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te, it is said, in the cork, beginning the state of the now heard on busy owery, and throughout of streets which salving Little Ltsly.

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King.

It was an Eastern land. The air was full of the scent of flowers and aromatic shrubs, and the bees were humanog. There were little butterflies among the anemones, and the tail paim trees cast short shadows on the grass. The sun shone brilliantly on the Mont of Oliver and the sunbassed ones. of Olives, and the sunbasms danced on the waters of the Cedron. In the streets of Jerusalem an unwonted com-motion reigned. Out from the city walls thronged a great multitude, and the low hoarse murmur of many voices filled the air. Angry passions sat on men's faces and discorted them from the likeness of One Who moved in their ist and Whom they knew not. On His face there was a beauty surpassing that of man, a holiness, a meekness, and a loveliness indescribable by human pen. He bore on His shoulders the heavy weight of the cross, and myriad angels counted each precions drop of blood as it ell unheeded and marked His way to Calvary. Slowly and painfully He toiled up its rough steep. Among the multitude were some whose hearts acted for Hissuff rings, and who yearned to comfort Hum, and He, see ing into their hearts, turned His eyes on them, and as they met those looks of piercing swe-tness they bowed lowly and believed, indeed, He was their Lord and God. At a distance followed the Divine Mother, divided from Jenus by the flerce soldiery. Her face reflected the indescribable charm and beauty of His, and it bore the impress of a sorrow that through all impress of a sorrow that through all the ages was like unto no other human sorrow. At length, Calvary was reached. At each step of the sorrow ful journey men's passions had grown fleroer, and now on Calvary s heights they reached their climax. Blasphemies shouts of mean and decision means. ies, shouts of scorn and derision were heard on every side, yet the face of Jesus, agonized and suffering on the cross, gre w in exceeding beauty.

High in the air, near to the city walls, a white-breasted robin sang. Some strange force drew him thither Some strange force drew him thither to Calvary, and he fluttered to the foot of the cross. The thorn-crowned Head drooped lower and fainter, and the agony of Jesus was greater. The bird heart stirred with pity. With tiny beak it flew at the hard nails and the little beat to green them. tried its little best to wrench them forth. In vain! Foiled in its generforth. In vain! Foiled in its generous attempts, quivering and panting, Robin fell to the ground. The thorn spikes pressed heavily on that sad crowned Head. Again Robin flow upwards, and this time he succeeded in drawing one thorn spike, and in its place a drop of blood came forth and fell on Robin's white breast and dyed its feathers in a crimson giory. He to Wnom the least of things created to Wnom the least of things created is of account, rewarded Robin. Hence forth he and all his after race will bear on their breasts that red jewel, and Robin will be known as "Robin Red breast God's Own Bird."

And now the hour of man's redemption has come. The great sacrifice was consummated, and Jesus died. In that hour darkness spread all over the land; the sea rose; the rocks burst assunder; the earth opened; and the dead arose. The wild beasts rushed afrighted to their lairs. Men trembled with terror, and believed, too late, and recognized in this upheaval of Nature earth's

anguish for its Creator. anguish for its Creator.

Robin Redbreast's song was heard no more in Palestine. He sought a land where such things as he had seen on that dread Friday might not be. He looked for the last time on scenes. fragrant with consecrated memories. Below the vale of Jensephat lay in shadow. Bethlehem the favored was throned among the hills where the angels first sang that hymn now of angels first sang that hymn now of such variance with men's minds. He shew by corn swept valleys and fields of waving wheat: the apricot trees and the pomegranate trees were rich in promise of an abandant harvest, and the larks sang over the face of the land. The Dead Sea was beautiful in its arid desolation. The waters of the Jordan were calm and peaceful. In a lovely sunlit glow Robin lingered by the Sea of Galilee, fringed by rosy oleanders and flowering shrubs, and pomegranate trees with scarlet blossoms, whose shores the sacred feet of Jesus had so often trod, and whose waters He stilled to peace. He sipped from the fountain of Cana. Nazareth lay on the slope of the cypress-clad hills, and Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalen, amid oleanders and orange groves where nightingales sang.

