

# 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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### THE MISSIONARY ABROAD.

A book of missionary travel and exploration, giving some rather startling impressions of South America, is, "Through Five Republics on Horseback," by G. Whitfield Ray. He describes its mighty plains, tropical forests, boundless forests, and so graphically withal that one is tempted not to follow A. Lang's advice to skip pictures of scenery. As a missionary colporteur, however, his impressions are the same as those that have been doing duty in the press these many moons past. It seems to us that the average missionary in South America consorts either with people who use the same brand of talk or are the victims of practical jokes at the hands of the natives. For what else can we think of a writer who tells us that he can only describe Roman Catholicism in the South American continent as a species of heathenism. To gain proselytes the Church accepted the old gods of the Indians as saints. Millions of people worship the virgin without any reference to God. Any attempt to give the people a knowledge of Scripture is opposed by the priests.

Of missionaries of this type Rev. Dr. C. C. Starbuck says that from Mexico to Argentina, they almost universally display a greedy desire to turn every fact and feature of Catholic doctrine, discipline and history to a malignant account and entire indifference, no matter how long may be their stay in these countries, to gaining even an elementary knowledge of the Roman Catholic system. In other words, when dealing with Catholics of foreign countries, they look in, not out. Hence they see but their prejudices and ghosts born of ignorance or environment or misdirected zeal, and dubbing their impressions put them in a book or a newspaper to the perpetuation of slander and antagonism. But must some of our non-Catholic friends be children always. The Witness has no adverse comment on this book, but it could scarcely be hoped for from a paper that praises Giordano Bruno, who had, as Rome says, supreme contempt for the working class and was a fawning sycophant of tyrants.

### UNIFICATION WITHOUT NOISE.

The unification of Canada is a theme that never fails to cause an agitation of the atmosphere. It thrills the patriotic souls of the Orangemen who speak a language of their own, and spurs some of the preachers to verbal pyrotechnics regardless of the labor of larynx and maxillary muscles. We have no objection to them disporting themselves in this wise. It is an outlet for exuberant energy, though it wastes energy that can be directed into more useful channels. We are not so much talkers as doers. We may not dilate at length on unity, but we do make it in our schools and churches as to have throughout Canada men in every station of life who are content to practise their religion without troubling that of others, and who are intent upon contributing their quota to the upbuilding of Canada. While we do not see eye to eye with many of our neighbors on doctrinal matters, we respect their beliefs and do not subject them, at least when they seem heart-felt, to irrelevant investigation. Our priests and prelates can discuss a question without delving into the past to unearth weapons with which to assail others. All we ask is fair play. Let us not waste time and temper in discussions in which impartiality is to be set down as a weakness and courtesy as treason.

### FEDERATION OF SOCIETIES.

Now that shafts of settlers are dotting the open spaces of Canada it would be well for the gentlemen who volunteered to plan ways and means to federate our societies, to come out of their retirement and let us know what they have done to this end. When the project was mooted they informed us that they would have much pleasure to set forth the aims, advisability and the duty of federation in order to be able to concentrate our efforts on any given point, and to work with greater efficiency. For this they were not obliged to labor unduly for the reason that we gave them an article in which the writer, one of our prelates, pointed out the necessity

of Federation and showed how it could be achieved. It looks as if these gentlemen had been lulled into activity by the siren song of the politician or by the advice of the prudent who cultivate the "don't wake the baby air."

The question, however, does not trench on politics; it is a movement to better safeguard our interests, to disseminate good literature, to play our part in the fashioning of public opinion and support of every worthy cause, no matter whence it comes. And then the districts wherein we find names that smack of the old sod, but whose bearers are anything but Catholic, should warn us and invite us not to deprive our brethren of our assistance. They are strangers these people from Europe, named to our civilization, and if we are not willing to tender them our help and sympathy they will be exposed to the influences that may sap their faith and cast them adrift from the fold.

### MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

We are as pained as some of our contemporaries at the communication of M. Loisy, but for different reasons. While they look upon him as the modern spirit incarnate, and as such to be held inviolable, we regard him as a man who has been led far afield by speculations that are antagonistic to Christianity. He forced Rome to condemn him. That he is a very distinguished scholar is not to the point. He may be as erudite as our friends will have him and his scholarship may loom large to the eyes of some because Rome has banned the fruits of it, but the fact is that he wrote himself out of the Church. They tell us, echoing, by the way, M. Sabatier, that the Church points at modern civilization but they do not deface civilization. If by civilization they mean the championing of everything that can redound to the good of humanity—the promotion of everything that can elevate, ennoble and purify man, the Church can point to her years of unswerving service to the cause of this civilization. If, however, they mean theories subversive of Christianity, teachings that Christ did not know that He was God; that his body never rose from the dead; that He was not born of a Virgin—the Church will have none of this civilization. And we venture to say that if the scribes who write so interminably about Modernism had some knowledge of the subject and got over the notion that in defending M. Loisy they are helping Protestantism, they would not waste time and paper. The talk about the modern man, his peculiar needs and inability to be satisfied with the religion of past centuries, is meaningless—catchwords of those who do their thinking by proxy. Modern man is like the men of other times. Haecel and a few other scientific charlatans do not admit this; but the men who seek truth and not notoriety agree that the march of time has wrought no elemental change in man. He may be ignorant or cultured; he may live in a palace or hovel; he may use a club or a test tube, but he is a man, and to him Christ addresses Himself. To set aside truths which He has revealed as not suitable to the modern man is merely blasphemy and self-stultification. It is the very acme of inconsistency on the part of anyone who calls himself a Christian. The blatant talker of the Ingersollian type may say this, but not the Christian who believes that all the truths of revelation are unchangeable and divine and are to be accepted in order that we may attain the end for which we are created, and not to be the themes of criticism or to be playthings of scholars who imagine that they can manufacture a better Christianity than the Son of God has made for us.

### BISHOP TO JOIN JESUITS.

Chicago, April 10.—Rev. Rev. Reinhold Herber Weller, Jr., Coadjutor Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Fond du Lac, has resigned his charge, and, according to a dispatch received here, will go to St. Louis to join the Jesuits.

Bishop Weller, who was consecrated Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Fond du Lac in 1900, was born in Jefferson City, Mo., in 1857. He is the son of the Rev. Dr. R. H. Weller, also an Episcopal minister.

He was educated in St. John Academy, Jacksonville, Fla., the University of the South, and graduated from Nashotah Theological Seminary in 1884. He was ordained in Milwaukee Cathedral in 1884. Previous to his consecration as Bishop of the Rev. Dr. R. H. Weller served at Saints Peter and Paul Cathedral, Chicago, and at Waukesha, Wis. Since his consecration he has served as pastor continuously at Stevens Point, Wis.

### THE NEED OF A NEW CRUSADE.

SHALL THE UNBELIEVER RULIN THE LITERATURE, EDUCATION, MORALS AND POLITICS OF A CHRISTIAN WORLD?

A strong and noteworthy discourse on modern slavery to corporate greed was delivered by the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., at the dedication of the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Brooklyn. Speaking of the zeal of the Crusaders in their efforts to wrest the Holy Places of the world from Moslem sway, and that sublimer sacrifice of the order of Our Lady of Ransom, whose members themselves bore the chains they lifted from the shoulders of the captives of the Turks, Father Campbell pointed out the need to day of the revival of this heroic and self-sacrificing spirit. He said in part:

To-day the nation recalls the memory of a man who by a single act struck the fetters from the limbs of three million slaves. It matters not whether he was prompted by pity for the sufferers or was furthering a great political movement, or resorting to a desperate war measure in a crisis that came so near being the tragedy of the republic; not whether the policy was prudent at the time, as the execution might have precipitated other States of the Union into rebellion; not whether the consequences have been such as were anticipated—all that is lost sight of to-day and Lincoln stands before the world as the liberator of a race.

What is the reason of this enthusiasm? Because human nature loves liberty. Liberty is its prerogative and its birthright. Its possession is a distinction and a glory, and its loss a calamity and a degradation. Whoever gives it, whoever protects it, whoever augments it, no matter for what motive and for what measure, must ever be loved and glorified by his fellow-men.

There is not now the slavery that Lincoln saw in the great centres of industry. Just as the old Masters swept the lands and the seas to increase the number of their slaves, and kept them in degradation near their splendid cities only by the ever-uplifted sword, so does our modern Mohammedanism of business gather in the grimy and fetid slums of the great centres of commerce where wealth most abounds, helpless and hopeless and often godless, multitudes who are seething with rebellion and anarchy, which can only be repressed by the bullet or the sabre, unless Christianity is there to stay the work of destruction.

It may be true that the evil is not as alarming in our country as elsewhere, but is there not enough before our eyes to arouse the old crusading spirit of Our Lady of Ransom? Poverty we can never abolish, nor need we try. It is the mark and glory of Christianity, and Christ has declared it to be a beatitude. But pauperism as it now presents itself in the world is not poverty. It was never known in Catholic times, and there is no reason why we Catholics should leave a single one of our own in that degraded and dangerous destination which the great Cardinal and a greater Pontiff so feelingly deplored.

WHAT ARE OUR SOCIETIES FOR? What are our sodalities for? Their work is not merely to recite their prayers. What is our League of the Sacred Heart for? Not merely for the morning offering. What are our St. Vincent de Paul societies for? Their ranks are to be made up merely of old men, admirable and splendid though their work may be, but every young man and every young woman in every Catholic parish should find a particular joy and enter with enthusiasm upon the work of redeeming the captives of poverty and preventing among ourselves the disasters of which the Supreme Pontiff warns the world. We are not rich, but God is, and, as of old, if we set to work our hands will tremble with treasures, and like the three saints of old, under the guidance of the Queen of Heaven, who is especially our patron, we can redeem millions of captives and lead them back to the liberty of the children of God and the light of our faith.

Again, one of the characteristics of that old Mohammedan slavery was immorality and the corruption of innocent youth. Is there not a horrible repetition of that same corruption going on around us, and does not the question force itself upon us: What means are we going to resort to, socially, financially and even politically, to check the cancer that is eating out the heart especially of the rising generation? Is there not work there for a crusade?

THE REIGN OF THE UNBELIEVER. So in the intellectual world. In former times the name of unbeliever was given in contempt and reproach only to the Moslem and the Turk. Now it is all changed, and it is the Moslem and the Turk or the unbeliever who rules the intellectual world to-day. Only the unbeliever is credited with being scientific and learned and intellectual, while the man who believes is scoffed

at as ignorant, blind and superstitious. Not only is there a wholesale apostasy from Christianity, but its doctrines are reviled in private conversations, in public discourses, in the press, in the learned reviews, in great universities, nay, even in the pulpit itself. In two notable instances, in countries which once gloried in being the centre of Christianity, every Christian emblem is swept out of the schoolroom with scorn and contempt; the very name of God is obliterated from the school-books, and the precepts of Mohammed and Buddha are substituted for those of Christ.

A NEW CRUSADE. Added to all this, the history of Mohammedanism, as every one knows, is one long series of deeds of blood. When we take up our daily paper, with their innumerable catalogues of murders which are continually multiplying around us, both in frequency and atrocity, and when we find ourselves feeling only a passing horror and expecting as a matter of course repetition of such atrocities as that which occurred in Lisbon the other day, is it not time for us to remember that the world looks to us Catholics as the only barriers that can stay the wilderment of anarchy that is wrecking society?

Finally, the wreckage of family life by the hideous multiplication of divorce, which is stripping the last ray of decency from womanhood, shows us how far the precepts and practices of Mohammedanism prevail. So base have we become that the Minister of Justice in once Catholic France has not hesitated to propose a union of man and woman which is more degrading than that of a Turkish harlot. Marriages and households are becoming Mohammedan. What should ours be?

In a word, the Turk has not only crossed the Mediterranean, but the Atlantic. The unbeliever, the enemy of Christ, rules in the literature, education, morals, politics and even religion of what once was the Christian world. What are we to do, then?

Go forth with your cross on your breast for the ransom of captives. Let your Catholicity be in evidence everywhere, and always positive and pronounced. Never was there such an opportunity of making it prevail, now as in the days of the Crusades. The presence of a million of souls has disappeared and the issue is plainly between Christianity and paganism.—Catholic Universe.

### AN ODDIOUS ACCUSATION.

A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN ON THE MISREPRESENTATION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH'S TEACHING CONCERNING PROTESTANT MARRIAGES.

Rev. Dr. Charles C. Starbuck, the Protestant theologian who is a regular contributor to the Sacred Heart Review, deals in characteristic fashion with a monstrous charge which is frequently circulated by sectarian preachers and writers who are fully aware of its falsity, and which causes many honest simple-minded Protestants to view the Catholic Church and its teachings as they understand them with unspeakable horror. Says Dr. Starbuck: "The Review has said that it believes certain blunders concerning the Catholic doctrine of marriage to be honest men."

