

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, December 3, 1898

A TRUE SAYING.

It has been well said that "creative epochs are invariably epochs in which men believe. Faith watches by the cradle of nations, and criticism argues and doubts over their graves."

REASON.

"The farthest reach of reason," says Pascal, "is to recognize that there is an infinity of things above it. It must be weak indeed if it does not see thus far."

The wise man knows that he knows little, but the fool in his self-complacency has reached the *ultima thule* of knowledge.

IMPERIALISM.

Lords Salisbury and Rosebery have ceased beating the war drum and Europe is resting quietly. Marchand has stepped out from Fashoda and Chamberlain is now at liberty to build the railway to connect Cape Colony with Egypt. And so the policy of Imperialism goes on—a policy which consists in robbing the natives of their own, and which, however glorified by the friends of "civilization," will have ever as accuser the saying: "Thou shalt not steal." But the tourist will wait for many a year yet before he will be able to run down by rail from Egypt to the Cape Colony Territory, for Abyssinia is in the way and Menelik may possibly object to the scheme of Mr. Chamberlain.

THE CHAMPION ON THE REFORMATION.

The Catholic Champion, a High Church journal, does not believe in the spotless purity of either the lives or methods of the Reformers. It says that "the ruthless pillaging of sacred shrines and violation of vows on the part of women and men who undertook the work of purifying the Catholic Church have made the Reformation a stench in the nostrils of Christendom."

Their distinguishing characteristic was lack of principle. "Lecherous thieves and unprincipled intriguers set about the task of destroying the Catholic religion for which Christ died."

THE ACCEPTABLE TIME.

We are told that the present season is a time set apart by the Church for a preparation for Christmas. And she tells us also that preparation means repentance—a cleansing of the soul from all defilement, from meanness and bitterness, from low ideals, from love of vanity, from all that mars the beauty of life. It means that the future must mark a strenuous upholding of the principles laid down by the God of Bethlehem. The man, therefore, who endeavors to prepare himself for a worthy celebration of Christmas will begin to understand the deep significance of the words, "tidings of great joy." They were a message of liberty to a world enslaved. To individuals bound down by vice and error they were laden with consolation and hope. The dark shadow was uplifted and the rays of glory fell down on the tear-stained face of men. The Son of man set up a school and taught His people, and His lessons have, like seed, fallen into human hearts and regenerated and influenced the generations of the world.

We too must need pause awhile and read them and understand them and we shall learn that all the noise and fulsome eulogy of what we have done and our pitiful strivings and bickerings and our success, which is often a disguised failure, can never find place in a heart dominated by the spirit of the Infant God.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

We heard recently an address to young men. It was compiled from Samuel Smiles' works and was given out in an unctuous manner and with accent peculiar to the denizens of garrison towns. We wondered why the gentleman unlocked his wisdom treasure for the gaze of the multitude. There was no election at hand and we suppose that the idea dawned upon him that he should try to do something for his less fortunate brethren. It was a beginning, and we hope that

the end may not be yet; but we suspect that we shall hear as much of him during the next twelve months as we do of Andre and his balloon.

What we want, however, for young men is work and not talk. If our gentlemen of leisure will frequent the club rooms and learn how to help them; if they will step over the caste lines and persuade themselves that the laborer and mechanic are individuals with souls, they will understand that they can perform incalculable good. We are not in carping mood, but we have no hesitation in saying that our separated brethren give us, in the line of work, an example that may well be imitated. They take a live interest in their societies. They know the members and are not afraid to speak to them even when some of the "aristocracy" are in sight. They encourage and assist them in the fight for bread: they smooth the way for the feet of the young and inexperienced and show in a practical way their sympathy and interest.

"IF."

Anglicans tell us that the vagaries of "High Church and Low Church" do not concern doctrinal pronouncements, and thereby affect not unity. If Bishop Colenso, in confessing, says Rev. Henry Gauss, "that he could believe and receive the miracles of Scripture heartily, if only they were authenticated by a veracious history; if Matthew Arnold is singled out as a champion to whom churchmen above all should not be willing to ignore their debt of gratitude, and yet the most frenetic infidel never uttered more blistering blasphemies; if the Rev. G. Gorham in denying baptismal regeneration and the highest ecclesiastical tribunal of the Church sustaining him; if Fred. Denison Maurice in accepting a public expression of thanks for questioning and denying eternal punishment; if Archbishop Hampden in being publicly branded by his Church organs as being as well known a heretic as Arius; if Dr. Littledale in calling the Reformers "utterly unredeemed villains;" if Charles Kingsley in extolling them as providential factors and divinely potential figures in the Church; if the Church in setting the seal of public condemnation on the writers of essays and reviews, as being saturated with deadly heresy, afterward honored its leading contributor as Primate of England; if Queen Victoria, supreme head of the Church, during her visit to Scotland, with unfalling courtesy attends the Kirk and receives the Lord's Supper from the hands of a dissenting minister—if all these mutually destructive, hopelessly irreconcilable, eternally incompatible opinions and teachings are mere emotional vagaries, sentimental differences in which fundamental truths are not sacrificed, and identity of principles still preserved, then we are confronted by one of the most stupendous and inscrutable enigmas that ever baffled human reason, enough to make the head reel, the mind grow dizzy, the heart faint.

GOOD LITERATURE.

We have repeatedly called attention to the responsibility which rests upon parents of protecting their households from the influence of pernicious literature. Not only should the book and newspaper which are openly immoral be banished, but everything that tends to it or suggests it.

The criminal negligence with regard to this important matter is incomprehensible.

We know of Catholic households into which a Catholic book or newspaper rarely enters. Cheap editions of novels and the Sunday newspaper with its garbage heap of world tattle and its lascivious illustrations are there to be read and wondered at by the boy and girl, but the book of instruction or the Catholic weekly, which if not always brilliant is at least clean in tone, are debarred admittance. It is no wonder that the children become old too soon, and when in their teens have a knowledge of the varied forms of iniquity and a hankering after the things that obtain the commendation of the secular press.

Children, of course, need not confine themselves to religious books—and it would be unwise to compel them to do so. But we should like to ask why the boy and girl should not be encouraged

and advised to read now and then a book dealing with the teachings of their holy religion. If this were done, we would have more filial reverence, better sons and daughters, in a word, Catholics who are proud of their faith and able and ready to explain and to defend it.

Some Catholics have a habit of regarding a Catholic newspaper or book as something unworthy of notice. The veriest rot from another source will, if heralded by the critics, receive a generous welcome, but a Catholic production will be met with pitying condescension. We are unable to ascertain the reason. Their intellectual standard may be very high, or delving perchance into abstruse problems they may have little time to devote to anything that does not bear the mark of genius! Perhaps, also, they regard things Catholic as unrefined, rough, utterly unfit to merit any degree of patronage! But whatever the reason maybe, we say that the parents who neglect to provide suitable reading for their children are blind to their duty and are unconsciously moulding them for the service of the world.

HELBECK OF BANNISDALE.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest novel has been so widely discussed and so ably reviewed on both sides of the water that any further criticism on our part would seem almost superfluous.

To our idea, it is a book full of contradictions and inconsistencies, as must ever be the case when a portrayal of the Catholic faith is attempted by one who is herself without the fold. In Laura we do not need much penetration to detect an embodiment of the author's own thoughts and opinions regarding the spiritual world; and in the realistic picture given us of the frank and lovely, but youthful agnostic we find a second edition of Robert Elsmere's sophistry.

Helbeck "the Catholic" and son of one of the oldest ancestral families in England, is the leading character. Around him and Laura the interest of the reader concentrates itself. The impression which Mrs. Ward intends to convey by the manner in which she depicts Helbeck, his household, and his environment, we would infer to be, that—considering all beliefs as open to objection—the Catholic faith compels most admiration; but it is so obscured by superstition, and its members so trammelled by priestcraft, that its fundamental principles are buried almost out of sight.

Again, some of the characters are hardly consistent. Take for instance Helbeck's sister, Augustina. We are first introduced to her as she alights from the carriage that has brought her to Bannisdale—a dignified and elegant woman—such as we should expect to find one whose earlier years had been passed amid such surroundings, and in whom we at once perceive the reflection of her grand and stately brother. They may be poor, these Helbecks, we say to ourselves, as together they enter the old mansion which has been inhabited—as the author tells us—by Helbecks for generations; but let poverty bereave them of all worldly possessions, it can never divest them of the mantle of a distinctive personality. We watch with interest this "lady of high degree" ascend the old oak staircase, and, as she closes the door upon us at the landing, we await with impatience the period at which we shall again meet her. It never comes.

An altogether different personage is presented to us a few pages further on; who from that point until the end of the volume weared us rather with her senseless chatter and unpardonable ignorance, in regard of the pertinent questions on simplest truths put to her by her step-daughter—in fine, the act of her, who sprang from a race remarkable for their steadfast adherence to the Faith in time of direst persecution, renouncing it now for a husband, will be received by every Catholic reader as absurd.

Williams is a wispy washy, hackneyed character fast becoming obsolete even among the proverbial Protestant Sunday school writers.

Mrs. Ward, occasionally, in her interpretation of indulgences, the lives of the saints, etc., leans rather heavily—let us suppose she does it unconsciously—on the side of exaggeration;

but, as we remarked on commencing our article, Mrs. Ward is without the fold; not having reached the light herself, she fails to comprehend what strikes every convert as something so sweetly receivable, namely, the Doctrine of the Communion of Saints.

