

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen"—(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname)—St. Paclian, 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 unwearied 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 Rt. Rev. 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 IN 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:

Today 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.

THE MODERN SLAVERY.

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 and crime 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 paperism 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 wild onrush 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 hareem. 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 when the unbeliever is so rampant 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 men, while doubtless honest 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 made 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 "flagrant 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 doctrine of marriages 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 renews 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 muddle-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 hammer 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'Arcy, 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 Adirondack 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 Omskurg, 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. Fletcher. 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.

THE LION OF FLANDERS. BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. CHAPTER VIII. CONTINUED.

"Ha! ha! Seize him!" repeated Breydel, with a laugh; "who will seize him, should like to know? Take notice that the commons are at this moment about to make themselves masters of the building. I tell each and every one of you small answer with his life for the Dean of the Clothworkers. You shall soon see Breydel, interest up to quite another tune too—that I promise you."

Meanwhile some of the sergeants in waiting had drawn near and seized the Dean of the Butchers by the collar, while one of them was already uncoiling a piece of cord with which to bind him. Breydel, interest up to quite another tune too—that I promise you. He struck one of the officers so violently with his heavy fist upon the head, that the man speedily measured his length on the ground; then, while the rest stood stupefied with astonishment, he rapidly forced his way through them to the door, and left as he passed. In the doorway he turned round upon the Liliards, and again exclaimed: "You shall pay for it, insolent scoundrels! What bid a butcher of Bruges? Who to you, accursed tyrants! Hear me! the dean of the Butchers' Guild shall beat your death march!"

More he would have said; but being no longer able to hold his ground against the multitude that was pressing upon him, he descended the stairs, uttering threats of vengeance as he went. An indistinct sound like the roar of distant thunder, now fell upon the ear from the other side of the city. The Liliards turned pale, and trembled at the coming storm; nevertheless, being deterred not to release their prisoners, they strengthened the gates about the building, so as to secure it against assault, and retired to their horses, protected by an armed escort. An hour afterwards the whole city was in insurrection; the tocsin sounded, and the drums of all the guilds beat to arms. The distant groan of the coming storm had given place to the terrific and appalling roar of a present tempest. Wind-shutters were closed; doors were fastened, and only opened again for the grown men of the family to pass out in arms. The dogs barked fiercely, as though they had understood what was going on, and joined their howls to the voices of the angry shouts of their masters. Here the people were grouped in masses; there they ran hither and thither with hasty steps; some armed with maces or clubs, others with halberds. A noisy, streaming multitude of the butchers were easily to be recognized by their flashing pole-axes; the smiths, too, with their heavy sledge-hammers on their shoulders, were conspicuous among the rest at the place of meeting, which was near to the Clothworkers' Hall, and where already a formidable body of the guilds stood drawn up in array. The multitude kept constantly increasing, as each new comer ranged himself under his proper standard.

At last, the assembly being now sufficiently numerous, Jan Breydel mounted the top of a wagon, which by chance was standing in the street, and flourishing his heavy pole-axe about his head, in a stentorian voice thus addressed the throng: "Men of Bruges! the day has arrived when you must strike for life and liberty! Now we must show the traitors what we really are, and whether there is a pound of slave's flesh to be found among us, whatever they may think. They have Master Deconinck in their dungeons; let us release him, if it cost us our blood. This is work for all the guilds, and a right good treat for the butchers. Now, comrades, up with your sleeves!"

And while his fellows were obeying the word of command, he himself, stripped his sinewy arms to the shoulder and sprang from the wagon, crying: "Forward! Deconinck forever!"

search after him, they hurried off in detachments to the houses of the principal Liliards, forced them open, and broke and destroyed every thing in them; but of the Liliards themselves not a single man was to be found; they had all foreseen the visit, and had been too prudent to await their coming.

Just as Breydel was about to leave the palace, with thoughts full of despair and vengeance, an old grey-headed fuller came up to him, and said: "Master Breydel, you know not how to search. There is another dungeon at the further end of the building, as I have good reason to know; for at the time of the great disturbances, one mortal year of my life did I lie there. It is a deep underground hole; be pleased to follow me."

Accordingly, Breydel, with several others, followed the old man; and they passed on through many passages, till they reached a small iron door. Here their guide took a sledge hammer from the hand of a smith who was with them, and with a stroke or two broke the lock; but the door refused to open. Then, in a transport of impatience, Breydel snatched the hammer from the fuller, and struck the door such a blow, that all the fastenings by which it was imbedded in the wall became loose, and the door fell from its place, and at once afforded them ready entrance into the dungeon.

In one corner stood Deconinck, fastened to the wall by a heavy chain. No sooner did Breydel perceive him, than in a transport of joy he sprang towards him, clasping him in his arms, as a forced his way through them to the door, and left as he passed. In the doorway he turned round upon the Liliards, and again exclaimed: "You shall pay for it, insolent scoundrels! What bid a butcher of Bruges? Who to you, accursed tyrants! Hear me! the dean of the Butchers' Guild shall beat your death march!"

"O master!" he cried, "how happy is this hour to me! I knew not till now how much I loved you!" "I thank you, my brave friend," was Deconinck's answer, while he cordially returned the butcher's warm embrace; "I knew well that you would not leave me in the dungeon; I knew that Jan Breydel's was not the heart for that. No! he that would see a Fleming of the true metal, let him look at you!"

