dear child The mighty
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the Broad-at Midland unsophisti-and ignorthe young e carriage.
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ard of Luke y over the rant, where ap of coffee. arters of the uties, a few Commons, a sporting in-Bow, an inkey, a para-er in Austria, and shares, a crime in the bout a great g-can it be bt a word of he academy! ege, First of

ssible chance, dows? Alas, orite pugdogs d with tufts o able beauties, nd Cordelias esterday? no distinction im and passed anced at him their papers;

id: ys, boys?"
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nd it. He had came out into s from a Holy prize in his colversity degree; to shed a lam future career of ow clouded that ot hear of men and leaned on st of their lives, nd here, in the he was but a ents; and even rop their hero-ound the great different. He is red ; he cannot

ere is love. Ay, d gone on before the in the great-orld was coming their own, their compensated and the neglect and entering beneath , where he had lessons of life, he nily prostrate on m. There was his m. There was his
d his newly cone gray head, and
ing. He extended in the intensity of The old man rose il of joy to speak. essed his mother -the hands, every w with more th Tae young priest her wrinkled fore-his brothers, and smooth brows of ntly they touched gentle lips; and youngest, forget-t her great love, and him, and kissed ying and sobbing e!" Well, this at king for. Then the in, and the vast locked, and taken reverently, and shelves that had rustic carpenter in his bedroom. There linked in all d gold; and Peggy n, or touch them at ve nothing to say to

their own hearts reach to these undes. old man, put on the set? How are you, bit of you? You han, as 'tin as a lat,' when her son came ew days' coursing on ill put new life into gs, Robin and Raven, condition. and condition, and been has not been he great match is books! these books d you say, ma'am? ma'am, sucking the om his veins, Thank othered much about

esus! By Jove! I

ts are the Lord's. The less we have

better! But a few

ongst the neighbors e in and look at these

the incense of their

hrine of this family

thought that fellow was spun out long since. Why, in my time, thirty years ago, ma'am—time flies—that book was declared out of print; and here the fellow turns up as spruce as ever. A regular resurrectionist! Well, it's all the same. Nobody ever read him, or ever will. O'Kane on the Rubrics! A ever will. O'Kane on the Rubrics ! A good book. Poor Jimmy! The best soul that ever lived. Hurrah! Murray on the Church! Poor—old—Paddy! The tub of theology! Crolly de Here a dreadful shudder shot through

his stalwart frame.

"Now, look here, Luke, you've had enough of these fellows. Come up tomorrow and dine with us. No one but Father Tim and one or two of the neighbors. What—"

I've not called on the Canon yet,"

said Luke, timidly.
"Never mind! I won't ask him. You "Never mind! I won't ask him. You can call to-morrow. But not too early, mind! Between 4 and 6. You may be in time for what he calls '5 o'clock tea.' Let me see! I'll say 4:30 so that you can have an excuse for getting away. Don't say you're dining with me, though. He'd never forgive you. Anything but that."

He fell into a fit of musing. There were some troublous memories called were some troublous memories called

up.
"By the way, what about your first
Mass?" he cried, waking up.
"I shall feel much obliged if you will
kindly assist me, Father Pat," said

"Of course, of course, my boy," said the curate, "though, indeed, very little assistance you'll require, I'm thinking."
"If I could say my first Mass here under my father's roof," said the young

under my father's roof," said the young priest, timidly.
"Of course, of course," said the curate. "Let me see, though. It's against the statutes of course, without the Bishop's permission; and I don't know—but we'll dispense with statutes on this occasion. Will you take long?"
"About half an hour, I think," said

Luke.

"Ay, it will be many a day, your reverence, before Luke will be able to say Mass like you," said Mrs. Delmege, "Sure, 'tis you who don't keep us long waiting.

"No, indeed; why should I? Do I want ye to have camels' knecs, like the poor old saints over there in Egypt."

Mike said there was no use trying to keep up with your reverence. Though you had the Latin, and I believe there are very hard words in the Latin, and we had the English, you bate us intirely."

Look at that for you now," said Father Pat, looking around admiringly.

Thin, the last time he wint to
Cork with the butter, he bought the Cork with the butter, he bought the weeshiest little prayer book you ever gaw. 'Twas about half a finger long, and the print was mighty big. 'I have him now,' sez he; 'tis a quare story if I don't lave him behind.' Troth if I don't lave him behind.' Troth, and yer reverence, ye were at the De Profundis before he got to the Pather Nosther."