Regarding it from an artistic standpoint, the book is a work of genius. It is all so very real. Bannisdale, its woods and fells, and the old tangled garden rise up before us as distinctly as if we too had walked there in company with the wayward Laura. In the distance we can hear quite plainly "the tumbling greet with its flood-voice." When Mrs. Ward describes she takes the reader with her to the very spot; and, as she speaks, he sees the subject in all its beauty with his own eyes. Can anything be more vivid than the picture she paints for us of the little pilgrimage chapel, so haunted by Laura? We can almost fancy ourselves standing with her, gazing up at the wonderful window, that "breathed the very 'secreta' of the old faith."

The characters, too, speak for them selves; though we sometimes must apologize for smiling rather broadly at some of the doctrine to which they give utterance; but we know their good points quite well, from Helbeck down to old Daffody, whose characteristic definition of Purgatory speaks for itself—"Heaven and hell are verra well for foak as are over good, or over bad—but 'i most o' foak are just 'a mish mash.'"

And Laura—what of her? Poor, poor Laura! We can still hear her passionate appeal to Helbeck—"Father Leadham can persuade me—he must." And Father Leadham, Helbeck and the rest, what have they done to persuade her? Their method was surely not the manner of the Catholic Church in making converts.

Laura's tragic death—the intense hopelessness breathed in the concluding words of her farewell letter to her father's old friend—"death ends all"—the utter desolation which seems to brood about and around Bannisdale from that period—illustrate the author's great dramatic power.

Bright—obstinate—kind-hearted—unhappy Laura—"this blind witness to august things." After all, does Mrs. Ward believe to be true the things she has here set down of the Catholic faith? Is she sincere? If so, we would gently remind her, in the words of old Daffody, that she has yet "a deal to learn from Romanists' soom ways."

PRIVATE CHRISTIAN ART.

The art of a people is the visible expression of its ideals and aspirations. Christian art is the corporeal manifestation of the supernatural life. The absence of religious art, when it is not explicable by fanatical errors, is a sign of a deficient spiritual life.

The Catholic Church always and everywhere keeps alive the holy flame of religious art, but where faith is unfruitful, where devotion is cold, where the spirit of anarchy has dethroned the masters of taste, that flame may die down into a feeble spark. Factory-made statues and pictures, however excellent they may be, cannot take the place of the creations of the private artist inspired by faith and charity. A religious art that is confined to the church and bedroom indicate the absence of the robust and living piety that characterizes a truly Christian people.

No dwelling-house or edifice of any kind should be considered acceptable and satisfactory for the use of a Catholic Christian unless bearing the imprint of faith. Niches for sacred effigies, ornaments vocal with Christian symbolism, a Scripture story, a Gospel Mystery, a holy legend, portrayed in bas-relief, or, at least, a cross, a mystic monogram, or a sculptured angel above the door, should mark the dwelling and the office or workshop of every true Catholic; and wayside shrines, calvaries, and stations of the cross should be found in every rural neighborhood where Catholics abound.

Such is, and has always been, the case in all truly Catholic places and times since the Church first came out of the catacombs and arrayed herself in the garments of beauty. Beauty is the splendor of truth; and hence it is that Catholic lands are recognized by all persons of culture, however hostile to the Church, as the most "picturesque" and "romantic." We do not aim at "picturesqueness"; but this is one of the innumerable illustrations of the law that they who seek first the Kingdom of God shall have "all things added unto them."

The absence of an impulse to give outward expression to one's faith is a sign that it is sadly deficient in vitality. "Out of the heart the mouth

speaketh," and our dress and our dwelling places, like our actions, speak louder and more truly than our words.—Church Progress.

"THE RELATION BETWEEN RELIGION AND NATIONAL SUCCESS."

London, England, Tablet.

The Spectator, in stopping the controversy on this subject from which we have reprinted some letters, delivers its own opinion on the matter in a leading article, from which we take the following:

We cannot allow the discussion to pass, however, into the limbo of forgotten controversy without a statement of our own view, which is not in entire accordance with that of either Dr. Weidson or his hard hitting opponent, Mgr.—not Cardinal—Vaughan. We entirely admit, almost as a self-evident truth, that religion—dogmatic religion as well as emotional religion—is one great element in the formation of character, and that character is a main element in the strength of States; but we are wholly unable to believe that the character which Christianity was intended to produce is directly favorable to the development of either personal or national prosperity.

We cannot see, for example, how Christianity can tend to produce the conquering warrior, can conceive, rather, of a State occupied solely by men who because they were sincerely Christians would refuse to kill other Christians, or would, at all events, confine such killing to the strictest self-defence. That it is possible to be a Christian and yet a conqueror we do not deny, have, indeed, repeatedly affirmed; but that Christianity makes of that composite character an ideal one, and, therefore, helps to create it, is an assertion which seems to us directly contrary to the essence of the Christian creed. That Christianity is unfavorable to absorption in the accumulation of wealth hardly needs argument, and is, in fact, an idea maintained by Christians of every shade of opinion. They all declare that saintliness and wealth can hardly go together, and all dislike the notion that the teachers of religion, though their occupation is the highest and should be the most saintly, can rightly be seriously intent upon the acquisition of gain.

Nor, though we shall grievously offend many English minds by saying so, can we accept the dogma that Christianity is specially favorable to the virtue of industry. We doubt if it teaches productive work as a duty, except to the limited extent required by the maintenance of the man himself and his household. If that duty can be performed without labor, or by spasmodic labor, or by the labor of a hour a day, there is nothing whatever in Christianity to prevent the remaining time being devoted to anything in itself good, including the cultivation of personal holiness through study, or meditation, or intercourse with other minds. The resigned races—such as Bengales, if converted, would be—the races which accept poverty as indifferent, as the Indian and Russian peasantry do, and the races which deliberately prefer suffering to steady work may all of them, if they become genuinely Christians, be Christians of the highest type. As a matter of historical fact, Christianity was one of the three terrible influences which destroyed the terrible prosperity of the Roman Empire, and many nations—e. g., the Spaniards under Charles V., and the French under Napoleon—have achieved empire while their Christianity was either of a low type, or temporarily in suspense. The Quakers, who are among the best of the Moravians, who are equally good, have remained poor. The French, who are the least Christian of Christian peoples, are splendidly prosperous, while the Armenians, who at least believe to the extent of martyrdom, are the most oppressed of all the races within the Turkish Empire. We can, in fact, see little or no connection between national success and Christianity.

Nor can we, if we narrow the controversy to Catholic and Protestant, agree with Macaulay and Dr. Weidson. It is not even true that in all cases Protestantism has secured earthly prosperity, and Catholicism the reverse. If they had, that would be no proof of anything except that Protestantism had attracted the strong races, and Catholicism the feeble ones, just as Stoicism in the Roman period attracted the proud, and Christianity the wretched; but they have not. Compare Belgium, with its devotedly Catholic population, with Sweden, which is entirely Protestant, or with Switzerland, in which the religions are almost equally divided. Or compare the Rhenish provinces of Prussia and their Catholic population with the strictly Protestant population of the two Mecklenburgs, or even the Protestant cultivators of Brandenburg and Pomerania. It seems to us that if we accept prosperity or power as tests of religious truth—and we accept neither, holding that a single man under sentence to torture might be fuller of true religion than his judges—we ignore causes at least as powerful, namely, race, the tendency to multiply, and the habit, which has palpably nothing to do with religion, of continuous industry. The North of Ireland is more prosperous than the

South of Ireland because the North of Ireland is occupied, or at all events directed, by men of the Scotch English breed, who are restless in poverty, who love order, and who are nearly as industrious as the Chinese. Fill Ireland with ultra Catholic Flemings, and Ireland would be filled with a people making money every day, using her streams, her meadows, her fish, and, above all, her many facilities for manufactures. England is great because of the blood of her people, their energy, their freedom, and their industry, not because of their creed. Fill her with Celtic Huguenots, and she would be a little land, very happy, very contented, very good, and with an entire incapacity for the empire of the seas, which is the source and guarantee of British prosperity. It is true that the magnificent tolerance of Englishmen has enabled England to rule dark races, far exceeding her sons in number, without popular rebellions; but does that tolerance proceed from her creed or from her superb pride, the pride of Roman patricians mingled with a respect for the results of personal liberty, which she derives from her race and her historic development? Pagans steeped to the lips in evil doctrines grow as rich under British protection as Englishmen themselves. Is it the truth of their faith that makes the Parsees one of the most prosperous of communities, or is it their own energy, and industry, and love of acquiring cash? It seems to us that religion is degraded, not elevated, when we try it by a test, the logical conclusion of which is that the Apostles ought to have developed into Ministers of State, and the Disciples into the Barings of the ancient world. There is fatness and the pride of fatness in such a view of truth and its results.

We have no proof that the submissiveness of the character of Catholics is anti-Christian, or that if the non-Teutonic white races had adopted the doctrines of Luther they would have developed the qualities which make for earthly success. That the Latin races are dying we think probable though not certain, as they have died before and risen again; but, granting the theory, is it certain that they are dying of Catholicism? Those who know them best, their own priests, say they are perishing of the want of it, that Italians have never lost their paganism, that Frenchmen have become Agnostics of a defiant type, and that Spaniards have relapsed into the hopeless materialism which was so strong a feature in their characters when they conquered the New World and desolated the Netherlands. To say in the breath that they have abandoned Catholicism, and that Catholicism is the cause of their decay, is palpably unfair. If all Catholics were decaying alike there would be some reason in the argument, but who makes the assertion about the Prussians of the Rhine, or who doubts that the Russians, Catholics in doctrine though not Papists in discipline, may yet dispute with the Protestant Teutons the sovereignty of the World? We dislike the spiritual pride which dictates Macaulay's opinions almost as much as that pride of purse which believes that a creed could be set on earth by God in order that it votaries might have extra skill in the accumulation of wealth. Does the Protestant accumulate faster than the Jew, or conquer more rapidly than Alexander, Napoleon, or Pizarro?

