

The Catholic Record.

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

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Why Mother is Proud.

Look in his face, look in his eyes,
Roguish and blue, and terribly wise—
Roguish and blue, but quickest to see
When mother comes in as tired as can
be;
Quickest to find her the nicest old chair,
Quickest to get to the top of the stair,
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek
Would help her far more than to chatter,
to speak
Look in his face, and guess, if you can,
Why mother is proud of her little man.
The mother is proud—I will tell you this;
You can see it yourself in her tender
kiss.

But why? Well, of all her dears,
There is scarcely one who ever hears
The moment she speaks, and jumps to see
What her want or her wish may be.
Scarcely one. They all forget,
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet;
But this she knows, if her boy is near,
There is somebody certain to want
to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast,
And kisses him and kisses him last,
And he holds her hand and looks in her
face,
And hunts for her spoon, which is out of
place,
And proves that he loves her whenever
he can—
That's why she is proud of her little
man.

—The Independent.

INTELLECTUAL SLAVERY.

REPLY TO CRITICS OF THE CHURCH, BY
REV. B. H. BENSON, M. A.

The charge of "Intellectual Slavery" is one frequently brought against the Church. Father Benson, in the course of a series of lectures on "Paradoxes of the Catholic Church," dealt in a very masterly way with this subject. The truth made them free, he said, and yet before they could grasp the truth they had to bring into exercise every thought. They knew the common accusation brought against the Church, that she was the home of intellectual slavery. The world was always sneering at Catholics; they were intellectually bound by restrictions and regulations. First of all, they were told that Catholics had no liberty of thought; their every thought was dictated by the Church. They had no right to make up their minds on any point whatever. They said there was no intellectual activity in the Church; nothing but intellectual stagnation. The Catholic religion, they were told, was an enormous collection of interpretations—every point was settled; there was no room for thought or discovery; that the Church was always behind the age; never got up to the age; and that in short, to become a Catholic meant to bid good-bye to all intellectual freedom. Look cried the world, the extraordinary freedom of the Gospel; the whole spirit of Christianity was one of freedom! But look at the Catholic Church, she was bringing back the ceremonial law of Moses, so exaggerated by the Pharisees, and all liberty was swept away! Look at these poor Catholics, how their every movement was dictated by the Church; and whether a man liked it or not, he had to abstain from meat on a Friday, and had to go to church on Sunday, whether he liked the service or not—he had to be there. "While we," cried the world, "are really free; we have true intellectual freedom. We need do nothing we do not like. We can select the minister whose views are like our own. It really does not matter what we believe, so long as we live up to the spirit of the truth; nothing else matters at all." There are ten thousand people who honestly believe that the Catholic Church was going back to the Pharisaical system and that all liberty was being swept away. Protestants, they said, had the true liberty of the children of God. That sounded reasonable and sensible enough but nearly everything the world did said sounded very sensible and very reasonable. It was only when they went to look into it that they saw how very shallow the world is. They had first to understand what was meant by liberty. Liberty was one of the most difficult things in the world to define. Let them try to understand liberty by some kind of an illustration. Let them think of some savage race in the beginning of civilization, some savage tribe living in a country where there were no laws. At first sight that seemed to be a tribe which had got true liberty. If they compared their own life with the life of the savage they thought the savage more free than themselves. For all through their own life they were bound by certain restrictions, they were not at liberty to do exactly as they liked, but the savage had more or less liberty. But imagine some country where there was no law against stealing. First of all, it seemed as though there must be more liberty in that country, but had they ever thought how impractically that worked out? There was no law against stealing in this tribe, and therefore the strong man, when he wanted anything, helped himself. Did they not see that the savage who had no law, nothing to restrict his action—although in a shallow sense he was more free—was in the real sense individually less free, much less free as regarded the disposal of his time. The savage had continually to be on his guard for fear his goods should be taken from him by the strong man who helped himself as he liked. A good law was, therefore, no restriction on liberty but a help to liberty. It left them free to carry out activities that otherwise were useless. Liberty was not a license; it was not liberty to do exactly as they

liked. Laws were not restrictions, they were avenues to freedom. Wherever there was a good law, it actually helped instead of hindered true liberty. In this physical world, continued the preacher, there were certain immutable laws going on whether they liked them or not. If they fell from a great height they were killed, if they ate a deadly thing they were killed. Did they say to the scientists who told them such things that they were interfering with their liberty? Did true information, given them to help them, make them more free or less free? Information, if true, helped, instead of hindered their liberty. It was only by absolutely obeying those laws they could have power over nature. Truth about nature made them free. Now the soul lived in the spiritual world, and the spiritual environment of the soul is as real and as inextricable as the physical environment of the body. Did true information restrict their spiritual liberty? There are certain great laws of God, whether they liked them or not, which had their consequences upon their souls. Almighty God in the Old Testament revealed certain great broad principles. Was the liberty of the children of Israel restricted by those laws in the spiritual world, or was their liberty enormously increased? He contended they did increase their liberty. If their knowledge of nature, of the laws of society, really increased their effectiveness in the physical world, why should not that also be true of the spiritual world? Scientists revealed to them the great laws of the physical world that worked whether they liked them or not. The scientist discovers a certain herb to have certain properties, but the doctor told them whether or not they were to take it for their bodily health. The Catholic Church revealed to them certain great laws of the spiritual world, and she, like the scientists, told them the great facts about the spiritual environment in which their souls existed. She also in the spiritual world did the work of the doctor. She not only revealed the law, but she translated those great religious principles into terms of action. The Catholic Church in promulgating God's Commandments, went further and said to the sinner: "Transgress this law, and your soul is sick unto death," any "You must do this thing!" Did they say to the doctor he was restricting their physical liberty? No one spoke of doctor-craft or the tyranny of his position. Then how dare they say that the priest tyrannized over them, for the priest did exactly as the doctor did, neither more nor less, and if they did not take his advice, he washed his hands of responsibility. If the doctor did not tyrannize over them, he could not understand why they should say that the priest did. The fact that he laid down certain laws did not restrict their liberty, and if the doctor's advice reasonably increased their effectiveness in this world so the advice of the priest increased their chances of survival in the Presence of God. The preacher went on to show how the scientists were working out more and more the details of the principles of nature that had existed from the beginning. In exactly the same way the Catholic Church had begun with certain great principles of truth, and as time went on she elaborated these. The Catholic Church thought out the centuries had elaborated the original principles on which she began. She added nothing to these principles. As a matter of fact what the Church believed now the Church always believed, for she cannot err in the deposit of revelation. But she worked out that deposit to the smallest details. And if these things are true, knowledge of them could not restrict their intellectual liberty no more than a knowledge of the physical world restricted their physical liberty. So neither could their knowledge of the laws of God and of the conditions of the spiritual world restrict their intellectual or spiritual liberty. The Catholic was more free than the non-Catholic because, certain spiritual laws being decided, his faculties were free to apply to other things. There were certain great principles settled once and for all. Protestants might say: "You are begging the whole question: what if the Catholic Church were not true?" That was not his subject that day; there were ten thousand reasons for knowing that the Catholic faith was true. His whole point had been to expose the extraordinarily shallow reasoning of the world that an increase of spiritual knowledge was a decrease of liberty. If what the Catholic Church says is true, if her methods of applying the laws of God to man are best then, instead of the Catholic being in a state of intellectual slavery, he was infinitely more free than the Protestant.—Catholic News.

What Serving Holy Mass Means.

Theologians tell us that the more real part you take in offering the sacrifice of the Mass, the more largely you partake of its benefits. They teach that the acolytes are especially favored in this respect. To serve Mass is the nearest approach one who is not a priest can make to celebrating it. You gain more merit and grace by serving Mass with faith and devotion than by merely hearing it. He who serves Mass kneels and moves amongst the angels. The angels look upon him with a kind of holy jealousy. He discharges an office in heaven, which they discharge only in desire. They associate him with themselves, for he has become a ministering Spirit in the flesh to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, to Jesus Christ, the Man-God.—Cardinal Vaughan.

WHEN CHURCH INTERFERED.

BOURKE COCKRAN'S RINGING "CHALLENGE TO BIGOTRY AND IGNORANCE."

The address of the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, of New York, at the closing mass meeting of the Catholic Missionary Congress in Chicago was a timely and comprehensive exposition of the position of the Catholic Church towards the state from the time of Constantine down to the present, refuting in detail the recent charges of the Lutherans. The Chicago Daily Tribune characterized it as "the oratorical effort of a lifetime" and said it was "not a defense, not an apology, not an excuse, but a thundering, aggressive, exultant challenge."

Mr. Cockran declared that all free institutions are the natural, inevitable result of the teachings of Christ. He traced back the constitutions of modern times to Church influences. He told of the interference of the Church with the state and gloried in it, declaring that if the same situations arose again the Church would win all the power at her command again interfere.

He outlined the danger that he saw before the republic and declared that only the continuance of the faith of Christ in the hearts of men could preserve the thing that that faith had brought forth. In conclusion, he took up the charge that Pope Leo XIII. and Pope Pius X. had stated that the Church and state could not be separated and declared:

CHURCH AND STATE INTERDEPENDENT.
"They cannot be separated. Never as long as democratic governments are relied upon to rule men. It is true that their organizations may be separable and interdependent. It is true that the state need no longer support the Church. But under democratic government the Church must ever be the mainstay of the state. It is time that there should be a plain, clear, unmistakable, unanswerable definition of Catholic position on this important point," he said, after referring to the letter of the Lutheran synod and the resolution of the Baptist ministers. "There should be a statement as to what attitude Catholics should take in this matter, not the position some may assume, but the absolute, unqualified duty that loyalty to the Holy Church imposes upon all."

"Is loyalty to the Catholic Church injurious to democratic government? It is not! It is impossible that true Catholicism should weaken, but inevitable that it should strengthen liberty and democracy."

"More than this. It is absolutely the only force which our form of government can be preserved from the innumerable insidious assaults being made upon it. This is well enough to say, you say, but are these propositions capable of demonstration?"

"If they are not, then this gathering, this tremendous congress just held, is just cause for apprehension and fear on the part of all good citizens. But it is capable of absolute demonstration—demonstration here and now."

"Is it hard to demonstrate that all democracy is the direct result of the preparation of the gospel of Jesus Christ? Democracy differs from all other forms of government in that it depends upon belief in human goodness. All other forms of government are founded on distrust of human virtues. All despotic government is organized on the theory that human depravity is so general that only tyrannical arbitrary force can prevent men from lying at one another's throats or taking one another's properties."

WHEN THE CHURCH INTERFERED.
Mr. Cockran then followed the history of the Church through the Middle Ages, showing that she had interfered with the tyranny of governments, with injustice, and immorality as in the denunciation of slavery, of gladiatorial combats, of robber barons, excesses, of royal licentiousness, of all criminality when it was a part of the laws of the state or recognized and encouraged by it. "Where do we see first the idea on which our free governments are founded first suggested?" continued the speaker. "We find them in the teachings of Christ, the teaching of the measureless perfectibility of man."

"It is true that democracy was the ultimate, not the immediate, fruit of Christianity. It was a struggle of eighteen centuries between the recognition of the equality of man as an abstract Christian principle and the conformation of human government to that principle, but throughout all those centuries the seed was growing in the heart of the Church."

The occasions on which the Church has interfered in the affairs of the state are the glory of Catholics and of Americans, said Mr. Cockran.

INTERFERED TO ABOLISH SLAVERY.
One of the first cases of Church interference with the state was in the matter of slavery. Slavery was an established institution of the Roman empire, but she turned all her weapons against it. She denounced it in the pulpit, in the confessional. She made the purchase and manumission of slaves the greatest work of charity.

"As strong an institution as slavery were the gladiatorial combats. They were conducted by emperors, authorized and supported by the state. They were as much a part of the state as our army or navy. But disregarding the possible censures of synods and conferences, she interfered through pulpit warnings, confessional commands, and denunciation of emperors, until one of her monks, T. Le-machus, by his martyrdom, and dying prayer, put an end to them."

PROTECTED WEAKNESS FROM MIGHT.
"The Roman empire was succeeded by the age of feudalism. There was no

law but might. Government was organized but for rapine and plunder and the distribution of the fruits of war. The weak man who incurred the enmity of a stronger had no recourse from his wrath. This was the law of the states of the time. Might wrought its vengeance at will upon weakness."