"Well, you see, ma'am, that's what comes from long practice. But I make it up in the preaching, you know," he with a smile.

"Troth, an' ye do," said Mrs. Delmege, "'tisn't much, but what ye says comes from the heart."

"There now, Luke, there's a critic "There now, Luke, there's a critic for you. Look sharp, old man; but I forgot. You are going abroad. Happy fellow! 'Tis only in Ireland you come in for sharp hits. Well, don't forget to morrow. Half-past four; not a moment later. I'm a model of punctuality. Good day, ma'am; oh! by Jove! I was forgetting. Give us your blessing, my poor man. In't there some kind of Indulgence attached?"

wiping her eyes, as the curate strode down the little footpath, and leaped lightly over the stile.

But though Luke echoed his mother's kind words, deep down in his heart there was a jarring note somewhere. What was it? That expression, "put on the Melchisedech?" Well, after it was a pretty usual colloquialism all, it was a pretty usual colloquialism and meant no irreverence. Then, saying Mass in a private house without episcopal sanction? How did that statute bind? Was it sub gravi? Luke shuddered at the thought of celebrating under such circumstances. He would write that evening to the curate, would write that evening to the cursor, and put off his Mass till Sunday. There was something called Epikeia, of course, but—he was perplexed. Then, that awful rapidity in oelebrating! The people noticed it and were shocked. But, after all, they liked it, shocked. But, after all, they meet it, and was there not something in the rub rics about the propriety of not keeping the people waiting? Who was he that he should judge his superior a man of thirty years' standing on the mission? Then it dawned on his per-plexed and puzzled mind that Father ot even once alluded to the high places that had fallen to the lot of the happy student in his college. had spoken to him as to an ordinary student, affectionately, but without a note of admiration. Had he not heard it? Of course, he had. And yet, never an allusion to the First of First, even in the mother's presence! What was it? Forgetfulness? No. He had seen the prizes and made little of them. be that, after all, he had been Could it be that, after all, he had been living in a fool's paradise, and that the great world thought nothing of these academic triumphs that were pursued and won at such tremendous cost?

The Canon seemed hurt, and Luke was silent.

ing and tingling of the nerves when he opened the gate and crossed the well-trimmed lawn, and knocked nervously with that polished knob, which sounded altogether too loud for his tastes. It was an old feeling, implanted in child-hood, and which intensified as the years went by. Custom had not modified it nor habit soothed it; and as Luke crossed the lawn at 4 o'clock this warm July day, he wished heartily that this vi-it was over. He had often striven in his leisure moments in college to analyze the feeling, but without success. He had often, as he advanced in his collegiate course, and had begun to feel a certain self-rel: no, tried to gather his nerves toge he, and face with coolness this annual ordeal. It was no use; and when the servant ap was no use; and when the servant ap peared in answer to his knock, and an-nounced that the Canon was in his library, his heart sank down, and he paced the beautiful drawing-room in a nervous and unhappy condition. Now, this was unreasonable and unintellig-ible. Alas! it was one of the many enigmas in his own soul, and in the vast

ally striving to solve.

ally striving to solve.

Here was a man of advanced years, of most blameless life, of calm polished manner; a man who gave largely to public charities, and who, as an ecclesiastic, was an ornament to the Church; and yet men shrank from him; and like an iceberg loosened by the Gulf Stream, he created around him, wherever he went, an atmosphere of chilliness and frigidity that almost isolated him from his fellow-nen. What was it? He was a formalist that could not be laughed at; a perfected and symmetrical char acter where the curious and irreverent could place no flaw; the arbiter elegantiarum to his diocese; and the frigid could place no flaw; the arbiter elegantiarum to his diocese; and the frigid
cersor of the least departure from the
Persian laws of politeness and good deportment. If he had only had the good
fortune to be laughed at, it would have
saved him. If men could make a joke
about him, they would have loved him.
But no! Stately and dignified and
chill, there was no such thing as presuming on such a lofty character; and
there he was, his forchead in the clouds
and his face above the line of perpetual
snow.

Luke sat timidly in a dainty chair with its wood work inlaid with mother-of-pearl. He would have liked to sink into the easy depths of that voluptu-ous arm chair; but he thought it would seem too familiar. How often, in later life, he thought of his nervousness and reverence, when a young student called on him, and flung himself carelessly on a sofa, and crossed his legs nonchal antly! Which was better - his own gentle awe and deep-seated reverence for authority and age and dignity, or the possible irreverence of atter years? Well, this, too, was a puzzle.