I am sorry to say that after long reflection I cannot agree with the Review. To me it appears plain that towards other men and towards Catholics in their private relations with them, are, like a large proportion of Protestants, and more especially of Baptist and Methodist ministers, thoroughly disingenuous towards the Catholic religion, openly maintaining as long as possible any odious charges that can be brought against Catholicism, and above all that most odious of accusations, that Rome accounts all Protestant marriages "fifty concubines."

Note a contrast. Some years ago, "Der Christliche Apologete," the German Methodist organ of Cincinnati, mentioned this charge. The editors evidently suppose it true. Yet, instead of angrily gibing those who deny it, they are plainly perplexed and anxious over it. To be sure, it does not occur to them to inquire of the Archbishop, or of other Catholic authority. That would be too much to expect of average Protestants. Yet they are plainly disturbed and uneasy over the accusation and casting about for the means of contradicting it.

Now when these other men publicly declare all Protestant marriages null, in Roman esteem, this does not of itself make against their honesty, although it leads heavily against their intelligence. Yet when a Catholic journal of the standing of the Sacred Heart Review stated that the Catholic Church does not require as a condition of acknowledging the validity of Protestant marriages, in Protestant countries, the presence of a Catholic clergyman, some one, with an insulting sneer, begged pardon of the editors for not having sooner discovered that the Review was of more doctrinal importance in the Roman Catholic Church than the Pope himself, who, he says, calls upon all Catholics to help him cure Protestant marriages.

Now here there is no disputing that we have an intended and blatant lie. We can no more overlook it than that we have here an English sentence. The whole turn of expression can mean nothing else.

Those men in their eager contumeliousness, in their desire to maintain the truth of an odious charge against the Pope, have never once asked when, on what occasion, in what documentary

form, and in what precise terms, the Pope has called on all Catholics to help him cure Protestant marriages. If they had, they would easily have found that on neither of the two occasions when Pius IX. uses the phrase *conubinatus*, "a base concubinage," has he any reference to Protestant marriages. Both times he is speaking only of Catholic marriages, in Catholic countries, contracted in contempt of the law of the Church, and therefore in evident contempt of Christian intention of marriage. His Holiness, in one case, is speaking of New Grenada, in the other of Piedmont. In one case he is addressing the Cardinals, in the other the King of Sardinia.

All Catholics must confess, or they fall under anathema, that a Christian marriage for validity does not intrinsically require clerical assistance. They must also confess, as an article of faith, that the Church has the power of establishing conditions of validity for marriages of the baptized.

The insult here to Pius X. is peculiarly flagrant, inasmuch as the present Pope, by the decree that goes into force next Easter, not only declares Protestant marriages in Protestant countries, as the Holy See has always done, exempt from the law of Trent, guarding them by the anathema from Catholic denial, if impugned on the ground of their lack of Catholic assistance, but also declares Protestants exempt from the specifically Catholic requirements of the presence of a priest in America or Spain, where hitherto the Church has refused to acknowledge the sacramental validity of Protestant marriages, although she has never impugned their good faith, or used any contumelious epithets concerning them. Henceforth they are guarded by the thunders of anathema against Catholic disparagement as well in Peru or Madrid as in Great Britain or New England.

These monstrous misrepresentations of the Catholic doctrines of marriage cannot be morally excused, where such men as we have in mind are so manifestly unwilling to recede from them, but they can be explained. We see the explanation in Professor Emerson's sermon, though entirely honest confusion about the sacraments. He tells us that marriage, as sacramental, must of course, be celebrated by a priest. It never occurs to him that the sacrament of baptism, "the door of the sacraments," may be validly celebrated by "any human being possessed of reason."

It is a desperate confusion concerning marriage has so taken hold of the Protestant mind that I have known an excellent lady troubled over Quaker marriages because, as she expostulated "they marry themselves," as if all married couples did not marry themselves, as if the very essence of marriage did not lie in the mutual consent of the parties, as if all other conditions of acknowledgement were not essentially secondary and variable.

This, of course, the Church of Rome has never forgotten. Even where, as now, for Catholics everywhere, she requires for validity the voluntary presence of a priest, where he may be found, she does not teach that he administers the sacrament, but only that he gives for Catholics an official testimony of sacramental good faith, a testimony which, in case of Protestants, she expressly declares may be supplied in other ways, and henceforth, not in Protestant countries and certain Catholic countries only, but from pole to pole.

It may be well to adduce certain easily ascertainable facts, which ought to be enough to convince even the most bigoted Protestant—and in such matters most Protestants are middle-headed—of the monstrous falsity of the charge that the Pope accounts all non-Catholic marriages "fifty concubines."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

### TELL THEM HOW.

The late Redeemist, Father Bridgett, distinguished English missionary and author, tells us how he became a convert. When a youth at school, God began to touch his soul with sorrow for his sins. "From that day," he continues, "I never lost for any considerable time interest in religious questions; but passion and evil example carried me away, and when I wished to return to God I did not know how!" The italics are his own. Then God began to lead him onwards, giving him in various ways someone to tell him how beginning with a humble Irish laborer and ending with the great Newman. Of the former he says: "Among the causes that led me toward the Church, were some very simple words spoken by a poor Irish laborer. I was then studying at the University of Cambridge, and a fellow student had invited me to visit the Irish chapel. It was a very small building in an obscure street in the suburbs of the town. We got the keys from a poor Irishman living near and my friend began to bawler him: 'Why, Paddy, do you think you've got the truth all to yourselves down in this little back street and all our learned doctors and divines in this university are in error?' Paddy answered: 'Well, sir, I suppose they're very learned, but they can't agree together, while we are all one.' I often thought of that answer, and the more I thought of it the more wisdom did I see in it. Non-Catholics have the curse of Babel on them. They can't agree together."

Thus was a humble Catholic able to tell a bright university student how to go to God—a plain suggestion of our apostolate. However much study may

be needed for conversion, a plain word right from the heart of a plain man will be enough to start the work along. Tell them how.—The Missionary.

### FORTUNE TELLING.

A Spiritualist, who is styled a clergyman, named Brooks, has been tried and convicted for "fortune telling," but we have not as yet learned what punishment has been imposed upon the quack. The chief evidence against him was furnished by two women, from each of whom he had taken \$1 for his magic services. He told one that she would soon have the happiness of seeing her absent husband again, but as that personage had been dead for many years, she decided she would not believe the story, but seek to recover her money. There are thousands of people in this enlightened country who consult fortune-tellers, and the advertisements of the pretended professors of the black art are daily to be found in the leading papers of the big cities, especially New York and Chicago. Why are not the advertisers and the newspaper managers prosecuted for fraud and conspiracy to defraud just as this so-called Spiritualist clergyman was? Catholics are accused of being superstitious, but those impostors do not and many dupes among the Catholic body, we do not fear to say, for fortune-telling or seeking the services of fortune-tellers is a mortal sin according to Catholic teaching. Wait between the necromancers, as we may call those Spiritualists who pretend to call up the spirits of the dead, the "Christian Scientists," and other shams, the reputation of a large portion of the American people for shrewdness and sane incredulity is at present in a very perilous state.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

### MORE CONVERTS FROM THE EPISCOPAL MINISTRY.

REV. JOHN G. EWENS AND WILLIS B. MUSSER, THE LATTER ONCE A STUDENT AT NASHOTAH.

Rev. John G. Ewens, some years ago attached to St. Clement's P. E. Church, Twentieth and Cherry streets, and recently rector of Holy Trinity P. E. Church, Manistee, Mich., has been received into "the one fold of the one Shepherd," and is now stopping with the Paulist Fathers in New York city. He is the fifth clergyman of St. Clement's to enter the Church, the others being Rev. Basil Maturin, now in the Diocese of Westminster, London; Rev. A. B. Sharpe, also in England; Rev. Samuel P. MacPherson, now in Brooklyn, and Rev. Alvah W. D'ran, now curate at the Epiphany, this city.

Revs. Edward Hawkes and James Burne, formerly of the Nashotah (Wis.) Seminary, and recently received into the Church, are for the present residing at St. Charles' Seminary, Oronbrook.

Probably the most recent convert of this class, though they are coming so rapidly as to make the use of the words "most recent" or "latest" inadvisable, is Willis Benjamin Musser, who was also a student at Nashotah Seminary, and who took the additional name of Francis at the reception into the fold at Our Lady of Good Counsel Church, Bryn Mawr, on Saturday of last week. He received his First Holy Communion the next morning. He is a member of a well-known Admora family.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Tablet of London announces that Lady Ellen Lambert, sister of the Earl of Cavan; Mrs. Alfred Loder, and Miss Nadine Beauchamp, daughter of Sir Reginald Beauchamp, have been received into the Catholic Church.

Rev. E. W. Jewell, formerly rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Manistee, Mich., who became a convert to Catholicity and was ordained to the priesthood, returns to Manistee as pastor of the Catholic Church there. Father Jewell is a widower with three children.

Another English-speaking official has just been added to the staff of the Vatican in the person of Mgr. Edwall, formerly of the Archdiocese of Westminster, who recently entered upon duty as ministrate in the office of the Cardinal Secretary of State, and who has also been made a private chamberlain of the Holy Father.

The London Daily Chronicle says that on the occasion of the betrothal of the Count of Turin, cousin of King Victor Emmanuel, and Princess Patricia of Omsburg, niece of King Edward, the princess decided to change her religion. She will begin shortly to prepare herself for her reception into the Catholic Church.

Mrs. Robert M. McLane, wife of former Mayor McLane, of Baltimore, who has been living at the Stafford Hotel several years, was baptized Saturday morning at the Cathedral by Rev. William A. Fischer. She made her First Communion with her son, Jack Van Bibber, sixteen years old, who was baptized some time ago. She has another son who is a Catholic.

Archbishop Burne, of Westminster, has published a statistical account of the progress of Catholicity in England up to the end of 1907. According to it there are now 5,500,000 Catholics in England, and the priests number 4,075, about 50 more than in the preceding year. Archbishop Burne, who soon is to be made a Cardinal, has been very active in his work, both in the diocese of Southwark, which he governed before, and in the Archdiocese of Westminster, which he rules at present.



accord on Deconick, as if seeking counsel of him, or whom they had so lately glared in murderous rage. Breydel himself looked at his friend with an inquiring gaze; but all in vain. Neither to him nor to the rest did the Dean give utterance to a single word; he stood looking on in silence, and with an air of unconcern, as though in no wise personally interested in what was passing around him.

"Well, Deconick, what is your advice?" asked Breydel, at length.

"That we surrender," calmly replied the Clothworker.

At this the Butchers began to give signs of another outburst; but a commanding gesture from their Dean speedily restored them to order and Breydel resumed:

"What, then, do you really feel so sure that, with all our efforts, we cannot hold out against the foe—that no courage, no resolution can save us? Oh, that I should see this day!"

And as he thus spoke, the deep grief of his heart plainly displayed itself upon his features. Even as his eyes were lighted up with ardor for the fight, so now was their fury quenched and his countenance darkened.

At last Deconick, raising his voice so as to be heard by all around him, addressed them thus:

"Bear witness, all of you, that in what I advise I have no other motive than truth and honest love to my country. For the sake of my native city, I have exposed myself to your mad fury; for that same sake I am ready to die upon the scaffold that our enemies shall raise for me. I deem it my sacred duty to save this pearl of Flanders; cry me down as a traitor, and heap curses upon my name if you will—but I shall turn me aside from my noble purpose. For the last time I repeat it, our duty now is to surrender."

During this address Breydel's countenance had exhibited, to an attentive observer, an incessant play of passion; wrath, indignation, sadness seemed in turns to move him. The convulsive twitching of his stalwart limbs told plainly of the storm which raged within, and the struggle which it cost him to restrain it; and now, with the word "surrender" sounding once again in his ear, as though struck by a sentence of death, he stood appalled, motionless, and silent.

The Butcher and the other guilds turned their eyes upon one another, and the other of the two leaders, and stood waiting in solemn silence for what should happen.

"Master Breydel," cried Deconick at length, "as you would not have the destruction of us all upon your soul, consent to my proposal. I tender comes back the French herald; the time has already expired."

Suddenly, as if awakening from a stupor, the chief of the Butchers replied in a neutral and faltering voice:

"And must it be so, master? Well, let it be, then, as you say—let us surrender."

And as he spoke, he grasped the hand of his friend and pressed it with deep emotion, while tears of intense suffering filled his eyes, and a heavy groan burst from his bosom. The two Deans regarded each other with one of those looks in which the soul speaks from its inmost depths. At that moment they fully understood each other, and a close embrace testified to every beholder the sincerity of their reconciliation.

There stood the two greatest men of Bruges, the representatives respectively of her wisdom and her valor, clasped in each other's arms, heart against heart beating high with mutual admiration.

"O my valiant brother!" cried Deconick; "O great and generous soul! Hard, I see, indeed, has been the struggle, but the victory is yours, the greatest of victories, even that over yourself!"

