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The Song I Never Sing.

BY JAMES WHITCOME RILEY. As when in dreams we sometimes hear
A melody so faint and due,
And musically sweet and clear,
It flavors all the atmosphere
With harmony divine:
So, often in my waking dreams,
I hear a melody that seems Like fairy voices whispering To me the song I never sing.

Sometimes when brooding o'er the y.
My lavish youth has thrown away,
When all the glowing past appears
But as a mirage that my tears
Have crumbled to decay.
I thrill to find the ache and pain
Of my remorse is stilled again,
As. forward bent and listening,
I hear the song I never sing.

A murmuring of rhythmic words,
Adrift on tunes whose currents flow
Melodious with the thrill of bleds,
And far-off lowing of the herds
In lands of long ago:
And every sound the truant loves
Comes to me like the coo of doves,
When first in blooming fields of spring
I heard the song I never sing.

The echoes of old voices, wound
In limptd streams of laughter where
The river Time runs bubble crowned,
And giddy eddies ripple round
The lilles growing there;
Where roses, bending o'er the brink.
Drain their own kisses as they drink
And ivise climb and twine and cling
About the song I never sing.

An ocean surge of sound that falls
As though a tide of heavenly art
Had tempested the gleaming halls
And crested o'er the golden walls
In showers upon my heart.
Thus, thus, with open arms and eyes
Uphried toward the alien skies,
Forsetting every earthly thing. Forgetting every earthly thing. I hear the song I never sing.

#### CATHOLIC HIGHER EDUCATION IN ONTARIO.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. I purpose to speak in this paper of Catholic Higher Education in Ontario. By higher education I would be under stood to mean such academic courses of study as are pursued in the Catholic colleges and convents of this Province which fit young men and women for the higher spheres of life's activities. giving them cultivated intellects, trained wills and characters fashioned upon Christian principles. The spirit of the day is unfavorable to denomina tional education because the intellect ual trend of the times is towards agnos ticism and infidelity. Secularists boldly assert that morals good enough for the State and the security of its exist ence may be taught without any relig ious basis - that the spirit which dominates the ethical teachings of Confucius, Buddha and Mahomet would answer quite as well for our children as the lesson on the Mount; and that religious teaching in schools and colleges is quite unnecessary as a moral safeguard in this our day of superior intelligence and enlighten

Aside from the fact that Christ is truth and none other, this contention may be disposed of by the question:
Do Confucianism, Buddhism and Mahometanism yield as high a condi-tion of moral life as the teachings of Christianity? We will let the moral status of China, Japan and Turkey

The history of Catholic higher edu cation in Ontario is a history of sacrifice and struggle-a history of humble beginnings, gathering new strength in the decades, expanding in the ampli tude of added resources, developing with the generous bestowal of years The little mustard seed implanted nearly a half century ago has bour geoned into a cedar of Lebanon.
There are now in this Province are now in this Province four Catholic colleges - Ottawa, St. Michael's, Assumption and Berlin. Two of these, practically, possess university powers; and the four have an attendance of eight hundred students Can any other Church in Ontario show an equal enrollment in its col-Not one can approach it And yet the Catholic Church is charged with the crime of fostering ignorance! There are men so blind that they re fuse to see the sun at mid-day in a

cloudlass sky Now as to the means of sustaining Catholic colleges. Would you believe it that not a single bequest worth speaking of, not a single endowmen worth recording, has ever been made to a Catholic college in Ontario? then, have they grown? It was not thing for them : they grew through the self-sacrifice of their founders, the

Oblates, the Basilians and Resurrec-

salaries ranging from \$1,000 to \$3,000

other colleges are in

While the professors of

possession of

a year, the humble but gifted members of the Oblate Order, the Basilian Order, and the Congregation of the Resurred tionists, toil in the class-room, year in. year out, asking in return nought but food and raiment. Such is their re ward, their recompense-upon earth. Catholic laymen sometimes assume to find fault with our Catholic colleges, charging that they are behind the times in their equipment and character of teaching. It is a very easy thing to complain, but a much more noble thing to lend a helping hand. What are our wealthy Catholics doing with the money which they have amassed Let them come forward and generously

endow chairs, and establish scholarships

in our Catholic colleges : then it may

be competent for them to criticize, but

not till then. To me it is a marvel how Catholic colleges are as efficient as they are when you come to consider that many of their young men become professors ere they have touched the threshold of ripening manhood, and that they may faithfully perform in long before they have had time to acquire that maturity of thought and to them.

teacher of the first order. It is easy enough for a professor who specializes for long years and who teaches perhaps but one or two hours a day to become a capable instructor, but the teacher in the Catholic college who often lectures for four or five hours a day, and upon subjects not at all kindred to each other, finds it difficult to be at all

times full of new energy and new thought.

