The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1908.

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 pro:elytes 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.

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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, ro 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 them 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

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 out let for exuberant energy, though it wastes energy that can be directed not so much talkers as doers. We may not dilate at length on unity, but we so 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 troub ling 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 re spect their beliefe and do not subject felt, to irreverent investigation. Our

FEDERATION OF SOCIETIES.

be set down as a weakness and cour-

tesy as treason.

Now that shacks of sottlers 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 n 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 Wis.

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 of Our Lady of Ransom, whose members the districts wherein we find [names that smack of the old sod, but whose bearers are anything but Catholic, should warn us and incite us not to deprive our brethren of our assistance. They are strangers these people from Europe, unused 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.

We are as pained as some of our con-

temporaries at the excommunication 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 autagonistic 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 pouts at modern civilization but they do not define civilization. If by civilization they mean the championing of ev rything that can redound to the good of humanity-the promotion of everything that can elevate, ennoble and purify map, the Church can point to her years of unwearied service to the cause of this civil zation. 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 wasts time that never fails to cause an agitation and paper. The talk about the modern map, 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. Haeckel 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 itude. But pauperism as it now preshas wrought no elemental change in ents itself in the world is not powerty. he may live in a palace or hovel: he may use a club or a test tube, but he is a mar, and to him Christ addresses a single one of our own in that degraded and dangerous destitution which the great Cardinal and greater Pontiff so feelingly deplored. 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 revelahem, at least when they seem heart- tion are unchangeable and divine and are to be accepted in order that we priests and prelates can discuss a may attain the end for which we are question without delving into the past created, and not to be the themes of to unearth weapons with which to criticism or to be playthings of scholassail others. All we ask is fair play. are who imagine that they can manu-Let us not waste time and temper in facture a better Christianity than the discussions in which impartiality is to | Son of God has made for us.

BISHOP TO JOIN JESUITS.

Chicago, April 10 .- Rt. Rev. Reginald 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 at Fond du Lac in 1960, 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 Acad eny, Jacksonville, Fla., the University of the South, and graduated from Nashotah Theological Seminary in He was ordained in Milwaukee

Cathedral in 1884.

Previous to his consecration as Bishop the Rt. Rev. R. H. Weller served at Saints Peter and Paul Cathedral, Chicago, and at Wankesha, Wis. Since his consecration he has served as

HALL THE UNBELIEVER RULE IN THE

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 our Lady of Mercy, Brook-lyn. Speaking of the zeal of the Crus-aders in their efforts to wrest the Holy Places of the west from Piaces of the world from Moslem sway, and that sublimer sacrifice of the order themselves bore the chains they lifted from the shoulders of the captives of the Tarks, Father Campbell pointed out the need to day of the revival of this heroic and self-sacrificing spirit. He said in part :

He said in part:

To-day the nation recalls the mem ory 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 desporate war measure in a crisis that come so war measure in a crisis that came so MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

near being the tragent was prudent at the time, as the execution might have precipitated other States of the Union near being the tragedy of the republic; into rebellion; not whether the conse quences have been such as were antici-pated—all that is lost sight of to-day nd 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 cal-amity 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 giorified by his follow men.

THE MODERN SLAVERY. There is not now the slavery that liminated from the country, or that the saints of olden times gave their lives to destroy, but there is another just as real. For any one who has eyes to see must notice a deliber ate and organized descent into degraded material, moral and intellectual conditions which keeps pace with and prompts a bitter animosity and antagonism to Christ, which is full of mensce to the whole structure of Christian civ

Millions of human creatures, says Cardinal Vaughan, are housed worse than the cattle and horses of many a lord and squire. In the annual death rate throughout England, one death in every fourteen is that of a pauper in the workhouse, and the conditions are inflaitely worse in the great centres of ndustry. Just as the old Moslems swept the lands and the seas to increase the number of their slaves, and kept them in degradation near their spler did cities only by the ever-uplifted sword, so does our modern Mohammed anism of business gather in the grimy and fetid slums of the great centres of commerce where wealth most abounds. belpless and hopeless and often godles multitudes who are seething with rebel lion and anarchy, which can only be re pressed by the bullet or the sabre, un less 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 Oar Lady of Ransom? Poverty we can never abolish, nor need we try and Christ has declared it to be a beat-

WHAT ARE OUR SOCIETIES FOR? Wast are our sodalities for? T work are our sociations for? 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 not 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 C tholic 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 set to work our hands will teen 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 one that old Mohammedan slavery was im-morality and the corruption of innocent Is there not a horrible repeti tion of that same corruption going or force itself upon us : What means are we going to resort to socially, financially and even politically to check the ally and even politically to check es-canker that is eating out the heart esecially of the rising generations? there not work there for a crusade?

THE REIGN OF THE UNBELIEVER. So in the intellectual world. In for mer times the name unbeliever was given in contumely and reproach only 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 bei while the man who believes is scoffed

of Federation and showed how it could THE NEED OF A NEW CRUSADE. as at ignorant, blind and superstitious. Not only is there a wholesale apostasy from Christianity, but its doctrines are LITERATURE. EDUCATION, MORALS
AND POLITICS OF A CHRISTIAN
WORLD?

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 God is obliterated from the school-books, and the precepts of Mohammed and Buddha are substituted for those of Christ

(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname) -St. Pacian, 4th Centu

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 p pers, with their unending catalogues of mur ders 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 butcheries as that which occurred in Libson 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 torrent 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 deceacy from womanhood, shows us how far the precepts and practices of Moham-medanism 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 haren. Marriages and house-holds are becoming Mohammedan. What should ours be?

In a word, the Turk has not only rossed the Mediterranean, but the Atlantic. The unbeliever, the enemy of Christ, rules in the literature, eduestion, 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 pro-nounced. Never was there such an opportunity of making it prevail, now that all difference of sects has disappeared and the issue is plainly between Christianity and paganism — Catholic ristianity and paganism. - Catholic

AN ODIOUS ACCUSATION.

A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN ON THE MISREPRESENTATION OF THE CATH-OLIC CHURCHS TEACHING CON-CERNING PROTESTANT MARRIAGES

Rev. Dr. Charles C. Starbuck, the rotestant theologian who is a regular contributor to the Sacred Heart Re view, 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 view the Cathole Church and its teach ings as they understand them with un-Speakable horror. Says Dr. Starbuck: The Review has said that it believes certain blunderers concerning Catholic doctrine of marriage to be

I am sorry to say that after long reflection I cannot agree with the Re view. To me it appears plain that these men, while doubtless honest towards other men and towards Catholies in their private relations with them, are, like a large proportion of Protestants, especially of Protestant ministers, and more especially of Baptist and Methodist ministers, thorusely and the second se oughly disingenuous towards the Cathone religion, angrily 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 "filthy concubin-

Note a contrast. Some years ago, "Der Christliche Apologete," the Ger man Methodist organ of Cincinnati, mentioned this charge. The editors evidently suppose it true. Yet, instead of augrily 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 any other Catholic authority That would be too much to expect of average Protestants. Yet they are plain'y disturbed and uneasy over the accusation and casting about for the

eans of contradicting it. Now when these other men publicly clare all Protestant marriages null, Roman esteem, this does not of itself nake against their honesty, although it made heavily against their intelligence. at when a Catholic journal of the canding of the Sacred Heart Review tated that the Catholic Church does ot require as a condition of acknowl-dging the validity of Protestant mar ages, in Protestant countries, the sence of a Catholic clergyman, some e, with an insulting sneer, begged ardon of the editors for not having as of more doctrinal importance in the oman Catholic Church than the Pope mself, who, he says, calls upon all Catholics to help him curse Protestant

e have an intended and flagrant in sult. We can no more overlook it than that we have here an English sentence. The whole turn of expression can mean

othing else.

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

Pope has called on all Catholics to help him to curse Protestant marriages. If him to curse Protestant marriages. In they had, they would easily have found that on neither of the two occasions when Pius IX. uses the phrase turpis concubinatus, "a base concubinage," has he any reference to Protestant marriages. Both times he is speaking cally of Catholic massinger in Catholic has he any reference to Protestant marriages. Both times he is speaking only of Catholic marriages, in Catholic countries, contracted in contempt of the law of the Church, and therefore in evident contempt of a Christian inten evident concempt of a 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 contess, or they fall under anathema, that a Christian marriage for validity does not intrinsrequire clerical assistance.
must also confess, as an article Taey must also confess, as an arricle of faith, that the Church has the power of establishing conditions of validity for marriages of the baptized.

Tae insult here to Pias X, is pecul The Insuit nere to Pils A, 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, charding them by the anathema from 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 assist ance, but also declared Protestants ex empt from the specifically Catholic requirement of the presence of a priest the whole world over, even in South America or Spain, where hitherto the Church has refused to acknowledge the sacramental validity of Protestant mar-riages, although she has never im-pugned their good faith, or used any contumelious epithets concerning them. Henceforth they are guarded by the thunders of anathema against Catholic disparagement as well in Peru or Madrid as in Great Britain or New England.

These monstrous misrepresentations of the Catholic doctrines of marriages cannot be morally excused, where such men as we have in mind are so manifestly un willing to recede from them.

but they can be explained.

We see the explanation in Professor Emerton's comical, though entirely nonest 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.

This inveterate 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 expostula ted "they marry themselves," as if all married couples did not marry them selves, as if the very essence of marriage did not lie in the mutual consen 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 re quires 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 testi-mony 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 Catho lie countries only, but from pole to

It may be well to adduce certain to be enough to convince even muddle headed Protestants-and in such mat ed-of the monstrons falsity of the charge that the Pope accounts all non Catholic marriages "filthy concubin Catholic marriages "filthy concubin-ages."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

TELL THEM HOW.

The late Redemptorist, Father Bridgett, distinguished Eaglish mis-sionary and author, tells us how he be came 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 owa. 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 study-ing 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 banter him: and my friend began to banter 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 uni versity 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 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

form, and in what precise terms, the Pope has called on all Catholics to help 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, wno is styled a clergy-

man, named Brooks, has been tried and convicted for "fortune telling," 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 for-tune-tellers, and the advertisements of the pretended professors of the black art are daily to be found in the leading papers of the bir 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 find many dupes among the Catholic body, we do not among the Catholic body, we fear to say, for fortune-telling or seek. ing the services of fortune-tellers is a mortal sin according to Catholic teaching. What 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

MORE CONVERTS FROM THE EPIS-COPAL MINISTRY.

REV. JOHN G. EWENS AND WILLIS B. MUSSER, THE LATTER ONCE A STUD ENT 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 re-ceived 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. Doran, now cura'e at the Epiphany, this city.

Revs. Edward Hawkes and James

Bourne, formerly of the Nashotah (Wis) Saminary, and recently received into the Church, are for the present residing at St. Charles' Seminary, Ozerbrook.

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" inadvis-"most recent" or "latest" inadvis-able, is Willis Benjamin Musser, who was also a student at Nashotah Semin-ary, 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 Ardmore family.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Tablet of London announces that Lady Ellen Lambart, sister of the Earl of Cavan : Mrs. Alfred Loder, and Miss Nadine Beauchamp, daughter of Sir Reginald Beauchamp, have been re-ceived into the Catholic Church.

Rav. 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

Another English-speaking official has just been added to the staff of the Vatican in the person of Mgr. Bidwell. formerly of the Archdiocese of West-minster, who recently entered upon duty as minutante 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 E manuel, and Princess Patricia of Connaught, nices 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. Fietcher. She made her First Communion with her son, Jack Van Bibber, sixteen years old, who was bantized some time has another son who is a Catholic.

Archbishop Bourne, of Westminster has published a statistical account o 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 59 more than in the preceding year, Archbishop Bourne, who soon is to be made a Cardinal, has be active in his work, both in the diocese of Southwark, which he governed be-fore, and in the Archdiocese of West-minister, 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 me, I should like to know? Take notice that the commons are at this moment about to make themselves masters of the building, and that each and every one of you shall answer with his life for the Dan of the Clathworkers. You shall soon see quite another dance, and to quite another

tune too;—that I promise you."

Meanwhile some of the rergeants in
waiting had drawn near and setzed the Dean of the Butchers by the collar, while one of them was already uncoiling a place of cord with which to bind him. a piece of cord with which to bluck him. Breydel, intent upon what he was say ing, had hitherto taken but little notice of these preparations; but now, as he turned away from the Liyards, he per ceived what the officers were about; and sending from his chest a deep sound, like the suppressed roaring of a bull, he casth is flashing eyes upon his assailants, and cried: ants, and cried :

Taink you, then, that Jan Breydel, a free butcher of Bruges, will let him-self be bound like a calf? Ha! you

ill wait long enough for that! And with these words, which he uttered in a voice of thunder, he struck one of the officers so violently with his heavy fist upon the head, that the man measured his length on the then, while the rest stood stupefied with astonishment, he rapidly forced his way through them to the door, prostrating several of them right and left as he passed. In the doorway he turned round upon the Lilyards,

and again exclaimed: ou shall pay for it, insolent Irels! Wha! bird a butcher of Bruges! Woe to you, accursed tyrants! Hear me! the drum of the Batchers' 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

An indistinct sound like the roar of distant thunder, now fell upon the ear from the other side of the city. The Lilyards turned pale, and trembled at the coming storm; nevertheless, being determined not to release their prisoner, they strengthened the grard about the building, so as to secure it against assault, and retired to their hones, protected by an armed escort.

hour afterwards the whole city was in insurrection; the tocsin sounded and the drams of a'l the guilds best to arms. The distant groan of the coming storm had given place to the formidable howl of a present tempest. Win dow-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 flercely, as though they had understood what was going on, and joined their hourse voices to the angry shouts of their mas ters. Here the people were grouped in masses; there they ran hither and thither with hasty steps; some armed with maces or clubs, others with hal berts. A nong the streaming multi-tude the butchers were easily to be re cognized by their flashing pole-axes the smiths, too, with their heavy sledge hammers on their shoulders, were con spicuous among the rest at the place of meeting, which was near to the Cloth workers' 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 stand-

At last, the assembly being now sufficiently numerous, Jan Breydel mounted the top of a waggon, which by chance was standing in the street, and flourishing his heavy pole ax about his head, in a stentorian voice thus ad-

dressed the throng:
"Men of B uges! the day has arrived when you must strike for life and liberty! Now we must show the trait-ors what we really are, and whether there is a pound of slave's flesh to be They have Master Deconinck in their dungeon; let us release him, if it cost us our blood. This is work for all the guilds, and a right good treat

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

" Deconinck forever! was the uni versal cry. "Forward! Forward!"
And, like the surging waves of a stormy ocean, the angry multitude rolled onward towards the Prince's The streets resounded with the cry of " Death to the tyrante! " the terrible clash of arms might be heard, mingled with the baying of the dogs, the heavy toll of the bells, and the roll of the drums; the citizens seemed possessed one and all with sud

den fury.