With a great hird sigh Kohin turned

groves where nightingales sang.
With a great bird sigh Robin turned his course and travelled a weary space his course and travelled a weary space to the sea. He flew over the deep waters of the Adriatic. Now and then he rested his tired wing on some friendly mast. In the fair Italian cities, in the sunny land of France, he tarried not nor rested until one morning he saw atar in a golden sun-rise, like an emerald set in the ocean, an island in a Northern sea. Its rocky coastline repelled not Robin. Subtle instinct drew him thither, and subtle instinct drew him thitner, and he landed on the shores of Erin. Still the tired wings drooped not. He flew over green fields and meadows of golden promise and north wards to

Ulidia.
A brilliant sunshine lighted up the grey walls of the Palace of Emania, its ramparts, turrets, and domes, fam ous in song and story; the home of the Kings of Ulidia. The banner of Ulidia swung heavily from the barbican touched by the soft breezes. But sorrow and gloom were within the palace. For many years King Conor Mac Nessahad lived a death in life within its legal halls. It was a sorrowful day for Ulidia when Conor Mac Nessa gave battle to the clansmen of Conacia, for he was borne from the field with the

HOW ROBIN BREAST CAME
IRELAND.

IRELAND.

It was an Eastern land. The air

And take heed that the bright eyes of woman be kept from his sight above all;
For if heart brilling i yeaunce or anger awhile o'er his bring have form his torehead and surely he dies in that hour

Conor Mac Nessa obeyed ; but soon he wearied o inaction He longed again to be foremost in the battle, the strong champion of right and the terror of his foss, the centre of the revel when the wine cup was pledged by gallant hearts, and the minstrels awakened their harps to give homage

to valour and to beauty. In the king's chamber deep silence reigned and footsteps moved with muffl d tread. Without the birds twit tered a gay carillon; sit breezes played among the flowers and the grasses; sweet sunshine and the glory grasses; sweet sunshine and the glory of early summer were everywhere. But the happy sights and sounds of nature around him only whispered sorrow and daspair to Conor Mac Nessa. In an eastern turret of the palace sly sunbeams stole through the latticed windows of the hall which served as the abode of the princesses of Kon and their attendance. Its walls served as the abode of the princesses of Ern and their attendants. Its walls were hung with silken draperies, and it was furnished with gold-embroidered couches and tables inlaid with silver. The floor was covered with the skins of woif and otter. The gloom that filled the palace had also found a homenre. Seated in the farthest corner of the agent cont. nere. Seated in the farthest corner of the apartment was a beautiful girl. Her rich anburn tresses were bound by a silver crescent. She wore a flowing robe of mauve satin trimmed with soft down. A silken searl threaded with gold was held in place on her left shoulder by a gold brooch set in gems Ear rings of turquoise and emerald were on her ears, and bands of gold tastened at her wrist; a heavy gold chain hung from her neck, and on her chain hung from her neck, and on her flugers were rings of great value. She sat in a listening attitude, and occa sionally glanced with eagerness through the latticed window to the courtyard below. Presently a warder's horn, announcing the arrival of a visitor of note, rang from the tower, and the girl's fair face flushed to the temples, as a young man of noole bearing, driving a magnificent chariot and followed

ing a magnificent charlot and followed by a small retinue, entered the great portals of the palace. A swift glance shot from his eyes upwards, and a smile, radiant and loving, lighted up the girl's face hid from his observation. Fitting mate for a princely house, he had been for two years travelling in nail ener or a princely house, de nail been for two years travelling in featern countries, and was but now returned. He was clad in a rich mantle trimmed with fur and embroid mantle trimmed with ur and embrour
ered with gold and clasp d by a
massive brooch; in tight fitting no e
and satin kirtle and over tunic of
purple cloth of Damascus. A sword
with nilt of embossed gold hung from a jewelled belt encrusted with diamon is. In the great ball of the castle, fully seventy feet in length, its walls decor ated with shields and armour and mas-sive furniture and gold embroide ed draperies, were assembled to greet him many of the nobles and chieftains of Ulidia. Clad in the uniform of their orders, their high and harthty bearing proclaimed their station. They gath

ered round Niall with many cries of Later Niall had audience with King Coaor. What strange story does he murmur low into the ear of the king? Why do the king s eyes flash and glow with their olden fire? He listened while Niall told how in an Eastern land he had found Him Woo is God alone. He was sent by His Father on high to earth to teach men the truth. He be earth to teach men the truth. He be came man, like unto him in all things, but in his sinful nature. Unlike to earthly kings, He came to serve and not to rule, to bless, to soothe the sorrowful, to heal the sick, to raise the dead to life, to labor and to point the

Mac Nessa fell dead.