Well, this, too, was a puzzle.

Luke lifted up his eyes. They fell on the portrait of a beautiful woman; a fair, oval face, with an expression of infinite sadness upon it. It attracted him, fascinated him. It was one of the numberless copies of the Cenci portrait that third-class artists turn out in Rome. It was believed by the Canon to be the original. When better informed in later years, Luke tried to undeceive the Canon, it was one of the ormed in later years, lake theat to undeceive the Canon, it was one of the many things that were not forgiven. But now he turned his eyes rapidly away from the beautiful face. He was in the first flush of his ordination. It was not right. It was sinful. His eyes was not right. It was sinful. His eyes rested on a glorious picture of the Divine Mother, that hung over the mantelpiece in the place of honor. Luke went into raptures over it, studied it, gazed on it, and every throb of pleasure was a prayer. Just then, a bevy of artificial birds, in a glass case beneath, began to flutter and chirp, and a deep goog tolled out musically the

a deep gong tolled out musically the quarter. The door softly opened, and the Canon entered the room. He was could be seen. A subtle, indefinable aroma exhaled from his garments, Luke remembered it well. It was one

of those mnemonic associations from childhood that never fade. "Sit down. I'm very happy to see you, Mr. Delmege," he said.
It he had only said "Luke" or "Father" Delmege, Luke would have worshipped him. The icy "Mista"

froze him. " Thank you, Canon," he said. "I understand you have been or-dained? Yes! That must be a great consolation to your-excellent par-

ents."

"Yes. They are very happy," said Luke. "If I might presume to ask such a favor, it would make them doubly happier if I could say my first Mass in my own-in my-in their

"Impossible," replied the Canon, hlandly, "quite impossible. I assure you, my—ah—dear Mr. Delmege. There is an—ah—episcopal regulation forbidding it; and the Bishop, unhappily—ah—and unadvisedly, I presume to think, has—ah—restricted narmis. to think, has—ah—restricted permission to say such Masses to himself.
I'm not—ah—at all sure that this is not a—canonical infringement on parochial
—ah—privileges; but we must not
discuss the subject. You are—ah—

logy, Scripture and Canon Law, and Second of First in Hebrew," said Luke, tow thoroughly aroused by such in-difference; "and I'd have swept the First of First in Hebrew also—" Dear me! how very interesting,"

"Dear me! how very interesting," said the Canon, "how very interesting! I hope it is the prelude to a—to a—very respectable career in the Church!" "I hope so," said Luke, despondently. Alas! he had been taught that it was not the prelude, but the final and ultimate climax of all human distinction. The Canon continued:—"If you continue your studies, as every young priest should, and try to acquire ease and a proper deportment

acquire ease and a proper deportment of manner, and if your life is otherwise—ah— correct and—ah— respectable, you may, in the course of years, attain to the honors and—ah years, attain to the honors and—ah—emoluments of the ministry. You may even in your old age—that is supposing an irreproachable and respectable career—you may even attain to—ah—the dignity of being incorporated into the—ah—Chapter of your native diocese."

"I could never think of reaching such an elevation" said luke humbly.

"I could never think of reacting such an elevation," said Luke, humbly.

"Oh well," said the Canon, reasuringly, "you may, you may. It means, of course, years and well estab lished respectability; but it will all come, it will all come."

come, it will all come."

Luke thought that time was no more, and that his purgatory had begun when those blessed birds shook out their feathers and chirped, and the deep gong tolled out musically the half-hour.

The Canon rose and said:
"Could you join us in a cup of test

"Could you join us in a cup of tea,
Mr. Delmege? We are—ah—rather
early to-day, as we shall have a drive
before dinner. No? Well, good-day!
I'm most happy to have seen you.
Good-day!"

Good-day!"
Luke was stepping lightly down the grav-lled walk, thankful for having got off so easily, when he was called back. His heart sank.
"Perhaps, Mr. Delmege," said the Canon, blandly, "you would do us the favor of dining with us at 6:30 on Sunday? It's rather early, indeed; but it's only a family party." only a family party."

Luke rapidly ran over in his mind

every possible excuse for absenting himself, but in vain!
"I shall be most happy, sir," he said: "the hour will suit me admirably."
Ah, Luke, Luke!

