adopted citizen of this glorious Republic I rejoice to find myself upon the same platform with men whose hearts are filled with the same spirit of patriotism that characterized our Catholics when they buckled on the armor of war to fight for our common cause—America's star-spangled banner. Thanks be to the loving and common Father of us all that now in this golden age of triumph over religious and political prejudice, the angels of heaven can, with a smile of everlasting love, gaze down upon us and sing in the sweet reverberating notes of celestial music—'Peace to men of good-will.' Thanks be to the Most High! the devastating waves of religious persecution will never deluge this fair country, the land of the free and the home of the brave. We call the nineteenth century an age of enlightenment, the golden age; well may it be engraved on tablets of gold, for the day is already at hand when we can understand one another and reach down into the depths of political and religious subjects without having recourse to any modes of bloody warfare. The day has passed when people will accept the bigoted and wandering thoughts of apostates as God's own truth. We have realized fully that their work is that of a hireling and not of God. They work to rouse the prejudice of man against man in order to gain the mighty dollar, and laugh as they depart, exclaiming: 'what fools these mortals be.' Away with bigotry and prejudice into everlasting oblivion. Let us understand each other in the true light of reason and impartial history. Love knows no bounds. The saints of heaven are burning suns of everlasting stars given to us to guide our faltering footsteps towards a better home—why then should we suffer bitterness and hatred in our hearts? Is it because you consider me in the wrong path? Is it because I think that you are in the delusive ways of a false religion?

I, in all justice, believe that you hold some of the great eternal truths, and you know that I believe those truths as much as you do. Are you sincere? I believe you are. Does my Church condemn you, as long as you are sincere? Never. How then shall we know and approach each other? By God's own love with which He loved the world so as to send His only Son

into the world to redeem mankind. The sixteenth century with its sword and fire-brand must go down for ever into oblivion. We want peace; and the day has come when we must rally together and wield the spiritual sword against that terrible foe—unbelief—that threatens to undermine the foundation of our modern kingdoms and glorious republics. Let us hasten the day of spiritual union when there shall be: 'One Lord, One Faith, one Baptism, One God, the Father of all, in all and through us all.' There must be but one Church and it is our duty to find out where that Church is, and then make haste to embrace her with our whole heart and soul. In the meantime, however, we must love each other, for though we have faith so as to remove mountains and have not charity it profiteth us nothing. The devil alone prompts men to stir up a religious war when the most infernal falsehoods are circulated to rouse the dormant passions of our poor human nature.

### GALILEO AND HIS WHISPER.

Philadelphia Catholic Times. A correspondent asks us to give the true history of Galileo Galilei and his famous whisper, *E pur si muove*. Did Galileo die a prisoner of the Inquisition?

As to the famous whisper the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*—a work not to be suspected of a Catholic bias—says: "The legend, according to which Galileo, rising from his knees after repeating the formula of abjuration stamped on the ground and exclaimed, '*E pur si muove*!' is, as may readily be supposed, entirely apocryphal." As to imprisonment, Galileo, after his trial, which was concluded June 22, 1633, remained in Rome only twelve days, during which time there is no evidence that he was in prison. From Rome, says the *Britannica*, he went to Siena, where he spent several months in the house of the Archbishop, Ascanio Piccolomini, one of his numerous and trusty friends. In the same year he went to Florence, where he spent the remaining eight years of his life. During these latter years he received a pension from Pope Urban VIII.

But did not the Church condemn his theory of the solar system? On this same authority we have already quoted, the *Britannica*, says: "This edict, it is essential to observe, of which the responsibility rests with a disciplinary congregation in no sense representing the Church, was never confirmed by the Pope, and was virtually repealed in 1757 under Benedict XIV." Galileo died in 1642 a sincere Catholic.

What was the cause of his persecution? The irritation caused by the disturbance of a prevalent belief. The Ptolemaic system of astronomy prevailed at that time among the scientists, and they made war on every innovation that threatened its overthrow, just as they might be advanced the formula of abjuration stamped on the ground and now on the altar of its inherited groove and he who introduces new and radical ideas that require a readjustment of current thought and habits is very apt to get himself into trouble. The inventor of the steam engine was near being mobbed in England, and the man who carried the first umbrella was hooted as a lunatic by a London mob. If the compositors could get at him the inventor of the type setting machine would be likely to get a short shrift. The history of orthodoxy affords a good illustration of the propensity to resent innovation. When Hahnemann in 1796 advanced his new system of therapeutics he was first attacked by warfare was waged against him by the adherents of the old school of therapeutics, just as the old school of astronomers attacked the new school. Had Hahnemann lived a hundred years before it is not improbable that his persecutions would have been attributed to the Church, to prove her an enemy of science. The homeopaths had for a long time to undergo bitter opposition in this country, and it is only of late years that the haughty and dogmatic old allopath has deigned to meet them in consultation. It is this same spirit of opposition to change of customs and habits of thought that gave Galileo trouble. It is the same that at the advent of Christianity shed the blood of the martyrs. We must always distinguish between natural, human propensities and the spirit and teaching of the Church.

