

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1898.

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The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, May 14, 1898.

CONVERSIONS.

The missionary movement for non-Catholics is meeting with great success in the United States. The tide has turned Romeward. Some of the parsons are waiting anxiously for a "call of the Lord" to places undisturbed by the breath of the Catholic preacher. Why not have a similar movement in Canada? There are scores of able and zealous clerics ready to take the field, and there are thousands who would give them a hearing. Our separated brethren have been living too long in a beguiling land discovered by graduates from Knox College.

THE BANK ROBBER AGAIN.

Crispi is decidedly pessimistic in his view of the pending war. This, however, is not astonishing, for one can scarcely expect a man with the shadow, and a very palpable one, of robbery over him, to be in a cheerful state of mind. We suppose that he derived considerable consolation from the many and wondrous reasons that individuals with a home-made religion give in extenuation of misdemeanors. He may have for the moment considered that property was theft or may have thought that his services in guarding the ill-gotten goods of his royal master were insufficiently rewarded, and so had recourse to occult compensation. However it was, he was saved from prison because his shrewdness and unscrupulousness were necessary to the government.

The venerable statesman, "broken by the storm of state," might have given us the charity of his silence. He might have retired to some solitude to devise some schemes for the wise regulation of his household, which, as everybody knows, is in a bad state of confusion. But no! He comes forward to tell us that the decadence of the Latin races is due to the retrograde spirit of the clergy.

The accusation, coming from such a source, is at least open to suspicion. The word of a man bespattered with the mud of the criminal court can carry no weight with it, especially when it is proffered against a class which he has always held in detestation.

We do not know what his idea of progress may be. He may have had in mind the progressive move made by the red-shirted Garibaldians, or the progress manifested in the erection of public buildings which are an eyecore to the Roman visitor. Whatever his idea may be, his latest utterance amply sustains his reputation for unreliability.

He knows as well as we do that it is simply to satisfy his hatred and to pander to the unthinking ignorance of anti-Catholics; and it is another proof that the eye of the prejudiced man is like an owl's—the more light it receives the more it contracts.

We do not say for one instant that all churchmen have been either paragons of learning or virtue, but we do say that their efforts have been mainly for the developing and perfecting of the human race. One need not go outside of Italy to verify this. Its artistic triumphs, its monuments that extort the praise and admiration of the visitors from every clime, its advocacy for the things which constitute true progress, point to the fact that the clergy have never been remiss in their duty in the matter of everything that could advance the interests and promote the welfare of man. Well does the poet say of her:

"Italia! and Italia! looking on thee
Full flashes on the soul, the light of ages still
The font at which the parting wind as
sages
Her thirst for knowledge, quaffing there her
ill.
Flows from the source of Rome's imperial
hill."

And this is true of every country—in less measure—of every country that has heard the teaching of a Catholic priest. What he preaches has been designed by God as the only force that can leaven the mass of humanity. Whatever good there is in the world to day comes directly, or indirectly, from Catholic principles. Protestantism has added nothing to the sum of progress. It sometimes dresses itself in Catholic garments, but one sees through the disguise very easily.

If a nation has sunk in the scale of

progress we must look elsewhere than to the spirit of the clergy as the cause.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

It is well for Catholics to remember that the banner of civil and religious liberty was unfurled for the first time on the American continent by our brethren. Our friends the preachers are very fond just now of extolling the glories of freedom bestowed on mankind by the "Reformation" and exalting the "Roman Church" which has been always a drag on the chariot of progress. But, unfortunately for them, non-Catholics who have read the records of the past have not the same enthusiasm. The first "Reformers" such as Luther and Calvin taught the need of religious persecution.

Hallam tells us in his Constitutional History of England that "Persecution is the deadly original sin of the reformed churches; that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive."

Buckle, in his History of Civilization in England, has the following sentences:

"It must be admitted that in Scotland there is more bigotry, more superstition and a more thorough contempt for the religion of others, than there is in France. And in Sweden, which is one of the oldest Protestant countries in Europe, there is not occasionally but habitually an inheritance and a spirit of persecution, which would be creditable to a Catholic country; but which is doubly disgraceful when proceeding from a people who profess to base their religion on the right of private judgment."

Presbyterianism has urged the doctrine of religious persecution with a blind and reckless ferocity. We might go on and quote the words of historians; but we imagine these quotations have considerably more weight than the utterances of individuals who have studied Catholic doctrine in bigoted tracts and pamphlets. They point to one fact, that Protestants never became the dominant power in a land without subjecting the Catholics, to put it mildly, to some inconvenience. Up to 1876, in New Hampshire, over which the flag of liberty flutters, Protestants only could hold office.

It is very easy to show that the "Reformation" retarded the progress of civil liberty. Prior to the sixteenth century the Catholic Church had safeguarded the liberties of the masses, and had done it despite the threats and opposition of the most powerful monarchs. It was through her exertions that Parliaments sprang into being and that Republics, such as those of Genoa, Pisa, etc., protected popular liberty. Her's also is the glory of the Magna Charta, of the trial by jury. The Reformation took no notice of the people. Luther incited the Anabaptists to revolt and then told the princes to butcher them as they would wild beasts.

The king or prince was invested with absolute authority and the yearners after the liberty of the Gospel bowed the knee before them and winked at their most libidinous excesses. The student of the days of the "Reformation" knows this and calls to mind many a quotation which would perchance be offensive in the ears of our separated brethren.

"The immediate effect of the Reformation in England was," as Macaulay says, "by no means favorable to political liberty. The authority which had been exercised by the Popes was transferred almost entire to the King. Two formidable powers which had often served to check each other, were united in a single despot. If the system on which the founders of the Church of England acted could have been permanent, the Reformation would have been, in a political sense, the greatest curse that ever fell on our country."

One would naturally expect that Germany, which first broke the fetters of the "slavery" imposed on her by the Church of Rome, would afford testimony to the liberty of which we hear so much. Yet Guizot, a very impartial witness, assures us that the "Reformation" accepted the absence of liberty. It was rather opposed to the free institutions of the middle ages than favorable to their progress.

LATHROP'S CONVERSION.

The Story of It—Told in His Own Words.

Catholic Columbian.
George Parsons Lathrop, who died recently in New York, was a bright light in the world of letters and a chivalrous champion of the faith. He was of Puritan stock, being a descendant of Major General Samuel Lathrop of revolutionary fame, who succeeded Israel Putnam in command of the Connecticut troops in the Continental army. He was born in the Sandwich Islands in 1851, where his father was surgeon in charge of the Marine Hospital at Honolulu and also American consul at that port for a time. He received his early education in New York, spent some time in Germany and, returning to this country, took a law course at Columbia College and then entered the law office of William M. Everts. Law, however, was not to his liking, and he turned his attention to literature. He married the daughter of the famous novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and since their marriage both husband and wife have earned a distinguished reputation in literature. When only twenty-four years of age, he accepted the place of assistant editor of the dignified Yankee Magazine, The Atlantic Monthly. He remained with this periodical for two years and then accepted a place with the Boston Courier, where he remained until 1879, when he purchased the old home of Hawthorne, "The Wayside," at Concord, Massachusetts. He removed to New York in 1883 and remained there the rest of his days, having a summer home at New London, Connecticut, where was held the first session of the Eastern summer school and to which he lent much assistance in making the first meeting such a promising success.

HIS APPEARANCE.

Walter Lecky, in his "Down at Caxton's," thus describes Lathrop in what he calls a snap shot picture:
"A man of medium height, strangely built, broad shouldered, the whole frame betokening agility; face somewhat rounded, giving it a pleasant plumpness, with eye, quick, nervous and snappy, lighting up a more than ordinary dark complexion—such is Parsons Lathrop, as caught by my camera. His voice was soft, clear as a bell note, and when heard in a lecture hall, charming; a slight hesitancy but adds to the pleasure of the listener. In reading he affects none of the dramatic poses and Delicat movements that make unconscious comedians of our tragic readers. It is pleasant to listen to such a man, having no fear that in some moving passage, carried away by some quasi-involuntary elocutionary movement, he might find himself a wreck among the audience. The lines of Wordsworth are an apt description of him:

"Yet he was a man
Whom no one could have passed without
mark;
Active and nervous was his gait; his limbs,
And his whole figure, breathed intelligence."

HIS CONVERSION.

Lathrop and his wife were received into the Church in New York, on the feast of St. Joseph, 1891, by Rev. Alfred Young, the Paulist, and were confirmed two days later by Archbishop Corrigan.

Naturally, their reception into the Church created a stir and commotion. Within the week after his baptism, Mr. Lathrop wrote to his friend, James J. Roche, editor of the Boston Pilot, a letter in which he said: "No one ever suggested my becoming a Catholic or tried to persuade me; although a number of my friends were Catholics." He further states that he examined the claims of the Church with the same candor that he would use towards any other subject upon which he heartily desired to form a conclusion. He closes the letter by saying: "The Church revealed itself to me as broadly liberal and gentle towards all mankind; thus worthily justifying, in my estimation, those titles of Catholic and of Mother Church by which she has always been known. Moreover, the present active and incessant spirituality of the Church does not stop with this life, or end in that pagan acceptance of death as an impassable barrier which one meets with in Protestant denominations. It links together religious souls of all periods, whether now on earth or in the world beyond, by a communion which is constant and transcends time. The Church retains all, living or dead, in a great company, which connects earth with heaven at every moment. This is what one might naturally expect, if Christianity, and the spiritual are supreme."

LATHROP AND O'REILLY.

Lathrop and John Boyle O'Reilly were fast friends and O'Reilly's death had much to do with hastening Lathrop's conversion, which occurred within six months. Lathrop wrote to a friend these words: "Except for the loss of my father, and that of my own and only son, I have never suffered one more bitter than that inflicted by the death of my dear and noble and most beloved Boyle O'Reilly. He is a great rock torn out of the foundations of my life. Nothing will ever replace that powerful prop, that magnificent buttress. I wish we could make all the people in the world

stand still and think and feel about this rare, great, exquisite-souled man until they fully comprehend him. Boyle was the greatest man, the finest heart and soul I knew in Boston and my most dear friend."

WHY HE BECAME A CATHOLIC.
The Christian Register once having asked Lathrop to state his reasons for becoming a Catholic, he answered in a three column article that makes most interesting reading, touching with a keen pen all the important doctrines of the Church. Space will permit only a few extracts from this letter, which is a fine piece of Christian literature. He opens the letter by saying: "What I am about to write is neither an apology nor a challenge. It is merely a short record made in good faith, which if others take in bad faith, they may do so to their own detriment but hardly to mine."

HIS YOUTH.
"In the churches of man I found, at last, only weariness, and so came as though inevitably—yet not weakly, but with my whole understanding—in to the holy Catholic Church, the Church of God founded by Christ. Baptized and confirmed in the Protestant Episcopal communion, as a boy of fifteen, I drew much good from it. Yet, from the first, I was troubled by the difficulty which Anglicans and Episcopalians seemed to have in making out clearly a divine commission to their Church; the laboriousness with which they toiled over their apostolical succession, and their apologetical details which produced a mass of not very coherent, and never became at all inspiring. After some years of devout communion, what appeared to me the shortcomings and inconsistencies of Episcopalism and became still more oppressive. It was a gentlemanly, cool, respectable form of religion; but with all its apostolic claims, it somehow did not disclose in itself the great, over-growing spirit of Christ. Although it acknowledged the virgin birth of Jesus, it, nevertheless, treated His mother, the Blessed Virgin, with a chilliness approaching disdain, that gave me shame for it and myself and even cast a sort of shame upon her. It confessed the communion of saints; yet that communion was practically as dead to it as the saints themselves were in a physical sense. To some extent, the High Church made up for the deficiencies of the Low by a certain purity and beauty of services, exaltation of worship, and sometimes—A KINDLY MINGLING OF RICH AND POOR in one congregation. But the High Church dwelt in isolation; and it suffered, as the whole Episcopal organization appeared to, from limitedness—a lack of height, breadth and depth, a want of firmness as well as of universality."

"Much latitude of individual opinion was allowed in the Episcopal Church; but latitude of that sort does not constitute universality. For universality needs to have a central and all comprehensive view, depth, fixity and simplicity of principles, as well as harmonious correspondence between the whole and the parts. Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians I had known well for a long while before my baptism and confirmation. I had gone to their services innumerable times, heard their explications of doctrine publicly and privately, and for two years attended a Presbyterian Sunday school and church. But now, when the Episcopal faith and forms and general position continued to seem so inadequate, I revisited from time to time some of these other organizations, hoping still that, with further experience, and with an intelligence matured at least by the passage of a number of years and by considerable thought I might yet see in them some outline of that great realization, that living embodiment of true Christian religion, which every one in the very nature of the case has a right to expect. I even went often to the Unitarian meetings, not despairing of the possibility that, even where the divinity of Christ and the trine nature of God was in whole or in part denied, the flower of perfect faith might still be found springing up unawares. Finally, for a number of months, I attended a Congregational church."

"Here let me say explicitly that I did not give up my faith, and that I had no intention whatever of formally 'joining' any of these religious associations; for to me, at least—and on this point I used my own intelligence, as far as it went, with honest purpose and earnest sympathy—they all seemed very partial and far from fulfilling the idea of a universal Church. Yet I thought that, if I could find in any one of them that which I would have been glad to see—namely, a serene ardor, a sincere humiliation, a true devotion coming somewhere near the ideal of a great Christian Church—I could at least worship with them happily. None of them, on re-examination, offered even that much to my mind."

PROTESTANTISM

is the Faubourg St. Antoine of religion, always on the eve of revolt or in open rebellion. I despaired of finding there the realization of order, the stability of a complete and unchanging truth. Yet, when I began inquiring into Catholicity, I expected to find in it only the opposite extreme of a bigoted and somewhat unreasonable conservatism. History, of course, has made me aware that much, and perhaps the most

of our modern enlightenment and civilization originally sprang from the Church—the revival of learning, the glory of painting and sculpture, many of the first schools of physical science and the grandest architecture the world has known,—that of the cathedrals. Still, so tough is the prejudice planted in one's mind by books, periodicals, friends and old associations all hostile to the Church, that I still dreaded this great institution, with a terror of holy water and the sign of the cross, such as is said to be felt by a certain unpleasant personage: I had been taught in many quarters to suppose that the Catholic Church was a menace to American popular institutions. Now that I know something of it, I am quite at ease on that point."