"At the extremity the Church again interfered with the state. She threw open the doors of her churches to the fugitives from the justice of that day. Think of that interference. Within her churches the humblest, weakest fugitive was safe from the pursuit of the most powerful potentate. This led to the creation of tribunals in which the guilt or innocence of men could be sanely determined. She gave the world its system of law."

"In all these days of tyranny, oppression and injustice she was the one refuge of the unfortunate, the poor, the orphan, the blind, the orphan, the allied found homes in her monasteries—homes, not institutions—and against wicked kings and emperors the Pontiffs hurled bulls—the bulls to which our Lutheran and Baptist fellow-citizens have taken exception."

"Do the reverend Lutheran and Baptist gentlemen realize where we find the political germ of the constitution? We find it in the Magna Charta. Do the reverend gentlemen know that the Magna Charta was wrested from his lawful overlord by a Catholic prelate at the head of rebellious barons?"

"Do they know further that the Magna Charta was but the confirmation of ancient statutes and laws? Those of good King Edward. Do they know that King Edward the Confessor, is a canonized saint of the Catholic Church? "Where did we get our great system of equity law? It was from the interference of the Church in the affairs of the state. Even to-day the chancellor of England is the keeper of the great seal, the keeper of the king's conscience. This is because it was the king's confessor who forced him to use his prerogative to do justice—equity in cases where the strict rules of the law were powerless."

OUR CONDUCT IN REGARD TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.
THE TEST OF OUR QUALITY AS CATHOLICS AND THE MEASURE OF OUR HOPES OF SALVATION.
From the Monitor, Newark.

At the close of a series of conferences given at Cambridge, England, a decade ago the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J., used these meaningful words: "As I am a priest, from you I say to each of you here: Ever remember this: all your life long your conduct in regard to the Blessed Sacrament will be the test of your quality as a Catholic and the measure of your hopes of salvation."

"Greater than the mystery of the Eucharistic life is the mystery of the dead, callous world around it. It is the unspeakable privilege of us Catholics to recognize the God dwelling among us. The consciousness of the Real Presence is our bright light. As the gates are lifted in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, we behold the entrance of the Royal Guest. Tabernacled for a season in silence and gold on our altars, His home and abiding place is some human heart. And how do we act? Measured by the standard of our 'conduct' in regard to the Blessed Sacrament, what is the quality of our Catholicity, what are the prospects that we will save our souls?"

How many Catholics there are who miss Mass Sunday after Sunday, who allow the years to steal by without making their Easter duty! They are the barren fig trees. Vulture and leaves but no fruit. They call themselves Catholics, but produce no fruit worthy of their calling. Sometimes they are good fellows, as the world goes; sometimes they are specially kind to their wife and family; sometimes they are the loudest in their profession of their allegiance to the Church. We try to excuse them. We accentuate their fine qualities, generally their generosity; we admire their fidelity to their home; we point with satisfaction to their long-continued Catholicity. But what does it all amount to? They are weighed in the balance and found wanting. Their painted virtues are only surface tints to hide the emptiness beneath."

It is a consolation to know that the good, ordinary Catholic both attends Mass regularly and makes his Easter duty. But is that enough? There was a remnant of fanaticism dragging itself into extinction during the first part especially of the last century. It prevailed even in Ireland, and possibly it came from some exiled French priests, who taught in Maynooth for a time. Its spirit and suggestion were to ap-

proach the altar rarely and at long intervals. We have noticed it even among fervent Catholics of Irish descent—a sort of excessive fear, a sense of unworthiness that held eager hearts back.

The Easter duty is not enough. Our Holy Father Pius X. has suggested even daily Communion for all who are striving earnestly to lead holy lives. And we cannot praise too highly those fervent few who attend Mass every week morning. They are like the handful who cling close to our Lord during His earthly pilgrimage. There is no devotional practice comparable to the daily attendance at Mass.

There are some Catholics who visit the Blessed Sacrament—some frequently, some daily. And what practice more salutary to their souls? Would that devotion to the Blessed Sacrament were more actively widespread! We are accustomed to say that the indifference is not due to lack of faith, but to lack of thought. Well, let us hope so. There is a variety of devotions in the Church, but the best of all is devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. The devotion which does not lead to the foot of the tabernacle is of doubtful value. The devotion which delays our feet too long in that journey of love is in need of reformation. Whilst the Church does not condemn, but even countenances, a variety of devotions, their effect is only confusion to our soul, unless the star of the sanctuary lamp glimmers invitingly in the distance. No matter what other devotions fervent Catholics may desire to cultivate, first among them all, and most urgent should be devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Our conduct in regard to the Blessed Sacrament is "the test of our quality as Catholics and the measure of our hopes of salvation."

PRIEST GIVES UP HIS LIFE.

SAVES THE SACRED HOST.

A letter from Denver, Colorado, informs the New World that Rev. James A. Ryan, of that city, is rapidly sinking into death as a result of a heroic deed by which not only a church, but the lives of hundreds of parishioners were saved. Since the young priest is a native of Chicago the record of his self-sacrifice will prove of distinct interest.

Sunday week a candle ignited the draperies of the main altar of St. Leo's church, Denver. Instantly Father Ryan grasped the flimsy material and extinguished the flames with his own hands, sustaining painful burns, and even as he fought the fire, calmed the vast congregation which had started madly for the entrance of the church. It was during the solemn moment of the Consecration when the faithful knelt in prayer that John King, an acolyte, stepped up to Father Ryan, whose head was bowed in prayer, and called his attention to the fire which had started. Forgetful of himself, Father Ryan tore the draperies, soon a great mass of flame, from the altar. The worshippers broke into a panic. Men shouted and women called for help. Turning to the congregation the priest exhorted them to calm themselves, and his words had the desired effect. The people marched quietly from the church. Before the department arrived the flames were out.

When notified of the conflagration, Father Ryan's first thought was of the Sacred Host. He hurriedly carried it into the vestry before the congregation realized that the church was afire. Running back, he began beating the fire with his hands. The worshippers, seeing the danger, rushed to their knees. Someone far back in the immense church shouted "fire" and it was the signal for a rush for the aisles.

Realizing that a panic would endanger more lives than the fire possibly could, Father Ryan turned to the congregation and from the steps of the altar, holding up his hands from which the skin already had been burned, entreated them to preserve presence of mind and assured them that there was no danger. Even at that moment the easel which he wore was smouldering in fire. The people, seeing their pastor so calm, regained their composure. Some filed silently from the church, while others started for the altar to assist Father Ryan. But the priest already had torn away most of the inflammable material from the altar and, aided by the acolytes, was beating it out upon the floor.

Father Ryan modestly declined to discuss his successful efforts in not alone keeping the church from destruction but saving the lives which might have been lost had a panic ensued. Father Ryan was in the Iroquois Theatre when it burned in 1903 and six hundred lives were lost and the memories of the day and the fearful panic which then ensued caused him to shudder when he saw what might have happened in the church.

At first it was thought that he would soon recover, but after a few days septicemia set in and the doctors gave up all hope. A marvelous result of his heroism, however, is the conversion of a Protestant Episcopalian, John Webster Hancock, of 109 Fifth avenue, New York. Writing to the Denver daily press Mr. Hancock states that he was present at the scene, and adds:

"I return to New York with a higher idea of the Roman Church and its priests than ever I had before. If the Catholic Church produces men like Father Ryan—and it has demonstrated its ability to do so—if the Catholic Church is good enough for men like Father Ryan it is good enough for me. I return to New York with the fixed purpose of placing myself under the instruction of the Paulist Fathers and entering the Great Catholic Church. My move is born of conviction. When I return to Denver after Christmas I will certainly make

the acquaintance of Denver's most heroic young priest not as an Episcopalian, but as an humble son of the Mother of Churches, a simple Roman Catholic."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Thirty years ago, when the first Catholic parish was established in New Bedford, Mass., there were 200 families and one church. Now there are five churches, two convents, three schools, 3,600 families and 19,000 souls in the parish.

A renewal mission was given lately in Chatham, N. B., by the Redemptorist Fathers from Roxbury, Mass., Rev. T. H. Mullaney, Rev. C. McCormick and Rev. R. Donoghue. The occasion called forth a demonstration of Catholic faith which must be a consolation to the good Bishop of Chatham, Right Rev. Thos. P. Barry, and his faithful clergy.

The Rev. Father D. J. Riordan, of Chicago, says "That if all the parochial schools in that city were closed it would cost Chicago taxpayers \$10,000,000 to erect school buildings enough to accommodate the new pupils and \$2,000,000 a year additional to pay the wages of the increased number of teachers that would be required."

A notable gathering of prelates, priests, ministers of several denominations and citizens of all creeds paid a final tribute to the memory of the late Dr. D. J. Stafford by their presence at the blessing of the memorial pulpit erected in his name in St. Patrick's Church, Washington. The dedication services took place last Thursday, Nov. 10.

If the Holy Father has still anything to learn, says Rome, about the geography of the Catholic Church he is learning it rapidly these days. He finished an audience with a Bishop from Central Africa to begin another with a Bishop from South America and then another from the heart of China, and so on every day during these stirring times of the Jubilee.

The English House of Commons on Tuesday afternoon by a vote of 233 to 48, agreed to the first reading of the bill introduced by William Redmond to remove the existing Catholic disabilities, including the prohibition of street processions, and to abolish the anti-Catholic clauses in the oath taken by the sovereign on his accession to the throne.

So great was the crowd in St. Joseph's church, Newark, N. J., at the close of the non-Catholic mission recently that it was necessary to allow people within the sanctuary rail. There were sixty-two converts, one of them a man eighty years old, as the result of the mission. The sixty-two who accepted the Catholic faith during the week were confirmed by Bishop O'Connor.

News-papers rumor states that Bishop Byrne of Nashville, Tenn., is likely to succeed the late Bishop Horstmann in the see of Cleveland, Ohio. The name of Bishop Byrne is the first of three recommended by Pope Pius X. by the Archbishop of Cincinnati Province as successor to Bishop Horstmann, and the transfer of the Nashville prelate to Cleveland is considered most likely to occur at an early date.

Princess Henry of Battenburg, when at home on the Isle of Wight, pays daily visits to the convents of French nuns of several orders who settled on the Isle after they were expelled from France. The constant association of the king's sister with the nuns has given rise to the report that she is being instructed in the Catholic faith, to which her daughter, the Queen of Spain, was converted before she married King Alfonso.

The opinion of the bar and the press as expressed since the announcement of Lord Justice Mathew's death in London last week is that the deceased was one of the greatest judges of the age. Sir James Mathew was born in Cork on July 10, 1830. He was the nephew of Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, and not only was there sympathy, but a distinct likeness, between them, especially in the ardor and geniality of their characters.

There has been established in Amherstburg, Ont., a new Ursuline convent built of brick with the ornaments of Ohio free-stone. This will be a great boon to the Catholics of that district and we congratulate Father Brady, the pastor, upon the possession of an institution which will aid materially to promote spiritual blessings for his people. The new convent and school will afford the children of Amherstburg splendid educational advantages.

Mrs. Carrie Shean, of Los Angeles, Cal., who died last week, was a convert from Methodism. A nurse by profession, she came in contact with many Catholics. Administering to the sick and dying day and night, she learned to understand the happiness, contentment and peace exhibited by the Catholics in their dying moments on the one hand, and then the uncertainty, alarm and fear of those who faced death without any fixed faith or belief. Deathbed scenes were the principal cause of her conversion.

The Rev. Thomas Adams, a priest who attracted much attention fifteen or twenty years ago for the cures which he was said to have been instrumental in effecting through prayers and the application of relics of various saints, died on Friday at his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y. Father Adams never made any claims for his own powers, but always told inquirers that he believed in the power of faith and prayers. He was said to have possessed relics of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Theresa, St. Marguerite, St. Anthony of Padua, St. Francis de Sales and other saints.

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS; OR THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONVENT OF SAINT FILIANS. De Valence having left the castle, Grimby thought his might depart in safety, and begged permission of the prior to quit his journey.

"I am anxious to quit a land," said he, "where my countrymen are committing violence which make me blush at the name of Englishman."

Murray said a purse of gold into the soldier's hand, as the prior covered his armor with a pilgrim's gown. Grimby, with a respectful bow, returned the gift: "I cannot take money from you, my lord. Bestow on me the sword that is by your side, and I will preserve it for ever."

Murray gave it to the soldier. "Let us exchange, my brave friend!" said he; "give me yours, and I will regard it as a memorial of having found virtue in an Englishman."

