

The Catholic Review.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL. 4.

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(Written for the Catholic Universe).

June.

When summer first, with sandaled feet,
Begins the journey Spring has ended,
When in the woods, where we stray,
No color save the blue is blended,
When every bud that bursts apart
Its fragrant sweets new charms discloses,
In honor of the Sacred Heart
We deck our altars with the roses.

Dear Heart of God, if loving eyes
A filter emblem could discover
Among the flowers that flaunt their dyes
In gardens where the breezes hover,
Of better tribute could be done
Or hands that flourish in the dew,
Had culled those blossoms in Thy honor.

Sweet rose, if legends are believed,
When bled this heart from Jewish lanes,
So sympathetic were your kisses,
That your white petals, to express
The dole that surged in your bosom,
Assumed this crimson loveliness.
Which beautifies their leaf and blossom.

Than roses then what flower can art
Find fairer for a fitting token
To place before His shrine, whose Heart
To love of human kind was broken.
The lily in its waken dress
May own a more surpassing splendor;
It has not that suggestiveness
That makes the rose's language tender.

And here are roses red and white,
Dear Heart, which we may link together
To voice the sentiments aright
That fill our souls this summer weather;
The red to typify the dole,
Of which Thy own Heart bore the burden,
The white, that purity of soul
Which they who love Thee win as garden.

Thus when the summer's sandaled feet
Begin the journey Spring has ended,
When in the clouds that arching meet,
No tint except the blue are blended;
When every bud new charms discloses,
In honor of the Sacred Heart
We deck our altars with the roses.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Review.

The sensitiveness of certain Protestants, when a Catholic lance ventures to abrade their traditional notions of the impeccability of the heroes of the reformation, received another illustration in the pages of a Methodist contemporary, the Christian Advocate, a few weeks ago. It appears the Abbe Gaume, in his catechism, has not spoken with that respect for Luther and Calvin which the Advocate thinks every right-minded Catholic should feel. The Abbe has ventured to insinuate that Luther was too "jolly" for an apostle, and that Calvin burned Servetus, and our contemporary wildly exclaims that it is no wonder that there are infidels in France, when a Catholic priest would question the ascetic purity of Luther's morals, or the tenderness and gentleness of the sage of Geneva towards his erring opponents. But why should our respected contemporary have his equanimity disturbed? Surely the shoe does not pinch his foot. Luther and Calvin had passed away long before Wesley thought of creating a new religion. To speak of the language of the Oxford graduate was tantamount to saying fifty years later—would have followed Newman, Manning and the rest of the noble band into the only ark of safety. And then Calvin did really burn Servetus and compassed the death of several other "heretics." To speak of the contemporary that there is not the slightest doubt about it. We make no allusion to his personal morals. The iconoclasm which was so delightful a thing when it only shattered the images of the saints has extended its operations, and has demolished the idols of the Protestant theology. And this work of godly iconoclasm has been done by Protestant hands. It is no longer a branch of good manners to speak scandal of Queen Elizabeth. If the reformers were only half as bad as they painted each other, what a nice lot they must have been! In fact Catholics are too reticent in speaking of the private life of these gentes. They are guided by the same motives that prevent them from allowing their children to read certain portions of law books. We often think ourselves that this prudice is carried too far. If Calvin's life at the University of Bourges, or his adventures at Novion were described, how our contemporary would open his eyes when he has his feelings exacerbated by the very mild language of the Abbe Gaume! For would the Saxon monk sitting in the tavern of the Black Eagle in Wittenberg, with his lips steeped in the beer of Thorgan, speaking of women in a style that might be natural at a banquet of Lucullus or a *petit souper* at the Regent, be a spectacle calculated to excite edification. Acknowledging, as we do gladly, the general purity of morals of non-Catholic clergy in this country, we venture to say that the jovial soul whose highest ideas of life were expressed in the stanza:

Wer nicht liebt wein, weip und resang
Der bleibet ein narr sein lang.

THE sectarians who plume themselves

would be turned out of any Methodist church in the country before a year's probation.

Catholic Sentinel.