Then turning to the bystanders, he exclaimed in a tone of feeling that touched the hearts of all who heard him: "My brethren, this day you have delivered me from death! To you belongs my blood; to the cause of your freedom I devote every faculty of my being. Regard me no longer as one of your D'ans of olden days, but as a living among you, but as a man that has sworn before God to make good your liberties against their foes. Here in the dark vaults of these dungeons, let me record the irrevocable oath. My blood, my life, for my beloved country!"

A cry of "Long live Deconinck!" overpowered his voice, and long echoed from the walls. From mouth to mouth the cry passed on, and soon resounded over the whole city. The very children lisped out, "Long live Deconinck!"

A file soon relieved him of the chain with which he had been fastened to the wall, and the Dean of the Clothworkers proceeded along with Jan Breydel into the vestibule of the palace; but the iron on his hands and feet still remained, and were no sooner perceived by the people than they of fury again rose from every mouth. Every beholder's cheek was wet with tears at once of joy and rage, and again with still greater energy, resounded the cry, "Long live Deconinck!"

Now the Clothworkers pressed about their Dean, and in their exaltation, raised him aloft upon the blood-stained shield of one of the soldiers whom they had killed. In vain Deconinck resisted; he was obliged to allow himself to be carried in triumph through all the streets of the city.

Strange sight it was that tumultuous procession. Thousands upon thousands, armed with such weapons as the moment had offered—axes, knives, spears, hammers, clubs,—ran hither and thither, shouting as if possessed. Above their heads, upon the knicker, stood Deconinck, with the fetters on his hands and feet; beside him marched the Butchers, with bared arms and flashing axes. More than an hour was thus consumed; at last Deconinck called to him the Deans and other principal officers of the guilds, and informed him that he must immediately confer with them upon a matter of the greatest importance to the common cause; he desired them to assemble at his house that same evening, in order to concert together the necessary measures.

He then addressed the people, thanking them for their services and for the honor they had shown him; the iron fetters were removed from his hands and feet, and amid enthusiastic acclamations, he was conducted by his fellow citizens to the door of his home in the Wool street.

CHAPTER IX. Next morning, before sunrise, John Van Gistel, with his Liliards, stood ready, armed at all points, in the vegetable market, and with them, in battle array, some three hundred men at arms of their retainers. The strictest silence was maintained,—for the alarm once given, their plot would fall. They awaited patiently the first beams of the morning sun, to fall upon the people and disarm them; then, without more ado, to hang Deconinck and Breydel as rebels, and finally, to coerce the guilds into complete subjection. The self-same day De Chastillon was to make his entry into the disarmed city, and to establish once for all, a new form of government in Bruges. Unfortunately for them, however, Deconinck's sagacity had penetrated their secret, and had already provided the means for frustrating their designs.

At the same moment, and in equal silence, the Clothworkers and Butchers, with detachments from some of the other trades, stood drawn up in arms in the Flemish street. Deconinck and Breydel were conferring together at a little distance from their corps, and laying out the plan for their morning work. It was finally settled that the Clothworkers and Butchers were

to fall upon the Liliards, while the men of the other guilds should make themselves masters of the city gates, which they were forthwith to close, in order to cut off from the enemy all succor from without.

Hardly was the plan of operations agreed upon, when the morning bell began to sound from the church of St. Donatus, and the tramp of John Van Gistel's horses was heard in the distance; upon which the men of the guilds at once set themselves in motion, and marched upon the Liliards, all in the deepest silence. It was upon the great market-place that the two hostile bodies first caught sight of each other; the Liliards just turning the corner of the Biddle street, while the Guildsmen were still in the Flemish street. Great was the astonishment of the French party, as they saw their secret discoverer; nevertheless, as good knights and men of valor, they determined to persevere, and were still confident of success.

The trumpets soon gave forth their inspiring tones, and horse and rider alike, with one voice, raised their voices in a shout of defiance. The Liliards, who had not yet extricated themselves from the defile of the Flemish street. The levelled spears of the Liliards were met by the halberds of the Clothworkers, who in serried phalanx awaited the shock. But how rarely did the French soldiers and their Guildsmen, their valorous position made it impossible for them to hold their ground before the terrible onslaught. Five of their front rank fell dead or wounded to the ground, and so gave the enemy's horsemen the opportunity of breaking their ranks. Three of their divisions were already driven back; the bodies of the Clothworkers strewed the pavement; and the Liliards now deemed themselves masters of the field, triumphantly raised their war cry: "Mounjoie St. Denis! France! France! Deconinck in the front hold the ground valiantly; halberds in hand, and for some time succeeded in rallying the foremost ranks, who had a lone to support the whole shock of the enemy, the narrowness of the street preventing the main body from taking advantage of the fight. But the Dean's exhortations and orders did not long uphold the fortune of the day; the French party pressed forward with redoubled efforts upon his van, and drove it back with confusion upon the rear.

