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CHAPTER X.

PREPARATION.

In Agatha's house a number of pious women had assembled for the purpose of preparing garments for the time of their execution; for the general impression was, that the list of Christians, which it was well known had been made, was drawn up for the purpose of putting all to death who did not renounce their faith. Nothing could exceed the calm joyfulness with which they set about this task. They sung pious hymns, and related, each in turn, the stories which they had heard or read of the martyrs in other lands. As they spoke of Cecelia—and the angel who crowned her with flowers, and was only visible to her husband's eyes when he had been baptized, and renounced for who crowned her only visible to her husband's eyes when he had been baptized, and renounced for ever the right of looking upon her as his wife—their eyes involuntary turned upon Grace Ucondono, who had taken her place amongst them as usual. Her dress was changed; the expression of her countarian and was altered; there was in her face Grace Ucondono, who had taken her place amongst them as usual. Her dress was changed; the expression of her countenance was altered; there was in her face a deeper peace, a more heavenly sweetness. A heavy weight had that morning been removed from her heart. Immediately after her return, she had disclosed to her father the strange and sudden change which had taken place in her feelings after she had administered the sacrament of Baptism to the Queen of Arims, and entreated him to announce it to Paul Sacondono. He bade her in the first instance seek Father Organtin, and take his advice. That holy man had been praying long and earnestly both for her and for Paul, and when his eyes fell on her altered dress, and the first words she addressed to him were these—"Father, I can never marry: I have given my heart to God, and no earthly love can ever find place in it again," he remained silent a moment, and then the only words he uttered were, "Thank God."

They were not made for this world's common happiness, these two ardent spirits; these two well-matched souls, whose sympathy had been deeper than they knew or could have foreseen. Their characters were formed in no ordinary mould, and the times and the country in which their young lives had been cast were fitted for the heroic exercise of more than common virtue. They met for an instant: they blessed each other fervently, and

fitted for the heroic exercise of more than common virtue. They met for an instant: they blessed each other fervently, and prayed before the altar, where they had once thought to stand as bridegroom and bride. It was no time for that; they felt it to their very hearts' core. They formed a still holier union as they knelt there that day. Never would the one forget the other in prayer; never would they cease to plead for each other, before the tabernacle, at the altar, or on the cross. The promise was made; the pledge was given; then each rose in silence. They looked not back. They spoke not again. He croesed the threshold of the novicate; and the went to Agatha's house, and He crossed the threshold of the noviciate; and the went to Agatha's house, and worked at the dresses which were even then being got ready for the day of martyrdom. No wonder that she looked like St. Cecelia; no wonder that her beauty had grown more ethereal, and that she walked this earth as one who had but little to do with its house or its cares. little to do with its hopes or its cares.

Agatha was thoughtful. She begged the prayers of her companions for an in-tention she had much at heart, and though nothing could ruffle her temper it was evident that she was suffering from anxiety. She knew that her husband Andrew was at that very moment gone to announce to his aged father the proclam-ation of the edict against the Christians, and she felt uneasy as to the effect this might have on the mind of the old warrior, who had but recently been received

rior, who had but recently been received into the Church.

This Mark Ongasamara was a fine specimen of a Japanese soldier. Though he was fourscore years of age his energy was unabated, and the vigor of his soul far outstripped the weakness of his body. He had embraced Christianity from deliberate conviction, after many converse. liberate conviction, after many conversa-tions with the missionaries; but he re-tained a great attachment for the traditions and the customs of his country. He had been heard to argue with the Fathers. that for a man to die by his own hands when a point of honor required it could not be offensive to God or inconsistent not be offensive to God or inconsistent with Christianity. And though he had been obliged to give in, there was always a struggle going on in his mind between the obligations of his new faith and the all but unconquerable prejudices of his country and his ancient mode of thought. His son approached the subject i the plain uncompromising manner which plain, uncompromising manner which characterized his countrymen on all matters of religion: "My father," he said, when the venerable old man had simply nodded his head in assent to the annodded his head in assent to the an-nouncement that all Christians in the Empire were about to be doomed to death. "My father, as you have been so lately baptized, perhaps you do not quite understand the nature of martyrdom. The greatest favor that God can bestow on a Christian is to offer him an occasion of laying down his life for His sake. But wheever aspires to this crown must be very meek and humble, and ready to receive without opposition, and on his knees the fatal blow."

knees the fatal blow."
The old man started up as if he had been shot, and drawing his sword, exclaimed: "What! a man of honor as I am to let himself be murdered like a coward, and not dispute his life? To see the heathens butcher before our eyes those Fathers that made us Christians, and

it, my dear father, why not retire into the country, with my little son, till the persecution has passed away? In this manner you will preserve the name of our family and the glory of our blood."