At the first approach of their frantic hurried as their flight was, it was not rapid enough to save them all; in an instant more than ten corpses lay on the

ground in front of the palace.

Impatient of each moment's delay, and furious as an enraged lion, Breydel mounted the stairs by three steps at a time, and meeting a French servant in one of the passages, hurled him head long among the people below, where the unhappy victim was received on despatched with clubs and maces. Soon the whole building was filled with the people. Breydel had brought with him several of the smiths, and the line several of the dungeons were speedily.

At the some moment, and in equal the Clothworkers and Burchers

search after him, they hurried off in detachments to the houses of the principal Lilyards, forced them ope broke and destroyed every thing in them: but of the Lilyards themselves not a single man was to be found; they had all foreseen the visit, and had been too prudent to awsit their coming. Just as Bieydel was about to leave

Just as Bieydel was about to leave the palace, with thoughts full of des-pair and vengeance, an old grey headed fuller came up to him, and said: "Mister 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 nortal 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 still 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, the door fell from its place, and at once afforded them ready entrance into the

dungeon. In one corner stood Deconinck, fas sooner did Breydel perceive him, than in a transport of joy he sprang towards him, clasping him in his arms, as a brother that had been lost, and was

ound again.
'O master!" he cried, "how happy

is this hour to me! I knew not till no w how much I loved you!"
"I thank you, my brave fried," was Deconinck's answer, while he cordially returned the butcher's warm embrace; I knew well that you would not leave ne 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 explaimed in a tone of feeling that touched the hearts of all who heard

" My brethern, this day you have delivered me from death! To you be-longs my blood; to the cause of your freedom I devote every faculty of my being. Regard me no longer as one of your Dans of Guild, as a Clothworker 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 re schoed from the walls. From mouth to nouth the cry passed on, and soon re sounded over the whole city. The very children lisped out, "Long live

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

And now the Clothworkers pressed about their Dean, and, in their exalta tion, raised him aloft upon the bloodstained shield of one the soldiers whom they had killed. In vain Deconinck resisted; he was obliged to allow him self to be carried in triumph through

all the streets of the city.

Strange sight it was—that tumnltuous procession. Thousands upon tuous 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 buckler, stood Doconinck, with the fetters on his hands and feet; beside the pavement was red with blood. Soon all effectual resistance of the Lilyards was at an him marched the Butchers with hared arms and flashing axes. More than an hour was thus consumed; at last Deconinck called to him the Deans and other principle officers of the guilds, and informed him that he must immed iately confer with them upon a matter of the greatest importance to the com mon cause; he desired them to as semble at his house that same evening, in order to concert together the necessary measures.

He then addressed the people, thank ng them for their services and for the honor they had shown bim; the irons were removed from his bands and feet, and amid enthusiastic acclamations, be was conducted by his fellow-citizens to the door of his houe in the Wool street.

CHAPTER IX.

Next morning, before sunrise, John Van Gistel, with his Lilyards, stood ready, armed at all points, in the vegetable market, and with them, in battle array, some three hundred menat arms of their retainers. The stricture of the retainers of their retainers. The stricture of the retainers of their retainers of their retainers. The stricture of the retainers of their retainers of the retainers of At the first approach of their france's assailants the guards of the Prince's Court fled in every direction, and left the building wholly undefended. But finally, to coerce the guilds into complete subjection. The sel'-same day plete subjection. The sel'-same day De Chathion was to make his entry into the disarmed city, and to establish once for all, a new form of government the points of the halberts and instantly despatched with clubs and maces. Soon the whole building was filled with

No sconer had the Clothworkers at a little distance from their corps, heard that their Dean had disappeared than their rage became perfectly ungo ing's work. It was finally settled that vernable. Instead of making further the Clothworkers and Butchers were

to fall upon the Lilyards, 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

Hardly was the plan of operations agreed upon, when the morning bell began to sound from the church of St. Onatus, and the tramp of John Van Gistel's horses was heard in the dis-tance; upon which the men of the guids at once set themselves in motion, and marched upon the Lity ard, all in the deepest silence. It was upon the great market-place that the upon the great market-place that the two hostile bodies first caught sight of each other; the Lilyards just turring the corner of the Bidle street while the Guildsmen were still in the Flemish street. Great was the aston ishment of the French party at finding their secret discovered; nevertueless, as good knights and men of valor, they determined to persevere, and still confident of suc ess.

The trumpets soon gave forth their inspiriting tones, and horse and rider dashed in heading charge upon the citizens who had not yet extricated themselves from the defile of the Fiem ish street. The levelled spears of the Li yards were met by the halberts of the Clothworkers, who in serried phalanx awaited the shock. But how great soever the courage and address of the Guildsmen, their unlavorable position made it impossible for them to hold their ground before the terrible on-slaught. Five of their front rank fell dead or wounded to the ground, and so gave the enemy's horsemen the apportunity of breaking their array; three of their divisions were already driven back; the bodies of the Clothworkers strewed the pavement; and the Lilystrewed the pavement; and the safets ards now deeming themselves masters of the fleid, triumph ntly raised their manly glow overspread their cheeks.

"Mounticle St. Denis! and the heart of every citizen burned and the heart of every citizen burned." war cry: "Mountjoie St. Denis! France! France!" Deconinck in the front held his ground valiantly, halbert in hand, and for some time alone to support the whole shock of the enemy, the narrowness of the street preventing the main body from taking their share in the fight. But th Dean's exhortations and example could 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

All this had passed so rapidly that already many had fallen, before Master Breydel, who, with the men of his guild, stood at the farther end of the street, was aware of what was going on; at last a movement ordered by Do-coninck opered the ranks, and showed him at once the whole position of things, and the danger of the Clothworkers. Muttering some unintelli-gible words he turned to his men, and cried in a loud voice :

" Forward, Butchers I forward I" As if beside himself, he dashed on-ward through the opening made by the Stothworkers. - he and his men after nim, against the enemy. At the first ow his axe hit through beadplate and skull of a horse; the second laid the rider at his feet. The next instant he strode over four corpses; and so be fought onward, until he himself re-ceived a wound on his left arm. At the sight of his own blood, he became as one possessed; with a hasty glance at the knight who had wounded him, he cast aside his axe, and stooping be neath 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 the saddle, rolled with his assailant upon the ground. While the Dean of the Butchers was thus occupied in satisting his vengeance, his comrades and the other Guildsmen had fallen in a mass upon the main body of the Lilyards, and had already cast many of them under their

ground contested; men and horses, dead and dying, lay piled in heaps, and Soon all effectual resistance on the part of the Lilyards was at an end; they were driven back into the market place; and the Guildsmen being now at liberty to deploy, and avail them selves of their superior numbers, it be-came 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 them-selves 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 trum pets and the tamult of the battle had given the alarm throughout the city; all its inhabitants were in motion, and thousands of armed burghers filled the

in the market-place, the governor general, De Chatillon, presented him fail. They awaited patiently the first beams of the morning son, to fall apon the people and disarm them; then, without more ado, to hang Deconinck and Breydel as rebels, and, of Bruges in snoh cases, and was thereaccording to the old custom of the mer of Bruges in such cases, and was there fore 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 waiting for this rein forcement, 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 doors of the dungeons were speedily broken open; but, to the dismay of the liberators, all were empty; Deconinck was no where to be found. Then they swore in their fury fearfully to avenge his death.

No sooner had the Clothworkers and Bu chers with detachments from some of the other trades, stood drawn up in arms alone, knowing as he did the indemitable spirit of the men of Bruges. Half an bour after his arrival, St. Pol with his division appeared in the distance, the points of their spears and bridge much half an arrival, St. Pol with his division appeared in the distance, the points of their spears and bridge much half an arrival, St. Pol with his division appeared in the distance, the points of their spears and bridge much half are the points of their spears and their spears and the points of the points of their spears and the points of the points of their spears and the points of the point the blades of their halberts glancing from afar in the sun's early rays, while an impenetrable cloud of dust indicated

the progress of the machines, with the orses that drew them.

The small number of the citizens

who were in charge of the walls watched the approach of their numer-ous assailants with fear and trembling. As they saw the heavy battering machines brought up, the hearts of al were filled with the saddest forebod ings, and the unwelcome tidings speed ily circulated throughout the whole ily circulated throughout the whole ciry. The armed Guildsmen were still prated 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 Llyards, 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 peloved Bruges that they perceived the French soldiers already busily engaged in setting up their battering engines.

The besiegers carried on their opera tions for the present at a considerable distance from the walls, quite out of now shot, while De Chatillon with his men at arms covered the workmen against a sally from the town. Soon ofty mov-able towers, with draw-oridges, by which to reach the walls, vere seen rising within the French lines; battering rams and cataoults were also in readiness; and every thing portended sad woes to Bruges.

But, great as the danger was, no coward fear was visible on the count enacces of the Guildsmen. Anxiously and closely they watched the fee; their hearts beat hard and fast, and their breath shortened, as first the hostile squadrons met their sight; but that was soon over. Their eyes still bent upon their enemies, they blood flow more freely in their veins ; a within him with the noble fire of heroic wrath.

One man there was that stood joyous 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 found. Ever and anon his eye, for a moment, quitted the enemy to rest upon the pole are in his stalwart grasp, and then he would tenderly and fondly caress the deadly weapon with his hand —Jan Breydel knew not what fear

And now the Deans of all the differ nt companies surrounded Deconick. and waited in silence for his counsel, th might almost be said, his orders. He, after his manner, was in no haste to give his opinion, and gazed long in deep thought upon the French position. tion, till the restless B eydel impatiently exclaimed :

"How now, Master Deconinck, what may you? Shall we make a sally and have at these French fellows they are, or shall we let them come on, and pitch them into the ditch ?"

Still the D an of the Clothworkers made no answer; still be stood plunged in thought, his eye fixed upon enemy's works, and scanning curiously the great engines of assault with which they were so abundantly pro-vided. The bystanders strained their eyes and wits to anticipate from his countenance what his speech would be; naught, however, was discernible but calm and cool reflection. Deconinck's heart, meanwhile, with all its selfpossession and courage, was not one of those that were elate with hope and confidence. He saw plainly that it would be impossible finally to resist the force of the besiegers; the gigantic cataputs and lofty moveable towers gave the French considerable advantage over the citizens, who were totally unprovided with any equivalent

end, sad as it was, the one only poss be means of safety; and, turning to his fellow deans, thus slowly spoke: to his fellow deans, turns slowly speed.

"Comrades, our need is urgent! Our city, the flower of F anders, has been traitorously sold over our heads, or rather behind our backs; and now our turns of the selection." only safety is in prudence. only safety in private or in the control of the con

Here, now, no resistance can avail us "What? what?" interrupted impetuously Jan Breydel; "no resistance can avail us? What words are those? and what spirit are they of?"

is bitter blame for the rash and recktess citizen who brings danger upon his country without need or without hope.

what spirit are they of?

'Even of the spirit of prudence and true patriotism," answered Deconinck.

'We, as beseems good Flemings, can well die sword in hand upon the smoking ruins of our city,—can fall with a shout of joy amid the bleeding corpses of our friends au fellows. We are shout of joy amd the bleeding corpses of our friends and fellows. We are men; but our wives, our children!— can we expose them, helpless and deserted, to the excited passions of our enemies?-to their vengeance, and worse still? No! courage has been given to man, that he may protect the defenceless ones of his kind. We must surrender!"

At this word the bystanders started, as though a thunder bolt had fallen amidst them; and from every side looks of anger and suspicion were directed against the Dean. To some, his advice sounded even like treason; all regarded it as an insult. One universal cry of astonishment burst from their

Deconinck met with unaltered mien their indignant looks, and calmly re

"Yes, fellow citizens; however much it may affl at your free hearts, it is the only way that remains to save our city

from destruction." Jan Breydel, meanwhile, had listened to the words of the Dean in a very fever of impatience; and now, seeing that many of their fellows were wavering, and half inclined to consent to a surrender, his indignation burst all

exclaimed, "that breathes a word of surrender, I will lay a corpse at my 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 yonder, with their arms bared for the ight! How bravely their hearts beat, and low 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 he whose heart fails him may keep house with the women and children. The hand that would open you 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 auxious questions his comrades, he thus broke forth: "Heaven have mercy on us, my men! My blood is ready to bol over at the thought; it is an insult, -n intolerable insult! Yes; the Clothworkers would have us surrender our good towa

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 stormed, and so given up to are and own heart's blood,—and that of the word. He resolved therefore to reaccursed foreigner! Let the coward that hath no stomach for the fight de part; but he that will cast in with us, let him cry. 'Lib with us, let him cry, 'Liberty

death!"