AN INFIDEL REBUKED.

An Incident in Santiago of Moral Courage Rewarded.

Santiago, Nov 8.—A young infidel in Santiago, named Pietado, stood up to make a speech at a public assembly, but counting too much upon the non-religious principles of his audience, he began to speak in the most disrespectful and audacious manner of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, when one of the first gentlemen of Santiago (Don Macario Ossa) rose from his seat and made an indignant protest against the insult. He then knelt down on the platform in presence of all. So eloquent and soul stirring were his words that all present were struck with awe and reverence and listened with bowed heads, while the young atheist slunk away and has not been heard of since. For several days the house of Don Macario Ossa was besieged with visitors—ladies, gentlemen, priests—all coming to congratulate him upon his courage in braving human respect, for his audience was by no means composed of the most practical Christians.

The Archbishop sent him a heart of gold and the Catholic journals were full of his praises. When asked how he came to speak with so much eloquence, he answered, "I do not know, I do not even remember what I said." He exposed himself to mockery and insult, but in reality received only praise for his conduct. Needless to tell the immense amount of good his example has done. It will be a long time before another will dare to offer public insult to our Lord in Santiago. The sequel proved that it was not for want of faith, but through lack of moral courage that there were not more to protest against it. His Holiness Leo XIII., "Motu proprio," names Don Macario Ossa knight of the Order Pa, in recognition of his noble conduct.

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SOLITARY ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brother Asaria," "A Woman of Culture," "His Honor the Mayor," "Saracene," etc.

CHAPTER IV. THE SICK ROOM.

Before his departure for Albany Florian seemed so satisfied about his relations with Ruth that Linda forebore to question him. But she gave Ruth no peace until she had worried some information concerning their midnight adventures.

"What is the name?" "It has none that I heard of. It looked so lonely and small that I named it Solitary Island in my own mind."

"And so the island was thereafter called by all who were concerned in the Squire's escape." "I must go see it some time," said Linda. "And Florian did not get spiteful once the whole evening, nor say harsh things, nor get moody?"

"Why should he?" "Well, he was in a queer state of mind that night," said Linda, "although he didn't show it, nor tell me why. I thought something was going to happen."

"I don't know," said Florian, "but I must say I am glad of it, for while you remain on the fence, Ruth will put off her departure for New York."

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your father saw anything which he would be put on." "I should think so," said Florian, "and Sara would be locked up, as she must be if I fear, before this unhappy affair is ended."

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Clayburgh and happiness. He'll go wrong sure, if he gets out into those dizzy conventions. He hasn't got the right—well, I don't know what to name it, but here's the place for him to thrive."

"Theory, theory! Scott, I'm obliged to you for what you've done, and as I can't, so can't and see me and Ruth—she's sweet on you—when you feel that it comes, girls—home, home to that confounded government."

"I must tell him, then. He is good at devising sharp manoeuvres. Perhaps he will think of something." "Sleeping in the garden?"

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and light colors, and her chamber was fitted up accordingly. In the dim light it looked like a dream. Her pale forehead and flushed cheeks on the pillow were more an outline than reality. It scared him when he thought how short the time until they might be on another pillow in the graveyard."

"Linda!" he called suddenly in an overflow of anguish. She awoke with a start, and at the same instant he heard a carriage door slam.

"The doctor has come again," he said. "Did I frighten you?" "No," looking around in amazement, and then, with a sigh, realizing her sad position.

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CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.

Meeting in Dumfries.

The annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland was held in Dumfries on Tuesday last week. A private business sitting was held in the afternoon in the new Catholic school, and in the evening there was a public gathering over by the Archbishop of Edinburgh.

The Right Rev. Dr. Turner, Bishop of Galloway, on behalf of the meeting and in his own name, extended a cordial welcome to the delegates of the Society in coming to Dumfries to hold their annual demonstration, which gave them an opportunity of becoming acquainted with one of the most important movements which had taken place in the Catholic body for many years.

The Rev. J. Stuart, Edinburgh, submitted the report of the Central Council. It mentioned that a depot for the Society's publications had been opened in a busy thoroughfare in Glasgow, and had already yielded good results. It had been the aim of the Council to issue a penny pamphlet each month.

The Archbishop of Edinburgh, speaking on behalf of the Society, said that the Catholic meeting of ex-Priest Slater's one of the members had sold six hundred Catholic pamphlets, and advantage had been taken of other hostile meetings for a similar purpose.

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THE CHURCH THE GUARDIAN OF THE BIBLE.

St. Paul tells us that the clergy are "dispensers (or stewards) of the mysteries of God." In other words, the guardians or caretakers of the Sacraments. And, again, that "the Church is the pillar and ground of the truth."

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SCALP HUMOR CURED BY CUTICURA. I was suffering from a diseased scalp. I was scratching my head from morning till night. Little pimples broke out all over my head. I had no rest. I washed my head with hot water and CUTICURA SOAP, and the pimples disappeared. Now my scalp has a fine, healthy, and my hair is growing splendidly. A.M.C. HAZEL, Jersey City, N.J.

may affectionately ask, do you get the Bible? And what of the multitude of Christians who lived, and believed, and died, before the New Testament was written? It was not until the fourth century that the Bible, as it now is, was collected into one whole, and proclaimed to be the Inspired Word of God. It could not be to these early Christians the Rule of Faith, for it did not exist, and we see that those who try to make it out to be so differ widely amongst themselves as to its true interpretation and meaning. The Bible is the Word of God, but as the Word of God it requires a Guardian and an Interpreter.

THE CHURCH THE GUARDIAN OF THE BIBLE

St. Paul tells us that the clergy are "dispensers (or stewards) of the mysteries of God." In other words, guardians or caretakers of the Sacraments. And, again, that "the Church is the pillar and ground of the truth." And we say that the Church is the guardian of the Bible, and that it belongs to her, and her alone. There is, of course, a certain controversy as to what is, or is not, part of the Sacred Scriptures. Thus the Church of Scotland does not accept the Apocrypha, or Deutero Canonical books, as inspired. Nor does the Church of England, although she allows portions of them to be read in church for edification. Many years ago when the late Prince Consort died, the Queen caused a version, I think, the Book of Wisdom, to be inscribed upon a memorial stone erected in the Highlands to the memory of her husband. And this at the time raised a considerable outcry among certain of our Presbyterian fellow-countrymen. But I might ask them, as Cardinal Newman did long ago, why do you accept the Book of Esther, and not the Book of Wisdom? Or what authority is the Song of Solomon inspired, and the Book of Wisdom not inspired? Why accept the one and reject the other? And, again, if you take the Bible only as a rule of faith you will find it difficult to prove plainly and distinctly the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and a good many other verities which you happily, and rightly, believe. In a word, you do not learn the Christian Faith from the Bible; you learn it, as a matter of fact, from your parents when you first begin to lip "Our Father" at your mother's knees, before you ever saw, or could read the Bible; and then you go to the Holy Scriptures, which make Christians—not other people—"wise unto salvation."

Now the Catholic and Roman Church is, as I have often heard a distinguished ex Moderator of the General Assembly, say, "the Mother of us all—of which we all came." At her knees, then, we learn the "Our Father," and the "Hail Mary," and the Creed, and a great many other things, and she gives us the Bible as a source, and the chief, but not the only, source of theological doctrine, and as a devotional manual. We all know that the Missal and Breviary are really, for the most part, selections from Holy Writ, and the same may be said of what are called Popular Devotions. Take the Rosary. Of the fifteen mysteries only two are not actually mentioned in Holy Writ—and as to the last of the Glorious Mysteries most non-Catholics agree with us in believing in, and hoping to share, "The joy and glory of all the saints," in the heavenly country. So of the Way of the Cross, and other non-liturgical services, which need not be enumerated. If Catholics, or some of them, do not actually read the *ipsissima verba* of Holy Scripture as much as do Protestants, they are quite familiar with the Life of our Lord, and the sacred mysteries connected with the same, as recorded in the Bible. Moreover, our religion is not antiquarian; it is a present living belief in a present living Christ, holding actual communion with living Lord and Saviour, and with His Blessed Mother, and the Apostles and Saints, as real living beings, and not merely names mentioned in the Epistles and Gospels, but who died 1800 years ago.