The letter then enters into a plain, forcible explanation of some chief points of Catholic doctrine. In one place he makes this statement of his experience: "Nothing struck me with greater surprise or impressed me more powerfully than the preaching of Catholic priests. When they spoke from the pulpit, their words, instead of flowering out discursively in general essays, intricate erudition or sensational discourses, seemed to be wholly subordinated to the Lord and imbued with His spirit, in simple unconsciousness of self."

He closes this charming letter with these striking words: "If I were asked why I embraced Catholicism, the shortest answer would be: I did not embrace it at all, for the same reason that I do not embrace the sky. Catholicity is so universal, like the encircling heaven through which the earth moves, that I found it also included me. Some persons say they would be Catholics, if anything, but they have never felt the need of professing a faith." This, to me, appears about as reasonable as for any one to say that, while he is grateful for air and sunlight, he does not feel the need of acknowledging it, for an American to remark that he never felt the need of declaring his loyalty to the republic."

These lines, perhaps the last he wrote, appeared in the N. Y. Times, a few days after his death:

Shakespeare and Booth.
On Avon, flowing calm by Stratford town,
Two faces of the vanished great look down.

There Shakespeare's effigy mute vigil keeps
O'er the church tomb wherein his body sleeps.

There, in the new Memorial to Will's fame,
He who gave lustre to another name—
Our gentle Edwin, passive, sad, yet strong,
In silence watches life with vision long.

A Player's picture, by the Players sent
A greeting from the western continent.

Watch on, watch on, O Shakespeare, heart of truth;
And thou, too watch with him, brave Edwin Booth!

So shall you stand to men, from age to age,
Reminders of the poet and the stage—
Great forces, rightly moved, with blessing fraught,
To give us beauty and ennoble thought.

So now these two, upon the Avon's side,
Behold the long river current glide

Like that quiet stretch of flowing time that set
A barrier 'twixt them, fill in art they met,

And life and art blend in eternity,
Flow, Avon, softly onward to the sea!

R. C. Gleaner.

QUESTION BOX.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

The queries sent to the box this week are few in number, but not lacking in interest, and it is probable that the usefulness of this department will soon be appreciated.

T. C. L. sends a clipping from the Ledger, credited to Harper's Weekly, which states that "the Roman Catholic Church considers that a member of its Church who is not married by a priest of the Church is not married at all." The statement is more inaccurate than its grammar. A member of the Roman Catholic Church's Church (that is who commits a great sin by marrying outside the Church, yet the marriage is valid. The clipping enclosed goes on to say: "That attitude makes further connection with the Roman Catholic Church inconceivable for a Catholic who has been married by a Protestant clergyman or a civil Magistrate." "Inconvenient" is a very good word to go along with "inconceivable," which furnishes so many with a pretext for breaking with the Catholic Church is "inconvenient" from a purely worldly point of view at all times to all persons, but from a spiritual point of view it has great advantages. The joint commission of the Episcopal Church appointed in 1892 has submitted a report which recommends, among other changes, one that forbids any Episcopal minister to solemnize the marriage of either party to a divorce during the lifetime of the other party." Five of the commission dissented.

"A Steady Reader" wishes to know if a Catholic can join the "Order of Red Men."

This society is not, so far as known, formally condemned by name, but it would be well to consult your confessor. There is such a variety of Catholic societies that it seems scarcely necessary for one to join a society concerning which such a question need be asked. The Irish coachman who was competing for a position in which the test was to see how near each com-

petitor could ride to the edge of a precipice got the place by saying his would keep as far away from the danger point as possible.

"Curious" heard a Methodist preacher deliver an eloquent sermon on the reason why Christ appeared to Peter individually. The view held by the preacher was that He did so to teach us that He is ever ready to forgive those who repent of their sins. A Catholic gave the inquirer his view, in which he stated that it was because Peter was head of the Apostles that Christ appeared to him first. Is Peter's leadership proved by this text of the Holy Bible?

The incident which formed the subject of the preacher's discourse was no doubt that related in Mark xvi., 7, and is but one of a series of Bible references which should prove even to the staunchest of upholders of private interpretation that Peter was chief of the Apostles. No point is more clearly proven in the New Testament than this. Take the list of Apostles as given in Matthew, Mark, Luke and the Acts, and note the order of the names. It is manifestly design which invariably places Peter first and Judas last, though no uniformity marks the arrangement of the others:

Matthew: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Mark: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Luke: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Acts: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

In Matt. xiv., 28, 29, Peter answers for all the Apostles. In Luke v., 10, Christ addresses Peter by name, though James and John are present. Luke vii., 45, names him alone. In Luke ix., 28, Mark ix., 2, and Matthew xvii., 1, Peter is named first in the scene at the transfiguration. In John i., 41, Andrew finds Peter before going to Christ. John xiii., 24, John obeys Peter. John xx., 2, 8, John does not enter the tomb, but allows Peter to precede him. John xxi., 15-17, Christ names him as shepherd of the flock. Acts iii., 6, he performs the first miracle after the ascension of Christ. I Cor. xv., 5, Paul speaks of Peter separately from other Apostles. These are only a few of the New Testament texts which show Peter's leadership. They not only show the forgiving spirit of Our Lord, but also that Peter was made head of the Church and so acknowledged by the Evangelists and Apostles.

Communications for this department should be addressed to "Question Box," Catholic Standard and Times, 211 South Sixth street, Philadelphia.

THE PRIEST WEPT.

Impression Produced on Entering a Lazaretto of Lepers.

The sight that meets one's gaze on entering a lazaretto of lepers produces on the mind an impression of the most profound melancholy. Indeed, to find oneself all of a sudden in the presence of hundreds and hundreds of human beings, from the babe in arms to the decreed old man, some of whom are without hands or feet, others whose faces are almost eaten away, and others, again, who are covered with ulcers from head to foot so as to resemble breathing carcasses more than anything else, one cannot restrain an overwhelming sense of horror nor refrain the tears from flowing. Father Garbari was no exception, for on catching sight of Contratone in the distance, at hearing the bells of the chapel ringing merrily and especially on meeting the first group of lepers who had come out to welcome us, I saw him start and then tremble and finally burst into tears. This was only natural: he had never seen a leper until that day, and although I had attempted to describe what was awaiting him, and although his imagination had painted things bad enough, still, when he beheld the poor creatures with his own eyes, I saw that his conception had fallen far short of the reality.—Salesian Bulletin.

Sisters Ever Watchful.

We hear of another band of Sisters who are going to Klondike to nurse the sick and minister to the dying in that bleak region. Many a miner, far from home, will bless these noble, self-denying women, who will assist them with all the faithfulness of a mother in the hours when the shadow of the great beyond will lie heavy on their souls. The divine character of the Catholic Church is manifested in a striking manner in the self-denying labors of her religious, for though there are others who play the part of the Good Samaritan, through purely philanthropic motives, there are none who from pure love of God are willing to sacrifice their lives in caring for His creatures. At the present moment, too, Sisters are in readiness to give their services on the battlefield or in the military hospitals. Their mission is one of eternal watchfulness for the opportunity to perform deeds of mercy.

God created us without our co-operation, but He will not justify us without it.—St. Augustine.

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How a person can gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of Scott's Emulsion is hard to explain, but it certainly happens.

It seems to start the digestive machinery working properly. You obtain a greater benefit from your food.

The oil being predigested, and combined with the hypophosphites, makes a food tonic of wonderful flesh-forming power.

All physicians know this to be a fact.

All druggists, etc., and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

FOR SALE

We beg to call the attention of the Catholic people of Canada to our handsome oak "Victorian Cases," which contain every thing required in a neat and compact form, when the priest is called in to administer the last sacraments to the sick or dying.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS. THIS HAS A LARGER SALE THAN ANY BOOK OF THE KIND IN THE MARKET.

ARE YOU OVER-READY? DRESS STAYS? If so, insist on having THE SILK STITCHED "EVER-READY'S" Imperious, Thin, Light, Elastic, Durable.

O. LABELLE, MERCHANT TAILOR, 372 Richmond Street. Good Business Suits from \$15 upwards.

Cobbett's "Reformation." Just issued, a new edition of the Protestant Reformation, by W. Cobbett.

DR. TALPES' CURE FOR ASTHMA. ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, GIVES A NIGHT'S SWEET SLEEP.

ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE. \$20,000,000. This company has the largest assets in the world.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY COMPANY. SPECIALTIES—High-Class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales, XXX Porter and Stout.

BABY'S SKIN. Freed from all Eruptions. Made Pure and White by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

CANCER! Tumors and all Blood Diseases orders conquered! Settle at home. No knife or plaster.

DR. WOODRUFF, No. 185 Queen's Avenue. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throats.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, 180 King Street. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers.

THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY; or, Rejected for Conscience's Sake.

BY CHRISTINE FABER. CHAPTER IV.

The meeting of Aunt Deb and Miss Hammond had taken place leaving with each a most unfavorable impression of the other. Aunt Deb conceived at once a fierce hatred for her guest because of her beauty and its probable effect upon her brother, while Miss Hammond could not repress an inward shivering at the piercing little black eyes, and the cold, thin, shrill voice.

Prudence Liscome did not belie her name; she prudently sought to turn everything to her own interest, and had she not over-reached herself in the matter of her beloved virtue she might not have arrived at her present mature age without having entered the matrimonial state.

Her appearance gave so much mirth to Florence, the girl was in an agony trying to repress it, and at length, in order not to disgrace herself, she began to tell funny stories that they might afford her a pretense for laughing.

Wilbur with perfect gravity, conducted her to the little old-fashioned piazza, while his niece pinched herself until she felt the pain sharply in order to compose her face; but just as she had succeeded, Miss Liscome's song nearly sent both her and Agnes into another convulsion.

Mother's take a pride in having their infants' skin of that delicate pink and white—soft as velvet. When torturing and disgusting eruptions seize upon the little body, they want a remedy that will not disappoint now fail.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. Mothers who have tried Dr. Chase's Ointment in high esteem is MRS. JAS. BROWN, Molesworth, Ont. Her baby boy was covered all over the face, sides and hips with Eczema.

commenced, that she should explode, and right in the face of Aunt Deb, instead of looking at the singer was threateningly watching both her and Agnes.

Even Agnes had her more self-control, for after the first violent disposition to laugh caused by the song, she had quite composed her countenance and sat looking dignified and respectful enough, and Sydney's control seemed marvellous.

Then Mr. Wilbur would hear Miss Hammond. Her voice was neither very loud nor strong, but it was a pure, sweet contralto of the kind to harmonize exquisitely with sad, tender strains.

"Hear me, Aunt Deb, after those exquisite songs—the effect would be most uncomplimentary to me. I must beg you to excuse me this evening."

In their room that night and before either had begun to remove her dress, which, according to the modest convent fashion—in direct contrast to Miss Liscome's—was made extremely high in the neck and long in the sleeves, the two girls were exchanging merry confidences.

"Will you, Agnes?" "I invite my guardian to your Aunt Deb's house when I am only here myself on surveillance," replied Agnes in a very questioning tone.

"Fiddlesticks!" ejaculated Florence. Who cares for Aunt Deb when we have Uncle Sydney on our side, and any one can see you have him on yourside. You don't know him. From my childhood I have heard about his firm will; that when he was a mere lad at school his firmness was the mark of his wisdom.

"The last words were spoken as all the preceding words had been, playfully, and there certainly was no disposition, nor thought in the mind of the speaker, as to prophecy, but with their utterance an involuntary shudder passed over Agnes, and the admonition seemed to become a sort of fixture in her brain.

"Half past eleven, as I am asinner!" she exclaimed, springing up with a vigor that was laughable considering her previous indisposition to do anything but talk.

"When I say my rosary," replied Miss Hammond, taking from her pocket the little pearl gift of the morning. It was enclosed in an old-fashioned case which had the name, Agnes, engraved on a tiny silver plate, and opening the case drew from it the beads, and proceeded to kneel in a very straight, mortified manner in the middle of the room in order not to be tempted by the proximity of a chair to any reclining position.

"I never write to him like that," she said, looking almost reproachfully at her friend. "He is not any relative."

Agnes shrugged her shoulders, not dreaming how one day these words would come back to her with a bitter force and truth.

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awoke her with a very warm goodnight kiss, at which she aroused herself sufficiently to say:

"You are such a good, pious girl, Agnes—surely God must love you very much."

And Agnes' heart responded to the praise by a secret, very secret, but conscious throbbing of vanity at her superiority in the matter of piety to her friend. Alas! pride goeth before a fall.

The next day, when Aunt Deb found herself not invited to make one of her brother's company into an interesting excursion about the city, she consulted herself by sending for Miss Liscome, and treating that lady to all she would like to have said to both Miss Hammond and her niece.

"She has a pretty face, certainly," admitted Pru, "but don't you think Deb—(whenever Miss Wilbur got into a Pru, Miss Liscome in flatteringly imitating abbreviated Deb)—that she is very forward; at least it so struck me last night, the way she kept on singing, and that after I, mindful of the rest of the company, had sung only once."

"I shall get the duster and brush it to where it ought to be—these people even if one of them is my own niece have no right to turn a good brush that partially opened, disclosed the silver crucifix attached to Miss Hammond's pearl rosary."

"Do not touch the abomination," she repeated. "I shall get the duster and brush it to where it ought to be—these people even if one of them is my own niece have no right to turn a good brush that partially opened, disclosed the silver crucifix attached to Miss Hammond's pearl rosary."

"What events sometimes hang upon our trifling actions! Could Aunt Deb have foreseen that which would happen one day to the hated rosary, lost though it then seemed to be, she would have left it undisturbed on the dressing-table."

"Do, Miss Hammond! I assure you, it will afford me exceeding pleasure to meet your guardian."

"Oh, I'll write it instantly," with a yawn, "to get rid of your importunities; but tell me what to say, Florence, for I don't know what to say."

"I'll dictate it," said Florence, and she did, so kind and warm and affectionate an epistle, that dignified Miss Hammond paused midway in her amazement.

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little twinge of self-reproach for having been so wanting in recollection all day, remembering with a sigh that not once had she repeated her wonted daily little aspiration, and in her secret heart she felt that her neglect had been all owing to the charm which she experienced in Sydney Wilbur's company.

"No matter into what recess of her pocket she thrust her fingers, she could not feel the little case, and at length, shaking forth her handkerchief and turning her pocket inside out without any better result, she exclaimed in dismay:

"Oh! Florence, I have lost it—the little pearl rosary with my name on its case that dear Madame H— gave me just before we came away. What shall I do? I would not lose it for anything in this wide world!"