As he ceased to speak, one universal shout arcse from the band of the Bu chers, and the terrible word "death!" three times repeated, reverberated through their ranks like a hollow echo from the abyss. "Liberty or death! was the cry which issued from seven hundred throats; and the cath by which they bound themselves. 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 axes as they whetted them upon their steels.

Meanwhile, the assembly of the Deans, or at least the greater part of them, convinced by the reasoning of Deconiack, and terrified at the sight of the angines of assault which now steed

Deconlack, 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, soon perceived their intentions. Raging like a wounded lion, and with words half-choked with fury, he rashed up to Deconinck; while his Butchers, easily comprehending the cause of his sudden movement, broke their racks, and followed him in wild disorder. and followed him in wild disorder.

'Slay! slay!' was the savage out-ory; 'death to the traitor! death to

oninek !" Not small was the peril in which the Dean of the Cloth workers now stood, Nevertheless, he saw the furious crowd approach without the slightest mark of approach without the signtest mark of terror upon his countenance; its ex-pression, indeed, was rather that of deep compassion. With folded arms he coolly awaited the onset of the Butchers, while ever from out that caging 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 namoved, like some giant cak which defies the utmost violence of the storm. From the bastion on which he was standing he was standing ne tranquilly looked down upon the frantic multitude, as a ruler might look

from his judgment-seat upon his people. Suddenly a remarkable change over the countenance of Breydel; he seemed as though paralysed, and his axe fell powerless at his side Seized with an irresistible admiration of the courage of the man whose com abhored, he thrust aside the foremost of the guilasmen, whose axe was already raised over the head of the Dean, and that so roughly, that the stalwart outcher 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 warded off the attacks of his comrades The latter, perceiving the intentions of their chief, immediate ly lowered their arms, and with threat-ening murmurs awaited the event. Meanwhile a fresh incident occurred,

which greatly assisted Breydel in queiling the tunult which he had raised, by drawing off the attention of the excited crowd to another querier. 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 princs, Philip of France, you, rebellious sub-

jects, are summoned by my general, De Chatillon, 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 this summons, the force of the storming-engines shall overthrow your walls, and every thing shall be destroyed with fire and sword."

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, Hea laches, Dizziness and Fainting Spel's, Heart Palpitation and Weaknesse and Irregularities of the Vital Organ; 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.

CHASE'S

is composed of the most powerful blood-for aing elements of nature, it is the most satsfactory restorative treatment obtainable. This great restorative increases the quanity 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 coal not do one 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 the state I was advised to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and did so with most satisfactory results. It built up my system were derfully, strengthened and restored my prives and took away all my feeling of languor and fatigue."

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accord on Deconinck, as if seeking counsel of him on whom they had so lately glared in murderous rage. Brey-del himself looked at his friend with an inquiring gaze; but all in vain. Neither to him nor to the rest did the Dean give utterance to a single word : he stood looking on in silence, and with an air of unconcern, as though in po wise personally interested in what

MAY 2, 1908.

was passing around him.

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

"That we surrender," calmly replied the Clothworker.

At this the Butchers began to give

signs of another outburst; but a com-manding gesture from their Dean speedily restored them to order and Breydel resumed:

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

And as he thus spoke, the deep grief of his heart plainly displayed itself

his features. Even as his eyes had lighted up with ardor for the fight, so now was their fury quenched and his countenance darkened.

At last Deconinck, raising his voice

as to be heard by all around him, addressed them thus

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

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

The Batchers and the other guilds men turned their eyes upon one and the other of the two leaders, and stood waiting in solemn silence for what

should happen 'Master Breydel," cried Deconinck at length, "as you would not have the destruction of us all upon your soul, consent to my proposal. Y nder comes back the French herald; the time has

already expired.'
Suddenly, as if awakening from a stupor, the chief of the Butchers re plied in a mournful and fattering voice:
"And must it be so, master? Well, let it be, then, as you say-let us sur-

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

reconciliation. There stood the two greatest men of uges, the representatives respect vely of her wisdom and her valour. clasped in each other's arms, heart against heart beating high with mutual

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

At the sight of this moving spect cle, a cry of joy ran through the ranks and the last spark of angry feeling was xtinguished in the valiant Flemings. At Deconinck's command, the trumpeter of the Cloth-workers called aloud to the French herald:

Does your general grant to our spokesman his safe conduct to come and return?" "He gives full and free safe conduct,

upon his faith and honor, according to the custom of war," was the reply.

Upon this assurance the portcullis was raised, the draw bridge lowered, and two of the citizens issued from the gate. One of them was Deconinck; the other the herald of the guilds. On reaching the French lines, they were mmediately introduced into the tent of De Chatillon, when the Dean of the othworkers advanced towards the general, and with a firm countenance

thus addressed him :
"Messire de Chatillon, the citizens of Buges give you to know, by me their delegate and spokesman, that, in order to avoid useless bloodshed, they have solved to surrender to you the city. evertheless, since it is a noble and opporable feeling that leads them to offer their submission, they can make it only on the following conditions:— first, that the costs of His Majesty's late entry be not levied by a new im post upon the commons; secondly, that the present magistrates be displaced from their offices : and lastly, that no prosecuted or disturbed on count of any part he may have taken in these present troubles, by what name soever the same may be called. Be pleased to inform me whether you as-

sent to these terms."
"What!" exclaimed the governor, his countenance overcast with dis-pleasure: "what manner of talk is pleasure: "what manner of talk is this? How dare you speak to me of conditions, when I have only to bring ap my engines to your walls and batter them down, without hindrance or de-

'That is very possible," replied Deconinek firmly; "but I tell you, Deconinck firmly; "but I tell you, nevertheless—and do you give heed to my words—that our city ditch shall be filled with the dead bodies of your people, before a single Frenchman shall plant his foot mean one well. people, before a single Frenchman shall plant his foot upon our walls. We, too, are not unprovided with implements of war; and they that have read our added to all her other good qualities

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO BE CONTINUED. ... For THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

CLARE.

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

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

here remark that the whole family were Protestants.

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

She was at that time twelve years of age, and was an exceedingly pretty little gir', but one was undecided whether to admire most her beau y, her good sense, or her delightful man She was the idol of her parents, her teachers, her school companions and of everyone who knew her; her bright and cheerful disposition made her loved and admired by everyone e stood at the head of her class; so that I may say she was in every spect par excellence the leader in her small sphere. But none of the qualit les to which I have referred did she possess in so great a degree as she did that of piety. Hers was that strong, firm belief in the Supernatural, hers

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

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

The happy day at length arrived when our three converts were re over flowing with gratitude to the good lod, they heard progonneed the word-"Eg, te baptize, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti." The joy of the mother, who from her more mature age one would have expected would have the most fully appreciated her position, was entirely overshadowed by that of Clare, whose radiant counten ance the mind instinctively associated with the countenance of an angel enjoying the Beatific Vision.

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

The next noticeable event in the his tory of our heroine is her First Com-munion. Never did Roman general, on the day of his triumph, don with more by his robes of state than did Ctare in that morning array berself in her white First Communion robes, nor never did he feel such exultation when having the crown of laurel placed upon his brow as did she in placing upon her head the wreath of white roses and lilies. And why should she not feel grateful and full of exultation? Was she not to receive on that morning, for the first time, into her pure and inno-cent heart, that God Who had in such an especial manner favored her with His graces? Compared to her feelings, the joy of the victorious Roman general was as nothing. His was merely the satisfaction of an ambitious mind, sated for the time being with glory, the joy of hearing for a few short hours his name upon every tougue, and of seeing himself venerated—almost adored—by slavish populace, ever ready with adulations and applause for the successful but only taunts and insults for those who had failed: hers that joy proceed ing from a heart burning w her Creator—a joy such as it is possible for the good and innocent alone to feel As usual, on their First Communion day the children were given a holiday, which they spent in the garden adjaining the convent. Clare was always the leader in the children's games, but to day she did not seem to enjoy them so much as usual. At length she slipped away, and none knew where she had gone. A search was made, and the girls discovered her in the church, before the high altar, wrapped in fervent prayer. All their entreaties could not drag her away, and so they were obliged to return to their play and leave She thus spent nearly the whole day, and it was only with difficulty that they could persuade her to return home to

her meals. The next three years of our heroine's life passed away uneventfully, and then a great sorrow belell her. Her mother, who up to that time had been enjoying perfect health, suddenly became ex-tremely ill. The doctor was sumand pronounced her grave danger. All his skill could affect no improvement, and in a few days she was dead.

Clare, being the elder daughter, had now to take her mother's place at the head of the family. This she did, not without many a secret pang, for nothing could be more distasteful to her than to be forced to leave the con vent school with its quiet seclusion to enter the world which she despised so heartily—that world where she could hear nothing but insincere compliments and gress flatteries : that world in which one was considered as having attained the acme of perfection if one knew thoroughly the art of gliding gracefully through the intricate mazes of a waltz, or of winning most of the stakes at a bridge party. She, how ever, accepted the situation in a spirit of resignation, as her love for her father and her deep sense of duty told ever. She went home shortly after that in doing her father's will she Benediction, and retired at her usua was doing the will of her heavenly father, and that everything would fa-ally shape itself in such a way that she and sister she seemed as well as usual. would once more be able to return to the convent, this time to spend the remainder of her life within its peaceful walls.

Of all that season's debutantes, there was not one who excited more nequali fled admiration than Clare. Only in her seventeenth year; sprung from one of the best families in that vicinity; endowed with riches, beauty and talent, and above all, possessed of a most charming disposition, she captivated all who came in contact with her Suitors thronged around her from all directions, and attentions and flatter ies enough were bestowed upon her to turn the head of a less sensible person than Clare. In short, like Gerald Griffia s Sister of Charity :

Bright glowed on her features the roses of Her vesture was blended or purposed gold.
And her motion shook perfume from every fold.

And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride, And light was her step in the mirth sound-

The next three years of Clare's life were a continual round of festivities. Dances, balls, "At Homes," sociables, followed one another in unending successive of the section of the sectio ession. Though she would much have preferred the solitude of her former ife, her love for her father caused her do her utmost to be a success in ciety. And she was a success; no siety fete was complete without her : and it generally happened that when the entered a ball room the male poron of the dancers gravitated to her part of the room, leaving practically unattended those beauties, who, before her advent, had had all the attenion bestowed upon them. For clare possessed more than beauty: a charming conversationalist, witty, sym-pathetic, and good natured, she was the life of every company. It is all od qualities is to be found in the one rson, in fact, only the heroines of a ertain class of novels seem to possess iem; out this is not a novelette—it is he true story of a real girl, who ived, moved, and had her being at the ginning of the twentieth century. nen, however, all these delightful ualifications are to be found combined in the one person, we may be sure that that fortunate and enviable lady is at all times and in every place facile princeps This accounts to some ex

ent for the popularity of Miss Clare. Clare was now in her twentieth year, ad her beauty was in its zeaith. During the three years she had spent in ociety her success had continued in adminished measure. It would have en an extremely easy matter for her to have contracted marriage with any of the guilded youth who formed por on of her set. Wealth, title, honor, all lay before her to be had merely by saying the simple word "Yes;" for we nay be sure that she was not without ceiving offers of marriage from many them, but she refused them all one by one. Her relations, either not knowing or not appreciating her motives, urged her, "for the honor of the family," to accept this or that scion of a noble house," but their ntreaties were utterly unavailing lare answered them all with a smile, old them that she would settle down before very long, and with this rather vague assurance they had perforce to

emain conteat. Being now nearly twenty years of ge, our heroine began to consider that t was about time to begin that life wards which she felt such an attrac in. Before Mrs. Arnold died, she ad made her husband promise that when Clare desired to enter the conent no obstacle should be placed in er way, so that she had no difficulty obtaining permission from her father do as she desired. Rose, her sister, vas now old enough to make her début to that Mr. Arnoid had had no serious objections to make to the proposal. was extremely sorry to lose her, for come enamoured of society life, and that she would not persist in her former design. Seeing, however, that she was even more anxious than before to enter the convent, he accepted the inevitable with resignation, and wished

her God speed. When Clare's relations heard of the endeavored with all their power to endeavored with all their power to disuade her from following out her designs. They pictured the gay life which she would have in the world, and that she would one day be numbered amongst that great army of virgins who "follow the Lamb whithersoever the coeth"? treaties were in vain: Clare had had experience of the world, and had learned to heartily despise it; she had had no personal experience of conven-tual life, but she had, while attending school, seen enough of the lives of the Sisters to convince her that this was the life above all others in which hap piness—and real and true happiness—was to be gained. Once having de finitely decided, her ear was deaf to all their entreaties, and nothing could

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

proposes, but God disposes." Oa the 28th February she attended B nediction for the Children of Mary. In expellent spirits, in the full enjoy ment of health and as usual, seemi absorbed in the contemplation of the thought that she was so soon to become a religious, she seemed to all present to be happier and more beautiful than hour. She did not feel in the slightes

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

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

tell you. I am dying with the desire to become a religious." She then shoot hands with him and bade him farewell telling him that they would never

again meet on earth. As soon as the priest had gone, she as soon as the priest had gone, she called for a prayer book. Upon one being brought, she found the prayers for the dying, and handed the book to the person who was to read the pray-She answered the responses in clear voice, and as soon as the prayers were concluded she sang those beauti-ful little hymns—"Oh, Paradise!" and "Mother of Mercy," and then some parts of the Office of the Immaculate Conception. Her father, fearing was tiring herself, approached the bed side, and said : any more, but rest." She looked as him with a sweet smile, and answered "Oh, father, I am not going to until 3 o'clook, the hour Our Lord died." The remainder of the day she spent

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

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

People asked each other: "What did she die of?" Some said rapid consumption, others that she had con tracted a sudden chill, but He, Who alone has power to give life and take it away, He He Virgin Mother, and His heavenly court know the true answer. And are we too presumptious if we make bold enough to hazard an answer? Do not you, gentle reader, agree with me when I say that, conreligious, she died of joy — joy at the thought of the great favors which she with Him in lives of parity and had received.