It is true that a young boy may go to a Catholic college, and, after spending four years there, come out know-ing very little; and it is equally true that a young man may go to Toronto University and leave there after four years with a B. A. and know very little, as we have ample proof in some of the academic sticks you at times come across in this Province. A student carries the capability of education within himself. It was nature that made Wordsworth a great poet,

not Cambridge. One thing, a Catholic college will give every student, worth immeasurably more in this age of the disintegration of all things, than a bit of Virgil, a chunk of Hegel or a nod of recognition from Robert Browning, and that is principles of right thinking-means whereby one may distinguish truth from error; and this, after all, is the most important factor-nay, the one important thing-in a young man's education. The want of this education. The want of this in Protestant and State universities turns out skeptics in philosophy, pantheists in literature, and atheists in the

aboratories of science. The time has passed when a degree counts for much as a test of genuine scholarship. It certainly bears testimony to an academic course pursued in an orderly and regular way, though the truth is it is often pursued in a very disorderly and irregular way; does a teacher's certificate tell of the triumph of the holder over examinations: but that is the end of degree and certificate. It may mean a great deal more, provided the holder of the diploma understood in his studies what rue scholarship means, and look more to the spirit than the letter. When ever I hear a young man call up the institution from which he graduated as proof of his scholarship, I become at once skeptical as to his attainments. and feel sure that it was the shadow he sought, not the substance. Of course such universities as Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard, John Hopkins and Cornell have a glory about them but year by year even these institu tions, great as they are in name, are

gristing out many graduates whom to regard as educated would be but to offer an indignity to the spirit of true scholarship. As for the teachers who have gabbled their way through our Pub-As for the teachers who lic and High schools, proud in the posses ion of first and second class certificates, and who block our thoroughfares so numerous have they become of late vears-they are in many instances little more than the product of a certain pedantry that is just now abroad, which nas its root in the false idea that to have an educated people we must ticket them with certificates, or some thing equivalent. This is a mistake of the day. I have met men who could neither read nor write, better educated than many of those High school graduates. The basis of a true education is: A maximum of educa tion on a minimum of acquirement The system in vogue to day reverses

thing and to possess yourself of its truth quite another. Only an education which fits the mind for discerning and acquiring truth is of any real value. This is the only kind of education which has a place on the curriculum of Nature, whose teachings are in harmony with the plan of divine intelligence which suffers no a break in its life and laws. Now a word as to the higher educa tion imparted in the Catholic convents There are twenty conof Ontario. There are twenty con vents in this Province, with an attend

this, and makes its basis a minimum

of education on a maximum of ac-

To read a book is

quirement.

ance of nearly fifteen hundred pupils. Assuredly, then, this does not look as if the Catholic Church were in does more for the education of woman in this Province than all the other religious denominations together. It is true that these convents not fit young ladies for for the

professions of law or medicine or the more ambitious achievements of "Woman's Rights," but for the duties which fall to the lot of woman within the household, attuning her mind and heart to the ministries of home, with all its sweet but pressing cares that cluster like roses around the pathway of woman. Not every girl, indeed, who attends a convent becomes a noble woman, but the character of the training which she receives there brings her life into harmony with noble ideals; and if she fails to realize them in after life it is because she has turned away,

to worship false gods. The best education for woman is that which fits her for the duties of a woman, which is to labor unseen, unobserved. leading the world in virtue and grace, but all the while remaining like guardian angel, invisible herself.