"Don't look so distressed, dear!" rejoined the practical Florence, "if it is really lost, you can say your rosary on your little brown beads, as you have been in the habit of doing. But you are not sure that it is lost. Perhaps you did not take it with you this morning, and that it is lying here somewhere in the room."

And she proceeded to look for it quite energetically.

"No! it is not in the room, for I am sure I put it into my pocket this morning the first thing. I wouldn't I couldn't forget it. I value it too highly."

But even while she so vehemently declared her recollection of it, her secret conscience was telling her how she had, for that morning, first thing, her thoughts had been full of Sydney Wilbur, and when her search joined to that which Florence was making, revealed nothing of the missing treasure, tears of vexation and regret welled up in her eyes, and she said to herself:

"I deserve the loss: I have forgotten my pious resolution and the Blessed Virgin did not think I was worthy to retain dear Madame's gift."

A thought which made her feel not quite so much the superior in piety of Florence as she had done the previous night.

Matthias Mallaby was the fixture, stand-by and oracle of Mrs. Denner's modest boarding-house. Nobody there thought of so much as smiling at his singular dress, for if they had done so, Mrs. Denner, Mr. Denner, all the little old-fashioned hands, a characteristic belonging to Mrs. Denner, all the large Denners, belonging to Mr. Denner by a former spouse, would have gone in a body to smite the person so smiling.

"Oh! I am used to him," replied Agnes. "All of his letters are like this one, models of composition and punctuation—and why should I be sensitive?"

"Do you really look for it? Inviting? Then pay no attention to your hacking cough, and your weak throat. You can prevent it, though. Take Scott's Emulsion early, when the cough first begins."

Do You Want Consumption? Are you really looking for it? Inviting? Then pay no attention to your hacking cough, and your weak throat. You can prevent it, though. Take Scott's Emulsion early, when the cough first begins.

mond's. One hasty perusal of it caused Mr. Mallaby to let it drop from his trembling hand, to sit staring straight before him with a very helpless and bewildered look, after which his lips compressed so tight in the effort to still some mental agony that a blue line formed about his mouth. For the space of an hour he remained that position looking straight before him, and with the letter lying open at his feet. Then Mrs. Denner, her anxiety aroused, (he had not responded to the dinner bell) knocked at the door saying very loudly at the same time:

"Mr. Mallaby; aren't you coming down, or would you like as a bit sent up to you?"

Mr. Mallaby started, picked up the letter, and hastily thrusting it into a drawer which he locked, answered:

"Yes; yes, Mrs. Denner, I'm coming down as soon as I read Miss Hammond's letter."

"As soon as he reads Miss Hammond's letter," Mrs. Denner soliloquized. That statement simply and unsuspectingly made was proof that the letter had its usual effect, for instead of reading the dear child's letter he had taken the other one up and had brooded over it ever since, and the good woman felt almost as if she would be willing to give her right hand to know the contents of these mysterious letters; not through curiosity she assured herself, but just for the sake of "that blessed man."

While she was ascending, Mr. Mallaby perused Miss Hammond's very warm note of invitation. It was so different from her wonted brief, cold manner of writing to him, that before he finished he looked at the signature to be sure it was written in her name; and then he read it again, and smiled a little, as if somewhat incredulous still, after which he put it away, not however, in the drawer with the other. Despite its warm tone he was a little doubtful about accepting the invitation. When, however, he had his dinner, and in response to Mrs. Denner's inquiry for the dear child, Miss Agnes, he had acquainted her with the object of the note, Mrs. Denner strongly pressed him to accept the invitation that his doubt was quite shaken, and when she added that it was his duty to accept it in order to see for himself something of the family with whom the dear child was staying, his doubt entirely disappeared; and before he went forth on the business of the afternoon, he dispatched in his still old-fashioned hand, a characteristic reply to his ward, in which he named the next evening but one as the date on which he would give himself the extremely felicitous pleasure, etc., etc.

Florence Wilbur fairly screamed when Agnes, after a hasty and indifferent perusal of the note of acceptance, handed it to her to read. It was a characteristic reply to his ward, in which he named the next evening but one as the date on which he would give himself the extremely felicitous pleasure, etc., etc.

"And what a blessed thing it is, Agnes," she continued, "that you are so sensitive about him—else, where would my fun be? I say my, because all of his oddities do not seem to raise the ghost of a smile in you."

"Oh! I am used to him," replied Agnes. "All of his letters are like this one, models of composition and punctuation—and why should I be sensitive?"

Sydney Wilbur seemed to enjoy the little epistle as much as his niece had done, for the smile with which he began its perusal, broke into a hearty laugh when he ended it.

"He is a character," he said when having folded the note, he handed it back to Florence.

"Do You Want Consumption? Are you really looking for it? Inviting? Then pay no attention to your hacking cough, and your weak throat. You can prevent it, though. Take Scott's Emulsion early, when the cough first begins."

GOOD SE...

Dear Father— correspondent with the Church. I hope you will ease for me to ease in which I was not jealous by good and true not others? I mention he really made one independent on one's own. I think I am pos the writing, w agency, as the slave to the light was turned while the taking place; yellow nature that it was mo with which the at all acqui

To the qu some cases trol medium timore, chap is evident i and the wri angle, both a wonderful and on the and this the nature mor But this medium spirit does any given controlled l less by hu that have d To justify case a med spirit you are not the tion; that than the r condition darkened d found over a trial a va this condi assumed I that it is a assumption by reason marvellous have been d rule media characters, good confidence distrust.

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MAY 14, 1908.

GOOD SPIRITS AND BAD.

820 West 52nd street, New York. Dear Father—Having seen your reply to a correspondent who inquired about the position of the Church in regard to spiritism, I hope you will not consider it an impertinence for me to ask if there may not be some cases in which good spirits control mediums? Was not Jeanne d'Arc evidently controlled by good and truthful spirits, and if she, why not others? I mention her particularly because I recently made one of a party at a seance where independent slate writing was a feature, and where on one of the slates was written a communication over the signature of Jeanne Dorency and a drawing of a cross, fleur-de-lis and old-fashioned sword. Though I am willing to admit it was possible the "Maid of Orleans" was impregnated by an evil spirit, yet I think it unlikely; but there is one thing I am positively certain about, and that is the writing was produced by supernatural agency, as the medium was careful to submit the slates to a crucial examination before the light was turned down, and to never touch them while the mysterious performance was taking place; and another proof of the marvelous nature of the writing lies in the fact that it was made in the French, a language with which the medium is, I understand, not at all acquainted. Yours respectfully, H. O'R.

To the question, may there not be some cases in which good spirits control mediums? we answer that it is possible. The Second Council of Baltimore, chap. vii, No. 37, says: "It is evident from the Sacred Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers that angels, both good and bad, can act in a wonderful manner in human affairs, and on the minds and hearts of men, and this more than that they are by nature more subtle than men."

But this bare possibility that a medium may be controlled by a good spirit does not justify the belief that in any given case a medium is in fact controlled by a good spirit, and much less by human spirits, good or bad, that have departed from this life.

To justify the belief that in a given case a medium is controlled by a good spirit you must be certain that you are not the victim of cunning deception; that the spirit operating is other than the mind of the medium. The condition that the room must be darkened throws a strong suspicion of fraud over the whole performance. Until a valid reason can be given for this condition of darkness it must be assumed by the careful investigator that it is a cloak to cover fraud. This assumption must be all the stronger by reason of the fact that so many marvelous performances of mediums have been proved to be frauds. As a rule mediums are not people whose characters are calculated to inspire confidence. As a class they inspire distrust.

The first difficulty, then, is to establish the fact that the medium is controlled by any spirit but her or his own mind.

Let us suppose that this difficulty is overcome, and that it is satisfactorily proved that a spirit—not the mind of the medium—is in control of the performances. The question arises, what kind of a spirit is it, good or bad? The difficulty of determining this question is still greater than that of proving the superhuman character of the manifestations.

How are you to determine? The word of the medium must, of course, be excluded, and so must that of the spirit until it is identified and its character known, for it cannot testify to its own good character until its character is otherwise known to be good. As long as it is unknown its testimony in its own behalf is of no use.

How, then, can its identity and character be established? By the truth of what it says? But this also is not sufficient, for a bad spirit, like a bad man, can tell the truth occasionally when it serves its purpose. The first thing a sharper does who intends to cheat you is to tell you something he knows you know to be true, in order to gain your confidence that he may all the more easily deceive you in the end. What is to prevent a bad spirit from doing the same? The Scriptures supply a case in point. It is found in Acts. xvi, 17, 18: "It came to pass as we went to prayer, a certain girl having a pythonical spirit, met us, who brought to her masters much gain by divining. The same following Paul and us, cried out saying: 'These men are the servants of the most high God, who preach unto you the way of salvation.'"

Now, the words of this girl were unquestionably true, and if the truth of a statement be evidence of good spirit the one that spoke by the mouth of this girl was good. But St Paul was not deceived by this kind of reasoning, for the text continues: "But Paul being grieved turned and said to the spirit: 'I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to go out of her.' And he went out at the same hour."

The masters or managers of this pythoness, or medium, seeing that by St Paul's command their hope of gain was gone, had him and his companion arrested, beaten with rods and put in prison. The mere fact, then, that a spirit tells something that you know to be true is not conclusive evidence of good character. Something more is required before you can determine that a spirit writing in the dark on a slate, tipping tables and rapping about is a good spirit.

But it is the spirit of a dead friend who was dear to us in life and of whose honesty and intelligence we are certain? Is that not enough to justify confidence? If how are you to know it is the spirit of your dear dead friend? If dishonest men here on earth can persuade others and swindle people, how much easier is it for those more subtle intelligences to deceive and mislead.

Spiritists boast that spirit manifestations prove the immortality of the soul. But they do not; because they cannot prove that the spirit writing on a slate or rapping on a table is the soul of a

dead man. Until they prove this the manifestations prove nothing in regard to the human soul.

But even if we were to grant, for argument's sake, that a spirit can be identified as the soul of a dead friend it would prove only that the soul of the dead friend exists still, but this would not prove it immortal. Existence up to a certain point in time does not prove that existence will continue beyond that point or endlessly. There are but two possible ways to prove the immortality of the thinking principle in man. It can be proved, first by the nature of the soul as a simple substance, and not having in it any elements of decomposition or change. The second proof is the word and promise of God, who knows and can do all things. Immortality cannot be proved by our own experience or that of those who have gone beyond. To prove anything by experience the experience must be completed—finished. But a life that is completed and finished is by that fact no longer endless or immortal. It is because the human soul will never cease to be that its immortality cannot be a matter of experience.

So that if we grant that a rapping spirit is identified as a human soul its experience since it passed out of this life is no proof of its immortality, and the boasts of the spiritists is without foundation.

Why, then, seek truth of any kind from a source so unreliable as a medium, or from a spirit whose purpose you cannot know and whose character you do not know? Do not those who do so realize the words of St Paul, "In the last times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to spirits of error and doctrines of devils." (I. Tim., iv., 1.)

As to the Maid of Orleans, we would not undertake to decide whether the "voices" were objective realities or not, or whether they were spirits, and if so whether they were those they represented themselves to be. But the glorious career of the Maid and the fulfillment of her prophecy in the saving of France and the crowning of the King is strong proof that she was an instrument of Divine Providence, as Judith was, and that the "voices" were messengers of God. La Pricelle did not give seances and her "voices" were not slate writers.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE LEGEND OF THE "SALVE REGINA."

Solomon, as the whole world knows, was one of the wisest men who ever lived. But not all the world knows how he gained that wisdom for which his name has come to be a synonym. When, on the death of his father, the great King David, Solomon ascended the throne of Israel, he went up to the brazen altar before the tabernacle of the Lord, and offered thereon a thousand victims as a sacrifice to the Lord of heaven and earth. Through this love he knew no bounds, whose tender mercies have no limit, determined to reward His servant. And so, as we read in sacred Scripture that night God appeared to him saying: "Ask what thou wilt, that I should give thee."

And Solomon said to God: "Thou hast showed great kindness to my father David; and has made me king in his stead. Now, therefore, O Lord God, let Thy word be fulfilled which Thou hast promised to David my father; for Thou hast made me king over Thy great people, which is as innumerable as the dust of the earth. Give me wisdom and knowledge, that I may come in and go out before Thy people; for who can worthily judge Thy people which is so great?"

And God said to Solomon: "Because this choice hath pleased thy heart, and thou hast not asked riches, and wealth, and glory, nor the lives of them that hate thee, nor many days of life, but hast asked wisdom and knowledge, to be able to judge My people, over which I have made thee king, wisdom and knowledge are granted to thee. I will give thee riches, and wealth, and glory, so that none of the kings before thee, nor after thee, shall be like thee."

Somewhat similar to this, as to choice and reward, is the story of Hermann Contractus, as given in a German legend.

More than eight hundred years ago there lived in Suabia the good Count Welfard and his wife Hiltrude. God had blessed them with a little boy whom they called "Hermannus," which means "one of high station." And a fitting name it proved, for the child was destined to become a very great man.

He was a fine looking boy, of a high order of intelligence, and of a studious disposition. But what was far better was his simple and unaffected piety. There might be said of him, as was of Our Saviour, that he "advanced in wisdom and age and grace with God and men."

The Count and his wife built great hopes on their child, and devoted much time and attention to his education. But as a dark cloud will sometimes shut out the sun's light, so was this young life dimmed for a time.

When the boy was about six years of age he was attacked by a species of rheumatism, and for years he was a martyr to that fell disease. His limbs became distorted and he suffered excruciating pains. And sad to say, the crippled limbs remained so disfigured that the boy received the name of "Contractus," the Latin word for "lame."

And not only was this graceful child thus transformed to a misshapen wreck, but his mind, too, was affected, and study, which had formerly been easy and pleasant for him, was now impos-

sible, for he could neither fix his thoughts upon his books nor remember anything of what he read.

But in spite of his troubles and sufferings he lost nothing of his piety or devotion. His veneration for our dear Lady was as strong as ever, and his confidence in her influence with God was unimpaired. In all his afflictions he prayed unceasingly to her, begging two favors of her—the one that he might recover the use of his limbs, and the other that his mind might grow clear, so that he could apply himself to study, resolving, in case his prayer was heard, to devote the best energies of body and mind to the greater honor of Almighty God and of His Blessed Mother.

One day when Hermannus had received Holy Communion, with, if possible, more than usual devotion, he again appealed to Our Lady to obtain for him by her intercession the two favors he so much wished for.