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

J. P. F.

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

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MARY, OUR LOVELY MAY QUEEN,

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

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. Mr. Thomas Coffey:

My Desr Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all that it is immed with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenurally defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting she best interests of the country. Following sheet interests of the country. Following sheet interests of the country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend the to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best where for its continued success, and the country of the country of the country. Apostolic Delegate. Mr. Thomas Coffey :

University of Ottawa Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit servades the whole. Therefore, with pleasare, I can recommend it to the faithful Bleesing you and wishing you success believe no to remain. Mr. Thomas Coffey :

Yours faithfully in Jasus Christ.
† D. Falconio, Arch of Larissa,
Apost, Daleg

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1908.

THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIETY The deepest and surest foundation eternal law which ensures our lovalty which every political system ought to subsist, the guarantee for all the relat ions between man and man. As Edmund Burke puts it-the secret of organization, the binding frame work, must come from the imperetrable regions beyond reasoning and beyond history. Reason and history have no doubt contributed untold material to the building of nations and much also n explanation of the workmanship : but the vital force lies beyond and above these inventors of the human mind and angel records of human events. The secret lies where the designs of God are working themselves out through the free will of man-not by the abandonment of God in thought or conduct, not by adherence to monarchy as preferable to democracy, but by submission to God in the freedom in which He Himself has made us free, in the struggle and attainment of all that is highest and most perfect in us. Another explanation of society in strange and destructive contrast to that mentioned is, that society is nothing but a contract. This is the celebrated theory of Rousseau. It formed one of the most serious contributions to the French revolution, and is still at work in the disintegrating task of social unrest. With brilliant Rousseau, " have served only to put and to perpetuate property and ineighty and the sufficient reason for the duration of public power. The people, therefore, can continue or change it. Hereditary monarchies are limited by the will of the people. Republics are preferable to other forms. and become more perfect according as the influence of the people in them is decree upon matrimeny which went more direct and immediate upon the into force upon Easter Sunday was administrative, the legislative and the fairly understood. 'We imagined that executive power of the nation. Put- even newspaper men had a just concep in dethroning the Bourbons and bring | who writes the semi-editorial column ing about the ruin caused by the in the Toronto Mail and Expire should its efficacious influence in the modern first place the writer says that the society, what have we left? A con- cept that the marriage ceremony must,

all encouragement for virtue either vanish completely or become subser vient to the most repulsive despotism. No doubt the contract plays a large part in society, but it is only a clause in the great contract of eternal society." Society, says Edmund Burke, is indeed a contract; but the State cannot be dissolved by the fancy of its members ; for it is a partnership in all science, art, virtue and perfection. To leave God out of this vast contract, which ensures order and guarantees freedom, is the experiment which France, as a result of Rousseau, is trying to day. Suppression of the Church, expulsion of the communities, atheism in education, elimination of religion-these are the fruits of past scepticism, the seed of future ruin and unbellef - the goal of revolution, the starting point of socialism.

CHRISTIAN MOTHERHOOD. The Anglican Cathedral in Toronto

has never been higher than an ordin

ary Evangelical meeting house. Any ritual in their Church service or any sentiment approaching Catholic doc-"Blessed Virgin Mary," the very walls a generation gathered there who had heard her called "Blessed" before. They might have read it in their lesrash as to hold her up as a type of the give her the title b stowed upon her by the angel. That he should seemally speak of her as " the mother of God was not only unheard of : it was unpardonable. Of two things one, They, the congregation, had been going to upon which the whole social fabric has that Church for years, and never a been erected is that lex acterna, that leader in Israel had ventured to say a Supreme Pontiff should venture to word upon this delicate subject. Why to the Divine within and above our did they keep unbroken silence for hearts. It is the corner stone upon years? If they were right Mr. Sharpe was wrong. He should have preached bis sermon in St. Michael's Cathedral. If Mr. Sharpe was right, then they, the laity, had the refreshing waters of the purest example kept back from their thirsting souls. Why did ministers allow Sunday after Sunday and Lont their desires. Matrimony as a sacra after Lent to pass without a word upon | ment they have never appreciated. the Blessed Mother of God? It is no excuse to say that the flock could not stand it. The flock need have no fear of Catholic tendencies. Mr. Sharpe's sermon proves how much can be said about the Blessed Virgin, without touching the fringe of her Catholic robes. There was not a word about her Immaculate Conception or her intercessory nower. The main point was her pure example, and secondly her silence. It was the former which should be initiated by those who are called to be the mothers of the future generations. By God's message to the Blessed Virgin God has shown, said Mr. Sharpe, how He honors motherhood. When God chose to come into the world He exalted the grace and humility of motherhood. That is good as far as it goes. right point or go nearly far enough. Something more than even the Holy Mother's example is needed to enable women to be true to all that wifehood the race are due to society. The only themselves the graces of strength and

THE MARRIAGE DECREE.

most of all, in its maternal love.

We thought that by this time the carry his dangerous theories. He had when the engagement takes place." so with his principle. If society is tation of any legal clause. The benothing more than a social contract, if trothal carries with it the serious inof the people, all sanction for law and but ever so many circumstances may anteed. The prospect at present is the

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. Betrothals were entered into without due consideration and frequently without the serious will of fulalling a promise which of itself should be most grave. That the weaker sex will be very much protected by this legislation, that they will be less exposed to levity in affairs of the heart. must surely strike even casual readers, although the present critic of the Mail and Empire does not think so-The legi-lation being strong will brace up many who otherwise might yield to wakness: it being paternal and not punitive, the maj rity will recognize the solicitude of the father for his children, not the exercise of the authority of a mere ruler. Another important point which seems to this critic rather overstopping the tounds is the subjects of the law. Since the Church is not confined to one nation or even to one zone it becomes a serious reason to explain who are subject to this legislation. As the writer puts trine was never known. When, there- | it: "Once a Catholic always a Cathfore, the Rev. Mr. Sharpe on the last olic." All Catholics, therefore, infeast of the Annunciation announced cluding apostates, are subject to this that he was going to speak of the law. How can a Catholic Ly negli gence, by forgetfulness, by any posimust have groaned; for never was there tive act, renounce the character of baptism which was indelibly impressed upon his soul? Once translated into the kingdom of Christ no one can possons; but no minister had ever been so sibly remove from the sceptre of His power. The laws of the Church, like highest virtue, still less that he should the laws of civil society, oblige the disobedient as well as the obedient and right minded. There may be no prison or fine-bardly any penalty even for the repentant; the sanction is there, supporting the law and subduing passion and pride. What astonis ... our non-Cathol c neighbors is that the extend a law made by the Council of Trent-a Council which the Protest ant world has despised. They are so accustomed to do as they like that they repudiate practically all laws in religious matters and relegate to the State the temporalities and spiritualities of matrimony, so that they may be the more easily controlled according to

WILL THE CHURCH TRIUMPH ?

In the horizon of the civilized world men cannot keep from sight the vision of the Catholic Church. In spite of their efforts to avoid it, and even when they have placed a screen between themselves and it, the shadow falls upon them more appalling than any reality. The Catholic Church is in the world to stay. She was put in the world by her Divine Founder, launched by Him and started by Him Who still sails with her on her voyage of salvation. She cannot be taken out of the world or thrust aside by the malice of nations. Placed here for the highest purpose for which any organism could be intended : endowed with nower from Its fault is that it does not start at the on High, and teaching the most sublime lessons of truth and virtue, the Church will call the world to judgment for turning a deaf ear to her lessons and scorning her divine origin and pen he exalts the primitive state of and motherhood demand of them. They dignity. One of the puzzies is, why man. All the vices, all the miseries of need to pray to her, and draw upon does not the Church triumph? Truth is the normal condition of the mind cure is for man to return to the state light. The axe cannot be laid to the Men cannot rest in doubt or find of nature. "Human laws," says root of the tree by merely holding the tranquility in falsehood. And, notideal before people. If evils are to be withstanding the corruption and malice chains upon the weak, to give power cured, if hearts are to be purified, rem- so prevalent even to-day, men admire to wealth, to destroy natural liberty, edies must be asked from her whose ex- and encourage virtue. Why then is it ample is the loveliest woman story in that the one teacher endowed with equality." The general will of the the world, but whose prayer for the knowledge and sanctity carries not people is the only origin of sover generations who have called her Blessed conviction, and enters no earthly city is far more touching and far more wonwith the spoils of distant realms-the derful in its grace, its humility, and, world-wide victory of her heavenly m ssage of grace, truth and virtue Is it because we Catholics do not let our light shine before men, that they may glorify our Father Who is in heaven, that we obscure the light by our seifish worldliness? There may be much in that; for good example is a grave responsibility. Still we can hardly take it as a satisfactory answer ting away from our consideration the tion of its chief clauses. Our surprise to our own question. We may not by part which this Social Contract played is therefore unexpected that the party any means be all saints. Our conduct grace. His associations cannot of our most eminent men of the past two last years I frankly admit. I have may be far from the principles which we hold. But there are saints enough French revolution, we may easily see make errors upon the subject. In the in the Church, even living now and serving God, to maintain her honor as French republic. Take away the document 'flatly forbids' mixed marri- the nurse and mother of sanctity. It mysterious hidden Cause, or, in plain ages. This is not the case at all. is a poor excuse because many, even a language, take God out of our idea of Mixed marriages stand as before, ex | majority, do not do their duty that people should despise the Church. Her flict of material interests: capital and in order to be valid for the Catholic lessons are always the same. The founlabor, wealth and poverty, might and party, be performed by a priest. And tains are never exhautted. People may weakness. There is no longer question other false impression is conveyed by prefer broken cisterns. Why has their of justice and virtue; might is right, the following statement upon the be- taste been vitiated, that the stagnant to the victor belong the spoils. Rous trothal having to be put in writing pools are chosen instead of the running sean, far as he really did go and scepti- and witnessed by a priest. "Under waters of life? Nations have not yet cal as he indeed was, did not see the the new law it (the betrothal) will be built anything stable without the help end to which his successors would irrevocable for all practical purposes of the Catholic Church. Compare the nations which owe their origin and some theory of, and wish for God. Not That is by no means juridical interpre- greatness to the Church, such as England, France and Western Europe, with those of paganism. Authority was the State can be dissolved by the will tention of entering into matrimony; made strong and personal liberty guar-

further abandonment of Christian principles, and the experiment of an atheis tic state, or, at most, a state with mere naturalism for religion. In spite of this gloomy prospect and darker socialism the Church will still hold her own. even if she does not win back all of the nations that left her. They may have enjoyed material prosperity, not because of leaving the Church, but by reason of discoveries, inventions and material development. Disintegrating elements are producing more evident effects amongst them, showing the weak ness of power propped up by artificial devices, rather than by the religious spirit of a people. The State glories in separation from the Church. A day is nigh at hand when the State, unable to stand the clamorous demands of socialism, will appeal to the Church, or yield entirely to a new order of things Neither the appeal nor the change will replace God in society or restore the Church to her proper place in the civi lized world. Triumph could really never be expected; for her Divine Spouse enjoyed no lasting victory here upon earth. The triumph of the Carch is her uninterrupted struggle against foes, political, scientific and social. Throughout her many centuries she has contended with one or all. She never failed in courage or in study The Cross was her power to beat down by suffering her political enemies, all the statecraft of the Roman Empire. It was her book of wisdom to silence all false philosophy; and it was the discipline of her ethics in the reforming of a corrupt world. We hear no bugleblaring, no sound of riumph. We have ro fear. Not only the unfailing promise of the Son of God, but the fidelity and fortitude of the Church, the sacredness of her trust, and the higher gifts she offers the world, are undoubted encouragement in the stress under which our divine Mother still bear witness to the trath. Some there are, devout souls, who think that we are very near the end, that all faith is vanishing from the earth and that the second coming of our Saviour is not far off. We are not of a prophetic race, Much there is to lead people to think that way. But generations are apt to see signs. It was so very early in the history of Christianity. Much work lies before us and before the Church ere we can think that all is consummated. If the Church is not to erjoy any more earthly triumph than now adorns her history it is a terrible commentary upon man's perversity. She has a triumphant joy in her saints. We wish to see her keep hold of the nations, readjust their disturbing elements, and sanctify democracy. That will be her triumph. But democracy, like monarchy, must go to

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Some time ago an irate subscriber wrote us that the war against the saloon was waged by sentimentalists and eranks and would have no effect. Bat | that we have too muca space devoted the fact is that the enemies of the saloon are business men, substantial citizens who are given neither to perfervid eloquence nor to descanting on the terrible examples" on which old time agitators set store. Contending that the saloon is a menace to the com munity, they in this country and across type of the Catholic young man who is Churchill, had placed themselves upon the border are determined to reduce either the number of licenses or to only. He may go to Mass regularly, parliament for Ireland. It will no prohibit them altegether. It is not a or perhaps he is one of those who resentiment but a conviction that the main away once in a while through Redmond, as well as to all other friends aloon is the personification of the vil. | illness for which he is himself responbut a cool, calculating opposition bent taking copious draughts of intoxicants, on the 20th of April, in which he on either destroying or muzzling the frequently remains away from Mass. saloon. The liquor-seller is well He does not feel like going. We have of Premier Asquith in saying that, at ware of this. He knows that he can had experience with some of these the close of the present parliament, not be a member of some of our societ young men and this experience is a the Liberal party would claim full es. He hears his pastors exhorting sad one. We knew them in the hey authority and a free hand to deal with nim to adopt a more decent way of day of their youth, and we know them the problem of Ireland's self-governgaining a livelihood. He does not lose now in middle life. Many of them are ment. He also stated that his recent rom which the average man recoils talk with them brings feelings of little Home Rule bill in the House of Com with disgust. In a word, he confronts else than disgust. Watch one of them mons was no mere perfunctory prothe fact that his contributions to this in a room with other young men who ceeding. "It constituted on my part," or that do not prevent men from seeing have ambition to carve out for them- he continued "a distinct acceptance of that over his business hangs a heavy eloud of social and religious disstem the tide of opposition because they have to deal not with cranks but with men who have influence, who are not idiots and have at heart the best interests of society. We do not undervalue the power and prestige of Jeffries, fighting weight, and he can delesson in my own experience in the the liquor men, but if we read the times aright their prestige is on the wane, and their power but a shadow of its former potency.