The old man firmly clenched his sword, and hastily cried out, "Retire yourself, if you like; I'll stand my ground. It shall

never be said that Mark Ongasamara re-fused to look an enemy in the face. No, no, my son, neither of your proposals suit your old father. I'll break some of their heads, and then die a martyr."

Andrew sighed and withdrew, with no hope but in the prayers which he knew were being put up for the brave but obstinate old man.

Later in the day, Mark was wandering

stinate old man.

Later in the day, Mark was wandering about the house, grumbling against his son, abusing the Emperor, calling the heathens scoundrels, and the Christians fools, when he happened to open the door of the room where his daughter-in-law with her children and her friends were sitting at work. He stood a moment looking on their calm and happy faces. Their fingers were busily occupied making up various dresses, and the little children were sitting at their feet, stringing beads for rosaries or making cases for relics: His eyes rested on Grace's countenance, which was beaming with more than ordinary joy, and the sweet smiles with which she greeted him, so full of sweetness, peace, and hope, went straight to the old man's heart. The scene before him was an extraordinary one—there was animation, cheerfulness, a sort of gaiety even in its aspect, but he could not but feel that all this joy was of a peculiar nature. He feit puzzled. There was a large crucifix on the table, and he saw that the eyes of the workers, and even of the young children, were frequently turned towards it with a look of intense that the eyes of the workers, and even of the young children, were frequently turned towards it with a look of intense affection and reverence. "What are you so busy about?" he said, advancing ineo the room, and taking hold of the garment which his daughter-in-law held in her hand. She looked up into his face, and her own flushed with a feeling deeper than words could express, as she an-swered:—

"We are preparing our festal robes for the day when we are to die for Him"— she bowed her head and pointed to the

crucifix.

"And these young girls, and these children?" Mark inquired with a faltering

The youthful voices rose with one accord—"We are all going to die for He caught in his arms one little fellow

who could hardly speak plain, and who held a rosary in his hand—"What shall you say, child, when they ask you if you are a Christian?"

"I'll confess the truth."

"I'll contess the truth."
But if they seek to take away your
life, and prepare to crucify you, what will
you do then?"
"I'll prepare for death."
"In what manner?" added the old

man.
The child disengaged himself from his grandfather's embraces, stretched out his little arms, and replied again—"1'll cry out as long as I can speak, 'Mercy, Jesus; Mercy, Jesus; Jesus have mercy on me.'

The aged warrior heaved a deep sigh
from the depths of his full heart. "God
bless thee, child; thou wilt never be a
coward or an apostate; the spirit of the Ongasamaras lives in thee, my boy. But wilt thou not fight the men who would

slay the Fathers?"

The boy thought for a moment; and then said, "If I am to be a martyr, I must not fight. Father Baptize told me

Mark remained silent for a second. Mark remained silent for a second. Grace and pride were struggling in his heart; the conflict was sharp, but the victory at last complete. He drew his poniard from his side, unsheathed it, gazed for an instant on the shining blade, then dashed it on the ground. "Give me that crucifix," he cried, and seizing the image of his dying Lord, he clasped it to his breast. "This shall be my only weapon. I too will die a martyr. Where is Andrew?"

His son went with him to the college,

is Andrew?"
His son went with him to the college, where Father Organtin was just arrived, and Father Rodriguez had joined him. The house was thronged with Christians, many of them trying to persuade the Rector to retire, while there was yet time, to Nangazaqui; but the Father's mind was made up, and it was in yain that his flock.

to Nangazaqui; but the Father's mind was made up, and it was in vain that his flock urged his departure.