Suddenly, as he knelt absorbed in prayer, a great flood of light illumined the room, and looking up Hermannus saw a beautiful woman whom he at once recognized as the Blessed Virgin.

Whence she had come or whither she afterwards vanished he could not say. Nor could he tell how she was clothed, whether in robes of gold, in snow white vesture, or in the colors of the setting sun. Neither could he describe her face except that it was of such transcendent beauty that the hand of mortal could not picture it.

Strange to say, Hermannus felt no fear at this sudden apparition; on the contrary, it filled him with a holy joy and peace.

Then Our Lady, regarding her devout client with a look of tender pity, thus addressed him: "Fear not, Hermannus, my child, thy prayers are heard, and God will manifest in you His power, His love, and mercy, by relieving you of part of your infirmity in answer to your earnest supplication."

"You ask two things: strength of mind and health of body. Choose between them which you will, and my Son will grant what you desire."

Not for a moment did Hermannus hesitate. "Dear Lady," he said, "give me strength of mind, that I may know God better in His works, and make Him loved and honored among men, for to Him and His glory shall I devote my powers."

And the Blessed Virgin answered: "Well and wisely have you chosen, my child, for knowledge and wisdom avail more than mere health and beauty. And since your choice has been for the love and honor of God, He is pleased to grant even more than you ask. He gives you not only vigor of mind, clearness of perception, ability to know and understand all human science, but beauty of face and form, a sound mind in a healthy body, that you may continue to serve Him as faithfully in the future as you have done in the past."

And saying this Our Lady disappeared, leaving no trace behind except a mellow light and a fragrance as of roses and violets; the scent of the roses to typify, probably, Our Lady's pure love of God, and of the violet her exceeding beauty and humility.

In a moment the twisted, deformed limbs of Hermannus became straight and sound and supple, and a cloud seemed to have lifted from his mind, and everything grew bright, as when the sun follows a dark and stormy night.

From that moment study became easy to Hermannus, and all that he studied he remembered. In the schools of Suabia there was no scholar to whom knowledge and science became so easy.

But his promise to devote the best abilities of mind and body to the service of God was not forgotten, and the better to do this Hermannus wished to enter a monastery and renounce the world.

Now, there was a celebrated cloister near Suabia, known as Reichenau, from the rich green meadow by which it was surrounded. It stood on an island in the Lake of Boden, near the city of Constanz, and far and near the good monks of Reichenau were renowned for their science, virtue and piety. They were Benedictines, belonging to the Order of the great St. Benedict, a man distinguished for his learning, whose spiritual children were numerous in those parts.

To these good monks Hermannus applied for permission to enter their convent and was gladly received. Clothed in the black habit of the Order, he soon became renowned, for none excelled him in learning and in wisdom. He was thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures, philosophy, history, astronomy, music, and other branches of knowledge. He read and spoke German, Latin, Greek, Arabic and Hebrew, the latter the language used by Our Saviour while dwelling among men. Hermannus was also the author of many scientific books, some of which are even yet in use.

and there are few prayers or hymns so dear to the hearts of Catholics as the "Salve Regina" of Brother Hermannus. And the reason is very evident, for it contains everything that can be said in honor and praise of Our Lady or to invoke her intercession. That it is most excellent is further proved by the fact that the Church desires it to be repeated daily, and this is done through the whole world wherever there are Catholic priests and Catholic people.

There are a few words to the "Salve Regina" which read: "O clemens, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary!" In the year 1146 or 1147 the holy St. Bernard, then an abbot in France, passed along the Rhine through Germany from Basel, teaching the people and preaching to them. When he neared the cathedral the faithful came out to meet him and lead him to their grand and beautiful church.

When he reached it the good people sang Brother Hermannus' "Salve Regina," and so pleased was St. Bernard that when they were finished, inspired by Heaven, he continued with the words above given.

Such was the origin of this addition, now become part and parcel of the hymn to which it gives a fitting ending. And so we see that it was the piety and devotion of two holy men to our blessed Mother which gave rise to this beautiful prayer, and let us hope, dear reader, that you will help to perpetuate it by repeating it every day, and be assured it will help you body and soul.

That it is a means towards a happy death we know from the testimony of Brother Bertold, a pupil of Brother Hermannus, who describes the peaceful end of the latter.

Why He Wondered. A man who went away from home some time ago to attend a convention of church people was struck with the beauty of the little town in which the gathering was held. He had plenty of time, and while wandering about walked into the village cemetery. It was a beautiful place, and the delegate walked around among the graves. He saw a monument, one of the largest in the cemetery, and read with surprise the inscription on it: "A Lawyer and an Honest Man." The delegate scratched his head and looked at the monument again. He read the inscription over and over. Then he walked all around the monument and examined the grave closely. Another man in the cemetery approached and asked him:

"Have you found the grave of an old friend?" "No," said the delegate; "but I was wondering how they came to bury those two fellows in one grave."—St. Joseph's News.

Baby Eczema and Scald Head. Infants and young children are peculiarly subject to this terrible disorder, and if not promptly arrested it will eventually become chronic. Dr. Chase made a special study of Eczema and disease of the skin and we can confidently recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure all forms of Eczema. The first application soothes the irritation and gives the little sufferer rest.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier, Great Nerve Tonic, Stomach Regulator. To thousands its great merit is known.

All Women Should Read This Interesting Letter—"I was Nervous and Weak." Life Changed from Misery to Joy by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The terrible trials of the "gentler sex" are beyond description. How Hood's Sarsaparilla is adapted for them and how it restores health and helps over the hard places, is well illustrated by Mrs. Place's letter.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Dear Sirs:—In early life I suffered much from stomach troubles and spent a great deal of money in doctoring. I received temporary relief only to have a return of sickness, and for the past five years life has been made miserable by constant illness. During this period there have been six months that I was not off my bed, and for one year I suffered most severely. I was

Nervous and Weak and life seemed a burden. It happened that my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I commenced to take it in small doses. In a short time it was evident that it was helping me. In two weeks I felt that I was being greatly benefited. About this time our youngest son, then 15 years of age, was taken down with typhoid fever. He passed on to his reward, and soon others of the family were taken ill, until I was the only one left to care for them. I continued taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and to the surprise of myself and all the neighbors, I not only kept up and took care of the sick, but my

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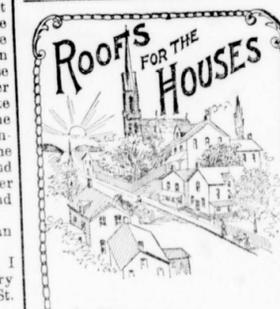
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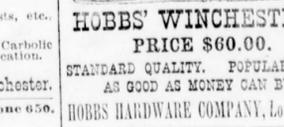
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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

London, Saturday, May 14, 1898

NFWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

The London Times, New York Herald and the Toronto Mail and Empire comprise a syndicate organized for the purpose of giving the latest and most reliable war news.

We also notice that its clever writer of the Ladies' department—"Kit" (Kathleen Blake Hopkins)—has been sent to the front to write up the war news.

A GOOD MAN RETIRING.

It is reported that his Excellency Lord Aberdeen, Governor-General of the Dominion, will go to England in June, and that his term as representative of Her Majesty in Canada being now completed, he will not return in that capacity.

Lady Aberdeen will also be much regretted for similar reasons, and especially on account of her unbounded charity and her practical desire for the general welfare of the people.

THE P. P. A. PLAGUE IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

From Moncton (N. B.) papers we learn that efforts are being made to galvanize branches of the P. P. A. into existence in that Province.

The Moncton Times publishes the oaths of the members taken when they are initiated. These oaths are directed, of course, against Catholics, who are to be excluded from all employment and from office.

"You have been brought here under a delusion. You expected that you would join the order of the A. P. A. I will now disabuse your minds—that you have not joined the order of the A. P. A., but that you have joined the order of Amoreans, which is the name of an old and ancient order of similar objects, the word signifying friendship.

A BRIGHTER OUTLOOK.

When the census of 1891 was taken, the disappointment was very general when it was known that the increase of population in the Dominion during the decade between that date and the time of the previous census was much smaller than we had reason to expect.

the increase will prove to be much greater than heretofore, as there has been a considerable immigration during the last few years, and the tide for the present year has already set in. A large number of English and German immigrants have already arrived, and within a few days there have been over one thousand Galicians.

SILLY ACT OF NEW YORK SENATORS.

A curious instance of the influence which may be exerted by the pleadings of sweet speech was seen at the recent session of the New York State Legislature at Albany. A bill was before the House to prohibit any but licensed physicians from practicing medicine in the State, and, if passed, it would have prevented the so-called "Christian Scientists" from practicing their avocation.

WAS IT INTENDED AS A JOKE?

Some one in this city played a cruel hoax on the Orange Sentinel of Toronto. He sent that journal the astounding information that the Catholics of this neighborhood were capturing everything in sight in the way of office, thus doing an injustice to the members of the Loyal Orange Association!

EVERY WIND OF DOCTRINE.

A curious episode in the history of the Reformed Episcopal Church took place last week in Toronto. The Rev. Bishop Campbell, who for some years presided over the Reformed Episcopal Church in Canada, and for the last three years has officiated as pastor of a church of the same denomination in

Brooklyn, N. Y., made application to the Toronto Presbytery for admission into the Presbyterian ministry, of which he now desires to become a member.

The Reformed Episcopal Church is an offshoot of Anglicanism, having been instituted by a number of Low Churchmen who were discontented on account of the progress made by High Churchism in that body.

This new Church resembles Presbyterianism in many respects. In fact these two bodies are almost identical in doctrine, except that the Reformed Episcopal preserved the feature of Prelacy in its form of Church government.

The rejection of Prelacy by Presbyterians has been the chief obstacle to a union between Anglicanism and Presbyterianism during the negotiations which have taken place within the last few years to effect a union of some kind.

Now that the Presbyterians have captured a Bishop, they will be able to obtain from among themselves all the Apostolic succession to which the Anglicans lay claim, if they come to desire it; but it is not likely they will take measures to this end, as they lay it down as a principle from which they will not readily depart.

Another point in the given text requires explanation. Why did Jesus use the words "nor in the world to come?" Are some sins forgiven in the world to come?

THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN AND PURGATORY.

A respected correspondent calls our attention to an interpretation of the passage St. Matthew xii, 31, 32, by a prominent Rev. Professor of a Methodist Theological school in New York.

"Therefore I say to you: Every sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven men, but the blasphemy of the spirit shall not be forgiven. And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him; but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him neither in this world nor in the world to come."

The preceding part of this chapter informs us under what circumstances these words were spoken by our Blessed Lord. He had wrought one of His many miracles, first by healing on the Sabbath day a man who had a withered hand, and he had declared that "it is lawful to do a good deed on the Sabbath day."

It was in answer to this malice of the Pharisees that Jesus spoke. He declared that a kingdom, a house, or a city divided against itself shall not stand, so Satan is too wily to be divided against himself.

wrought by the power of God, to Beelzebub, the Pharisees blasphemed against the Spirit. This was an impugning of the known truth of God, a sin which is so grievous, and which betokens such malice that it "shall not be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the world to come."

Here the inquiry naturally suggests itself: "Are there any sins which are absolutely irremissible?" This passage would seem at first sight to imply that there are such; but the power of absolution which Christ granted to His Apostles, and which continues in their successors, covers all sins which are truly repented of.

How, then, are we to reconcile these promises with the previously cited words of Christ? There are some who hold that the sin which Christ declares shall not be forgiven is final impenitence. If this interpretation be taken the meaning would be clear that it is not signified that the sin is irremissible in itself, but that being not repented of, it "shall not be forgiven."

There is no doubt of what the belief of the Jews was on this subject. We are positively assured in 2 Maccabees xii, 43, 45, that Judas Maccabees ordered "sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection."

The fastings and mourning which David proclaimed for Abner after his death was also a prayer for the dead, for it was for the purpose of prayer that fasts were always observed.

It now becomes clear why our Blessed Lord proclaimed that the sin He referred to would not be forgiven either in this or the next life. He confirms the belief of the Jews that some sins are really forgiven in the next world, and thus establishes the doctrine of Purgatory.

Some of the Jews thought that no descendant of Abraham through Isaac and Jacob would ever be punished in hell. Hence they taught that in the world or age to come Abraham will sit in his great arm-chair just outside the gate of hell to turn back every wicked Hebrew, and through his influence

open the gate of Heaven to Him. Hence Jesus says respecting the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost that such would not have forgiveness in this world nor (as you vainly imagine) in the world to come.

As regards the assertion that our Saviour here teaches the doctrine of eternal punishment, we agree with the professor, but his explanation of the non-forgiveness of some sins in the world to come is fanciful and inconsistent with itself.

It is to be noted that the reproach inserted in the rev. professor's explanation is not found in the words of our Lord: "as you vainly imagine."

SAVING FAITH.

In a sermon preached by the popular revivalist who is known as "Sam Jones," in Massey Hall, Toronto, the preacher is reported to have said: "Let us have more of Christ and less of creed," and the sentiment was applauded from all parts of the building.

It is a very common theory now a-days among Protestants, that for the Christian no creed is necessary, and the applause which greeted Mr. Jones' assertion is an evidence how widely spread is this erroneous belief.

From time we can understand what the Apostle St. Paul means when he defines faith: "Now faith is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not."

It is evident to the most cursory reader of Mr. Jones' text, that it does not bear out his interpretation. It promises life everlasting only to those who believe in God the Son.

A little reflection will show that the latter, and not the former, is the real meaning of the text, and this is proved by reason, scripture, and the constant tradition of the Church.

Reason teaches us indeed to put our trust in God, and we must therefore rely upon His promises of eternal life, not to every one, but to those who do His will, and who believe in Him.

to believe Christ's doctrine and to practice it in our daily conduct. Elsewhere, as well as in Mr. Jones' text we find inculcated the duty of loving God. There are, therefore, the four duties incumbent on us, to believe in God and all that He has taught, to put our trust in Him, to love Him, and to adore Him by outward acts of worship.

It cannot be doubted that God knows much which man cannot know, unless it be revealed to him by God. Truths thus revealed may have an intimate connection with our obligations to God, and our own salvation, and it would certainly be an injury to God to refuse to believe in them.

Holy Scripture everywhere confirms this, for in its teachings there are many dogmas revealed to us. He teaches the existence of God the Father and God the Holy Ghost, and His own divinity, for He declares Himself to be the Messiah promised to the patriarchs, and the Son of God.