Grimby complied with his wish; and as he put the iron hilt into his hand, a tear stood in his eye. "When you raise this sword against my countrymen, let me be the first to see the blood of all who ask for mercy."

Murray looked assent, for the fear of mercy was infectious. Without speaking, he gave the soldier a parting grasp of the hand; and, with regret that superior claims called him leave a man from his side, he saw him leave the monastery.

The prior having conducted Halbert to a cell appointed for his novice, he and Murray remained together, consulting on the safest means of passing to the Carliane hills. A lay brother, whom the prior had sent in pursuit of Helen's fifty warriors, to apprise them of the English being in the crags, entered the library. He informed the father that secure in his religious garb, he had penetrated many of the Carliane defiles, but could neither see nor hear anything of the troop.

Every glen or height was occupied by the English; and from a woman, of whom he begged a draught of milk, he had learnt how closely the mountains were invested. The English commander, in his zeal to prevent provisions being conveyed to Wallace and his garrison, had stopped a procession of monks, who were bearing a dead youth to be buried in the cave of Saint Columba. He would not allow them to ascend the heights, until he examined whether the planter which he had seized, was a vehicle to carry food to the Scots.

The woman also informed the friar that the men taken at Bothwell were marched prisoners to Glasgow; that Lord and Lady Mar had been conveyed to Dumbarton; and that De Valence had left a large detachment at Bothwell Castle, to guard the planter which he had seized. In the midst of this information, the prior and his friends were startled by a shout of "Hang the traitor!"

"Our brave Englishman had fallen into their hands," cried Murray, hastening towards the door. "What would you do?" interrupted the prior; "your single arm could not save the soldier. The cross has more power; I will seek these violent men; meanwhile stay here, as you value the lives of all in the convent." Murray acquiesced. The prior took the crucifix; and, ordering the porter to throw open the doors, appeared before a turbulent band of soldiers, some dragging a man about, bound with their leaden belts. Blood trickled from his face, and fell on the hands of the ruthless wretches who were threatening him with death.

The prior, raising the cross, rushed in amongst them, and bade them stop. The soldiers trembled. The prior looked on the prisoner, but he saw not the dark locks of the Englishman; it was the yellow hair of Scotland that mingled with the blood on his forehead. "Whither do you hurry that wounded man?"

"To his death," answered a surly fellow. "What is his offence?" "He is a traitor." "How has he proved it?" "He is a Scot, and he belongs to the disloyal Lord Mar. This bugle, with its crowned falcon, proves it," added the soldier, holding up the bugle which the earl had sent by Halbert to Wallace and which was ornamented with the crest of Mar, wrought in gold.

"That this has been the Lord Mar's," replied the prior, "there is no doubt; but may not this man have found it? or may it not have been given to him by the earl, before that chief incurred the displeasure of King Edward? Which of you would think it just to be made die, because your friend was condemned to the scaffold? Release the wounded man to me. Before the altar of the Searcher of all hearts, he shall confess himself; and if I find that he is guilty unto death, I promise you, by the holy St. Filians, to release him to your commanding officer, and to let justice take its course. But if he prove innocent, I am the soldier of Christ; and no monarch on earth shall wrest his children from the protection of the Church."

The men who held the prisoner let go their hold; and the prior gave him to a party of monks to conduct into the convent. To convince the soldiers that it was the man's life he sought to save, and not the bugle, the prior returned the golden bugle, and bade them depart in peace.

The prior, on returning into the convent, ordered the gates to be bolted. When he entered the chapter-house, finding that the monks had already bound up the wounds of the stranger, he made a sign for the brethren to withdraw; and then approaching the young man, "My son," said he, "you heard my declaration to the men from whom I took you. Answer me with truth; and you will find that virtue and repentance have alike a refuge in the arms of the Church. How came you by that bugle?" The stranger looked steadily on his questioner. "A minister of the all-righteous God cannot mean to deceive. You have saved my life; and I should be less than man could I doubt the evidence of that deed. I received that bugle from a brave Scot who dwelt among the eastern mountains, and who gave it to me to convince the Earl of Mar that I came from him."

The prior apprehended that it was Wallace he spoke. "You came to request military aid from the Earl of Mar?" rejoined the father.

The stranger replied: "If, reverend sir, you are in the confidence of the good earl, pronounce but the Christian name of the man who charged me with the bugle, and allow me then, for his sake, to ask you what has happened to the earl, that I was seized by foes, when I expected to meet with friends only? Reply to this, and I shall then speak freely; but at present, though I would console all of myself to your sacred character, yet the confidence of others is not mine to bestow."

The prior, being convinced that he was speaking with some messenger of Wallace, made no hesitation to answer: "Your master is a knight; and a braver never drew breath since the time of his royal namesake, William the Lion."

The man rose, and, falling on his knees before the prior, put his garment to his lips: "Father, I now know that I am indeed with a friend of my persecuted master. Allow me then instantly to return to him; for since the situation of Lord Mar precludes all assistance from him, the noble Wallace is penned within the heart of those hills, without any hope of escape. Suffer me then to go, that I may at least die with my friend."

"Hope for a better destiny," returned the prior; "I am a servant, and not to be worshipped; I turn to that altar and kneel to Him Who can alone truly send the succour you need."

The good man, thinking it was time to call the young lord of Bothwell, entered the library where Murray was waiting. On his entrance, the impatient youth exclaimed, "Have you rescued him?" "I have rescued some one," answered he, "but not Grimby; he, I hope, is safe and sound on his journey. The man those murderers were dragging to death is in the chapter-house. Follow me, and we will give you news of Wallace."

Murray obeyed. At sight of a Scottish knight in armor the messenger of Wallace thought his prayers were answered, and that he saw before him the leader of the host which was to march to the preservation of his commander. Murray told him who he was, and learnt from him that Wallace now considered himself in a state of siege; that the women, children, and old men were on the point of starvation, having nothing to feed on but wild strawberries and birds' eggs. "To relieve the necessities of the quarters," continued the narrator, "is his first wish; but that can not be effected by so small a body of forces, who, to do it, must cut their way through a strong barrier of English soldiers. However, this he proposed to accomplish by a stratagem, could his means be strengthened by success from the Earl of Mar."

"My father's means," replied Murray, "are for a time cut off; but mine shall be exerted to the utmost. Did you not meet a number of Scots whom I sent off yesterday morning to the support of our gallant friend?"

"No," rejoined the young man; "I fear they have been taken by the enemy; for, on my way to Sir William Wallace, not knowing the English were so close to his sanctuary, I was nearly seized myself. I had not the honor of being under the command of Sir William, when he struck the first blow for Scotland in the citadel of Lanark; and as soon as I heard the terrible news, I hurried in arms towards the Carliane crags. I determined to follow his footsteps. We had been school-fellows. He saved my life once, in a swimming party; and now that a formidable nation menaced his life, I vowed to make mine his bulwark. For this purpose, I left a shepherd's house, and, habited as a shepherd, sought my way to the banks of the Mouse. To my astonishment, he found it then occupied by the English; but, by creeping among thickets and exploring the most intricate passages I at last gained the bottom of the precipice on the top of which Wallace was encamped; and, as I lay watching an opportunity to ascend, I perceived two English soldiers through the bushes; they were in discourse, and from them I learnt that, beside Heselgrigge, himself, nearly two hundred of his garrison had fallen at the castle. Sir Gilbert Humberdon bore the tidings to Sir Richard Amalith, the deputy-governor of Ayr; and, some words passing between them, the former retired in disgust to England, and the latter sent a thousand men to surround Carliane Crags. Spies had already given notice that they were Sir William's strongholds; and the orders were, that he should be taken, dead or alive, and his adherents, men, women, and children, were to receive no quarter. Such was the startling information which I brought to my gallant friend, when, in the dead of night, I mounted the rock, and, calling to the Scottish sentinel in Gaelic, gave him my name, and was allowed to enter. Wallace welcomed his faithful Ker, and told me of the famine that threatened his little garrison; of the constant watching, day and night, that was necessary to prevent a surprise; and that their present employment was to dash the English down the precipice, with showers of stones, as they attempted to ascend. In this extremity, he observed that one defile was but thinly guarded by the enemy, because, as it lay at the bottom of a perpendicular angle of the rock, they thought it unattainable by Wallace. To this point, however, my friend turned his eyes. He would attempt it, could he procure a sufficient number of fresh men to cover the retreat of his exhausted few. For that purpose, I volunteered to visit Lord Mar, and to conduct in safety any warriors he might send. Think, then, what was my horror when I found redoubled legions hemming in the hills; and on advancing towards Bothwell Castle, I was seized by a party of English, rifled, and declared an accomplice with that nobleman, who was, they said, condemned to lose his head!"

"Not so bad as that neither, my good Ker," said Murray; "many a bull's head saul frown in this land, on the southern tables, before my uncle's neck gluts their axes! No true Scottish scold; I trust, will ever stain their scaffolds; for, while we have arms to

wield a sword, he must be a fool that grounds them on any other terms than freedom or death. We have cast our lives on the die; and Wallace's camp, or the narrow house must be our prize!"

"Brave youth!" exclaimed the prior, "may the innocency which gives animation to your courage continue its moving soul!"

Murray, turning to Ker, informed him that, since he must abandon all hope of hearing any more of the fifty brave men his cousin Helen had sent to the crags, he had thought him of applying to his uncle, Sir John Murray, who dwelt on his estate at Drumshargard. "It is small," said he, "and cannot afford many men; but still he may spare us sufficient to effect the escape of our commander; and, that for the present, will be enough." To accomplish his design without delay, and to avoid surprise from the English letters sent at Bothwell (who, hearing of the encounter before the castle, might choose to demand his men's prisoner, Murray determined to take Ker with him, and as so near darkness should shroud their movements; proceeded disguised as peasants from him, the noble Wallace is penned within the heart of those hills, without any hope of escape. Suffer me then to go, that I may at least die with my friend."

While these transactions occupied the morning, Lady Helen slept sweetly, with a heavenly calm at her heart. When the prior visited her, he informed her of the departure of the English soldier, and of the alarm which he and Murray had sustained for his safety. By that time, however, he had thrown a stranger from the crags into their protection. Afterwards, Murray, habited for his visit to his uncle, entered the apartment. The conversation was long and their parting full of interest. "When I see you again, my brave cousin, tell me that my father is free and his preserver safe. Your own life, dear Andrew, must always be precious to me," Murray withdrew, and Helen was left alone.

Having no method of conveying baggage, the armour intended for Wallace was left in the care of the prior; and Murray and Ker, putting peasants' cloaks over their armour, proceeded under cover of the night through the obscure paths of the wood which divided Bothwell from Drumshargard. Sir John Murray was gone to rest when his nephew arrived; but the old knight was soon aroused, and he welcomed his nephew with open arms, for he feared, from the accounts brought by the fugitive tenants of Bothwell, that he also had been carried away prisoner.

Murray unfolded his errand;—first, to obtain a band of Sir John's trustiest people, to assist in rescuing the preserver of the earl's life from destruction; and secondly, if a commission for Lord Mar's release did not arrive from Edinburgh, to aid him to free his uncle and the countess from Dumbarton Castle. Sir John listened with anxiety to his nephew's details; when he heard of the Lady Helen's continuing in the convent, he highly approved of it. "Then I rejoice she is there," replied Murray, "and I will, in my power, till your generous assistance empowers me to rescue her father."

"Lord Mar has been very rash, nephew," returned Drumshargard; "what occasion was there for him to volunteer sending men to Sir William Wallace; and how must he bring ruin on Bothwell Castle by his rashness, unauthorized by my brother, its vassals for such a dangerous experiment?"

Murray started. He knew his uncle was timid, but he never suspected him of meanness; however, in consideration of the respect he owed to him as his father's brother, he smothered his disgust, and said, "I am not aware, but the old man could not approve of a nobleman of his rank running himself, his fortune, and his friends into peril, to pay any debt of gratitude; and as to patriotic sentiments being a stimulus, he treated the idea with contempt."

Murray calmly reasoned with his uncle, who, when he had heard his determination to set off for the Highlands, "In the morning, by day-break," said he, "I will commence my journey, and join my brother at Lochawe; for I cannot believe myself safe a moment, while so near the garrison of the enemy."