As proof we may point out that in the Province of Quebec the liquorlords are perturbed. They affected unconcern at the temperance agitation, smiling the while at the temerity of those who would not brook their power. But to-day they show no signs of hilarity. They are beginning to notice that the movement headed by Archbishop Bruchesi and his clergy and citizens bode evil to their dividends.

Hence they pray that the movement to reduce the number of licenses be not yielded to by the Government. Their declaration that unlicensed places were responsible for abuses must have een inspired by either their belief in the credulity of the public or in their ability to overawe the authorities. But they are under-estimating the power of the people who are bent on reducing the beer and whisky men to obscurity and wresting completely from their hands the helm of govern ment in village, city and State."

THE DECENT SALOON.

The vast expansion of the liquor traffi; to day renders liquor selling, says Archbishop Ireland, if confined within the limits of moral and civil law, an unprofitable and consequently an young men of this character impossible avocation. And he goes on to say that, according to the Detroit it is quite true, but even a very small Free Press, a would-be model saloon keeper announced his advent in it not be understood that we wish to Detroit: he posted up over the bar condemn sport. A reasonable in rules which were to regulate his dulgence in this way is not only harmsaloon; in less than a month he closed less but of great benefit to our youth. his doors. The saloon conducted in a What we condemn is the abuse of it. decent manner does not pay. Never | What we find fault with is that some give your votes to put a salcon keeper young men think of little else, and in office : it is not to be expected that maybap many of them may become prohe will forget in the service of his fessional sports. It is only when they country the interests of his own traffic. attain middle life that they fully realize Beware of the saloon candidate: he who the fact that they have been failures, owes his election to the saloon keeper and that they missed their opportunities, retains kind remembrance of his benefactor and serves him as occasion to blame. Young men, take warning in offers.

THE ROAD HOUSE.

We are glad to notice that the roadnouse is no longer an attraction for the indignant - has even "stopped the his till and that a non-acquaintance with the road house is imperative for success in any department of human activity. Even bar room keepers are total abstainers. Saloon keepers insist upon their children taking the pledge. Why, then, this anger when we follow their example? The dwindling of their represents neither brawn nor brain, but engage in some business that will give them cheerful hearths, untroubled dreams and a right to be known as men who contribute their quo a to the cause of civic betterment.

TWO KINDS OF CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN.

A Catholic young man writes us that he would like to become a subscriber te the CATHOLIC RECORD were it not to religion. He would like to have more news, and we strongly suspect he would be pleased were we to make it somewhat of a sporting paper, because he says he fails to find in its columns matter of an interesting character for young men. This person is only a the new ministers, notably Mr. Winston for the most part a Catholic in name record years ago as opponents of st elements in modern civilization. It sible. The Catholic young man who has undergone a change of mind. He s not an enthusiasm that will subside, sits up very late on Saturday nights, made a notable speech in Manchester ght of the fact that his is a business failures-worse than failures- and a vote in support of Mr. Redmond's selves a future at the top. The con- an advanced position on the Irish quesversation may be on the lives of some tion. My opinion ripened during the and present. The young man to whom become convinced that a national we have referred is but a dumb animal. settlement of the Irish question on He knows little or nothing about the broad and generous lines is indespenhistory of his count, y, but he can tell sible to a harmonious conception of you all about Tommy Burns, and Jim Liberalism, and I have a great object scribe to you exactly how the knock- matter of South Africa. There they out blow is given. He has intimate ran a risk far greater. I hope some knowledge of the great ball players day for a settlement in a similar spirit and hockey players, and is an author- in Ireland." This pronouncement of ity on all sorts of sport. You will find one of the most notable men in the him scanning the bulletin boards when new Cabinet is of the utmost importsome great event has taken place in ance, and leads to the conclusion that the sporting world. His mind is a the question of Home Rule will be blank in other matters. Look at him fought to a finish in every constituency in a public meeting. He will not have in the United Kingdom at the a seat on the platform, but at the other next general election. The Liberal end of the room, being compelled once party is now fairly and squarely more to play the dumb animal. Hav- committed to it, and the out ing devoted all his attention to the come will be watched with intense in supported by thousands of Montreal's frivolities of life, he finds himself now terest. No doubt the Unionist or landa nobody, and he wonders how it all lord party will strain every nerve to

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 pri st 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. Precious little of his earnings ever enter the coffers of the Church. but a goodly proportion jingle in the cash register of the rum sellers, and he freely indulges in all those questionable escapades to which the average young man about town is so prone. A pity it is that we have amongst us. The number is not large, proportion is altogether too many. Let They have, however, only themselves time!

A GREAT PRIEST.

We might add, also, a "great editor," is Rev. L. A. Lambert, of Scottsville, young. These parties of yester year New York. We send him heartiest are no more, to the delight of pastors, greetings on his recovery from a severe fathers and mothers. The proprietor is illness. No doubt the prayers of his brother priests and those of Catholics paper,"-but the good man forgets that throughout America, will be offered to his erstwhile patrons believe in putting the Most High that he might be spared their money into a bank instead of into a goodly time to continue his work of defending the Church of God. For many years he has been editor of the New York Freeman's Journal, and his controversial articles in that paper have been read with great interest. It is ever true that we do not fully recognize the great men who are now in our midst. It is only when they are receipts may keep them from having a gone that we feel impelled to give them bank account and from the show that that meed of praise which should have been theirs while in the flesh. The unit will not be viewed with alarm by assuming, kind hearted and beloved father, wives or mothers. They may pastor of Scottsville, N. Y., looks notbe forced to abandon the apron and to however, for that which would tickle the vainglorious. He is too big a man for that. We join with his brother editors in the prayer that the old time vigor and strength will come to him once again. It would be a misfortune were his pen to become inactive. There are few Father Lamberts. Would there were more.

> 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. This was not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that at least two of of Ireland, to find that Mr. Churchill announced that he had the concurrence

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the end that the old order of things may be retained. That they will fight derce battle at the polls we may be assured. Old abuses die hard. If, however, they are defeated in the country, it goes without saying that they will still cling to the hope that the House of Lords will use its power to perpetuate the wrongs of centuries; 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 obstraction. If they throw out the next Home Rale 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 Lagersoll," which erved to bring upon the doughty inadel the ridicule of the American people and was largely the means of puting 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 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 deceas Baptist fold. For what reason we know Chiniquy, Margaret Sheppard and all Catholic neighbors will be once more in evidence. These good people are entirely unconscious of the fact that his care. There cannot be sorrow for the so called missions to the French death of a man like that. It is rather Canadians is one of the greatest humburgs 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 his energies better than the man called and wander into strange pastures, but by God, and just so sure as St. Peter 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 ranks of the colporteurs. It would not be quite true to state that Father purpose. He may have left himself the Pope's garden, because the weed is single fine that the Pope would never have taken any notice of it. A purpose. He may have left infined to "one naving authority; the same 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 because God has so constituted man flock. He asked not for the material that he requires more or less of it. 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

A GRAVE SACRILEGE.

Special Cable Despatch to The Globe.

child lost in the wilderness.

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 ad ministering holy Communion. Three persons, not Catholics, after great in sistance 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 then 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 horrified hands. Simultaneously the members of the Papal Court and high prelates, noticing the insult, re-buyed 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 erjoying the right of extra territoriality, Italy cannot be applied to.

not be applied to.

R me, April 21.—The Viennese Professor, Dr. Feilbogen, 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 recoved the consecrated breads from noved the consecrated breads from their mouths after they had been ad ministered by the Pope, declared t -day that no insult was intended Wishing to demonstrate his sincerity the Pro essor now says he is ready to embrace

THE LATE VICAR GENERAL HEENAN.

TOUCHING REFERENCE TO THE DE-PARTED BY REV. DR TEEFY OF TORONTO.

Hamilton Spectator April 20. The regular Easter Sunday services ere held in Saint Augustine s Caureb,

Dandas, Ont., ou the 19th.

Rev. Dr. Teefy, C. S. B. of Toronto, celebrated the early Mass, and also preached the sermon At 10.30 Rev. Father Beckee, late of Walkerton, who with Father Arnold will be stationed here until a successor to the late Vicar General Heenan is appointed, cele brated High Mass. Rev. Dr. Teely, in his remarks, stated it had been pub-lished in the newspapers that he would preach the funeral sermon, but in conversation with His Lirdship Bishop Dowling, he remembered the express wish of the late Monsignor Heenan, who requested that there be no funeral oration at his buriat. However, the 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 paster of St. Augustine's church. Men like him 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 as to the use it was employed. Few priests could put such labor in prepara-tion for death and the fulfilment of duty in the highier ideals as did "I knew him well," gentleman, but we know something Dr. Teety, who was visibly affected about him. It is quite true be was a priest at one time, but strayed into the for ever. Those who knew him at Baptist fold. For what reason we know not, but it is altegether likely he is endeavoring to follow the same line as confessional, administering the sacraments, on the streets, everywhere Edward Ignatius Heenan was a priest in the others. He is on a money getting tour for the Baptist missions in Quebec of an article is determined by the and we fear the credulity of our non labor put upon it. He spent himself with his flock for God; heart, mind, soul, strength, all for the preparation

called to the priesthood, whether to bring to others the water of sancti-

fication, the Bread of Life, baptising

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 sere faith the realth the load." the children and anointing the dying to send them on their last journey 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 upon the extension of its use. The wider its scope the greater its value. Monsignor Heenan exercised an in-fluence far beyond that over his own flock. In a gently picus way he kept himself in humility, zeal, and the noblest of the priestly virtues These

are the inflaences 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 crumbled 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 invic

when he was hving. Oremus pro thricem. 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 sternal rost of everlasting 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

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

must exert an influence among you.

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

Another thing which most forcibly trikes the convert at the beginning of his Catholic car er 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 eltrance was fre quent or only spasmodic, were about the sermon. "Who preaches today? I hope he's a good speaker! I trust it's not old Mr. Dulboye! What we need badly is a scung paster with plenty of go in hin; 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 we only had ularly. 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 sud denty tousting his bair all up with both hands, but he certainly can make his audience it up and listen! And can't ne lay out the Pope and the Catholics!"