But it may be objected, if the Catholic Church is the Guardian of the Bible, why do you not encourage the whole of the Scriptures to be read by everybody? Well, the answer is—simply because the Church is the Guardian, and people may sometimes, as St. Peter tells us, "wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction." The Guardian must guard, and must interpret. Philip the Deacon said to the Ethiopian who was reading in the Old Testament: "Understandest thou what thou readest?" And the reply was: "How can I, unless some man show me?" If forty different people read the Bible and interpret it for themselves, they may quite easily evolve from its pages forty different religions. But does anyone really want to read the whole Bible through, chapter after chapter, book after book? It will be allowed that there are certain passages in the Sacred Writings which are hardly suitable for mixed congregations, or *virginibus purisque*, to hear read, or to peruse: and surely it is not absolutely necessary to salvation to be able to give a correct list of the Kings of Israel and Judah, or an accurate account of the journeys of St. Paul. As a matter of fact, in public worship at least, all denominations agree with the Catholic Church, in choosing what shall, and shall not, be read to the people. Both the Church of Scotland and the Church of England select chapters, or lessons, for Sunday or week-day services. And in private devotions, I imagine, there is a similar process of choice. I remember, as a small boy, being on a visit to some friends in a country house: they belonged to the Established or Free Church of Scotland, I am not sure

which. Both, like many other good people, they had in the morning family prayers, during which a portion of Scripture was read. This duty was performed, with extreme unction, by the lady of the house, and on one occasion, when a chapter from the Old Testament was about to be read, I observed some hesitation on the part of the hostess, and a turning over of leaves. After a pause she observed, "I don't think chapter so well so is very edifying, so we will pass on and read the next chapter." And in her choice she was wise. All people, Protestants and Catholics, have their favorite portions of the Bible, just as they have their favorite devotions, or hymns, or spiritual books. And this is quite allowable freedom in the least. "Where the Spirit is, there is liberty," that "liberty where with Christ has made us free." We are not bound down to join in a hard, rigid form of prayer, as are Episcopalians, condemned to listen to extemporaneous effusions, as are Presbyterians, any more than we are obliged to employ the somewhat holier-than-thou methods of the Salvation Army.

VERSACULAR VERSIONS

But I hear it objected, what of the Bible in the vernacular—in the vulgar tongue—understood by the people? I say then that we have the Bible in our own language, as anyone may discover for himself by going to a Catholic bookshop, and we encourage the reading, more especially of the New Testament, as indeed do our separated friends and brethren. It is often asserted that Luther was converted by coming across some texts in a German Bible; which texts he must have read hundreds of times as a monk in the early part of Luther's life, there existed, published by authority, several editions of the Bible in the German tongue, as there are French and German and other translations of the Bible in the present day. I do not believe that it is absolutely essential to salvation, however useful and edifying it may be, to be able to read the Bible, or to be able to read it who cannot read. Before the invention of printing, how could people read the Bible? And, as I have above pointed out, the Bible did not exist in its present form until the fourth century, and, I presume, some of the Christians of those days were saved, and are now with Christ. By all means let the Bible be read, but it must be read with humility and docility, and under that guidance which the Ethiopian, when reading in the book of the prophet Isaiah, desiderated, as we find recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. The Catholic Church asks no more than this from those who, "sure distressed to find the path," are led to unite themselves to their true mother, from whom, by no fault of their own, they have been separated. But Catholics go to the Bible, not to find out a religion, nor to discover whether the Catholic religion be true, but, being rooted and grounded in the faith once delivered to the saints, to be confirmed and edified in the same, using the Sacred Writings as a means of grace, of warning, comfort, and consolation, to enable them to go "from strength to strength, until they appear before God in Zion." To illustrate my meaning I take a case, an extreme case, and, if you like, an impossible case. Supposing that every copy of the Bible existing everywhere, in print or manuscript, in whole or part, were destroyed by fire, or sunk to the bottom of the sea, beyond hope of recovery, what would happen? As far as we are concerned—nothing. We should sustain a loss—a great loss, such as, I believe, the Almighty, Whose Word the Bible is, would never allow us to suffer, but supposing this *did* happen, the Catholic Church would go on all the same, fulfilling her mission and proclaiming, as she must proclaim until the end of time ("Lo! I am with you all days, even until the consummation of the world") the one unchangeable faith of Pentecost, the one unchangeable faith of Rome.

THE BIBLE AND RELICS, ETC.

It had often struck me that the Bible confirms us, in our belief and practice, regarding some things, which those outside us regard as popular superstitions and vana superstitiosa. Two instances occur to my mind. Relics and miraculous pictures. We are often laughed at, or sometimes solemnly de-laughed at, for our belief in the power of God using, as means, the bones of a saint not even a Christian, the relics of one who had never become a partaker of the Divinity of Christ, as Christians are by baptism, as St. Paul reminds us. The dead man "revived and stood upon his feet," as the Protestant Bible phrases it. Well, if this happened under the Old Dispensation, why should it not happen under the New? Why should God if He pleases not do *now* what, as we all allow, He *did then*? Is "the Lord's Arm shortened that it cannot save?" Take again what is called a miraculous picture or image. Can God work marvels through such? Yes—unless we hold that what He was pleased to do, as recorded in Holy Writ, He cannot do now. What is a picture, or portrait, or image, or statue? A likeness, a representation, of something or

somebody. Now, we are told, in the Acts of the Apostles, that the shadow of St. Peter healed diseases. What is a shadow? A likeness, a representation, of something or somebody, produced by the sun. We can see on the ground, or on a wall, the shadow of a man, or of a tree, or of an animal. So an animal may be frightened at its own shadow or likeness. Now if the Almighty deigned to work a miracle by means of the shadow or likeness of St. Peter, why can He not do so by means of other likenesses or representations, pictures, or portraits, or images, of others of His saints and servants. Again, we are often laughed at because of Holy Wells, and miraculous powers attributed to such. But was not Naaman, the Syrian, cleansed from his leprosy by the waters of Jordan? He thought other rivers would do as well—his own Abana and Parphar, rivers of Damascus, for example. But God did not think so, and insisted upon Jordan, and Jordan only, being the water of healing to him. So of the pool of Bethesda. Under certain conditions and at certain times its waters were blessed by God for health-restoring purposes. If God worked miracles at Sitoum, why should He not allow the water Lourdes to be for the healing of the nation? Deny the miracles of the Bible if you like, but if you allow them, why limit the power of God? Why is He not to do, if it pleases Him, in our own times, what He did so many hundred years ago? And let us not forget that handkerchiefs and aprons were brought from the bosom of St. Paul to heal diseases. "Greater works than these shall ye do because I go to the Father." Miracles worked by bones, or relics, or handkerchiefs and aprons, may be, according to some, all nonsense, but we cannot deny that accounts of such are given us in the Word of God. I prefer the Bible. "Thy Word, O Lord, endureth for ever!"

CATHOLIC BIBLE CHRISTIANS.

So far I have written at the kind suggestion of the Bishop of Galloway. I have not pretended to say anything new, and what I have said has, no doubt, been often expressed before, less crudely, less roughly, and from a more learned point of view. Perhaps, however, something in these lines may— from its very plainness—gain a hearing, or, as the French say, give some thought to think about, and, at least, if it falls to convert, may shake or move. To dispel prejudice, to throw a different light upon things, to show people that Catholics are, after all, not utterly unreasonable people, neither "babes nor fools"—if we can do this, it is some thing gained. My point is, in no way, to vex, to offend, or to divide. We have something, then, in common. May we not, some day, have more? The Catholic mission is, in more? The Catholic mission is, in this country, to use a spring phrase, heavily handicapped, and, like Jacob of old might say, "All these things are against me." And I do not agree with against me." And I do not agree with those good and sanguine people who fancy that this country, or England, is returning by leaps and bounds to Catholic unity. Fabor used to say there may be hopes, but no signs of such a consummation. There is a hope—against hope, as Newman wrote in the last few lines of the "Apologia." Perhaps I am a Christian Pessimist. I look for no great conversion of masses of our nation. "Ye shall be gathered one by one, O Israel." "Come, O Lord, and do not tarry: forgive the offences of Thy people, and recall the wanderers to their own land." Fiat, Fiat.

THE CHURCH AND ITS MAGISTERIUM.

The Rev. James McGinnes, Linlithgow, then read a paper on "The Apostolic Letter of Pope Leo XIII. to Scotland: The Church and its Magisterium." Christ, in establishing His Church, set up within it a certified body of teachers to whom He delivered His doctrines, whom He sent to teach the nations in His own name, whom He guaranteed from error while discharging this duty, and whom He commanded all to believe. This teaching body was to last to the end of time and was to be infallible in its dogmatic and moral teaching. These propositions were facts which lay on the surface and could be ascertained from the pages of the Gospels. To call them in question was to throw doubt upon the historical foundations of Christianity. This gift of infallibility only referred to the office of the Church exercised under the proper conditions, and was not at all in consequence of the learning or sanctity of the teachers. It belongs to them officially, for very foolish men were often raised up by Almighty God to confound the world without an infallible Church. The Bible was a document which, like other documents, required to be properly understood, and a document misunderstood was no authority. The Bible could not be proved except on testimony of competent witnesses, and the only competent witness was the Church. The means appointed by Christ for teaching His religion was preaching by a ministry appointed for the purpose. He used no other means Himself, and the Church was flourishing before St. Matthew wrote his Gospel. People said they would not have the Church coming between them and Christ. Christ said: "He that heareth you heareth Me." If they wanted

to enter His flock they must enter the fold by the Church, for they were the shepherds in charge. If they would learn His doctrine they must come to their school, for He had taught them to the Church alone. The Church could not make a man a monster, and a man not make an individual responsibility who had no individual responsibility. Catholic Church took care to cultivate in her children that sense of duty and personal responsibility. The Church existed for the individual; not the individual for the Church. Infallibility was the divine safeguard given and maintained by God for the continuance of His work. (Applause).

CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS

The Rev. Philip Fletcher, Master of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, in the course of an address on the responsibilities and duties of members of the Catholic Church towards their non-Catholic neighbors, stated that for thirty years of his life he was outside of the Church, being a converted Church of England parson. Those outside the Catholic Church were locked up in a prison house, built at the Reformation, and it was the duty of Catholics to try and deliver them out of their prison. That was very difficult to do, for the walls had been built of bigotry, prejudice, and ignorance. Would anybody say that Jacob Primer was not an ignorant man? (Laughter.) He had read a sermon of his that morning in the train, and he felt quite ill after it. (Laughter.) He advocated the dissemination of Catholic literature among those outside the Church, and mentioned that he had been brought to a knowledge of true religion by reading a book written by Cardinal Newman.