Saddenly in the hushed stillness of the death chamber, a little bird, red-breasted, perched on the canopy of the king's couch, and sang out in golden melody, trill and trill and trill. The little throat seemed as if it would burst. For the first time since that swild day on Calvary's heights rooin poured forth in sweetest song. The bird heart felt at rest. Here at last was a land where he migat sing his praises to Him Who created him. High above the wails and sobs of the mourners the glad strain went on. Many of them listening wondered exceeding, and Barnch, the chief druid, was sent for, to explain the strange phenom

Amid kindly pomp and a nation's Amid kindly pomp and a nation's sorrow King Conor size Nessa was laid to rest, and when the stars were out and only night kept watch by his tomb, Baruch, the chef druid, came hither. He knelt with his face to the blast. He was tired with many night has issued and while by vigils and he soon slept, and while he slept he saw many things as if in a vision. He saw in a land of sunshine and beauty a Man God put to death by His chosen people, and in all the great creation that witnessed His sufferings he was borne from the field with the ball of Mesgedra buried in his head.
The moment the ball came forth, the King would die. Thus spoke Fingen, the Royal Physician:

Net long 'midst the people who love him King Conor Mac N'sam sy reign.
And for this I lay down his 'centrictions no more from this day shall his place.

By with armi s in butles, or bostness or leading he wand the character of wine must be small.

At night, when the bacquet is flashing, his measure of wine must be small.

The wand that witnessed His sufferings, creation that witnessed His sufferings, direct water as few deeds of self-murder are widely circ called by the press, they are not in-frequently followed by numerous volun tary slaughters. A suicidal wave rolls over the land.

"The fallacy of the assertion that the suicide injures no one but himself is manifest when we consider the direct water as few deeds of self-murder are widely circ called by the press, they are not in-frequently followed by numerous volun tary slaughters. A suicidal wave rolls over the land.

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"The fallacy of the assertion that the suicide injures no one but himself is manifest when we consider the dewn of cheet and the few deeds of self-murder are widely circulated by the press, they are not in-frequently followed by numerous volun tary slaughters. A suicidal wave rolls over the industry is a pres

glory. He saw her as the land of saints and scholars, of kings and chief-tains of high renown. Many came from distant climes to drink from her stores of wisdom and of learning.

The scene changed. Her princes were aliens, and her people slaves. Her temple and her altars were razed; Her temple and her altars were razed; her fair lands and valleys were the prey of the Socier, and the Royal sunburst set in gloom. But in its place was reared the banner of the Cross. Tarough it in every age, and in every clime, the sons of Erin shall conquer. It glory may be dimmed for a time, but it shall end only on the Security of the state of the cross of the contraction mention. Resurrection morning when the Cross shall be surmounted by a crown, and an Sternal Day shall dawn for Ern.

an Kternal Day shall dawn for Erin.

Baruch awakened. It was the dawn
ing of the day. With its birth came
the light of the true faith to Baruch's
soul. Hard by Rebin Redbreast sang
his golden song. K. O'C.

## MORAL ASPECTS OF SUICIDE.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' ARTICLE IN THE CEN

TURY MAGAZINE. In the January issue of he Century Magazine, Cardinal Gibbons writes on "Tae Moral Aspect of Suicide." In the course of the article he says:

"I have now lying before me the official record of suicides in the United 8 ates from 1885 to 1903, which is cal culated to excite in every patriotic and humane breast sentiments of compassion and deep concern. These statistics show a steady increase in nineteen years in this class of crime and misery. In the history of the History oppole, as recorded in the pages of the Old Testament and in the history of the primitive Caristians contained in the new Testa nent, I can recall the names of only dve persons who ended their lives by their own hands. And to the honor of the female sex it can be affirmed that in the whole narrative of the Bible there is not a solitary instance of any woman inflicting death on herself. The reasons for the rarity of this crime among the worshipers of Jebovah and of Christ are easily explained. These people were taught to believe that self aurder was a grevious sin and that man was responsible to God in life to

man was responsible to God in life to come for the iniquities done in the flesh
"Virgil, the great Mantuau poet, fol lowing the traditional belief of the an cient Romans, consigns to Tartarus a victim of self-destruction, though she was stained with no other crime. Sui cide was, however, regarded as a her one virtue among the Stoics of pagan ou virtue among the Stoics of pagan

Many of its most illustrious of its most illustrious of its most illustrious of the insompassed their own death, and the in-fluence of their pernicious examples served as an incentive to others by lend ing additional luster to the deed, just as the habit of duelling in certain periods of English and American his tory was deemed honorable because it zens enjoying public esteem. Cato was reputed among the most distinguished and wisest of Roman sages. He put an end to his life rather than submit to the humiliation of having it prolonged by the clemency of the victorious Caesar. He disdained to survive by the grace and favor of his enemy. And yet by a strange inconsistency he ad vises his beloved son to placate Caesar. For surely it could not be dishonorable in the father and at the same time hon orable in the son to accept favors from a triumphant adversary. By the canons of right reason the self inflicted death of Cato must be regarded not as an act of sublime courage but of moral coward