The subtle demon of intemperance plays more havoc on sunny days than on cold and wintry ones. Evidence of the facts is daily multiplied by the many sad scenes we witness on our streets by day and night. We are no holy-howler, but our hearts are saddened at the lamentable spectacle presented by the drunken men and women enslaved by the cruel tyrant of intoxication. This heinous degradation is rampant; we noticed its prevalence, however, for the last few weeks more than during the winter. Thousands linger under the galling yoke of that disgraceful vice and many more are by satanical stratagems hourly enticed from the pure atmosphere of sobriety and fall generally into the clutches of intemperance. Thus the happiness of many peaceful homes is drowned, and useful talent and men occupying responsible stations in life become an object of commiseration to the sober class of a community. Drunkenness is a disgrace to humanity and an outrage on Christianity. It is a vice that will be punished in this life and in the life to come. The beer gardens become the stabling blocks for our young people of both sexes. Sunday, instead of being a day of Christian rest, becomes, to a large percentage of them, a day of criminal excess. And as a natural consequence Mondays become days of torture to them. If they go to work at all, they go with aversion and disgust, dragging along, as it were, a sleepy and aching head on a weary and exhausted body. The loss of a situation is frequently the result of such nocturnal carousals. In writing the above lines, we do not beat leisurely the air, nor do we exaggerate the matter. We speak, on the contrary, the sad facts—facts that come too often under our observation—facts that cannot escape the eyes of even ordinary observers. Noticing such excesses in our columns we do by no means step out of the province of our jurisdiction but do perform a bounden duty of a journalist. We do this with an object in view, namely, to call the attention of our parents to an imminent danger, frequented perhaps by their own sons and daughters. These beer-gardens have proved the commencement of many a drunkard's reckless life—a life of misery and abomination. Good parents fulfill zealously the duties connected with their state of life. The most sacred of the many duties is to keep their children free from all harm and lead them on in the path of virtue. Let parents bear in mind the fact that Hell, of whom we read in the Holy Bible, was rejected by God on account of neglecting his duties as a father. Wine drunken with excess results in quarrels, and wrath, and many ruins.

The human mind is weak and easily led astray. This is true in every case, but in particular when the flexible minds of young thoughtless ladies come into consideration. Young maidens should bear this in mind, and never lose sight of the established truth that they belong to the weaker sex. The young ladies of our day have a great predilection to finery and foppishness, and hence a vain, showy fellow has little trouble to fascinate their attention and devotion. It is not all gold that glitters. Exterior finery, polished and affected manners, a studied vocabulary, and other dandylike affectations cover not infrequently the most unpleasant of characters and the most disagreeable of dispositions. Such gaudy and trifling pups are found in large numbers everywhere, and it requires no keen observer to spot them. Girls, be aware of such miseries! Cleanliness, propriety, and politeness we like to see observed by young men and should be appreciated by all; foolish affectations, on the contrary, create disgust and aversion in the eyes of all thinking people. Good and fine clothes, gold-watches and chain, silk handkerchiefs, and such like, are very becoming indeed, not, however, to those who cannot afford to enjoy such luxuries. Extravagance is contemptible and sinful, and is, generally speaking, the first step leading to failure and poverty. It is a silly and stupid pride, and pride comes usually before the fall. Asks of their ordinary working clothes, they appear usually in their very best, in a first-class suit at that. Besides, these dandies manage by not paying their washer-woman and tailor, to attend opera and theaters. They attempt to play the gentleman, but prove to be brazen coxcombs. With a sublime but misconceived assurance of their appreciation, they impudently intrude on the society of more reflecting people, and become irksome even to their best friends. Notwithstanding these objectionable features in a young man's character, they find their devoted admirers among the weaker sex. And what is more surprising, apparently thoughtful and sensible young ladies reciprocate their attention. To all such young maidens we repeat: Be aware of dandies!

Cleveland Universe.

Bob INGERSOLL, the infidel, selected as the orator in-chief of Decoration Day in New York, thoroughly illustrates the pagan side of the commemoration. The New York Sun comments upon it: "It means, in our judgment, that there has been a general decline in religion; that infidelity is spreading in the community; that there is doubt and denial where there was faith before; that there is scoffing now where reverence and adoration formerly prevailed. If this process continues for fifty years, the Christians will form a very small minority of the people of this country."

that many Catholics are drifting away from obedience to constituted ecclesiastical authority will one day awaken with a start when they face the consequences of thus unruling the animal in man. When you have let down the barriers do not chide us with the unchecked flood. Men who reject the Divine authority are not likely to accept the authority of man.