TO BE CONTINUED.

"THE HUNCH." By Rev. R. A. Moher, O. S. A.

The Hunch was slinking along Second avenue, it mattered little which way. To be precise, though, I will say that he was going north, in that peculiar slither which energetic people would so often like to shake out of boys. He was "The Hunch," not by any actual deformity, but by the roll of shoulders that proceded every move and came with almost every word. The world was using Hunch badly, though that in itself was not new. The world had itself was not new. The world had always been doing that so far as his impressions went.

When his existence had really began was a matter which had never troubled him and need not concern us. A non-descript foundling asylum could answer for three or four of his first years. from there a family had taken him and from them he had drifted into the street life of the city. There the law had come into his life while engaged in a friendly contest of stones and half a friendly contest of stones and half bricks gainsts gang from the Gashouse district. Taking time to hunch his shoulders had lost him a second in starting when the "law" had appeared out of an alley. A human judge, who maybe had thrown a stone himself in some dim a remembered past handed He bent his head reverently as he knelt and received the benediction.
"There, that will do me some good, whatever, and I want it."
The best poor priest within the bush and of yellow running through it.
"The best poor priest within the ant shade of yellow running through it.

"The best poor priest within the bush and of yellow running through it.

"The best poor priest within the ant shade of yellow running through it.

"The best poor priest within the bush and of yellow running through it.

"The best poor priest within the ant shade of yellow running through it.

"The best poor priest within the ant shade of yellow running through it.

"The best poor priest within the ant shade of yellow running through it.

"The best poor priest within the poor priest within the nearness of the beautiful, he did not need to hurry nor to gobble, but now need to hurry ant shade of yellow running through it. He was clad in a soutane, such as canons wear, and which set off well his fine stately figure. His face, a strong, massive one, had an appearance of habitual equanimity that was rather acquired by strong self-discipline than natural. He spoke softly, and when he sat down he arranged his cassock so that the silver buckles on his shoes could be seen. A subtle indefinable strays before a crib and had heard and felt the appeal of the Child God.

But he was a child of the street by birth and breeding, and the call of the street had been strong in his blood. He had beaten through the year, always quiet, never disrespectful, but silent and noncommittal to the kindest efforts toward a real change in him. The street was his home, his father, and his mother, and there he would go when his chance came. Two weeks ago it came. It had taken the form of a few nickels. A stiff climb over the picket fence, a brilliant run (not stopping this time to hunch his shoulders) had brought him within atriking distance of the ferry to the foot of West street. Once there, within twenty minutes he was across lower Broadway and safe in the human drifts of the east side. The old haunts were there, home, as

The old haunts were there, home, as Hunch knew the word. He had gotten his "button," had squarely fought "Scribs" Hentry for a good Fourteenth street corner, and had gotten the corner. "Scribs," however, not being a true child of the street, had not played according to rails. not played according to rule. days after he had been fairly trunced by Hunch in a ring formed by his peers he had "snitched" to the "law" on the corner that Hunch was a run-away. The "law" descended, toward Hunch but not upon him, for again he highly polished and cultured man. He will appreciate distinction and academical success. And poor Luke felt irritated, annoyed, distressed, perplexed. It was all so very unlike what he had anticipated. He had not read: "For there shall be no remembrance of the wise no more than of the fool forever."

The next day Luke naid a feature of the first of first is the fool of the first of first is th what he had anticipated. He had not read: "For there shall be no remembrance of the wise no more than of the fool forever."

The next day Luke paid a formal visit to his pastor. He had an old dread of that parochial house —a shrink
"Fairly," he said laconically. The unknowable to the nine-tenths, and watching, dodging always the blue and brase of the law. But even that life was of the law. But even that life was the procedure off in the Protectory, he knew. That his life would probably end here in the streets where it began, he knew, and watching, dodging always the blue and brase of the law. But even that life was off in the Protectory, he knew. That he slive would probably end here in the streets where it began, he knew, the streets where it began, he knew, too, if he thought of it. But not for

his body or soul would he go back to the dull, hated security of the home.