At the sight of this moving specter, a cry of joy ran through the ranks and the last spark of angry feeling was extinguished in the bosoms of the valiant Flemings. At Deconick's command, the trumpeter of the Clothworkers called aloud to the French herald:

"Does your general grant to our spokesman his safe conduct to come and return?"

"He gives full and free safe conduct, upon his faith and honor, according to the custom of war," was the reply.

Upon this the draw bridge lowered, and two of the citizens issued from the gate. One of them was Deconick; the other the herald of the guilds. On reaching the French lines, they were immediately introduced into the tent of De Chatillon, when the Dean of the Clothworkers advanced towards the general, and with a firm countenance thus addressed him:

chronicles, have not now to learn that the men of Bruges know how to die for their country.

"Yes, yes, I know well that stiff-necked obstinacy which is the characteristic of all your race; but what care I for that? The courage of my men knows no obstacles; your city must surrender at discretion."

To say the truth, the sight of that warlike multitude in armed array upon the walls had filled De Chatillon with serious apprehensions as to the issue of the coming fight. Knowing as he did the indomitable spirit of the men of Bruges, and the probability of a desperate resistance, prudence strongly dictated to him the desirableness of gaining possession of the city, if possible, without a struggle. He was no little rejoiced, therefore, when the arrival of Deconick gave him hopes of the peaceful accomplishment of his wishes. On the other hand, the conditions proposed were by no means to his taste. He might, to be sure, at once accept them under a mental reservation, and afterwards invent some pretext for evading them; but he had a supreme mistrust of the Dean of the Clothworkers, Deconick, and greatly doubted whether he could safely rely upon what he had said. He resolved, therefore, to put his words to the test, and see whether it really was true, as he asserted, that the men of Bruges were determined to resist to the death, rather than surrender at discretion; accordingly, in a loud voice he gave the signal for advancing the engines to the assault.

But Deconick, like a skillful player, had closely watched the countenance of his adversary. It had not escaped his penetration that the resolute air of the French general was merely assumed, and that in reality he would gladly avoid the necessity of putting his threats into execution. Once convinced of this, he adhered firmly to the conditions he had proposed; while he regarded with apparent indifference the hostile preparations which were being made around him.

The cool self-possession of the Fleming was too much for De Chatillon. He was now convinced that the men of Bruges stood in no fear of him, and that they would defend their city to the very last extremity. Unwilling, therefore, to stake all upon this isolated point of the game, he at last condescended to enter into a negotiation; and after some discussion, it was finally agreed that the magistrates should remain in office, while the other two points were conceded to the Flemings. The governor on his part, expressly stipulated for the right of occupying the city with his troops, in whatever numbers he might think fit.

And now, the terms of capitulation having been regularly engrossed, and the instrument mutually executed with all formality, the envoys returned to the town. The conditions agreed upon were made known to the citizens by a proclamation from street to street, and an hour afterwards the French force made their triumphant entry with banners and trumpets; while the guildsmen, with their hearts full at once of sorrow and of wrath, departed each to his home, and the magistrates and Lijlards issued forth from the castle. A few hours more, and to a superficial observer peace reigned through the whole city.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

CLARE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.

The narrative which I am about to relate is true in every particular, but, as some of the relatives of the persons of whom it is written are living, I have suppressed the real names of the persons connected with it, the name of the city in which the events happened, and also the dates on which some of them took place.

Not many years ago, there lived in one of the most beautiful of West Indian cities a family named Arnold. The father was one of the wealthiest and most influential men in the place; the mother a beautiful, refined and charitable lady. They were esteemed and respected by all classes and creeds, not only on account of their respectability, but also on account of the generosity with which they assisted all works undertaken in the name of religion or charity. This charming couple had two daughters, Clara and Rose, and one son, Frederick. The son, who was the eldest, was, at the time this story opens, attending college, whilst the two daughters were attending the Ursuline Convent in that city. I may here remark that the whole family were Protestants.

The mother had long been troubled with serious doubts as to the truth of the religious belief of the communion of which she was a member. At length, after grave consideration, she decided to embrace that religion which has "subsisted in every age and spread throughout every nation." Her two little girls, who were as deeply imbued with piety as their mother, and whose young hearts had learned to love that religion which they saw personified in the good sisters who were their teachers, were delighted at the thought of becoming Catholics. Clara, the elder of the two, was especially delighted, and entered with the greatest zest into the study of the catechism. As this narrative principally concerns her, I must refer to her at greater length.

She was at that time twelve years of age, and was an exceedingly pretty little girl, but one was undecided whether to admire most her beauty, her good sense, or her delightful manner. She was the idol of her parents, her teachers, her school companions, and of everyone who knew her; her bright and cheerful disposition made her loved and admired by everyone; she stood at the head of her class; so that I may say she was in every respect par excellence the leader in her school sphere. But none of the qualities to which I have referred did she possess in so great a degree as she did piety. Here was that strong, firm belief in the Supernatural, hers that faith that moves mountains. This, added to all her other good qualities

constituted a character really charming. All who knew her acknowledged that she was no ordinary child, and predicted a great future for her. But to resume.

With three or four other children, we may well imagine that much time had not elapsed before they were fully prepared to enter the fold. Mr. Arnold, with that broadmindedness which befits the perfect gentleman, made no demur to his wife's entering the Catholic Church, with her two daughters. He wished, however, that his son should remain a Protestant, and to this Mrs. Arnold was obliged to consent.

The happy day at length arrived when our three converts were received into the Church. With hearts overflowing with gratitude to the good God, they heard pronounced the words: "Ego te baptizo, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti." The joy of the mother, who from her more mature age could have experienced more fully the most fully appreciated her position, was entirely overshadowed by that of Clara, whose radiant countenance the mind instinctively associated with the countenance of an angel enjoying the Beatific Vision.

But here came the second evidence of the designs of Providence on this young girl. With the gift of faith, she had the inextinguishable ardor which, at the same time a vocation to the religious life. Nothing could be more acceptable to her than to feel that she would one day be numbered amongst that glorious army of women who devote their lives to the glory of God and the welfare of His creatures. She communicated her wish to her mother, who, delighted at the thought that God had chosen her little daughter for His own, readily consented to allow her to enter the convent. She was, however, too young to become a nun immediately, so she continued her studies at the Ursuline Convent, as before.

The next noticeable event in the history of our heroine is her First Communion. Never did Roman general, on the day of his triumph, don with more joy his robes of state than did Clara in that morning array herself in her white First Communion robes, nor never did she feel such exaltation when having the crown of laurel placed upon her brow as did she in placing upon her head the wreath of white roses and lilies. And why should she not feel grateful and full of exaltation? Was she not to receive on that morning, for the first time, into her pure and innocent heart, that God who had in such an especial manner favored her with His graces? Compared to her feelings, but only faintly and in part, the joy of the victorious Roman general was nothing. His was merely the satisfaction of an ambitious mind, staked for the time being with glory, the joy of hearing for a few short hours his name upon every tongue, and of seeing himself venerated—almost adored—by a slavish populace, ever ready with adulation and applause for the successful leader. Clara's joy was that of one who had failed: hers that joy proceeding from a heart bursting with love for her Creator—a joy such as it is possible for the good and innocent alone to feel.

As usual, on their First Communion day the children were given a holiday, and they spent in the garden a joyous hour, and their parents and the leader in the children's games, but to day she did not seem to enjoy them so much as usual. At length she slipped away, and none knew where she had gone. A search was made, and the girls discovered her in the church, before the high altar, wrapped in fervent prayer, with her arms raised, and her eyes fixed upon the crucifix. She had returned to their play and leave her. She thus spent nearly the whole day, and it was only with difficulty that they could persuade her to return home to her meals.

The next three years of our heroine's life passed away uneventfully, and then a great sorrow befall her. Her mother, who had been long and severely afflicted, died, and so they were obliged to return to their play and leave her. She thus spent nearly the whole day, and it was only with difficulty that they could persuade her to return home to her meals.

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Clara, being the elder daughter, had now to take her mother's place at the head of the family. This she did, not without many a secret pang, but only because she was obliged to do so. Her father, who was the eldest, was, at the time this story opens, attending college, whilst the two daughters were attending the Ursuline Convent in that city. I may here remark that the whole family were Protestants.

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The next three years of Clara's life were a continual round of festivities. Dances, balls, "At Homes," societies, followed one another in unending succession. Though she would much have preferred the solitude of her former life, her love for her father caused her to do her utmost to be a success in society. And she was a success; no society fete was complete without her; and it generally happened that when she entered a ball room the male portion of the dancers gravitated to her part of the room, leaving practically unattended those beauties, who, before her advent, had had all the attention bestowed upon them. For Clara possessed more than beauty; a charming conversational, witty, sympathetic, and good natured, she was the life of every company. It is all too truly that such an assemblage of good qualities is to be found in the one person, in fact, only the heroine of a certain class of novels seem to possess them; out this is not a novellette—it is the true story of a real girl, who lived, moved, and had her being at the beginning of the twentieth century.

When, however, all these delightful qualifications were to be found combined in the one person, we may be sure that that fortunate and enviable lady is at all times and in every place facile princeps. This accounts to some extent for the popularity of Miss Clara.

Clara was now in her twentieth year, and her beauty was in its zenith. During the three years she had spent in society her success had continued in unbroken measure. It would have been an extremely easy matter for her to have contracted marriage with any of the guided youth who formed part of her set. Wealth, title, honor, all lay before her to be had merely by saying the simple word "Yes;" for we may be sure that she was not without receiving offers of marriage from many of them, but she refused them all by one. Her relations, either not knowing or not appreciating her motives, urged her, "for the honor of the family," to accept this or that "son of a noble house," but their overtures were utterly unavailing. Clara answered them all with a smile, and told them that she would settle down before very long, and with this their vague assurance they had perforce to remain content.

Being now nearly twenty years of age, our heroine began to consider that it was about time to begin that life towards which she felt such an attraction. Before Mrs. Arnold died, she had made her husband promise that when Clara desired to enter the convent no obstacle should be placed in her way, so that she had no difficulty in obtaining permission from her father to do as she desired. Rose, her sister, was now old enough to make her serious so that Mr. Arnold had no serious objections to make to the proposal. He was extremely sorry to lose her, for he had been hoping that she would become enamored of society life, and that she would not persist in her former design. Seeing, however, that she was even more anxious than before to enter the convent, he accepted the inevitable with resignation, and wished her God speed.

When Clara's relations heard of the step which she was about to take, they endeavored with all their might to dissuade her from following out her designs. They pictured the gay life which she would have in the world, and depicted in the most eloquent terms the miseries which she would have to undergo as a Sister. All their entreaties were in vain; Clara had experienced the world, and had learned to heartily despise it; she had had no personal experience of convent life, but she had, while attending school, seen enough of the lives of the Sisters to convince her that this was the life above all others in which happiness—and real and true happiness—was to be gained. Once having definitely decided, her ear was deaf to all their entreaties, and nothing could shake her resolution.

Clara now began in real earnest her preparations for the final step. The time which was to elapse before her entrance seemed to her, in her eagerness, to be much too long; she counted the weeks, the days, almost the hours, as they slowly but surely jayed the "chain of vanity-hat days." She would say to herself: "Six weeks more." "Five weeks more. Oh, how shall I wait all that time? I shall die of waiting!" So it went, until but two weeks more remained to be spent outside the pale of religion, and then once again was proved the truth of the proverb: "Man proposes, but God disposes."

On the 28th February she attended Benediction for the Children of Mary, in excellent spirits, in the full enjoyment of health and as usual, seemingly absorbed in the contemplation of the thought that she was so soon to become a religious, she seemed to all present to be happier and more beautiful than ever. She went home shortly after noon, and she did not feel in the slightest degree indisposed, and to her father and sister she seemed as well as usual.

About 2 o'clock on Friday morn'g, Rose was alarmed to hear her sister cry: "Oh, Rose, I am dying!" Rushing to investigate, she found that Clara was very ill. She immediately called her father, and to his credit be it said the Protestant gentleman himself went for the priest, despatching a servant for the doctor. When the physician arrived, and felt her pulse he shook his head and declared her in grave danger. What the cause of her illness was, however, he could not discover. She steadily became worse, and at 3 o'clock her life was despaired of.

When the priest arrived, she was very low. Upon seeing him she became much more animated, and she welcomed him warmly. He remained with her until nearly 6 o'clock. At 5 o'clock he gave her the Holy Viaticum, which she received with the most edifying piety. He then gave her Extreme Unction, and she was fully prepared for the call of the Angel of Death. When the priest was leaving, she said to him: "I suppose you are wondering what is the matter with me? I will

tell you. I am dying with the desire to become a religious." She then shook hands with him and bade him farewell, telling him that they would never again meet on earth.