All this had passed so rapidly that already the halberds, before Master Breydel, who with the men of the guild, stood at the farther end of the street, was aware of what was going on; at last a movement ordered by Deconinck opened the ranks, and showed him at once the whole position of the Clothworkers. Muttering and groaning, the bodies he turned to his men, and cried in a loud voice: "Forward, Butchers! forward!"

As if beside himself, he dashed onward through the opening made by the Clothworkers,—he and his men after him, against the enemy. At the first blow his axe, through his helmet and skull of a horse; the second laid the rider at his feet. The next instant he strode over four corpses; and so he fought onward, until he himself received a wound on his left arm. At the sight of his own blood, he became so possessed; with a hasty glance he cast aside his axe, and stooping to beat the lance of his adversary, with headlong fury sprang upon the horse, and grappled body to body with the rider, who, firmly as he sat, could not resist the maddened force of Breydel, and, falling from his saddle, rolled at his assailant upon the ground. While the Dean of the Butchers was thus occupied in satisfying his vengeance, his comrades and the other Guildsmen had fallen in a mass upon the main body of the Liliards, and had already cast many of them under their feet. On either side each inch of ground contested; men and horses, dead and dying, lay piled in heaps, and the pavement was red with blood.

Soon all effective resistance on the part of the Liliards was at an end; they were driven back into the market-place, and the Guildsmen being now at liberty to deploy, and avail themselves of their superior numbers, it became evident that their object was to surround their enemies, and that for this purpose they were extending their right wing towards the egg market. Upon this the knights, seeing themselves defeated, turned their horses, and fled from the destruction that awaited them,—the Butchers and Clothworkers following them with shouts of triumph, but without much effect; for, well mounted as they all were, they were soon beyond the reach of pursuit.

By this time the sound of the trumpets, and the shouting of the battle had given the alarm throughout the city; all its inhabitants were in motion, and thousands of armed burghers filled the streets, hurrying to the aid of their brethren. The victory, however, was already won; the Liliards had retreated to the castle, and were blockaded on every side by the Guildsmen.

While these things were proceeding in the market-place, the governor-general, De Chastillon, presented himself before the town with five hundred French men at arms. He had foreseen that the knights and the guilds, according to the old custom of the men of Bruges in such cases, and was therefore well provided for that event. His brother, Guy de St. Pol, was ordered to follow close upon him, with a numerous body of infantry, and all the engines necessary for storming the place. While the walls of the castle were being assaulted, he was already planning his assault, and looking out for the weak points of the fortifications. Although he saw but few people upon the ramparts, he did not deem it expedient to make his attack with his men at arms alone, knowing as he did the indomitable spirit of the men of Bruges. Half an hour after his arrival, St. Pol with his division appeared in the distance, the points of their spears and the blades of their halberds glancing from afar in the sun's early rays, while an impenetrable cloud of dust indicated

the progress of the machines, with the horses that drew them. The small number of the citizens who were in charge of the walls watched the approach of their numerous assailants with fear and trembling.

As they saw the heavy battering machines brought up, the hearts of all were filled with the saddest forebodings, and the unwelcome tidings speedily circulated throughout the whole city. The armed Guildsmen were still posted about the castle, where the intelligence of this new force disturbed them in their operations. Leaving, therefore, a sufficient detachment to continue the blockade of the Liliards, the main body hastened to the walls, to meet the danger that now threatened them in that quarter. It was not without deep anxiety for the fate of their beloved city, that they perceived the French soldiers already busily engaged in setting up their battering engines.

The besiegers carried on their operations for the present at a considerable distance from the walls, quite out of reach of the shot of the castle, while the men of arms advanced their works against a sally from the town. Soon lofty movable towers, with draw-bridges, by which to reach the walls, were seen rising within the French lines; battering rams and catapults were also in readiness; and every thing prepared and ready for the assault. But, great as the danger was, no coward fear was visible on the countenances of the Guildsmen. Anxiously and closely they watched the foe; their hearts beat hard and fast, and their breaths shortened, as first the hostile squadrons met their sight; but that was soon over. Their eyes still bent upon their enemies, they felt the blood flow more freely in their veins; a manly glow overpread their cheeks, and the heart of every citizen burned within him with the noble fire of heroic wrath.

One man there was that stood firm even to mirth upon the rampart; his restless movements, and the smile which flitted over his countenance, spoke of impatient anticipation, and of a moment long looked for and at last fulfilled. He was the Dean of the Clothworkers, who, in a very fever of impatience, and now, seeing that many of their fellows were watering, and half inclined to consent to a surrender, his indignation burst all bounds.

"The first of you," he passionately exclaimed, "that breathes a word of surrender, I will lay a corpse at my feet—Welcome a glorious death upon the body of a foe, rather than life with dishonour! Think you that I and my butchers are afraid? Look at them under, with their arms bared for the fight! How bravely their hearts beat, and how they long to be at their day's work! And shall I talk to them of surrender? They would not understand the word. I tell you, we will hold our own; and whose heart fails him may keep house with the women and children. The hand that would open your gates shall never be lifted again; this arm shall do justice on the coward!"

