

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XVII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1896.

NO. 935.

The Meadow Lark.

When the first September rain
Has gone sparkling down my pane,
And the blue has come again,
And with pearls each leaf is shaking,
Then a soft voice rises near,
Oh, so merrily and clear,
That the tears spring as I hear—
"Sweet—oh, Sweet—my heart is breaking!"

Gone the white mock-orange sprays,
Gone the clover-scented ways,
Gone the dear, delicious days,
And the earth and tones is taking;
But who could the spring forget
While that soft voice rises, set
Deep in passion and regret,
"Sweet—oh, Sweet—my heart is breaking!"

Was it only yester year
That I stood and listened here,
Without heartache without tear,
For a burst of joy mistaking,
Those full lyric notes of pain,
Mourning yet and glad again,
From the meadows wet with rain—
"Sweet—oh, Sweet—my heart is breaking!"

I know better, lark, to-day,
I have walked with sorrow, yea,
I know all that thy words say;
And my heart with tears is aching
When across the sodden way,
Thou dost call and sing and cheer,
Oh, so merrily and clear,
"Sweet—oh, Sweet—my heart is breaking!"

—Ella Higginson, in the Independent.

CHRISTIAN RE-UNION.

An Eloquent Discourse by the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland at Duluth.

With beautiful and impressive ceremonies the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart was formally dedicated at Duluth on the last Sunday in July. Archbishop Ireland preached the sermon. It was devoted to a discussion of the possibility and basis for a union of Christian forces and a presentation of ideas embodied in recent Encyclical letters from Leo XIII.

"A divided Christianity was not Christ's intention," said the Archbishop. "As we look around us to-day in Christian lands it is a sad spectacle that meets our eyes. We see Christians of different creeds, not only separated from one another, but too often warring one with the other. We cannot believe that God, having sent His only Son on earth to teach heavenly truth, could have been the author of a divided Christianity. His words are plain, 'there shall be one fold and one shepherd.' He speaks of His Church, never of His Churches. There is one Lord and one plan of salvation. Christ did not give one plan of salvation for the Roman, one for the Greek, and another for the barbarian. Nations were to Him but accidents.

"A divided Christianity is the greatest misfortune for Christ's gospel. Christ brought His divine fruits from Heaven that men might be saved. He commanded that all nations be taught. What are we doing? When we send the gospel to the heathens we cloud their minds in the beginning by giving them several. Oh, for a united Christianity! Then we could speak with confidence to the heathens. It is a great misfortune that four hundred years ago Christians divided. Since then the Christian armies have been beaten. The great heavenly oneness of which God has spoken has not been visible."

The Archbishop then spoke of patience and justice: of the belief in the mutual sincerity. It is the sincere conscience that men will be judged by at the last day. We must put away the notion that a multiplicity of creeds is the proper thing. Either Christ taught certain dogmas or He did not. It is our duty to study out what He did teach. The great feature about religious truth is that it is obligatory on us to study it. Christ did not talk to the winds. He talked to us. Neither did He speak so obscurely that man could not understand Him. And so Christians cannot but believe that unity is the boon of Christianity and that it can be accomplished. All will confess that the old historic Church ought to be heard, for whatever may be thought of the Catholic Church it is admitted that she is the oldest Church.

"What is that unity to mean? It is not sufficient to come under one roof and say we are one when we differ on vital points. A truce is not unity. We must agree on a platform; we must have one constitution. There must be one faith and one revelation. Some say let us agree upon the main things. Well, which are the main things? Christ taught nothing that is not essential. Some say, let each put in some things. Would such a creed last? It would be a structure of sand. There must be a method for adjudicating difficulties, a supreme court, just as we have one in our nation. Christ never intended each individual to be the arbiter of His teachings. He appointed a living tribunal—His Apostles. He told them to 'teach all nations all things and behold I am with you.'"

"Oneness of creed is not sufficient," said the Archbishop. "There must be one head, one organization. Christ made Peter the head of His Church and His successors had continued as such down to today. In 1517 Martin Luther filed his protest and secession followed just as it did in this country thirty-five years ago."

"But some say then to have unity means to go back to the Church established by Christ. In judging the Church you must separate it from its environment. You must judge it by its teachings and by the lives of those who have followed them, not by the lives of those who have disgraced her. She has come down through all stages of civilization. She preached to the Jews, to the Romans under Nero, and

under Constantine to the Gauls, to the Germans, and so down through the ages. Her monasteries have often been the homes of what little learning there was. Is it fair to judge her by her environment when it was not her choosing? Judge her by her official acts: for what has she done. She cannot change her dogma, for it comes from Christ. She has, however, her discipline which is subject to change. These laws are of her own making and can be changed as the conditions warrant.

"How does the Catholic Church look at other Christian churches, is a question often asked. Do we think that the Catholic Church would wish to see the Protestant churches blotted out and infidelity enter. Never would we wish that, for where God and Jesus are honored there is life. We believe that what they have is good, but that they have not all. There is no dogma of faith which the Protestant church has which has not been cherished by the Catholic Church through all the centuries since Christ. The Catholic Church says all who are baptized in the faith of Christianity are her children. So long as they are sincere in conscience they are children of God. Conscience is the test. But there is always the obligation to seek out the truth. We are all made for one God. May the light of Christianity ever guide us all and lead us to the Heavenly Father."

WANTED—A RELIGIOUS HASH.

Now that the professionally funny papers have become serious, since money is the engrossing subject, it is good to know that some real humor may be found in other quarters, where one would least expect it.

The *Churchman* has found a successor, in this department, to the late Rev. Bishop Cleveland Cox. He is the Rev. George W. Shinn, D. D. In its issue of August 29 it contained a fine polemic from his pen. We commend it as a rare example of the species of argument which cuts the ground from under its own premises when it has climbed as far as the conclusion.

The late Bishop Cox attacked no attention, because he denied too much. His successor in the controversial arena has adopted a different line of tactics. He admits that the case is a serious one for the sects, and he endeavors to supply a reason and to propose a styptic for the vanishing vitality of Protestantism.

Up to this it has been maintained that there has been substantially no increase in the membership of the Roman Catholic Church in this country save by means of immigration and natural law. Dr. Shinn drops this pretence as no longer tenable. He abandons the position that the increase in the census returns means nothing more than a displacement, and faces the facts as he finds them. This places him at an advantage for the purposes of his contention. He clears the ground by the mere heading of his essay, "Why Some Become Roman Catholics." The admission helps in another way, not contemplated by the learned divine. It may also bring some consolation to the good perturbed souls who have been wringing their hands over the "leakage" from the Roman Catholic Church. Leakage means usually a falling away of worthless ones through indifference to eternal interests; accession signifies an increment of the earnest and the truth seeking.

"It is not by missionaries or by literature," says Dr. Shinn, "that conversions are to any extent made." This is a pretty strong assertion, but inasmuch as the disputant himself takes care in his later argument to disprove it, it is not necessary to argue, but to laugh. "The class of people he has most in mind," he says, "are those serious folk who have looked at the Church of Rome as supplying them with what they thought they could not get elsewhere." These two things are, he explains, an unquestioned authority in religion and a more demonstrative religious life. These being the persons the writer really has in mind, what becomes of the pretence that the spread of Catholic literature and the preaching of Catholic missionaries are not the cause of the slow but certain sapping of the crumbling pillars of Protestantism? It is the spread of the printed word which has brought men to the fountain-head to inquire whence it was that Newman got his inspiration. It is the echo of the trumpet blast which he sounded in his immortal tracts which is shaking the outer walls of the edifice all the time the inner fabric is tottering to its fall.