As soon as the priest had gone, she called for a prayer book. Upon one being brought, she found the prayers for the dying, and handed the book to the person who was to read the prayers. She answered the responses in a clear voice, and as soon as the prayers were concluded she sang those beautiful little hymns—"Oh, Paradise!" and "Mother of Mercy," and then some parts of the Office of the Immaculate Conception. Her father, fearing she was tiring herself, approached the bedside, and said: "Clara, don't sing any more, but rest." She looked at him with a sweet smile, and answered: "Oh, father, I am not going to die until 3 o'clock, the hour Our Lord died."

The remainder of the day she spent in silent prayer. She did not seem to suffer much pain, but she was very weak. As the day advanced, she sank slowly, but about 2.30 p. m. she rallied. Mr. Arnold, Frederick and Rose watched beside her bedside the whole day. She did not seem at all sorry to die, in fact, she seemed rather glad that she was leaving the world so soon. She asked Rose to pray for her, and told her father that when she reached heaven she would pray for his and Frederick's conversion. The hands of the clock stole slowly around until they reached five minutes to three. Her joy and eagerness increased with the minutes. "In five minutes," she said, "I shall see God and our Blessed Lady!" Then it seemed to her as if she were enjoying some glorious vision. As the hand of the clock neared three, she turned to those around her, and said: "Goodbye, and pray for me!" Then she looked up a look of the most ineffable joy transfigured her countenance; "I am coming, dear Jesus," she cried, "I am coming to Thee! Eternal Redeemer, receive my soul!"

She fell back, a sweet smile played over her features, her pure soul had fled its terrestrial mansion to enter the abode of bliss. She had lived her life; the whole of it had been one of virtue; the last three years had been spent in the practice of that noblest of virtues—obedience. In obedience to her father she had entered society; to please him she had done her best to become a success, but the fact of being a belle did not make her vain; and now, just on the threshold of the convent, God had decided that her probation had been long enough. She had done her duty throughout, and now she was called to receive the reward which the faithful steward merits.

People asked each other: "What did she die of?" Some said rapid consumption, others that she had contracted a sudden chill, but He, Who alone has power to give life and take it away, He His Virgin Mother, and His heavenly court know the true answer. And are we to be presumptuous if we make bold enough to hazard an answer? Do not you, gentle reader, agree with me when I say that, conjointly with the desire of becoming a religious, she died of joy—joy at the thought of the great favors which she had received; joy at those favors which she was almost in the act of receiving; and joy at the thought that she would one day be numbered amongst that great army of virgins who "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth?"

Gentle reader, my task is accomplished. I have told you the life-story of my heroine, a flower too fair for the gardens of earth. Nothing remains for me but to bid you farewell, which I do with the hope that we may all have the pleasure of one day meeting Clara Arnold in Paradise.

J. P. F.

Remember to retire occasionally into the solitude of your heart while you are outwardly engaged in business or conversation. This mental solitude can not be prevented by the multitude of those who surround you; for, as they are not about your heart, but your body, you may remain in the presence of God alone. And indeed our occupations are seldom so serious as to prevent us from withdrawing our heart occasionally from them, in order to retire into this divine solitude.

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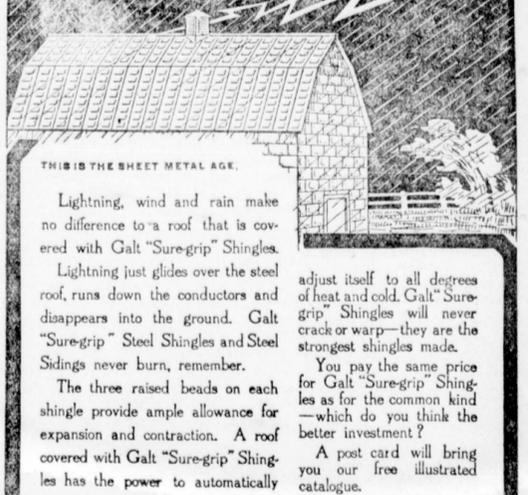
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REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R. PRES.

MARY, OUR LOVELY MAY QUEEN.

Again the season of flowers has come, and with it thoughts of her whom we love to crown, Mary, Queen of May. We bring her spotless lilies in honor of her purity, and lovely roses to tell her of our love. We illumine her shrine with numerous lights to bespeak the devotion we feel toward her, and to testify the faith we have in the power of her prayers. Let us contemplate our Blessed Mother—fittest of earth's creatures in soul and body. She was the workiest to give God, made man for the world. Born to beget the King of heaven and earth, she became the Mother of God and Queen of the universe. The whole human race was lifted up in the honor and glory she received. We are her children by virtue of our Lord's having taken our humanity, and as we recognize that His perfections are to be imitated in our lives, we must acknowledge with even still greater reason that her perfections are to be copied by us. Our Lord's divinity makes us feel how far He is away from us even in His humanity; but our Blessed Virgin Mother, though full of grace, is very much nearer to us, eye, infinitely nearer, that it gives us courage, and we strive to imitate her humility, her purity, her obedience, her gentleness and sweetness, and all the virtues of her perfect and lovable life. It was grace made her all she was, since, as proclaimed by the angel Gabriel, she was full of grace, "Full, full of grace, the Lord is with thee," and grace will make us tend more and more to perfection if we will only be faithful to it. How beautiful it is to cultivate the beautiful and to seek after higher and noble things. What brightness and real joy experience the pure and good! "Blessed are the clean of heart," said our Lord in His sermon on the mount. "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." Aye, they already see Him by anticipation, for they are united with Him in lives of purity and holiness. We have our Blessed Lady's prayers to help us in being pure and good, for she is Virgin of Virgins, Mother most pure, Mother most chaste, and sinless: an immaculate would she have all her children, and to reach this end will be her loving care through the graces she will obtain for us, especially if we ask these graces at her hands. With purity founded in humility, all the other virtues will cluster around and form a fitting frame-work. Let us honor, then, our spotless May Queen. Let the lily and the rose bespeak our virtues, and that we are her worthy children.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

Wealth is nothing, position is nothing, fame is nothing, manhood is nothing.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION
Apostolic Delegation.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA
Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1908.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1908.

THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIETY.

The deepest and surest foundation upon which the whole social fabric has been erected is that lex aeterna, that eternal law which enures our loyalty to the Divine within and above our hearts.

all encouragement for virtue either vanish completely or become subservient to the most repulsive despotism.

CHRISTIAN MOTHERHOOD.

The Anglican Cathedral in Toronto has never been higher than an ordinary Evangelical meeting house.

THE MARRIAGE DECREE.

We thought that by this time the decree upon matrimony which went into force upon Easter Sunday was fairly understood.

arise preventing the fulfilment of the intention. A written document is testimony not rendering the substantive contract any stronger than before, but giving stability to the will of the parties.

WILL THE CHURCH TRIUMPH?

In the horizon of the civilized world men cannot keep from sight the vision of the Catholic Church. In spite of their efforts to avoid it, and even when they have placed a screen between themselves and it, the shadow falls upon them more appalling than any reality.

Further abandonment of Christian principles, and the experiment of an atheistic state, or, at most, a state with mere naturalism for religion. In spite of this gloomy prospect and darker socialism the Church will still hold her own, even if she does not win back all of the nations that left her.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Some time ago an irate subscriber wrote us that the war against the saloon was waged by sentimentalists and cranks and would have no effect.

Hence they pray that the movement to reduce the number of licenses be not yielded to by the Government.

THE DECENT SALOON.

The vast expansion of the liquor traffic to day renders liquor selling, says Archbishop Ireland, if confined within the limits of moral and civil law, an unprofitable and consequently an impossible avocation.

THE ROAD HOUSE.

We are glad to notice that the roadhouse is no longer an attraction for the young. These parties of yester year are no more, to the delight of pastors, fathers and mothers.

TWO KINDS OF CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN.

A Catholic young man writes us that he would like to become a subscriber to the CATHOLIC RECORD were it not that we have too much space devoted to religion.

happened. His one time companions, who had a taste for good reading—who gave a wide berth to the literary rubbish in the Sunday papers—who gave serious thought to life and its problems—who were young Catholics of whom the Church had reason to be proud—Catholics who took a pride in assisting the parish priest in every way possible—who loved their Church and studied her history—have outdistanced the sport in the race of preferment, and again he wonders how it all came about.

A GREAT PRIEST.

We might add, also, a "great editor," is Rev. L. A. Lambert, of Scottville, New York. We send him heartfelt greetings on his recovery from a severe illness.

THE OUTLOOK FOR IRELAND MORE HOPEFUL.

Last week we printed a despatch from the old country, in which it was stated that Mr. John E. Redmond, the leader of the Nationalist party, had expressed his disapproval of the Asquith government as at present constituted.

the old that the old order of things may be retained. That they will fight a fierce battle at the polls we may be assured. O'd abuses die hard. If, however, they are defeated in the country, they are going to say that they will still cling to the hope that the House of Lords will use its power to perpetuate the wrongs of centuries; but, with the King, the House of Commons, and the voice of the people in favor of a change, they may not dare to continue their obstruction. If they throw out the next Home Rule bill, then something will undoubtedly happen which will serve to clip their wings.

**A VERY INTERESTING VOLUME**

"Christian Science before the Bar of Reason," published by the Christian Press Association Publishing Co., New York, is a work that in all likelihood will have a very large sale. The author is Rev. L. A. Lambert, who, it will be remembered, published some years ago "Notes on Logosol," which served to bring upon the naughty individual the ridicule of the American people and was largely the means of putting a stop to his crusade against Christianity. The present volume is in the form of a controversy between Father Lambert and Mr. McCrackan, the champion of Christian Science. The preface to the work has been written by Right Rev. Bishop McFaul of Trenton, New Jersey. "It is pitiable," writes the Bishop "how the ground recedes from Mr. McCrackan, under the merciless logic of the priest, not being able, according to Christian Science, to prove whether he himself exists or not." We shall be glad to supply any of our readers with the volume on receipt of \$1. Paper cover, 50 cents.

**FATHER FOURNIER AGAIN.**

A correspondent writes us from New Brunswick asking if we know a man named Fournier, who poses as a Baptist minister, and claims he was once a Catholic priest. We never met the gentleman, but we know something about him. It is quite true he was a priest at one time, but strayed into the Baptist fold. For what reason we know not, but it is altogether likely he is endeavoring to follow the same line as Chiquig, Margaret Sheppard and all the others. He is on a money getting tour for the Baptist mission in Quebec and we fear the credulity of our non-Catholic neighbors will be once more in evidence. These good people are entirely unconscious of the fact that the so-called missions to the French Canadians is one of the greatest humbugs of the age. It would have made an assignment long ago, and the sheriff called in to close it up, were it not for outside contributions. A few unfortunate French Canadians may be induced to leave the Mother Church and wander into strange pastures, but rarely do they contribute anything towards the sustenance of the sect which claims them as members. Hence the necessity of collecting funds for the purpose of keeping them in the ranks of the colporteurs. It would not be quite true to state that Father Fournier is but a weed thrown out of the Pope's garden, because the weed is so insignificant that the Pope would never have taken any notice of it. A few years ago we had a long letter from Father Fournier. After carefully studying the contents we came to the conclusion that the proper course would be to pray for him, to pray that God would lead him back again to the true fold, for he appears to be like a child lost in the wilderness.

**A GRAVE SACRILEGE.**

Special Cable Despatch to The Globe.  
Rome, April 20.—From St. Peter to Pius X, the history of the Papacy records no such grave sacrilege as that committed yesterday inside the Vatican and under the eyes of the Pontiff, who was himself celebrating Mass and administering Holy Communion. Three persons, not Catholics, after great insistence having obtained through their Ambassador the privilege of being present at the Papal Mass, approached the altar and received Communion from the hands of the Pope, afterwards removing the consecrated breads, one of which was found on the floor. These three persons knelt in the first row of communicants. Next to them was the famous actress, Mary Anderson, and the sisters and niece of the Pope. When the sacrilege occurred Miss Anderson, who had already received Communion, being deeply absorbed, only realized the incident through seeing the sister of the Pope next to her raise her hands. Simultaneously the members of the Papal Court and high prelates, noticing the insult, removed the insulters, who, however, justified their action by allying to their ignorance of the Catholic faith. As the Pope withdrew to his apartment evidently disturbed he exclaimed, "May God forgive them. They knew not what they did." The incident brings out a peculiar situation in the Holy See. If the sacrilege had occurred in any church in Rome outside the Vatican, Italy would punish the

insulters, but the Vatican enjoying the right of extra territoriality, Italy cannot be applied to.  
Rome, April 21.—The Viennese Professor, Dr. Feitbogen, who, with his wife and a woman friend, committed sacrilege in the Pope's private chapel, on April 19th, during the celebration of the Easter Mass, in that they removed the consecrated breads from their mouths after they had been administered by the Pope, declared today that no insult was intended. Wishing to demonstrate his sincerity the Professor now says he is ready to embrace Catholicism.

