

er in his charge to the public nuisance is a law, involving property. If religious deprive a large people of their rest, annoyance, the verdict is "guilty." The constitution guarantees the right of worship God, but such be within reasonable not interfere with the and property by the their services had been on 8 o'clock one half past 4 next morning was conducted mbals and horns many it as a nuisance. five hours discussing length brought in the prisoners were and the sentence was

number of the Boston the following picture present state of belief estant sects, and espec- congregationalists. The ev. A. J. F. Behrends, alist minister. He says: of the Trinity is re- of logic. The incar- mulated as to reduce it statement of a univer- of God in all men. In- reduced to intuition. ies down into a sion. Expiation and eism and annihila- reality of the fall is and the most extreme natural evolution are in our pulpits. Sin e only the remnant of cestry, which we are ching. The revolu- of Wellhausen are in- fallible authority, and of the Old Testament a mass of fables and

congregationalists with rather negations of be- rather much surprised and if they were told that

OLIC PRESS. co, De Maistre, seeing of monasteries and rance, said: "If you use of prayer, you will build barracks and ruins." His prophecy ed. Irreligion in the ic has produced its vest of crime; and at erment is constructing w central prison, which e hundred cells, and e some eleven million monasteries of the last venged.—Ave Maria.

man or devil," said Meade, during his e I was born and I fear God alone and eared to meet him, in s should prove fatal." e belonged to the Catho- s family, and, proud as idlerly courage of the eained renown in the e, he was more proud of e exhibited by some e men who bore that e to say that when the e family was written s would be that which e and poverty which e endured rather than e ancient faith.—Ave

ected in this column, the e volunteers for Greece e undesirable lot. Led by e gentlemen who live by e they appear to have e to be auxiliaries e midable character—to e of their leaders, e named San Felice, e deal of trouble at e the Greek Premier, e trouble to the police e than any of his party e. Subsequently he e a man of war and sent e at injunctions not to e ouble of coming to help e future time. A lot e lunteers have had the e broken to them and e to wound their tender e. Then, as Uncle Toby e army swore terribly e nothing to this.— e Catholic Standard and

seem to follow that the mother of Jesus was the mother of God. Happily, Protestants are not now as inconsistently and prejudicially irreverent as formerly they were in this matter of honoring Mary; though the many ignorant accusations that are yet leveled by some of our sectarian contemporaries against Catholics for the reverence they are, for instance, this month paying the Mother of God, show that there is still abundant room for improvement on their part.—Sacred Heart Review.

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tread walked a man. I saw at once he was a Roman priest! Under the ropes he went, across shaking planks, under quivering walls, and disappeared into the ruins. In half an hour—it seemed to me an age—he came out and quietly walked away. Yet no one cheered this brave man; no one shouted in his honor; none saluted him. But it seemed to me the Angels of God kept back the tottering walls and held him by the hand lest he strike his foot against a stone and fall.

WHO LOST THIS LETTER? The Earnest Reflections of a Sincere Soul. Catholic Columbian. The doubts which assail an honest seeker after truth, a sincerely religious man who feels called upon to preach the word of Christ, are set forth in the following letter in a manner which entitles the writer to the sympathy of those who feel the calm of an assured faith. The difference between a minister of religion and the man whose priestly office is a matter of business, is really the whole sum of the difference between true and false religion. Covington, Ky., May 15, 1897. Editor of Catholic Columbian: A letter, of which I enclosed a copy, was found in the market of this last month. In the hope of finding the writer, that his letter might be transmitted to its destination, I have used every effort possible in that direction; but as the days pass and he does not appear, I appeal to you, as one who aids in all good works, asking you to publish the letter for the benefit of the young man who wrote it and the venerable professor to whom it was written. Following is a copy of the strange and pathetic epistle:

"My Dear and Venerated Professor:—You ask me, am I happy in my first career. If you mean, am I in the possession of the happiness of the world, I feel that I ought to answer that I am. A devoted wife, two lovely little children, a pleasant residence (occupied during the rebuilding of the parsonage destroyed last year by fire), a good salary, health and social standing—all are mine. Yet I dare not call myself happy, but often find myself asking the questions: 'Am I in the right? Am I ungrateful?' 'He who doth all things well' hath laid His hand lightly upon me, and in loving kindness; and yet my work is heavy and my burden great.

"Your gentle and unvarying kindness at the seminary comes back to me with redoubled force as I write these lines. You seemed then to fear for me that which has come to pass within me. You warned me against doubt as against temptation, and your counsel was to seek refuge in the Bible and in prayer, to preach the Word to my flock, and all would be well. But all is ill; and the question thrusting itself upon me is, whether it is ill with the faith once delivered to the saints Wesley, or whether it is, simply, ill with me.