For the convenience of persons desirous of having religion seasoned with "authority," Dr. Shinn goes on to state that the Anglican Church possesses enough for all reasonable persons. This authority he recognizes in "the links of connection with the historic past." The trifling fact that these links were snapped asunder by Acts of Parliament, by the headsman and other resources of Tudor civilization, makes in this estimable doctor's mind no difference worth consideration. Neither does the circumstance that, while what he refers to as "the historic past" is admittedly the Roman Catholic Church as she is to-day, there is no fusion between her doctrines and

clergy and those represented by Dr. Shinn. The latter stand apart and say, "We are quite competent to carry on business on our own account." We are the same as you in doctrine and usage, but we have a strong suspicion that your authority is not altogether satisfactory. "In fact," says Dr. Shinn, to quote him literally, "it would be much easier to prove the invalidity of Roman orders than to prove Anglican orders valid."

It will not be denied that the preceding passage is worth the trouble of italicizing. It is so very long since we had any originality in controversial methods that we might be pardoned for thinking that it was a lost art. In the face of such astounding audacity it is manifestly hopeless to argue on the subject of authority with certain elements and offshoots of the Anglican Church. When one wing of the same dissenting sect sneers at authority as unnecessary, and another outcries historical fact to prove that it possesses enough of it, it is time to quit the lists of discussion. All this bustle and refurbishing of rusty armament means, however, much uneasiness. It is not alone that a serious falling off is confessed; the immediate future is looked forward to with dismal apprehension. Something must be done to ward off the danger of wholesale desertion. Dr. Shinn compromises with his prejudices in order to make a proposition.

It is painful to know that many people like the great Roman Catholic parish church, with its tawdry decorations, its solemn music, its unintelligible services and its sometimes ridiculous ceremonial. This is what Dr. Shinn finds it, but as other people like this church, whose doors are open all the day, and dislike the cold and uncomfortable little Episcopal church, why it is better to do something to please them. He does not make a plea for ritualism, he says, nor for the methods of the Salvation Army, "but let us have some of each, if there is nothing else to be had beside these and the dull respectability of some parishes." Alas for "authority"! Alas for "historic links"! When the people begin to show the same contempt for these pretensions as the originators of this poor Anglican makeshift did in their day, then it is time to consider what is our duty when the miserable wreck of dissent is at last driven on the rocks and goes to pieces.

Our duty is manifest. We must redouble our efforts to reach the souls and the minds of those shepherdless people. We must prevent them from being deluded by a jumble of tambourines and theology. Pulpit and printing press are called upon for renewed exertions: it is the hour for the voice and the pen. And let us not forget the open church door; though silent, it is often an eloquent, an irresistible plea.—*Philadelphia Standard and Times.*

INSTRUCTION FOR NON-CATHOLICS.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD—Dear Sir—There must be Catholic readers of this paper in many a town and village who know of certain non-Catholics who frequently attend Catholic services, the only apparent reason being that they are drawn towards the Church without exactly knowing why. In most cases they make little or no attempt to participate in the worship, no doubt because they feel that they do not properly understand its meaning; and yet it is often evident that extreme interest and attention is exhibited, and that they probably have a disposition to learn what is the cause of the intensity of devotion and reverence so constantly seen on every side. "Here," their heart whispers to them, "is something I have not seen elsewhere. Here is widely conspicuous an earnestness of faith that there is no gainsaying. Here is no mere running after the sensational sermon or enterprising discourse, but adoration and prayer unceasing. Here is seemingly a supernatural Presence I can almost feel. Surely this must be the very House of God and the porch of heaven!" But there is no one who ventures to question; no one, as a rule, who cares to take the risk of offering explanations or to urge these strangers to seek for guidance and the "kindly light" they are possibly groping and wishing for; no book store or free library where the enquirers could get instructions upon so many points they would like to understand, even if they could guess at what books to ask for; and so nothing is done—absolutely nothing—and perhaps many such souls are finally lost.

It would seem as if we expected God to work a very miracle of grace while we stand by and make no effort to bring "men of good will" to the foot of the cross. Meanwhile the "prince of this world" is active. No stone leaves he unturned to entice away such poor souls, both personally and by means of human mouthpieces, with the old bogies of "errors of Rome," "persecution," "horrors of the confessional," "sins forgiven for money," "empty ceremonies," and a hundred other things which the writer of these lines was long taught, and once firmly believed, but which he now knows, by the mercy of God and after patient investigation, are wholly untrue. What is proposed now is this. Let each reader who knows of cases such

as is above described send the name and addresses of the parties, together with particulars as to age, sex, occupation, educational abilities, religious denomination, general character, and other like information, in strict confidence (giving at the same time his or her own name and address) to the following address, and some suitable literature will be sent from time to time to the parties that may be indicated.

Parties who furnish us with names, or any non-Catholic enquiring on his own behalf, will, if desired, be corresponded with.

POLYCARP,
Care CATHOLIC RECORD, London.

THE SAVING OF THE IRISH NATION.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* of Sept. 5, sums up the results of the Irish Race Convention in an editorial full of good sense and hopefulness. It says that never in the history of our race has there been gathered in one assembly a more magnificent or more inspiring representation of Irishmen than that which met in the Leinster Hall this week, and never had Irishmen a purer or nobler mission than that which attracted the accredited delegates of our people to the Irish capital from all parts of the world. No Irishman, unless they be hopelessly steeped in faction, can ignore the signal manifestation of National feeling that the great convention evidenced. Its deliberations have sounded Patriotism to its depths, and the high sense of responsibility which the delegates have brought to their glorious work, the elevated tone which has marked the proceedings, and the devotion to the ideas of nationhood which ran through every delegate's utterance, will revivify in Irish hearts feeling of hope and gladness which the slavery of disunion had nearly extinguished. There is, indeed, occasion for exceeding joy in the bringing together, in solemn council, of Ireland's scattered sons, whose every heart-throb beats true to Ireland's cause. Nothing short of a tremendous national crisis could evoke the profound enthusiasm which punctuated the progress of the Convention, and it is gratifying to think that, after all the horrors of the past few years, there is a substantial and cheering prospect that the labor of the most Democratic Parliament which ever assembled in a nation's cause will be fruitful of permanent and abiding results. Representative men from the greater Ireland beyond the seas, men who have carved their way to fame and fortune in the United States, the Dominion of Canada, Africa, Australia and New Zealand, were there to inculcate by word and example the eternal principles upon which alone Ireland's political independence can be achieved. In their own persons they exemplify the dignity, the manliness and the power of liberty—loyal institutions with which their lives have been identified. At the call of the motherland, and regardless of time, distance and expense, they have left their far-away homes and their private and public duties to take a patriotic part in the re-establishment of Ireland's shattered fortunes. For their great sacrifices, not only their brother delegates but the whole Irish nation have the deepest and most heartfelt admiration. The *Independent*, with its well-worn shibboleths and its policy of negation and despair, may stigmatize them as "nobodies," and may seek in its impotent wrath to be little their influence, but their credentials are before the world, their sentiments and their demeanor show them to be patriots of the purest and highest character that ever stood up for Ireland's rights, and it will take more than the vulgar abuse and the puerile inanities in the Redmondite organ to impugn their claim to speak on behalf of the millions of our expatriated race. With them were joined the priests and the people of Ireland who, against misrepresentation and even brute force, have held the National cause above the interests of faction. Every element that could ensure glorious results was present in the memorable gathering. It had the good wishes and the prayers of the illustrious occupant of the Vatican, whose paternal solicitude for the Irish race has doubly endeared him to Catholic and to National Ireland. In the choice of a chairman, too, the delegates made a selection that augured well for the interests of unity in Irish politics. No name in the Irish Hierarchy is more revered than that of the patriotic prelate of Rapallo, whose opening statement raised the proceedings to a pitch worthy alike of the momentous occasion and of the best traditions of Dr. O'Donnell's distinguished order. In a similar spirit were couched the subsequent addresses delivered. Unity and conciliation were the watchwords, and none but those who are blindly wedded to factionist courses can have objection to assist in the noble aims set forth by the various speakers. Those who are now estranged from the National fold have been invited to resume their place among a united Irish people, and assist in a mission which gives ample scope for the best energies of Nationalist Irishmen. If they hearken not to the counsels

of friendship and national policy it remains only for the Irish people to follow up the success of the Convention by strenuous adherence to its mandate, whatever it be, to demonstrate to all the world that the heart of the people is sound, that the majority of Irishmen are tired and weary of internecine strife, and that from this moment forward no man or section of men, let their past services be what they may, can continue with impunity to obstruct the Irish people in their onward march to the goal of National freedom.