**THE LATE VICAR GENERAL HEENAN.**

TOUCHING REFERENCE TO THE DEPARTED BY REV. DR. TEEFY OF TORONTO.

Hamilton Spectator, April 20.  
The regular Easter Sunday services were held in St. Augustine's Church, Dundas, Ont., on the 19th.  
Rev. Dr. Teefy, C. S. B., of Toronto, celebrated the early Mass, and also preached the sermon. At 10:30 Rev. Father Beckoe, late of Walkerton, who with Father Arnold will be succeeded here until a successor to the late Vicar General Heenan is appointed, celebrated High Mass. Rev. Dr. Teefy, in his remarks, stated it had been published in the newspapers that he would preach the funeral sermon, but in conversation with his parish priest, Mr. Dowling, he remembered the express wish of the late Monsignor Heenan, who requested that there be no funeral oration at his burial. However, the Rev. Father continued, the death of such a highly esteemed servant of God should not be allowed to pass without making a few remarks touching on the life of one who spent his time in the service of God. It was beyond a preacher's power to describe the self-sacrificing life of the late pastor of St. Augustine's church. Men like him were scarce and his memory ought to live among the people. Sorrow and joy were strangely mingled. Good Friday was followed by Easter Sunday as sunshine and clouds pass each other. So it was with men. Joy became the life of a man like Mgr. Heenan, who had, as it were, closed the last volume. The value of an article, continued the speaker, was determined largely by the labor put upon it, as well as to the use it was employed. Few priests could put such labor in preparation for death and the fulfillment of duty in the higher ideals as did the deceased. "I know him well," said Dr. Teefy, who was visibly affected a times during the course of his remarks. "He lived for God, a priest for ever. Those who knew him at college knew him to be an earnest, sincere man. A priest at the altar, confessional, administering the sacraments, on the streets, everywhere Edward Ignatius Heenan was a priest, in the full sense. I have said the value of an article is determined by the labor put upon it. He spent himself with his flock for God; heart, mind, soul, strength, all for the preparation of his soul and the souls entrusted to his care. There cannot be sorrow for death of a man like that. It is rather merely giving way to sentiment. There should be joy among you that you ever had a pastor and that he is gone; joy that God raised such a priest and joy in the death of such a saintly servant, who after seventy five years, passed away to spend a life everlasting with God. No man can devote his energies better than the man called by God, and just so sure as St. Peter was called, so was our departed pastor called to the priesthood, whether to bring to others the water of sanctification, the Bread of Life, baptizing the children and anointing the dying to send them on their last journey. Forty-seven years an ordained priest he gave himself up to one supernatural purpose. He may have left himself open to criticism; may not have given attention to the material things of his parish. One thing he did attend to was the supernatural parts of his flock. He asked not for the material goods of his parish. It was something higher and holier he looked after. Forty-eight years is a long time in the life of a missionary priest in this country. As a young man, Father Heenan was placed in city missionary work. He persevered in his labors. Hamilton and Dundas are two fields of his cultivation. Look at what has been accomplished in these two places largely due to his efforts. The value of an article depends largely upon the extension of its use. The wider its scope the greater its value. Monsignor Heenan exercised an influence far beyond that over his own flock. In a gentle pious way he kept himself in humility, zeal, and the nobility of the priestly virtues. These are the influences that likened him unto the stone dropped in the water, whose circles become wider and wider. His influence will live in this parish long after his remains are committed into dust. His lasting influence will be an example. We are not those who mourn without hope. We have the joy of Easter, a joy that can crown and reward a life like Mgr. Heenan. We must share in imitation of this saintly priest; share in his prayers as we did when he was living. *Oremus pro inde.* Let us pray for each other, were his words. He prayed for us all. He may not need them, but God is holy and he was human. He did not want any talking over him, and if he could speak he would stop me. Let us rather pray for the eternal rest of everlasting life for a man, closing his last volume, in suffering and resignation handed over his pascal staff, life and virtue to his Eternal Father. Let his memory live. Guard well a souvenir of your dear departed pastor, whose virtue must exert an influence among you."

**LETTER FROM THE PAST GRAND MASTER OF THE ORANGE ORDER.**

Lower Steviacke, N. S., April 7, 1908.

Dear Casket,—In your issue of last week, you made one or two references to the meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of Nova Scotia, which I feel must be a reply to it if you will kindly allow a little space.

Among other things you say: "The Reverend G. D. Master denounced 'infallibility' which we venture to say he could not denounce if his life depended on it."  
Allow me to say that your venturous assertion is incorrect. I am thoroughly conversant with the conception of "infallibility" as taught by the Roman Catholic Church. She has the best right to define her own doctrines. I take her own statement and not that of any who might be inclined to give a prejudiced view. With that doctrine I take issue and claim the same right which she has of defending it. I make no apology for denouncing a doctrine which I believe to be erroneous.  
You further mention the fact that I deplored the Pope's attack on Modernism and then proceed to say that I am entirely unaware that the charges of heresies now known under that name, denies the divinity of Christ and His resurrection and makes the Bible which Orange men profess to reverence as the Word of God, a book of fairy tales.  
You are in error in regarding me as ignorant of the fact that in modern thought there is much to be deplored. I am, as one, with the Roman Catholic Church in defence of such doctrines as the divinity of Christ and His resurrection and the truthfulness of the Holy Scriptures, but I am conscientiously and strenuously opposed to the method pursued by the present incumbent of the Papal See in seeking to suppress these heresies, viz, by denying to men the God-given right to think for themselves.  
As regards your story of the dying Orangeman, who, when asked for a profession of his faith, cried: "To hell with the Pope," I might say that this is a very old story—hoary with age. It is probably fiction, but it is often produced to embitter people against the Orange Order. Suppose it were true. What then? In both Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches there are, doubtless, not a few who are Christians in name but not in fact. Such an one was the man of the story if he ever existed. That Orangemen wish the Pope and all Roman Catholics much better than that, is evidenced by the enclosed sentences referring to the qualification of an Orangeman.  
I am, yours very sincerely,  
A. H. CAMPBELL.

Past Grand Master of L. O. A. of N. S.  
The qualifications to which Rev. Mr. Campbell refers may be summed up by saying that an Orangeman must be a good Protestant Christian and practise charity and good will to all men. How they reconcile this with the efforts we so often see them making to bar Catholics from the public service, we are at a loss to understand. However, we do not propose to discuss Mr. Campbell's curious letter except on the one question "of the God-given right to think for themselves." There is here confusion of ideas; "right" is confused with "freedom." Every man is free to think what he likes, just as he is free to do what he likes, and this freedom has been given to him by God. But he has no right to do what is wrong, and he has no right to think what is wrong. When he does wrong or thinks wrong, he is abusing his freedom, and he has no right to do that. The standard of right conduct is the moral teaching of the Church; the standard of right thinking is her dogmatic teaching. Pius X is not suppressing freedom of thought any more than Mr. Campbell would be if he declared that a man who refused to believe in the resurrection could not be a good Presby-

**THE CATHOLIC RECORD.**

**FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT**

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

Another thing which most forcibly strikes the convert at the beginning of his Catholic career has reference to the preaching. If he has been a non-Catholic of the average type, the chief thoughts uppermost in his mind as he entered the door of his former place of worship, whether that entrance was frequent or only spasmodic, were about the sermon. "Who preaches to-day? I hope he's a good speaker! I trust it's not old Mr. Dubois! What we need badly is a young pastor with plenty of go in him; someone with new ideas—some preacher who knows how to 'draw,' and is a good 'mixer'." Now, there's the Rev. Mr. Comet of the Eleventh Street church; if he only had a 'son' like mine, 'go to church' would be a daily, fine looking fellow, with a good voice and very taking delivery. That's a curious habit he has, though, when he gets a little excited, of suddenly tussling his hair all up with both hands, but he certainly can make his audience sit up and listen! And can't he lay out for the Pope and the Catholics! But for the Catholic convert, all this is now over, nor does he fail to note the difference. But why, he asks, was there no sermon at the earlier Masses this morning—merely a short instruction? And why are the regular services at the last Mass, and Vespers, so unadorned and free from sensationalism and from declamatory outbursts—so generally the province of the non-Catholic preachers? There was no attempt to preach at the early services for good reasons. Unlike the Protestants, all Catholics, unless reasonably hindered, are bound by their religion to commence the sanctification of Sunday by assisting at at least one celebration of Mass. Hence the Church is bound to afford all possible opportunities. Now, there are many whose household or other necessary duties preclude their attendance at a late hour, and compel a speedy return to their homes; and also there are those who wish to approach holy Communion, which is always to be received fasting. For such, the early morning services are provided, with the omission of the sermon, which can be heard at a later Mass, or in the evening. In regard to pulpit oratory, though the ability to display eloquence is not uncommon in esteem when properly directed, and occasion warrants, it is in general sparingly employed. What convert who had seen a churchgoer but can recall a vast array of sermons which, while abounding in eloquence of a sort, and exhibiting considerable study of some Old Testament worthy, were apropos of nothing in particular bearing upon daily life and conduct? Or the sermons on passing sensational topics designed to arrest the attention, but ill calculated to nourish the spiritual life? Or the intemperate branding of things lawful as unlawful—condemning the use with the abuse,—and the while keeping dumb about deadly sins which are secretly sapping the spiritual and material life of the nation? The parish priest has no vocation for such barren work, but rather for plain, easily comprehended expositions of God's laws as bearing upon the everyday life of his flock. He warns his hearers of the wiles and temptations and seductive maxims of the world. He imparts wise and explicit counsel regarding behavior between man and man and between man and his God; and in the pulpit, he is, like His Divine Master, a lion in denouncing sin, he is a lamb in the presence of the penitent. The convert will also have the satisfaction, hitherto denied him, of knowing that he hears precisely the same teachings, as regards faith and morals, that he would hear from the lips of a Pope, or from those of a humble missionary in the islands of Polynesia—the same serene accents as of "one having authority;" the same confidence in the Lord. Why, asks the convert, is there so much splendor in public worship? Because God has so constituted man that he requires more or less of it. No one denies that God commanded Moses and Aaron to establish a worship, not merely ritualistic in form, but gorgeous in aspect. Our Lord Himself attended this worship. It is more warranted assumption, and goes without saying that He abolished a principle of worship previously authorized under pain of sin; and equally untenable to maintain that to adore "in spirit and in truth" is incompatible with ritual and splendor. All history stands arrayed against this strange theory. Looking at those Christian sects which still have retained the splendor of worship, we find three fourths of the men have abandoned their pews and encumbered to the altitudes of the ritualistic splendor of the secret society lodge room. Refusing to acknowledge its use in their churches, no extravagance of form, and symbol, and splendor, is too pronounced or too puerile to be censured! The weekly attendance at their worship has largely given place to the weekly attendance at lodge; and, what is still more remarkable, and indeed inexplicable, their clergy by the preaching of laudatory sermons in encouragement of the secret societies, are plainly bringing about their own rapid extinction.

**WHAT SUNDAY IS.**

"Is it true," asked an anxious correspondent of the New Zealand Tablet, "as positively asserted to me, that the Catholics' Sunday is over at 12 o'clock or when they have returned from Mass?" Reply: (1) Till the eleventh or twelfth century, Catholics, following a Jewish principle, reckoned Sunday from evening to evening—they began the sanctification of the day on Saturday evening and ended it Sunday evening. But for many centuries Sunday has been reckoned from midnight to midnight. (2) The Church imposes upon all who are not legitimately excused the two following obligations: (a) To observe the Sunday by devoutly assisting at Mass (b) with a view to the better and fuller consecration of that day, to rest thereon from ordinary work day service labor. The first of these two obligations may or may not be satisfied at 12 o'clock, the second obligation is binding from midnight to midnight on all who are not lawfully exempt. By the present discipline of the Church a Catholic faithful has the latter—the minimum requirements—of the first mentioned obligation if he assists at Low Mass. But the spirit of the law (as every instructed Catholic knows) requires more than this. "If," says a writer on this subject, "he absents himself from sermons; if above all, he does not use the opportunity of the day of rest for increased prayer, for reading of books, for instructing his family and the like, he will in many cases sin against his own soul. He can hardly fail to do so unless he be like the perfect Christian of whom Origen speaks (C. Cels. viii, 22) with whom every day is a spiritual feast. A man is in a bad way if he makes a practice of hearing a Low Mass and spending the rest of the day in frivolous recreation."