Irish American.

A BREACH-LOADING gun burst last week on board the British iron-clad Swiftsure, killing one man and fatally injuring four others. Here is a chance for O'Donovan Rossa to get in some of his dynamic fine work. No doubt, he had full information of the job by which the "advanced thinkers" fixed the gun to burst at that particular time and place.

Our London correspondent, some time ago intimated that it was understood in Irish circles there that the Government was about to have the ban of insolvency removed from The O'Donoghue, on condition of receiving his support in Parliament. The event appears to justify the statement, as his first vote of the House of Commons, given in favor of the new Coercion Bill. It is a barren purchase for England, however. The time when such men as the O'Donoghue held power, for good or ill, in Ireland, has long passed away. As Archbishop Croke pointed out, the other day, the Irish people have been learning to stand alone, and to rely on themselves, and on the justice of their cause; and they are no longer dependent on "leaders," as they were too frequently in the past, the history of which is full of warnings of the utter helplessness of such a condition, and the miserable disappointments and disasters consequent upon it. Such a state of things is impossible in a nation educated and thinking people; and the Irish at home have been steadily improving their opportunities in both directions for the past twenty years. Their intercourse with their kindred in America, also, has tended to lead them to practical conclusions in publishing their own opinions, and to make them now hope to foot them and make merchandise of their patriotic aspirations, as did the "brass band" of Keogh and Sallier, the last and vilest of the combinations on which Irish history fixes the merited condemnation of political traitorism.

Buffalo Union.

A FINE picture of Cardinal Newman—by far the best we have ever seen—is the frontispiece of the June Century. It is engraved by Cole, from an etching, after the famous O'Leary portrait. The sketch of the Cardinal's life is contributed by C. M. G. The picture is a fine one, and about the time that Dr. Newman left it, and who found his spirit and his name "the one abiding influence in the place." The spirit in which Mr. Paul considers his subject, is evident from the introductory words: "A liberal of the liberals, one of the few faithful observers of the man's stern disapproval, with the affectionate sympathy of a pupil for a master whom he cannot follow, with genuine admiration for the subtlest intellect, the largest heart, the most unselfish life I know, I try to give my readers some faint portrait of the man who, in the words of Cardinal St. George, 'The Catholic will view it, glad of the upright, warm-hearted, clear-brained man, who despite difference in faith, so thoroughly appreciates the great character he is describing, and is gifted to record so well his appreciation.' Nor will it be amiss to show the Cardinal's attitude toward the Church in which the beloved master, whom in this he could not follow, found the haven of all his hopes. 'If it be admitted,' says Mr. Paul, 'that any one body of men has authority to bring out explicitly and implicitly what is implicit in simple statements of fact, and that the Catholic Church is that body, and the Roman is the only true Church Catholic, [Italics ours]. The only escape from his conclusion is illogical. . . . (like his who admitted the premises, saw the conclusion, but declined to draw it). . . . or here is the bold, unflinching, and unhesitating denial of the premises. But in such a case, knowledge, certainty, and a great deal of faith are destroyed; while all that remains is a hazy speculation and a hazardous hope.' The events of Dr. Newman's life, his writings, and the experiences of his disciples, are the most valuable of his life, and the most honorable. The Catholic reverently tracing that career, from boyhood to grave maturity, sees that it was, step by step, a faithful following of the lead of the 'Kinly Light,' that never ever inhaled in vain. And the non-Catholic—may, the skeptic—however he may quarrel with Dr. Newman's conclusions, is constrained to admit that he sought the truth with upright heart, and rests securely in the conviction he has found it. As to his literary standing, Mr. Paul accounts him the one remaining 'English writer of transcendent intellectual and literary merit,' and calls his *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, 'a work which has become classical, and is, or ought to be, known to all students of religious life, or psychology, or of pure and vigorous English.' Mr. Paul, in his sketch, does honor to his admirable, though all too brief sketch of 'a life which is now appreciated and honored. . . . by all fair-minded men of English speech.'