Murray approved of this plan and after having taken leave to his vassals, took thirty men from his vassals, and followed him to the mountains, he returned to the hall to make the selection and to inform Ker of the success of his mission. In the course of an hour, he brought together the appointed number of the bravest men on the estate. When equipped with their gear, they were divided into three companies, and were to receive the detection into creeping through the underwood on the rocks he led them into the hall to receive their last commands from their feudal lord. On seeing them armed, with every man his drawn dirk in his hand, Sir John turned pale, and, with a gasping breath, he stood at their head. "Young men," said the old knight, "in this expedition you are to consider yourselves as the followers of my nephew; he is brave and honorable, therefore I commit you to his command." It was dark as midnight when Murray and his little company passed over the heights above Drumshargard, and took their march towards Carliane Crags.

CHAPTER VIII. SCOTLAND ATTACKS LADY HELEN.—SHE IS RESCUED. Two days passed drearily away to Helen. She could not expect tidings from her cousin in so short a time. On the morning of the third day, the female who waited on her came to inform her that the prior had sent a friar to conduct her to his library, where messengers from Dumbarton awaited to deliver a letter to her from Lord Mar. Helen, giving her hand to the good father, was led into the apartment where the prior was standing between two men in military habits; one was in English armour with his visor closed; the other was a knight, but in tartan. The Scot presented her with a signet set in gold, Helen recognised it as the same that her step-mother always used.

The Scottish knight said, "Your parents have fallen into humane hands. I am sent, under the command of this noble southern knight, to conduct you to them."

"Then my father lives! They are safe!" cried she. "He yet lives," returned the officer, "but his wounds opening afresh, and the fatigues of his journey, have so exhausted him that Lord Ayrmer de Valence has granted the prayers of the countess, and we come to take you to receive his last blessing."

A cry of anguish burst from Lady Helen; and falling into the arms of the prior, she found refuge in insensibility. Having recovered, she took leave of the inmates of the monastery, and led by the prior, bent her steps towards the grand entrance. At the gates stood the two knights, with their attendants. She kissed the crucifix held by the prior, and giving her hand to the Scot, was placed by him on a horse superbly caparisoned. He sprang on another himself; and the English officer, who was already mounted drawing up to her, she pulled down the veil; and all bowing to the holy brotherhood, rode off at a gentle pace.

A long stretch of woods lay before them. Through these they pursued their way till they had crossed the river; and then she saw that the knights turned their horses' head into one of the obscure mountain defiles. When they had been employed for an hour in breaking their way through this trackless place, they came to a wider space, where other ravines opened themselves. The Scot raised his bugle, and blew so sudden a blast that the horse on which Lady Helen sat took fright, and began to plunge and rear. Some of the men, seeing her danger, seized the bridle, and the English knight extricated her from the saddle, and carrying her through some bushes, he entered a cave, and laid her at the feet of an armed man.

She started up with a shriek, but was at that moment enveloped in the arms of a stranger; and a brutal shout of exultation was uttered by one of the men who brought her in. It was echoed from without, and accompanied by a burst of laughter. "Mighty God! protect me!" cried she, striving to break away from the man who held her. "Where am I? Why am I not taken to my father?"

"We leave our lord to tell you," answered the Scot; and both he and the Englishman left the place. The stranger held her in a grasp that seemed to crush her in. In vain she struggled, in vain she shrieked; she was held; and still he kept silence. Exhausted with terror, she put her hands together, and in a calmer tone, exclaimed: "If you have honor or humanity in your heart, you will release me! I am an unprotected woman, praying for your mercy; withhold it not, for the sake of heaven and your own soul!"

"Kneel to me, then, then, then," cried the warrior with fierceness. As she spoke, he threw the knees of Lady Helen on the rocky floor. His voice echoed terribly in her ears; but she obeyed him. "Free me," cried she, "for the sake of my dying father!"

"Never, till I have had my revenge!" At this she shuddered to the soul, but yet she spoke: "Surely I am mistaken for some one else!—Oh, how can I have offended any man, to incur so cruel an outrage?"

The warrior burst into a satanic laugh, and throwing up his visor, he said, "Behold me, Helen!" cried he, grasping her hands; "my hour is come!"

At sight of the face of Souils, she comprehended all her danger; and, wrestling her hands from his hold, she burst out of the cave. Her two first enemies stood at the entrance, and catching her in their arms, they bore her back to their lord. But it was an insupportable load before him; overcome with horror at being again dragged into the power of a ravisher, her senses fled. However, water was thrown on her face, and she awoke to recollection, lying on the bosom of her enemy. Again she struggled, again she cries echoed from side to side of the cave. "Peace!" cried the monster; "you cannot escape—you are mine by a force that shall compel you to submit, when I knit where I will. How often have I airt at your feet begging for that mercy on my passion which you denied! Twice you refused to be my wife—you dared to despise my love and my power; now you shall feel my hatred and my revenge!"

"Kill me!" cried Helen, "kill me, and I will bless you!" "That would be a poor vengeance," cried he; "you must be humble, proud, and vain; you must learn to fawn on me for a smile; to weep, as my slave, for one of those embraces which you spurned to receive as my wife. I will make you feel the tiger in my love; and then if she will, the dishonoured and despised Lady Helen may die!"

As he spoke he strained her to his breast, with the contending expressions of passion and revenge glaring in his eyes. Helen shrieked at the pollution of his lips; and, as he more fiercely held her, and declared that she should be his for ever, her hand struck against the hilt of the dagger. In a moment she drew it out, and struck it into his side. Instantaneously he caught her wrist, and exclaiming, "Damnable traitress, thou shalt fare the worse for this!" dashed her from him, stunned and motionless, to the ground.

The weapon had not penetrated far; but the sight of his own blood, drawn by the hand of a woman, so incensed Souils, that had not insensibility been her security, perhaps the violence of his indignation would have rid her of life and of his indignities. He called Macgregor. The two men entered; but they started when they saw a dagger in his hand, and the lady apparently lifeless and blood on her garments.

Macgregor, who had personated the Scottish knight, asked why he had killed the lady. Souils frowned. "Here!" said he, throwing open his vest, "this wound, that beautiful fend, whom you so piteously look upon, aimed at my life! I only sought to force her to my wishes; and thus did she requite an honour which many of her proud sex sign after in vain."

"My lord!" said the other man, "I expected different treatment for the Earl of Mar's daughter!"

"Base Scot!" returned Souils, "when you brought a woman to my arms, you had no right to expect that I should use

her otherwise than as a wanton, and you as the minister of my pleasures. From this hour, dare but to pass a judgment on my actions, and your infamy shall be published as widely as trumpets can blow the tale."

"This language, Lord Souils!" rejoined the man; "but you mistake me. I mean it not to reproach."

"Is well you do not," said he, and turning from him, he listened to Macgregor, who, stooping towards Helen, took her hand, and observed that her pulse beat. "Pools!" returned Souils; "did you think I would so rashly throw away what I have been at such pains to gain? Call your wife, Macgregor; she knows how to bring women out of those fits; and she will teach her to know the wisdom of submission to my will."

The man obeyed while his companion bound a fillet round the bleeding forehead of Helen, which was cut by the pointed fillet; the chief brought two chains, and fastening one round her wrists and the other on her ankles, he exclaimed, with brutal triumph—"There my laughing damsel flatter not thyself that the arms of Souils shall be thine only fetters. These chains shall bind thee to my feet, and no more daggars shall be near to threaten my revenge!"

Macgregor's wife entered. "Here, Margery," said he, "take this lady under your care. It never from this woman, and while I go to have the litter prepared for her, counsel her to behave with more gratitude to so true a lover."

Margery expressing surprise at the chains, Souils said her duty was obedience, not remark, and withdrawing, followed by his vassal, the woman was left with Helen. Water, and a few drops which Margery poured into her mouth, restored the unhappy lady to her senses. On opening her eyes, the sight of one of her own sex inspired her with hope; but stretching out her arms, she found her hands bound, and she was horror-struck at the clink of the chains. "Why am I thus?" demanded she; but recollecting having attempted to pierce Souils with his own dagger, she added, "Is Lord Souils killed?"

"No my lady," replied she; "my husband says he is but slightly hurt, and surely your fair face belies your heart, when you attempt the life of so brave and loving a lord!"

"You then belong to him?" cried Helen; "alas, how am I beset! what will be my unhappy fate? O Virgin of Heaven, take me to thyself!"

"Heaven forbid!" cried the woman, "that you should pray against being the favourite lady of our noble chief! Many are the scores, round Hermitage Castle, who would come hither on their hands and knees, to arrive at the happiness which you reject."

"Himself and all that bear his name is accused to me!" returned Helen. "Fie! my kind creature; and if you have a daughter whose honour is dear to your prayers, think you see her in me, and have compassion on me!"

"Poor young soul!" cried the woman, "I would pity you, if I durst; but my life, and my husband's, and my children's would all be sacrificed to the rage of Lord Souils. You must be content to submit to his will, and as for your making lamentation about not reaching your father, if he be as little your friend as your mother is, you have not much cause to break your heart on that score."

Helen started aghast. "My mother! what of her?—tell me!—It was her signet that betrayed me into these horrors. She cannot have consented! Oh, no! some villain—speak, tell me what you would say of my mother!"

"The woman said she had heard from her husband that it was Lady Mar who owed the knowledge of Helen's being at Bothwell. The countess had written a letter to her cousin, Lord Buchan, who was a friend of England, was passing some time with Lord de Valence at Dumbarton. In this epistle she intimated her wish that Lord Buchan would devise a plan to surprise Bothwell Castle the ensuing day; but added, he must not give Lord Mar cause to suspect that she was privy to the affair. His present mistimed might cause him to interfere with her wish, which was impelled by anxiety for the safety of her husband and Lady Helen. The countess then proceeded to relate that the Earl of Mar had been persuaded to send armed men to support Wallace, who was with a small troop lurking about the caverns of Carliane Crags."

When this letter arrived, Lord Souils was at dinner with the other lords; and Buchan laying it before De Valence, they consulted what was best to be done. Lady Mar begged her cousin not to appear in the affair himself, that she might escape the suspicion of her husband, who she declared was not among his vassals, from any disloyal disposition towards the King of England, but only at the instigation of Wallace, to whom he considered himself bound by gratitude. As she gave this information, she hoped that no attainer would fall upon Lord Mar; and to keep the transaction as close as possible, she proposed that Lord Souils, who she understood was at Dumbarton, should take the command of two or three thousand troops, and marching to Bothwell next morning, seize the few hundred armed Scots who were ready to proceed to the mountains. Her ladyship ended by saying that her daughter was at the castle, which she hoped would be an inducement to Souils to insure the earl's safety, for the sake of her love, and to obtain her hand as his reward.

The greatest part of Lady Mar's injunctions could not be attended to, as Lord de Valence, as well as Souils, was a nobleman devoted to the secret. The English nobleman desired that he should not do violence to his king, if he did not head the force that went to quell so dangerous a conspiracy; and Souils joyfully accepted the honor of being his companion. It was concerted that De Valence should send Lord Mar prisoner to Dumbarton Castle, there to await the award of Edward on his crime. Lord Buchan was easily persuaded to the seizure of Mar's person, as he hoped the king would endow him with Mar's estates, which must be confiscated. Helen groaned; but the woman proceeded to relate how, when the party had executed their design at Bothwell Castle, the countess and Helen were to have been sent to Souils's castle of Douglas, near Glasgow; but on that wily Scot not finding her, he conceived the suspicion the Lord de

Valence had prevailed on the countess to give her up to him; and he accused the English nobleman of treachery. His Lordship denied it vehemently; a quarrel ensued, and Souils departed, with a few of his followers, giving out that he was retiring to Douglas; but he lurked about in Bethwell wood, and saw Cressingham's household march by to take possession of the castle. A description took place between them; but it was interrupted by one of the spies who had been sent by the chief in quest of news, and who returned with a woman, a tenant of the convent of St. Filians. She told him, that a beautiful young lady, who could be no other than the Lady Helen Mar, was concealed in that convent. On this information, the delighted Souils laid his plan; and sent for Macgregor's wife and a litter from Douglas, that she might be ready to attend this beautiful prey. "Meanwhile," continued the woman, "my husband and the stranger, the one habited as a Scottish and the other as an English knight, set out for St. Filians, taking with them the signet which your mother had sent with her letter to her cousin. They hoped such a pledge would insure them being let in with the prior and you. You know the tale they invented; and its success proves that my lord is no bad contriver."

