

fore. She would... No matter... the parish... as her boy, she... his face, and she...

father would be proud man this day, and then starting Mickey off with complete instructions as to how he was to carry the carefully done-up surplice, she busied herself getting ready for Mass. In fifteen minutes she had the head for a moment and sank heavily down to the sidewalk. Mrs. Malone, who was also on her way to church, saw her fall.

"God save us, John," she cried to her husband, "come quick, Mrs. McMullen has got her third stroke." "Get me Father O'Rourke," moaned Mickey's mother, as she opened her eyes, "and my boy."

The priest at St. Aidan's was on fire with suppressed excitement, and almost bursting with coked enthusiasm. As the door leading to the sanctuary opened strains of music came in with the last two acolytes who had been lighting the candles.

The lamented Bishop Stang, of Fall River, Mass., most literally practiced his own preaching in the matter of apostolic poverty. He left nothing but his books and his clothing and two life insurance policies of \$5,000 each, bequeathed to two charitable institutions of his diocese.

NAPOLÉON THE GREAT.

DR. J. K. FORAN'S INTERESTING LECTURE AT GLOUCESTER ST. CONVENT—CONCLUSION OF HISTORICAL SERIES OF DISCOURSES.

Before one of the largest audiences of the season, consisting of clergymen, senators, members of parliament, French and English-speaking citizens, the pupils of the Normal and other schools, in the Assembly hall of the Gloucester street convent, Dr. J. K. Foran delivered the last—and the grandest—lecture of this winter's series. The subject was most attractive and its treatment was supremely powerful.

The world is accustomed to think of Napoleon as the great warrior, to associate with his name the names of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, and in the day of his triumph—and those of Leipzig, Ligny and Waterloo—in the hour of his decline. Without stripping him of his military renown, but even in accentuating it, Dr. Foran presented an entirely different Napoleon to his audience.

Dr. Foran began by comparing history to a mountain range, reaching from creation down to the present; level plains on either side, then foothills of more or less importance; loftier mountains of individual greatness towering one above the other; here and there sublime peaks that lift their heads high into the heavens and with their crowns of snowy whiteness sparkle in the sunshine of fame; vast abysses, dark gorges that terrify the gaze; finally an occasional extinct volcano, with its parched crater above and its field of desolation below.

Of these mighty upheavals that once belched forth their smoke and fire, that roared with hidden thunders, that rocked the earth, that sent down scoria's streams to overwhelm the most conspicuous, even as the grandest and most destructive, is that of Napoleon the Great.

In the ruins of Pompeii the explorer unearths stately columns, shattered temples, skeletons of slaves and petrified forms of aristocratic Romans; amidst that debris he comes upon most precious mosaics, evidences of the art and refinement of another age. If one digs beneath the lava crust that covers the works of Napoleon, while meeting with much ruin and terrible destruction, one will equally find gems of noble workmanship, mosaics of beautiful design, of bold conception, of priceless value—and no volcanic eruption can ever inter them completely.

Out of the chaotic confusion of the great French revolution a meteor arose and darted across the sky of Europe, captivating and dazzling the world by the splendor of its aberrations. Just as lightning on a summer night, he came forth from the cloud of insignificance that overhangs the island of Corsica, flashed athwart the firmament of the Old World, and sank into the cloud of obscurity that overhangs the island of St. Helena.

Dr. Foran described Napoleon's appearance, not as he was in his youth, nor as he was in his declining years, but as he was in 1807—one hundred years ago—when at the zenith of his glory. His face was then a classic profile, his complexion clear, his eyes hands and feet small and finely shaped; his teeth white and sound, his lips beautifully moulded, his eyes grey-blue, his glance steady and penetrating, or deep or intimidating, or again soft, tender, magnetic; his voice strong and sonorous; his height five feet three inches. Careful in personal details; never overacting or underacting a public part, but different in private; indulgent to his friends, pitiless to those he mistrusted; skilled in mathematics and unable to correctly add up a column of figures; an encyclopaedia of literature and not able to write a grammatical sentence or to spell properly.

Before 1812 he looked after all details personally; after that he carried the luxuries of the court into the camp with them carried defeat. Cruelty and kindness, selfishness and generosity, loyalty and treachery, honesty and perfidy, are terms that all must be qualified before any of them can be properly applied to them.

It would be impossible to follow Dr. Foran in his splendid review of European conditions during Napoleon's reign; the leading facts are known to all. From the charity boy at the Brienne school to the lieutenant at Valence; from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Marengo, to Austerlitz, from Jena to Friedland, from Moscow to Elba, from Waterloo to St. Helena. On the morning that Napoleon came on deck, as the vessel carrying him to his last exile, sighted Ushant—the last point of France—and he gazed for five hours at the spot of land as it vanished in the sea, the fallen conqueror knew he was taking his last look at the land of his glory. It was in that dramatic situation that Dr. Foran made the panorama of his life pass, in stately procession, before his eyes.

peror, we must pause to relate the exceptionally interesting account of his work as a legislator and statesman.