But for the Catholic convert, all this

is now over, nor does he fail to note the d fierence. But why, he asks, was there no sermon at the earlier Masses this morning — merely a short instruc-tion? And why are the regular ser mons at the last Mass, and Vespers, so unaffected and free from sensationalism, and from declamatory ontbursts—se generally unlike the oratory of non-Catholic preachers? There was no attempt to preach at the early services for g od reasons. Unlike the Protest ants, all Catholics, unless reasonably pion of Christian Science. The preface | Rev. Father continued, the death of ants, all Cath lice, unless reasonably to the work has been written by Right | such a highly esteemed servant of God | hindered, are bound by their religion to hindered, are bound by their religion to commence the sanctification of Sunday by assisting at at least one celebration of Mass. Hence the Church is bound to afford all possible opportunities. Now, there are many whose household or other necessary duties preclude their attendance at a late hour, and or other necessary duties their attendance at a late h Augustine's church. Men like him were scarce and his memory ought to live among the people. Sorrow and jay were strangely mingled. Good Friday was followed by Easter Sunday as sunsuch, 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 palpit 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 een a churchgoer but can recall a vast array of sermons which, while abounding in elequence of a sort, and exhibiting considerable study of sone Old Testament worthy, were apropos of nothing in particular bearing apon 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 intemporate branding of thirgs lawful as unlawful-confusing the use with the abuse,—and the while keeping dumb about deadly ulcers which are secretly sapping the spirit nal and material life of the nation? of his soul and the souls entrusted to his care. There cannot be sorrow for death of a man like that. It is rather easily comprehended expositions of God's laws as bearing upon the everyday grind of life. He warns his hear ers 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 if, in the pulpit, he is, like His saintly servant, who after seventy five years, passed away to spend a life ever-lasting with God. No man can devote Divine Master, a lion in denouncing sin, he is a lamb in the presence of the was called, so was our departed pastor

few years ago we had a long letter goods of his parish. It was something the form Father Fournier. After carefully studying the contents we came to the studying the contents we came to the gorgeous in aspect. Our Lord Himself attended this worship. It is mere unwarranted assumption, and guesswork. 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 scope its sco to say that He abolished a principle of rayed against this strange theory. Looking at those Christian sects which will have none of the splendor of wor-ship, we find three fourths of the men have abandoned their pews and succumbed to the allurements of the ritualistic splendor of the secret society lodge room. Refusing to acknowledge its use in their churches, no extravagance of form, and symbol, and splendor is too pronounced or too puerile to be embraced! The weekly attendance at their worship has largely given place to the weekly attendance at lodge; and, what is still more remarkable, and in deed inexplicable, their clergy by the preaching of laudatory sermons in encouragement of the secret societies,

penitent. The convert will also have

the satisfaction, hitherto denied him of knowing that he hears precisely the

are plainly bringing about their own rapid extinction! What is the object of ringing a little bell in the sanctuary during the cele-bration of the Mass? The principal design is to warn the worshippers of the immediate approach of the more solemn parts of the commemoration of the holy Sacrifice of Calvary so that they, whose sacrifice it is, as well as that of the priest, may offer it in unison with him; for it often happens that some may be so seated that they cannot see the altar, or may be absorbed in private devotion, or may suffer from distractions. We learn from ancient writings that, during the reigns of the Cæsars, a trumpet was sounded loudly at the moment of crucifixion of criminals n order to obliterate their groans and cries of anguish, or the waiting of their

three fold ringing of the little bells at the solemn elevation of the Host is thus also a reminder of this touchirg 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 that 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 seek one that is to come, '(leb. 13. 14) Mention is made of religious proons in both the O d and New Testa.
Thus 'Josne and his people marched seven times around Jericho. whose walls fell down at the end of the last circuit. David accompanied the Ark and brought it home in procession. The triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday was also a kind of solemn religious procession. The custom passed from the Old to the New Dispensation O course in the first ages of the Church the Christians could not think of holding public pro cessions, for the persecutions were too tion 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 our 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. TO BE CONTINUED.

LETTER FROM THE PAST GRAND MASTER OF THE ORANGE ORDER.

Lower Stewiacke, N. S.

April 7, 1908. Dear Casket,-In your issue of last week, you made one or two references rece t meeting of the Grand Loa of Nova Scotia, which I to the feel I must b fly reply to it if you will

kind y allow a little space.

Among oth things you say: "The Reverend G d Master denounced "infallibility" which we venture to say be could not define if his life de

pended on it."
Allow me to say that your ventured assertion is incorrect. I am thoroughly conversant with the conception of "in-Catholic Church. See has the best right to define her own doctrines. I take her own statement and not tha of any who might be inclined to give a prejudiced view. With that doctrine I take issue and claim the same right to oppose it as the Roman Catholic Church has of defending it. I make no apology for denouncing a doctrine

which I believe to be erroneous.
You further mention the fact deplored the Pope's attack on Modern ism and then proceed to say that I am entirely unaware that the congeries of now known under that name. denies the divinity of Christ and His r surrection and makes the Bible which

Ocangemen profess to reverence as the Word of God, a book of fairy tales. You are in error in regarding me as ought there is much to be deplored. m, as one, with the Roman Catholic surch in defence of such doctrines as he divinity of Christ and His resurrecon and the trustworthiness of the Holy criptures, 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 rangeman, who, when asked for a pro-ssion of his faith, gasped "To hell ith the Pope, "I might say that this a very old story—hoary with age. is probably fiction, but it is often roduced to embitter people against the range Order. Suppose it were true. What then? In both Protestant and doman Catholic Churches there are, constitution of the control of the c one was the man of the story if he ever existed. That Orangemen wish the pe and all Roman Catholics much tter than that, is evidenced by the closed sentences referring to the

qualification of an Orangeman.
I am, yours very sincerely,
A. H. CAMPBELL

Past Grand Master of L. O. A. of N. S. The qualifications to which Rev. Mr. ampbell refers may be summed up ying that an Orangeman must be a ood Protestant Christian and practise harity and good will to all men. How hey reconcile this with the efforts we often see them making to bar Cathlics from the public service, we are ta loss to understand. However, we o not propose to discuss Mr. Camp bell's courteous letter except on the ne question "of the God-given right to think for themselves." There is ere confusion of ideas; "right" is onfused with "freedom." Every man of free to think what he likes, just as he is free to do what he likes, and this freedom has been given to him by God. But he has no right to do what is wrong, and he has no right to think what is wrong. When he does wrong or thinks wrong, he is abusing his freedom, and he has no right to do that. The standard of right conduct is the moral teaching of the Church; the standard of right thinking is her dogmatic teach ing. Pius X is not suppressing freedom o thought any more than Mr. Campbell would be if he declared that a friends and relatives; and it is tradi-tionally believed that this courred at the crucifixion on Calvary's Hill. The surrection could not be a good Presby-

terian. The Pope is simply explaining some of the conditions of member ship in the Church; men are free to accept these conditions or reject them; but if they reject them, they cannot be Catholics .- Antigonish Casket.

WHAT SUNDAY IS.

"Is it true," asked an anxious cor respondent of the New Z aland Tablet as positively asserted to me, that the Catholics' Sunday is over at 12 o'clock or when they have returned from Mass? Reply: (1) Till the eleventh or twelfth century, Catholics, following a Jewish principle, reckoned Sunday from evening to evening—they began the sancti-fication of the day on Saturday evening and ended it Surday evening But fo many centuries Sunday has been reckened from midnight to midnight. (2) The Chu ch imposes upon all who are not legicimately excused the two follow ing obligations: (a) To observe the Sunday by devoutly assisting at Masand (b) with a view o the better and fuller consecration of the day, to result the result of the state thereon from ordinary we k day servile labor. The first of these two obligation may or may not be satisfied at 12 o'clock, the second obligation is binding from midnight to midnight on all who are not lawfully exempt. By the presen not lawfully exempt. By the present discipline of the Church a Catholic fulfills the bare letter—the minimum requirements—of the first mentioned obligation if he assis at Low Mass. But the spirit of the law (as every in structed Catholic knows) requires more than this. 'I',' says a writer on this subject, 'he absents himself from sermors; if above all, he does not use the opportunity the day of rest affords for creased prayer, forr ading goo! books, for instructing his family and the like, he will in many cases sin against his own soul. He can hardly fail to do so unless he be like the perfect Christian of whom Origen speaks (C. Cels. vili, 22 23) with whom every day is a spiritual feast. A man is in a bad way it he makes a practice of hearing a Lo and spending the rest of the day in frivolous recreation."

The Drunken Husband.

"Such a husband," said Rev. J. F. Synott, S. J., to a Joliet, Ill., audience, "is worse than a polar bear. The drunken brute should be r into a padded cell, and the mos summary summary him whenever he so far forgets himsel as to neglect his duties and abuse his

fe and children. e 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

CHRIST PICTURE TO CURE INSANE.

NIQUE AND IMPRESSIVE EXPERI MENT IN OHIO INSTITUTION EN-COURAGES PHYSICIANS.

Massillon, Onio -The physicians at the state hospital for the insane recently tried the experiment of exhibiting to the patients a big painting of Christ illumined 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 re-

ligious services. A big picture entitled "Carist Kuccking at the Door," a copy of Hofmann's masterpiece, painted by 4. Birkenstock, of Mount Verson, N. V. Was along in the ernon. 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 suddenly turned on to the painting, The insane were evidently impressed. They stared at the picture long.

The lights were then turned out and after more music the process was re-

ALMOST GIVEN UP

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" SAVED HIS LIFE

Mr. Dingwall was Superintendent as St. Andrews Sunday School in Williams town for nine years and License Commissioner for Glengarry and The Collector for Charlottenburg Size strongly Mr. Dingwall comes and has favor of "Fruit-a-tives."



Williamstown, Ont., April 5th., 1907

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

Sgd) JAMES DINGWALL

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

peated. Many of the patients, recognizing the subject of the painting, raised their hands in supplication toward it, and some fell on their kness

The physicians at the hospital were well satisfied with the experiment. They believe that in the cases of patients the effect has been most beam

ficial. picture was donated to the hospital by citizens of Akron.

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 Irwin is the present pastor. The story is a well known at of history.

Some twent five years ago, a man named Dr. Monk received a package around which was wrapped a copy of a New York daily paper. In this paper was a particle by an eminent Archbishops 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

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 grand anghters ine new a Sister of Mercy, and a grandsom joined the Benedictine order at Belmont, N. C.

All these wonderful conversions carne 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.



Face Insurance.

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Second Sunday after Easter

DUTIES OF PARENTS.

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

Oar Divine Lord, my dear brethren, not only assects 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 thair defence, leaving an example to their defence, leaving an example to those who are likewise shepherds in their own sphere. St. Augustine says that parents are shepherds in their houses, and that they must have the same care for their children that a shepherd has for his flock. They, the Good Shapherd, must know like the Good Shapherd, must know and feed their sheep, protect them from the wolves, and go before, leading them in the right way. Parents, you must realize that the sheep entrusted to your care are spiritual beings, that they have souls, that they are images of God, created by God the Father, redeemed by God the Son, and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, and that, in heaven or hell, they shall continue to live for ever. Stainless and bright in haptismal purity are these sheep when baptismal purity are these sheep when placed in your hands to be led to their

placed in your hands to be led to their inheritance of the kingdom of heaven. In order that you may be good shepherds you must know your children. Know them interiorly, what their dispositions are, what they wish, desire and aim at; what troubles they have, what they need what is good or exil. 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, they are inclined to this or that vice, that vil habits may not be allowed to grow up and take root in them. "Hast thou children," says sacred Scripture, "instruct them and bow 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 truthal them of the future life, of the eternal happiness or the eternal misery which awaits us—a heaven full of jiyy or a heal 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 annunished. Instruct and warn them regarding all things apper alning to salvation. Let the words uttered by Tobias, when on his death-bed, be received in every household: "Hear, my 101, the words of my mouth, and lay them as a foundation in thy mind, and take head thou never consent to the next transgress the commandments of sin nor transgrees 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 be-ginning. See thou never do to another what thou wouldst hate to have done to thee by another. Eat thy bread with the hungry and needy. Bless God at all times, and desire of Him to direct thy ways and that all thy counsels 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 com-panions 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 o the dance hall, the public house, or any o the other miscalled places of amusement Be not like the hireling who leaveth the sheep and flieth when he seeth the

You, like good shepherds, must before your flock leading it in the right Children are taught far more example than by words. You your-selves must be virtuous and God feardiligent in the practice of your Christian duties. Do you go punctual ly to confession, or are you slo hiul and careless, and put off for a year, or wears, the worthy reception of Holy Communion? Are all your acts in shore line will show Mr. Andrew fluenced by the consciousness of God's Hunter just where to place Cahiagué in your transactions with others? Are you solicitous to perform good works. works of charity, of mercy? Would you have your children live according to the dictates of their holy faith? Then set them good example and they are sure to walk in your footsteps. "If any man have not care of his own, and especially those of his house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. '

THE NEW JESUIT SHRINE.

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE OF APRIL 25.

EVIDENCE WITH A DISTINCTION. When I said above, that all the evidence was against Mr. Hunter's extraordinary notion, I meant not merely what becomes pain to our reason from the testimony of others, but what stands out clearly in bold 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 wiser on my part to have imitated him in this. to have opposed a simple of to his unsupported afdenial to his unsupported af dist, formerly Todd's Point. To prove this latter assertion would take up time, and not reflied the patience of others. But I owed it as a duty to the cause of historical research in my own mative Province of Ontario. Indeed it was high time to head off one who was doing harm to that cause by dissemin-Ducreux's map, that invaluable guide. ust as he was striving to work injury to the shrine at St. Ignace II., now injury the Martyrs Hill, by vaguely alluding to adverse evidence as favourable to his theory. People will now know just

others, by dint of bold assertion, not reasoning, are reliable.

WHERE CAHLAGUE STOOD. If Mr. Hunter is anxious now to know where Cahiagué is to be set down on Simcoe County map, let him first read again what I have quoted from Champlain: "We left the village (Jahlagué) 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 mari 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 rail-way 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. Cshi agué should be found somewhere on or

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 iterally, 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

near that arc.

of the lake, as Parkman probably thought. The reason is very apparent for the lake itself was the full nine miles from Caniagné, 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, Chai agué should be located. On page 517 of the volume above quoted Champlain says: "Aud seeing the length of time they (the Hu ons at Carhagouha) 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 Chiagué, which was to be, the trysting-place of the whole army, fourteen leagues distant from Carhagouha. 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 where I passed in my land immediately where I passed in my land journey comprised (contient) some twenty or thirty leagues." The phrase is somewhat ambiguous but I take it to mean that that was the dis tance gone over in zigzagging through

CURTAILING OVER ESTIMATES.

Carhagouha, according to comput ations I have made, which would take attons 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 lot 20, concession aveil, Tiny. Probably Mr. Hunter will not agree with me, but it is quite immaterial where it is placed for the present purpose, pro vided it be somewhere in the northern part of the Township of Tiny; even at Cedar (or Clover) Point. The reason of this is that Champlain over estimated 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 mea-sure 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 xvii., 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 proper distance of Cahiag e from the little Lake of Cham plain, otherwise Lake Couchiching, and the intersection of this are and the shore line will show Mr. Andrew he did not realize it at the time, he described its site in his monagraph on Oro, p. 32, No. 67. Cahiague always remained the landing place of St. Jean Biptiste, which did not stand on the very margin of the lake but on the heights immediately back at Hawke

AND CONTAREA?