Fuming with rage, he hastened off to his guildsmen, and pacing up and down in front of their ranks: "Surrender! We surrender!" he exclaimed again and again, in a tone of mingled anger and contempt; and at last, in reply to the anxious questions of his comrades, he thus broke forth: "Heaven have mercy on us, my men! My blood is ready to boil over at the thought; it is an insult,—an intolerable insult! Yes; the Clothworkers would have us surrender our good town to the French villains yonder; but be true to me, my brothers, and we will die like Flemings! Let us say to ourselves, 'The ground we are treading upon has often been red with the blood of our fathers, and it shall be red with our own,—with our

own heart's blood,—and that of the accursed foreigner! Let the coward that hath no stomach for the fight depart; but he that will cast in his lot with us, let him cry, 'Liberty or death!'"

As he ceased to speak, one universal shout arose from the band of the Butchers, and the terrible word "death!" three times repeated, was heard through their ranks like a hollow echo from the abyss. "Liberty or death!" was the cry which issued from seven hundred throats; and the oath by which they bound themselves to live or die together was mingled with the grinding sound of their steeds, as they whetted them upon their steeds.

Meanwhile, the assembly of the Deans, or at least the greater part of them, convinced by the reasoning of Deconinck, and terrified at the sight of the engines of assault which now stood ready within the hostile lines, were disposed to submit to necessity, and to open negotiations with the enemy with a view to the surrender of the town; but Breydel, restless and suspicious, perceived their intentions. Raging like a wounded lion, and with words half-spoken with fury, he rushed to Deconinck; while his Butchers, easily comprehending the cause of his sudden movement, broke their ranks, and followed him in wild disorder.

"Stay! stay!" was the savage outcry; "death to the traitor! Death to Deconinck!"

Not small was the peril in which the Dean of the Clothworkers now stood. Nevertheless, he saw the furious crowd approach without the slightest mark of terror upon his countenance; his expression, indeed, was rather that of deep compassion. With lifted arms he solemnly swore the oath, and then, as the Butchers, while ever from out that raging throng arose the terrible cry, "Death to the traitor!"—already was the axe close to the great leader's head, and still he kept his ground unmoved, like some giant oak which defies the utmost violence of the storm. From the bastion on which he was standing he tranquilly looked down upon the frantic multitude, as a ruler might look from his judgment-seat upon his people.

Suddenly a remarkable change came over the countenance of Breydel; his axe fell powerless at his side. Seized with an irresistible admiration of the courage of the man whose counsels he abhorred, he thrust aside the foremost of the guildsmen, whose axes were already raised over the head of the Dean, and that so roughly, that the stalwart outlaw measured his length along the ramparts.

"Hold, my men! hold!" he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, while at the same time he placed himself in front of the Dean; and swinging his heavy axe around him, he warned off the attacks of his comrades. The latter, perceiving the intentions of their chief, immediately lowered their arms, and with treating murmurs waited the event.

Meanwhile a fresh incident occurred, which greatly assisted Breydel in quelling the tumult which he had raised, by drawing off the attention of the excited crowd to another quarter. A herald from the French lines made his appearance at the foot of the rampart on which the occurrences just narrated were taking place, and with the usual forms made proclamation as follows: "In the name of our mighty prince, Philip of France, you, rebellious subjects, are summoned by my general, De Chastillon, to surrender this city to his mercy; and you are warned that if within the space of one quarter of an hour you have not answered to the summons, the force of the storming engines shall overthrow your walls, and every thing shall be destroyed with fire and sword, and it shall be as soon as this summons was heard, the eyes of all were turned with awe

THE VALUE OF GOOD, RED BLOOD. As the Foundation of Health, Strength and Beauty.



The cry of the human system is for good, red blood. Not that the blood is necessarily so impure as many suppose, but rather that it becomes thin and watery and lacking in the elements which go to build up new tissues and create vim, force and energy to run the machinery of the body.

Indications of weak blood may be: Loss of Appetite, Impaired Digestion, Headaches, Dizziness and Fainting Spells, Heart Palpitation and Weakness, and Irregularities of the Vital Organs of the Body.

Instead of the well-rounded form there is thinness and angles. Instead of the healthful glow to the complexion there is pallor and sallowness. Instead of the snap and vigor of health there is the languor, irritability and depressed spirits which are sure to accompany weakness.

Good, red blood is necessary to overcome these conditions, and because.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

is composed of the most powerful blood-forming elements of nature, it is the most satisfactory restorative treatment obtainable. This great restorative increases the quantity and improves the quality of the blood. The nervous system is invigorated, the heart throbs more strongly, the vital organs resume their functions, new tissues are built up, the form is rounded out, the color returns to the wan cheeks, and strength and vigor are fully restored.

Could Not Do One Day's Work.

Mrs. G. M. BROWN, Cobourg, Ont., states: "I was completely run down in health last spring, and could not do my day's work without being laid up for about two days afterwards. I felt weak, languid and miserable most of the time, and was often blue and discouraged because of my continued ill-health. When in this state I was advised to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and did so with most satisfactory results. It built up my system wonderfully, strengthened and restored my nerves and took away all my feeling of languor and fatigue."

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2 00 per annum.

Advertisements for teachers situations want...

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.

Further abandonment of Christian principles, and the experiment of an atheistic state, or, at most, a state with mere naturalism for religion.

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 Chingly, 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 alluding 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 Saint 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 parishioners he had decided to do so. He mentioned 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. Is a gently 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 Caskey,—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 our 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.