"I look on my congregation Sabbath morning and Sabbath evening and see no encouragement. I prepare my sermons most carefully, most earnestly, most prayerfully; and through all my troubles I have the counsel, the suggestions and the aid of my devoted wife, but all seems vain! The pews remain half filled and of the attendance two-thirds are women of the Church, the mothers of our Israel.

"There are earnest men among them, it is true, sincere and untiring in Church work, and to them I am under many obligations for forbearance and kindness to my shortcomings; for I see I do not please them. They tell me the people, these days, require something new, something striking and something novel. That the people need rousing and that the rousing must come from the pulpit, they insist that new things are needed to fill the pews and wake the people up; they point to the work of the noble women in their Ladies Aid societies, their spelling bees, and their entertainments for the cause and they insist the men must not be laggards.

"Something novel! I am not fitted for that sort of work. True, it is effective. One of the Baptist brethren in Cincinnati, the pastor of the Lincoln Park church, can do such things. Some time ago he announced that his morning sermon would be on 'How We Make a Paper'; and though his effort to draw a crowd was scarcely phenomenal yet the amount of advertising he got was most helpful to him. His next sermon was on 'The Great Home Run,' and with its announcement in the morning papers was the statement that it would be attended by the Cincinnati Base Ball nine in full uniform. His church was crowded and his board of Deacons is more than pleased with him. From a struggling congregation he has built up a strong church and a fashionable one, at that. But, my dear and venerated Professor, is that the preaching of 'Christ and Him crucified'?

"Ah! me. I was on Walnut street, Cincinnati, just about a year ago, on the morning after the wrecking of a saloon opposite the Gibson House, when so many souls were sent into eternity unprepared. The street was crowded with horror-stricken citizens; dozens of police with difficulty kept back the throngs from the ropes surrounding the tottering walls, for death was waiting to push them over and reap another harvest. Brave firemen looked upon the task of tearing down the walls with faces almost blanched, when, it seemed almost by magic, the crowds parted and straight towards the wreck with quick and firm

tread walked a man. I saw at once he was a Roman priest! Under the ropes he went, across shaking planks, under quivering walls, and disappeared into the ruins. In half an hour—it seemed to me an age—he came out and quietly walked away. Yet no one cheered this brave man; no one shouted in his honor; none saluted him. But it seemed to me the Angels of God kept back the tottering walls and held him by the hand lest he strike his foot against a stone and fall.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

DEATH OF DR. HANAVAN On Tuesday morning of last week the friends and relatives of this city were surprised to hear that he was taken seriously ill, and on the afternoon of the same day the announcement was made that Dr. Hanavan had been killed by a short time, and the cause of his death was blood poisoning.

The doctor was born on the 5th June, 1842, and at the time of his death was approaching his fifty-fifth year. His father, Mr. James Hanavan, was a native of County Monaghan, Ireland, and came to this country about the year 1825, settling upon a farm shortly after his arrival. Being the youngest of eleven children, the deceased spent his early life on his father's farm and in attending school. Desiring to enter upon a professional life, he, later on, commenced a course of study, and applied himself so perseveringly and energetically that in 1862 he graduated with honors at Toronto University. Shortly after he commenced active practice as a doctor, and in 1865 was appointed surgeon of the 12th Battalion of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, which position he held until 1871, when he was appointed surgeon of the 28th Battalion of the same force, and was for seventeen years surgeon of the 28th Battalion of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He was a member of the 28th Battalion of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and was for seventeen years surgeon of the 28th Battalion of the same force, and was for seventeen years surgeon of the 28th Battalion of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Clement Scott, the veteran dramatist, of the London Daily Telegraph, is like the late George Augustus Sala, a convert to Catholicism, only, unlike George, he has not deferred his conversion to the hour of his last illness. Mr. Scott, who is the son of the rector of a London Anglican church, attends a 12 o'clock Mass on Sundays, which suits him very well, as he is necessarily kept out late the previous night by press engagements. The following story is related by him of one of his attendances at the church: "There is a certain well-known London detective who, when detained on late night duty, is very glad to avail himself of this late Mass, even as I am. One night he was kept out on a big case till well on into Sunday morning. He turned up at the 12 o'clock Mass very tired, and, I am sorry to say, went fast asleep. When he woke up in the middle of the service the first thing he saw in front of him was my back, 'Great Scott!' he exclaimed, very audibly in his surprise, for we had not met at church previously. 'I've made a mistake. It's to a theatre I've come!'

JUBILEE CONCERT AT ST. JOSEPH'S On Friday evening last a large and very respectable gathering gathered in the concert hall of St. Joseph's church to hear the programme prepared by the pupils, in honor of the Jubilee of our Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. The programme was a most interesting one, and was well received by the audience. The pupils of the school, who were all very young, gave a most excellent performance, and their efforts were well rewarded by the applause of the audience. The programme was a most interesting one, and was well received by the audience. The pupils of the school, who were all very young, gave a most excellent performance, and their efforts were well rewarded by the applause of the audience.