"Let others do as they please," he said; "for my own part I know what becomes my age and profession; I have labored for these twenty years and upwards to establish the Christian religion in this place, and now that we have to combat in its defence would you have me fly and hide myself? God forbid that I should aboutless my work what

them information of the state of affairs. Some of the bonzes had been calling on Guenifoin and Gibonoscio to proceed to the execution of the threats against the Christians, and insisted upon it that the lists which had been drawn up, and which some of their agents had been actively collecting, were intended by the Emperor to decide the fate of all those whose names were enrolled in them. Justo Ucondono's and Guenifoin's two sons were included in the number, as well as were included in the number, as well as the Jesnit and Franciscan Fathers, and all those who were supposed to frequent their churches. Guenitoin, dismayed and miserable, did not venture to oppose the bonzes. Human respect was struggling in his heart with natural affection; but Gibbonsein indigrantly refresed to submit Gibonoscio indignantly refused to submit

to the dictation of these men.
"You do not seem," he said, "rightly to understand the Emperor's pleasure. It is not his design to put all the Christians to death—that would be a horrible rathers but cher before our eyes those Fathers that made us Christians, and quietly look on, Andrew? you cannot mean that. Let me see whether the wretches willgare to lay hands upon them. I'll hew down seven or eight of them at my feet, and then, if they kill me fighting in this manner, I am willing to die a martyr, but not in any other way."

Andrew made a mother attempt. 'You know, my fa her.' le said, "that the family of Ongasamara has been always famous in Japan for its valor and noble exploits. As for yourself, you have given the world so many instances of your courage, that none would dare to bid you defiance who were not weary of life, so that it cannot be ascribed to cowardice if you should quietly submit to death. But if you, cannot make up your mind to it, my dear father, why not retire into

Fuximi, and there Justo, with the warm-est expressions of gratitude, gave him as a remembrance two valuable vases of very great price, and told him that he had wished to see him once more before his death, which was near at hand.

death, which was near at hand.

Chicagundono tenderly embraced him, but protested that he was at the Court at the time that the sentence was passed, and that he was certain that it only concerned the Spanish religious. "I heard the Emperor say in the most positive manner that it was not his intention to include in it the Jesuit Fathers and their followers; therefore, my beloved friend, take couarge, the sentence does not touch you."

"Sire," answered the Christian hero, "you say this to console me; and may the only true God, whom I have served from my youth up, reward you for your charity; but you do not know what the feelings of Christians are when they have once conceived the hope that they may be admitted to die for their religion. It is a joy to which no other joy can be likened; and the news has spread through our community like the sound of the trumpet calling warriors to battle. You know, sire, how that sound thrills through the heart and animates the soul, and yet that feeling is tame when compared to the rapture a Christian feels when he hears the word 'Martyrdom.'"

"Justo," exclaimed the heathen king, throwing his arms around him, "thy religion is a strange one, but if it has made thee what thou art I cannot hate it. Is it true that thy daughter, the lily of the "Sire," answered the Christian hero

thee what thou art I cannot hate it. Is it true that thy daughter, the lily of the Ximo, the jewel of great price, has cut off her radiant locks, and abjured marriage and the world?"

"It is true," answered Justo; "one of those singular inspirations of divine grace which man cannot suggest, but to which he must submit, impelled her to this course. And the youth to whom she was betrothed, Guenifoin's eldest son, at the same time, almost at the same moment, conceived the desire of a life of higher perfection and more complete dedication to God's service than that which both of them had for a while anticipated; and, in troth, for God's service than that which both of them had for a while anticipated; and, in troth, for Christians in this country and this time it is idle to dwell on thoughts of earthly happiness. We have no resting-place for our feet, no shelter for our heads. Our home is not here. Why should we build ourselves huts in the wilderness on our way? The glorious heaven will soon be reached by a short, and, it may be, by a bloody road."

The friends parted, and Justo returned to Meaco. Business had summoned away to Ozaca Father Organtin. The missionaries there were equally threatened with

the Provincial on matters connected with the obligations of Christians in these peril-ous times. Three Jesuits, two Fathers and one lay brother, remained at the College, and with them the little boy in whom Grace was so deeply interested. At her return from Arima she had been to see the child, and no sooner had she beheld him than his likeness to his she beheld him than his likeness to his mother was apparent to her. No doubt remained in her mind as to his identity with the royal babe doomed to death, but wonderfully rescued from a watery grave. Those deep-set and somewhat mournful looking eyes, the sweet expression of the mouth, and a certain gracefulness and dignity of carriage, in this young boy reminded her irresistibly of the heroic and persecuted Christian Queen. She entered into conversation with Augustine; she asked him what he most desired; what she could give him which would please she could give him which would please