In reply to our remarks regarding the Detroit Ritualistic minister, who persists in calling himself a "priest," and in applying the name "Catholic" to his church, the current issue of the Anglo-Catholic, edited by the same reverend gentleman, says: "If our good friend ever comes this way, we would like to have him stand in front of Holy Trinity and ask whether it was Protestant or Catholic, also to ask when

before our residence 'Who lives here?' We think 'Catholic' would be the answer to the first question, and 'Father Edwards' to the next." Stand in front of your residence, Father Edwards, and not be invited in! Surely this is not Catholic hospitality. As for the answers you assure us we'd get to those supposed questions, we suspect it would make all the difference in the world from whom we sought the information. Possibly an initiated few might aesthetically lip "Fathah" and "Catholich" to such inquiries. But we feel sure that nine out of ten of the inhabitants of Detroit would heartily laugh at them. No, reverend friend, you are not a priest; neither is your meeting-house a Catholic Church. And you protest you are not a Protestant. What, then, are you, and to what curious species of the 'alf and 'alf' in Nature's kingdom do you belong? To what sort of hybrid animal or amphibious creature shall we liken thee, O deeply reverend Ritualistic Father? Dost thou not, like the gigantic Angel, keep one foot upon the sea and the other upon land? Alas, dear "father," we diagnose thy case at present, thou art neither fish nor floss.

Baltimore Mirror.

HAPPY is the home wherein the Lord is the master. Happy is the home wherein the parents are worthy models for the children. Happy is the home wherein the children are obedient to please God. Happy is the home wherein night prayers are said in common by the family; wherein sacred pictures, and statues adorn the rooms; wherein holy water is often used; wherein grace is said at meals; wherein the Angelus is recited three times every day; and wherein the *De Profundis* is said at evening for the souls of the faithful departed. Happy is the home for which the children, taking away from earth by the angels' wings, incessantly are praying. Happy is the home which has given a priest to the altar or a nun to the choir. Happy is the home wherein a Christian husband cherishes a Christian wife, and they two together, in love and peace, bring up their boys and girls in the education of the Creator, who are all advanced in the practice of virtue and in preparation for their eternal home in Heaven.

London Universe.

FRANCE contains about thirty-six million Catholics, and only 600,000 Protestants—that is to say, not more than one Protestant to every sixty Catholics. Yet, strange to say, there is a law, dated the 18th Germinal of the year X, of the Republican era, or, in other words, April 8th, 1802, according to which no Catholic procession may be held in places in which there exists a Protestant chapel. Now, some little time ago Abbe Georges, parish priest at Charanton, arranged a procession in that place. He was at once indicted for infringing the law referred to and the police magistrate sentenced him to a fine of ten francs. The courageous Abbe did not pay the penalty, but carried the case right up to the Supreme Court. There he showed that, although there exists a Protestant church building at Charanton, there is neither a regularly-appointed minister, nor are there any churchwardens, consequently the chapel cannot be considered as a place of worship in the construction of the Act. The Supreme Court espoused his view of the case, and reversed the decision of the court below. This will put a stop to all the chicanes with which the organizers of Catholic processions have often had to contend.

Germany has a Catholic population of about twenty million souls, who are spiritually governed by twenty-one bishops, so that each diocese contains on an average a Catholic population of 715,000. Ten years ago, when Old Catholicism was still in its prime, it was currently given out that millions of the laity and hundreds of clergy were ready to follow Professor Dollinger into the "Opposition lobby," and on the faith of this declaration the Prussian Government went so far as to appropriate a sum of £1000 per annum towards the support of the Old Catholic "See," to which an apostate Abbe Beckers, an ex-Catholic, had now twelve years, after the foundation of the new sect, we find by official data that the aggregate number of Old Catholics of the empire is 31,802, all told, that is to say, one sectarian to every 430 Catholics. Now, if it took twelve years to make about 31,800 Catholics, it would take thirty-four years to make 100,000, or 340 years to make 1,000,000 sectarians. In reality, the movement is going backwards instead of progressing, and it is quite on the cards that by the end of the century Old Catholicism will be as extinct a species as the race to which the ichthyosaurus and the megalotherion belonged.

Catholic Columbian.

THE London Morning Post suggests that the confessionals be used to ferret out the murderers of Cavendish and Burke. What a brilliant idea to conceive in this nineteenth century!

THE Italian revolutionists are passing away, and yet the grand "old Pope" sits upon the Chair of Peter, receiving the homage of two hundred millions of people, and the respectful considerations of a Christendom.