To night he half remembered, half had it pushed upon him, it was Christmas eve. As he sidled hunching along the avenue he was conscious here and there of things, that he was moving the results of things, that he was moving the results of things, that he was moving able to get assistance from Herod in

there of things; that he was moving north, away from "home;" that tawdry holly was pointing at him now and then its tale of the effort at meriment; that a tree with a cheap candle or two beside it came across his visior; incident. ally, too, that he was starving. He knew that there were places where he could go, that mission of one sort or another were holding Christmas trees, but if he went there he would have to

but if he went there he would have to pretend things.

Now you may quarrel with Hunch's code if you will. Here it is. He could fight, he could steal if he had to, that was part of the square fight against life, but he could not pretend. That was in the class with "snitchin" and "takin' pennies off children." Poor little wicked, nameless stray, carrying in a brave heart what men call the inin a brave heart what men call the in-

in a brave heart what men can the instincts of a gentleman.

The air to night was not atmosphere, but, with the drizzle of melting snow falling through the smoke and grime, was merely a lighter form of the ooze of the pavement. Hunch was cold, wet, and, incidentally again, starving. For an hour the way led him, by no For an hour the way led him, will of his own, north, a little will of his own, north, a little west, then north again, then west, when suddenly he seemed to be awake in one of the streets, up maybe in the thirties, he thought. A wide bay window opening low on one of the houses had caught his mind back from a trance of numbed starvation. Within a woman, beautiful beyond dreams, moving or rather floating, to his fevered eye, in the glorious flood of light of the room touching something on the tree, arranging shiny, dazzling things on the table beside it, and now switching on others of the thousand electric bulbs till the whole melted into a very dream of whole melted into a very dream or green and pearl and dewdrop light.

green and pearl and dewdrop light.

Hunch, with the inborn caution of the street, retired to an opposite areaway to feast. The lady seemed to drift away. Hunch waited still. For what? Hours afterward, it seemed, a man came and turned out the lights. Still Hunch waited and the dark gathered on him with blinding despair—then resolve. He would see that again. His pinched soul cried, craved for the light and the beauty of it. Was there anything else? Were those silver things thing else? Were those silver things on the table in his desire? I do not

on the table in his desire? I to how know. He was starving.

Marjorie was being put to bed. Usu ally this was a lengthy process of a comforting story after a sleepy prayer. But to-night the prayer had been most wide awake and the story not even arked for. Marjorie was surprisingly asked for. Marjorie was surprisingly acquiescent. Marjorie (age 3) had guile in her soul. She had been told that Santa Claus must never be seen. She had been told what things had hap paned to little girls who tried to see him at work. She with the wisdom of pened to little girls who tried to see
him at work. She, with the wisdom of
the children of the generation,
had heard but would not practice.
She had closed her eyes, waiting
to hear her mother go away
had heard her pass down the stairs to the front room where Santa was expected, where Marjorie must not go. Then she scrambled out of bed, trailed Then she scrambled out of bed, trained down the stairs in the glory of a blue bed gown, and, when her mother had safely passed to another part of the house, had slipped into the forbidden room and huddled herself into the new doll's cradle to wait for the man of her heart.

Hunch had not found it very difficult to slip the blade of his knife between the two sashes of the window and push back two sashes of the window and push back
the fastener. Raising the lower sash
with all the caution of over - pitched
nerves, he slipped into the room. No
fear, no guilt was in his heart. He
must come in here, and he had come.
He did not care to fissh all the light

not need to hurry nor to gobble, but would turn each set of lights slowly as to luxurious music. The first button he touched controlled a pale limp star ne touched controlled a pale limp star at the farther side of the tree. As its light filtered through the green its glint fell upon a tiny watch on the table. With no thought of stealing, only the pure loot instinct of the street only the pure loot instinct of the street to seize what you can, it was in Hunch's hand. Taking another breath of the beauty of it all, he came around to the side near the star. There under its creamy, softening

light lay a living, breathing child—the pale blue gown, the bare little arms,

the delicate, sweet face—
"Cripers! It's de kid God!" And
Hunch fell to his knees, the wonder
and the awe of humanity in the miracle and the awe of humanity in the miracle surging over his soul. Then the appeal of innocence, of purity, of childhood's heart - touching strength; the watch was laid at the foot of the crib. Then fear, unreasoning, blind, swept him away, out of the window, down the street, stumbling, falling, running till be beggen to know the doorsteps and he began to know the doorsteps and the hallways and was at "home." Next morning the human judge of Essex Market Court was surprised by

a starveling, in whom he finally recog-nized Hunch, tugging at his elbow as he passed down the street, and beg-ging, "Send me back to de island, jedge. I'll go back and stay me time. Square, jedge, I will."