The opening number was a very pleasing, well read and well written essay on "The Queen," by Miss L. Sullivan. Then followed a Jubilee march on piano and organ, by Misses Johnston, Taylor, Zenzlaff, O'Leary and Magee. Miss Maudie Cairns next sang a solo, "Where do you go when you are sad," and was given with good taste and feeling by Miss M. Wardrobe. A pretty song, "Lullaby," was well sung by Miss O'Hare, and an instrumental quartet was played on pianos, guitars and mandolins, by Misses Henderson, Robinson, McDonald, Mullett, Darcy, Settler, and Wardrobe. Two small girls, Miss Mary Hynes and Miss Fleury, gave an instrumental duet, "Carnival de Venice." One of the gems of the evening was a song, "The Errand," by Miss Ella Brady. And he quoted these words from a sermon by Cardinal Gibbons, delivered in the Cathedral at Baltimore: "It is a sacred duty to hear and devoutly read the Word of God."

"My dear Professor, to what Word of God do the Plenary Council and the Cardinal refer? Certainly it must be to the Roman version of Douay. And Dr. Clark must intend to be understood as witnesses to the truth of the Bible, he admits that the Romanists have, in their Douay version, the true Word of God.

"And I find him actually quoting from a Pope of Rome, giving these words of Pope Gregory the Great, of the sixth century: 'The Bible: a stream wherein the elephant may swim and the lamb may wade.' "You may say the calling of these witnesses shows the broad and liberal mind of Dr. Clark. Granted. But it also shows that charity requires me to believe that the Popes of Rome, her Cardinals and her Councils not only did not forbid the reading of the Bible, but actually insisted on it being read and heard and preached! And that what the Romanist Pope did in the sixth century, Cardinals and Councils are doing in the glorious nineteenth.

"Just think of it! Pope Gregory, ages before the days of Luther and the Reformation wrought by him and Melancthon, Calvin and Henry VIII., proclaims the Bible to be a stream wherein the elephant may swim and the lamb may wade! That is to say a stream wherein the rich and the poor, the great and the humble, the learned and the unlearned alike may find the waters of life and safety for their souls! Is that the Bible I am to be inveigled as Dr. Clarke would, evidently, have me believe?

"What a terrible dilemma is presented! If the Bible of Gregory the Great be inspired then it follows ours cannot be, for Luther changed it; and the revisers of good King James changed and wrought it to the fashion of the English mind, as Luther had to the German. And we must remember that the Bible of the Pope of the sixth century and the Bible of the Cardinal and Council of the nineteenth are the same.

the great features that have marked your Majesty's reign, the loyalty in the ranks of our great empire; and we therefore approach your Majesty not only with respectful homage, but with feelings of confidence that our request will be graciously received. God bless your Majesty and grant you every happiness, is the sincere wish of your Majesty's monarchists.

MRS. SADLER TESTIMONIAL. Subscriptions may be addressed to the office of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont., or to the chairman, Sir William H. Hughes, M. P., Montreal, P. Q.; or to the secretary, Mr. Justice Curran, Montreal, P. Q.; or to the treasurer, Mr. Michael Burke, 255 Mountain street, Montreal, P. Q. The Memorial attracted considerable attention.

Mr. William H. Hughes, Editor Michigan Catholic. Dear Sir,—I beg to tell you with the present a copy of the Montreal True Witness, in which you will see what Irish Catholics of the East and the neighboring Dominion have begun to do for a patriotic and benevolent work which ought to wake enthusiasm throughout the whole of this great Republic the Saline Testimonial Fund.

THE PEN OF MRS. JAMES SADLER HOLDS A PROMINENT PLACE. What noble enterprise for faith or country has not found in her an eloquent and persuasive advocate? A generation or two ago, when all had to be accomplished; when the foundations were being laid of the many diocesan and parochial works, charitable, educational, literary, which to-day are in flourishing circumstances, and are the pride of our American Church; when writers were rare and literary talents rarer still; was it not Mrs. Sadler, through the publications of which she was the soul, that encouraged and assisted all, exposed every evil, set for every need, supplied the motive, called forth the united aid of all activities? Whilst reaping the harvest how ungrateful if we forgot the hand that worked so hard to sow it?