**THE DRUNKEN HUSBAND.**

"Such a husband," said Rev. J. F. Synott, S. J., to a Joliet, Ill., audience, "is worse than a polar bear. The drunken brute should be put into a padded cell, and the most summary punishment should be administered to him whenever he so far forgets himself as to neglect his duties and abuse his wife and children. He doesn't care for children or their welfare, and when they ask him if they shall go to Mass, he tells them they may go to the devil if they want to, and many of them will themselves of that permission. The man who secks at religion has no regard for the spiritual welfare of his wife and children. He is simply a brute who spends his time in bad places and brings home a big budget of scandal which he retails to his family at every opportunity regardless of the demands of decency and of the example which he is setting for his sons and daughters. When he has exhausted his opportunities for evil influences, he goes to bed like an animal, and sleeps like an animal also. Animals have no worry, for they have nothing to worry about."

**CHRIST PICTURE TO CURE INSANE.**

UNIQUE AND IMPRESSIVE EXPERIMENT IN OHIO INSTITUTION ENCOURAGES PHYSICIANS.  
Massillon, Ohio.—The physicians at the state hospital for the insane recently tried the experiment of exhibiting to the patients a big painting of Christ illuminated by electric lights. It is believed that by thus concentrating the attention of the insane upon this picture a beneficial therapeutic effect will be produced and may result in their recovery.  
The experiment was made at the religious services. A big picture entitled "Christ Knocking at the Door," a copy of Holman's masterpiece, painted by H. Birkenstock, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., was placed in the chapel with a battery of electric lights ready to be concentrated upon it. After some religious music of an impressive character the lights were suddenly turned on to the painting. The insane were evidently impressed. They stared at the picture long.

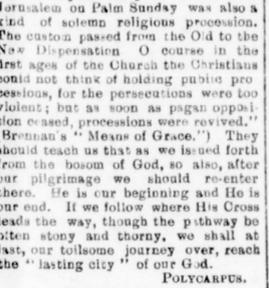
The lights were then turned out and after more music the process was repeated. Many of the patients, recognizing the subject of the painting, raised their hands in supplication toward it, and some fell on their knees in prayer.  
The physicians at the hospital were well satisfied with the experiment. They believe that in the cases of patients the effect has been most beneficial.  
The picture was donated to the hospital by citizens of Akron.  
At Newton Grove in North Carolina there is a parish almost entirely made up of converts. The Rev. Michael Izwin is the present pastor. The story is a well known bit of history.  
Some twenty-five years ago, a man named Dr. Monk received a package among which was wrapped a copy of a New York daily paper. In this paper was an article by an eminent Archbishop on the "Marks of the True Church."  
Dr. Monk read the article, and became so impressed by it that he wanted to read more. He began trying to discover where he could find the nearest Catholic priest who might tell him more about the Church. He found that the nearest priest was Father Gross of Wilmington. He and all his family went to see the priest, and in due time they were received into the Church.  
Dr. Monk returned to his home, but not to be an idler in the work of the Lord. He went among his neighbors and told them about the Church, and many of them listened and studied and prayed, and in time were baptized.  
One of Dr. Monk's granddaughters is now a Sister of Mercy, and a grandson joined the Benedictine order at Eastmont, N. C.  
All these wonderful conversions came through the grace of God and an old newspaper which contained a good article on the Church.  
Until Dr. Monk and his family became converts, there were no Catholics in Newton Grove.—The Missionary.

threefold ringing of the little bells at the solemn elevation of the Host is thus also a reminder of this touching detail of the passion of our Redeemer. The ringing of the tower bell also at that part of the Mass, enables those within hearing of it, such as the sick, the aged, and others who may have been unable to attend Church, to join in spirit at this solemn moment. In the sacrifice which is being offered upon the altar.  
I have not been used to religious processions. What are their uses and significance? These solemn marches, accompanied with prayer and chant, are made in order to praise God, to thank Him, to implore His protection, to avert His chastisements, or to celebrate a triumph of Christianity; and to remind ourselves that we are but pilgrims and strangers on earth for "we have not here a lasting city, but seek one that is to come." (Heb. 13. 14) Mention is made of religious processions in both the Old and New Testaments. Thus "Josue and his people marched seven times around Jericho, whose walls fell down at the end of the last circuit. David accompanied the Ark and brought it home in procession. The triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday was also a kind of solemn religious procession. The custom passed from the Old to the New Dispensation. O courses in the first ages of the Church the Christians could not think of holding public processions, for the persecutions were too violent; but as soon as pagan opposition ceased, processions were revived." (Brennan's "Means of Grace.") They should teach us that as we issued forth from the bosom of God, so also, after the pilgrimage we should re-enter there. "He is our beginning and life is our end. If we follow where His Cross leads the way, though the pathway be often stony and thorny, we shall at last, our tollsome journey over, reach the 'lasting city' of our God."  
POLYCARPUS.  
TO BE CONTINUED.

**ALMOST GIVEN UP**

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" SAVED HIS LIFE.

Mr. Dingwall was Superintendent of St. Andrews Sunday School in Williams town for nine years and License Commissioner for Glengarry—and then Collector for Charlottetown—for fourteen years continuously. Read below strongly Mr. Dingwall's coming out in favor of "Fruit-a-tives."



Williamstown, Ont., April 5th, 1907.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the almost marvellous benefit I have derived from taking "Fruit-a-tives." It was a life long sufferer from Chronic Constipation and the only medicine I ever secured to do me any real good was "Fruit-a-tives." This medicine cured me when everything else failed. Also, last spring, I had a severe attack of bladder trouble with kidney trouble, and "Fruit-a-tives" cured these complaints for me, when the physician attending me had practically given me up. I am now over eighty years of age and I can strongly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" for Chronic Constipation and bladder and kidney trouble. This medicine is mild like fruit, is easy to take, but most effective in action.  
Sgd JAMES DINGWALL.

"Fruit-a-tives" — or "Fruit Liver Tablets" are sold by dealers at 50c a box — 6 for \$2.50 — or will be sent on receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

**CONVERT MADE BY AN OLD NEWS-PAPER.**

At Newton Grove in North Carolina there is a parish almost entirely made up of converts. The Rev. Michael Izwin is the present pastor. The story is a well known bit of history.  
Some twenty-five years ago, a man named Dr. Monk received a package among which was wrapped a copy of a New York daily paper. In this paper was an article by an eminent Archbishop on the "Marks of the True Church."  
Dr. Monk read the article, and became so impressed by it that he wanted to read more. He began trying to discover where he could find the nearest Catholic priest who might tell him more about the Church. He found that the nearest priest was Father Gross of Wilmington. He and all his family went to see the priest, and in due time they were received into the Church.  
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One of Dr. Monk's granddaughters is now a Sister of Mercy, and a grandson joined the Benedictine order at Eastmont, N. C.  
All these wonderful conversions came through the grace of God and an old newspaper which contained a good article on the Church.  
Until Dr. Monk and his family became converts, there were no Catholics in Newton Grove.—The Missionary.

When the love of Christ for you begin? Even when He began to be God. But when did He begin to be God? Never, for He has always been without a beginning or an end, so also has He loved you from all eternity.

**Gillette Safety Razor**

NO MORE STROPPING

**Face Insurance.**

You insure your life, house, business holdings, etc., etc.

Why not your face?

The Policy of the "GILLETTE" is to insure you against further shaving troubles, dull unsharpened razors, cuts, time lost, money spent.

A GILLETTE Razor establishes a long term insurance policy for YOUR face.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.  
Canadian Factory, MONTREAL

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Second Sunday after Easter.

DUTIES OF PARENTS.

"I am the Good Shepherd: I know mine." (St. John x 14.)

Our Divine Lord, my dear brethren, not only asserts that He is "the Good Shepherd," but also proves Himself to be so by the care and solicitude which He has for the well-being of His flock. He spared no pain, no labor, in His watchful care over His sheep, and finally shed the last drop of His Blood in their defence, leaving an example to those who are likewise shepherds in their own sphere. St. Augustine says that parents are shepherds in their households, and that they must have the same care for their children that a shepherd has for his flock. They, like the Good Shepherd, must know and feed their sheep, protect them from the wolves, and go before, leading them in the right way. Parents, you must realize that the sheep entrusted to your care are spiritual beings, that they have souls, that they are images of God, created by God the Father, redeemed by God the Son, and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, and that, in heaven or hell, they shall continue to live for ever. Stagnant and bright in baptismal purity are these sheep when placed in your hands to be led to their inheritance of the kingdom of heaven.

In order that you may be good shepherds you must know your children. Know them interiorly, what their dispositions are, what they wish, desire and aim at; what troubles they have, what they need, what is good or evil, expedient or injurious to them, what their faults and defects are, whether they are inclined to this or that vice, that evil habits may not be allowed to grow up and take root in them. "Hast thou children," says sacred Scripture, "instruct them and how down their neck from their childhood." You must instruct your children in the truths of religion. Impress upon them the end for which they were created. Speak to them of the future life, of the eternal happiness or the eternal misery which awaits us—a heaven full of joy or a hell full of suffering. Speak to them of God's knowledge, who knows and sees all things; of God's justice, who leaves no good unrewarded and no evil unpunished. Instruct and warn them regarding all things appertaining to salvation. Let the words uttered by Tobias, when on his death-bed, be rehearsed in every household: "Hear, my son, the words of my mouth, and lay them as a foundation in thy mind, and take heed that thou never consent to sin nor transgress the commandments of the Lord our God. Never suffer pride to reign in thy mind or in thy words, for from it all perdition took its beginning. See thou never do to another what thou wouldst hate to have done to thee by another. Eat thy bread with the hungry and needy. Bless God at all times, and desire of Him to direct thy ways and that all thy counsel may abide in Him. Fear not, my son, we indeed lead a poor life, but we shall have many good things if we fear God, and depart from all sin, and do that which is good."

You must protect your children from the wolves. Know who their companions are. Watch over them that no wolf in sheep's clothing may enter amongst the flock, that none of the flock may stray into the wolf's den of the dance hall, the public house, or any of the other misceled places of amusement. Be not like the hireling who leaveth the sheep and fleeth when he seeth the wolf coming. You, like good shepherds, must go before your flock leading it in the right way. Children are taught far more by example than by words. You yourselves must be virtuous and God-fearing, diligent in the practice of your Christian duties. Do you go punctually to confession, or are you slothful and careless, and put off for a year, or years, the worthy reception of Holy Communion? Are all your acts influenced by the consciousness of God's presence? Are you just and forgiving in your transactions with others? Are you solicitous to perform good works, works of charity, of mercy? Would you have your children live according to the dictates of their holy faith? Then set them good example and they are sure to walk in your footsteps. If any man have not care of his own, and especially those of his house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

THE NEW JESUIT SHRINE.

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE OF APRIL 25.

EVIDENCE WITH A DISTINCTION.

When I said above, that all the evidence was against Mr. Hunter's extraordinary notion, I meant not merely what becomes plain to our reason from the testimony of others, but what stands out clearly in bold relief to the mental or physical vision; for, all reasons embodied in this long dissertation could be taken in at a glance by any one who is not bent on not seeing. Was I not right in saying that it is no easy matter to prove what is evident? Mr. Andrew Hunter is quite content to assert that things are evident. It might have been better on my part to have imitated him in this, and to have opposed a simple denial to his unsupported assertions. It would have saved time, and not rilled the patience of others. But I owed it as a duty to the cause of historical research in my own native Province of Ontario. Indeed it was high time to head off one who was doing harm to that cause by disseminating a perverse interpretation of Duerenx's map, that invaluable guide, just as he was striving to work injury to the shrine at St. Ignace II, now the Martyrs' Hill, by vaguely alluding to adverse evidence as favourable to his theory. People will now know just what his powers of assimilation are when he thinks he has mastered the contents of the old records; and will know moreover to what degree his conclusions, which he would force upon

others, by dint of bold assertion, not reasoning, are reliable. WHERE CAHAGUÉ STOOD. If Mr. Hunter is anxious now to know where Cahagué is to be set down on Simcoe County map, let him first read again what I have quoted from Champlain: "We left the village (Cahagué) on September 1, and passed on the shore of a little lake three leagues distant from the said village"; that is, as he adds, where the extensive fisheries are carried on by means of the weir described. The lake, termed "little in comparison with Lake Simcoe, and where stakes of the old weir are occasionally drawn out of the marsh even to the present day, is Lake Couchiching. Consequently let him take his compass, and place the point on the shore line near the Orillia railway station, and with an opening of three leagues, or nine miles taken on the scale, describe a quarter-circle or quadrant from the north shore of Lake Simcoe up through the county. Cahagué should be found somewhere on or near that arc.

Before determining now that "some where," let me draw attention to the expression used by Champlain "nous passames sur le bord d'un petit lac," that I have translated literally, "we passed on the margin of a little lake," that is "we skirted a little lake." It is impossible that the whole clause should mean that the nine mile journey lay continuously along the margin of the lake, as Parkman probably thought. The reason is very apparent for the lake itself was the full nine miles from Cahagué, so that the "skirting" began only after the nine miles had been covered, that is when having reached the present site of Orillia, they skirted the southern extremity of the lake, about as the railway now runs, till they came to the Narrows where the fishing weir had been constructed.