Mr. James Carment referred to the great changes which had taken place in the relations of Catholics to their fellow-countrymen. In the days of the so-called Reformation the encouragement given to Catholic literature was scanty indeed, and in Dumfries bonfires had been frequently made of Catholic books by zealous members of Kirk-sessions. As for holding meetings under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society in those days, he was afraid they would have been equally unpromising. It was tried by one very zealous man in Aberdeen, who thought that a little wholesome discussion on religious subjects would do his friends good. The poor fellow was imprisoned, and his death followed, for imprisonment in those days was very often equal to sentence of death. It was greatly owing to the action of the Catholic Truth Society that the position of Catholics had improved so much within the last twenty years. It had instructed Catholics to inform non-Catholics most effectively. It had revealed to Catholics the strength of their numbers, and had shown non-Catholics where unity of religious belief and feeling were to be found, while all around was mist and confusion. There was a time when the religious controversy of this country turned upon the sayings and doings, character and conduct of Luther, Calvin, and Knox, and a great many of the worthies of the time. That mode of controversy was now as dead as Julius Caesar. (Laughter and applause.) These men up by their great part been given up by their former admirers, who absolutely refused to be bound by any consequences of their character and conduct, and very few indeed would go bail for their character. But if that phase of controversy had passed away it had been followed by one in which regard, because Catholics to be on their guard, because every day there were attacks made on revealed religion. Against these new sophistries, calumnies, and arguments, it was almost useless to use texts of the Bible, because the Bible itself was one of the very things which amongst their Protestant neighbors was recognized as being upon its trial.

On the motion of Dean Sheehy, a vote of thanks was accorded to the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh for presiding; and a similar compliment was accorded to the speakers by Mr. Alf. Traver.

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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

Articles must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

London, Saturday, December 3, 1898.

SUBSCRIBE NOW.

The CATHOLIC RECORD will be given to new subscribers free to 1st January.

PULLING DOWN THE CHURCH.

Whilst the papers are full of the sayings and doings of the late Prince Bismarck, the reproduction of an incident of some thirty years ago may not be out of place.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A sad example of the results which are to be expected from the lack of moral training in the schools of the day is reported from Pittsburgh, Pa.

SHAMEFUL.

There was on Thanksgiving day in Hoboken, N. J., one of those degrading exhibitions which have recently become so common, showing the low estimate now put in the United States upon the sacred rite of marriage.

no longer be said that it is recognized that God unites the couples who are joined in marriage, so man takes easily on himself the right of sundering them, though this is directly against the law of God.

A CASE OF BIGOTRY.

As the wave of anti-Catholic fanaticism has almost subsided in Ontario, it is lamentable to see one of the leading dailies of Toronto, the Mail and Empire, still fanning the small spark which creates bad blood between neighbor and neighbor.

WHITE AND BLACK.

Race troubles of a serious nature have once more broken out in Alabama, and a race war is threatened.

BIBLE AND CATECHISM.

The Rev. John Laing (Presbyterian) in an article in the Toronto Westminister, a Presbyterian organ, says that twenty-five years ago other denominations disapproved of the use of the Shorter Catechism by Presbyterians on the plea that doctrinal teaching is a mistake, and that the Bible is the only proper text-book for children and youth.

chism." In fact both these sects have plagiarized from Catholic practice in having a Catechism at all, and nearly all their doctrines are a plagiarism from Catholic belief; that is to say, all, except certain erroneous teachings which they have added to the faith once delivered to the saints.

FLORAL OFFERINGS.

Reference has frequently been made in the columns of the CATHOLIC RECORD to the fashion of sending what are known as "floral offerings" to be placed on the coffin of deceased friends.

CHRISTIANITY AND NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

Considerable discussion has been going on in the newspapers and magazines during the last few weeks regarding the assumed decline or decay of the Latin nations, and the Protestant periodicals do not hesitate to attribute this decay to the fact that these nations have adhered to the Catholic faith.

THE PROPOSED ANTI-ANARCHIST CONGRESS.

There is much speculation regarding the result to be expected from the meeting of the International Anti-Anarchist Conference which began its first session at Rome on 24th Nov.

is not enough. The Church is also, according to him, "a healthful and illuminating influence in the general life of the world," inasmuch as Christ said in the sermon on the Mount, (St. Matt. v, 13, 14.) "Ye are the salt of the earth. . . Ye are the light of the world."

THE SUPREMACY AND CHOICE OF A POPE.

P. C. of Chatham, N. B., asks answer certain objections raised by Protestant friend against the Supremacy of the Pope over the Church of Christ.

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tantism, but at some former periods it was the other way, and within the present century it appeared to be on the side of Catholicism, especially during the reign of the first Napoleon, and even of his nephew, Louis Napoleon, until the date of his overthrow at Sedan.

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and they have every reason to take steps to put a stop to such a ridiculous state of things. Nothing is indeed more natural, and, indeed, more proper than that the powers should come to the resolution to make an end of the lugubrious farce."

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One of the most popular of the society Canadian publications is the lecture delivered by the late illustrious Archbishop Walsh, entitled "Some Things Which Catholics Do Not Believe."

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And He said to them again: "Peace be to you. As hath sent me, I also send you. Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

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ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST OUR MODE... THE PROFESSION OF FAITH AND THE WORKS OF PENANCE.

Behold, I will send my angel before me... How glorious is not the praise of our Lord gives to St. John in his gospel of this day!

Whoever is ashamed of his name... nor the block threaten us, on our faith, no bloody martyrdom awaits us...

We should, however, learn... John not only the spirit of a true profession of faith, but also the self-sacrificing zeal of penance.

Let us rend the old garment... that our souls may again be clothed with the garment of grace.

Globe Loan & Savings... E. W. Day, Manager Globe Loan & Savings Co., says: "I consider Ointment invaluable, from my testimonial from me, prominent all over the Dominion."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

A GOOD OFFER.

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION AND A FAMILY BIBLE FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

For the sum of \$5.00 we will mail to any address—charges for carriage prepaid—a Family Bible (large size) bound in cloth, gilt edges, splendidly illustrated throughout with pictures of the Holy Scriptures...

We have a few copies left of the bible we some time ago offered at \$2. It is bound in some expensive style than the one referred to above...

Secret Heart Review. PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

The Rev. John Moore allows that Lehmanowsky's narrative is probably not without some inaccuracies. It could hardly be absolutely precise, being given by memory after a number of years.

Let us see what history says and what the Pole says, concerning the end of the Madrid Inquisition. Both agree that Napoleon, on Dec. 4, 1808, issued an edict abolishing the Spanish Inquisition, and sent a small body of troops to enforce the decree at Madrid.

Moore sneeringly says that I make various affirmations of an improvement of character in the later Inquisition "on the alleged authority of Lorente." Now my papers show unmistakably that I mean to be understood as giving Lorente's exact declarations, only stopping short of his very words because at the time I had not the work by me.

I have said that, to judge by Lorente, the Spanish Inquisition anticipated by a number of generations John Howard's prison reforms. Did John Howard insist on "spacious apartments," on "pleasant abodes?"

I heartily wish I could have said that even the secret prisons of the Spanish Inquisition were pleasant abodes, and spacious apartments, such as those which Carranza subsequently enjoyed at Rome.

Lorente, I have neither said nor implied any such thing. Moore has falsified my representation with the malignity of deliberate wickedness.

These are Lorente's precise words, found on page 300 of Volume I. of the Boston Athenaeum copy of the authorized French translation made under the author's immediate supervision, Second Edition, Paris, 1818.

These are Lorente's words, referring to the secret prisons: "It would be hard to imagine anything more frightful than these sequestered apartments; not that they are at present such as they have been described, but to say, deep, dank, muggy and unwholesome; by these strokes of description it is easier to recognize the inexact and exaggerated reports of the victims of the Inquisition, than the testimony of the truth."

Now it would be just like this man Moore to take the first half sentence of my quotation and to parade it everywhere as proof out of my own mouth against myself. There is no keeping watch and ward against the unapproachable malice and mendaciousness of these people.

Let us now consider some of the slight divergences which Professor Moore is willing to own possible between History and the Pole. History describes the dungeons as existing in all the Inquisitions of Spain, and as having everywhere long ceased to exist, except as empty spaces.

Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

They were all done to death by the indignant French soldiers, on the ground of the subterranean imprisonments which they had never ordered, and the prisoners had never suffered, and of the cruel tortures which they had never inflicted, and that they were murdered by the agency of an image that was not found anywhere within the Pyrenees.

In my next paper I shall pay my attention to some of the ways in which the Rev. John Moore himself writes and twists to escape the cogency of my remarks as against himself and as against his darling impostor.

Having read through the fourth volume more carefully than at first, I find that there were, not thirty-three, but forty-four, Inquisitors General, having among them one Pope, and Adrian VI. did not give up his Grand Inquisitorship of Spain until just before his death: thirteen cardinals; three patriarchs; ten archbishops; twelve bishops; five non-prelatical Inquisitors General.

He could not be a Catholic worthy of the name who forgets the dead. To our doctrine of purgatory is anchored the hope that the faith of our childhood shall grow stronger year by year.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

Paragol Out—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferer.