"A to the causes of suicide, there is no doubt that a considerable number of them are due to a disordered and unbalanced mind, for which it is hoped the unfortunate victims are not fully responsible. But after making all due allowances for suicide mania, the great bulk of those who compared bulk of those who compass their own death act with deliberation and are death act with deliberation and are accountable to God and man for the deed they commit. Whatever may be the immediate incentive to suicides, they can be primarily traced to moral cowardice and to the absence of relig ious restraints. Even the pagan philosopher Aristotle ascribes these acts to

a want of moral courage.

"As to moral aspects, suicide is manifestly forbidden by the divine law. One of the Commandments of the de-calogue declares 'Thou shalt not kill.' To make the law as comprehensive as possible, it is not said 'thou shalt not kill thy neighbor,' which qualifying phrase is employed in some of the other Commandments. For instance, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house. The prohibition to kill is therefore absolute. It forbids the taking of human life whether by

snicide or homicide. "Voluntary self murder is not only a violation of the divine law, but is also a crime against society, we being socia beings. We owe a duty to the common wealth as well as to ourselves. tually depend on one another like the members of our physical body. 'For none of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. Human society mry be compared to a grand army, every member of which has a special place and mission assigned to him by his sov ereign commander. To abandon the post of duty intrusted to a sentinel is regarded by the military code a most covardiy act which is punished with extreme rigor. What less does the suicide do than basely abandon the situa tion assigned to him in the warfare of

life? "And there is no vice more contagious than cowardly desertion. It is often followed by a general mutiny The same is true of suicide Waen a few deeds of self-murder are widely cir

town would be thrown into confusion, business would be partly paralyzed, and a reign of di-quiet and uncertainty would prevail before confidence was re-stored, and then consider the legacy of sorrow and of suffering which the self

destroying father leaves to the inner circle of his wife and children.

"It would be a painful, fruitless task to discass the moral diseases of suicide, unless a rec edy were suggested, which is the chief purpose of these reflections, "It is a significant fact that in coun

tries and districts where the Christian religion exercises a dominantsway, and where its teachings are faithfully practiced, self murder is almost unknown, and when such a tragedy occurs it excites unwonted horror throughout

the community.
"I maintain, then, that a sovereign antidote against suicide is to be found in a strict compliance with the lessons set before us by the religion of Christ.

"The righteous man, therefore, when subjected to the privation of health, of friends and of temporal prosperity, or to the unmerited laws of his good name cease the hand of God in the adversities which befall him, and bears them with composure and equa limity.

The upright Christian believes not only in the sanctity of human suffering

but also in its heavenly recompense, when endured for Christ's sake. He shares in the sentiments of the apostle who says our present tribulation, which is momentary at d light, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory, and that the sufferings of this world are not worthy to be compared with the glo y to come, which shall be revealed to us.
"But the religion of Christ is not

only a consolation to the rights is not only a consolation to the rights was in his tribulations, it also exerts a powerful influence in deterring the Ohristian transgressor from taking away his own life, because he knows that suicide is murder, and that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in himself. He believes in the priceless himself. He believes in the priceless value of repentance, which can transfer a moral leper into one of God's elect and an angel of darkness into an angel of light. He is taught by the prophet that by contricely accusing himself, if his sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow, and if they be red as crimson they shall be mitted as a scarlet, they shall be made white as snow, and if

"Surely if anyone might be excused for shortening his life the patriarch Job would have been justified in putting an end to his miserable existence when he was oppressed by the overwhelming weight of misery which afflicted him. His body is covered with ulcers; he is not deal of the propositions. suddenly deprived of his possessions, bereft of his children; he is stung by the reproaches of his wife and mocked by his talse friends. The words of this model patience have been the comfort

and support of all succeeding ages: The Lord giveth and the Lord hath taken away; as it has pleased the Lord so is it done; blessed be the name of the Lord.' Every impartial judge who compares the life of Job with that of Cato will accord a higher degree of heroic virtue to the saint of the Bible than to the sage of Utica. The one yielded to the storm of adversity; the other bravely confronted it."