EVERY Catholic young man should use his utmost endeavors in discountenancing profane language, and every Catholic young woman should despise the society of a young man whose speech is so often emphasized by the Holy Name or other oaths as to cause the ruling passion strong in death; for when the priest who attended him presented the crucifix, he turned his eyes away and refused to look at it, because the sculpture was badly executed, but asked for a plain cross, which being brought to him, he devoutly embraced it and expired.

ADDRESS TO MGR. BRUYERE, V.G.

In a late issue we published a report of the blessing of a church at Ruscom River, Essex, Vt. The ceremony was performed by Mgr. Bruyere, who placed the new church—an elegant frame structure, under the patronage of St. Joachim, spouse of St. Anne, mother of the most Blessed Virgin Mary. At the close of the dedicatory services an address was read to the venerable officiating prelate by M. Norbert Sylvestre, one of the citizens of the place. We insert the address with pleasure in this issue of the REVIEW as an unfeigned and outspoken expression of respect for the ecclesiastical authorities of the Diocese of London.

To the Right Rev. Mgr. Bruyere, V. G.
Monsignor—We cannot allow this occasion to pass by without offering through you to his Lordship the Bishop of London, our hearty thanks for the favors he has so kindly bestowed on this new mission. We would have been glad indeed to see him here present to-day in our midst, that we might convey to him in person the expression of our attachment to the first Pastor of the diocese, our respect and veneration for a Prince of the Church. But the presence of his Lordship being prevented by the pressing nature of his many engagements, he has done us honor and afforded us pleasure in deputing you to replace him. We all know, Monsignor, that you saw this diocese in its infancy, and that you have ever since assisted in its growth and development. We know that its interests are yours, its glory yours. You have placed at the service of religion in this diocese, your high talents, your rare acquisitions, your exalted virtues. And we may here state with liveliest gratitude that you have at all times taken deepest interest in the French Canadian population of the diocese of London. Hence we especially wish you every blessing.

In receiving you, Monsignor, in our midst, we feel that we receive not only a friend and protector, but also a kind father whom we justly hold in the highest respect and veneration. The qualities which we recognize in you, the virtues which distinguish you, the common services you have rendered the Church here and elsewhere, have won for you the confidence of your Bishop, and merited for you from our holy Father the Pope those honors and dignities to which you have been raised. We rejoice and return thanks to God for the distinction thus accorded you, and pray that Almighty God may ever continue his favors to you and long preserve you to those whose affections you have earned by your devotedness in the cause of religion.

Accept once more our heartfelt thanks for the solicitude you since in our welfare, by your presence here, and for the way in which you have so graciously and gratefully that you have undertaken a long journey while hardly yet recovered from a severe indisposition, to bless our church and lay the corner stone of our presbytery. We will ever, be assured, remember this happy day, for this day witnesses for the people of the parish of St. Joachim of Ruscom River the realization of ardent desires and longings aspirations.

Signed on behalf of the parishoners,
NORBERT SYLVESTRE.
On the conclusion of the address, Mgr. Bruyere returned his most sincere thanks in the name of his Lordship Bishop Walsh and in his own name to the trustees and the good people of the new parish of St. Joachim, for the eloquent expression of their sentiments therein contained. He was happy to be able to say that the zeal and energy with which they had carried out the wishes of their beloved Bishop were deserving of all praise. For this God had blessed their noble work. He felt great pleasure in appearing to-day in their midst to dedicate their presbytery intended for the residence of their worthy parish Priest. The completion of this edifice would be the crowning work of their generosity.

The Rev. gentleman concluded his remarks by adding that he had every reason to believe that the truly Catholic spirit which had hitherto characterized their conduct as members of the Church would bring upon this new parish the most abundant blessings of God, both spiritual and temporal. With these sentiments deeply impressed in his heart, he begged to offer them again his most sincere thanks for their beautiful address, and best wishes for their future prosperity and happiness.

A Brave Lady.