The child smiled, and said, "Is it the lady I dreamed of that has told you to

Grace started. "What lady do you mean, Augustine?"
"I had heard it read in the refectory
"I had appeared to "I had heard it read in the refectory one day, that our Lord had appeared to St. Catherine, and showed her two crowns, one of roses, and one of thorns like His own, and asked her which she would have, and that she chose the latter. It was a hot day in the summer, and when the Fathers went into the church I fell asleep in the garden, in the shade of that tall camelia-tree which you see there, near the window; and I dreamt I saw a lady who held in one hand a crown of beautiful flowers, and in the other a cross. She asked me which I would have; and I said the crown of flowers. Then her face seemed to me to turn very white, and beautiful flowers, and in the other a cross.

She asked me which I would have; and I said the crown of flowers. Then her face seemed to me to turn very white, and she looked like the marble statue of the passes on her way. She is powerful to the case of Father Damien—they know of a thousand instances in which false witness has been borne ing in the majesty of her strength and truth against the Church and her ministers, hide myself? God forbid that I should abandon my poor children! I know what is my duty to God, and to the Society to which I have the happiness to belong. In Meaco I remain, come what may. I'll seal with my blood the truths I have preached, and animate the Christians, by my example, to die for Jesus Christ.'' Guards had not yet been set on the college. Some of the heathens who were friendly to the missionaries called to give them information of the state of affairs. Some of the bonzes had been calling on Guenifoin and Gibonoscio to proceed to the execution of the threats against the that in that dream I chose the cross, and when she gave it me, red any white roses had grown out of it, and when I opened my eyes I found that a branch of the camelia-tree had fallen on my knees. Brother Paul does not like me to talk of my dreams; he says they day see that lady again; and when I hear everybody talking, as they do now, about Christians being cracified, I always think that in that dream I chose the cross, and that in that dream I chose the cross, and that the red and white flowers meant

that the red and white flowers meant something."

"Innocence and martyrdom, perhaps," murmured Grace; "O happy little child, if God has marked thee out to bear company to the slaughtered babes of Bethlehem. Tell me, Augustine, wouldst thou not like to be a prince, and live like the Kumbo-Sama, in a great palace, and ride at the head of agreat number of troops?"

"Yes; I should like to be a prince in the kingdom of Heaven, and live in God's great palace in the skies; and I should like to ride at the head of the white-robed army of martyrs, and follow the Lamb withersoever He goes."

"My boy," said Grace, kneeling down, and throwing her arms round the child, "there is a lady who thinks of you, and prays for you."

"My Mother Mary, in heaven?"
"I dare, not call the one I speak of your mother, sweet boy; she has made you over to one whom you truly name your mother. But on earth also there is a woman that loves you, Augustine." "Has she a crown and a cross in her

Grace felt the strange truth of the interpretation of the child's dream. "Perhaps she has. Which shall she send

you?"
"The cross," said the boy unhesitations "The cross means, to die for the ingly. "The cross means, to die for the love of Jesus; and that is what I mean to love of Jesus; and that is what I mean to do, if that cruel brother Paul Michi does not shut me up when they all go to be crucified. Do you know, lady, that some time ago I went to the Porziuncula Con-vent with Brother Paul, and Brother Got-to, and Brother Kisai, to walk in the pro-cession, and scatter flowers before the Blessed Sacrament; and afterwards I was playing with Lewis and Anthony, when the Bonze Faxegava came to write down the names of all the Christians who were

there. They wanted to leave out Lewis, and Anthony, and me, but we cried so dreadfully, and begged so hard, that at last Faxegava looked at us with great anger, and put down our names; though the Father Commissary tried to get us out of the way. Then they made us all stand in a row, and counted how many we were: there were twenty-four names, and for some time only twenty-three of we were: there were twenty-four names, and for some time only twenty-three of us in a row; but then the lay brother, Matthias, came in, and that made twenty-four. He must be very ill, poor Matthias: he looked so dreadfully white, I thought he was going to fall down. And now, lady, the bell is ringing, and I must go. Ask the lady you spoke of to send me or bring me a cross; and come and see me again."

Grace kissed the child, and when she went home wrote to the captive Queen of Arima what was the gift that her infant son desired at her hands.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A CRITICISM OF UNDISCIPLINED CATHOLICS.