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.

WHAT SUNDAY IS.

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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' might be a daily habit. 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 tossing 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 unimposed and free from sensationalism and from declamatory outbursts—so generally in the category of 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 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 among the clergy, and though it is held 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 hearers. He warns his flock 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 Christians who still have a faint remembrance of worship, we find three fourths of the men have abandoned their pews and encumbered to the altarpieces 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 perish 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.

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 avail themselves of that permission. The man who scoffs 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."

CONVERT MADE BY AN OLD NEWS-PAPER.

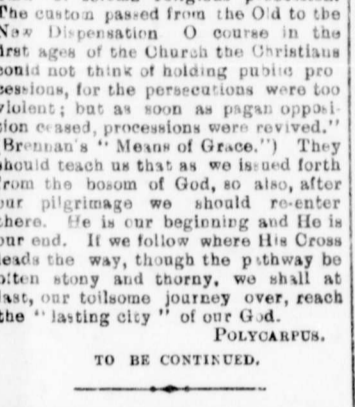
At Newton Grove in North Carolina there is a parish almost entirely made up of converts. The Rev. Michael Iwin is the present pastor. The story is a well known bit of history.
Some twenty-five years ago, a man named Dr. Monk received a package among which was wrapped a copy of a New York daily paper. 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 grandnephew joined the Benedictine order at Easton, 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 triumphant 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 he 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 toilsome journey over, reach the 'lasting city' of our God."
POLYCARPUS.

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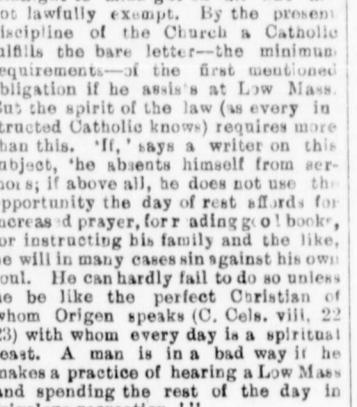
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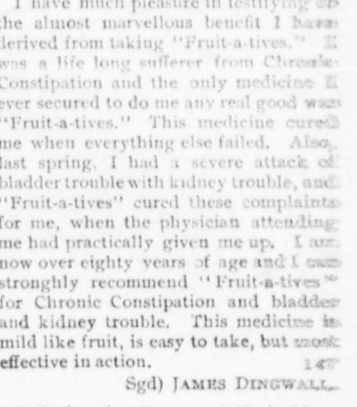
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Gillette Safety Razor

NO HONOR NO STROP

Face Insurance.

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

Why not your face?</

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Second Sunday after Easter.

DEUTERONOMY.

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

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.

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 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 miscegenated 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, 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 Dueren's map, that invaluable guide, 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 Oro, 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, l. col) 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, l. 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, l. col), was the principle bulwark

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of the country (Rel. 1642 p. 71, l. 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 Chamounot 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 neighbourhood 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, l. 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.) 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 are reds 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 clergyman 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 obdurate 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 Floy. In this work, peculiarly by his own, his help has been invaluable at least to me.

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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 cities once occupied by the Petans, St. Jean, or Ederics, 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 ever 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 wholesome effect 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 reverence 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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CHATS WITH

A Man Has Faith When he is coarse brutal in his insult. When he is courteous others that the b

When there is a penny in his coat When he radiates When he is a mu When he is a dose wealth in his ch pocket-book. When he is narrat ogious.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Man Has Failed Though Rich. When he is coarse in his manner and brutal in his instincts.

When he is constantly reminding others that the brute still lingers in him.

When there is evidence of mental poverty in his conversation.

When he radiates soul poverty.

When he does not carry a higher wealth.

When in his character than in his pocketbook.

When he is narrow and bigoted in his opinions.

When he is living a mean and stingy life so far as his charities and magnanimity are concerned.

When he has fed others on hopes instead of on adequate salaries or just dues.

When he does not in his prosperity help those who helped him in his adversity.

When he goes on the principle of getting all he can and giving as little as possible.

When he carries about his business a vinegary face instead of a sunny one.

When he has not enriched the lives of others and made the world a little better for living in it.

When he has not helped to push civilization a little higher.

When he over-emphasizes dress and pleasure as his first thought.

When his wealth has left others poorer.

When he has robbed another of opportunity; when, in amassing his wealth, he has cramped, dwarfed, or minimized another's chance.

When his career has not an upward as well as an onward tendency.

When he has piled up books, paintings, and statuary with his wealth, but is a stranger among them, knows nothing of their meaning.

When his soul has shriveled to that of a miser and all his nobler instincts are dead.

When the best part of him has gone to seed.

When his highest brain-cells have gone out of business and he only lives in the base of his brain, down close to the brute faculties.

When his wealth is obtained at the sacrifice of character.

When he has never wiped a tear from a sad face, never kindled a fire on a frozen hearth.

When there is a dollar in his pocket dishonestly gained.

When the blood of youth or orphans or spoiled years of precious lives and lost opportunities of others stick to his millions.

Worked his Woes up into Fun. Elbert Hubbard says that "Marshall P. Wilder, the little dwarf and cripple has simply cashed in his disabilities and worked his woes up into fun."