The Apostles of Christ also propose as objects of our faith many dogmas which we are bound to receive, and all the epistles of the New Testament were written for our instruction that we may have rules of conduct and may believe in the doctrines which are needed to bring us to salvation.

From this we can understand what the Apostle St. Paul means when he defines faith: "Now faith is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not."

Here the necessity of faith is clearly declared, and that faith is not the mere internal conviction or the delusion that we are saved. The same Apostle tells us elsewhere: "For I am not conscious to myself of anything: yet am I not hereby justified." (1 Cor. iv. 4)

The faith which holy Scripture declares to be necessary to salvation is evidently a faith in revealed dogmas, as explained by St. Paul, a faith which, as we know from other passages, must be enlivened by charity and good works.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, AND CATHOLIC RIGHTS.

The difficulty of conducting Catholic schools in connection with the Public school system is again exemplified in the case of the schools of the city of Corning, N. Y. For many years the City Board of Education employed duly certificated teachers belonging to a Catholic religious order, to teach in one of the city schools, and complete satisfaction was given by the teachers, the Catholic children being in practice allowed to attend the school.

Notwithstanding that by this arrangement the Catholics who were

sending their children to the school with the school a knot of bigots, of "the dog in complaint to the against the teach dress they wore the Catholic scho

The Board p complaint, holdi able to meet the of the city, wh equally with the desired that the tained.

The complain injured by the appealed to the of Public Instru that "the wea garb by the S tarian influence mitted under a this he is the situation years in Cor the tacit, if provol of the S We, therefor the present c anything but a and a desire t obstacle in the vent them fro dren in accor scientious cov of the State Su into effect it \$25,000 to bui commodate the children who a of the Sisters.

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sending their children to the school and the teachers were complying with the school laws in every respect, a knot of bigots, imbued with the spirit of "the dog in the manger," made complaint to the Board of Education against the teachers on account of the dress they wore, and against leasing the Catholic school property.

The Board paid no attention to the complaint, holding that it was reasonable to meet the wishes of the Catholics of the city, who were paying taxes equally with the complainants, and who desired that the Sisters should be retained.

The complainants were in no way injured by the arrangement, yet they appealed to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who has decided that "the wearing of a distinctive garb by the Sisters constitutes a sectarian influence which cannot be permitted under the School laws," and that this has always been held. In this he is certainly wrong, as the situation has existed for many years in Corning, with at least the tacit, if not the actual approval of the State school authorities. We, therefore, cannot attribute the present condition of affairs to anything but an anti-Catholic animus, and a desire to throw every possible obstacle in the way of Catholics to prevent them from educating their children in accordance with their conscientious convictions. If this decision of the State Superintendent be carried into effect it will cost the city about \$25,000 to build a school house to accommodate the four hundred Catholic children who are now under the tuition of the Sisters.

There are several points of resemblance between this case and the situation of the Catholic minority in Manitoba. In both instances the Catholics are being deprived of their natural right to educate their children as conscience dictates, and the outrage was perpetrated through the machinery of the law, as the result of the intolerance of a few firebrands, animated by a spirit of hostility to Catholics. In the case of Manitoba, however, the highest court in the British Empire has decided that the wrong can be remedied by the Government and Parliament of the Dominion, and it is the right and duty of every Catholic to look for redress in the manner indicated by the law.

We have been advised by the non-Catholic press to cease from agitating this question, but rather to await the action of the Manitoba Legislature or Government, which, we are told, will sooner or later, in their generosity, grant the redress demanded. Appeals to that generosity have been made without success, and it is to be feared that such appeals will continue to be as fruitless as they have been in the past. Where there exists an undoubted right there is no reason why we should beg cap in hand to hand to obtain justice from those who have inflicted the wrong. The Catholics of Manitoba ought not, and we believe will not be satisfied with the present condition of affairs, but will still look to the Dominion Government for redress, unless the Manitoba Government show more willingness than it has yet manifested to repair the blunder and injury it has perpetrated; and we fully expect that in the justice of our cause, redress will surely be obtained.

From time to time there have been rumors to the effect that certain concessions have been, or are about to be made to the Catholics of Manitoba, whereby their rights will be restored in practice, though not by legislative action. As it is the substance and not the shadow which Catholics look for, such a solution of the problem could be accepted, provided we had the assurance that it will be permanent, and otherwise satisfactory. But what has happened in Corning shows that, without legislative enactment, any arrangement would be precarious. We have, under the constitution of the Dominion, the right to a stable condition of affairs which cannot be overturned at the whim of every fanatic. Under such an arrangement as that which has been rumored to have been made the Catholic minority in Manitoba would enjoy by mere tolerance what they are entitled to under the Constitution, and they might be deprived of their privileges at any moment, whenever a new wave of bigotry may pass over the Province. Nevertheless, if it be really true that the present Government of Manitoba has made the concessions referred to, we believe that it will be expedient for the Catholics of the Province to act upon them as long as the Government may endeavor to carry them out honestly. Such concessions will not

invalidate the right of the Catholics to appeal to the Dominion Government at any time that an attempt may be made to infringe upon them. On the contrary, they may afford new ground on which the Catholic claim for complete justice may be maintained, for the Manitoba Act provides that even if the minority obtain rights by practice, they become as inalienable as if they were established by law.

From a despatch from Winnipeg, dated the 12th ult., we judge that there is some foundation for the rumor that the Manitoba Government has become more conciliatory. His Grace Mgr. Langevin is reported to have said in an interview that he is not aware that any of the Catholic schools of the Province have come under the Public Schools Act, but he added that he would not be surprised if some of them would this year comply with the provincial educational law and secure the Government grant, as "there is now a better feeling prevailing between the Roman Catholic authorities and the Provincial Government." Should the hopes thus raised be realized, it is within the range of possibility that Dominion legislation may not be needed in order to re-establish the rights of the Catholic minority.

THE FEAST OF THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD.

On the feast of the Ascension, which will occur this year on Thursday, the 19th inst., the Church celebrates the mystery of the Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ into heaven.

After rising glorious and triumphant from the tomb in which He had been placed after death, our Blessed Saviour considered it fitting to remain forty days on earth, that His Apostles and disciples might be certain of the truth of His resurrection from death, and that He might impart to them instructions for the fulfilment of his designs and the performance of the important work they were destined to do.

When Jesus came into the world it was not His intention to remain permanently on earth in human form. The Apostles tell us in the New Testament His purpose in coming to this world of sin and sorrow. It was to elevate the human race and regain for mankind the everlasting inheritance we had forfeited by sin. We are assured in Holy Scripture that God created man upright, that is to say, in a state of innocence, but He gave "commandments and precepts" which man, being "left in the hands of his own counsel," disobeyed. Therefore we cannot say: "It is through God that she (wisdom) is not with me." (Eccles. x. v.) But "by one man sin entered into this world, and by sin death, and so death passed upon all men in whom all have sinned. Rom. v. 12.

Christ's resurrection, and His glorious return to Heaven on Ascension day, completed the work of our redemption. The resurrection is the great mystery whereby chiefly He established the truth of His divine mission, and it was necessary it should be beyond doubt. Then by His remaining forty days on earth His disciples could see that He was truly risen from the dead, and His Apostles could go forth teaching this mystery with confidence, and refuting the cavillings of unbelievers.

When the period of His life on earth was accomplished He went to Mount Olivet, and, while speaking with His apostles, the moment of His departure came, and He was taken up into heaven, where He sitteth on the right hand of God." (St. Mark xvi., 19.)

The Ascension of Christ was foretold by the prophets. The 67th Psalm says: "The chariot of God is attended by ten thousands, thousands of them that rejoice: the Lord is among them in Sinai, in the holy place. Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive, thou hast received gifts in men."

The 23rd psalm says: "Lift up your gates, O ye princes, and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates and the King of glory shall enter in. . . Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory." Psalm 46th adds: "God is as ascended with jubilee: and the Lord with the sound of trumpet. Sing praises to our God, sing ye: sing praises to our King, sing ye. For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye wisely. God shall reign over the nations: God sitteth on His holy throne." From this mystery of the Ascension we may learn to raise our thoughts to heaven. Until Christ ascended into heaven, this abode of bliss was closed against all mankind, but when He thus entered into His glory, the souls of the millions of true believers who from the time of Adam had died, and were awaiting the day of redemption, ascended with Him.

Before ascending into heaven, Christ promised His Apostles that He would soon send the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth, to comfort them and dwell with them forever, teaching them the truths which they should make known to mankind, while fulfilling His command to preach the gospel to all nations. This promise was fulfilled on Pentecost Sunday, ten days after the Ascension.

The feast of the Ascension of Jesus was kept from a very early date, as the very early code of instructions and laws to Christians known as the Apostolic Constitutions, says: "From the first day (Easter) number ye forty days to the fifth day (Thursday) and celebrate the feast of the taking away of the Lord, when He rose upward." Other later mention of this feast is made by the Fathers of the Church of the fourth century, and in this century St. Augustine tells us that its observance was universal in the Church. It was in the early part of this century that the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, erected the Church of the Ascension on the spot on the Mount of Olives where this mystery was accomplished, and according to Bede the celebration of the feast of the Ascension was almost as solemn in this Church as that of Easter. It began at midnight, and with the multitude of tapers and torches the whole mountain and the landscape around were in a blaze of light.

The feast of the Ascension is a day of great thanksgiving to God, as it is the day on which heaven was opened to mankind. We must, therefore, celebrate it in a thankful spirit, our gratitude being given to the three divine Persons, and especially to God the Son, the second Person of the adorable Trinity, for the blessings and graces conferred upon mankind on this day.

THE PATRONAGE OF MARY.

It is not to be doubted that in becoming man for the redemption of the world Christ was free to make choice of a mother; and it was meet that the sublime honor of the divine maternity should be bestowed upon the highest, holiest, purest and best of women. That favored being was the Blessed Virgin Mary, venerated, invoked and loved by every generation of Christians as the Mother of the world's Redeemer. "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

The Gospel relates that the Magi, our forefathers in the faith, were led from the distant East by the light of a miraculous star, which stood over the midnight cave in Bethlehem of Judaea. "And they found the Child, with Mary His Mother; and, falling down, they adored Him." Through her gifts were offered. She was their helper in glorifying God and rendering homage to the infant Messiah. And when His work on earth was accomplished and Christ ascended into heaven, He left His Mother behind to be a witness of the Incarnation; to guide and guard the little company of His Church, despatched, after her exile was ended, to spread to the uttermost confines of the earth. While the disciples were waiting in Jerusalem for the coming of the Spirit of Promise, the Blessed Virgin was present, that faith might not fall again nor charity grow cold. As we read in the Acts of the Apostles, "They were all persevering in prayer with Mary, the Mother of Jesus."

That patronage has never ceased. From her throne in heaven the Queen of all Saints continues to make intercession for us. And how powerful her prayers must be! If Christ's first miracle at Cana of Galilee was wrought out of time, as He declared, at the petition of Mary, what can she not effect now that His time has come and He reigns in everlasting glory? At the prayer of Moses the waters of the Red Sea were divided that the children of Israel might pass over; the captives of Babylon prayed, and escaped death in the fiery furnace; God heard the prayer of Daniel and delivered him from the lions' den. Will not that same God, who for love of us became man and was born of the Virgin Mary—will He not hear her prayer? Was she not holier, dearer to Him than Joshua or Moses or Daniel?

Every age has invoked the intercession of Mary, and every age has experienced its power. When the infidel hordes of the Ottoman Empire stood before the gates of Vienna, threatening to devastate Europe, the Christian leaders invoked the patronage of her, who is "terrible as an army in battle array," with what confidence and with what results all the world knows. The Crescent went down before the Cross in the waters of Lepanto, and Europe was saved from a deluge of barbarism.

There have been Sobieskis in all ages of the Church—servants of Mary who never feared to dishonor God by honoring one whom He Himself favored so highly. This land of our birth and our love was discovered by one who loved the Virgin Mother, and we know from history that many of his conquests were made in her name. "This is indeed the Blessed Mother's land."

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thou mayst be long-lived upon the land which the Lord thy God will give thee." The Mother of Christ is our Mother, too—the Mother of all Christ-

ians; and if length of days here below is the recompense for honoring an earthly parent, surely heaven may be hoped for by those who truly honor the Mother of the Redeemer. "If you love Me," He has told us, "keep My commandments"; and we can honor His Mother by imitating her purity,—by keeping ourselves, as the Apostle says, "unspotted from the world."

When night approaches, just as the last rays of the setting sun are gilding the summits of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak takes his horn and cries in a loud voice: "Praised be the Lord!" The neighboring shepherds take up the cry, which rings from peak to peak; while the echoes of the rocks repeat the salutation, "Praised be the Lord!" "When life's exile is ended for us, and on the wings of impatience and desire," our soul takes flight into the land of the unknown, may it be ours to ascend from the mountain of God, from those far heights is heard the ceaseless cry of many voices: "Glory to the Lord our God!"—*St. Mary.*

A LESSON FOR ONTARIO.

It is a far cry from Ohio to Wales, but two episodes have recently shown that honesty and manliness have much the same features in both communities. In a certain town of Ohio a hue and cry was raised against a candidate for the mayoralty on the ground that he was a Catholic. The candidate not only ignored the cry, but faithfully attended a mission that was in progress in his parish, while his opponent was making stump-speeches. The town was not only overwhelmingly Protestant, but was strongly opposed to the Catholic candidate on party principles. To his credit be it set down that bigotry was publicly rebuked at the polls and the Catholic elected. In Ontario, Wales, where James Jones, Esq., was about the same time a candidate for the office of Guardian, this card, replete with patriotism and bad grammar, was widely circulated: "Protestants! I have forgotten the sufferings of our Catholic forefathers? Don't let it be said any more that Protestant No. 3 Ward is being represented by a Roman Catholic! Let us elect the Protestant 'aroused' with a vengeance, and this was the result: in a town where there are only eighteen Catholic voters, Father O'Reilly secured over seven hundred votes—just twice as many as his opponent. We gladly record these two cases, so far apart yet so similar. They are a valuable lesson both for Catholics and Protestants and an antidote to bigotry."—*St. Mary.*

REVIVING A GOOD OLD LAW.

The nineteenth century is not above learning wisdom in its old age from its predecessors. One of the lessons which it has apparently taken to heart is bearing fruit in its revival in many places of the curfew law, which, it is stated, has already been enacted by over four hundred American towns and cities, principally in the western part of the country.