A recent issue of the London Tablet contained an article which is so wise contained an article which is so wise, so temperate and so timely that we had hoped to see it widely copied by the Catholic press. We have been disappointed, but disappointments of this kind are frequent. The article in question is a reply to a paper contributed to one of the leading reviews by a Catholic writer who seems to have by a Catholic writer who seems to have a grievance against the Holy See and to be disposed to air it as much as pos reverent, and in many instances be-trays ignorance and prejudice; but, being written in a catching style, and with the boast of "inside information," to which so many irresponsible persons pretend, it has been widely read, and has no doubt done much harm. The article in the Tablet was calculated to offset this, and to impart instruction of which, it is plain, a great many Catholics stand in need.

One would suppose that the editors of our leading papers, knowing that many of their readers must have read the regrettable production, would welcome such a criticism. The opinions it refutes are all the more harmful on account of being expressed by one who. though writing in a spirit which is not of the Church, professes to be a loyal son. The writer in the Tablet is evidently in a position to know whereon he speaks, and he writes as "one hav ing authority." For these reasons his article merited the widest publicity. Thoughtful Catholics have observed with regret the disposition of not a few

of their fellows to criticise the action of the Holy See, and to attribute motives to the Pope altogether unworthy of his reputation and his office. The Vicar of Christ ought to be above criticism, at least on the part of Catholics. There are grounds, doubtless, for not a few of the com not always in the power of the Pope to do what he would; and it is certainly better to bear with evils which ar without remedy at present than to publish them to the world. The suc cessor of Leo XIII. may accomplish many things for which the time has not yet come, and succeed where his

predecessor has been circumvented.

Undutiful speech is to be expected of men of undisciplined mind, personal views or sympathies have come in for a share of pontifical cen-sure. It is natural that they should have unamiable things to say of the justice of the correction and the mo-tives of the correctors. The murmurs of one set of malcontents are no sooner silenced than another chorus begins. It has ever been thus. As the Tables writer observes :

passes on her way. She is powerful enough and patient enough to take her restless children at their best; and she knows that not unfrequently behind language which is less than edifying, and an attitude which is less than loyal, and a spirit which is not of her, there exist motives which are zealous and well meant; while much that is objectionable is due to the temper of circumstance, to partiality of view or misconception of fact.

But writers with a grievance against the Holy See ought to have some thought of the unmeasured harm they may d). At a time when unbelievers are looking to the Pope more and more for the words of eternal life, it becomes a crime to lessen in the slightest way the respect and confidence which the Sovereign Pontiff has inspired among those outside of the Church. The offender whom the Tablet takes to task rails at her apologetic system, such as we find it in the scholastic writers, the works of St. Thomas, the stand-ard text-books of theology, re-cent encyclicals and decrees of the Roman Congregations, whose members, if not all Jesuits, are supposed to be under Jesuit influence. Against these "reactionaries" he is eager to leave no stone unthrown. He seems to demand unqualified acceptance of any and every modern opinion. And, as another Catholic writer remarks, "his rhetoric exaggerates a check into s prohibition, and converts quite illicitly a prohibition into a proclamation of the contrary proposition."

The considerations which the Tablet

presents are of the highest importance. and we commend them to the attention of those who "find nothing reprehensible" in the reckless production so ably criticised. We must make room here, however, for what is said in re-ply to the contention that the Roman Congregations, to whom vexed questions are referred, are not adepts in science :

No one wishes or expects that they should be. They are not asked to determine questions of science. They are asked to tell us what is or is not compatible with Christian faith, and what is or is not safe and sound Catholic teaching. As a Christian and Catholic tacking. As a Christian and Catholic I claim to know that the evidence which would render incredible the fact of the Resur-

rection can not be true and can not be accepted or taught. It is no answer whatever to that claim to tell me that I am not an expert scientist. My conviction rests on the revelation of the God of science, and it is sufficient for its maintenance that I know that revelation. We look to the Holy See to tell us the sense and meaning of God's revelation to man; and all its action, whether yencyclicals or congregational decrees, is simply to point out to Catholics and to Catholic toachers what is or is not safely consistent with what Christ has taught us.

The action of a writer who nonplex.