### True Catholicity.

There is a Catholicity of heart and soul that brings people into communion, and, without velding of their convictions, they feel as one. Such was the Catholicity of Jesus Christ Himself, when He proposed to the orthodox Jews and to the whole orthodox world for all ages, the charitable example of an heretical Good Samaritan. No virtue surpasses love—not even faith, nor yet hope. Jesus Christ Himself brought it with Himself from Heaven, and there is nothing which the evil spirit dreads so much amongst Christians as mutual charity.—St. Philip.

must be opposed. Charges that Rome has opposed the conclusions of science are generally too vague for answering. Whenever it is attempted to give particulars but one alleged case is brought forward—that of Galileo. There does not seem to be any other. Always Galileo. By constant repetition people have come to think that an imaginary tale of Galileo is true. In fact, at the very time of Galileo's trouble, or a little before, Tycho Brahe and Kepler, both Copernicans, were strongly supported by the Jesuits. Galileo was not threatened (if scarcely amounted to more than a threatening) by the inquisition for his heliocentric views, but for speaking against the Scriptures. He was no martyr, for he proved himself more ready to recant when things looked equally than any martyr could possibly be, and the *E pur si muove* story is only a myth. So may Galileo rest in peace.

### THE PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS.

Toronto Catholic Register.

As was briefly announced in last week's issue the elections for Ontario take place on June 23rd. We would fain look calmly on while the parties were fighting over questions purely economical, or at least of such a character that a religious journal would not feel obliged to take sides. Such is not our good fortune. Duty calls. More strictly speaking, we are driven to it. The insolent policy that threatens our schools has driven us to it. The unprincipled appeal to bigotry and the still more unprincipled attempt to keep our people from all offices and representation, are reasons why we and every other Catholic in the land should make our voices heard in the silent yet powerful ballot which, as citizens, it is our duty to use. That right sometimes we may do duty—a duty which we may do no less to the sacred cause of our faith than we do to our country. We cannot stand idly by and see this Province given up to the desolating ravages of bigots who hate what we hold dear, and who insult what we love most. That is the duty we owe our country. We cannot hand over the grave interests of our co-religionists to a party whose avowed policy is, in matters of education, to render our schools unworkable, and de-Catholicize them so that they will be merely Separate in name. To prevent this disaster is a duty we owe our conscience. This is the twofold duty which the Catholic of Ontario are called upon to fulfil four weeks from next Tuesday. We have no doubt that they will do it. It did not need quite so much force as Mr. Meredith employed last session, nor quite so much talk about offices on the part of Dr. Ryerson, or threats against our hospitals, to crystallize the Catholic vote of this Province. The pete-threatening organization of the P. P. A. spread by such election agents as Margaret L. was not at all necessary to make Catholics know their friends and foes. We are not so dull of comprehension. Mr. Meredith's policy for a long time has been the policy of strife and war against Catholic institutions. The name of Ryerson, without wishing that the sins of one generation should be visited upon another, is not likely to be acceptable to Catholics in Ontario acquainted with the earlier struggles for Separate schools. As for the third force at work, the P. P. A., nothing could be more painful to any patriot than that this Province should be overrun by an organization whose end is destruction, social and political, to a peaceful minority, whose method is the dark lantern, and whose members are the tools of unprincipled demagogues. Every lever of justice, liberty and right must condemn such an element in our Provincial politics. Will they express that condemnation on the twenty-sixth of June? We look to them to do so: for it is more the battle of justice-loving Protestants than of long suffering Catholics.

It is a bitter irony upon politics in a Province like Ontario, that party lines are drawn not upon political or economical questions so much as upon semi-religious ones. Still more bitter is the irony, that people who talk so much about freedom of conscience and individual liberty, should accord so little of it to those who, in matters of education, are guided by a religious principle, not temporal advantage. Most of all do we feel the irony that a free minority exercising its freedom should be insulted, and charged with giving a solid vote when, on the other side, we have the lodge-rooms and demagogues at their head.

There is a Catholicity of heart and soul that brings people into communion, and, without velding of their convictions, they feel as one. Such was the Catholicity of Jesus Christ Himself, when He proposed to the orthodox Jews and to the whole orthodox world for all ages, the charitable example of an heretical Good Samaritan. No virtue surpasses love—not even faith, nor yet hope. Jesus Christ Himself brought it with Himself from Heaven, and there is nothing which the evil spirit dreads so much amongst Christians as mutual charity.—St. Philip.

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L HOTEL, 54 and 56 Jarvis  
dents. This hotel has been  
throughout. Room  
\$1.00 per day.  
M. DONNELLY, Proprietor.