Helen, who listened with astonishment and grief, made no reply. Soon afterwards, Macgregor made her prepare to accompany Lord Souils in a journey southward. They led her out of the castle; and Souils, who was mounted, ordered her to be put into the litter. Incepsable of contending with the numbers which surrounded her, she allowed them to execute their master's commands, and to draw the curtains around her. Margery was set on a pillion behind another of the noble chiefs; and they marched on their hands, to recover the defiles, where the storm raged so turbulently that the men, stopping, told their lord that it would be impossible to proceed in the darkness with safety. At this declaration, which Souils saw could not be disputed, he struck a peevish half, under the shelter of a protecting rock, Souils dismounted. The men set down the litter, and removed to a distance as he approached. He opened one of the curtains, and throwing himself along the couch on which Helen lay, he clasped his arms about her, and exclaimed, "Sweetest mine! I must pillow on your bosom till I die; my heart is his! His brutal lips were again riveted to her cheek. Ten thousand strengths seemed then to leave him from her heart; and struggling with the power that amazed even herself, she threw him from her; and holding him off with her shackled arms, her shrieks pierced the heavens.

"Scream thy strength away, poor fool!" exclaimed Souils, seizing her fiercely; "for thou art now so purely mine, that Heaven itself cannot prevent thee."

"Death! death!" was the faint cry of the desperate Helen; and, making another effort to extricate herself, she released her right hand, in which she grasped a small golden knife that had been the gift of her father, and which she had concealed in her bodice. Raising her hand to plunge it into her own breast, she was arrested by a loud noise; and the moment afterwards was covered with the blood of Souils. A stroke from an unseen arm had cut through the shoulder of the ravisher, and though it did not injure his life, yet the red stream gushed from the wound, and, starting on his feet, a fearful battle of swords took place over the prostrate Helen.

Two men, out of the numbers who came up to assist Souils, fell dead on her body; and the other, who remained covered with wounds, and breath of revenge and blasphemy, was forced off by the survivors.

"Where do you carry me, villains?" cried he. "Separate me not from the vengeance I will yet hurl on that night-demon who has robbed me of my victim, or you shall ere a death more horrible than hell itself come to your souls!"

He raved; but in spite of his threats, the men carried him off to a hollow in the rock, where they laid him down, nearly insensible. One or two returned to see what was become of Helen, well aware that, if they could regain possession of her, their master would load them with favors; but, should she be lost, the whole troop knew that fate would be some merciless punishment.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1908.

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Without attempting to connote all the addresses delivered at the Church Extension Congress, some there are which should not pass unnoticed...

we feel abashed at the selfish staying at home and stagnant inertness in our own midst. Then there is the appalling scarcity of priestly vocations...

ADVENT THOUGHTS.

How much more beautiful are the seasons of the Church's year than those of the natural year. Just as the world of grace is brighter, vaster and more magnificent than that of physical nature...

time—what mutual love between them. It is not the love of saint or friend—or even that of an ordinary mother for the babe she bears...

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

Monday, Nov. 16th, witnessed one of those historic events in St. Peter's at Rome which are magnificent in pomp and ceremony and touching in unity of faith...

posed revision of St. Jerome's Vulgate are the other chief events marking the pontificate of our Holy Father now happily reigning. We have good reason to look upon these years as memorable in Church history...

HEALING BY SPIRITUAL MEANS.

Bishop Williams of this city is about to appoint a committee to investigate healing by spiritual means. Several medical men have associated themselves with the movement...

dangerous trial. It minimizes religious fervor by limiting its care to the body; and it confines God's blessings largely within the narrow bounds of earth and time...

CHURCH UNITY.

We publish elsewhere a rather strong argument against the proposed idea of some of the sects to unite. These things strike different people in different ways...

It is a source of pleasure to all Irishmen the world over to note the splendid unity of the Irish Parliamentary Party in the House of Commons. Time was when such was not the case...

THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN CAMERON.

Postmaster at London, and founder of the London Advertiser, removes one of the most estimable characters in the community. During the long time he had been engaged in the newspaper business close attachment to the very highest ideals was the predominant phase of his life...

ON DECEMBER 1st, at the Cathedral, Pembroke, took place a most imposing ceremony when Rev. E. A. Lalulippe, was solemnly consecrated Bishop of Catania and Vicar Apostolic of Temiskaming, by the Most Rev. Dr. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa...

shoulders—a task which in some regards is like unto that which was assumed centuries back by the noble and heroic missionaries of the Jesuit order...

THOS. AUGUSTINE DALY, editor of the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times, on the invitation of the Canadian Club, paid London a visit on Friday of last week...

"A FIGHT TO THE DEATH," to preserve the liquor traffic in all its strenuousness is what the License-Victuallers' Association of Quebec appears to be now engaged in. Just think of it! A fight to the death, by men rated as reputable citizens...

ON THE 2ND OF DECEMBER there was a striking demonstration in the diocese of Antigonish, the occasion being a loving farewell from the Bishops, priests and people to the Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, Bishop elect of Victoria...

AN EXCELLENT Catholic organization in Toronto is the St. Elizabeth's Visiting Nurses' Association. It is under the patronage of the Most Rev. P. P. McEvay, Archbishop of Toronto. The Honorary President is Lady Falconbridge...

ANOTHER PRIESTLY martyr to duty! This time "down by the sea." For some time a particularly malignant type of diphtheria has been prevalent at North Sydney, C. B. The pastor, Rev. Father Mullins, although in delicate health, and although he had a curate as devoted as himself, insisted on administering the last rites to the worst cases...

MR. CHA... A happy of St. And invite as t cil, M. P. late thro Province o come more public me This is a present da progress it which eve at heart. the banque as an orato also that w ism in the ence. It i Marcell to itets of a ons commc of the An the visits Canadian crease an Amongst the stamp regime, th welcome t below the remarks a "The B responded M. P. TI Mr. Alex. In comm ell point London v keep two C. S. Hyn the Hous made to M be presen of French province. "If the is not res Marcell. Irish, I ar adian. I Canada's barriers vices fre away, an ces mingl enes. I French-C vited to On ario, passed." He ref speaking adre from pointed c assist in to be do: Scotelm: that bat Quebec s "The E many nat based on consent c the sne ment o of Both his army Govern for supp pointed who die vain, co the futu ing eve people c of South day bet the cha To-da Canada, shrines, the san always i true-he serving In the 1837, t found t British of the f "I an but a this is sleepal rence, future its be Scotch foemer victory To-day build the be Mr. was c system time Canad ally, treatio nation It wot be tw soon c Engla econo On on of II foreign not be nation give Unite would Th that to gi It wa onies they soon must defer in ti the that

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Third Sunday of Advent.

JOY IN GOD'S BLESSINGS.

"Rejoice in the Lord always: again I say rejoice." Epistle of the day.

Brethren: It seems to me like a reproach from God that we should have to be reminded to rejoice. It is as if a friend made you a handsome present and, observing your ingratitude, requested and urged you again to be thankful. Blessed is the man who remembers—the man who is thankful for favors received, for there is much in that remembrance to make the heart thoughtful, cheerful, hopeful.

Now, Catholic men and women, living in a Catholic atmosphere, you have much to remember, much to be thankful for and much to rejoice over. With the prophet Isaiah, you have good reason to say to yourselves: "I will remember the tender mercies of the Lord," and, remembering them, the command to "rejoice and again rejoice" will come home to you with profitable results.

I say it is like a reproach that God should have to call upon us, as He does in the first words of the holy Mass to-day, to rejoice. And why? Because as a matter of fact, we do not rejoice half enough over the blessings God is constantly bestowing on us. I take it for granted that these words are spoken to Catholics who have the great and inestimable privilege of living in a Catholic atmosphere, of living where they have ample opportunities of attending Mass, of hearing the Word of God, of having every desire of their Catholic hearts fulfilled—and to such Catholics, I maintain, it is a reproach that God should be obliged to command them to rejoice. And, brethren, is it not for true that we do not rejoice as we should over these advantages and blessings God bestows upon us? Who are we? What are we better than our fellow-men that we should enjoy the many blessings of which they are in part or wholly deprived? We think it a great sacrifice to walk a few blocks to attend Mass at any hour we please, while there are thousands of Christians who rejoice to hear Mass even though they have to travel miles to enjoy this blessed privilege. They who really make the sacrifice rejoice, while we sluggards fancy we are doing great things in fulfilling the ordinary and easy duties of religion.

No wonder, then, that God would be obliged to command us to rejoice. We are fools and ingrates if we do not, because of the advantages that are at our very doors. We seldom realize them until we are deprived of them, as the man who never realizes the value of money until he feels the pangs of hunger and discovers that he has not the means to supply his wants. Oh! God forbid that we should be ungrateful for the many blessings that are at our very doors. We seldom realize them until we are deprived of them, as the man who never realizes the value of money until he feels the pangs of hunger and discovers that he has not the means to supply his wants. Oh! God forbid that we should be ungrateful for the many blessings that are at our very doors.

Be joyous, then, from the bottom of your hearts: be thankful for the opportunities placed at your disposal; and if at times the difficulties you encounter discourage you, again I say, rejoice and think of those who have all these same difficulties without the advantages which you enjoy. Let your hearts be filled with joy on this mid-Sunday of Advent this season of expectancy, of hopes and joys to be fulfilled. Let the tender mercies of the Lord remind you of your great privilege, as well as duty, to rejoice always in the Lord.

QUESTION BOX.

WHAT MUST I DO TO BECOME A CATHOLIC?

From the Apostolate.

Question—"Suppose I wanted to become a Catholic and join the Church, tell me just what I should have to do."

Answer—I could tell you that much better in a personal interview, because from your question I can't tell just how far you are along. There are persons at all distances outside the Church, some of them very near and some of them afar off, and one would have to know just where you are and what's the matter with you to answer you satisfactorily.

If your watch is out of order, you may look at it and poke at it, and your friends may take a hand and work at it for a week and then not know what's the matter with it or get it going right. But if you take it to the jeweler, he tells you quickly what's the matter, cleans it up and gets it running all right. See a priest; see the experienced jeweler of souls.

In general and in all cases I may say: You would have to pray, to study the catechism and to believe.

You would have to pray hard and persistently to God for the grace of His Holy Spirit to see the truth, and strength to accept it at all sacrifices when seen. There can be no true conversion without plenty of prayer. "Ask and you shall receive." You can do nothing worthy of God without God's grace, and you must ask that humbly. "No one can come to Me unless the Father draws him," says our Lord. When Christ personally converted St. Paul, He first threw him down on the road to Damascus and overshadowed him by the splendor of His majesty. Then Paul asked: "Who art Thou?" "I am Jesus Whom thou persecutest." And Paul said: "What wilt Thou have me to do?" And Jesus told him to go into Damascus to one who would instruct him in all the details. Paul followed the advice and became the greatest apostle of the Church.

So you must ask, as St. Paul did ask, Jesus in prayer, and ask vehemently: "What wilt Thou have me to do?" And then do it with all your soul. Say one Our Father and one Hail Mary daily, and repeat incessantly: "Jesus, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Having prayed and humiliated yourself, then seek a priest, who will instruct you in the elements of the Catholic religion. Get a little catechism; read and study it. Get a copy of "The Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons, to supplement your study and ground you in the proofs.

Before you can become a Catholic and be baptized, you must believe, you must have faith in Christ and in the teachings of His Holy Church. That faith is a most precious gift of God to you, and you must be disposed in mind to accept it and believe. Be careful that you do not obscure the light of faith coming to you, and that you refuse it not when it comes. Let nothing tempt you to wait or delay when the gift comes. It may never be offered again, and you may be eternally responsible for the call. It is a most serious mistake to allow worldly considerations to interfere in your conversion to God.

Question—"Can non-members of the Catholic Church go to confession to a priest?"

Answer—"Non-Catholics can and do go to confession to a priest, but they cannot receive the sacrament and do not receive absolution. They often make confidants of priests in their spiritual affairs and receive much good advice and help, and it is often a means of grace which finally brings them into the Church to receive all the graces of the sacraments."

Question—"Are not all churches working for the same end?"

Answer—"If a canvass were taken, it may be doubted if all the churches would return the same answer. On general principles they all may be supposed to be working for the same end in theory, and some of them no doubt in good faith. But it must also be assumed as certain that Christ had but one end in view, and that He adopted but one Church to secure that end. He had but one truth and one object, and though it must be attained in various ways and by various means, we must be certain that He in His divine wisdom provided His one Church with the knowledge of all these ways and bestowed upon it all these means necessary to attain His end and object."