And now let us see where on the arc of the circle, described above, Cahagué should be located. On page 517 of the volume above quoted Champlain says: "And seeing the length of time they (the Hurons at Carhagouah) took to get the bulk of their army together, and that I should have time to visit their country, I decided to proceed by short stages from village to village to Cahagué, which was to be, the trying place of the whole army, fourteen leagues distant from Carhagouah." This is given as what he thought was the correct distance between the two villages, for on the following page he says: "All the country whither I passed in my last journey comprised (some) the same twenty or thirty leagues." The phrase is somewhat ambiguous but I take it to mean that that was the distance gone over in zigzagging through Huronia.

CURTAINING OVER ESTIMATES. Carhagouah, according to computations I have made, which would take up too much space here to rehearse, and which will be given elsewhere shortly, should be placed on or about 107, concession xviii., Tay. Probably Mr. Hunter will not agree with me, but it is quite immaterial where it is placed for the present purpose, provided it be somewhere in the northern part of the Township of Tay; even at Cedar (or Clover) Point. The reason of this is that Champlain overestimated the distance. A line fourteen leagues of forty-two miles in length would reach from Cedar Point far out into Lake Simcoe, and if measured directly east, far beyond Sparrow Lake. Since we cannot give it the full measure ascribed to it by Champlain, we do the next best thing and give it all the length we can, that is from lot 20, concession xviii., Tay, to the water's edge on the northern shore of Lake Simcoe. But we must not forget that the arc of a circle described with the Orillia Railway Station as centre and a radius of three leagues, or nine miles, gives us the present distance of Cahagué from the little Lake of Champlain, otherwise Lake Couchiching, and the intersection of this arc and the shore line will show Mr. Andrew Hunter just where to place Cahagué on the map. For that matter, though he did not realize it at the time, he described its site in his monograph on Oro, p. 32, No. 67. Cahagué always remained the landing-place of St. Jean Baptiste, which did not stand on the very margin of the lake but on the heights immediately back at Hawke's Point.

AND CONTAREA? Its position is not so easily determined as that of Cahagué. But a word first as to its name. In Relation 1642 (p. 71, 1 col) of the first part of the word is correctly written Kontarea, there being no simple "o" in Huron it is always followed by "h," thus "Ch" which in turn is invariably pronounced soft either as "Chouen" or in "Chonille." As to the latter part, we find it correctly written in Relation 1656 (p. 10, 1 col), Contarea. Combining the two we have the correct form K-m-tarea, which means "where there is a little lake." And, thanks to this signification, we may hope to place it with tolerable accuracy. It was one day's journey from Imonatiria, as is stated in Relation 1636 (p. 94, 2 col) which was written from that village (p. 139, 2 col) Right or ten leagues, or twenty-four to thirty miles, was looked upon by the missionaries as a day's journey (Rel. 1641, p. 71, 2 col) Imonatiria itself stood on the bluff, far to the north, facing Methodist, formerly Todd's Point. To prove this latter assertion would take up altogether too much space here, but the proof will shortly appear elsewhere. But in what direction must these twenty-four or thirty miles be measured? The very name tells us that the village stood near a small lake. On the county map two lakes only are eligible within that radius, Little Lake, lying between Crown Hill and Barrie, and Bass Lake to the south of Price's Corners, but quite near that village.

The vicinity of the Crown Hill Lake must be rejected when there is question of a large town, as towns were among the Hurons for Contarea, before its destruction in June 1642 (Rel. 1644, p. 69, 1 col), was the principle bulwark

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of the country (Rel. 1642 p. 71, 1 col) and occupying such a position it would have been the last Huron town on the way to the Neutrals. Nevertheless it is very certain that at a date when Contarea was yet standing the Relations inform us that St. Joseph II, or Teanaucastaié was the last in that direction. Beaubien and Chaumonot were on their way to the Neutrals and had reached St. Joseph, or Teanaucastaié "the last town of the Hurons" (Rel. 1641, p. 71, 2 col.)

The logical sequence is that Contarea stood somewhere in the neighborhood of Bass Lake, which is strictly in keeping with the expression made use of when the destruction was chronicled "one of our frontier towns" (Rel. 1641, p. 69, 1 col) and this other "within market shot of the last village." (Rel. 1636, p. 92, 2 col) In this latter reference the name of Contarea is not mentioned in connection with the event recorded, but the same date, June 13, and the same number killed, twelve, are given in the same Relation (1636, p. 94, 2 col) where Contarea is mentioned as the scene of the disaster.

A stretch in a straight line of thirty miles from Imonatiria would just reach an ancient village site near Bass Lake, described by Mr. Andrew F. Hunter, on lot 7, concession XIII, Oro Township, the Bachmann farm: "Considerable remains of a town or village have been found. . . The site has seven or eight acres altogether, on a raised plateau. . . There are brick deposits of a few which ruins and fragments. . . This is an important site, and I have concluded that it represents the earlier position of the "capital" of the Rock Nation. . . and was probably the town visited by Champlain and called Cahagué" (Oro, pp. 25, 26). It would be suggested here, in Mr. Hunter's own words, "a little more attention to distance" would perhaps help to eradicate the error" (Id. p. 11.) This only brings home to us more and more that Mr. Hunter's observations should be directed to other necessary conditions besides the presence of the "Red Holly-hocks."

ON A PAR WITH THE BEST.

And now I come to Mr. Hunter's peroration, his pathetic appeal to the clergymen who took part in the dedication of the shrine at St. Ignace. I am sure they feel greatly honored by the high estimation in which he says he holds them. But let me assure him that though they are all he believes them to be, a very reverend and truth-loving body of men, he will, in this case, find them an obstinate set, not because they will not listen to reason, but because they have done so already. Mr. Hunter's hopeful view of their ultimate return to wiser notions, if not in bad taste, is to say the least, out of place. They are incomparably better fitted by their mental training and natural ability to follow a train of reasoning in support of a "thesis" than is Mr. Andrew Hunter by his own showing. And to class them (or that is what his words imply) as a silly set who would crowd to "a spot which not only is not St. Ignace, but is not a Huron village site of any kind, and has not a single jot or tittle of evidence to make it worthy of any one's consideration," would be deemed a grievous affront coming from any other quarter.

The public and particularly those interested in Canadian Archaeology and historical research, being now in possession of what can be said, and has been said on either side, will have no difficulty in discerning wild talk and bald assertion from conclusions legitimately drawn from reliable data and facts solidly established. Though Mr. Andrew Hunter's blunders have been appalling, and though he has to the best of his ability attempted to "woo" the public to his side, he will, I dare say, hold out a chance of rehabilitation, not as an expert but as a venturesome man, strictly however on his own principle that "no blame can rightfully be given to any one who merely blunders and then honestly corrects his error." From the line of action he may follow in the future, people will be put in a position to form a fair estimate of his sincerity.

A SILVER LINING TO EVERY CLOUD. It would be a sad thing if there were no redeeming feature in all Mr. Andrew Hunter's career as a lover and registrar of the relics of a heroic past. On this score, I heartily and gratefully bear witness to his untiring zeal in beating year after year, through all the country once occupied by the Hurons in Simcoe County, bringing to light many sites which might have been overlooked, and stating minutely, as far as the conditions allowed, whatever remains of Indian villages the first white occupants of the land had themselves found, or whatever had been noted by others. In this field he has no rival, and I have in numerous instances turned to account what he has listed in his monograph on Piny, Tay, Medonia, Orillia, Veepira and Flos. In this work, peculiarly by his own, his help has been invaluable at least to me. I

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am not overstepping the mark, when I affirm that had Grey been as fortunate as Simcoe County, in this respect, in possessing an equally persistent and successful seeker of sites once occupied by the Petans, St. Jean, or Edwards, would long since have been discovered. It is this sort of Observation which may well find place in the Ontario Archaeological Reports but not a few of his other observations, on what he has observed or noted, certainly do not deserve the distinction of being therein recorded.

As for the historical deductions from what he has observed, owing no doubt to a too superficial reading, or a misunderstanding of the old records, or even more to neglect in collating one passage with another, most of them, to put it very mildly, are absolutely valueless.

And if Mr. Andrew Hunter credits his readers with the least degree of penetration and sagacity, he would do well to refrain from any pretentious twaddle on palisading. This is an idiosyncratic weakness. When he has in particular cases the assurance of the old chronicles to guide him, well and good. Otherwise he could do no better than keep present in mind the words of Beaubien, who read the Huron calendar to perfection. "This Nation," he writes, "is over timorous. The Hurons do not maintain a vigilant watch; they have next to no care in preparing arms, or in shutting in their villages with stockades, their ordinary expedient, especially when the enemy is in force, is to betake themselves to flight." (Rel. 1636, p. 94, 2 col.)

And now, Mr. Editor, I am done with Mr. Andrew Hunter for the present, and leave him to his cogitations. I thank you for having given so much valuable space to this lengthy communication. My sole apology to you and to your readers, is that the work of refutation is necessarily more prolix than the formulating of a series of unfounded and misleading assertions.

Sine ira et studio, A. E. JONES, S. J. St. Mary's College, Montreal, Feb. 11th, 1908.

PRIESTS COMPOUND A BIGOT.

WHY HUNTINGTON, IND., KNOWS THE REV. MR. SMALL NO MORE. From the Catholic Columbian.

Ordinarily when some bigoted preacher or so-called "evangelist" assails the Catholic Church and misrepresents her, the clergy and laymen permit the matter to go unchallenged and give the offending bigot rope enough to hang himself. Many regard this as a good policy in the majority of cases, but once in a while it does good to have the defenders of the Church called to a sudden halt and made to prove their "charges" to fair-minded Americans.

A case which well illustrates the whole question of this way of dealing with bigots has occurred recently at Huntington, Ind. For some weeks a campaign of vilification against the Catholic Church has been waged in Huntington and the vicinity. It was brought to a sudden and ignominious end mainly through the energy and courage of Rev. John R. Quinlan, of St. Mary's Church, assisted by Rev. William Conrad Miller, of St. Peter and Paul's Church, also of Huntington.

For some time Rev. James Small, "Evangelist," had been conducting a series of revival meetings at the Central Christian Church of Huntington. His sermon attacking the Catholic Church and making the most unfounded and scandalous statements about it was circulated in pamphlet form among the people of the community. It was placed everywhere in public and fell into the hands of almost every one in the city. Father Quinlan and Father Miller, the pastors of the two Catholic churches, took the matter up and challenged Mr. Small to "make good" the accusations he made in his pamphlet. The "evangelist" paid no attention at first, but the two priests did not allow him to dodge. They reached a number of good citizens, fair-minded Protestants, and through them brought about a conference at the Free Library, of leading laymen and clergymen. Among those who attended the conference were Rev. C. Sheilburne, pastor of the Christian Church; his assistant, Rev. Mr. Gordon; Mr. Peter Martin, Rev. William Miller, Rev. John R. Quinlan and "last and not least" Mr. Small, the "evangelist."

Father Quinlan opened the Catholic side of the question by producing the pamphlet and asking Mr. Small for his proofs as to some scandalous statements made therein. Mr. Small said that "there may be some difference of opinion on the subject," then Father Quinlan countered by stating that the statements alluded to were absolutely untrue, and that in order to prove them untrue all he wanted was a chance to discuss the subjects either privately or in public.

"I will even take the subject up right here," said Father Quinlan, "and leave it to the gentlemen present to judge." Mr. Small evaded again. He didn't want to enter into any "acrimonious discussion to disturb good feelings existing."

Father Quinlan and Father Miller then offered to have the matter discussed in public at a certain time and place and invite every one that could find room in the largest meeting place in the city.

This was a killer to Mr. Small. "Why, if I were to do that," he said,

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"It would interfere seriously with my work as an evangelist. I could not give up an evening for such a purpose." Then Father Quinlan took him to task before the conference and challenged him to give a particle of proof for his scandalous statements about the Catholic Church. Authority and reference was asked for each and every statement. Mr. Small could give no proofs whatever. The conference broke up by the evangelist asking to be excused. He left Huntington the next morning. Among all classes of the community there is much gratification over the manner in which the two priests handled the matter. Good citizens generally of all the local churches applauded Father Quinlan for the way he defended truth and justice and confounded falsehood, Huntington will probably not hear of Mr. Small for some time to come.

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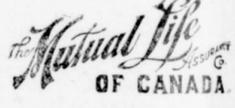


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CATHOLIC BISHOP BELIEVED BY ALL CITIZENS.

On the occasion of his golden jubilee, the Detroit Journal, a secular paper, paid the following tribute to the Right Rev. Bishop Foley:

"Much can happen in fifty years. The span is itself a fairly long life time. He who has devoted fifty years of his life to the pursuit of a single exalted ideal, such as Bishop John S. Foley has done, can contemplate an achievement that will leave the most enduring and worthy monument, the monument in the memory and the hearts of his fellow men."