The second day's proceedings amply fulfilled the promise of the first. The first business on the agenda paper gave rise to a remarkable demonstration which showed the oneness of purpose that dominated every delegate, and their determination to make that assembly the High Court in which the rights and wrongs of the present unhappy situation. A long discussion took place upon an amendment moved by the Rev. P. F. Flynn, the patriotic pastor of Ballybricken, to the effect that a committee of arbitration should be appointed, consisting of home and foreign delegates, which should be empowered to provide if possible a common platform upon which all Irish Nationalists might stand. The question was fairly and fully debated; but it was clearly evident that the sense of the Convention was against the proposal. It was a sovereign assembly called together to arbitrate upon those very issues which the Convention was asked to delegate to a committee. The subsequent withdrawal of the amendment and the gentleman's ready acquiescence in the rule of the majority were evidences of his sterling and well-tried National principles, and we trust that the noble advice which he gave to others of a similar way of thinking may be speedily and cordially acted upon, and may result in the realization of the hopes for National unity which are now surging high in the breast of every Irishman.

THE IRISH RACE CONVENTION.

Important Manifesto.

At a meeting of the foreign delegates to the Irish Race Convention it was agreed that the following address be issued to the Irish people at home and abroad:

"Before leaving for our respective homes we deem it our duty to place on record our grateful appreciation of the courtesy and kindness with which we have been received and treated by the home delegates to the Irish Race Convention."

"We came absolutely unbiased in our views towards any party or section of party in the Irish Parliamentary representation, determined to form an independent opinion based on our own observations. We are bound to add that the gentlemen who are responsible for the arrangements of the Convention scrupulously abstained from any attempt whatever to influence our judgments. We have kept separate and independent our own organization, and have asked no one who was associated with the movement at home to attend our conferences. We are satisfied that the great Convention which we have attended was, in its composition, character, and numbers, representative of the Nationalists of Ireland, and that it voiced the Irish National spirit."

"We have watched the proceedings of the Convention from the beginning to end, and we have heard the fullest and freest possible discussion of every point brought under its deliberations, and we have seen that its decisions have been unanimously taken."

"We have been particularly impressed by the earnest unanimity with which the Convention declared for genuine party unity necessarily involving discipline and respect for majority rule."

"We record our own entire belief in party unity, based on the only foundation possible—submission to the majority."

"We believe in a real unity, and we exhort all who have the welfare of Ireland at heart to support the majority of their representatives who have acted up to their pledges."

"We believe in party discipline as the means by which unity is maintained; and we declare that the preservation of discipline can be entrusted only to the men who keep the party pledge."

"As delegates from the Irish Race in the United States, the Dominion of Canada, Newfoundland, South Africa, and the Australasian colonies, we earnestly call upon the people of Ireland to stand together for unity in the cause of Home Rule and discipline in the Home Rule Party in Parliament."

"As citizens of countries enjoying the blessings of free government we affirm there is no other line of effective action known to us than submission to the rule of the majority in political organizations."

"We undertake, on our return to our various homes, to convey to our people our sense of the magnitude, authority, and order of the Convention; and as delegates we pledge ourselves to give our loyal and unflinching support to the Parliamentary Party

until the blessings of self-government have been won for Ireland."

The document was signed by all the foreign delegates. Those from Canada who appended their names are: Rev. T. Ryan, representing the Archbishop of Toronto; John Costigan, Ottawa; John Heney, Ottawa; Very Rev. Dean W. R. Harris, St. Catharines, Ont.; Rev. Wm. Flannery, D. D., St. Thomas, Ont.; Rev. Frank O'Reilly, Hamilton, Ont.; Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, Montreal; John McKeown, St. Catharines, Ont.; Hugh Ryan, Toronto; J. J. Fay, Toronto; Rev. M. A. Clancy, Piacetta, Newfoundland; James D. Ryan, St. John's, Newfoundland; Edward Halley, Montreal; Rev. Wm. Foley, D. D., Halifax, Nova Scotia; Lieut.-Col. McShane, Halifax, Nova Scotia; Gerald B. Tiernan, Halifax, Nova Scotia; P. F. Cronin, Secretary Canadian Delegation, Toronto; James J. O'Brien.

CLOSE OF THE CONVENTION.

The Irish race convention held in Dublin on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week is counted upon as a great success by all who attended it. Mr. Healy and Mr. Redmond and their admirers, who took no part in the deliberations, are credited as dubbing the convention a failure, but in their case the wish was very likely father to the thought. Justin McCarthy declares that it was "a complete and splendid success." He thus analyzes the situation: "If any members of the party should, after the deliberations and warning of this week, persist in ignoring the authority of the majority, the constituents of such men will have to take action at the next general election."

John Dillon, in an interview on Thursday night, said: "At least 100 Parnellites and 150 Healyites were present at the convention just closed. Yet so impressed were they with the sincerity and unity of the delegates that none of them raised a voice of protest to deny or dispute anything. It is charged that the priests are against us, yet over 100 were present and were eager supporters. The success achieved far exceeds my most sanguine hopes."

"Regarding the future, I desire to say to the American people, in the most unmistakable way possible, that while I tonight, after the greatest success ever achieved for any Irish convention called as this has been, still uphold and repeat my offer to stand aside with Healy and Redmond, if they will come together and choose a leader for all of the Nationalists, yet, if they are unwilling, in the cause of Ireland, to do this, then I will execute the mandate received from the convention, and will fight for unity to the last gasp. We will have unity, even if we lose many members of the party, and on unity we will go to the country."

"After such a demonstration as has just been concluded, I believe that we can sweep Ireland on this issue. I ask all firm friends of Ireland in the United States and Canada to support me in the same determined way as they will find I will work hereafter."

"Thus it will be seen that those who prayed that the convention would be a success found it so, while those who hoped for a failure declare that their expectations were realized."

No Bigotry in the Queen's Navy.

There is no Apaisim in the British Navy. Not long ago the flagship "Ramelles," the "Cambrian," the "Hawks," and the "Surprise," were at Nice, and the three hundred Catholics on board of them were allowed the opportunity to make a spiritual retreat and to receive the sacraments of confession and Communion. They were brought to the shore in small boats every morning and thence they marched to church.

A correspondent says: "Their fine, well-disciplined bearing made their march to church one of the Sunday sights at Nullefrance. In church they conducted themselves with admirable devotion, and the Bishop of Nice and the parish priest of Villefranche were loud in their praise of the men, the officers, and the courteous and easy arrangements made for the spiritual welfare of the crews. The men turned up magnificently for their Easter duties, and Father David gave every man who approached the sacraments a certificate to send home to the mothers, wives and relatives in England and Ireland. By a letter of introduction from the Queen's Secretary, Sir Fleetwood Edwards, K. C. B., R. E., every facility was granted for spiritual ministrations to the crews on board of well as on shore. H. S. H. Prince Louis and the other captains were most willing that ample opportunities should be given to Father David to see to the spiritual welfare of the men, and orders were issued accordingly."