It has been indeed necessary at times in the world's history for a Blanche of Castile, and a Joan of Arc to manifest themselves; but, like true women, even they, having performed their heroic tasks, modestly retired from the visible activities to which they had been by duty summoned. The aim of Catholic higher education in Ontario is to fittingly train and educate Catholic young men and women life the work which God has assigned THOMAS O'HAGAN.

## AN IRONWORKER'S PEN.

Indites a Strong Denunctation Ingersoll and His Methods.

One of the toilers in a great Pitts burg iron works has taken the fragile pen in his horny hand to further quash the Ingersoll bubble. What he writes is of interest not only because it is well written, but because the writer has ventured into a field for which he has had no training. He signs him-self "Ben Catley," and by way of introduction remarks:

Born in obscurity in a small coal mining village in England and raised from fourteen years of age in the pluconic atmosphere of a coal mine, and all my life amid the ring of anvil and sledge and with the sweat of toil and labor for support of my family of twelve boys and nine girls, I confess with humble consciousness my own weakness in urging an intellectual combat with Robert J. Ingersoll : vet l am fully convinced that his attacks on the Bible are neither based on a calm and dispassionate examination of the book, nor are they fair and honest deductions from the general text, nor will they bear the light of equitable and impartial criticism. With this fact before me I am surprised that even milk-and-water Christians should be fearful that Mr. Ingersoll will destroy their religion and found an Ingersol ism and pagan worship. History abounds with men whose real and sterling grasp of intellect far surpasses any which Mr. Ingersoll has thus far evidenced in his platform lec tures, or his slippery replies to men of learning who have ever been ready to give their mental weight to the lever formed or the overthrow and annihila ion of the Bible. And yet not strange, but nevertheless true, it is read with more devotion, studied by greater numbers and revered by as able scholars as ever perused its pages."

Continuing, the writer says :

"What has Mr. Ingersoll done benefit humanity? What tenden What tendency has his lecture on the Bible to benefit the human race? to mitigate the happiness of the human family? In searching for these traits of character we are confronted with a combination of wit, sarcasm, falsehood and plagiar ism and the most unpardonable denun ciation of men whose lives are spotless and pure when in contrast with his wn-strong proof, to my mind at least, of lack of reason, philanthropy, philosophy, scholarly attainments and gen-

tlemanly deportment.
"His disgusting flippancy and oarse invective when talking of Jehovah-a name held in sacred reverence by millions of the loftiest minds and most profound intellects that ever adorned the ages—pronounced him an unqualified charlatan, a profane and unscrupulous demagogue of the first water. His bold and insidious utterances are demonstrative proof of the rottenness of his premises, his insincerity and untruthfulness. Such vituperation and bald blasphemy becomes not one who, under the guise of friendship. seeks to mold all men's hearts and minds into one universal, harmonious fellowship of humanity, sympathy and ove. Much rather does it betray the debility of his cause and the sordid wretchedness and poverty of his own mind. 'Seeking for fruit, finding but leaves.

"What material does he furnish on

which to build a foundation for the lifework of our young men? What does his lecture contain to inspire them with ambition, to cheer them with hope to imbue them with courage, to restrain them under temptation, to ingraft a deep toned moral character and groundless creed? animate them with pure sentiments league with ignorance, seeing that she and noble resolves? Where is the example laid down that if followed would make their lives famous for good and their death a cause for a nation's tears? Echo answers what? there of hope for the destitute, cheer for the downtrodden or help for the fallen? Where does it inculcate philanthropy, foster intelligence, promote education, encourage industry, frugality, sobriety, morality, purity, or offer any inducement thereto? To what iny inducement thereto? star of hope does he point the toiling whose life is little less than a nillions, funeral dirge to the grave? loes he offer to stimulate enterprise, incite courage under difficulty, cheer under adversity, animation to the indelent or reason to the perplexed? Where is the magician's wand that infuses courage, perseverance and resolve into the heart of the discouraged laborer, the struggling mechanic, the depressed merchant or the bankrupt nanufacturer? Where shall we look for a flag which unfurls to the breeze from the spire of relief, or paintings that gild the dome of refuge his labors or his influence has built for the rescue of fallen Magdalens and hungry out-What has he done? What did he do in this city of our own? This oving husband, kind father, this arge - hearted, deeply - sympathetic man, full of tenderness and compassion; Suffering wets his cheeks with tears, clouds his brow with sorrow and fills his soul with grief. And yet we pursue his steps and ask: What did benevolence did he exhibit which prompts men to pity the oppressed Azarias. and fallen, and inspire a desire to relieve the neglected and outcast sons with water is more in danger of sinkand daughters of poverty? Did he do ing than if exposed to a fearful this? Let us see. In the midst of indigence and squalor, surrounded by suffering, within hearing of bacchanalian revelry, debauchery, vice and the haunts of crime, what said he