The ability to work one's woes up into fun is the art of arts. What a tremendous advantage one has who can do this—who can laugh at his misfortunes.

Success. Sharing Success. When one realizes what life means in its higher relations and duties, it is pathetic to notice how constantly people apologize to one another for any small trouble which they impose. The young man who goes to ask the man of established position for a letter of introduction or for personal interest in securing an opportunity for work, almost invariably expresses regret for the interruption which his request necessitates; as if the world were wholly selfish, and any kind of service done to another were in a way exceptional and out of the common run of things!

That a man shall put his strength, his time and his ability into caring for his own is taken for granted; but if he is asked to do anything for anyone else, he is thanked as if he were doing an unusual thing. As a matter of fact, the one duty is as close, as obvious, and as imperative as the other. The man who throws a door open to one who is waiting for an opportunity has done nothing more exceptional than he had put an hour's work into the gaining of his own bread, or the clothing of his own body. He is simply doing what a respectable spiritual being might be expected to do.

The making of opportunities, the throwing open of doors, is as much the duty of the man who has the opportunity as caring for his own family. It is, indeed, one of the highest rewards of success—if one understands what success means—to be in the way of putting others on the same road. Nothing is more spiritually vulgar and shabby than to climb up and throw down the ladder by which one has climbed. Nothing shows the true nature of a man more than the spirit in which he treats success. If he is mean and niggardly in his soul, he accepts it as a kind of personal distinction or gift, and hoards it as a miser hoards money; if he is generous, he spends it freely, eager that others should share what he has gotten. And no man deserves success, or ought to keep it, who fails to make this spiritual use of it. He who makes this use of it cannot be corrupted by any kind of success or spoiled by any kind of prosperity; he who fails to do this was corrupted and spoiled before he began.

Consider our Saviour in His humanity locking down from heaven on all mankind, but especially on Christians, who are His children; and more particularly on such as are at prayer, whose actions and behavior He minutely observes. This is by no means an imagination but a most certain truth; for, although we see Him not, yet it is true that He beholds us from above.

Of all the truths which man must learn and which it is impossible for him to guess at, the most hidden and mysterious is suffering. This science of suffering is so important that nothing can make up for the want of it, neither talents, nor learning, nor even love itself. He who has had no experience in it has need to be very cautious how he attempts to deal with the sorrows of others.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Bamfield. CHAPTER XVIII. SWEET, SWEET FACE.

"Nonsense! old fellow! they must give it you, and if they don't, they ought, that's all. Get it! I will who else should?"

"I hope I do, Joe," said Johnny, taking Muttiebury's arm with all the right of fast friendship. "It will please Dad so—the first prize I ever got, and I suppose the last now."

They were a pleasant pair to look upon—the two mainly youths—as they paced lovingly together up and down the covered playground; pleasant from the well-knit limb, and the strong life that showed upon their features, and the curling hair and bright eye; pleasant still more from the character which shone out upon their faces, the open truthfulness, the earnestness, the goodness, the love of all things lovable, the earnest thoughtfulness which was yet not too grave for youthful fun.

Yes, Corney had managed to "rear" Johnny, as he had put it, and a "fine lad" he had turned out to be. The illness had been the turning point, and the quiet weeks of recovery in which he had looked back upon the past and onward to the future with many a prayer and resolution, and in which Corney's steady buoyancy of heart had got hold of the lad and gripped him in a bond which was not again unloosed.

Dear old Corney! we shall not see him again as Cornelius Wrangle. He is coming up the playground now towards the pair, and both have stopped and turned with a cry of "Here comes good old Richard!" or some such words, for it is now a year ago that "Wrangle" became "Brother Richard."

"Why Richard?" Johnny had asked.

"Oh! don't you know? Down in Sussex where I come from they still talk of S. R. Richard of Chichester—I don't mean Catholics only. You know he was one of those saints who worked over so many miracles. He was very good to the poor, and fond of going about his diocese to look after people; and they show a bridge over the river that same river I told you about when you were sick—where S. R. Richard had a habit of going to look at the poor people who were sick and in need of help. I've often stood upon the old bridge and thought about him. He is one of the saints I've come to know and try to make a friend of."

Very popular was Corney, and everybody was glad that he was not going away.

"Cornelius Wrangle," said Jagers, with much solemnity, "now that you are about to be lifted to that sublimer sphere which virtue wins for you, suffer an unworthy comrade to felicitate you on an unblemished career, which—"

"Look here! you old hump!" laugh d Corney, "when I'm Brother Richard, if you talk that rubbish to me, look out for a hundred lines."

Corney in his "sublimar sphere" did not forget the boy he was "rearing," and it was partly by the skill which his honest love gave him that Joseph Muttiebury and John Poppich became the best friends which they are now as they watch him coming up the playground. Johnny had indeed improved. A clever boy, he had added work to ability since his illness, and had drawn himself forward little by little till he was in the opinion of all level with Joseph Muttiebury. He had risen strangely in the opinion and the hearts of his school-boys, who had given back Johnny his throne without deposing Joseph. The two reigned side by side. There was no thought of jealousy between them. Joseph had carried off all the prizes till now, but to-day, which is their prize-giving day, Joe is the truest of them all in owing that Johnny has won the race, and that the prize must in all justice fall to him.