And this, mind you, is in the navy belonging to Queen Victoria, the head of the Protestant Church in England. Orangemen must feel blue when they hear of the regard for the rights of conscience of her Catholic seamen.

Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptation. Say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.

Scrofula

Infests the blood of humanity. It appears in varied forms, but is forced to yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and vitalizes the blood and cures all such diseases. Read this: "In September, 1894, I made a misstep and injured my ankle. Very soon afterwards...

A Sore

Two inches across formed and in walking to favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my boot on and I thought I should have to give up at every step. I could not get any relief and had to stop work. I read of a cure of a similar case by Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it. Before I had taken all of two bottles the sore had healed and the swelling had gone down. My...

Foot

Is now well and I have been greatly benefited otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. H. BLAKE, Co. Berwick, Me. This and other similar cures prove that...

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In the Academic Department Special attention is paid to the Modern Languages, the Fine Arts, Plain and Fancy Needlework. In this department pupils are prepared for Diplomas and Certificates of Music, and Provincial Art School Teachers' Certificates.

Classes resumed on Monday, Sept. 7th. For Prospectus apply to the 933-4 MOTHER SUPERIOR.

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MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

A look of misery came into her face which startled both these true hearts when she said:

"Would it not do for the mother to come with me to Crane's Castle and remain quietly there till the trial is over? Father Daly could bring our messages to and fro—and there is the post. Perhaps we should only do mischief by our presence."

Mrs. Kilmartin turned her face to the wall with a moan and said no more. It was clear to her that too much had been expected of this girl in the fullness and promise of her youth and her heiress ship, with the world before her and the brightest possibilities at her feet. She had thrown herself into an engagement with Bryan, not dreaming of the tragedy in which it was to involve her. Though she suffered for him, and refused to believe in his guilt, might she not naturally recoil in dismay at the prospect of the heavy and perhaps enduring cloud which would overshadow a future connection with him? Might she not feel that she ought to be released from her promise and be allowed to go away to happier scenes, while the painful drama was being enacted in which she shrank from playing her part?

The conviction that such was the state of Marcella's mind in the reaction which might be supposed to have followed her first burst of faith in and sympathy with the widow's tribulation, on the fire of the world as she had been, but she resolved to do her duty, and begged Father Daly to speak to the girl on the subject of a release from her engagement.

Father Daly tried to enter into Mrs. Kilmartin's views and admitted that she might be right. It was true that Marcella was changed, and that she showed an unmistakable cowardice about going to Dublin which must be attributed to her horror of appearing before the eyes of the world as the affianced wife of a man in prison under a charge of murder. No doubt the mind of an impressionable girl might almost give way under the pressure of such circumstances. A pleasant life awaited her could she but sever herself from the painful associations which at present surrounded her. Already there were many callers at Crane's Castle to express sympathy with her as one who had been innocently betrayed into friendship with people so dreadful as the prisoner of Kilmartinham and his mother. Each visit and letter of Miss O'Donovan put some fresh proof before Marcella of how eagerly a safe and pleasant world was endeavoring to save her from the consequences of her own rashness. Why should the girl be supposed to be a heroine merely because she had shown generous impulses and had not been able to help loving Bryan Kilmartin whom every one loved?

To approve of a man while he was safe and well and in an honorable position was one thing. To cleave to him when he stood aloof from society, execrated by the crowd, and suspected by even the most charitable, when standing by him meant pain and sorrow, and humiliation—Father Daly saw that was quite another matter. And so he consented to speak to Marcella.

She was walking up and down the path above the rocks as she was accustomed to do, while the priest took her place beside Mrs. Kilmartin. The day was a glorious one in the end of July, but the sumptuous coloring of mountain, moor and water had no longer meaning or beauty for Marcella, whose eyes saw only wherever they turned the prison walls and barred gates of Kilmartinham.

Father Daly joined her and walked up and down with her for a few minutes trying to keep pace with her restless steps, till at last he said:

"My dear, the mother and I have been talking about you, and I want to tell you the conclusion we have come to, if you will give me your attention. We think you ought not to be asked to come to Dublin at present, ought not to get yourself mixed up with this trial."

"I will not be mixed up in it," said Marcella, a hectic spot glowing on her cheek as the familiar dread rose and stared her in the face, the fear of being confronted with those policemen to whom she had spoken on the night of the murder, and who, with the keen shrewdness which she imagined must belong to their class and office, would be sure to remember her.

Father Daly was shocked into silence. Her cowardice disappointed him. Yet he had made up his mind that she was to be excused and must do as she pleased, and he would be patient with her.

"I do not want to be mixed up in it," she said, "because I believe no good could be done that way. What would be gained by the presence of my mother in Dublin? She is not able to visit him, and she would be more lonely and afflicted there than here. My plan is that she should come with me to Crane's Castle, where I will nurse her and take care of her till this trouble passes over."

Then Father Daly thought she spoke lightly, and he felt less compunction for her and spoke a little more of his mind.

"I think she will go to Dublin, but do not trouble yourself about that. I will make arrangements for her there. You see how naturally looks on things with peculiar eyes, and to be near Kilmartinham will be to her a sort of satisfaction. And, my dear, after a few more days there will be nothing to

hinder your return to Crane's Castle and to comfortable friends."

A little wild sob of a laugh broke from Marcella which had almost been a cry of anguish. It was natural she should be misunderstood, yet how was she to account for herself? Better be thought heartless and fickle than that she should thrust herself into the danger of being called on to bear witness against Bryan Kilmartin, to give evidence in the case for his prosecution, which he himself had admitted might prove almost overwhelming. By hiding among the bogs and mountains she could shield him as she had shielded him before; by weakly yielding to the temptation to see him and be near him, and also to clear herself of hateful suspicion in the eyes of those who also loved him in their own way, she might prove to be his undoing.

He himself could not suspect her. He would know or guess the motive of her conduct. In his letters he did not hint at the danger that was in her mind, and she never dared to put any allusion to it on paper, lest her letter might be read by other eyes than his own.

Yes, let Father Daly see her conduct by the light in which he had just shown it to her. Let Mrs. Kilmartin abhor her as a slight thing whose enthusiasm for a noble man had been blown away by the first breath of the storm. Better even that Bryan himself should believe her to be untrue than that her voice should be lifted to condemn him.

She would lie by here, ignored and forgotten, till the trial was over, the inners confounded, and the absence of all corroborative evidence having saved the accused from the consequences of their machinations, he would be set free, acquitted before the world. Better if he were then to turn away from her as a creature who had failed him in the hour of his need, as seeming gold that had been tried in the fire and proved to be dross, than that, using her as a tortured instrument, his enemies should prevail.

This thought pressing on her with increasing force hardened her resolution, and enabled her to say to Father Daly while that strange little laugh of hers was still paining his ears:

"Of course I know I am my own mistress, and at Crane's Castle I will stay till this is over. If Mrs. Kilmartin will not stay with me, then I fear she must go alone, as you suggest."

After this preparation were made for Marcella's return to Crane's Castle and Mrs. Kilmartin's departure for Dublin. How the poor little mother, who found it difficult to move from one room to another in her home, should manage to accomplish the journey was a problem to everyone except herself, but she never doubted that the strength of her love would cut the way for her through an army of seeming impossibilities. Meanwhile she and Marcella spoke less and less together of the subject at both their hearts. Mrs. Kilmartin had accepted it as a settled thing that the girl, eager to save herself from being mixed up in a scandal, had retreated from her position as Bryan's affianced wife, and would take the opportunity of his mother's departure for the city to withdraw all but a friend's interest (and perhaps even that too) from those with whom she had so unfortunately connected herself, not dreaming at the time of discredit and disgrace.