to rescue the fallen from the hideous depths that yawn beneath their feet? What said he to wrest the baneful spirit of rum that is blighting brain and tongue and life and home, of What doubtless, of his listeners? shadow did he lift from the sabl path of shame and prostitution? What ope did he offer the choking sobs of despair? What gave he to the ony hand of outstretched poverty? What sympathy did he offer to the famishing plea of orphanage, or what sunlight did he throw across the path of childhood, suffering and misfortune of more than sable blackness or plutonic gloom? Did he help the woman widowed, cheer the last hours of gloom? torrering age or close in sweet repos the bloodless lips of cold and silent pilgrimage?

" 'Christians are cruel and unmerciful, 'says Mr. Ingersoll. Yet amid this dark catalogue of human woes and appalling misery, surrounded by this seething chaldron of crime and wicked ness, he could laugh and joke and be merry; he could defile the name of Jehovah and belittle the Christ of Cal vary. The only hope of millions of the human race who believe in Him and whose hope, too, is well founded. so far as Mr. Ingersoll has done or said anything to disprove it, and yet he would tear this hope from their hearts, obliterate its hallowed influence from their lives and extinguish the only star on the dark brow of life that guides the immortal wanderer 'to that world without a tear.

"His dictum is not enough without he has something to offer in its stead. Polycarp, the martyr, said: · We Christians are not accustomed to change from better to worse, but from bad to better.' And what has Mr. Ingersoll offered in place of 'that world without a tear?' The phantom chance and cheerless gloom of unconsciousness, the doctrines of eternal sleep and the silent Sadduceeism of the rationalistic believer is not enough for the insatiate longings of the spirit within ta.

"Blot out this star of hope from the father's heart, the mother's breast, the widow's home, the child's life; tinguish this ceaseless yearning, this continuous and universal longing for that world without a tear,' and calmy contemplate the dismal blackness the ceaseless apprehension, the dark ness which would brood in sable terror over the human race. Eliminate from the mind and heart all thoughts of a world's redeemer, all evidence of the Christ of Galilee, this star of the ages, this hope of the millions, this glorifie Redeemer, the risen Christ, and where can we look for a ray of subshine, glimmer of hope, a spark of confidence to which the patient, tolling, suffering sons and daughters of men may look for aid to a higher, a nobler and a more beautiful life?

"Mr. Ingersoll, I have lived amid the tempests and storms and battle for bread for more than sixty years, and cannot, therefore, expect to stay many more years a tenant of earth. If accept your creed, what have you to offer me? I have not lived without Can you offer me a Savior? A sin. Providence to guide me-an immortal ity to elevate me? No, sir. You have no sympathy for a distressed soul, no joy for our sorrow, no balm for our grief, no support in our weakness, no help in sickness. You, sir, have no father for our orphaned children, no husband for our widowed wives. You have no consolation to offer us in life, and your supreme wisdom in the hour of death is the dismal, truly dismal. darkness of doubt and unrelenting de spair. Are we imbecile that you thus insult our reason and self-interest by your fabulous dogma, your rotten and

"You are a mighty fellow, you are. Tis true, you have defied the Almighty, you have dared the indignation of Him who created the universe. You have blasphemed the God who could by His slightest frown send you shivering We therefore ask again: What is with terror from His presence. You there in this lecture on the Bible or in have ridiculed the Christ who died for the example of his life? What is you and made jest at the tears of Him who will one day judge you. You have scorned and abused men chosen of heaven to preach redemption to a lost world, while zealous apostles and fire scorched martyrs have been the subjects of your ribald mirth. Why have you done this? Have you done it as a patriot, as a lover of your country, and for the benefit of your race ! Where, then, are the trophies of your work? No. sir, you have not a soli tary good to which you can point. You are, however, none the less destitute of good than many who proceeded you. Diderot, with coarse invective; Paine's ribald wit; Strauss critical acuteness; Voltaire with with learned sarcasm, and Renan with polished sneers, have all failed and, sir, you as a thinker, a reasoner as a logician, as a scholar and a gentleman, compared with them, are but a mouthing mountebank. Christianity lives, and will till all the millions of its votaries shall gather around the throne of the God Eternal. and in songs of triumphant praise and anthems of redeeming love shall worship in His temple night and day