## PATRICK OR PALLADIUS ?

INTERESTING QUESTION RAISED IN BIO GRAPHY OF IRELAND S APOSTLE BEING

No work on St. Patrick has ever come from Rome. Lanigan, Colgan, and the rest of the great workers on the saint's history may have associa-tions with the continent: thus, Col gan's "Trias," which was the arst notable biographical effort about the Apostle, bears the name of a Flemish publishing house, for at the time per secution raged in Ireland. Manu-scripts about St. Patrick and his mission abound at Rome and in Italy, but they were known little or not at all in the past, and even a writer like Car-dinal Moran, though he worked in Rome, never took up Patrician study. The same may be said of the Celtic Nigra and others have published those of North Italy, but no one those of

But now we have a complete bio-graphy of St. Patrick issued from Rome national institution, is dedicated to the apostle and patron saint of the race. The college edits a quarterly, under the inviting title of the Seven Hills Magazine, and in the third number of this, that for December, begins the "Life and Literature of St. Patrick," by Dr. W.lliam J. D. Croke. under the highest auspices, that of the Irish College, which, as is bentting the national institution, is dedicated to the

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helped by its use.

is needed.

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good deal of attention in general, and especially from learned quarters, such as the Bullandists, the Louvain Revue l'Histoire Ecclesiastique," etc.

He has now finished his researches and put them in book form. The whole will appear in the Seven Hills Magazine, but it is not known if it will afterwards come out as a book. In the December issue of the magazine are the Introduction and Cnapters 1 and 2 The installment forms as if an article by itself, for the introduction deals with the problems still present and making difficulties in the literature about St. Patrick for any who really wish to understand the apostle's career, and proposes to pass in review and criticise all this literature in chronological order, and try to dissipate the more serious difficulties. Then, in the first two chapters, the position of Prosper of Aquitaine, the first witness about the conversion of the Irish to Christianity, is sketched and studied.

Dealing with the period and career of this Gaulish historian, Dr. Croke

That the assertions of Prosper of Aquitaine about the conversion of the island should have found repetition at the hands of later Irish writers inter es'ed in the matter is as natural as that the original fact should have chanced to be reported by him because of his sympathy with happenings of this order. But, the same reason applied inversely, it need hardly surprise us if his statements found no reflex in the pages of early writers on the continent. Ireland was far off and little known. It lay outside the Empire. The Christianization of its ardent, poetic, and emotional people had but the most meagre significance for the churches of Europe until the migration of Irish saints and scholars to the con of Irish saints and scholars to the con-tinent, and these earried with them the version current at home. Yet Prosper's sole authority might be measurably weakened, if the conflict be ween him and historians of the Irish Church, or the writers of Britain who naturally obtained their information through frish madia, were irreducible. It will appear, however, that the difference may hinge on a change of name, so there is an alternative to the admis sion of hopeless confusion.

This alternative, which is an experiment at harmonizing the two versions is recommended by the credit of the Aquitanian. With what we get from this, the effort reconciles the authority of Patrick, and corrects the divergence of Irish historians from both, explain ing their discord as the consequence of an act of deference and of the acceptance of puzzling credibilities. The attitude and methods of hagio

graphical writers in such cases justify

liberty of criticism in returing to pr mitive sources and in disentangling

problems. As to historians, Niebubr "pointed out that chroniclers who wrote before the invention of printing generally copied one predecessor at a time, and knew little about sifting or time, and knew little about sitting or combining" (Lord Acton, A Lecture on the study of History, p 51). They did very much less sifting than com-bining, and the Irish adaptation of Prosper is a perfect instance. We shall find later that it was a practice of Irish writers to embody the work of forerunners more or less by wholesale. Prosper's statement that a Bishop Palladius was sent to Ireland under Pope Celestine, has been characterized as indisputable (Duchesne, loc. cit. p. 284). The writer's further statement about the success of Palladius would also be incontrovertible but for the counter position of Patrick. The grounds which both statements present for credence are strong, because of the sincerity of its author, and of his opportunities for acquiring informa-tion; of the certainty which he dis-plays; of the large credit attaching to him in the case, whether we consider the arguments to be drawn from his period or those supplied by his career; again, because of the character of the writings in which the statements are made; and, finally, by reason of the connection which their subject matter has with the text of these writmanuscripts of Rome which do not deal with the great saint of the Celts; which absorbed at the time the electric Nigra and others have published those energy and lively intellect of this doctor. Now Prosper states roundly that St. Palladius was the real apostle of the Irish nation, and that he achieved complete success within a short time How, then, about St. Patrick, whom

by Dr. W.lliam J. D. Croke.

The writer has in past years published a good deal about his subject, and his publications have attracted a St. Patrick should see it. of the theme, and of the Irish College which is sponsor for the publication. All who wish to know the truth about

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