For Nine Years—Mr. Samuel Bryant writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most to be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parnele's Vegetable Pills. I am now well, and believe they will cure me."

Fat is absolutely necessary as an article of diet. If it is not of the right kind it may not be digested. Then the body will not get enough of it. In this event there is fat-starvation.

Scott's Emulsion supplies this needed fat, of the right kind, in the right quantity, and in the form already partly digested.

SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY. A pure hard Soap Last long-lathers freely. 5 cents a cake.

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"Famous" Baseburner. The Handsomest and Best Working Stove of this Class in America. The construction of the flues gives it a greater heating capacity than any other.

EARN A WATCH OR RIFLE. We want Agents to sell our White Light Rifle, which is perfectly odorless and that always gives a strong white light.

EARN A WATCH. Earn this valuable Watch, Chain and Charm by selling twenty Topaz Scarf Pins, at 15 cents each.

TIME TELLS THE STORY. SINGER SEWING MACHINES do Good Work DURING A LIFETIME. There is a big difference between the cost of making a first-class sewing machine, embodying the best of materials and workmanship, and one made in the cheapest manner.

FREE. We give this fine watch, and also a chain and charm for the same, to every one who sends us a copy of this book.

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Dr. Ward's Blood & Nerve Pills. CURE DYSPEPSIA.

PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION. Can be seen at our Warerooms, DUNDAS STREET. SMITH BROTHERS.

PROFESSIONAL. DR. WAGGH, 37 TALBOT ST., LONDON, Ont. Speciality—Nervous Diseases.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Second Sunday of Advent.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST OUR MODEL IN THE PROFESSION OF FAITH AND IN THE WORKS OF PENANCE.

Behold, I will send my angel before thy face, who will prepare the way before thee. (Math. 11:10) How glorious is not the praise which our Lord gives to St. John in the gospel of this day! He calls him the angel who goes before Him, and prepares His way; yes, on another occasion, He calls him the greatest born of woman. Why has the illustrious precursor of Christ been worthy of such praise from the mouth of the Eternal Truth? The desert around the Jordan can give us the reason, for behold him there, in the rigor of his penance. His garments are of camel's hair, his food is locusts and wild honey, the hard ground his bed. Behold him in his exalted mission as the Lord's preacher of penance! How, with divine power and unaction, he moves the most hardened sinners to tears of repentance, and now, behold him chained in Herod's dungeon, because he had the courage to tell a king to his face, "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife." Soon the doors of the dungeon will be opened, the executioner will enter to put him to death, and thus open to his holy soul, the way to the beautiful abode of bliss. Oh! a thousand times blessed St. John, you have glorified God like no other, by your angelic life: as a victim in the service of the Lord, you have received the crown of martyrdom, and, as a reward of your fidelity, are now enthroned with Jesus in the kingdom of the angels! Oh! may we, not only piously revere thee, but be your faithful followers in the heroic profession of faith, and in the self-sacrificing zeal of penance.

Dearly beloved, neither the dungeon nor the block threaten us, on account of our faith, no bloody martyrdom awaits us, but we are often obliged to suffer contempt on account of our holy religion, yes, how often are Catholics obliged to endure, not only the greatest affronts, but the most unmerited slights and temporal losses on account of their very name! But let us have courage, brethren, we are disciples of Jesus Christ, we are the members of a crucified head. Is the disciple above his Master? If they have hated Me, they will also hate you, says our Lord. "If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more (will they not call) them of the household." (Math. 10, 25.) Verily, to be a Christian and act as a coward, is a nonentity, it is a contradiction in itself. Whoever is ashamed of his Saviour or of His doctrine, thus denies Him, and renders himself guilty of the terrible condemnation in the gospel, that the Lord will also deny him before His heavenly Father, on the dreadful day of judgment. On the other hand, Christ says: "Blessed are you when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake! Rejoice, and be exceedingly glad, because your reward is very great in Heaven." (Math. 5, 11.)

We should, however, learn from St. John not only the spirit of a martyr in the profession of faith, but also the self-sacrificing zeal of penance. Holy Writ tells us that St. John was sanctified in his mother's womb, and that he never committed a mortal sin; and yet he performed works of penance as though he were guilty of the greatest crimes. We, however, are great sinners, our souls are steeped in sin, nevertheless, we act as though we had no need of penance, no need of amending our lives, and no need of satisfying the justice of God. Has God created a Heaven for us different from the one enjoyed by St. John and the other saints? Has the Council of Trent no reference to us, when it says: "The life of a Christian must be a life of penance?" Do not these words of Christ allude to us: "I say to you, unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish." (Luke 13, 3.) Oh! no, let us not deceive ourselves! He who cannot deny himself for Christ's sake, take up his cross daily and follow Him, hopes, in vain for the crown of victory, which is given only to the undefiled. Awake then, arise from the death of sin. The night has passed, the day has dawned. Our Saviour stands in our midst, and knocks at the door of our hearts. He does not wish to be born only in a cold stable and rest in a hard crib, but He desires to be born in our hearts by a worthy Christmas Communion. Let us, therefore, begin now, to prepare a suitable habitation in our hearts for the King of angels, let us make a temple, wherein He can dwell and be enthroned. Let us rend the old garment of sin, that our souls may again be adorned with the garment of grace. Let us resolve to give up those evil conversations which make us so often neglect God, to forget the animosity which caused Satan so much joy, to repair the injury we have done against our neighbor's good name or property, to be more fervent in prayer, to fight courageously against temptations and to be assiduous in the fulfillment of the duties of our state of life. Thus, being true admirers and followers of St. John, the Divine Infant will, on His approaching nativity, bless us and bring us the plenitude of His Heavenly graces. Amen.

Globe Loan & Savings Co., cor. of Victoria and Lombard Sts., Toronto. E. W. Day, Manager Globe Loan & Savings Co., says: "I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment invaluable," we have thousands of testimonials from prominent business men all over the Dominion. NERVES must be fed on pure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best nerve tonic. By enriching the blood it makes the nerves STRONG.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A GOOD ENOUGH BOY.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

Ben Marquand was a boy of more than ordinary abilities, and might have been a leader in his class had it not been for his lack of exactness in the minor details that is always necessary to secure perfection.

He was quick at figures, but never troubled himself to lock over an example that was only a fraction of a cent out of the way; and in writing his grammar test, if he were fortunate enough to arrange the sentences according to the rules, he was not in the least particular where he chanced to place the punctuation marks. And so it was in everything he did. Even in his conversation, he did not always stick to the truth. I do not mean that he would tell things which he knew were not true, but he was careless about what he repeated, and did not always report things exactly as he had heard them. His lack of reliability worried his parents considerably; but if it had not been for his Uncle Ben, it is quite probable his namesake would have attained his majority with this bad habit still clinging to him.

In his early days, Uncle Ben had been a carpenter, but for many years back his friends had honored him by making him their representative in Congress. He was a splendid business man, as well as a model Christian, and looked upon young Ben's loose habits much more seriously than did his parents.

One day, when Ben had been set to repairing the door of the pig sty his uncle made it his business to happen out in that region about the time he thought the work would be finished. Meeting Ben with his tools on his shoulder, he said:

"Well, Ben, my boy, have you made a good job of the work?"

"Good enough for a pig sty," answered Ben, shortly, aware that his work would not stand inspection.

"Let me see," replied his uncle, opening the door as far as it would go.

"It is not hung plumb; see how it swags," he added. "Give me your saw and hammer, and see if I cannot straighten it."

Ben handed him the tools reluctantly, and stood watching his uncle's nimble fingers as he deftly fitted the door to its place with as much exactness as if it had belonged to a mansion instead of to a pig sty.

"There! is not that better?" he asked. "You see, I am an old carpenter, and my hand has not yet forgotten its cunning."

"But, uncle, what is the use in taking so much pains with a pig sty? What do those plump, long eared fellows care about the looks of their home, provided they get enough to eat?" urged Ben.

"Nothing, probably; but Ben, I have my own self-respect to support, and what kind of a conscience would I have carried about with that door swinging the way I found it," was the answer.

Ben looked a little sheepish, but before he had time to reply, his uncle said, very kindly, but with a serious look in his eye:

"Ben, I must acknowledge that I used a little deceit in happening out where you were at work this morning. The fact is I have been wanting to have a little talk with you, and knowing from what I have learned of your habits, just how you would hang that door, I came out to have an object lesson for my text, and you see I have not been disappointed."

"Your good-enough way of doing everything you undertake will certainly ensure your failure when you come to take an active place in life. Your lack of precision in your studies may pass in the school room, but you will find accuracy demanded when you enter into business with the world. Among the first years that I was in Congress a little incident occurred that forcibly illustrates the value of exactness even in the most minute details. In a tariff bill that became a law that winter, one of the sections enumerated what articles should be admitted free of duty. Among the articles specified were all 'foreign fruit-plants,' meaning plants imported for transplanting, propagation, or experiment. The enrolling clerk, in copying the bill accidentally changed the hyphen in the compound word 'fruit-plants' to a comma, making it read 'all foreign fruit, plants, and so forth. As a result of this carelessness, for a year, or until Congress could remedy the blunder, all the oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, and other foreign fruits, were admitted free of duty. It was only a little mistake, but it cost the Government not less than two million dollars."

"Rather a costly comma," admitted Ben, thoughtfully. "I hope I shall never make such a grave mistake as that."