And still the proofs multiplied that others were able and willing to help Marcella out of her unhappy dilemma. Many cards, invitations, and such tokens of good-will were brought by Miss O'Donovan to Inishean, having been left at Crane's Castle for Miss O'Kelly by the surrounding gentry, good people who drove great distances to show their willingness to reclaim the heiress of Distressa, who was so young and who had received a foreign education, and who ought for all sorts of reasons to be forgiven for having dropped into her sad mistakes at the very outset of her career.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE INQUIRIST.

It was the tourist season, the time of the year when the few strangers who ever find their way into the highlands of Connemara may be seen climbing on long cars, or standing about looking dissatisfied and supercilious on the doorsteps of country inns and half-way houses, or can be heard "drawing out" innocent looking car-drivers, whose silly answers they accept in the most liberal manner, and whom they therefore do not find so witty as they had been led to expect.

A gentlemanly looking man, who appeared to be a tourist, for he was certainly a stranger, and seemed to have no business in travelling but to gaze about at the scenery and question the driver about the state of the country, took one morning the seat next the horses on the long car from Galway, and made himself as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. There were two points of evidence in favor of his being a native of our island, even if a tourist: one was his rich, rolling, though by no means vulgar, brogue, the other was the fact that he grumbled at nothing that happened. The splendid weather and the glowing scenery evidently rejoiced him, and as he presented a cigar to the gladdened driver, it was with an eye twinkle of sympathy which had never been learned on the thither side of the channel.

This eye twinkle was only one small outward sign of a curious power of sympathy possessed by the man, somewhat like the power by which the snake charmer is supposed to charm the snake. We hear in these days a great deal of the strange exercise of volition by which one person draws

another to move from place to place, but this traveler's speciality was to induce people to speak their minds to him truly, whether it was for their interest to do so not. Just as the serpent comes forth out of its hiding place at the sound of the charmer's piping, so would the fondly hidden thought issue from the lips of the reticent at the will of this apparently uninquisitive and easy-mannered gentleman, and many who had thoroughly enjoyed his company would, having left it, feel a sudden reaction leading them to search their memories for their secrets, much as they might on other occasions feel in their pockets for the safety of purse and watch.

This being so, Mr. O'Malley, who lived by judicious exercise of his singular power, and enjoyed the practice of it even in unofficial moments, passed his time very pleasantly during the long day's journey into the mountains, and filched more or less information which would be useful to him hereafter from his unconscious fellow-passengers who had no idea that their brains were being picked.

At present he was abroad on decidedly official business, but as a painter on his way to paint the portrait of a great man which he expects to bring him fame may beguile his journey by making sketches which will work up into future pictures, so did the great agent of the police make sketches peculiar to his own art as he hastened towards the most promising and interesting piece of work which his experienced hands had touched for many a day.

He was going to lay hold of an important piece of evidence in a pending criminal prosecution which it was highly desirable should end in conviction and punishment of the accused. There had been some trouble in tracing up this witness, but all that was over, and now there only remained to claim her assistance for the prosecution. For it was a woman who held this power in her hands, and a pretty woman too, as Mr. O'Malley had been credibly informed.

He put up for the night at a small inn among the mountains, much to the surprise of the driver, who, disappointed at losing him for the rest of the journey, tried to convince him that no sport of any kind was to be found on the spot where he proposed to remain. However, there Mr. O'Malley stayed till morning, when he hired a small car and started early, accompanied by a quiet-looking man, who had the day before occupied a seat on the opposite side of the public conveyance and had signalled "lodging and entertainment for man and beast," and walked a mile till they reached the shore of the lake which encircled Inishean.

Marcella was sitting, reading to Mrs. Kilmartin on a low seat by her couch. Neither woman gave her sense to what was read, but the mere exercise of pretending to hear and understand, of making believe to turn the thoughts from one ever-present subject, was a sort of necessity for both in the long monotony of their day in this solitude.

The mother's brain was busy counting the hours and moments that must still elapse before she should find herself on the road to Dublin. The journey was to begin to-morrow, but to-morrow seemed far away to her impatient expectation. In the meantime, Marcella's voice rather irritated than soothed her. She began to feel that it would be a relief to her to get away from this girl who so visibly suffered through Bryan's misfortune, yet had not the courage to take up her cross and be a martyr for his sake.

Marcella, while she read, simply felt that this reading afforded her a sort of grasp by which she felt herself balanced over a precipice which might at any moment engulf her. The continual utterance of words, words, words, which bore no meaning to her mind, were so many jerks which broke the thread of consecutive thought, and kept it from winding round her throat and strangling her. She also was aware that it would be a relief to be separated from the unhappy mother who must be allowed to misunderstand her so terribly, who was going on her lonely way to-morrow, that to-morrow which would thus sever the link which bound her, Marcella, in the daily chain of a slowly unfolding tragedy. How she was to live after that link had been snapped, and she found herself alone with her grief and horror in the desert region of Crane's Castle, she could not dare to ask herself. And so the reading went on, more words without meaning, more sound without sense, anything to make a monotonous noise that should interrupt thought and forbid conversation, till the little parlor-maid opened the drawing-room door, and said that a gentleman wanted to see Miss O'Kelly.

Nothing more unexpected could well have happened to interrupt the perfunctory reading, for the virtuous county people, with all the charity towards Marcella, had known where to draw the line in making their demonstrations, and every one, even the impatient Mr. O'Flaherty, had forbore to make a call at Inishean.

Therefore if the venerable golden eagle who was supposed to hunt the topest crags of Ben-dhu overhanging the lake, had been found tapping for admittance at the cottage windows, the circumstance would not have been more surprising than was this announcement of a gentleman's visit.

He was shown in, and, though seen to be a complete stranger, was invited to take a chair opposite the ladies, for he looked like a man who had come there for a purpose. Mrs. Kilmartin thought he might be her son's solicitor

arrived with some comforting intelligence. Marcella had time to think of nothing before meeting the strange man's eyes fixed upon hers, full of that latent power of seeing through thick veils, and luring forth the truth from its seemingly secure hiding-place, and having met and instinctively recognized the look, she knew who he was and what errand had brought him there. The day she had prayed might never rise had dawned and had already passed its noon. The hour she had dreamed and hidden from was at hand. It was not at Miss O'Kelly, the heiress, that this person was looking with that strange conciliating yet pitiless glance which made her suddenly feel as if stealthy fingers were upon her throat, but at Marcella Grace, the audacious girl whose daring hands and deceiving tongue had interfered with the law, and upon whom the law would now be revenged.

For one moment she quailed and sickened, and from the depths of her soul cried to the earth to swallow her; the next her resolution had come to her aid and stood as a bar between her and the enemy.

"Mrs. Kilmartin," began the visitor, addressing the small frail woman who sat on her couch with a glimmer of hope in the pale blue eyes that strained towards him, "I am sorry to have to come here on a painful errand. My business is with this young lady, and if I may see her alone it may save you some uneasiness, perhaps."

"If it is anything connected with my son's affairs I want to know it at once," faltered the mother, shuddering under the ominous warning of his words. "I am the nearest to him, no one is so near as a mother. Nothing must be hid from me."

Mr. O'Malley sighed. This white, trembling ghost of a mother was harder to deal with than the masculine personage for whom rumor had prepared him. But his time was precious and the indulgence of sentiment was in no way included in the role of his duty.

He merely remarked, as he took a note-book from his pocket, "I should have preferred to see this lady alone. But it must be as you will."