And when the judge had fed him and clothed him he sent him on his way, not rejoicing, maybe, but softened.

able to get assistance from Herod in their search for Christ. They found at Jerusalem a state of religious indiffer-Jerusalem a state of religious indifference among the leading men. The chosen people, the descendants of King David, were in need of being aroused from their lethargy by the Gentiles following the star that led them to the crib at Bethlehem.

By the use of their natural facilities, as well as by divine revelation, the wise men from the East were prepared to make the act of faith in the mystery

to make the act of faith in the mystery to make the act of faith in the mystery of the Incarnation. They believed that the only begotten Son of God became a man, and was there present as a Babe at Bethlehem among the poor shepherds. The star went before them and stood over where the Child was. When they found the new born King, with Mary, His mother, falling down, they adored Him, and opening their treasures they offered Him gifts. From that moment they became followers of Christ, mem-bers of His Church, and teachers of the true religion for their own people in the eastern lands to which they be

This knowledge which came with our Lord from on high became the light of the world. It surpasses in value the most profound earthly science; it gives most profound earthly science; it gives to the lowly and to the great alike a certitude which excludes all doubt. This knowledge which brings peace of mind and perpetual happiness is often despised by agnostics, so-called scientists, cultivated and learned men who will not how the knee in adoration be will not bow the knee in adoration be

At the present time we may learn from the Catechism the same truths which were taught to the kings from which were taught to the kings from the East at Bethlehem. He who accepts the teachings of the Catholic Church knows that Christ actually dwells in her, teaching and elevating those who believe, even unto the consummation of the world. The Church is a divine of the world. The Church is a divine school, an infallible college, greater than any university or institution of human learning. Those who graduate as her scholars are divinely taught and truly enlightened. The diploma of an instructed Catholic is signed by Almighty God, countersigned by His Holy Church; and it gives a guarantee of a hundred fold in this life, and everlasting happiness in the world to come.

ing happiness in the world to come.

A false estimate of secular learning is leading many astray. It begets pride of intellect; it places the things of earth above the treasures of heaven. Christian instruction is of the first important the property of the property of the property and the property of the proper portance. Let us strive to know all the truth, as becomes children of light; but it is better to have the knowledge of the true religion than to be learned in all the sciences and ignorant of Christianity. It is better to be a Cath olic than to know all things else. The dignity of being in the true Church is greater than the possession of all the knowledge, wealth and honor of this world. The dignity of a Catholic characteristics of the control springs from the consciousness of being a child of God, and that is above al earthly honors. Seek first the kingdom of God, and keep for it the first place at all times .- Catholic School Journal

PROTESTANTS KNOW THE POWER OF THE PRINTED WORLD.

From the Sacred Heart Review.

In a recent address before the Boston
Wesleyan Association, George Perry
Morris, associate editor of the Congregationalist, said :

gationalist, said:
"The task of re-enforcing its weekly
press is one of the most imperative now
resting upon American Protestantism,
for neither foreign missions, nor home
missions, nor city missions, nor Christian educational institutions, nor any form of Christian social enterprise can prosper unless well served by religious journals with a wide circulation."

Catholics should find food for thought

The surest, most certain way of awakening and training at constituency to all around service of the church is by the visitor to the home which comes with the sanction and the hall-mark of some authority, which is edited by a man with the whole field of denominational activity in mind, who has a sense of proportion of needs and resources, who can marshal facts and arguments with skill, persuasion and cumulative

Pastors of experience know that the homes into which Catholic papers enter are those from which come the best osed, staunchest, most intelligen and most virtuous members of the con-

gregation.
We have quoted the words of a non-We have quoted the words of a non-Catholic editor as proof of the import-ance which Protestant denominations attach to the influence of their papers. Can we, as Catholics who apprecia-the holiness of the heritage of faith we

possess—can we afford to be less mind-ful than they of our own Catholic press? At mission times in our parish churches there are great gatherings of people and a great increase in devotion among the parishioners, which, of course, is perfectly right and proper since every mission is an occasion of special grace. All the more remarkable, therefore, are the words of the late Pope Leo XIII. when, speaking of the Catholic press, he compared its influence for good with that of those special occasions of grace, and declared that a Catholic paper in a parish is "a perpetual mission.

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