Christ's plan is divine. The "other churches" are but man-made, and the preference must be in favor of His plan. Christ founded one Church to be the salvation of all men. He could not be the author of the conflicting theories of to-day or of the various and contradictory means we see outside of the Catholic Church.

OUR SPOILED WALLS.

By Rev. J. J. Kavanagh, S. J., Loyola College, Montreal.

Many of the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD, both lay and clerical, are interested in the preservation of the purity of their white plaster walls, while some have had painful experience of the spoiling of mural decorations by the appearance of dark bands upon the frescoed surface.

The defacement of lath and plaster walls and ceilings by the laths showing through is a common matter of complaint. Certainly the dark lines in question are very unsightly on a plain white surface, but they are more than unsightly when they appear upon a decorated surface. However, it is a mistake to suppose that these lines are due to the laths showing through. In point of fact, they really mark the intervals between the laths. This assertion can be easily verified by the prod of an awl, but the explanation of the fact may need some reflection.

Few people appreciate at its fair value the amount of ventilation that goes through brick and plaster walls. Air or any other gaseous substance simply cannot resist their natural tendency to penetrate into the smaller than microscopic pores that permeate most solids. Selecting common illuminating gas to illustrate my point, I find I can get light enough to write these lines from a jet, the gas for which has to pass through four inches of pressed brick or plaster. If the brick or plaster were damp, or would be stopped. This easy passage of air through dry unpainted brick and plaster explains why the atmosphere of new edifices, halls and churches, maintains itself so much purer than after the paint brush of the decorator has checked this desirable and draughtless supply of fresh air.

In some cases, however, this transpiration is not desirable. For instance, if a living room be above a kitchen or next to it, then heavy painting on wall and ceiling will conduce to a pleasanter atmosphere, and a less general diffusion of news from the kitchen.

We may now undertake the explanation of the dark lines which are always unsightly and sometimes so disastrous. The splendid Mayer frescoes in the Gesù at Montreal barred and marred by them is a case in point. The air of our dwellings and assembly halls is always more or less charged with a very varied and unnamable assortment of dirt. This dust-laden air oozes through the plaster, and all the more abundantly when there is no wood backing. As it filters through, it leaves behind on the surface all its solid or non-gaseous cargo; more air passes where there is no lath, and it is along the line between the laths that most dirt is deposited and greater blackening takes place. The dryer the wall, the more abundant is this transpiration; hence it is that there is more blackening near ventilators or heating apparatus.

Near taking up the question of prevention, one cannot refrain from suggesting that our walls and ceilings ought to get more cleaning than they do. If one has a fancy for germ hunting, the wall of a living room would afford ample and diversified sport.

If the objectionable banding is to be avoided and the plaster surface be still retained for purposes of fresco decoration, one has the alternative of completely suppressing the transpiration, or equalizing this transpiration all over the wall. Heavy painting might avail for the former, while the latter might be secured by inserting seamless paper in the thickness of the plaster and backing it with close-jointed boards. The new ready-made plates of plaster ought to be perfectly effective in this relation, equalizing this transpiration the most of the trouble in question they would soon find means to suppress it.

Peace is not in the heart of the carnal man, nor in the man who is devoted to outward things, but in the fervent and spiritual man.—A Kempis.

Harry Lauder the great Scotch comedian, will not be in Canada this year, but he may be heard on the Victor Gram-o-phone and in your own home. The following Lauder selections are particularly fine: 52001—I've Something in the Bottle for the Morning. 52002—I Love a Lassie. 52003—Stop Your Ticking, Jock. 52008—Tobermory. 52009—Killiecrankie. 58001—The Wedding of Sandy McNab. The first five selections are 75c each and the last one \$1.25. Send for complete catalogue—free.

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DECEMI CHATS W A JESUIT ADMONIT Rev. addressed Francis' part He spoke pr the need am an ambition I development "If you said, "If you to a higher p to heap up distinction ar must cultiva will. You m thinking, hov burdened, v devote our e of our mind able to show advantages t use of the op of the mean-time is at yo winter even useless amus to means tl with quick select in the friends. F guidance. THE "To India to your inte call to mind education. gree of culti in the high not almost position of l a well discip not a traine noblest enjo the pleasur those of the erable amon even intelle of citizens, h knowing for To vote rea the points parties and judgment i and practic influence ar regative of Father V necessity o be an educ said, "and You may be a curs- ledge is po when it is sary contri We check; lea cause our i stored awa the bidding do as they they will a sible miser man who is sious. Ju avarice; I human res fruses. R Relig conscience in our at whatever ourselves high, nob power on accomplish lows may criminals, agent. R gigantic t tion that fluence t institutio How I m puttable I has made the Red paved tl world to Patrick I elicity to land. St. to Franc St. Bonii quette a. As the moral se ding ur habits. "Hab he said, our live circums habits v eration. I form lasti act wit tion of hav ti wrong, acts in gauding at the oth tomed ideas c habit c pietry. "Do men? good i move? happy? ling, m differe tempo lasti nobler good l do goc comm Every money lasti these state recit- to ma mean How repe ment our h so n nobl view defe

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. A JESUIT FATHER'S PRACTICAL ADMONITIONS TO YOUNG MEN.

Rev. Father Wilberding, S. J., recently addressed the young men of St. Francis' parish on "Self-Improvement." He spoke practically and forcefully of the need among Catholic young men of an ambition for culture and intellectual development.

"If you wish to be somebody," he said, "if you wish to rise from a lower to a higher grade of society, if you wish to heap up wealth, if you wish to gain distinction and power and influence, you must cultivate your mind, form your will. You may object in your mind now, thinking, how can we, who are so overburdened with hard, manual labor, devote our energies to the improvement of our mind and will? I believe I am able to show you that you enjoy special advantages to do so, if you make a good use of the opportunities offered to you, of the means at your disposal. Much time is at your disposal during the long winter evenings. Shun dangerous or useless amusements or enjoyments. As to means there are libraries, contact with quick witted, sharp men. But be select in the choice of your books and friends. Read under direction and guidance.

"The intelligent voter. To induce you to give your attention to your intellectual improvement, I may call to mind the manifold advantages of education. Without a considerable degree of culture, it is impossible to move in the higher circles of society. Is it not almost impossible to ascend to a position of honor in city or state without a well disciplined mind? Besides, does not a trained mind feel the highest and noblest enjoyments? How superior are the pleasures of art and literature to those of the senses. Without a considerable amount of education, you cannot, even intellectually, discharge the duties of citizenship. How many vote without knowing for what they cast their ballot? To vote reasonably you must understand the points at issue of the different parties and be able to form a correct judgment in regard to their usefulness and practicability. Finally, who possess influence and power? Power is the prerogative of the educated man."

Father Wilberding also spoke of the necessity of moral culture. "You may be an educated man, a learned man," he said, "and yet you may be a failure. You may be an educated man and yet be a curse to your fellowman. Knowledge is power, but power is useful only when it is under control. This necessary control comes from our moral training. We must keep our passions in check; learn to master them; else they cause our ruin. Our passions are powers stored away in our being to be used at the bidding of reason, but if we let them do as they please, if we let them rule, they will soon drag us down to irreparable misery and ruin. Every boy or man who is ruined, is ruined by his passions. Judas afforded an example of avarice; Herod of sensuality; Pilate of human respect.

PRISONS CANNOT DESTROY CRIMINALS. "Religious principles, the voice of conscience, the means of grace, help us in our arduous struggle to conquer whatever is low, mean and base within ourselves; to draw forth whatever is high, noble and virtuous. No other power on earth is strong enough to accomplish this work. Prisons and galleys may frighten, they cannot destroy criminals. There must be a more potent agent. Religion alone is equal to the gigantic task. There is but one institution that possesses the power and influence to uplift the masses and that institution is the Catholic Church. Here I may call to your minds the indisputable fact that wherever civilization has made headway since the coming of the Redeemer the Catholic missionary paved the way. The history of the world testifies to this statement. St. Patrick brought civilization with Catholicity to Ireland, St. Columba to Scotland, St. Austin to England, St. Clotilda to France, St. Paul and James to Spain, St. Boniface to Germany, Father Marquette and De Smet to America."

As the primary means to mental and moral self-improvement, Father Wilberding urged the cultivation of good habits. "Habits once formed, good or bad," he said, "become the ruling powers in our lives. In unforeseen, in unexpected circumstances we act according to the habits we have formed in hours of deliberation. What then is a habit? How is it formed? A habit is a more or less lasting quality that disposes a faculty to act with readiness and ease. A habit is formed by the frequent repetition of the same act. Almost all boys have the same ideas about right and wrong. But one boy is good because he acts in accordance with his ideas of goodness, obedience, holiness, charity; the other is bad because he has accustomed himself to act contrary to his ideas of goodness and has formed the habit of disobedience, rudeness and impiety.

TO BECOME USEFUL AND HAPPY. "Do you wish to be useful, happy men? Do you wish to be a power for good in the circle in which you will move? Why is one family peaceful, happy? Why is the other family, quarrelling, miserable? Good habits make the difference. Your personal interest, your temporal and eternal welfare, your own self-respect, above all, your higher and nobler aspiration—all these depend on good habits. Your aim must ever be to do good—not only to self, but also to the community in which you happen to be. Every boy must desire, not only to make money, to gain honors, and to secure happiness for himself, but also to bestow these advantages upon his family, parish, state and country. From all these you receive benefits—is it not fair and just to make some return? How hateful and mean is a selfish and narrow spirit. How attractive a noble-minded one. I repeat it, the betterment, the improvement of all in our society, morally and mentally, must be our motive-power in our high endeavors. Nobility of soul is no necessary in our material age. Be noble-minded, world-embracing in your views and aims. Be even ready to defend our holy religion; become men,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Worthless Bobby.

"Please, Mr. Harro! Oh, please try me a little longer. A week—just one week. Please, Mr. Harro!" Mr. Harro looked into the pleading little face before him, and once more the kind heart was touched and softened. "I can't depend upon your Bobby, that's the trouble; you neglect my work. Understand, I appreciate your love for books, I am glad you love them; but your first duty is to attend to the business that I give you to do, and you don't do it, Bobby; you know you don't."

"Oh, Mr. Harro, I will try to be good. Take my books away from me, and try me just once more." "I will not take your books from you, that would be no test; but I shall put you on your merit once more, Bobby, and see what you will do; but if there is no improvement, it is your last chance—you will have to go. You understand now, do you?" said Mr. Harro, as he stepped into the carriage.

Bobby turned away to hide the tears, as Marion Harro, a sweet girl of nineteen years, ran merrily down the path and took the seat beside her father. "Well, Marion, that youngster has gotten the best of me again, and I have taken him another week on probation." "Dear father, I am so glad"—her face brightening—"I thought you would give him another trial."

"What a tender heart you have, dear; but I love you to be so; the more of your sainted mother I see in your character the more I feel you are developing into the highest type of womanhood. Foster it, my darling; cultivate it; there are always plenty to say the hard, sharp word, and under a cloak of frankness wound even those whom they really love."

They were driving along the beautiful country road to the station, and as they drew up to the platform for Mr. Harro to alight, Marion put her hand tenderly over his face and said, "Dear father, I am trying to be like her."

"Surely, the mantle of the mother has fallen upon the daughter," replied Mr. Harro, with quivering voice, "and you will never know, my darling, what hope and joy you bring into your father's life."

As Marion drove leisurely home her thoughts turned to Bobby. How could she help him? He was one of seven, his father was dead, and his struggling mother trying to keep the family together. They were honest and respectable, but very poor. Bobby was thirteen, John, the eldest, a boy of fifteen, had a position in the village grocery store, which was a great help to his mother. He was an industrious, hard-working boy, but Bobby did not love work, and would shirk everything that he possibly could to pore over his beloved books. History, geology, anatomy, astronomy—anything that fell into his hands—he would read, and think and wonder, though he could not understand. That, in fact, was the fascination. He wanted to know about things, and he knew there were men in the world who did know, or these books would never have been written. Mr. Harro, knowing how the boy yearned for education, offered to take him in his home, allowing him the school privileges, and paying him well for doing chores about the place thereby laying some money aside for his higher education, for it was very plain that Bobby would never earn a living by the sweat of his brow. "Absolutely worthless!" was the opinion nearly everybody had of poor Bobby, and it was through much apparent tribulation on their part that Mr. Harro and Marion were trying to make something out of the boy. He had been with them six months, and Mr. Harro, thoroughly discouraged, had threatened often to send him back to his mother—only to be won over every time either by the stress of the boy or the coaxing of his idolized daughter.