It does not require any keen observation to convince the ordinary observer that one of the greatest evils of our modern civilization is the liberty, so-called, which allows children at a time when their characters are being formed to roam streets after nightfall, exposed to all the evil influences and temptations which there abound. To that evil custom which obtains in town and country alike thousands upon thousands of wrecked lives are directly attributable, and yet our parents are unwilling that in this land of liberty even children should be permitted to have their own way, coupled with the arrogant notion that the American boy and girl are always capable of taking care of themselves, no steps have been taken until of late years to abolish it and to keep our youth alert dark in the safety of their own homes. Of course, where parents are sensible and faithful to their obligations and duties there is no need of a curfew law, for the children in these cases are sensibly guided and kept from the danger of the streets after dark. But any one who dwells in our big cities and towns, in all of which children unattended by any older persons may be found roaming the streets at night, their parents evidently caring nothing what places they frequent or what company they keep, will uphold and applaud the efforts that are being made for the revival of the curfew law as a remedy for an evil that has been long tolerated.—*Catholic Columbian.*

ANOTHER MARE'S NEST OF TWO JESUITS.

Under the heading "Suspect Spanish Jesuits," we need not repeat the account from Washington, D. C., the following in regard to the powder-mill explosions in California:

The first occurred in the California powder-mill near Santa Cruz. Near this place is an immense monastery full of Spanish Jesuits. In looking into the cause of the sudden destruction of the mills, the war department got the strongest circumstantial evidence that the explosion was the work of two of the inmates. The closest watch is now being kept upon the monks, and it is not improbable that some steps will be taken to send them all out of the country."

There are no Jesuits in or near Santa Cruz, Cal., and no monastery of any order. The parish church in that place is served by two American priests with the exceedingly Spanish names of Hugh McNamee and Peter O'Reilly; and the Franciscan Orphanage for boys in Santa Cruz County is governed by two Franciscan priests named Lampe and Wirtz—equally Spanish.

These facts might have been ascertained by a glance at the statistics of the diocese of Monterey, Cal., in the Catholic Directory. Representing a constituency made up largely of Orangemen, and being himself a leader of the Orange forces of Ireland, he is widely known as a man of more than ordinary power and influence at Westminster whenever he speaks or lobbies against a measure designed to ameliorate the condition of the Catholic population of Ireland.

The contest for home rule Mr. Johnston was a conspicuous figure. He it was who procured the famous Orange remonstrance with its threat of rebellion in the north of Ireland. He was equally energetic in his opposition to all measures of land reform, or, indeed, to any bill or act which promised the slightest justice to Catholics. Throughout his public career he has exhibited the same brutal hatred for Catholics and Catholic interests which characterizes the conduct of Parsons Brady in this city, this unclean

Fulton, Md. Peters of New York and other issue railers. Indeed, must the religious convictions when rose superior to such ex-ample and environment as were set before Miss Johnston in the formative period of her life. When some of the father's spokesmen she read only the bitterest denunciation of the Catholic religion and the most horrible charges against its ministers and its hierarchy, she was not surprised to find her-vious for the most extreme sections of the Orange and anti-Catholic agitators of Ulster. The atmosphere which surrounded it was charged with bigotry and intolerance, and yet, such is the providence of God, in spite of all these influences, she marched steadily and boldly into the Catholic fold and enrolled herself among those who excited the most intense opposition and hatred of her father. We regard her conversion as the most notable among the long and brilliant list of eminent divines, scholars and society leaders who have recently joined the true church of Christ in the British Isles.—*Boston Republic.*

The World lately got an interview with Signor Crispi, and the report of it is the only thing that lightens our dreary days. They are not the first victims unless an Angli-friend Wilkins Micawber in this unconvicted swindler, and something at the same time in his statesmanship, that so reminds us of an ancient but no more respectable arranger of the world's destinies, citizen George Francis Train, that we are irresistibly attracted. If a murderer were to be electrocuted to-morrow and his last words were in the general political situation, we have no doubt a certain section of humanity would like to be put in possession of them; and it is in this spirit, we suppose, that the World gives the news of a man who has been disgraced by public vote in his own country, on the quarrel between Spain and ourselves. This man of unimpaired eloquence does not shrink from assuming the character of a prophet. He who has no religion does not hesitate to assail the Catholic religion. He who never had any scruple at annexing anything in sight, and who has in political power, does not think it unbecoming to warn the world against the annexing tendencies of the United States. Hear Crispi:

"What will become of Cuba after the war? She is a free republic, of which there already are too many over there—constantly in revolution or bankruptcy. But that is the least important side of the case. It is to be feared that the Americans, intoxicated by an easy victory, will throw, haphazard, all their energy against the European colonies left in their neighborhood. Canada assuredly will be one of their first victims unless an Anglo-American alliance is established between London and Washington—and that would offer, to my mind, many dangers for the peace of the world. In short, if the United States, in their present mood, are to be obliged, in order to maintain their position, to have recourse to costly armaments; and Europe, which is looking forward to the time of their disarmament, will be more than ever plunged into an endless expense. After armies for lands the navies must now be increased."

Regarding the cause of Spain's decline the old prophet has a few suggestions, but gratifying his spleen against the power which has proved itself invulnerable to his malice. "The Church is the enemy—of course, the Catholic religion," he says, "is indeed a beautiful religion. Christianity has done much good. But—and here he looks at the 'hat' comes in—through an ever retrograde spirit the clergy has done great damage to the Latin race. What this fine generalization has got to do with the subject in hand was not explained. The only reason we can find for its appearance is the fact that the World wanted an "interview" and Signor Crispi wanted the money which no doubt the World was willing to pay—and the "interview" must be conducted on the subject of the "hat" which will be quite satisfied with the results. They are of a very mixed character. Their effect is something akin to that of the jokes which some newspapers are so fond of making when going to the gallows. They are horribly cheerful—something like one of Ibsen's plays. Hear the World:

"Senor Crispi was asked if he thought Europe ought to have interposed. 'Alas,' he replied, 'Europe resembles Spain from a certain point of view. Anarchy is dominant everywhere. To speak frankly, there is no Europe.' The European continent is a sinister joke. Nothing can be expected from the concert of the powers. It was observed to Senor Crispi that we are then marching direct to ruin and decadence. 'I do not know what to-morrow has in store for us? We must have confidence in the future.'"

After having declared what the future had in store for the United States, this confession of blind ignorance of coming events appears odd. But it is the privilege of great statesmen to be inconsistent.—*Standard and Times.*

CATHOLICITY IN SECULAR MATTERS.

Many persons labor under the delusion that whatever is Catholic is necessarily religious; and that whatever is secular is necessarily un-Catholic, neither Catholic nor non-Catholic. They suppose, therefore, that apart from the strictly religious field, there is no such thing as Catholic science, Catholic industry, Catholic philosophy, Catholic society, Catholic industry, etc., but only a general science, art, literature, philosophy, society, industry, etc., in which Catholics and non-Catholics participate on equal terms. Nothing can be further from the truth. To be Catholic implies to be in relation with the totality of truth. The truth is of one order, whether supernatural and natural, and these, though separable in thought, are not separable in fact. No human being exists, or ever has existed, on a purely natural plane. Nothing can be true on earth, in the natural order, where the supernatural truth is absent, natural truth is obscured, perverted, or lost. Philosophy which is constructed without the light of supernatural revelation is untrustworthy, because it has no safeguard against radical and destructive error. Art without that light is divorced from the Source of beauty and inspiration; science without that light is a stranger to the realities of man and Nature; literature without that light is a garden of foul weeds and poisonous flowers; society without that light is a puppet show, or a herd of swine, or a convulsion of devilry; industry and commerce without that light is a slave pen or a pack of hungry dogs.

Fortunately, the supernatural light radiates in all directions from its center, the Church, in which the Holy Spirit of Truth perpetually dwells; so that those without her pale reflect it in various degrees according to their spiritual, moral and intellectual conformity with the Holy Spirit. On the other hand, even within the Church there are many whose obstinate souls remain opaque and black in the midst her celestial splendor and form spots on the spiritual sun.

But the aim of every faithful servant of God is to bring his whole life—his mind, his heart, his will, his household, his profession or trade and all that he touches—into conformity with the will of His Creator and the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Real naturalists who are at the same time thoroughly intelligent Catholics are the most competent students of nature; true artists who are at the same time intelligent Catholics are the most competent of human thought and activity. Therefore the progress of the world will be directly in proportion to the degree in which Catholics will have the same specially or wholly to the same profession, or follow the same trade, or have in any respect the same secular interests, put themselves into relation with each other and cooperate to advance their common science or art, or promote their common interests, along the lines

required by the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. As long as any land does not possess societies or guilds of Catholic scientists, Catholic artists, Catholic writers, Catholic sociologists, merchants, Catholic agriculturists, Catholic handicraftsmen, etc., so long that land remains outside the main current of real progress. Such bodies exist in Germany, in France, in Italy, in Belgium and in many other countries. As long as they do not exist here American Catholics have reason to hang their heads in shame, all the more that the Vicar of Christ has again and again urged the formation of such bodies throughout the Christian world.—*Church Progress.*

NEW BOOKS.

Benutzer Bros., New York, have just published a new book, entitled "Fabiola's story, a Tale of the Christian heroines martyred at Carthage in the commencement of the third century. It is a complete volume to Cardinal Wiseman's famous novel 'Fabiola or the Church of the Catacombs.' Adapted by A. C. Clarke, 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

The first centuries of Christianity, the most critical and at the same time most triumphant period of the Church's existence, present more than one such touching drama as that which the author of 'Fabiola' has depicted so admirably.

This story of the martyrs of Carthage will not, we venture to say, be so long forgotten, even for the votaries of the world. Faith and courage in their highest, grandest forms; unshaken fortitude under torture; a confidence so assured that all things, liberty, life itself, is sacrificed to it; heroic conflicts where- in weakness triumphs over strength; and, finally, will never cease to elicit the admiration and move the hearts of those who "needs must" live in a world of sin. The martyrdom of St. Perpetua is only an episode in the sanguinary drama of the first three centuries. It is a noble and touching story of the early Church, but it is one whose characters the hand of time has not succeeded in obliterating. Such a noble and touching story, and full of the spirit of the saint, and also Augustine, have handed down her name to posterity with profound reverence. Her name is only in the Canon of the Mass next before that of the Holy Eucharist, which she shared her sufferings, and with her other noble and touching story, which is no easy feat to find anything more interesting, more touching, than the acts of these two heroines.

In writing these pages, the true history of St. Perpetua's martyrdom has been strictly followed, as far as it is given in the authentic records. Tertullian, Optatus, Marcellus, bishop of Jerusalem, Hieronymus, Potamiana, Hilarius, Severus, Papias, and others, have been consulted, and the most reliable authorities have been introduced to give greater completeness to the narrative.

"The Rose Bush," by Canon Schmid, is a story that will interest the boys and girls, for whom it is especially written. Publishers, Benziger Bros., Price, 25 cents.

"The Hop Blossoms and other Tales," also by Canon Schmid, will prove attractive to the young folks in this country. Benziger Bros., Price, 25 cents.

Mary McMahon has translated from the French "The Romance of a Playwright," by Etienne de Bernier. Published by Benziger Bros., Price, 25 cents.

"The World Well Lost" is the title of one of Messrs. Benziger's latest studies. The author is E. Schuler-Rohrbach. Price, 25 cents.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fifth Sunday after Easter. PRAYER. "Hitherto you have not asked anything in my name. Ask and you shall receive. (St. John xvi. 24.)

Our Lord does not mean by these words that His disciples had never prayed, because otherwise they would never have become followers of Him. No man could come to Jesus unless the Father should draw him, and God always makes His graces dependent on prayer.

What, then, does our Lord mean when He says to His disciples, "Hitherto you have not asked anything in My name?" He would have them understand that their prayers hitherto had only been weak beginnings. This is evident from the fact that even the Apostles never realized the magnitude of their vocations until they were enlightened by the Holy Ghost on Pentecost.

We have all of us got a great work to do—the work of our eternal salvation. "For straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to eternal life, and few there be who find it." It is a mistake to suppose that we are going to be saved by the mere desire of not being lost, otherwise every one would be saved because no one wishes to be lost.

Now, the grace to pray is the easiest of all graces to obtain. Because God wishes all men to be saved, says St. Alphonsus, He gives all men the ability to pray. Sinners can pray. One is not required to be in the state of grace in order to pray. And if a sinner, no matter how deep his guilt may be, prays sincerely and continuously, he is just as certain to obtain the grace of repentance as the rays of the warm spring sun are sure to drive away frost.

We have no excuse for a life of sin, because we have a remedy in prayer. "Ask and you shall receive," says our Lord. The promise here given is infallible. All we have to do is to ask. And how does a man ask if he really is anxious to get a favor? He never gets weary of making his petitions. Suppose that you wished some man to give you employment. You would not hesitate to ask him for it if you thought there was the slightest chance for you to get it.

POPULAR PROTESTANT CONTRIVERSY.

Sacred Heart Review. I have promised a somewhat detailed examination of the Rev. Isaac J. Lansing's book, "Romanism and the Republic." It deserves this, because it would be hard to come across a more perfect embodiment of the lowest and most dangerous stratum of Protestant controversy. Almost every current misrepresentation of Roman Catholic doctrine and history is found here.

How widely the book itself is now selling, I do not know. An eminent Congregational minister of Boston assures me of his belief that the sale has almost stopped. On the other hand, a gentleman who holds a very important charge of the Methodist Episcopal Church writes to me with great indignation of the way in which the worthless and mischievous thing is vended at meetings of conferences and presbyteries, expressing his opinion that it is still capable of working much harm.

Among the classes that are most apt to read it, its vulgar abusiveness and unrestrained animosity would commend it the more. Multitudes that would dislike such a tone in treating of Mormons and Turks, would hold themselves bound to thank God that He has raised up such a hero of the faith against the unmentionable Papists. Things that are logically impossible are sometimes practically possible, and it is fair to say of this book that its ignorance is only exceeded by its malice, and its malice by its ignorance.

The spirit of this whole book, from beginning to end, is that which St. Paul calls "rejoicing in iniquity." Much which he alleges we know to be fact. Yet were it all fact, the evil delight with which he and other such writers gloat over it is abominable. We begin with some of the grossest examples of ignorance. On page 49 we are told that the Fourth Jesuit Vow is a vow "of absolute obedience to the Pope." It is no such thing. It is a vow of absolute obedience to the Pope "concerning missions." The Professor promises to go, promptly and at his own expense, to any part of the world to which the Pope may send him, on any errand concerning "the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian religion." This and nothing else.