Its position is not so easily deter mined as that of Cahiagué. But a word drst as to its name. In Relation 1642 (p. 74, 1 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 coft either as it "Check". soft either as in "Charch" or in "Chenille." As to the latter part, we find it correctly written in Relation 1656 (p. 10, 1 col.), Contarcia. Combining the two we have the correct form Kontarcia, which means "where there is a little lake." And there there is a little lake." And, thank to this signification, we may hope to place it with tolerable accuracy. It was the day's journey from Ihona

It was one day's journey from Ihona tiria, as is stated in Relation 1636 (p 94, 2 col) which was written from that village (p. 139, 2 col) Eight 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) Ihonatiria itself stood on the bloff, far to the north, facing Methodist, formerly Todd's Point. To prove

But in what direction must these twenty four or thirty miles be measured off? The very name tells us that the village stood near a small lake. On

what his powers of assimulation are must be rejected when there is question when he thinks he has mastered the of a large town, as towns went among contents of the old records; and will know moreover to what degree his conclusions, which he would force upon the destruction in June 1642 (Re. 1644, p. 69, 1 col.), was the principle bulwark



of the country (Rei. 1642 p 74, 1 col.) am not overstepping the mark, when and occupying such a position it would affirm that had Grey been as fortunate have been the last Huron town on the as Simcoe County, in this respect way to the Neutrals. Nevertheless it very certain that at a date when Contarea was yet standing the Relations inform us that St. Joseph II., sostaizé was the last in that direction Braheul and Chaumonot were on their way to the Neutrals and had reached St. Joseph, or Teanuaostaiae "the last town of the Harons' (Rel. 1641, p. 74.

The logical sequence is that Contares stood somewhere in the neighborhood o Bass Lake, which is strictly in keeping with the expression made use of its destruction was chronicled "one of our frontier town: "(Rel. 1344, p. 69, 1 col) and this other "within mu ket-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 Rela ion. (1636, p. 94, 2 col) were Contarea is mentioned as the scene of the disaster. A stretch in a straight line of thirty

miles from Ihonatiria would just reach an ancient village site near Bass Lake, de scribed by Mr. Andrew F. Hunter, on lot 7, concession XIII, Oro Township, the Buchanan farm: "Considerable remains of a town or village have been acres altogether, on a raised plateau. . there were thick deposits of ashes with relies 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 Cahiagué' (Oro, pp. 25, 26,) It would be suggested here, in Mr. Hunter's own words, "a little more attention to distances" 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-

And now I come to Mr. Hunter's eroration, his pathetic appeal to the clergymen who took part in the edication of the shrine last August." 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 truthloving body of mer, 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 saner 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 (for 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 consider ation," would be deemed a grievous

affont coming from any other quarter.

The public and particularly those interested in Canadian Archaeology and historical research, being now in has been said on either side, will have no d fliculty in discerning wild talk and bald assertion from conclusions legiti-mately 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 "woe fully" to mislead them, they will, dare say, hold out a chance of rehabilitation, not as an expert but as a ver-acious 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 whiness 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 r val, and I have in numerous instances turned to account. what he has isted in his monograph on Tiny, Tay. Medonte, Orillia, Vespra and Fios. In this work, peculia ly his own, his help has been invaluable at least to me. I

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 went among the Hurons, for Contarea, before its destruction in Jane 1642 (Re. 1644, p. 69, 1 col.), was the principle bulwark on the county of the Crown Hill Cake must be rejected when there is question the Hurons, for Contarea, before its destruction in Jane 1642 (Re. 1644, p. 69, 1 col.), was the principle bulwark on the county of the liquor habit. It is a safe and injections, no publicity no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure Address or consult Dr. McTaggart 5 Yough treet Toronto. Canada

am not overstepping the mark, when it affirm that had Grey been as fortunate as Simcoe County, in this respect, in possessing an equally persist ent and successful seeker of cites once occupied by the Petuns, St. Jean, or Etherita, 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 it very mild y, are absolutely And if Mr. Andrew Hunter credits

his readers with the least degree of penetration and sagacity, he would do well to refrain from any pretention, twaddle on palisading. This is an idosyncratic 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 Brebeuf, who read the Huron character to perfection. "This Nation" he writes, "is over timorous. The Hurons do not maintain a vigilant watch; they have next to no care in preparing arms, or in shutting in their villages with stockades, their ordinary expedient, especially when the enemy is in force, is to betake themselves to flight." (Rel. 1636, p. 94, 2 col.) flight." (Rel. 1636, p. 94, 2 col.)
And now, Mr. Elitor, I am done with Mr. Andrew Hunter for the pres-

nt, and leave him to his cogitations. valuable space to this lengthy com munication. 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. 14th, 1908.

PRIESTS CONFOUND A BIGOT. VHY HUNTINGTON, IND., KNOWS THE REV. MR. SMALL NO MORE.

From the Catholic Columbian, Ordinarily when some bigoted preach or or so called "evangelist" assails the Catholic Church and misrepresents her, the clergy and laymen permit the matter to go unchallenged and give the off-ending 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 defamers of the Church called to a sud den 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 villification 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 end mainly through the energy and courage of Rev. John R Quinian, of St. Mary's Church, assisted by Rev. Wil-liam Conrad Miller, of SS. Peter and Psul'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 Hunt'n ton His sermon attacking the Catholic Church and making the most unfounded and scandalous statements about it wa 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 Q dullan 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 pamph'et. The " evan gelist" paid no attention at first, bu the two priests did not allow him to dodge. They reached a number of good citizens, fair minded Protestants. through them brought about a confer ence, at the Free Library, of leading laymen and clergymen. Among those who attended the conference were Rev C. Shelburne, pastor of the Christian Church; his assistant, Rev. Mr. Gordon; Mr. Peter Martin, Rev. William Miller, Rev. John R Quinlan and "last and least" Mr. Small, the "evangel-

Father Quinlan opened the Catholic side of the question by producing the pamphlet add asking Mr. Small for his proofs as to some scandalous statements made therein. Mr. Small said that there may be some difference of opin ion on the subject;" and 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 chanc to discuss the subjects either privately

"I will even take the subject up right here," said Father Qinlan, "and leave it to the gentlemen present to judge." Mr, Small evaded again. to judge." Mr. Small evaded a '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 ser ously with my work as an evangelist. I could not give up an evening for such a purpose. "
Then Father Quinlan took him to Then Father Quinlan took him to task before the conferces and challeng ed him to give a particle of proof for his scandalous statements about the Catholic Church. Authority and refer ence was asked for each and every state-ment. Mr. Small could give no proofs whatever. The conference broke up by the evangelist asking to be excused He left Hantington 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 applaud Father Quinlan for the way he defended truth and justice and confounded falsehood, Huntington probably not hear of Mr. Small for some time to come.

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MAY 2, 1908. CHATS WITH

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A Man Has Failed Though Rich. When he is coarse in his marner and When he is constantly reminding there that the brute still lingers in

When there is evidence of mental penury in his conversation.
When he radiates soul poverty.

When he is a moral pauper.
When he does not carry a higher wealth in his character than in his ocketbook. When he is narrow and bigoted in his

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

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

When he does not in his prosperity help those who helped him in his adver-

When he goes on the principle of getting all he can and giving as little 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 civ ilization a little higher.

When he over-omphasizes dress and pleasure—gives them his first thought,

his best time.

When his wealth has left others

When he has robbed another of oppor tunity; when, in amassing his wealth, be 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, paint ings, and statuary with his wealth, but is a stranger among them, knows noth

ing of their meaning.

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

re dead. When the best part of him has gone 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 Worked his Woes up Into Fun

Elbert Hubbard says that " Marshall P. Wilder, the little dwarf and cripple bas 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 trem endous advantage one has who can do this-who can laugh at his misfortunes.

-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 estab lished position for a letter of introduc tion or for personal interest in secur ing an opportunity for work, almost in variably expresses regret for the inter-ruption which his request necessitates; as if the world were wholly se fish, and 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 earing for his own is taken for granted; but it he is asked to do anything for any one 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 He is simply doing what a respectable

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 one has climbed. Nothing by which ows the true nature of a man more than the spirit in which he treats suc cess. If he is mean and niggardly in his soul, he accepts it as a kind of per sonal 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 falls to make this spiritual way. e of it. He who makes this use it cannot be corrupted by any kind of success or spoiled by any kind of prosperity; he who fails to do this was

Consider our Saviour in His human ity 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, igh we see Him not, yet it is true

Of all the truths which man must learn and which it is impossible for him to guess at, the most hidden and mysterous is suffering. This science of sufering 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

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

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

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

"I hope I do, Joe," said Johnny, taking Muttlebury's arm with all the right of fast friendship, 'it will please Dad so—the first prize I ever got, and

They were a pleasant pair to look They were a pleasant pair to look upon—the two manly 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 carling hair and bright eye; pleas ant still more from the character which shone out upon their faces, the open truthfulness, the courage, the goodness, the love of all things loveable, the earnest thoughtfulness which was yet 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 honesty 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 R chard I" or some such good old Rehard!" 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 Sassex where I come from they still talk of S. R shard of Chichester — I don't mean Catholics only. You know he was one of those saints who worked ever 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 our about when you were sick—where S. Ric ard fed a lot of poor people with a miraculous draught of fishes that he had had brought together there. I've often 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 unblewished career, which—"
"Look here! you old humbug!"
laugh d Corney, "when I'm Erother Richard, if you talk that rubbish to ne. look out for a hundred lines." · Corney in his "sublimer sphere did not forget the boy he was "rea

ing," and it was partly by the skill which his honest love gave him that Joseph Mattlebury and John Popwich became the fast friends which they are now as they watch him coming up the playground. Johnsy 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 Muttlebury. He had risen strangely in the opinions and the hearts: (his school/ellows who had given backJohnny his throne without deposing Joseph. The two reigned side by side. There was no thought of jealousy b tween 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. of them all in owning that Johnny had won the race, and that the prize must

in all justice fall to him. Not indeed that master Popwich had throws a door open to one who is waiting for an opportunity has done nothing longer a schoolboy. Were it possible to chronicle all his school career we to describe another fight. oread, or the clothing of his own body. Still that was in a good cause—in pull ing a little fellow out of the clutches of spiritual being might be expected to the thick skinned Hardwin, bigger and stronger than him elf, and the n The making of opportunities, the 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 "Plucky Pop!" Boy he was still, but to the peers. his boyhood was beginning to ripen into a manhood that bid fair to be strong.

"Come along, you twe," said Brother Richard, "we've got to get

the school in order. The Bishop be down in an hour or two, and the room [isn't half tidy. Wake up, Mischief I'-(now Mischief was one of his names of endearment for Johr)- "don't

Who are you calling Mischief? said Johnny with more good humor than good grammar. "Here, Joe! he means you: come along," and in another moment the three friends were and nor moment the three friends were hard 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 re-

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 free dom 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-giv

ing was to reach the highest height of all, for was not the Bishop himself to be there, and the prizes would be some-thing more than prizes, being given by such hands. For weeks all had been hard at work getting ready for the ed to be very cautious how he at hard at work getting ready for the carts to deal with the sorrows of Academy, and a great Academy it was

"John," said Brother Richard, as they were working in the schoolroom, "do you know your Greek piece?" "I phink 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?"
"On! 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 at Johnny; "you'll be getting into a row. I see."

row, I see."
In the piece of broad farce which the three young men had to act from Aris-tophanes, it was part of Johnny's duty to give blows with a good heavy whip to Rich irl and Joseph in turns, and it vas a duty which his nature inclined

him to do with zeal.

Father McReady delighted in the Father McKeany delighted in the Greek Posts and he would always have seene from them mostly indeed from the tragedies. "Yes, Cuthbert," he would say, "there is nothing like it for bringing out a boy's wits, and making him throw himself into his author. He may puzzle his brains over his constraing, or go reading stupidly on, and very little of the poetry—the grandest poetry in the world outside the Scripures-will ever get into him : but let him have to speak aloud the words the poet writes, and to fancy himself 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 take 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, unit for study or hard work, bat ab e to do what he pleased work, bat ab e to do what he pleased.

work, but abe to do what he pleased with the paint brush and being de lightful music out of any instrument that came into his hands. "A per iect band in yourself, my son," laughed Jagers. "You'd have made a grand fortune as bandmaster to King Nabuchodonosor." So at little oust, and with the pleasure of 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 Thorebary which will live on, and it will be long before the school can forget him. work, but able to do what he pleased had decreed. In one of the scenes with the paint brash and being de the dead body of Atys is borne in to a bary which will live on, and it will be long before the school can forgot him Latin was a trouble at the Academies. "I suppose we must be content with Plauma again, Plaudus, mustn't we," said Father McReady. "His pages are at least more fit for boys than that wretched Terence. I wonder why Rome never had a post—Oh! yes! I know, Placidus; your country leving Virgil, and your song-singing Horace; sad copyists both, and at their best mere dwarfs beside the giant Greeks: about as like them as a piccolo is like an organ."

His pages are at least more fit for boys than that wretched Terence. I wonder why Rome never had a post—oh! You had 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, sweet." ong before the school can forget him Latin was a trouble at the Acad-

at their best mere dwarfs beside the giant Greeks: about as like them as a piccolo is like an organ."