'in that world without a tear. After the grace of God flowing to us through the channels of prayer and the sacraments, I know no greater so What noble principle of lace in time of affliction than the soothing pages of a good book .- Brother

A ship whose hold imperceptibly fills

#### Wild Flowers.

Oh, beautiful blossoms, pure and sweet,
Agleam with dew from the country ways, Agleam with dew from the country.
To me, at work in a city street.
You bring fair visions of bygone days—
Glad day, when I hid in the midst of green
To, watch spring's delicate buds unfold; To watch spring's delicate buds unfold and all the riches I cared to glean Were daisy silver and buttercup gold.

Tis true you come of a lowly race. Nursed by the sunshine, fed by the showers : And yet you are heirs to a nameless grace Which I fail to find in my hothouse flowers ;

and you breathe on me with your honeyed lips Till in thought I stand on the wind swept fells,
Where the brown bees hum o'er the ferny dips.
Or ring faint peals on the heather bells. I close my eyes on the crowded street,
I shut my ears to the city's roar.
And am out in the open with flying feet—
Off, off to your emerald haunts once more!
But the harsh wheels grate on the stones be-

And a sparrow chirps at the murky pane, And my bright dream fades in an overflow Of passionate longing and tender pain.

### SOME CANADIAN SONGS.

The Catholic Columbian, of Columbus, Ohio, has the following generous appreciation of "Poems and Lyrics:" A new volume of poetry has made appearance under the title. 'Poem and Lyrics.' It is from the pen of Dr. J. K. Foran, L. L. B., the author of 'The Spirit of the Age, Irish Canadian Representatives, and other well known works, and is published by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal. The tasteful dress of the book is fully warranted by the excel-lence of its contents. The poet has touched a wide variety of topics and eems equally at home with them all. The style is smooth throughout and the figures are never forced. The following lines from 'Sunrise at Chelsea describes in true poetry a familiar pic

"In fine, the skies, in a grand surprise, Blazed forth in the flush of morn, And the fiery flood on the hill and wood Proclaimed that a day was born."

"The 'Irish Peasant's Home ' is a musical as its theme demands, and vet throughout it runs the little pathos that we expect to find there too. Its closing stanza is a good specimen of its general tone :

"Ours is an island home,
Happy and fair;
Ours is a highland home,
None to compare;
Hid though the scene may be,
Humble the lot,
Yet we are fond and free:
Peace to our cot!

"While Dr. Foran's harp has many strings, and there is music in them all vet he seems at his best in his memoral and descriptive verses. lowing stanzas would seem to witness that, the first of which is taken from his tribute to Denis Florence McCarthy and is worthy of the Irish bard it commemorates:

"Not once nor twice, but a thousand times. Did his song my soul inspire.
And Erin's sons, in the distant climes.
Have loved the notes and the rhythmic rhymes
Of McCarthy's sliver lyre."

"The second, an extract from an Alumni poem, is equally good:

With the myrtle and vine, the cypress we And the wreath that we weave is approved : In the songs that we sing, there's a tribute we To the name of the one whom we loved.'

"His descriptions are especially good, and mark the writer not only as a man of broad travel, but one also of keen bservation and appreciation. following is from the opening stanza of 'A Ramble in the Wood' and is dedicated to Brother Alick A. Gagnieur, S. J. :

Recollect you the night that we went for over pasture and meadow, by hillock and wood,
By the rough stony fence, where the raspberry
bramble,
Invites us to scratches, tho the fruit is so
good?

"We predict for Dr. Foran's poems popular appreciation and wide read-

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W. H. Word. A LIFE SAVED BY TAKING

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