The action of a writer who popular-izes difficulties for which he has no izes difficulties for which he has no solution, who makes disedifying statements which are more or less true, at the same time keeping back all that is to be said on the other side, who publicly questions the competency and the motives of officials whose services are the Church-such action is as reckless and reprehensible as setting fire to a house with the expectation that some one will be at hand with necessary means to prevent serious damage. Ave Marie.

A TIMELY SPEECH.

One of the superb qualities of our priests is their manly courage. Father O'Reilly, O. S. A., pastor of St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, Mass., was lately invited by the mayor of that city to deliver the address and the prayer at the laying of the corner stone of the new high school. In his address Father O Railly could not resist pointing out the obvious inconsistency of religious exercises over the foundations of a building within whose walls religion shall not be allowed to enter ":

shall not be allowed to enter ":

Here the intellect alone shall be trained, the field of knowledge shall be limited to the cold science of material things. Within these walls it shall not be lawful for the Christian teacher to proclaim that Christ is God, nor for the unbeliever to assert that Christ is not God. Here, during all the important years of the formation of the character of our future men and women, there can be no fixed and reliable standard of morality. The better part of their nature must suffer. The love that God implanted in the heart of man, to assist him to reach out and possess eternal happiness, shall have no sustaining influence, no inspiration such as religion alone can ofter.

The sincertity of these carnest words.

The sincerity of these earnest words and the admirable tact with which the speaker prepared the way for them must have robbed them of all appearance of incivility. Father O Reilly did not forget the prayer—it was the "Our Father,"—and the intention for which it was offered was "that prejudice and bigotry may never find herein a resting-place; that those who shall have the care of our children's instruction in our public institutions may be guided by divine wisdom; and that all, teachers and pupils, may daily spend themselves in searching for the only real beauty that can satisfy the soul-everlasting truth."-Ave Maria.

"THEY SAY."

Ave Maria.

A single and unaccountable characeristic of American Catholics is their disposition to give credence to ill reports of the faithful, especially the clergy, of other lands. These reports, as a rule, originate with persons who are ignorant, prejudiced or malicious. The charges are generally so sweeping or so vague, so contradictory or im-probable, that the wonder is all sensible people do not disregard instead of heeding them. But the fact is that the generality of Protestants unconsciously act on the supposition that any charge against Catholics is to be believed until denied by some non Catholic, while many Catholics seem to think that until such denial is forthcoming they have only to suffer the reproach in shame and in silence, without a word of defence or remonstrance. but semehow their faint-heartednesswe will call it that-invariably gets the better of them. * * *
We say to our esteemed correspond-

ents, take all evil reports of our priests and people in foreign lands with a grain of salt. Those who follow crows must expect to find carrion, so those who are guided by newspapers cannot avoid filth and falsehood.

A BULL BY JOHN BULL.

John Bull is not often witty enough to perpetrate a bull, but by accident he sometimes drops into the Irishman's privileged preserve. Such a case oc-curred recently before the House of Commons' committee on the Dablin Corporation Bill. An English barrister named Littler indignantly reading the first resolution of the new Dublin Council-the declaration in favor of Home Rule-declared that "the resolution was carried unanimously in spite of the protest of the minority." Not one of the hearers of this absurdity saw the fun of it. The chairman of the committee, who is described as a rigid Tory, sternly told the perpetrator that they would "have no politics," and to go on to the next branch of his argument. This absurdity is hardly nferior to the fine one attributed to the redoubtable Sir Boyle Roche, wherein ne declared that in order to preserve a portion of the Constitution he would be prepared to vote in favor of sacrificing the entire of it. if necessary. - Phila delphia Catholic Standard and Times.

"Circumstances Alter Cases." "Circumstances Alter Cases."

In cases of dyspepsia, nervousness, catarrh, rheumatsm, erruptions, etc., the circumstances may be altered by purifying and enriching the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Good appetite and good digestion, strong nerves and perfect health take the place of these diseases. Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Medicine and the best that money can buy.

HOOD'S PILLS cure biliousness, sick head-

When all other corn preparations fail, try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

THE MAN WHO WALKS.