I suppose it is a law of Providence that great talents well employed shall await their recompense in another world, and Mrs. Sadler's have not been an exception. The vicissitudes of fortune, the misapprehensions of what is called the trade, and the treachery of lawyers have eaten up the pecuniary fruits of a long and laborious life, leaving the estimable lady in age almost penniless. Would not this be a splendid opportunity to give proof of their gratitude, generosity and patriotism? Could our A. C. H. organization take up any patriotic work more conformable to its aims and spirit? I am assured that the Michigan Catholic Testimonial Fund, advocated the work as it well knows how, Michigan State alone would make the Testimonial Fund a success and prove to the venerable authors that even in our far Western land her works have left an indelible impress and established lasting claims on its gratitude.

I hope to be able to send you next week a few names of generous subscribers from the "So" whose example I hope will be followed by many. Sir William H. Hughes, K. C. B., Montreal, Canada, where Mrs. Sadler now resides, in President of the Testimonial Fund Committee, and will acknowledge receipts. Very sincerely yours, J. J. Conolly, pastor. A VOICE FROM MINNESOTA. Mr. Burke, the treasurer, has received a letter from Stillwater, Minn., from which we take the following extracts: "I have just read an extract of an article which recently appeared in the True Witness of Montreal, that a Testimonial was to be presented to the eminent author of the Michigan Catholic Testimonial Fund. I well remember with what avidity I read some of her earlier inspiring works. I enclose herewith my small mite of \$1 to the good cause, to show my appreciation of the tender memories recalled to me by her name. I wish it were \$100, for I would willingly give that amount if my means would permit it."

FROM WALLACE NEWS. ORGAN RECITAL AND CONCERT.—THE ORGAN A GEM IN EVERY PARTICULAR. Wallaceburg News, May 27. Our Catholic friends may well feel flattered over the success of their organ recital and entertainment given in the church of Our Lady Help of Christians, Wednesday evening last, May 19. The large edifice was packed full to the door, and all speak very highly of the excellent music rendered by Prof. Featherston, and the fine singing by the choir and all who took part in the concert. There was no lack of variety in the fine music and good singing. Friends from Wilkesport, Port Lambton, Tupperville, Sarnia, Chatham and other points availed themselves of the opportunity of taking in the entertainment. The following reverend gentlemen were also present in order to lend encouragement and grace to the excellent concert.—Rev. Father Paul, Chatham; Rev. Father Cunningham, Bathwell; Rev. Father Mullan, Carleton Place; Rev. Father Aylward, Port Lambton; Rev. Father Ryan was also present and saw that everything was done in order. The ushers were very courteous and graceful.

In making mention of the grand organ too much cannot be said. It was manufactured by the Scribner Organ Co., London, Ont., manufacturers of combination pipe church organs. This organ enjoys a very high reputation as builders and makers of pipe organs, and in this they seem to excel all others. Elegant of finish, costly and beautiful, every part will bear inspection; beauty of tone, with great power and range of music, when the organ was played at full power the great volume of high class music was most burst the windows, and again the tone was reduced as low as the sweet chirping canary bird. On every side the most cheering tones of approval was the unanimous verdict of the best musical critics. Rev. Father Paul, of Chatham, a professor and critic of music, pronounced the organ perfect. The managing committee are well pleased with their new pipe organ.

HONORARY DEGREES. (St. John, N. B., Telegraph, May 25th.) To-day the University of New Brunswick will confer the honorary degree of LL. D. on Mr. John V. Ellis, editor of the Globe, who for almost forty years has been a journalist in this city, and who has been the editor of a daily newspaper since 1861. Mr. Ellis, in addition to his other claims to distinction as a writer, has been a representative of the city of St. John in the Legislature, and is now the representative of this city in the Parliament of Canada. He has taken a leading part in many public movements, and has been a friend of the university and of education generally. It would be difficult to name a man who has a better claim to any honor or distinction the university can confer, and while we congratulate the editor of the Globe on becoming Dr. Ellis, we also congratulate the university on its choice, which is one more likely to confer distinction on that temple of learning than on the individual of whom the honor has been bestowed. The University of New Brunswick has been very conservative in the matter of conferring honorary degrees, and wisely so, for such honors cease to be of value when they are too freely bestowed. There have been cases indeed in which honorary degrees have been given to men connected with the teaching staff of the university which might very properly have been withheld on the ground that they were not merited, but with this exception the honors of the university have been wisely dispensed. In the case of Dr. Ellis, it is pleasing to know that the honor came to him unsought. He is not the man to degrade the honorable profession to which he belongs by being pulled for the purpose of obtaining an honorary degree. Such honors are valuable only when they represent the spontaneous tribute of an institution of learning to the worth of an individual, as they do in the present case.

NEW BOOKS. We have received from John T. Rolfe, McSherrytown, Pa., a copy of a devotional work in honor of Our Lady, entitled "The Beauties of Mary, Queen of Literature." This little magazine, which when bound will make a very attractive and interesting book, is published every two weeks, and is sold for 5 cents a copy, or three months' subscription, 25 cents.