Marcella, having rapidly reviewed the position in her mind, felt that a struggle would be useless, and sat perfectly still, holding the closed book upright on her knees with both hands, as if it were the outward form of that barricade which she had erected and meant to stand between her and the powers that were set to destroy Bryan.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Charles O'Conor's Success.

The life of Charles O'Conor, the eminent lawyer, shows what diligence and perseverance will accomplish.

When but eight years old he was an office-boy and a newspaper carrier. His father published a weekly newspaper, and Charles, besides attending to the office, delivered the journal to its subscribers in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. He used to take a skiff to cross the river, and frequently would be out all Saturday night serving his route. It is said that he never missed a subscriber.

When seventeen years old he entered a lawyer's office as an errand-boy. He borrowed law books, took them home to read them, by the light of a tallow candle far into the night. Several lawyers, noticing the boy's industry, aided him in his studies.

When he was twenty-four years old he was admitted to the bar, and even then it was said that young O'Conor's legal opinion was worth more than that of many other lawyers.

But success came slowly to a young lawyer; and it was not until his thirtieth year that clients recognized the legal learning and skill of young O'Conor. He was very poor, but industry and ability were his capital. He worked hard at the smallest case, never slighted any trust, and in time secured the reputation of a man who would do his best for those employing him. To this conscientiousness and industry he owed his success.

The Open Catholic Church.

In the three part story, "The Spirit of an Illinois Town," which she begins in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, whose writings often breathe a Catholic spirit, says in one portion of her tale: "I thought it a pity that Protestant churches never keep open for weary and passion-tormented souls, as the Catholic Church does. Toilers who left their work for a minutes prayer in the cathedral were a common sight abroad." Mrs. Catherwood might, perhaps, find one reason for enclosed Protestant churches in the absence from those structures of that Real Presence whose indwelling in the tabernacles of the Catholic Church draws to those edifices the faithful who frequent them, on all days of the week and all hours of the day, in search of strength and comfort, to adore the Divinity abiding there or to thank God for graces and favors received. The Protestant places of worship seem fully aware of the fact that, with no altar in them enshrining the Word made Flesh who, out of His great love for mankind, abides forever with us under the sacramental forms, there is little to attract people within their walls save when services are being held; and hence their doors on week days and on Sundays, except at meeting time, are closed and locked, so that those who would enter them find ingress denied to them.

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit and success. Remember Hood's cure.

A RENEGADE REBUKED.

A Protestant Defends Pope Pius IX. From a Revolutionist's Insult.

Speaking of the late Carroll Spence, the *Baltimore Sun* says:

"Broad in his religious views, Mr. Spence always evinced the greatest respect for all creeds. On his way back to America from Turkey he visited Rome, where he met His Holiness Pope Pius IX., for whom he conceived the highest regard. He revered the Pope as the head of a great Church, and on one occasion in Rome proved it in a noble manner. He was in a gallery with two Roman counts, and obtaining a portrait of the Pope, he spoke of it as an elegant and most beautiful work of art. A man near by, hearing the remark, shouted: 'What's that? You call him kind and benevolent? He is the biggest scoundrel in Italy.'"

"Mr. Spence was highly indignant, and looking over the man from head to foot, replied: 'How dare you! I was not speaking to you, you miserable cur! You are a subject of that most worthy pontiff, and no doubt a Catholic, and yet you are base enough to insult him. I will not tolerate it. Begone!'"

"In speaking subsequently of this scene, Mr. Spence said it occurred to him that there he was, a Protestant and a foreigner, contending publicly for the temporal sovereignty of the Pope in the latter's own dominions, and yet every day hearing expressions of disloyalty against the person of that sovereign."

Rub Off the Cobwebs.

Even the busiest house-keeper should have some interest outside of the four walls of her home. If not, she grows narrow-minded and self-centered; thinking continuously, if not of her own individual self, then of the members of her own family, measuring others by their standard and forgetting that they are neither better nor worse than the balance of the world. How often do we hear women say they have no time for this, that, or the other—reading, visiting, letters, the theatre, a walk, music, study—anything that breaks the monotony of a daily routine, and they assume to wear a halo because they are slaves to their family and their house.

They are far from being saints. They are nothing but machines, wearing themselves out for want of idling, until they become squeaky and rusty and are retired from service so much out of date that it is almost impossible for them ever to become modernized. They allow their husbands and children to grow away from them with the excuse of "haven't time," and when they have alienated the comradeship which should never have wavered they complain that they are mere household drudges.

There is no woman so busy that she cannot, if she so desires, keep pace, at least, with her children, even though their educational advantages be superior to those she herself enjoyed. She can grow in their growth by judiciously inviting and sharing the development of their minds; and though she may not know rules and isms and dogmas, she can grasp the spirit of the children's lessons. There is no woman so busy that she hasn't time to rub the cobwebs off her brain by converse with some other—her pastor, the children's teacher, her neighbor.

There is no woman so busy that she cannot keep in touch with friends at a distance by an occasional letter. Ten minutes every day devoted to reading, writing or conversation, will help to keep a woman in touch with the world; and ten minutes every day can be saved or spared from any woman's life.—Columbian.

Baptism.

A child should be presented for baptism without delay, in the parish church, at the proper time. If some grave reason impels one to have his child baptized outside of the parish, the written permission of the pastor is necessary.

There should be two practical Catholics for sponsors, a godfather and a godmother. In case of necessity, one sponsor, of the same sex as the child, will suffice.

At least one Christian name should be selected for the child. The godmother holds the child with the head resting on her right arm. The clothing about the neck of the child should be loose, so that the priest may easily anoint the breast and back. The responses are to be made and the Apostles' Creed and Our Father recited clearly and with sincerity.

The sponsors place their right hands upon the child at the pouring of the water. They also hold the candlestick when the priest presents it. It is becoming for the sponsor and the father to present an offering in keeping with their means to the officiating clergyman.

No charge is made for the administration of the sacrament. Custom demands an offering or *honorarium* in proportion to the means of the ones concerned. Those who are in poverty are not required to observe this custom.

Parents should not baptize their own children except in danger of death, when no one else is near. It is proper for the mother to receive the blessing of the Church after her child is baptized (the ceremony is called churching).

Real merit is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other aspirations fail. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

GOOD DONE BY FRIARS LAND.

A Brief Account of the Pious Works of the Friars of France.

More than seven centuries ago, in 1182, a Umbrian Province of Italy was to transform some of its people into the first twenty of the world. The son of a called Bernardone, F led for the first time existence the gray and life of wealthy youths all lands, till, with a verse of fortune, came of thought and feeling the close of the twelfth a state of general eff things, good in their passing away, and no what the future might Feudalism had done i young nations who classic Greece and Rome to feel their ma ardent for liberty and of ancient ways. Po had accumulated in the few, while the masses cipated from serfdom ships which our moder fairly realized. The astic orders, abodes of were, could offer no reaching remedies fo and all men were monks. The sympan Francis was deeply m surrounding him, and to become poor and poor and ignorant in them to a higher pl truly he is in touch his time that in less t had collected an army men all eager to foll and to second his effo The movement beg spread to other coun tenber, 1224, one of test disciples, Broth Pisa, with eight com whom were English Dover, and proceeded bury and then to Lou says a writer in t *Weekly Mercury*. T once appealed to the F The towns, strugglin tion from their feuda auxiliaries: the lep which the troubled t veritable danger to wealth, found in the for soul and body. abode in the slums Oxford, amongst th the people, they sa same time the sympan and learned. The G Oxford, Robert Gros firmest friend and co and held it an hon reader, or professor term it, in their scha also became the m University. So trea rush of students an Order that its advers suppressive measure dered futile by pop and Mr. Gladstone, lecture, has told us, friars was the golda lish Universities.