A passage in the opening chapter of

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A passage in the opening chapter of Rev. Geo. W. Pepper's delightful autobiography, entitled "Under Three Flage," reminds us that the Orangeman has never been studied with full care by his friends or his enemies. Prima facie, we say it in no spirit of hatred, he is a national monstrosity, willing philes. the avowed enemy of his own country. But that sweeping characterization does not do him justice. He is not, for the most part, consciously and intentionally anything of the sort. He is bigoted and fanatical as a partisan; honor bigoted and ranatical as a practical but he is not necessarily a practical exponent of his own bigotry in private life. Justin McCarthy, in his "Reminiscences," says of the most fanatical Orangeman in Parliament, Colonel Saunderson: "Everybody likes the impetuous, kindly hearted, was represented orangeman, and I can only for the control of the contr generous Orangeman, and I can only say for myself that, if I wanted a friendly office done, I hardly know of any one to whom I would more readily apply than to the gallant colonel, who has so often expressed a desire to meet my comrades and myself on the battle

In fact, Orangeism, under the name, would never have found a foothold in about Ireland but for the Satanic cunning of proof "Billy Pitt, the dead and damned," and Castlereagh, who is wherever Cain

and Judas are.
Rev. Mr. Pepper tells us that his Hev. Mr. repper tens us that his father was the Grand Master of the local Orange lodge which had its head-quarters in the family home for fifty years, and that the parish priest of the place and Mr. Pepper's father were the firmest friends after the priest, good nrmest iriends after the priest, good humorously laughing at young George's raising an arch of Orange liles under which the pastor and his flock had to pass on their way to Mass, had cheerfully cried, "God save King William !"-as any Christian might pray for the welfare of his worst

An Orangeman's son, who has too much sense to be one himself, tells of a lodge in Canada which, finding itself without a minister to deliver the annual 12th of July sermon, applied to the nearest Catholic priest and was treated to a discourse more full of Christian charity than has ever been Christian charity than has ever been heard before or since in a gathering. Governor Wise of Virginia, in rebuk ing the infamous spirit of Know-Nothingism in 1855, said with rare shrewdness, for he was not talking of honestly ignorant Orangemen, but of dishonest or irreligious scoundrels: "Men who were never known before on the fear of never known before, on the face of God's earth, to show any interest in religion, to take any part with Christ or His Kingdom, who were the devil's own, belonging to the devil's church, are, all of a sudden, deeply interested for the Word of God and against the Pope! It would be well for them that they joined a church which does believe in the Father, and in the Son, and in the Holy Ghost.

No Christian can honestly advocate intolerance. A Mohammedan may; because his creed teaches him to do so, and his chances for the future are better than those of the professed follower of Christ who does not love, but hates his fellowman of any creed It is one of the worst evils afflicting Ireland that Orangeism was born and chiefly flourishes there. It has been transplanted to America; and even half a century ago, the English Protestant Dickens, in his "American

in Toronto, Canada, during a political disturbance, said : From the very windows whence he received his death, the very flag which shielded his murderer (not only in the commission of his crime, but from its consequences), was displayed again on the occasion of the public ceremony performed by the Governor-General, to which I have just adverted. Of all the colors in the rainbow, there is but one which could be so employed. I need not say that flag was Orange.

Notes." telling of the murder

Now, why does the Orangemen continue to exist in Ireland and else where? At home he is an anti-patriot In America he is prepostercus exotic. For over two hundred years his cry and prayer has been, "To hell with the Pope!" Meanwhile no Pope or "Paptist" has cried or prayed, "to hell with him!" It is not the Catholic fashion to pray for damnation to our enemies. The Founder of the Faith, dying on the cross, prayed, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."

So we, as Catholics, pray that the Orangeman may be forgiven in his ignorance. So we, as Irishmen, pray that the Orangeman may come in time to understand that over taxation presses just as heavily on the Protestant as on the Catholic taxpayer. So we, as Irish-Americans, would have our fellow citizens of every nationality comprehend that class legislation, trusts, monopolies, mad schemes of foreign conquest and wild dreams of entangling alliances are just as dangerous for any Protestant citizen

as for any Cattolic.

"The Pope" is not concerning himself about the governorship of Massachusetts or the war in the Philippines. He has a few hundred thousand matters more serious to occupy his atten tion. We doubt very much if he has Loyal Orange Institution or its fervent regular prayer for his damnation; and if the Recording Angel has ever heard of it we pray that, as in the case of Uncle Tobey's casual profan-ity, "the accusing angel who flew up Heaven's chancery with the oath sighed as he gave it in, and the Recording Angel as he wrote it down blotted it out forever.'

The Orangeman is an anachronism. He never had any real reason for existence, until William Pitt invented