Not indeed that master Popwich had quite given up his old tricks—of that we shall shortly have proof—or was no longer a schoolboy. Were it possible to chronicle all his school career we should have to describe another fight. Still that was in a good cause—in pulling a little fellow out of the clutches of the thick-skinned Hardwin, bigger and stronger than him-self, and the marks of defeat which he bore about him for some time after were so many martyr's wounds in the eyes of his fellows. In fact they had straight way raised him to the peerage under the title of "Punchy Pop!" Boy he was still, but his boyhood was beginning to ripen into a manhood that bid fair to be strong.

"Come along, you two," said Brother Richard, "we've got to get the school in order. The Bishop will be down in an hour or two, and the room isn't half tidy. Wake up, Michael!"—(now Michael was one of his names of endearment for John)—"don't be lazy."

"Who are you calling Michael?" said Johnny with more good humor than good grammar. "Here, Joe! I means you; come along," and in another moment the three friends were hand at work, arranging flowers, straightening pictures, and doing the thousand and one things which on such occasions are likely enough to be forgotten when everything has been remembered.

A great day of course at Thornbury, as elsewhere, was the prize-giving day. To the boys, prize-winners or not, it was a day of days, for it told of freedom from work, of liberty and home, for some little time at least, short though it might be. But besides there was the care—in part also the fun—of the "Academy" itself, by which learned word was meant the display of their powers in music, in speaking and in acting, which they were to make before parents and friends from afar.

To-day the splendor of the prize-giving was to reach the highest height of all, for was not the Bishop himself to be there, and the prizes would be something more than prizes, being given by such hands. For weeks all had been hard at work getting ready for the Academy, and a great Academy it was to be.

"John," said Brother Richard, as they were working in the schoolroom, "do you know your Greek piece?"

"I think I do," said Johnny. "It's nothing much, you know, but laying into you fellows. Won't I give it to you, that's all?"

"Oh! said Joseph, "I shall put some copy books up my back, if you're going to be mischievous."

"Take care, Pop, my son," said Richard with a fatherly look of warning to Johnny; "you'll be getting into a row, I see."

In the piece of broad farce which the three young men had to act from Aristophanes, it was part of Johnny's duty to give blows with a good heavy whip to Richard and Joseph in turn, and it was a duty which his nature inclined him to do with zeal.

Richard and Joseph delighted in the Greek piece and he would always have a scene from them mostly indeed from the tragedies. "Yes, Outhbert," he would say, "there is nothing like it for bringing out a boy's wit, and making him tarow himself into his author. It may puzzle his brains over his constraining or go reading stupidly on, and very little of the poetry—the grandest poetry in the world outside the Scriptures—will ever get into him; but let him have to speak aloud the words the poet writes, and to fancy himself the person whom the poet pictures, and unless he be a dunce indeed, he must catch something of the poet's fire, and both improve his imagination, and learn how to use words. And I give it that it is as needful to educate the imagination as to train the reason."

Among the boys was one who had been born for music and drawing, a delicate lad, and for study or hard work, but able to do what he pleased with the paint brush and bring de lightful music out of any instrument that came into his hands. "A perfect band in yourself, my son," laughed Jagers. "You'd have made a grand fortune as bandmaster to King Nabuchodonosor." So at little cost, and with the pleasure making happy the poor sick lad, Father McReady found him self furnished with scenery for his Greek pieces; rough rocks on which Prometheus could be chained, or temples in which suppliants could take refuge, all from the same tasteful hand.

Poor lad! his days were to be few on earth, but he put a life into Thornbury which will live on, and it will be long before the school can forget him.

Latin was a trouble at the Academies. "I suppose we must be content with Plautus again, Plautus, mustn't we," said Father McReady.

"His pages are at least more fit for boys than that wretched Terence. I wonder why Kings never had a post—"

"Oh! yes! I know. Plautus your country-loving Virgil, and your song-singing Horace; sat copyists both, and in their best mere dwarfs beside the giant Greek; about as like them as a piccolo is like an organ."

An attempt was always made at Thornbury to have something original, something of the school itself, at the Midsummer Academies. One poor delicate lad should paint a new scene; the musical talent of the school was called upon for a new song, or a little piece for the string band, or something at all events which the guests would hear, but he put a life into Thornbury which will live on, and it will be long before the school can forget him.

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It's the handiest and quickest washing machine made: you can wash a tubful of the heaviest and dirtiest clothes in six minutes, doing it better than it could be done by a strong woman in an hour or more.

Remember—if you use the "1900 Gravity," there'll be no hard, sloppy, dirty work, no danger of colds and rheumatism, no wearing and tearing your fine linens and lingerie, and best of all wash day will also be ironing day.