"And yet, so far as precision is concerned, you are making greater errors every day," said his uncle. "To avoid such grave consequences it is necessary to form habits of exactness in early life. Your fourteen years of indulgence will cause you many a hard battle, but if you right about-face, and begin to fight in earnest, there is no reason why you should not finally succeed. Set a watch upon your lips at the very outset, for this habit of deviating from the truth has crept into your speech as well as into your fingers and pencil. Be exact in your work with your tools. It helps a boy to find out what 'square' means. When he can saw to the line every time, he has a greater respect for truth. The skilled mechanic is usually a man whose word can be relied upon. His respect for exactness makes him how to the line in his speech."

"Then you think an apprenticeship to some good old carpenter would cure me of untruthfulness?" said Ben, humbly, for, though wounded by his uncle's plain talk, he had the good sense to appreciate the kindness that had prompted it.

"It might," admitted his uncle. "But, Ben, if self-will is not brought into the contest, even the most skillful master would fall in his efforts to teach you to apply to yourself the stringent rules that make the work of the craft a success."

"I do not intend that self-will shall be left out of the struggle," Ben replied modestly. "I am going to turn over a new leaf this very morning, and if stretching lines and measuring planks will help it to stay turned, I am willing to begin an apprenticeship right away."

"And I'll teach you the secrets of the craft," said his uncle proudly, grasping his hand. He kept his word, and Ben showed his gratitude by proving himself worthy of his master.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Once upon a time the forest was in a great commotion. Early in the evening the wise old cedars had shaken their heads ominously and predicted strange things. They had lived in the forest many, many years; but never had they seen such marvellous sights as were to be seen now in the sky, and upon the hills, and in the distant village.

"Pray tell us what you see," pleaded a little vine; "we who are not as tall as you can behold none of these wonderful things. Describe them to us, that we may enjoy them with you."

"I am filled with such amazement," said one of the cedars, "that I can hardly speak. The whole sky seems to be aflame, and the stars appear to be dancing among the clouds; angels walk down from heaven to the earth, and enter the village or talk with the shepherds upon the hills."

The vine listened in mute astonishment. Such things never before had happened. The vine trembled with excitement. Its nearest neighbor was a tiny tree, so small it scarcely ever was noticed; yet it was a very beautiful little tree, and the vines and ferns and mosses and other humble residents of the forest loved it dearly.

"How I should like to see the angels!" sighed the little tree, "and how I should like to see the stars dancing among the clouds! It must be very beautiful."

As the vine and the little tree talked of these things, the cedars watched with increasing interest the wonderful scenes over and beyond the confines of the forest. Presently they thought they heard music, and they were not mistaken, for soon the whole air was full of the sweetest harmonies ever heard upon earth.

"What beautiful music!" cried the little tree. "I wonder whence it comes."

"The angels are singing," said a cedar; "for none but angels could make such sweet music."

"But the stars are singing, too," said another cedar; "yes, and the shepherds on the hills join in the song, and what a strangely glorious song it is!"

The trees listened to the singing, but they did not understand its meaning; it seemed to be an anthem, and it was of a Child that had been born; but further than this they did not understand. The strange and glorious song continued all the night; and all that night the angels walked to and fro, and the shepherds folk talked with the angels, and the stars danced and carolled in high heaven. And it was nearly morning when the cedars cried out, "They are coming to the forest! the angels are coming; this was true. And, surely enough, this was true. The vine and the little tree were very terrified, and they begged their older and stronger neighbors to protect them from harm. But the cedars were too busy with their own fears to pay any heed to the faint pleadings of the humble vine and the little tree.

The angels came into the forest, singing the same glorious anthem about the Child, and the stars sang in chorus with them until every part of the woods rang with echoes of that wonderful song. There was nothing in the appearance of this angel host to inspire fear; they were clad all in white, and there were crowns upon their fair heads, and golden harps in their hands; love, hope, charity, compassion, and joy beamed from their beautiful faces, and their presence seemed to fill the forest with a divine peace. The angels came through the forest to where the little tree stood, and gathered around it, they touched it with their hands, and kissed its little branches, and sang even more sweetly than before. And their song was about the Child, the Child, the Child that had been born. Then the stars came down from the skies and danced and hung upon the branches of the tree, and they, too, sang that song—the song of the Child. And all the other trees and the vines and the ferns and the mosses beheld in wonder; nor could they understand why all these things were being done, and why this exceeding honor should be shown the little tree.

When the morning came the angels left the forest—all but one angel, who remained behind and lingered near the little tree. Then a cedar asked: "Why do you tarry with us, holy angel?" And the angel answered: "I stay to guard this little tree, for it is sacred, and no harm shall come to it."

The little tree felt quite relieved by this assurance, and it held up its head more confidently than ever before. And how it thrived and grew, and waxed in strength and beauty! The cedars said they never had seen the like. The sun seemed to lavish its choicest rays upon the little tree, heaven dropped its sweetest dew upon it, and the winds never came to the forest that they did not forget their rude manners and linger to kiss the little tree and sing its prettiest songs. No danger ever menaced it, no harm threatened; for the angel never slept,—through the day and through the night the angel watched the little tree and protected it from all evil. Oftentimes the trees talked with the angel; but of course they understood little of what he said, for he spoke always of the Child Who was to become the Master; and always when thus he talked, he caressed the little tree, and stroked its branches and leaves, and moistened them with his tears. It all was so very strange that none in the forest could understand.

So the years passed, the angel watching his blooming charge. Sometimes the beast strayed toward the little tree and threatened to devour its tender foliage; sometimes the woodman came with his axe, intent upon hewing down the straight and comely thing; sometimes the hot, consuming breath of drought swept from the south, and sought to blight the forest and all its verdure; the angel kept them from the little tree. Serene and beautiful it grew, until now it was no longer a little tree, but the pride and glory of the forest.

One day the tree heard some one coming through the forest. Hitherto the angel had hastened to its side when men approached; but now the angel strode away and stood under the cedars yonder.

"Dear angel," cried the tree, "can you not hear footsteps of some one approaching? Why do you leave me?" "Have no fear," said the angel; "for He Who comes is the Master."

The Master came to the tree and beheld it. He placed his hands upon its smooth trunk and branches, and the tree was thrilled with a strange and glorious delight. Then He stooped and kissed the tree, and then He turned and went away.

Many times after that the Master came to the forest, and when He came it always was to where the tree stood. Many times He rested beneath the tree and enjoyed the shade of its foliage, and listened to the music of the wind as it swept through the rustling leaves. Many times He slept there, and the tree watched over Him, and the forest was still, and all its voices were hushed. And the angel hovered near like a faithful sentinel.

Ever and anon men came with the Master to the forest, and sat with Him in the shade of the tree, and talked with Him of matters which the tree never could understand; only it heard that the talk was of love and charity and gentleness, and it saw that the Master was beloved and venerated by the others. It heard them tell of the Master's goodness and humility,—how He had healed the sick and raised the dead and bestowed inestimable blessings wherever He walked. And the tree loved the Master for His beauty and His goodness; and when He came to the forest it was full of joy, but when He came not it was sad. And the other trees of the forest joined in its happiness and its sorrow, for they, too, loved the Master. And the angel always hovered near.

The Master came one night alone into the forest, and His face was pale with anguish and wet with tears, and He fell upon His knees and prayed. The tree heard Him, and all the forest was still, as if it were standing in the presence of death. And when the morning came, lo! the angel had gone. There was a great confusion in the forest. There was a sound of rude voices, and a clashing of swords and staves. Strange men appeared, uttering loud oaths and cruel threats, and the tree was filled with terror. It called aloud for the angel, but the angel came not.

"Alas," cried the vine, "they have come to destroy the tree, the pride and glory of the forest!"

The forest was sorely agitated, but it was in vain. The strange men plied their axes with cruel vigor, and the tree was hewn to the ground. Its beautiful branches were cut away and cast aside, and its soft, thick foliage was strewn to the tender mercies of the winds.

"They are killing me!" cried the tree; "why is not the angel here to protect me?"

But no one heard the piteous cry,—none but the other trees of the forest; and they wept, and the little vine wept too.

Then the cruel men dragged the despoiled and hewn tree from the forest, and the forest saw that beautiful thing no more.

But the night wind that swept down from the City of the Great King that night to ruffle the bosom of distant Galilee, tarried in the forest awhile to say that it had seen that day a cross upraised on Calvary,—the tree on which was stretched the body of the dying Master.

Files Cured Without the Knife, by Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. George Browne, painter, of Woodville, Ont., Victoria Co., says: "For thirteen years I was a sufferer from bleeding piles and the intense agony which I passed through during those years and relief I obtained by Chase's Ointment prompts me to give this testimonial. My physician wished me to have an operation but I felt I could be cured without the knife. Three boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment stopped the bleeding and effected a permanent cure."

If you have catarrh, don't dally with local remedies, but purify and enrich your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Nothing More Useful.

I can conceive nothing better or more satisfactory in the life of a man than to be able to assist young men to live a noble life.—Gov. Ramsdell.

Be Sincere.

Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptation; say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad this hour in the world insincerity is the most dangerous.—James Anthony Froude.

One Fall Leads to Another.

It is easier to escape habit than to conquer it. Many a one who reads these lines will bear witness with the writer to the words of one who says: "I know from experience that habit can, in direct opposition to every conviction of the mind, and but little aided by the elements of temptation, induce a repetition of the most unworthy actions. The mind is weak where it has once given way."

Advice to Young Men.

Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of hard work. Work for the best wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat and boots. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profit's sake. Be stingy with your appetite, but merciful to others' necessities. Help others and ask no help for yourself. Be proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to wear a coat you cannot afford to buy, too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up with in expenses, too proud to lie or steal or cheat, too proud to be stingy; in short, be a man of integrity and individuality.—Catholic Monthly.