Nor did this marve them to forget the founder. Of the p entirely in touch w and aspirations, w be found on the sid and in the struggle and the rights of t threw all the weight on the side of the p spite the fact that th nobles were the m their benefactors.

Thirty years after the Franciscans had vents, with two thou most amongst the l and action, their p resented by those w cessful, and the s them have surviv thanks to the powe press, which cou amongst its first su memory of their goo in the inarticulate h was buried in their all opposition, the popularity to the refutation of the ac forgot in practice erty lies in the fo solution of the mo ciscans possessed nor lands, only and churches rai of the people, an to them as much as selves. For exclus been a Francisc Nor has the Friar On the contrary, see for pleasure thro lives of the worki devised means wh to this want, and so England. At Cove the famous Miracle William Dugdale to

"When the Fran Coventry were not as here with the Ch both was wholly g good people. o friars was very revered by all evident enough. suppression of th city was very fam that were acted Christi day, whic great concourse of

GOOD DONE BY FRIARS IN ENGLAND.

A Brief Account of the Work of the Order of St. Francis in England.

More than seven centuries ago there was born, in 1182, at Assisi, in the Umbrian Province of Italy, a man who was to transform society, and was to become one of the heroic figures of the world.

The tradition of their sympathy, kindness, and universal helpfulness survived for many years after they had been driven from the land, and has been cherished for all time in the pages of Warwickshire's immortal son, which present, not the distorted friar of the political satirist, but the friar as he really lived and moved and had his being.

The bitterness of religious dissension is happily dying out amongst us, and at Oton, where a fair was held, we have lately had a practical illustration that the friars have not lost their old charm.

The movement begun in Italy soon spread to other countries, and in September, 1224, one of St. Francis's earliest disciples, Brother Agnellus, of Pisa, with eight companions, three of whom were Englishmen, landed at Dover, and proceeded first to Canterbury and then to London and Oxford.

One of the deepest longings of the soul is for some basis of truth, independent of its own fluctuating judgments. The churches that make the most of the principle of authority, like the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal, are those which are appealing most successfully, even to the democratic masses.

Thirty years after their first coming, the Franciscans had forty nine convents, with two thousand friars. Foremost amongst the leaders of thought and action, their power was bitterly resented by those who were less successful, and the satires made upon them have survived to our days, thanks to the power of the printing-press, which counted the friars among its first supporters, while the memory of their good deeds, imprinted on the inarticulate hearts of the people, was buried in their graves.

far and near, and was of no small benefit thereto; which pageants, being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friars of this house, had theatres for the several scenes, very large and high, placed upon wheels and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of the spectators, and contained the history of the Old and New Testament composed in old English rhymes.

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THE "WATCHMAN" ON AUTHORITY IN RELIGION.

Catholic Review.

We take pleasure in quoting the whole of the following candid and vigorous paragraph from the columns of our esteemed contemporary the Watchman, of July 30:

Protestants may learn a needed lesson from this Encyclical. The impression is widespread, especially in the non-Episcopal churches, that the true way to win men to faith is to minimize the claims of a supernatural revelation. It is assumed that any assertion of authority is repugnant to the modern temper and must alienate men.

This extract suggests two pertinent comments. First, it contains an excellent lesson for those temporizing Catholics who are ever ready to compromise their principles and conciliate Protestants by peering down, softening and explaining away—perhaps even concealing—what are considered the most objectionable points of Catholic teaching.

But, secondly, we are constrained to ask how our contemporary would recommend ministers to proceed in assuming "the tone of certainty and the accent of authority which become a prophet of the Most High?"

When the Franciscans first fixed in Coventry they had no charter of foundation, as being not endowed with lands here with the Church, the structure of both was wholly made at the cost of good people, and this order of friars was very much esteemed and revered by all sorts of people is evident enough.

the fact of there being a great many different kinds of Baptists, and that in each denomination there are wide differences of opinion both among the preachers and private members, would seem to indicate that the decided assumption of the "tone of certainty and the accent of authority which become a prophet of the Most High," on the part of any preacher, might be met with an equal tone on the part of some one who differed from him.

The Watchman couples Episcopalians with Catholics as insisting upon authority. The difficulty with our soi-disant Anglo-Catholic friends is that they are trying to be Catholic without the essential principle of unity and from the Mother Church. The preach the necessity of submission to authority, but when you ask them what the Church teaches there is, if possible, a greater babble of confusion in the answers than in all the other leading denominations put together.

Need we say it is only the Catholic priest that can stand up and demand submission to divine authority? For he belongs to that divine organization in which that authority was lodged by the great Author of Revelation Himself. The credentials of Peter were clearly announced when our Lord commissioned him to feed the sheep and lambs of His flock, when he gave Him the power of the keys and assured him that his faith should never fail, and he should therefore confirm the brethren and, finally, when he declared in the most emphatic terms: "Thou art Peter (a Rock), and upon this Rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it."

THE TREATY STONE OF LIMERICK.

There rests upon a pedestal close to the Thomond gate of the old historic city by the Shannon, a stone or rock upon whose time-worn surface was inscribed the signatures to a compact, the violation of which sealed the fate of Ireland throughout two centuries of penal proscription, says W. J. Parcell, in the New World.

Whatever may be the animus of secret societies in the Old World, it can not justly be maintained that they are anti-Christian and anti-Catholic in this country. The Supreme Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias, in an address delivered at the biennial convention of the order lately held in Cleveland, referred in these many terms to the action of the Holy See in forbidding Catholics to be members of the order: "The result has been a considerable loss of membership."

It is gratifying to learn from so reliable a source that many Catholic members have abandoned the Knights of Pythias. Although the order is not animated by the spirit of the Freemasons in Europe, there are good reasons why Catholics should not be members of it. The tendency of secret societies is dangerous to faith and morals. It ought to be enough for any true Catholic that the Church, which is the guardian of these, condemns them.—Ave Maria.

Well may we say regarding this old historic rock, *exigit monumentum aere perennius*, for it has indeed erected a monument more enduring than bronze. Lasting through all these depressing vicissitudes of time may we not indulge the hope that as the noble river sweeps under the ancient Thomond Bridge, past this great rocky memorial, that its waters will not long leave the pier upon which it rests, until a United Ireland has undone the evil work which followed the betrayal of Glacell's treaty by the English Parliament.—Boston Pilot.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

One is not obliged to agree with the sybarite who said that he did not see how any one could be unhappy as long as there was violet velvet in the world. But it must be admitted that the objects which greet the eye of the outer man have much to do with regulating the currents of conscience and behavior which are forever flowing in the deep stream we term life.

Some months ago a discontented and bloodthirsty anarchist in Chicago, after murdering his wife and six innocent children, took his own life. One who visited the house after the tragic event was struck by the pictures upon the walls. These were, without exception, portraits of the anarchists executed after the Haymarket riot—revolutionary and inflammable cartoons, scenes taken from the most hideous events in history; and the backgrounds and frames were of the color of blood.

Men are often taught by their surroundings what no amount of precept could impart. Catholics know this well. The statues of Our Lady in the school-room, the Stations of the Cross in the temple of the Lord, the frescoes, the crucifixes—all help to make a sacred panorama whose influence is perpetual and akin to the divine.

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A GREAT MISSIONARY IN CANADA.