While Sister Agnes, of the Anglian House of Mercy, Clewer, near Windsor, England, was making arrangements for the other day with a cottager's wife at Dacworth for the reception of a little invalid boy who had been brought from London, she was told that the child had fallen into a pond near at hand. Sister Agnes, who is an excellent swimmer, without waiting for assistance, ran to the place, and finding that the boy had disappeared, plunged into the water, and directed by the bubbles rising among the duckweed on the surface, fortunately succeeded in rescuing him from being drowned.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

Alonso Cano, Spanish artist, may be literally said to have felt the ruling passion strong in death; for when the priest who attended him presented the crucifix, he turned his eyes away and refused to look at it, because the sculpture was badly executed, but asked for a plain cross, which being brought to him, he devoutly embraced it and expired.

A LETTER FROM A RECENT CONVERT.

The following letter, says the San Francisco Monitor, speaks for itself, it being only the simple recital of feeling and convictions which millions of Protestants have felt when once they had the happiness to pass the threshold which led into the one, holy, Catholic Church of Christ. We know the writer of this letter to be a gentleman who for more than thirty years was what is known as a Lutheran, and one who—like thousands of others equally as blinded by prejudice—ignorantly imagined that the Catholic Church was the horrible monster her enemies had painted her, instead of being, as he found her, the beautiful Bride of Christ. No doubt there are many converts who, reading the letter of our friend, will look back with pleasing reflections upon the singular manner in which their own conversions were effected, and who will gladly learn that even on this coast Rome's recruits are becoming annually greater, whilst the legions of error are languishing into local sects or becoming rapidly absorbed in the whirlpool of infidelity which is engulfing millions of that unfortunate class whose heads have been educated at the expense of their hearts through the false system of education which prevails, and which the public are forced to support.

WASHINGTON TERRY, May 7th, 1882.

Editor of the Monitor.

Dear Sir—The paper of which you are the editor has of late often been read by me and I have come to like it, wherefore I enclose a postal order for my subscription. It is only a year ago that I knew nothing but the evil that had been instilled in my mind from childhood about the beautiful, ever glorious and only true Church—the Catholic. I have been brought up in the Lutheran Church, and for over thirty-five years have condemned the faith of our fathers because of ignorance, but God, in His infinite mercy, has given me light, and I feel like the child—like the man rather, who, after having been tossed about upon the stormy ocean without a compass, at last finds a safe haven.

I received, on last Easter Sunday, the Holy Communion in the Catholic Church of Victoria, B. C., for the first time in my life, and I never before felt the joy in my heart and peace conferred by this holy Sacrament, as I did then. I stopped during my stay in Victoria, in St. Joseph's Hospital. I often and with pleasure, had a talk with the good Sisters, and admire their noble work, which God does bless and prosper, to the glory of His own holy name, and I do no longer wonder at the steady increase and growth of the Catholic Church here, where I see such truly noble workers. And how can an earnest Christian, a lover of the truth, help but love such a glorious mother as the Roman Catholic Church, and the deep, earnest spirit of devotion in which its books are written carry their own convictions.

Dear Sir—It was not my intention to write a long letter thus to trespass on your valuable time, especially as I am not much of a scholar, being only an ignorant foreigner, but my love for the Church and its beauties will be the only excuse of your humble, obedient servant,
O. B.

What a Good Child Did.

A dear little child, named Meleline, scarce nine years of age, hearing one day from the Sisters, to whom she went to school, what our Lord will say to the good on the last day, viz: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and you gave Me to eat, I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink," etc., asked one of the sisters how she could give our Lord something to eat. The good nun told her by giving it to the poor she would give to our Lord himself.

Next day, Meleline's father brought her a package of confectionary and cakes. The dear little child, instead of eating it, brought it to a poor woman at the door and emptied it into her lap, saying: "Here, poor woman, eat this, or take it to your children."

"And why, dear little child," said the poor woman, "do you give me your sweets?"

"Because," answered the child, "in giving them to you I give them to Jesus Christ, and He will say at the last day: 'Meleline, come to heaven, because when I was hungry you gave Me to eat.'"

Ave Maria.

GOLDEN SANDS.

Third Series. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon.

The translator of this volume was the first to popularize the "Golden Sands" books in English, and then the fame of the author has become world-wide. The sale of these books in France is enormous, and both in England and in this country they have passed through many editions; even Protestant houses publishing them. The present volume fully sustains the author's reputation. 32mo, cloth . . . 60c.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.
Messrs. Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston, have just published a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart, 26 by 14 inches. It would make a beautiful addition to religious pictures in Catholic homes.