This was a day earlier in November, and the light clouds that had hovered around in the morning thickened and gathered, and by noon rain was falling. A great storm was upon them, that hourly increased in its fury. Trembling hands were held on either side of the anxious face that peered into what was already the darkness of night as faithful John, who acted as coachman and man-of-all-work about the place, drove down the carriage drive and out into the street on his way to meet his master. Two hours passed and they had not returned. Marion walked restlessly about the house. "Where is Bobby, Hannah," she said, stopping at the kitchen door, where the odor of the savory dinner would have been most appetizing had it not been for the great anxiety for her father's safety. "Clear to goodness, Miss Marion, I dun know! Seem's if dat boy don't know 'nuff to come in out a' de rain. He tok de lantern and went out to de barn, an' I just 'specks he's scared to come back."

In the meantime John had safely reached the station, and after waiting a long time for the belated train, Mr. Harro finally appeared at the carriage door. The usually sluggish little stream that ran between the home and the station was a river. It had risen until even with the bridge, and the opposite end had loosened from its foundation and was ready to break away; but they

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did not know that, and were about to urge the frightened horse above the howling waters when they saw a lantern swing back and forth upon the other side. "Stop, John," cried Mr. Harro, quickly; "that's a danger signal." "I saw it, sir," said John, backing the horse and taking to the street; "that means a five-mile drive to the upper bridge."

"Yes, but our lives are spared. Nothing could have saved us if we had gotten into that torrent. I haven't seen such a freshet for many years. Some brave fellow has risked his life for others in this storm to-night." The upper bridge, some the storm seemed to abate somewhat in its fury. Both looked with eager eyes for the lantern at the lower bridge. Finally they reached the spot. The light was still there—but the bridge was gone! Mr. Harro leaped from the carriage to thank his benefactor, just as the bearer of the lantern came rushing forward. "Dear, dear Mr. Harro! Are you safe?"

"Oh, Bobby! Brave little Bobby!" cried Mr. Harro; but Bobby had fainted. Tenderly he was lifted into the carriage, and Mr. Harro supported the dripping unconscious little form as John drove home as rapidly as possible. Weeks of fever followed, and with moist eyes Mr. Harro would bend over the little sufferer in his delirium he would frantically swing the imaginary lantern or cry out to Mr. Harro not to cross the treacherous bridge.

One day, while convalescing, Bobby put his little, thin hand upon Mr. Harro's and said, "Mr. Harro, I'm most afraid to get well, for fear I will not be good, and you will send me away."

"Why, Bobby, you saved my life, and I am not going to let you go away from me again," he replied Mr. Harro, "you shall go through college and choose for your life-work whatever you love best. You have a bright mind and I am sure I shall not be disappointed in you."

And be it said for Bobby that Mr. Harro was right.—Catholic Citizen.

A BLASPHEMOUS TOUGH.

While standing on the platform of a Fulton street car a few evenings ago I noticed three young men, fellow-passengers, chatting in a seemingly gentlemanly manner. Suddenly the car gave a jolt and one, whose back was turned to me, let an oath that was blood-curdling. His companions, seeing me, tried by winks, nods and facial contortions to inform him that some one was near whose ears were offended by such language. But he was too occupied, too boisterous in his blasphemy to notice anything of the kind. Finally I said to him: "Why do you use the name of our Blessed Lord so foully? I am a priest, and to me as to all gentlemen such profanation is horrible."

The young man's face showed pain, perhaps sorrow. Then quietly ingenuously, he said: "Really, sir, I don't know." From his answer I knew he was not a Catholic, and for this I felt a kind of joy, a negative joy if you will, but all the same a joy. We then exchanged a few kind words and tipping his hat he and his companions left me.

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Don't you often wish you had a good position and a big salary? You see other men who have. Do you think they get them by wishing? Don't you feel if you had the chance you could do their work? Of course you could. Just say, "I'll do it," and you will. Get your pen. Write us a letter or postal. We will show you how.

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musical, his breath more sweet? Well has it been said: "Most sinners serve the devil for pay. But swearers and blasphemers serve him gratis, and these he rewards by dragging them down to hell."—From the Nativity Mentor, Brooklyn.

We may not take up the broken threads of the life that is gone and weave them into a web of joy and hope; but to those who are still left to us, who have ears to hear, and hearts to throb with pain and grief, we may be generous and just, forgiving, loving and kind.

If You Have Rheumatism Read this Offer A Fifty-Cent Box Mailed Free to All.



Mr. JOHN A. SMITH Discoverer of the Great Rheumatism Remedy, "Gloria Tonic."

On the theory that seeing is believing, John A. Smith, of Windsor, Ont., wants everyone to try his remedy for the cure of rheumatism at his expense. For that reason he proposes to distribute Fifty thousand 50-cent boxes among all persons sending him their address. Mr. Smith had suffered all the agony and torture from rheumatism, tried all the remedies known and yet utterly failed to find relief.

At times he was so helpless that he had to take morphine and after considerable doctoring he gave up in despair. He began studying into the causes of rheumatism and after much experimenting, finally found a combination of drugs which completely cured him. The result was so beneficial to his entire system that he called his new remedy "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends, relatives and neighbours suffering from rheumatism were next cured and Mr. Smith concluded to offer his remedy to the world. But he found the task a difficult one as nearly everybody had tried a hundred or more remedies and they couldn't be made to believe that there was such a thing as a cure for rheumatism. But an old gentleman from Seguin, Texas, wrote him saying if Mr. Smith would send him a sample he would try it, but as he had suffered over thirty years and wasted a fortune with doctors and advertised remedies, he wouldn't buy anything more, until he knew it was worth something. The sample was sent, he purchased more and the result was astonishing. He was completely cured. This gave Mr. Smith a new idea and ever since that time he has been sending out free samples boxes to all who apply. At National Military Home, Kansas, it cured a veteran of rheumatism in hips and knees. In Hannaford, N. Dak., it cured a gentleman who writes: "Since taking 'Gloria Tonic' I

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NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

His Excellency the Count de Namirea de Arellano, Forest of Birse Lodge, Aberdeenshire, signalled the jubilee of His Holiness Pope Pius X. by a series of celebrations at Aboyne. The proceedings commenced with Benediction in St. Margaret's Church, and an address by the parish priest, Rev. Joseph McLellan, at the close of which the Count entertained a large company evening he provided a fireworks display on the town green. All those present received beautiful rosettes of the Papal colors; while the Papal flag floated from the flagpoles of the Church and the Lodge all day.

In the Public Hall the platform wall was draped with silk of the Papal colors, and in the centre there hung a framed photograph of His Holiness, signed by himself, which arrived that morning direct from Rome. His Excellency the Count presided, and was supported by the Bishop of Aberdeen, Mr. Havers, of Forest of Birse, the Marquisess de Brocas, the Hon. R. Erskine, Admiral Sir Charles Fane, Lady Fane, and the Misses Fane; Rev. Father McLellan, Rev. Father Gerry, and Rev. J. MacKenzie, the Presbyterian parish minister. Much of the company was presented with a splendid photograph of His Holiness the Pope as a memento of the occasion. A telegram of congratulation was sent to the Holy Father and his blessing asked, and a reply has been received from Cardinal Merry del Val conveying the Apostolic Benediction.

Rev. Dr. Prenter, a Presbyterian minister from Dublin, addressed a gathering in one of the Aberdeen clubs the other day on the subject of Protestant missions in Ireland, in the course of which he was compelled to admit the staleness of the Irish Catholics. His whole lecture tended to show that the Catholic faith in Ireland had such a firm hold of the people that their perversion to Protestantism was a hopeless task. He said the Catholic Church in Ireland "had survived the Reformation; survived the Penal Laws, and survived the Protestant missions." After such an admission of the impotency of the propaganda which he represented, it is not surprising that Dr. Prenter failed to make much impression in his appeal to the pockets of the long-headed Scotsmen present.

There has just taken place the consecration of a beautiful Celtic cross, which has been erected in the private cemetery of St. Mary's College, Blair, in memory of professors and students. The cross, which is of grey granite from one of the local quarries, about fifteen feet in height, and is artistically carved in high relief on all sides. It is also inscribed with the names of the departed.

WHAT A PARISH PRIEST SAW.

BOOKS AND PAPERS THAT OCCUPIE PROMINENT PLACES IN PARISHIONERS' HOMES—NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES IN LITERATURE.

There was no more building to be done; and the mortgage on the church property was hit so hard with the surplus from the pew rent that it ceased to trouble, says the Catholic Citizen of Milwaukee.

In this posture of affairs, it occurred to Father Dillon that he had leisure to take a census of the parish; and he would do it himself. The census he had in mind included not only a matter of figures, but also an insight into conditions.

Father Dillon, in his affable and pleasant manner, thought to inquire into the activities and tastes of his people outside their church going; the affluence of the young men; the economic conditions of the young women; the progress of worldliness among the better-to-do; the actual nature of the people's home life, etc., etc. And one matter on which he never failed to speak related to the books and papers his people read.

He was not a little astonished at what he called "the progress of worldliness" among the Catholics in the matter of secular reading. Not that he objected to good secular literature. But when at the parsonage he found "Cavendish on Whist" and no Bible in the house, he looked pained. Father Dillon was not down on cards. Had he not permitted St. Ann's society to give a chess party to purchase a carpet for the rectory? At the Doleans he found "Richard Carvel," "Wormwood" and "Janice Meredith," but when he asked if they had Christian Reid's "Weighed in the Balance," or Father Sheehan's "My New Carriage," or Egan's "John Longworth," he observed that the Doleans had never heard of any of these authors or their books.

At Fogarty's he saw three bulky volumes published by Gray Brothers, entitled "The Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church." He picked up one of these volumes before Mrs. Fogarty would intervene to wipe the dust off it. Her son, Pete, a freeman in Engine House No. 1, had bought it from a clerical student, but hadn't put an eye on it since it came six months ago, said Mrs. Fogarty. And it cost \$12. "But though we don't read it, Father, it wasn't money wasted. The \$12 will help to put the poor student through the seminary." "It won't do that," replied Father Dillon. "The Roman collar he canvassed wore with the outfit. He told me as much when he confessed that he had never been to a Catholic college at all."

But in most homes Father Dillon found that the people read newspapers, if they read anything. There were two daily papers published in the town, one of them was called The Yellow Record, and the other The Family Post. The Yellow Record dished up all the latest sensations in double column heads with agonizing illustrations. Father Dillon's sermon on political honesty was reported in six lines, but the honeybug divorce scandal was reprinted in full from the New York dailies. The Family Post excluded scandal, and took for its motto: "All the news that's fit to print." The Family Post had given half a column to Father Dillon's sermon on political honesty; but his preference for it was purely on journalistic grounds.

The result of his census showed that four hundred and sixty eight families in his parish took daily papers, and of these four hundred and eighteen took the Yellow Record. "This," said Father Dillon, "does not mean that the Church is falling as an influence, but that the forces of worldliness are active among the people along lines that we are perhaps neglecting."

Father Dillon was pleased to find how true it was that his really good parishioners—the intelligent ones—uniformly read Catholic papers. He found some excuse for a few who did not. "I am not surprised that McLane doesn't take a Catholic paper; he is always an off-on on everything, though he does come around to the support of the Church in the end."

One case especially amused the good priest. It was the reason assigned by old Martin Dooley for not taking the Catholic Sun. "I've more papers now than I can read, Father," said Dooley. Father Dillon did not laugh until he got around the corner. "At least Dooley is truthful," he said. "Sure the poor man's education was neglected. He can't read at all, at all!"

At the wealthy Mrs. Lennox's mansion he did not encounter as good an excuse. There, too, they had more papers than they could read. Harry took Elizabeth subscribed for the Outlook, because somebody who lectured before the "Daughters" recommended it. "And I have nothing against it, either," said Father Dillon, "but as they are a Catholic family, it seems singular that they should take a Protestant weekly and did not care to take a Catholic paper."

THE SANER SOCIALISM.

ENGLISH BISHOP GIVES HIS VIEWS—SOCIALISTS AND THE CHURCH.

Under the auspices of the Catholic Young Men's Society attached to the pro-Cathedral, Clifton, the Bishop of Clifton lectured to a large audience in pro-Cathedral Hall on socialism.