Keep Still.

In one of Dr. Burton's Yale lectures is the following advice to young men: "When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my latter years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did it. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the midfury of the battle. To plunge in were twice as easy." Imprudent speech has done more harm than has gun-powder.

The Teacher of Athletics.

The time has come when one of the most important members of a college faculty in the eyes of the undergraduates, and undoubtedly the most popular in many colleges, is the professional athletic trainer who sees to it that the baseball, football and rowing men give a good account of themselves when brought in competition with other colleges. Within the past week the engagement of such a trainer by a large college conspicuous in athletics has been announced, and it is stated that his salary is to be \$3,000 a year. There are many members of the faculty of this college who do not get as large a salary though their dignity is greater. Not a few of these professional trainers now are college men, and the field for this kind of work is broadening. A man who gave himself up to this kind of work twenty years ago would have been looked upon as little better than a prize fighter, but it is a recognized branch now. Half a dozen college girls have gone into this kind of work and have succeeded much better than the girls who have devoted themselves to teaching classics and mathematics. This is an era of athletics and of physical development, and the effects are good.

Farmers or Clerks?

The Montgomery, Md., Advertiser answers affirmatively the question, "Does farming pay?" and adds:

"Why, then is it that life in the country is tabooed and a young farmer—one who can manage labor successfully and conduct a plantation in a practical manner—looked upon as an object of curiosity, mingled with a suggestion of pity? There are a few men in this immediate vicinity who have the sagacity to perceive that the prospective advantages of agricultural life far outweigh the future in the business of mercantile field. They are in active charge of plantations near the city; they are making practical farmers of themselves; they are leading independent, healthful lives, and buying more land each year with their earnings. Their comrades have gone, as clerks, into the railroad offices or the stores of the city; are earning but little more than the bare cost of living; are accounted most fortunate if in two years they get a week's vacation in which to spend all their earnings, and are frightened at the unexpected approach of their employer at all times. In fifteen years they will be worn out old men—mechanical contrivances for doing a certain stipulated task—barely living within their modest income, and in continual fear lest their place shall be filled with a younger man. And the young man on the plantation will be influential land owners, with an assured income—a 'sound mind in a sound body'—both prosperous and

happy, of use to themselves, their families and the communities in which they live."

Do All the Good You Can.

It is a solemn thing that centuries hence the man of that future time may be helped or hindered by deeds and words of ours spoken or done to-day. A solemn thing that we influence people every day, and that influence may be perpetual in its consequences. A word may live in a heart for years and result in multiplied good deeds; an evil example may bear fruit in evil that will endure. Let us do all the good we can to all the persons we meet. We know not, any of us, how soon the night may come in which no man can work.

I remember some years ago there was one of those large Thames pleasure steamers, called "the Princess Alice," going down the river, when it collided with some other boat much larger than itself, and in an instant hundreds of pleasure seekers and excursionists were struggling in the water. I dare say some of you may remember that awful catastrophe—how the pleasure that day was turned into mourning in hundreds of families. How the husband, the mother, the daughter, that went out in the morning came not back at night, or came only as a lifeless body from which the soul had fled.

"A worn-out fetter, which the soul Had broken and thrown away."

When the catastrophe took place some little help was at hand, but not much; and there was one man who, happening to be in a small rowing boat, pulled up to the place and rescued, as many people as he could. All around him were men and women fighting for dear life, the drowning clutching hold of the swimmers and overwhelming them in their own death. Skirting about on the edge of the struggling mass the man picked up all he could carry safely, and, as he pulled slowly off, agonized cries came to him to save "just one more." It was told by one of the survivors that the poor fellow, pulling at his oar choking with emotion, sobbed out to himself: "Would God I had a larger boat!" It was an awful thing to pull away with the few and leave the many; to help the units, and leave the hundreds.

But at least the man did what he could. His power of help was limited by the size of his boat. But what would you have said of him if he had drifted idly by and made no attempt to help his fellow-creatures? Does not this accord with the life of some of us? There are souls around you going to ruin, and you hold out no hand to help; there are hearts that love you and would listen to what you have to say, and you remain voiceless and dumb; forgetting that a man's life consisteth not in that which he possesses, but in the power that he exercises for good.

MANY GO INSANE.

WOMEN'S BURDENS ARE HEAVY AND HARD TO BEAR.

Unless Dodd's Kidney Pills are Used, Then Diseases of Women are Cured, and Suffering Ceases—Mrs. Ellen Dowson's Case.

Toronto, Nov. 28.—The daily papers from day to day contain reports of the wrecking of once happy homes, through the insanity of mothers, whose reason has been destroyed by illness.

Women's burdens are many and heavy, and hard to bear. They are, as a rule, borne in silence, for women don't want to incur the expense of calling in the doctor; they don't want to worry their husbands. They continue suffering in silence, while their ailments are sapping their strength, undermining their health, and reason, and hurrying them to the grave.

It is needless to call in a doctor in most of such cases. The suffering woman can cure herself at very small expense. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the remedy she needs.

In ninety-nine of every hundred cases of "Female Complaints," the trouble has its origin in diseased Kidneys. Very soon the urinary, and reproductive organs are involved, and the sufferer becomes a frail and wasted shadow of her former self. By restoring the Kidneys to sound health, and so ensuring their prompt and proper action, "Female Complaints" can be quickly, thoroughly and permanently cured.

Mrs. Ellen Dowson, 640 Gerrard St. E., has discovered the value of Dodd's Kidney Pills in these cases. She writes: "For over six years I suffered intensely with Palpitation of the Heart and Female Weakness. One of Toronto's best doctors attended me, and I used many different medicines, but got no relief, till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have taken eight boxes, and am completely cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills will do for all suffering women what they did for Mrs. Dowson. Test them. They'll convince you by curing you.

THINK about your health. Do not allow scrofula taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and keep yourself WELL.

Warm cases feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effective. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.



Every School, Office, House & Library NEEDS A GLOBE.

ARCEBISHOP OF OTTAWA.

St. Patrick's church, Ottawa.

St. Patrick's church, which for several months has been undergoing extensive repairs, was reopened for worship on the morning of the 24th ult., the feast of St. John of the Cross. The opening ceremony was held in the church, which had been closed for some time.

For several years the accommodation of the church had been inadequate for the growing congregation, and early in the year preparations were made for enlarging and renovating the church. The alterations effected have already appeared in the CATHOLIC RECORD.

The opening ceremony was held in the church, which had been closed for some time. The Rev. Father Kelly, who has been in charge of the church since the alterations were completed, presided at the ceremony.

The Rev. Father Kelly, who has been in charge of the church since the alterations were completed, presided at the ceremony. He delivered a sermon on the feast of St. John of the Cross.

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DIocese of London.

Rev. Father Kelly's Farewell.

HE RECEIVES AN ADDRESS AND A PURSE FROM THE PEOPLE.

It was with mingled feelings of surprise and regret that the announcement was made on Sunday last that the Rev. Father Kelly, who has been in charge of the church since the alterations were completed, was to be transferred to another parish.

The Rev. Father Kelly, who has been in charge of the church since the alterations were completed, presided at the ceremony. He delivered a sermon on the feast of St. John of the Cross.

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DIocese of Peterborough.

St. Joseph's church, Peterborough.

St. Joseph's church, Peterborough, was the scene of a most successful and enjoyable affair, and also financially successful, on the occasion of the annual festival of the Holy Family, which was held on the 24th ult.

The Rev. Father Kelly, who has been in charge of the church since the alterations were completed, presided at the ceremony. He delivered a sermon on the feast of St. John of the Cross.

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OBITUARY.

Mrs. Mary Toohy, North Cayuga.

On Tuesday, November 28th, there passed away an esteemed and well-known citizen of North Cayuga, in the person of Mrs. Mary Toohy, who was born in the town of Tipperary, Ireland, in the year 1812, and had thus more than passed the allotted span of life.

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WEDDED AT PERTH.

Mr. Geo. A. O'Reilly, of Ottawa, Marries a Lady of the Former Place.

Perth, Nov. 28.—A very pretty wedding took place at St. John's Church at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 28th inst., when Miss Edith Lee of Perth was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. Geo. A. O'Reilly, son of Mr. John O'Reilly, of Ottawa.

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MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON.

London, Dec. 1.—Grain per cental—Red wheat, 12 1/2; white, 12 1/2; barley, 12 1/2; oats, 12 1/2; peas, 12 1/2; linseed, 12 1/2; cottonseed, 12 1/2; tallow, 12 1/2; sugar, 12 1/2; coffee, 12 1/2; tea, 12 1/2; rice, 12 1/2; indigo, 12 1/2; opium, 12 1/2; hides, 12 1/2; skins, 12 1/2; wool, 12 1/2; iron, 12 1/2; steel, 12 1/2; copper, 12 1/2; brass, 12 1/2; zinc, 12 1/2; lead, 12 1/2; tin, 12 1/2; silver, 12 1/2; gold, 12 1/2.

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FIT-REFORM CLOTHING.

THE KINDLY LIGHT IS LEADING MANY TO THE TRUE FOLD.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Volume XX.

London Saturday, December 10, 1918.

BOYS' SOCIETIES.

We are glad to notice that articles on Boys' Societies are attracting some attention. We cherish the hope that the New Year will usher in an era of energy in this direction.

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Advertisements and notices at the bottom of the page.