A vow of absolute obedience is taken by no one. The Constitutions expressly declare that the duty of obedience to a superior stops if the latter enacts "any manner of sin" (aliquid peccati generis). So, too, they declare, that the general duty of obedience to the Pope (of course in matters of religion) is owing so far as it is consistent cum charitate, that is, as I need not tell Catholics, with supreme love to God and equal love to man. Of these limitations Mr. Lansing says nothing. It is not to be supposed that he has ever himself examined the Constitutions (it would be amusing to see him trying to make them out), and his authorities have taken good care not to mention these limits of obedience. This being so, it would be to his credit that he does not repeat Doctor Littledale's stupid and slanderous misinterpretation of "Magis ad peccatum" but leaves it to the editor of the Cambridge Tribune, were it not that he virtually does to be a Jesuit doctrine "that the end justifies the means." What does this signify? That if an end is good, every means to it is good which does not cross a better end? In this sense everybody believes that the end sanctifies the means. Or does it signify that a means to a good end is good even if it contradicts a better end? In this sense nobody believes or can believe that the end justifies the means. There are very wide differences as to the application of these two principles; as to the principles themselves there can not possibly be any difference among sane men.

Mr. Lansing's description of Jesuit history is the ordinary farrago of fact and fiction, and malignant conjecture, carefully leaving out the rich chapters of good wrought. It is such an account as might be expected of such a man. Still, he deserves credit for only having let the Jesuits poison four Popes. He might just as well have thrown in half a dozen more. When an infirm old man dies suddenly in malarious Rome (whose fevers, as Zola remarks, work precisely like quick poison), Doctor Lansing has but to book it as another instance of Jesuit murtherousness. His moderation is to be commended.

ANOTHER LOURDES MIRACLE.

The Cure of a Sister-Nun Graphically Described by an Irish Nun at Paris. A graphic account of a wonderful cure, in fact, a miracle, at Lourdes, has been received by the Reverend Mother of an English convent. The writer, an Irish nun in Paris, who was a witness of the miracle, was unaware that her beautiful account of the cure of a sister nun would find its way into print, but the certain evidence of miraculous intervention was too strong to be kept from the public.

The nun in her letter states that Sister M. Amanda was suffering in Madrid from a disease of the spinal cord, which a number of reputable doctors, including the court physician, had pronounced incurable. She was on her way to visit a famous specialist at Montpellier, when a remarkable occurrence sent her to Lourdes. In a vision she seemed to be visited by a Sister lately dead, who said to her in the depths of her soul that she should go to Lourdes and be cured by Our Lady when bathing in the piscina. Sister M. Amanda, upon whom this made a profound impression, but who was afraid that her imagination had played her a trick, did not speak of it to anyone. "If," thought she, "the Blessed Virgin wishes to cure me she is powerful enough to change the route of our journey and make me go by Lourdes." In the morning came a letter from M. M. Celestine, deciding that the journey should be made via Tarbes, and thus enable the poor sick Sister to sleep a night at the convent at Lourdes, thus avoiding spending a night among strangers at Barcelona. When M. M. Rosario read this letter to Sister M. Amanda her face became radiant, and being asked the reason, "It is," replied she, "that the Blessed Virgin wishes to cure me," and she told the mother all that had happened during the preceding night, adding her profound conviction of being cured.

On Thursday, Jan. 27, writes the Irish nun, it was decided that Sister M. Amanda should bathe in the piscina. Then she continues: M. M. Enguin, who had a bad cold, could not, to her great regret, accompany her, but Sisters St. Francis and Angeles were her happy companions. At 8:30 they went to the grotto to finish the novena, and prayed fervently on the very spot the Blessed Virgin had appeared to Bernadette. During this time we at Paris were engaged in fervent prayer. We had a firm conviction that our Blessed Lady would hear our prayers. After having drunk at the miraculous spring, our three Sisters went to the piscina. They chose that part where the image of Mary is sculptured in the marble, and where it is said the most wonderful miracles have taken place. Kneeling in the piscina, they recited the Creed and then Sister M. Amanda stretched herself out so as to bathe her head and neck, where she suffered most pain. The Sisters who helped her were more dead than alive on seeing her meddling with cold and as pale as death; but, reanimating their faith, they commenced the litanies, Sister M. Amanda repeating the invocations and the other answering. When they came to the invocation, "Queen conceived without original sin," they repeated it three times. At that moment Sister Amanda, with a sudden movement, opened her arms, which up to this she had kept crossed on her breast, pressing the package of intentions which the Sisters at Madrid had given her. "What is the matter?" inquired Sister M. Angeles. "It is done," answered she; "I am cured."

Quickly our dear Sister is taken from the piscina. Her joy was so great, her emotion so profound, that we were obliged to help her dress herself. Then she almost ran to the grotto to thank Our Lady and fasten her crutch as an ex-voto. In the hope of hearing a Mass in thanksgiving she went in all haste towards the Basilica, and met the Benedictine Father, who was just leaving the basilica after having said his Mass for her cure. He stopped her, and, not recognizing her, said: "What of the sick Sister?" "I am the Sister," she replied; "I am cured." The poor Father was unable to speak, and could scarcely believe his eyes that she was the same Sister whom he had seen an hour before trying to drag herself to the grotto not able to walk a step without stumbling. He told the Sisters that at the elevation of this Mass he had felt deeply touched—so much so that he could hardly pronounce the sacramental words. This was just the moment when the Sister had called out "I am cured!"—the moment, a thousand times blessed, when the gentle hand of the Immaculate Virgin was placed on the soul of her child, giving to us all a sensible proof of her merciful tenderness. What hymns of thanksgiving were sent up to heaven, first at Lourdes, then Paris, Madrid and Montpellier, where telegrams were sent to tell of the wonders Our Lady had wrought.

Thanksgiving After Confession. It is proper to make an act of thanks giving after Confession for the grace of receiving the Sacrament of Penance. Oh, if the souls of the damned could only be placed back on earth, with a God-given opportunity to be shriven, how well they would prepare themselves with contrition and a firm purpose of amendment; how willingly they would acknowledge their sins; how joyfully they would receive their penance; how happily they would bow down for the blessed absolution, and how gratefully they would thank God for the grace to be shriven.—Catholic Columbian.

Better Than Klondike Gold. Is health and strength gained by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It fortifies the whole system and gives you such strength that nervous troubles ease, and work which seemed wearing and laborious, becomes easy and is cheerfully performed. It has done this for others, it will for you.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure. Fever and Ague and bilious derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmentier's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

THE PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH.

Why do we believe that St. Joseph is the greatest saint after the Blessed Virgin, and therefore most powerful after her in his intercession with God? To answer this question we must consider as best we can the nature of his relationship with God, for by this alone can the greatness of sanctity be measured. That this relationship was a special one is beyond doubt, for not only did it exist between himself and Jesus and Mary, but even also with the ever-adorable Trinity; since he, like the Blessed Virgin, was destined for all eternity to fulfil a peculiar office in the divine economy of the mystery of the Incarnation. It was God's will that Joseph should come in contact and have relations with two agents of the mystery—with Jesus and Mary.

Let us, with the eyes of faith, for they are keener than the eyes of sense, look more closely into his relationship, first with Jesus and then with Mary, and perhaps we may catch a glimpse of the greatness of our saint and prove his power of intercession. With regard to Jesus—St. Joseph was His father in everything but generation, and although he did not possess fatherhood in the ordinary sense of the word, nevertheless the God Who sustains and Who sometimes suspends the laws of nature breathed into his soul a parent's love and gave him the rights of a father, and therefore well deserves Holy Writ verify these rights when it tells of Our Lord's obedience to him and to the Blessed Virgin "and He was subject to them." It supports a paternal claim when it gives him the privilege of naming the Holy Child, "and thou shalt call His name Jesus." It shows that he was allowed to address the only-begotten of the Father as "My Son"—a dignity possessed by two other beings only—God and the Virgin Mother; for was He not called "the carpenter's son?" and did not His Mother say to Him, "Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee, sorrowing."

So much for a few phases of the spiritual intimacy which St. Joseph had with Christ and therefore with God. Considering his relation to our Blessed Mother—she was his Virgin wife as she was also the immaculate Bride of the Holy Ghost, and the nature of the spousal contract being forever virginal, made the contracting parties more acceptable; for the spiritual not only purifies but intensifies to an almost infinite degree the power of love. To be sure, there is no equality between the persons concerned in this marriage, but there is, nevertheless, a proof of the nearness of St. Joseph's relationship with God the Father and with the Blessed Virgin; for indeed he must have been a great saint to have been raised to the exalted position of having something in all its fullness the richness of divine grace. Did not even heaven stoop to reveal to him the mystery of the ages—the scheme of the Redemption?

Now, the nearness of St. Joseph's relationship with God is obvious from what we have said, and that he is nearest after the Blessed Virgin in this relationship is also obvious; and since we measure sanctity by the degree of nearness to God, we therefore conclude

It's Cause and Cure. Cold weather, shivering, no heat to sustain, emaciated, because ill nourished. This is either because the starched foods are improperly acted upon by the digestive juices or the oily constituents of the food are not assimilated. Cod Liver Oil combined with Maltine supplies this deficiency, for the oil, rendered palatable and easy of digestion, is at once assimilated and stored up in the form of adipose tissue. Besides this the maltine renders soluble the starched foods—whose special function is to supply heat or fatty tissue—thus affording material necessary to supply the waste of the body. Maltine with Cod Liver Oil is at once a food, body builder, and medicine, incomparably superior to any preparation for the consumptive or debilitated. Verify this by a trial.



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE. Start wash day with good soap, pure soap; that's half the battle won. SURPRISE SOAP is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing. It's best for this and every use.

CARLING'S GOLD MEDAL ALE, PORTER & LAGER. These Brands are exclusively used in the House of Commons.

Vapo-Resolene. Cures While You Sleep. Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

THE PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH. Why do we believe that St. Joseph is the greatest saint after the Blessed Virgin, and therefore most powerful after her in his intercession with God? To answer this question we must consider as best we can the nature of his relationship with God, for by this alone can the greatness of sanctity be measured.

An Exceptional Opportunity. Bright, capable and energetic business men or women can make \$1,200 annually in a legitimate and permanent business; an agent should make a good living, besides laying away for a rainy day. No experience necessary; everybody wants to buy our celebrated Flavoring Powders, used to flavor pies, cakes, candies, etc., and no family can be without them. Our powder sells itself, as everywhere you place one, from two to six are ordered immediately. References given, commercial agencies, banks, merchants, etc., all letters of inquiry promptly replied to with our celebrated Flavoring Powders, used to flavor pies, cakes, candies, etc., and no family can be without them.

You Can't Get Rested. Because that tired feeling is not the result of exertion. It is due to the unhealthy condition of your blood. This vital fluid should give nourishment to every organ, nerve and muscle. But it cannot do this unless it is rich and pure. That is what you want to cure that tired feeling—pure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla will help you "get rested." It will cure you, purify your blood, give you vigor and vitality and brace you up so that you may feel well all through the coming summer. If you have never tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, do so now, and see how it energizes and vitalizes your whole system.

Windsor Salt. For Table and Dairy. Purest and Best TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Provisions and Light Supplies, Yukon District," and addressed to the Honorable the President of the Privy Council, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Saturday, 7th May, 1908. Printed forms of tender containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application to Superintendent A. B. Perry, N. W. Mounted Police, Vancouver, B. C., or at the office of the undersigned. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. No payment will be made to newspaper inserters this advertisement without authority having been first obtained. FRED. WHITE, Comptroller N. W. M. Police 1908.

OUR B... FIDOLS... One more front porch thought. H... the people w... next house... as the peopl... He hoped th... who had to... treated. P... kindness... on all... "The folks," said... and their h... generous... gilt cage, a... canary bird... Tabby will... on dear litt... Mrs. Tab... who was th... little kitten... heard her r... a few days... away bird, j... and give u... Honest old... in his hea... there was i... sin as hyp... the little c... was glad fo... While P... and watch... the next h... peeped out... the way... woodpecke... nest far t... and in the... ful eggs, o... pecker was... "Good... the red h... high perch... early to de... of our new... "Upon... plied idio... "for I an... But I have... and by to... on speaki... vided, of c... unkind per... "Oh, I... boys in t... headed w... added, wit... defiant to... hate little... "Why... for myself... always fo... companio... them?" "Be... red head... trees and... worked so... away our... boys!" "G... eggs," s... never wo... "But the... sisted the... and, firm... to the li... had been... a family... headed w... fast, a m... than a w... As for... and was... And as f... of what... said, and... as to pos... over the... thought o... of a vol... ears." "G... the vol... —tum h... Fido h... to come... the othe... baby fig... were m... sured li... was a... years of... dimple... ing one... very ca... not qu... sad ex... had man... quaint... "To... prattin... courage... his cho... waved... Fido u... up, and... his ho... steps a... of the... was... "M... strang... back;... Fido... careess... hands... —yes... boy;... and g... them a... Fido... Pre... fence... little... Fido... lap a... up in...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. FIDO'S LITTLE FRIEND.

One morning in May Fido sat on the front porch, and he was deep in thought. He was wondering whether the people who were moving into the next house were as cross and unfeeling as the people who had just moved out.

"The new-comers must be nice folks," said Fido to himself, "for their feather beds look big and comfortable, and their baskets are all ample and generous, and see, there goes a bright gilt cage, and there is a plump yellow canary bird in it! Oh, how glad Mrs. Tabby will be to see it—she so dotes on dear little canary birds!"

Mrs. Tabby was the old blind cat, who was the mother of the four cunning little kittens in the hay mow. Fido had heard her remark very purringly only a few days ago that she longed for a canary bird, just to amuse her little ones and give them correct musical ears.

While Fido sat on the front porch and watched the people moving into the next house another pair of eyes peeped out of the old hollow maple over the way. This was the red-headed woodpecker, who had a warm, cosy nest far down in the old hollow maple, and in the nest there were four beautiful eggs, of which the red-headed woodpecker was very proud.

"Good-morning, Mr. Fido," called the red-headed woodpecker from her high perch. "You are out bright and early to-day. And what do you think of our new neighbors?"