"Since he first came to Detroit as a Bishop two decades have passed very quickly. It was a remarkable welcome that was given him. He was greeted by Protestant and Catholic alike. An Episcopalian Bishop, scholarly Dr. Davies, made the address of welcome. Before that coming there had been religious intolerance, discord, bitterness in Detroit. There had been anti-Protestant and anti-Catholic feeling. The forbearance, the tact and the good sense of Bishop Foley have smoothed away the discord. His charity has set aside bigotry and prejudice. By his personal influence and example he has done much to unify the religious sentiment of Detroit, all beliefs, all denominations, all classes."

"These have been profitable and progressive years, too, that Bishop Foley has labored in Detroit. Never has the diocese been so well organized, so tranquil and, spiritually, so powerful. To one who has labored so long and abundantly the richest and most coveted reward must be the appreciation of those for whom he has labored. This is the significance of the remarkable tribute that has just been paid to an able and justly beloved citizen and a gentle brother of all humanity."

A NEED OF THE DAY.

WE MUST HAVE MORAL TRAINING FOR OUR YOUTH.

A series of pertinent sermons on economic and religious subjects given in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception at Albany, by Rev. T. J. Shealy, S. J., has been attracting a great deal of attention. In a recent sermon Father Shealy dealt in a masterly manner with the subject of education and moral training, and trained of the fundamental causes for the present condition of social unrest.

The fundamental characteristic of the time in which we live is its great social unrest, he said, which finds a mighty and a varied utterance. The consciousness of contradiction between material progress and spiritual ideals speaks as loudly in schemes of social philosophy and social legislation as it does in the passionate cry of indignation or hate which comes from the hungry or despairing. Never in the history of the world were so many people learned or ignorant, rich or poor, men and women, stirred by this recognition of inequality in social opportunity, and by the sense of injustice in the social machinery. The schools of ethics and political economy that are now loudly measuring for extreme and extravagant measures of redress are the schools most responsible for the condition they would remedy, but the remedies they propose are worse than the disease, and confusion worse confounded must be the outcome of their application.

Two strong camps. Shall we go on dividing up into two strong camps of battle? The urgent and the serene, the driver and the beast of burden, the jailer of human souls and the slave, the selfish and thoughtless rich and the angry and dejected poor, the official with the gambling and corruption and the subject with his deep rooted sense of outraged justice?

Shall we go on, I repeat, to the up-beaving, the conflict and the slaughter? What can harmonize the inequalities? What can give equilibrium to the social scales? What can give nobility to labor and a blessing to the wearied poor? What can make wealth generous and benevolent, and poverty respectful and patient? What can keep respectability in the heart of power and confidence in the heart of service? What can give a rational explanation to life's inequalities and a dignity to life's obligations? What can make mercy temper justice, and make mercy and justice temper and regulate all our social relations? How will your moral stimulants meet the awful pressure of such a task?

Apply your economic lessons to the conditions and how will they fit in? Without religion your new methods of moral instruction will only inspire anger and hatred and revolt for without the light of religion the laws that govern the world appear to be laws that beset and crush and agonize. Man comes into life in pain and goes through life in pain and dies in pain, pain is the very breath of his nostrils and the beating of heart and brain.

NEED THE LIGHT OF FAITH. Your pupils have only to look out from the school room windows to call the economy of life the most cruel and the most tyrannical if there is no light of faith to interpret it and no light of hope to brighten it, no religion of strength to make man enduring and courageous, and no religion of righteousness to lift up his eyes from the policies where wrong thrives and prospers to the great adjustment in the eternal scales of divine justice.

So that your economic selfishness may sound well when things go well with you, but most of us have to serve and to drudge, to walk hard ways and earn our bread in the sweat of our brow.

I am far from denying that retribution comes to evil doers even here on earth; but it often comes slowly, and often unseen, for it often reaches but the spirit side of our nature, which in the mad fever of material interests is not appreciated. It comes also not in full measure, nor to all, at least in any form that man can judge.

There is innocence crushed that never rises, there are widows' tears that never dry, and many an orphaned heart goes down to the grave. And were it always true in tangible evidence, your method would still prove wanting.

No effective system of virtue can be built on selfishness, no strong manhood can live by ethical jobbing and barter, no great character can grow out of the mathematics of pleasure and pain. It is the self forgetting, the self denying, the self sacrificing heart that alone keeps life great with nobility, warm with kindness and chivalrous with ideals.

THE CHURCH A SHINING LIGHT.

Whatever else her friends or foes may say of the Catholic Church, one thing they may all affirm, that she is "a bright beacon on a mountain that can not be hid," and "a lighted candle put upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all who are in the house." For good or for ill, the Catholic Church is unmistakable; a definite object before men's eyes; a certain factor with which to deal; an absolute verity; the most compact and solid reality, the most thoroughly equipped, consolidated and enduring organization to be found in the world to-day.

In the first place she has a definite head, the Pope whom she claims to be Christ's vicar upon earth. Other dynasties may change—they have changed, an emperor may replace a king, and a president an emperor; a kingdom may become a republic; but the Church remains one and the same, with her Supreme Pontiff at her head. She is entering on the twentieth century of her existence; and still the sublime words of St. Ambrose are true to her: "Show me Peter and I will show you the Church." Not from father to son is her magnificent line handed down; but one old man succeeds another, taking not the honor to himself, but called by God, as Aaron was; "a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech," called by God a high priest according to the order of Melchisedech. What St. Paul says of Jesus Christ, the Divine Founder and Head of the Catholic Church, may be reverently said of His vicars on earth, those "other Christs," the Sovereign Pontiffs who reign, whether in the Catacombs or the Vatican at Rome. Where shall we find another society on earth with a record like this? How surely is this "a city seated on a mountain" that "can not be hid."

What other organization possesses the splendidly trained, carefully planned, thoroughly systematized, and wonderfully numerous organizations of consecrated men and women, vowed to God's service in the holy vows of poverty, chastity and obedience; one member succeeding another, not through any human tie, or worldly motive, or call of mere duty, but for the love of God? Where else will you find 7,000 School Sisters of Notre Dame, 2,000 Little Sisters of the Poor, 20,000 Sisters of Charity, besides the many, many thousands of Sisters under different titles? And what of the orders of men, Dominicans, Benedictines, Jesuits, Marists—who shall name them all?—ready to lay down life itself for God and His Church?—obedient to the Church's visible head at Rome, and bound to him by closest and intimate relations of loyalty and service? Oh, city seated on a mountain, how glorious thou art!

Where else, indeed, is such a tie as exists between that head and the least members of this unequalled whole, this splendid society? Oneness of faith sustains this unity; the Church's teaching is no uncertain sound. The utterances of her Supreme Pontiff, when he speaks "ex cathedra" as we call it—that is, "when exercising his office as the pastor and teacher of all Christians, he, in virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, defines a doctrine concerning faith and morals, to be held by the whole Church," these utterances we hold to be infallible, the Supreme Pontiff being withheld from error by God the Holy Ghost. The creeds of the Church are irrevocable, irrefragable; and the Church is indeed "a lighted candle put upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all who are in the house."—Sacred Heart Review.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE YOUNG MEN?

SOME GOOD ADVICE ON A SERIOUS MATTER.

"Quit in the Monitor, Newark. The number of young men and women of marriageable age is out of all proportion to the number of marriages or engagements we hear of. In a certain parish the pastor recently spoke of the matter to his congregation, and his remarks created a mild sensation, if not a profound impression. The girls, like Bazils, seem 'willin'' enough to encourage the attentions of the boys. They say it is not their fault; they cannot do the courting or proposing; and we are inclined to believe them. What is the matter with the young men? Is it poverty, or is it selfishness? Is it their 'good times,' as they call it, they fear losing—the rights of freedom, the companions, the club, the haunt, the game of cards? Are they afraid of the modern woman's extravagance? The cost of her gowns and hats? Or is it the expense of living nowadays? Maybe, and this is more likely, they have not given the matter a thought at all. They are satisfied with the company of a girl, to dance with her, to call upon her, and that ends the matter. The right girl has not appeared yet, or they cannot make a choice.

"Well, whatever may be said one way or another, there is something wrong somewhere. It was true in the Garden of Eden; it is true to-day. 'It is not good for man to be alone; let us make him a help like unto himself.' The married state is the natural state for man. It is unnatural to live on without a thought of marriage. Of course

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I speak of the rule, not of the exception. Some are so situated that marriage is out of the question for the present. A mother, a family may be depending upon that one youth as the breadwinner. There are other exceptions as well. But the swaggers youths who dress well and spend their money upon themselves, who gad aimlessly and flit away their free time without purpose, who have no serious thought about life or living, any more than to earn money to spend upon themselves, their companions, their pleasures for such and such God speaks: "It is not good."

EVIDENCE OF DECAY OF ANTI-CATHOLIC PREJUDICE.

DAILY PAPER'S TRIBUTE TO A DEFENDER OF THE FAITH SO STURDY AND SO ABLE. As evidence both of the good effect of mission services on non-Catholics, and of the decay of anti-Catholic prejudices throughout the United States, we quote the following paragraph from the Ithaca (N. Y.) Daily News.

"Century after century the mighty arm of the Catholic Church has been stretched forth to subdue the powers of darkness. Unwavering in her professions, unswerving in her teachings, the Grand Old Church of Rome has thundered forth year in and year out, that 'the wages of sin is death.' In vain have the tides of atheism beat against her adamantine ramparts; in vain has so-called advanced theology leveled its slung-shot and volley-fire into her entrenched camps. The Catholic Church stands to-day, as it has stood, for the inviolability of the faith, and supreme in the hearts of the people who compose its membership. No one of properly balanced mind, in or out of the Catholic Church, can fail to admire and profoundly respect a structure that can survive all this, and defy all this, without ever so much as asking quarter or conceding a hair's breadth. As for Christian people, professing whatever creed, they surely must rejoice that a defender of faith so sturdy and so able remains to them. For the Catholic Church belongs by no means to the Catholic priesthood and to their immediate followers: it belongs to the Christian world. It is because of this fact—dimly perceived long ago, and now fully recognized by countless thousands blinded hitherto by an unreasonable prejudice—that the mission in progress at the Immaculate Conception Church takes on unusual interest."

And the article concludes with an exhortation to non-Catholics to join their Catholic friends "in hearing the mission fathers." "Let us repeat once more," says the Ave Maria, commenting on the foregoing, "what has been said innumerable times in connection with evidence to this sort: All that is needed to make our country Catholic is for every member of the Church to try his neighbor the example of a truly Christian life.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Another evil, worse than the first, is the long engagement. It is unreasonably; it is often unjust to the women. Long engagements have frequently turned out disastrously—for the woman, of course. Man is ever, more or less, a free lance. As it is nothing less than criminal for a man to dangle about after a woman without any serious thought or intention, so it is hardly less than criminal to let the engagement drag on for months without a definite time set for its fulfillment.

It is precisely this matter the Church had in view—to safeguard and protect the rights, the fair name of woman—when she recently enacted the new law regarding the written and attested form of the espousal contract. "While she does not enjoin the preliminary of marriage, yet she wishes to encourage the written form of agreement, to remove the dangers to morals and to prevent dissension and dispute over the validity of the betrothal contract."

Everything, you see, to safeguard the woman's fair name and rights. It is not strange that the Church is strict in these things. Unlike the world and its kind, she stands for purity, for innocence; she watches over her children as a good mother should, to instruct them and guard them. Her young men, her young women cannot be, must not be, like other young men and young women. They are the blossom and fruits of the Church. They cannot be so different, even outwardly in conduct. But I speak particularly of the mind and heart, the thought, the intention and the desire.

Young men, wake up and have a care for the future, your future! The paradise of a Christian home awaits you! It is not to be gained haphazard. A little prudence and forethought, a little care and economy, a little judgment, rightly directed—these will guide you there.

Your affinity is home with her mother, the light and sunshine of her father's house. She is a good Catholic and her style and beauty is of the enduring kind. In every parish there are many such women—pure as the lilies, modest as the violets, good as the virgin gold, trustworthy as the grace of God within them.

You make no mistake if you choose any one of these.

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A PRAYER O God, my Master God, look down and see if I am making who Thou wouldst of me. Yain might I lift my hands up in the air From the distant passion of my prayer: Yet here they stoop on this cold altar stone. Giving the words I think I should make known. Mine eyes are Thine. Yea I'm not forget. Lost with unshaken tears I leave them wet. D'm'ning their faithful power, till they can not wet. Some small plain task that can be done for Thee. My feet, that ache for paths of flowery bloom. Halt steadfast in the straitsness of this room. Though they may never be an errand sent. Here shall they stay, and wait Thy full content. And my poor heart, that doth so crave for peace. Shall beat until Thou bid it beating cease. So Thou, dear Master God look down and see Whether I do Thy bidding, humbly. —Alice Keyser in "W. minister."

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