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written by one of the boys acted by Father McReady. In very truth the wise ones said there was more of Father McReady in it than of the boy. It was one of the old Greek tales, which Herodotus tells; the beautiful story of how King Croesus loved his son Atys, and tried to save him, but in vain, from the death which the gods had decreed. In one of the scenes the dead body of Atys is borne to a lament which had been written for the play by one of the students—and beautiful music it was. It was debated whether the dead body should be a live boy or a dummy, and the stage manager at Thornbury had decided in favor of the boy, who was to be carried in at the back of the platform, and would be scarcely seen at all. However, the rosy-cheeked young rascal when he was laid upon the bier looked so utterly unlike a corpse, that Johnny declared that the face must be whitened; and in the fullness of his happy spirits not only laid on the whitening freely, but proceeded to relieve it in an artistic manner by a patch or two of vermilion here and there, and a dash of black paint upon the tip of the nose. So bedecked he did not look, as Johnny most truthfully declared, at all like a live boy. With a sheet thrown over him the body was slowly carried in amidst the lament of the chorus, at the end of which the bereaved father had to approach the bier, lift up the shroud, and give utterance among other words to the cry "sweet, sweet face!" But the sorrowing father did not get beyond the first "sweet," when Johnny's fearful handwork met his eyes, emotion fairly conquered him, and his shoulders heaved convulsively with sudden laughter. The corpse caught the infection, and from the bier there came a chuckle as of a dead body in no small merriment. However Johnny was in luck that day; no ill results followed; the bereaved king was quite at the back of the platform, the shades of evening were falling, and everybody was in raptures at the wonderful power with which the grief of the king had been presented, and at the natural manner in which he had broken down in his last address to his son.

TO BE CONTINUED. WHAT ONE ITALIAN PRIEST DID. People who are yearning for better social and political conditions and get well to read "One Man and His Town," in the January McClure's. A mile from the town of Sanctor, in the Pennsylvania mountains and but a few miles from the famous Water Gap, in a region of slate-quarries and rich, productive farms—the Moravian colony—lives an Italian priest in a real Italian town. The priest is the Rev. Pasquale de Nisco, and his town is Rosetto named after Rosetto in the Italian province of Foggia, from which most of the early settlers came. Father de Nisco came to Eyetalton Town when it was the terror of neighboring villages and the despair even of the Catholic Church. I asked Father de Nisco where he had broken in for betterment—what was the very first thing he tried to accomplish—and he answered Everything! I tried to improve all their conditions—homes, labor, the Church, social conditions—everything. I tried to start it all going at once, he added, for I knew it would be slow. In ten years, however, this priest, single handed, has transformed the collection of shacks to a town, and reared hundreds of American citizens there. Of this town, which contains to day more than two thousand inhabitants, Father de Nisco is the de facto mayor, building inspector, health department and arbiter of all questions relating to social conditions or business undertakings. He is also the chief of the police force, the president of the labor union, the founder of most of the clubs—social, literary, musical, theatrical, benevolent—and organizer of the famous brass band, pride of the town. Father de Nisco gave his first demonstration as a social reformer by himself cleaning out the underbrush from the cemetery and making a park of it. Before his time Rosetto was notorious for poverty, dirt and the stiletto. It is now assessed at \$175,000, the citizens save their pennies for porcelain baths, and banks gladly lend them money. Father de Nisco preaches: You are law-abiding, self-respecting

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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:

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.

Two strong camps. Shall we go on dividing up into two strong camps of battle? The student and the serf, 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?

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.

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 political 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.

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.

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 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.

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?

"Quis 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.

SOME GOOD ADVICE ON A SERIOUS MATTER.

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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 swagging 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."

The spirit of the world, of the times, is pagan. Especially is this true of the lighter forms of literature and entertainment, which are the grazing grounds of many minds. The short story, the play, the cheap skits in vaudeville, the "yellow" press: if these teach and please, how impossible it becomes to reconcile their influence and lessons with the true value and usefulness of a moral life, with the exercise of self-control and the sense of a rigid and high responsibility.

"Marriage is slavery; its ties are chains." "Wives are unreasonable." "Children are a nuisance." "Single blessedness," as it is misnamed, is the world's substitute for the ordinance of God. The single blessedness, or rather the state of virginity, spoken of by our Lord was quite another thing. That requires a special vocation. It entails such sacrifice and courage, and for the realization of its pure and holy ideals a special grace of God is necessary. This grace is given the priest in the sacrament of holy orders; it is given the religious with the vow of chastity. For such as are unmarried in the world the grace of God is necessary as well, to keep them pure and straight and careful in thought, word and action.

So this is a serious matter, after all. It is a matter of conscience. To regard it as such is not only a duty, it is a safeguard as well. Frivolity, recklessness of conduct, extravagance in dress or habits or life, spending money, these are not characteristic of the young man who is paying honorable court to a young woman. On the contrary, he is correct in his habits, select in his friends, economic of his time and money, serious and thrifty, living, in a word, with a purpose. He likewise goes to church and to the sacraments. He is on his good behavior. Naturally, he is unmarried; girls are not fools when it comes to so serious a thing as marriage. It is a serious step indeed for them, and they must exercise good judgment and forethought. If they are wise (and what woman is not in these matters?), money or clothes or good looks will not determine their choice of a man. Character is what counts: moral character, steadiness, good habits.

Another evil, worse than the first, is the long engagement. It is unchristian; it is unreasonable; 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 has 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.

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.

Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame or glory, as at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after; and, moreover, there will be no misgivings—no disappointment—no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.—Longfellow.

He who cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass. They who give nothing till they die, never give at all.

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