THE CODE NAPOLÉON. Nothing but memories, said the lecturer, now remain to France and to the world of Jena, Aroca or Wagram; but the work done by Napoleon, while Europe allowed him a few years of peace, will endure for all time. The orderly march of the legions of industry was no less satisfying to him than the march of armies. "I will go down to posterity," he once said, "with the Code in my hand." To realize the magnitude of that undertaking we must bear in mind that, under the old order, there were all sorts of laws and all kinds of courts in France. A citizen familiar with the system in Languedoc would, perhaps, be grossly ignorant of that in Brittany. Roman laws, feudal laws, royal edicts, local customs, edicts, mandates, municipal practices, varied and clashed all over the country. The revolution had prostrated all system and the drawing of order out of chaos was reserved for Napoleon. He called to his aid the best legal talent. Under his direct supervision the huge task was completed. The Civil Code and the Code of Criminal Procedure, the Criminal Code and the Code of Civil Procedure were the four parts of the completed system, which, adopted in France, followed the advance of the empire and still constitutes the law of a large portion of the civilized world, and is especially the basis of the civil law of the province of Quebec in Canada. Every statute passed under Napoleon's reign, he presided at the meetings and one of the codifiers said: "Never did we adjourn without learning something from him that we did not know before."

Another great and distinctive work of the first consul is the Concordat. The Revolution had confiscated the property of the Catholic Church and had fixed certain salaries for those of the clergy who submitted to its supreme dictation. In September, 1794, the convention abolished even these salaries and made a complete separation of Church and State. This was a condition of things that Napoleon did not relish.

He had his own reasons of policy, but no matter what his motives, he certainly rescued France from the iconoclasm of the infidel and the frow of persecution against religion. By this document the Pope had the right to approve of the clerical nominees of the State and the State paid \$10,000,000 per year for clerical salaries. No ruler less strong could have lifted the Church out of the dust into which "The Terror" had plunged her. It is peculiar that one hundred years have just passed between the signing of the Concordat and its abolition by men who to-day seek to revive the spirit of "The Terror." What Corsica holds the Napoleon destined to again bring order out of chaos and re-establish the freedom of religion in France?

THE DEATH SCENE. One of the most pathetic and beautiful passages in the lecture was that in which Dr. Foran described Napoleon's death. It was a solemn moment at St. Helena, the last of the man whose story of the years of exile, the slowly sinking emperor during March and April of 1821, the patience in suffering of the great man, the lecturer came to the morning of the eventful 4th May.

The emperor had received the last sacraments of the Church. A storm was raging over the island; the favorite willow tree which he had planted, was torn up by the roots. "Towards the afternoon," says Montolhon, "delirium set in. Thrice I heard the words, 'France,' 'Armee,' 'Tete d'Armee,' 'Josephine.'" At sunset the last agony came on. It was a fierce sunset; storm clouds had heaped in the track of the fiery orb; it was also the closing of a stormy life. The lips again trembled and her. It is peculiar that he heard—the only name that ever made that wonderful and incomplete heart vibrate with human love. The sun went down, the evening gun boomed from the fort, and, like a caged eagle escaping from captivity, the soul

of Napoleon the Great soared to the foot-stool of Eternal Justice, while its departure was saluted by the cannon of his greatest earthly foe.

THE FUNERAL, 1840. No words can describe the effect of Dr. Foran's account of the great burial of Napoleon, when in 1840 his remains were conveyed from St. Helena to France. Words can picture the scene, but they cannot convey the tone, the gesture, the pauses, the vibrations of voice, the dramatic display of the speaker.

One day, at St. Helena, Sir Hudson Lowe, the jailer of Napoleon, detained a book because it was addressed to "The Emperor." "Who gave you the right to dispute that title?" asked Napoleon. He then added: "In a few years your Castlereagh and all the others, and you, yourself, will be buried in the dust of oblivion, or, if your names are remembered at all, it will be on account of the indignity with which you have treated me." Sir Hudson made answer, "You make me smile, sir." That was in 1820.

Twenty years swept past. France asked and England gave back "The Emperor." The grave at St. Helena was opened; the perfectly preserved features, beautiful in death, were uncovered and the body was taken to be entombed on the banks of the Seine. It was received on board a royal ship by a Bourbon prince of the house of Orleans; yards were squared, flags hoisted, cannons fired, drums beaten, and every note of triumph swelled the pomp of the reception.

King and peasant alike turned out to meet the returning conqueror. He comes to a dominion that no Marmont can betray. Allied kings in vain may league themselves to destroy that way. Nor Talleyrand, nor Fouché, nor Bourmont can display enough treachery to shake that power.

Let Cherbourg's thousand guns salute. Let triumphal arches span the Seine from Havre to Rouen, from Rouen to Paris. Let hill, and slope, and river bank hold their gazing hosts. Let flowers and garlands shower upon his bier from every bridge. Let aged peasants drop on reverend knees, fire the old musket in humble salute, and then cover their weeping faces with trembling hands. Cold is the December day, but winter cannot chill the vast enthusiasm. From the quay, where the funeral barge is moored, to the Church of the Invalides, where the tomb awaits, a million and a half of people throng the route. Streets, avenues, squares, balconies, windows, canons, trees—all are full of people. Cannons, drums, bands, the tramp of men and horses, the glitter of endless lines of soldiers, the songs which rouse the passions and the memories, the shouts of dense crowds, stirred by electric emotions—all these mark that December day as the gorgeous funeral car bears Napoleon to his final rest.