An attempt was always made at Thornbury to have something original, something from the school itself, at the Midsummer Academies. Or 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 have never heard before; or again a young author, with Father McReady somewhat behind him, would be writing have never heard before; or agvin a young author, with Father McReady somewhat behind him, would be writing a prize poem or putting together some slight dramatic sketch for his fellows

to present. Of such kind was the feast provided for the guests when at last the hour struck for the Academy to begin, and the Bishop had taken such chair of state as Taornbury could give him, supported by Lord and Lady Crankie, good sprinkling of parents and friends of the boys. Beneath the patform which served for a stage stood the which served for a stage stood the well to read "One Man and His Town," hidden prizes.

The Academy began, according to tradition, with a band piece, not too long for the Thornbury school room when the boys played, as they played to day, in perfect time and tune. The singers who followed sang well, and all went happily till cur hero came out mpanions for the Greek

Johnny was in the highest of spirits. A report had got about, true or untrue and it is strange how secrets do leak out in more places than Thornburythat Popwich's name was down for library of prizes; and Father Mc Ready had been "looking roses" him as the poetical Jagers put it; and though poor Michael Popwich had to stick to his work, Mrs. Popwich had come down in all her Sunday glory, and was sitting by the side of Sasan Muttlebury, both women arxious to hear their children talk Greek. Johnny was full of tun; and there was a twinkle of mischief in his eye, as h grasped the magnificent whip which he bore that he might try which of his two companions was a god and could therefore feel no pain. Very fond was he of Muttlebury, and full of an almost reverent affection for Corney, and yet not for the life of him could be stop himself from laying on the whip good, sound earnest on the back each in turn. Of course, in the pre-Thornbury neither of the victims could show his emotion too strongly, and the smothered cries and the shoulder shrugging of each made the scene one of the most perfectly acted scenes ever witnessed on any stage. The applaus was tremendous; even the Bishop wh was a great lover of Greek, but by n means a lover of acting, being unable to hide his amusement

" Look, Susan," said Martha Po wich, in high glee, "hew naturally your dear boy does it. He winces and shrugs as if he really felt it."
"You may say that, Martha: and

hew your Johnny lays it on! The part seems to fit him. Well, I never thought Greek would be so easy to understand.'

The spirit of mischief once awake in Johnny could not be put to sleep, and his next chance of practising it was in the English piece. This was a regular little play-supposed to be l WASHING ALL FINISHED

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Home Life is to have your washing all done and the clothes out
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everybody was in raptures at the won-derful 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

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHAT ONE ITALIAN PRIEST DID.

in the January McClure's.

A mile from the town of Bangor, in

the Pennsylvania mountains and but a tew miles from the famous Water Gap,

in a region of slate quarries and rich,

productive farms-the Moravian county

-lives an Italian priest in a real Italian

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 Every-thing! 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,

In ten years, however, this priest,

sirgle handed, has transformed the collection of shacks to a town, and

reared hundreds of American citizens

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 under-takings. 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 fam-ous brass band, pride of the town.

Father de Nisco gave his first de-

monstration 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

stilleto. It is now assessed at \$175,000, stilleto. It is now assessed a control of the citizens save their pennies for portion and banks gladly lend

celain baths, and banks gladly lend them money. Father de Nisco preaches: You are law-abiding, self-respecting

for I knew it would be slow.

We ship it free anywhere and pay all the freight ourselves. You wash with it for a month as if you owned it. Then, if it doesn't do all we claim for it, ship it back to us at our expense. Could any offer be fairer? LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE TUB

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THE 1900 WASHER CO., 355 Yonge Street, TORONTO, Canada

written by one of the boys aided by Father McR ady. In very truth the substantial American bomes fit for wise ones said there was more of Father McReady in it than of the boy.

American citizens.

As they could hardly do this on

wage; of 80 cents a day, the priest urged them to strike, he himself bearing the brunt of the fight. He says: I borrowed \$300, planted myself early in the road leading to the works, and with my pockets building with 300 \$1 00 bills I stopped every strike break or, saying, where are you going?

Oh, Father - please - I cannot be idle! Please I have got so many ittle children, and nothing to eat in the house, answered the first man How much do you get?

Sixty cents. There is \$1 for yon— and get back home as fast as your legs can carry

Day after day he stood there in the road-their priest and their union's president-and sent his men back to the ranks till the bosses gave in. The union won. The men went back to the quarries to work nine hours for a living was the beginning of Rosete's prosperty. the foundation of Roseto's wealth

The times need more men of this camp. It is a story every good citizen should read.—The Tidings.

short but ardent motions; present your soul to Him a thousand times a day; stretch out your hand to Him, as a little child to his father, that He may conduct you.—St. Francis de Sales.

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that He beholds us from above.

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Mev. Bishop Foley:

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

Since he first came to Detroit as a Bishop two decades have passed very quickly. It was a remarkable welcome that was given him. He was greated quickly. It was a remarkable welcome that was given him. He was greeted by Erctestant and Catholic alike. An expression Bishop, scholarly Dr. Wiskies, made the address of welcome. Sefore that coming there had been religious intolerance, discord, bitterness in Detroit. There had been anti Protestant and anti-Catholic feeling. The testant and anti-Catholic feeling. The flortestrance, the tact and the gentle mass of Bishop Foley have smoothed away the discord. His charity has staxed bigotry and prejudice. By his personal influence and example he has flowe much to unify the religious sentiment of Detroit, all beliefs, all denominations, all classes.

"These have been profitable and progressive years, too, that Bishop has labored in Detroit. Never have the diocese been so well organized,

atey has labored in Detroit. Never has the diocese been so well organized, so tranquil and, spiritually, so powerful. To one who has labored so long and abundantly the richest and most coveted reward must be the appreciation of those for whom he has labored which is the significance of the remark waste tribute that has just been paid to an able and justly beloved citizen and a gentle brother of all humanity."

A NEED OF THE DAY.

WE MUST HAVE MORAL TRAINING FOR OUR YOUTH

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

The fundamental characteristic of the time in which we live is its great social unrest, he said, which fluds a mighty and a varied utterance. The consciousness of contradiction be tween material progress and spiritual social philosophy and social legisla tion as it does in the passionate cry of indignation or hate which comes of indignation or hate which comes from the hungry or despairing. Never in the history of the world were so many people, learned or ignorant, which or poor, men and women, stirred try this recognition of inequality in special opportunity, and by the sense injustice in the social machinery. The schools of ethics and political recommy that are now londest in calleconomy that are now loudest in call-ing for extreme and extravagant measresponsible for the condition they would remedy, but the remedies they propose are worse than the disease, and confusion worse confounded must

TWO STRONG CAMPS. Shall we go on dividing up into two strong camps of battle? The tyrant and the ser!, the driver and the beast of burden, the jailor of human souls and the slave, the selfish and Manghty rich and the angry and de-molecule poor, the official with the gam Miling and corruption and the subject with his deep rooted sense of outraged

Shall we go on, I repeat, to the up heaval, the conflict and the slaughter? What can harmon ze the inequalities? What can give equilibrium to the social What can give equilibrium to the social held by the whole Church," these sciences? What can give nobility to have and a blessing to the wearied because it was and benevolent, and poverty respectful and patient? What can keep science in the heart of power and schedence in the heart of service?

Service 2 and strain and screen as a candlestick, that it may shine to all strain as the house." Second Heart wast can give a rational explanation the s inequalities and a dignity to mercy temper justice, and make mercy mud justice temper and regulate all mer social relations? How will your

mess moral stimulants meet the awfu pressure of such a task? Apply your economic lessons to the and how will they fit Without religion your new methods of emeral instruction will only inspire sager and hatred and revolt for with-out the light of religion the laws that Two the world appear to be laws that Bruise and crush and agonize. Man course into life in pain and goes through life in pain and dies in pain, pain is the very breath of his nostrils and the meating of heart and brain.

NEED THE LIGHT OF FAITH. Your pupils have only to look out your teaching a lie and to pronounce and the most tyrannical if there is no Might of faith to interpret it and no might of hope to brighten it, no re ligion of strength to make man endur ing and courageous, and no religion of this policies where wrong thrives and coroner to the great adjustment in the stornel scales of divine justice.

So that your economic selfahness sound well when things go well which you, but most of us have to serve ward to drudge, to walk bard ways and

I am far from denying that retribuomes to evil doers even here basiow: but it often comes slowly, and, sates unseen, for it often reaches but what spirit side of our nature, which in The married state is the natural state for man. It is unnatural to live on for man. It is unnatural to live on for man. It is unnatural to live on the state is the natural state for man. It is unnatural to live on the state is the natural state for man. It is unnatural to live on the state is the natural state for man. may form that man can judge.

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

No effective system of virtue can be built on selfabness, no strong manhood

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

THE CHURCH A SHINING LIGHT.

Whatever else her friends or foes may say of the Catholic Church, one thing they may all affirm, that she is "a city seated on a mountain that can not be hid," and "a lighted candle put upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all who are in the house." For good or for i'l, the Catholic Church is nomitationally a definite object because For good or for i'l, the Catholic Church is unmistakable; a definite object before men's eyes; a certain factor with which to deal; an absolute verity; the most compact and solid reality, the most thoroughly equipped, coasolidated 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 charge—they have changed, an emperor may replace a king, and a

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

What other organization possesses the splendidly trained, carefully planued, thoroughly systematized, and wonderfully numerous organizations of and Head of the Catholic Church, may

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 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, Benedictine", Jesuits, Marists—who shall name them all?—ready to lay down life itself for God and His Church?—obedi ent to the Church's visible head at Rome, and bound to him by close and intimate relations of loyalty and ser vice? 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 unequaled 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 offlice 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, who are in the house."-Sacred Heart

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE YOUNG MEN?

SOME GOOD ADVICE ON A SERIOU MATTER.
"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. 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 Barkis, seem "willin" enough to encourage the attentions of the boys. They say it is not their fault; they cannot do the courting or proposing, and we are inclined to believe them.

What is the matter with the young men? Is it poverty, or is it selfish ness? Is it their "good times," as they call it, they lear losing—the nights, the freedom, the companions, the club, the haunt, the game of cards? Are they afraid of the modern woman extravagance? The cost of her gowns and hats? Or is it the expense of living nowadays? Maybe, and this is more likely they have a property of the cost more likely, they have not given the matter a thought at all. They are satisfied with the company of a girl, to dance with her, to call upon her, and that ends the matter. The right girl has not appeared yet, or they cannot

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



I speak of the rule, not of the exception. Some are so situated that mar riage 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 swagger youths who dress well and spend their money upon themselves, who gad aimlessly and fit 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 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 be-comes to reconcile their influence and lessons with the true value and useful ness 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 hains." "Wives are unreasonable." "Children are a nuisance." "Single-blessedness," as it is miscalled, is the world's substitute for the ordinance of 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 graph of God is necessarily as a possible recognition. ideals a special grace of God is necessary. This grace is given the priest

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 count to a young woman. On the concourt 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 ikewise goes to church and to the sacraments. He is on his good be havior. Naturally, he must be. Most girls are not fools when it comes to so giris 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 fore thought. 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. Char

atter is what counts, moral character, steadiness, good habits. Another evil, worse that the first, is without any serious thought or inten-tion, so it is hardly less than criminal to let the engagement drag on for months without a definite time set for its fulfillment.

It is precisely this matter the Church had in view-to safeguard and protect the rights, the fair name of -when she recently enacted the new law regarding the written and at tested form of the espousal contract.
While she does not enjoin the written engagement as a necessary pre-liminary of marriage, yet she wishes to encourage the written form of agree ment, to remove the dangers to morals and to prevent discension and dispute over the validity of the betrotha

Everything, you see, to safeguard the oman's fair name and rights. It is not strange that the Church is strict in these things. Unlike the world and ts kind, she stands for purity, modesty innocence; she watches over her chil-dren 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 blossoms and fruits of the Church. They cannot but be different, even outward in in conduct. But I speak particularly of the mind and heart, the thought, the intention and the desire.

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

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 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

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

EVIDENCE OF DECAY OF ANTI-CATHOLIC PREJUDICE.

AILY PAPERS TRIBUTE TO "A DEFENDER OF THE FAITH SO STURDY AND SO ABLE."

As evidence both of the good effect As evidence 30th 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

arm of the Catholic Cource has been stretched forth to subdue the powers of darkness. Unwavering in her pro-fessions, 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 sary.

in the sacrament of nory

given the religious with the vow of
chastity. For such as are unmarried
out in the world the grace of God is
necessary as well, to keep them pure
and straight and careful in thought,
and straight and careful in thought,
ard and action.

The all. 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 unreasoning 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 (athers." 'Let us repeat once 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 Catho lic is for every member of the Church to set his neighbor the example of a truly Christian life. — Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

the long engagement. It is dangerous; it is unreasonable; it is often unfair 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 and, moreover, there will be no missioned about after a woman of dangle about after a woman. Believe me, the talent of success is givings—no disappointment—no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.—

> He who cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he himself must They who give nothing till they die,

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God, my Master God, look down and see I am making what Thou wouldst of me, ain might I lift my hands up in the sir room the deflant passion of my prayer; et here they grope on this cold altar stone, raving the words I think I should make known.

Mine eyes are Thine. Yes let me not forget, Lest with unstaunched tears I leave then D'mming their faithful power, till they carnot e small, plain task that can be done for Thee.

Thee,
My feet, hat ache for paths of flowery bloom,
Halt steadfast in the strattness of this room,
Though they may never be on errands sent.
Here shall they stay, and wait Thy full content
And my poor heart, that doth so crave for
peace.

Saint Patrick—A Monograph
in paragraphs.

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