"Upon my word, I cannot tell," replied Fido, wagging his tail cheerily, "for I am not acquainted with them. But I have been watching them closely and by to-day noon I think I shall be on speaking terms with them,—provided, of course, they are not the cross, unkind people our old neighbors were."

"Oh, I do so hope there are no little boys in the family," sighed the red-headed woodpecker; and then she added, with much determination and a defiant toss of her beautiful head: "I hate little boys!"

"Why so?" inquired Fido. "As for myself, I love little boys. I have always found them the pleasantest of companions. Why do you dislike them?"

"Because they are wicked," said the red-headed woodpecker. "They climb trees and break up the nests we have worked so hard to build, and they steal away our lovely eggs—oh, I hate little boys!"

"Good little boys don't steal birds' eggs," said Fido. "And I'm sure I never would play with a bad boy."

to say, "We shall be great friends, shall we not, little boy?" "Me love oo," said the little boy; "me wan' to tuss oo, little goggie!"

And the little boy did kiss Fido—yes, right on Fido's cold nose; and Fido liked to have the little boy kiss him, for it reminded him of another little boy who used to kiss him, but who was now so big that he was almost ashamed to play with Fido any more.

"Is oo sit, little goggie?" asked the little boy, opening his blue eyes to their utmost capacity and looking very piteous. "O, nose he so tild, oo mus' be s'!"

But no, Fido was not sick, even though his nose was cold. Oh, no; he romped and played all that morning in the cool, green grass with the little boy; and the red-headed woodpecker, clinging to the bark of the sickly tree, laughed at their merry antics till her sides ached and her beautiful head turned fairly livid.

Then, at last, the little boy's mamma came out of the house and told him he had played long enough; and neither the red-headed woodpecker nor Fido saw him again that day.

On the next morning the little boy toddled down to the fence corner, bright and early, and called, "Goggie! goggie! goggie!" so loudly that Fido heard him in the wood shed, where he was holding a morning chat with Mrs. Tabby. Fido hastened to answer the call; the way he spun out of the wood shed and down the gravel walk and around the corner of the house was a marvel.

"Mamma says oo dot f'as, little goggie," said the little boy. "Has oo dot f'as?"

Fido looked crestfallen, for could Fido have spoken he would have confessed that he indeed was afflicted with fleas—no, with very many fleas, but just enough to interrupt his slumbers and his meditations at the most inopportune moments. And the little boy's guileless impeachment set Fido to feel very creepy-crawly all of a sudden, and without any further ado Fido turned deftly in his tracks, twisted his head back toward his tail, and by means of several well directed bites and plunges gave the malicious Bedouins thereabout located timely warning to behave themselves.

The little boy thought this performance very funny, and he laughed heartily. But Fido looked crestfallen.

Oh, what play and happiness they had that day; how the green grass kissed their feet, and how the smell of clover came with the spring-time breezes from the meadow yonder! The red-headed woodpecker heard them at play, and she clambered out of the hollow maple and dashed hither and thither as if she, too, shared their merriment. Yes, and the yellow thrushbird, whose nest was in the blooming lilac-bush, came and perched in the pear-tree and sang a little song about the dear little eggs in her cunning home. And there was a flower in the fence corner—a sweet, modest flower that no human eyes but the little boy's had ever seen—and she sang a little song, too, a song about the kind old mother earth and the pretty sunbeams, the gentle rain and the droning bees. Why, the little boy had never known anything half so beautiful, and Fido,—he, too, was delighted beyond all telling.

If the whole truth must be told, Fido had such an exciting and bewildering romp that day that when night came, and he lay asleep on the kitchen floor, he dreamed he was tumbling in the green grass with the little boy, and he tossed and barked and whined so in his sleep that the hired man had to get up in the night and put him out of doors.

Down in the pasture at the end of the lane lived an old woodchuck. Last year the freshet had driven him from his childhood's home in the cornfield by the brook, and now he resided in a snug hole in the pasture. During their rambles one day, Fido and his little boy friend had come to the pasture, and found the old woodchuck sitting upright at the entrance to his hole.

where, and of what good, noble birds they were going to be when they grew up. The yellow bird, too, had four fuzzy little babies in her nest in the lilac bush, and every now and then she came to sing to the little boy and Fido of her darlings. Then, when the little boy and Fido were tired with play, they would sit in the rowen near the fence corner and hear the flower tell a story the dew had brought fresh from the stars the night before. They all loved each other,—the little boy, Fido, the old woodchuck, the red-headed woodpecker, the yellow-bird, and the flower,—yes, all through the days of spring and all through the summer time they loved each other in their own honest, sweet, simple way.

But one morning Fido sat on the front porch and wondered why the little boy had not come to the fence corner and called to him. The sun was high, the men had been long gone to the harvest fields, and the best of the early autumn day had driven the birds to the thickest foliage of the trees. Fido could not understand why the little boy did not come; he felt, oh! so lonesome, and he yearned for the sound of a little voice calling "Goggie, goggie, goggie!"

The red-headed woodpecker could not explain it, nor could the yellow-bird. Fido trotted leisurely down to the fence corner and asked the flower if she had seen the little boy that morning. But no, the flower had not laid eyes on the little boy, and she could only shake her head doubtfully when Fido asked her what it all meant.

At last in desperation Fido braced himself for a heroic solution of the mystery, and as loudly as ever he could, he barked three times,—in the hope, you know, that the little boy would hear his call and come. But the little boy did not come.

Then Fido trotted sadly down the lane to the pasture to talk with the old woodchuck about this strange thing. The old woodchuck saw him coming and ambled out to meet him.

"But where is our little boy?" asked the old woodchuck. "I do not know," said Fido. "I waited for him and called him again and again, but he never came."

Ah, those were sorry days for the little boy's friends, and sorrier for Fido. Poor, honest Fido, how lonesome he was and how he moped about! How each sudden sound, how each footfall, startled him! How he sat all those days upon the front door stoop, with his eyes fixed on the fence corner and his rough brown ears cocked up as if he expected each moment to see two chubby arms stretched out toward him and to hear a baby voice calling "Goggie, goggie, goggie!"

Once only they saw him—Fido, the flower, and the others. It was one day when Fido had called louder than usual. They saw a little figure in a night dress come to an upper window and lean his arms out. They saw the little boy, and, oh! how pale and ill he looked. But his yellow hair was as glorious as ever, and the dimples came back with the smile that lighted his thin little face when he saw Fido; and he leaned on the window casement and waved his baby hands feebly, and cried, "Goggie! goggie!" till Fido saw the boy's mother come and take him from the window.

One morning Fido came to the fence corner—how very lonely that spot seemed now—and he talked with the flower and the woodpecker; and the yellow-bird came, too, and they all talked of the little boy. And at that very moment the old woodchuck reared his hoary head by the hole in the pasture, and he looked this way and that and wondered why the little boy never came any more.

"Suppose," said Fido to the yellow-bird—"suppose you fly to the window way up there and see what the little boy is doing. Sing him one of your pretty songs, and tell him we are lonesome without him; that we are waiting for him in the old fence corner."

Then the yellow-bird did as Fido asked—she flew to the window where they had once seen the little boy, and alighting upon the sill, she peered into the room. In another moment she was back on the bush at Fido's side.

"He is asleep," said the yellow-bird. "Asleep!" cried Fido. "Yes," said the yellow-bird, "he is fast asleep. I think he must be dreaming a beautiful dream, for I could see a smile on his face, and his little hands were folded on his bosom. There were flowers all about him, and but for their sweet voices the chamber would have been very still."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Don't be mean, or resort to underhand practices in your dealings with others. The young man who falls to live up conscientiously to a firm purpose of frank straightforwardness has begun the formation of a despicable character. There is no quality so thoroughly detested by many men, and properly so, than the utterly contemptible habit of doing mean, base things covertly and under cover of hypocritical smiles and professions of self-righteousness. Christ Himself when on earth, took occasion many times to denounce in the most solemn and emphatic manner the divine abhorrence of sneaking, hypocritical, Pharisaical methods. He could tolerate the sinner who did not attempt to justify his actions and who did not pretend to be what he was not. There are several notable instances where He showed them special mercy, but He expressed invariably the utmost abhorrence of the duplicity of the sneak and double-dealer. He gave "two faced" creatures very distinctly to understand that future happiness was absolutely impossible for them unless they repented and mended their ways. Similarly, all men of good moral principles and high character have an instinctive hatred for the wretched spirit which plots in the dark and carries out nefarious designs under the cloak of virtue and innocence. Therefore the young man who neglects to uproot from his nature, the last vestige of this noxious inheritance bequeathed us by the devil in the Garden of Eden, insures to himself the contempt of high minded fellow-beings and an almost certain future of eternal misery.

Judas Iscariot is the prototype of the mean and deceitful men of all subsequent times. He professed reverence and respect for Our Saviour in the presence of the divine Master, but had recourse to a base, underhand trick in betraying Him to His enemies. We know what happened to the un-peakable traitor and his act is held in utter abhorrence even by those who are consciously or unconsciously his imitators. There is no name in history so absolutely and universally execrated as that of Judas.

No term in any language expresses or suggests anything lower, viler and more hateful than this name. Yet every person who betrays his friend or neighbor, by secretly injuring him, by word or deed, shares the ignominy which attaches to the conduct of the arch traitor. It is Judas-like to testify against the happiness and good-repute of your neighbor either through a sense of envy or vindictiveness. And such conspiracy operates commonly along the lines of secret defamation and underhand acts of injury of the source of which the victim is ignorant. It is just here that the unutterable baseness of this sort of thing comes in.

The person who is attacked in the dark cannot identify his assailant, and is unable to defend himself and vindicate his cause as he would, if confronted by his enemy in the daylight. For this reason Catholic faith and charity command and exhort us to shun this, the most reprehensible of moral misconduct. The injury inflicted upon one by secret detraction nine times out of ten cannot be repaired by the hand that is responsible. It is like freeing to the winds the seeds or germs of a fatal contagion. Once the thing is done it passes beyond the power of the doer to recall it or avert the frightful consequences of his damnable deed.

It is not necessary to expatiate on the wherefore of the contempt which honest, wholesome minds entertain for the vile and cowardly methods of the traitor. The reason is so obvious, that even the guilty one cannot avoid a full realization of the utter villainousness of the impulse which prompted him to employ such a weapon. Addition to this malign practice argues not only moral obliquity, but intellectual narrowness also. The broad-minded, noble, generous person would instinctively recoil from an act repulsive to every attribute of virtue and kindness. As a consequence, the abomination is rarely found to flourish among those who occupy foremost places in the ranks of the useful and successful lives. This fact offers another cogent reason, if any is needed, to influence young men against falling into the evil and unpardonable habit of acting in a base, underhand way in their dealings with others. It not only leads inevitably to exposure, and provokes the contempt of people whose good opinion is worth having, but it doesn't pay in any sense of the word, in the long run. Whatever possible material advantage or unjust personal gratification may be derived from an act of this kind, is necessarily short-lived and there is a certain forfeiture of self respect which more than offsets the temporary triumph of vindictiveness. A casual study of the characters about him and the circumstances affecting them for better or worse, will convince the reader of the practical value of these observations and their application.

Who is the person that enjoys the esteem and good opinion of the largest and staunchest circle of desirable friends? It is not assuredly, the man or woman, who is constantly whispering into willing or unwilling ears acridulous criticisms of the real or imaginary defects of common acquaintances; whose chief topic of conversation has to do with the foibles and shortcomings of absent members of his own circle; who never can find anything to commend in the conduct of other people, and who never misses a chance to throw the searchlight of depreciation on the mistakes and errors of the unfortunate. Even the person

into whose ear he pours the current of uncharitable commentary grows distrustful, knowing perfectly well that as he is now the depository of these cynical confidences, he will in turn become the object of them. In their heart, whatever may be their external attitude towards members of this class, all men have a natural repugnance for the spirit which actuates them. On the other hand, the individual who is big enough and broad enough to regard the prosperity of others without envy, who would scorn to injure a fellow-being for the sake of gratifying a personal grudge, who has a good word for everybody regardless of the popular verdict, who could not descend to the cowardice of gibbeting the misfortunes or misdeeds of the hapless for the amusement of the reprobation of the uncharitable, and whose methods and thought and speech are always frank, open, straightforward, is the one who by common consent holds the highest position in private and public estimation. It is to him that in case of trouble or difficulty the stricken heart or afflicted spirit turns for solace and sympathy. It is at such times that true worth is practically appraised and the result is an unerring pronouncement of human judgment between what is best and what is worst in degenerate humanity.

Be polite before God, as you would before man.

Ireland is said to be the home of centenarians, many of whom are to be found in various parts of the country. There are three persons named whose united ages aggregate three hundred and thirty six years, namely Mrs. Armstrong of Spanish Point, aged one hundred and seventeen years, Mrs. Margaret Halloran of Birri Union, one hundred and fourteen, and Mrs. Margaret Tooby of the same town one hundred and five years.

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Made to Run Smoothly and Pleasantly by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

There is no Other Cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion and All Other Stomach Troubles—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Never Fail.

Wheels! Wheels! All the world on wheels! Everyone, men, women, and children, are talking "wheel talk." These paragraphs are a short talk on wheels, also—but on the most important kind—the wheels of Life.

The wheels of life must run smoothly, if we are to live as it was intended we should. There must be no breaks, no snapping of chains, no worn bolts, no weak spots. If there are, we pay the penalty in pain.

The wheels of life cannot run smoothly if you have dyspepsia. It's like trying to ride a bicycle with a punctured tire, or broken bearings. If your tire has been punctured, you mend it. In many cases, if you have dyspepsia or indigestion, you don't heed it. As time goes on, it grows worse and worse, until, at last, it wrecks your health completely. Then you spend hundreds of dollars in trying to cure it, when you might, if you had taken it in time, have cured it quickly and easily, for a dollar or two.

The only way you can cure dyspepsia, satisfactorily and permanently, no matter what stage it may be in, is by using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure all stomach diseases. This is a simple statement of an incontrovertible fact. It cannot be disproved. But it can be easily and quickly proved, by the use of the Tablets. If you have dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, heartburn, or any other stomach trouble, buy a box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and use them according to directions. They'll cure you.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50; or are sent on receipt of price, by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

THE LIQUOR AND DRUG HABITS. We guarantee to every victim of the liquor or drug habit, no matter how bad the case, that when our new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor or drugs is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks. The medicine is taken privately and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed. We invite strict investigation. Address The Dixon Cure Co., No. 40 Park Avenue (near Milton street), Montreal.

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