The Bishop introduced his subject by describing it as a wide, vast and mighty theme, so that he would have to confine himself to only one particular aspect of it. He wished to reply to one question, "Is the out-and-out socialist the 'whole hog' socialist, as they might denominate him, the friend of liberty?" As far as his poor little words could reach, the out-and-out socialist was the only logical type of his tribe, but there were varieties of socialists, and the more varieties of socialists, the more the out-and-out socialist would give to the community not only all the means of production, but all capital whatsoever including land. In their system all private ownership would vanish, and the fruits accruing from the immense patrimony transferred to the state would be distributed evenly to the members of the community. Each member of the community would be a worker, and would receive for his toil what the state would hand him in return. If he could not work he would be supported by the state.

But reforms, even when unattended by political convulsions, might be purchased at too dear a cost, and they were to consider whether such wholesale shovelling of the rights of property into the hands of the state, the great digester and distributor, would not end in robbing every man of his liberties. Advanced leaders of socialism made no secret of what their views regarding religion were—materialism and atheism. The Catholic Church was, and ever must be to them the arch-enemy. Under the social regime, the chief end of the power of self-betterment being abolished, all would languish on the same dull level, forming a congregation of stunted growths and dismal mediocrities, inhabiting a huge monkey from which the joys and hopes of religion would be banished.

Private wealth had had, and no doubt still had, its abuses, some of which cried to heaven for vengeance, and the sooner those abuses were remedied the better. The socialists laid it down as a principle that a child was born the child of the state and belonged to the state. The child was also regarded as a state product. If the state were allowed to claim the product, it was but one step to allow it to claim the factors of production. Would not that be to strip parents of all parental rights and duties and to sink them beneath the level of rational creatures? To the socialist the state was an infallible divinity. If it shifted authority from individuals to the being known as the state, all their words would vanish as at the touch of a magic wand. It was a curious illusion. He contended that the out-and-out socialist was by no means the friend of liberty.

The socialist movement, however, was one that could not be ignored by any country. It warned each to put its house in order. Shorn of all its errors and excesses, a sane socialism might aid in bringing about a consummation devoutly to be wished, towards which every progressive state must perforce tend. It might aid in establishing the just and true equilibrium between wealth and increasing population. In many of their desires and aims they were at one with the saner kind of socialist, but they differed from him largely on questions of means. There was another kind of quality which was an infallible possibility, but was hid upon them as one of their highest duties, the equality that flowed from the great law of charity promulgated by Christ; that law which bade them see in the poor and outcast not only their equal but their brother, a fellow-traveller across this world, their companion and partner in the joys to come. To-day the air rang with the recital of wrong, reforms were loudly demanded, theories of redress were everywhere propounded—some just, sane and

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A DYING CHURCH.

The Rev. G. L. Cady, of Dorchester, Mass., has sounded a note of warning which his co-religionists would do well to heed. In a sermon he plainly told his congregation that what is known as "race suicide" is rapidly exterminating the Puritan Church in Massachusetts and New England. After giving figures to substantiate this statement, he said: "Congregational families have ceased to perpetuate themselves. The days when the family came to Church and had one or two pews, as in our youth, are gone, and in their place we look in vain for the children in the church or in the house."

We have in these words an impressive reminder of the penalties that are paid for the violation of God's laws.

The sacredness of marriage, as taught by the Catholic Church, is an effective safeguard against the crimes which have produced the results which threaten such dire consequences to the descendants of New England Puritans. The crimes, to which we have referred, mean the commission of murder. Catholic husbands and wives have been taught this. Moreover they have learned that one of the chief ends of matrimony is to bring forth children, who, after serving God in this world, will enjoy the beatification throughout all eternity. When this view of marriage does not exist, marriage degenerates into a species of concubinage in which the husband and wife are governed more by selfish motives than by a sense of the solemn obligations they entered into when they pledged their solemn troth to each other.

In this connection too much insistence cannot be placed upon the sacramental character of Catholic marriages as differentiating them from Protestant marriages. The sacramental character of the sacramental sanction, are in the last analysis contracts dissolvable for various reasons. Catholics, when they assume the duties and responsibilities of matrimony, know that death alone can dissolve the relations established between them at the foot of God's altar. Viewing marriage as a sacred, irrevocable, and permanent union, they necessarily have greater reverence for it, and consequently shun the commission of crimes which produce such disastrous results as those described by the Rev. G. L. Cady, who draws the following suggestive parallel between the condition of things in the Catholic churches of Massachusetts and the Congregational churches of the same State:

"The Catholic Church has a great army of children coming up each year, native born, and the priest knows just what he can count upon for confirmation each year and he knows that next year there will be just as large a crop to harvest. "I have no doubt that, things being equal, if there were as many children born in Congregational as in Catholic families, we could to-day witness as great a proportionate native growth and from the future with a calm face. "When the Puritan stock commits race suicide the Puritan Church must also follow the path of involuntary harikari."

In these words is embodied a sad confession. The Rev. G. L. Cady plainly tells us that the members of the Protestant sect of which he is a minister have violated persistently the sanctities of the married state, and that consequently there is every prospect of the Congregational Church dying by what he calls "involuntary harikari."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS AND NOVELTIES.

At half price. We secured last week about \$500 worth of Bells and other decorations at our own prices. In order to make a quick sale of them we are going to cut the prices in two: 1c. Bells 9c. a doz., 5c. Bells 3c.; 20c. Bells at 10c.; 10c. Bells at 5c.; Denison's Garland, 1 doz. in a box, in red and green colors that we have sold at \$2.00 a box, now 75c. a box. The dozen extends over 75 yards. Fancy rosette garlands, \$2.00 a doz. now \$1.00 a doz. Christmas green 40 cents a doz. Christmas fans in red and green 40c. a doz. Garland extending 10 yards or over with about 8 sacred Catholic pictures to each garland, 50 cents a doz. or \$1.00 while they last. Flag garlands now \$2.00 a doz., other garlands in holy designs at 40c. a doz., our own holly vines in green, white, waxed gold or diamond dusted \$1.50 a dozen yards. Perfumed carnations 20c. a doz., waxed roses, American beauty roses, chrysanthemums, tulips, violets, bunches or

TEACHERS WANTED. WANTED A CATHOLIC LADY TEACHER for Public school in Josephburg, P. O. Co. Waterloo. To commence Jan. 4th, 1909. Address Louis Gatschene, Josephburg, P. O. Co. Waterloo, 1570-11.

TEACHER WANTED FOR UNION SCHOOL No. 4, Flon 8th of Vespra. Second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. H. J. Friel, Sec. Treas. Appt. Ont., 1570-4.

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED: SECOND class, prof. capable of teaching and speaking English and French preferred, reference from school inspectors required. \$200.00 school fine ground, modern equipment, 1.4 mile from electric railway, good board, convenient. Address, H. M. Bechar, 694, Sec. 8, No. 13, Dover, Dover South, P. O., Ont., 1571-3.

WANTED TEACHER FOR S. S. NO. 8, HUNTLEY, holding a second or third class professional certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. State qualifications, experience and salary expected. Apply to Mr. J. Curtin, Sec. Treas., Powell, P. O., Ont., 1571-3.

WANTED TEACHER FOR SEPARATE school, Micaville, second class professional preferred. Apply stating salary to E. J. Byrne, Micaville, Ont., 1571-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 2, MARA, a Catholic male or female teacher holding a first or second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 4, 1909. Apply stating please state experience, qualifications and salary expected. Address, Peter Macdonell or Edward Kenny, trustees, Wellington, P. O., Ont., 1571-3.

WANTED FOR ST. JOHN'S R. C. SEPARATE school, Ellice Township, Perth Co., male or female teacher, holding 2nd or 3rd class certificate. Duties to commence 4th January 1909. Address, Joseph Quinlan, Box 393 Stratford, 1571-3.

FEMALE TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. No. 3, March, holding and class certificate, professional and experienced, preferred. Apply State salary and experience. Duties to begin Jan. 4th, 1909. Address Thomas Scissors, Sec. Treas. Hamilton, Ont., 1571-3.

WANTED TEACHER HOLDING FIRST OR second class certificate for S. S. Section No. 5, Sumbur, for the year 1909. Applying, state salary and qualification to Joseph Cain, Sec. Post Laminator, Ont., 1571-3.

WANTED TEACHER FOR R. C. SEPARATE school, No. 1, Gloucester, and J. Ospeode. Holding second class certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 1. Apply stating salary and qualifications to Martin, Catholic or Thomas Mesinger, trustees, South Gloucester, Ont., 1571-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE R. C. S. S. No. 2 and 4 Woodside. A teacher holding a 1st or 2nd class professional certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. Salary \$400 per annum. State experience, send testimonials. Address all communications to F. B. Fuest, Sec., Woodside, Ont., 1571-3.

WANTED FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL, SECTION No. 4, Admaston township, Renfrew County, Ont., an experienced teacher holding a 2nd class Normal certificate. Catholic preferred. Duties to commence after Christmas holidays. Apply stating salary and experience in Ontario to Walter Kane, Sec. Treas., Mt. St. Patrick, Ont., 1571-11.

WANTED TEACHER FOR R. C. SEPARATE school, No. 2, Grifflin, Ontario. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. Apply stating salary and qualifications to James Ouzelien, Sec. Treas., Grifflin, Ont., 1571-11.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE R. C. SEPARATE school, No. 3, Biddiph, Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. Apply stating salary and qualifications to William Woodley, Linton, Ont., 1571-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE school, No. 2, Grifflin, Ontario. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. Apply stating salary, experience, etc., to James Ouzelien, Sec. Treas., Grifflin, Ont., 1571-11.

WANTED, THREE FEMALE TEACHERS holding second class professional certificate. One at least able to speak French for the Boys Department of the Separate school, graded, Corwith, Ont. Salary \$150 per annum. Apply giving references and experience to J. E. Talton, Sec. S. S. B., Cornwall, Ont., 1571-3.

A TEACHER WANTED, HOLDING SECOND class diploma. Duties to start Jan. 3rd, 1909. Apply stating salary to Jas. J. Gallagher, Eganville, P. O., Ont., 1571-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECTION No. 6, Huntley, holding a second class certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. Apply stating salary to John Carter, Sec., Corkey, P. O., Ont., 1571-3.

TEACHER WANTED—A LADY ASSISTANT for R. C. Separate school, No. 6, Ellice and Logan, holding a second or third class professional certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1909. State qualifications, experience and salary. Address P. J. Flanagan, Sec. R. C. S. Board, Kirkton, Ont., 1571-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE school, Fort William, Ont. Holding second or third class professional certificate. Salary \$425. Duties to commence January 5, 1909. Apply to W. K. O'Donnell, Sec. Treas., 113 South May 1st, Fort William, Ont., 1571-3.

WANTED FEMALE TEACHER FOR R. C. SEPARATE school, Fort William, Ont. Holding second class professional certificate or better. Salary \$425. Duties to commence January 4, 1909. Apply to W. K. O'Donnell, Sec. Treas., 113 South May 1st, Fort William, Ont., 1571-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE school, No. 6, Barry's Bay village, must have second class certificate or better. Duties to commence the first of January 1909. Church school, Post Office, and Railway station at the village. Apply stating salary, and number of years experience, to James Murray, Sec. Treas., Barry's Bay, P. O., Ont., 1571-3.

A TEACHER WANTED FOR UNION SCHOOL A. Sec. No. 1, Logan and Ellice for the year 1909. Must have second class professional certificate and also salary expected. Duties to commence on the 4th of January 1909. Apply to Daniel DeConroy, Sec. S. S. No. 1, Logan, Hamilton, Fort Mills, Ont., 1571-3.

A TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. No. 8, S. S. No. 8, Madoc, Ont. Salary \$400 per annum. Duties to begin after Christmas holidays. Apply stating references and qualifications to W. J. Saine, Sec. Treas., Madoc, Ontario, Ont., 1571-3.

FOR GRADED SCHOOL, THREE TEACHERS required, in which there are five in all. First or second class professional preferred. Salary not over \$400 unless having exceptional qualifications. Apply stating age and experience to "M. C.," Catholic Record, London, Ont., 1571-3.

WANTED A FEMALE TEACHER AS ASSISTANT in St. Catharines, Ont. Salary \$300. Must be capable of teaching both English and French. Apply stating qualifications to Sec. D. A. Chener, or Rev. T. H. Trainor, P. P., Cache Bay, Ont., 1571-3.

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