INCIDENTAL AID. Before the lecture the young ladies of the institution delighted the audience with a splendid musical selection executed in remarkable style on six pianos and six violins. Everyone noted the admirable training that these young ladies must receive. After the lecture Rev. Father Fallon moved, in very expressive terms, a vote of thanks

There is the white horse (not Marango, but one like him), and upon the horse are the saddle and bridle that Napoleon used. There are the old marshals, Mosey, Soult and Oudinot; there are Bertrand and Gourand, and Las Cases—the faithful companions of his exile. But above all there are the relics of his ancient wars come to weep around his bier; and there is a remnant of the Old Guard to march with him to the tomb. December air cannot keep down the fervor which makes the great city ring with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"

"The sword of Austerlitz is handed to King Louis Philippe by Soult; the king hands it to the faithful Bertrand; Bertrand lays it on his master's coffin. The awful stillness of the great temple is broken by the sob of gray-haired soldiers. With a grand requiem Mass the funeral ends, but the silent procession of mourners, coming in endless lines to view the coffin, lasts more than a week. Nor has that procession ended yet. Around the great man, lying in his splendid tomb, with his marshals near him and the battle-flags he loved famous drooping about him, still flows the homage of the world.

"On that day Sir Hudson Lowe stood near the Pont de la Concorde and watched that wonderful burial. A soldier of the empire, who had been at St. Helena, touched him on the shoulder and said: 'Sir Hudson, does that demonstration make you smile?'

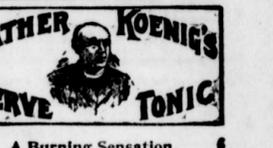
The impress of Napoleon lies on France forever, in her laws, her institutions, her individual and national life; but his empire does not stop with France; it is cramped by 'no national limits of Rhine and Alps and Pyrenees.' He was the chief usurper of his time, and for the same reasons of genius he is still the chief usurper. In that he strove for himself and his dynasty he failed miserably; so far as he tolled for others, for better laws and conditions, he succeeded. No Leipzig, no Waterloo could destroy that which was best in him. Princes and rulers, and statesmen, and all who mould the destinies of peoples can learn from him that if there is no summit so high to which ambition cannot raise a man there is equally no pinnacle so elevated from which it cannot prostrate him."

The entire lecture was worthy, as an oratorical tribute, of the greatness, the glory and the wonderful characteristics of that enigma of history, Napoleon the Great. Dr. Foran certainly surpassed himself on this occasion.

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which was seconded by Mr. Anson Gard in an exceedingly appropriate address. Mr. Gard said that among all his pleasant souvenirs of Canada that he would carry back to the United States he would have to blend one of an unpleasant character. In plain words, he thought it a shame that thousands of Ottawa's citizens would stand out all night in the cold to buy tickets for a hockey match, while such treats as that of the evening were being given. Yet he was happy to see that hall thronged to listen to what he called "the grandest lecture he ever heard, a veritable panorama of glowing pictures beyond the praise of words."

A true Christian should place over his desk or his work room, this motto: "Here I am consumed for God!"



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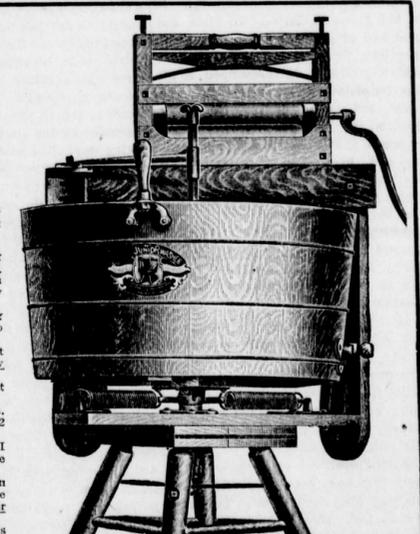
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This Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either. So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right." Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't all right and that I might have to exist for my money. I once started with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking. You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Junior" Washer. And, as I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. I sold 200,000 that way already—two million dollars' worth. So, though it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. Now I know what our "1900 Junior" Washer will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine. When I say half the time, I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied. Our "1900 Junior" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And it don't wear the clothes, nor fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a force pump, and washes them clean. If people only knew how much hard work the "1900 Junior" Washer saves every week, for 10 years—and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it. So said I to myself, I'll just do with my "1900 Junior" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold 200,000 Washers. I will send any reliable person, a "1900 Junior" Washer on a full month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Junior" Washer must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened, for Washing Clothes—the quickest, easiest and handsomest Washer on Earth. It will save its



whole cost in a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents a week, over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance. Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself. Drop me a line today and let me send you a book about the "1900 Junior" Washer that washes clothes in 5 minutes. Or, I'll send the machine on to you, a reliable person, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way C.R.B. Bach, Manager "1900" Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. Don't delay, write me a post card now, while you think of it.