Last Sunday, Sept. 13, the famous Paulist Father Elliot, of New York, started a mission for the Catholics of Thorold, at the invitation of Father Sullivan, which is to last one week, and to be followed by a one week's mission for the non-Catholics. After a week's rest Father Elliot goes to Brechin, at the invitation of Father McRae, where he will give a one week's mission each to the Catholics and non-Catholics of that place. On the 25th of Oct. he will go to Uxbridge, at the invitation of Father O'Malley, and give a one week's mission to the Catholics of that parish. This is all the time he can devote to Canada at present, so that the parishes which have secured his services are to be congratulated upon their good fortune.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Spaniards are exercising a commendable vigilance for the suppression of Anarchism in their country. Twenty four known Anarchists have been arrested at Barcelona in connection with the throwing of a bomb into the midst of a crowd of people who were witnessing the passing of a procession in honor of the festival of Corpus Christi on the 7th of June. Eight persons were killed and thirty injured by the explosion of the bomb, which is believed to have been the result of conspiracy in which most of the Anarchists arrested are implicated.

Among the suggestions which were made at the recent Irish Race Convention was one made by Mr. John Dillon to the effect that all the present leaders of the Irish parties should resign, as their names have become "shibboleths of faction." Then the people would be free to select some leader in whom all might have confidence. The suggestion is a good one, and Mr. Dillon is ready to act upon it, but it is probable that the leaders of the minority factions who have thrown every possible obstacle in the way of reunion will not take the suggestion favorably. Personal feeling has become so intensified between the existing factions that it can scarcely be expected that they will reunite under any of the present leaders.

It is a curious coincidence that at the moment when Mr. Timothy Healy is doing his best to counteract the efforts made by the great Irish Race Convention to bring about peace between the Irish political factions, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has taken to praising the same Mr. Healy as the greatest of living Irishmen. Mr. Chamberlain's eulogy on Mr. Healy has been accepted in Great Britain just for what it is worth, and that is absolutely nothing. There is no doubt that it is a hint to Mr. Healy that as he is doing the work of the Tories in endeavoring to divide Irishmen, he will find his proper political affinities on the Conservative side in the House of Commons and in the Conservative policy toward Ireland. But the Irish people will continue to regard as their true friends only those who will advocate Home Rule for Ireland.

DURING the sitting of the Irish Race Convention a Parnellite organ of Dublin tried to make it appear the foreign delegates were men of little importance where they came from; and stated that Mr. John Heney, of Ottawa, had been the friend of the infamous informer, Le Caron. The statement was received in Canada with consternation. Many were puzzled to know whether they should express indignation or enjoy a good laugh. John Heney the friend of Le Caron! Well, well! What next? It would be just as sensible to spread the report that the Archbishop of Dublin had been initiated into an Orange lodge. We did think that the honest, good-hearted Irishman, John Heney, did not have an enemy in all the world, but it seems he has one. Whoever gave this information to the Dublin paper must himself carry about with him a goodly stock of Le Caronism.

The General Synod of the Church of England in Canada has refused to take a step toward the partial adoption of the revised version of the Bible in the services of the Church. The Synod had the matter before it last week at its meeting in Winnipeg, and a resolution to lay before the coming Lambeth Conference the question of the adoption of the revised version was negated by a vote of 41 against 25. A resolution to leave ministers at liberty to use the revised version during some of the Church services,

was also negated by a vote of 35 to 34. The closeness of this vote is an indication that the same resolution will be adopted at some future synod.

A CABLE report credits Mr. John Redmond with saying that the Irish convention held in Dublin was a sham, and that not a single Parnellite or a Healyite was present. The convention was supposed to be a representation of Irishmen the world over, and all Irishmen the world over were invited to be there. Why the Healyites and Parnellites were not present is simply a proof that these peculiar combinations are factionists of the irreconcilable order. In the present condition of Irish affairs we do not like to write anything that may be considered hasty or uncharitable. Nevertheless current events would bring the suspicion that Messrs. Healy and Redmond are doing most effective work for those who are battling against the establishment of a parliament in College Green.

On the first division of the session of the new Parliament, the Hon. Mr. Laurier's Government was sustained by a majority of 34. Two constituencies, Brandon and Saskatchewan, are vacant, both of which will probably return Liberals, and these, with the Speaker, would give the Government a majority of 37 in the full house. Thirty-eight members were absent, thirty-two of whom were paired and six unpaired; but as these were equally divided between the two parties, the majority would be unchanged if all were present. Messrs. McCarthy, Stubbs, and J. R. Robertson voted with the Government, and Mr. N. Clarke Wallace with the Opposition. As it is uncertain how these will vote on the general policy of the Government, it may be taken for granted that they will have a permanent and sure majority of 31 in a full house. The question on which the division took place was a direct want of confidence motion by Hon. Mr. Foster, condemning the ministerial expenditure of money on a warrant from the Governor-General, to meet the salaries of employees, and for other pressing demands on the Treasury. The Government majority was made up as follows: Ontario 5, Quebec 29, Nova Scotia 1, British Columbia 1, N. W. Territories 1. These were diminished by the following majorities against the Government: New Brunswick 1, Prince Edward Island 2, Manitoba was evenly divided.

OUR esteemed contemporary the Antigonish Casinet draws attention to the liberality of Catholic as compared with Protestant countries. It says that while the Catholic province of Quebec has had its Protestant premier, and while at any day a Protestant may become the president of Catholic France, in the Protestant United States of America the politicians find it imprudent to put a candidate in the field who has Catholic relatives. Our contemporary is quite right in drawing attention to this matter. It is strange indeed that those who in theory are forever boasting of their love of civil and religious liberty very seldom put it into practice themselves. Here, in Ontario, which is claimed by many to be the most enlightened portion of the Dominion, all the Orange lodges and many of the Protestant religious parliaments which meet annually protested in the most emphatic terms against the occupancy of the premiership by Sir John Thompson. It mattered not to them that he was one of the noblest souls that ever breathed the air of America, his being a Catholic was considered an objection to his holding such a high place of public trust by the very men who pretend to be the champions of civil and religious liberty. Shame on the hypocrites!

CATHOLIC PRESS.

The new Episcopal paper of Boston, the Church, makes a terrible admission. "It is perfectly true," it says, "that ministers who are morally unimpeachable, even giants in moral influence, continued to preach, through a sort of theological habit of mind, what they have ceased to believe, and withheld from their people the thought which is their own intellectual life." How can such hypocrites and deceivers be "morally unimpeachable?"—The Catholic Review.

In any case a well-edited Catholic paper is an invaluable aid to pastors of souls, emphasizing in a hundred ways the lessons they inculcate from the pulpit. A devoted parish priest of our acquaintance declares he finds his ablest assistant in the Catholic periodical circulating in his parish, and considers it an obligation to promote its circulation. A Catholic journal worthy of the name is an educator in

sound opinions of all kinds, a guide, a mentor, a stimulator, a reflector of Catholic life. The effect of its reading is to make Catholics proud of their religion, zealous for its progress, earnest in their endeavors to live up to its teachings.—Ave Maria.

The power of the printed word is tremendous—it was an article by Cardinal Wiseman in the Dublin Review that set John Henry Newman on the way to the Catholic Church. All that Newman became and all the work that he accomplished after his conversion, hinged, in the Divine Providence, on the writing of that article. He shook Protestantism from center to circumference, he drew after him thousands of choice souls and he became a saint and the spiritual father of a legion of saints. Think then, if Dr. Wiseman had neglected the press and given to the preparation of sermon, or to study, or to recreation the time that he spent on that article, that his soul in glory would shine less bright for all eternity.—Catholic Columbian.

With the return of September comes again the obligation of reminding Christian parents that their children are entitled to a Christian education and that they cannot get in schools that Christ is forbidden to enter. The chief aim of education is to form the character. The development of the intellect and the training of the memory, are secondary to the leading of the will to love the true, the good, and the beautiful. The education that neglects the soul, neglects what is best. And what shall a child give in exchange for his soul, or what shall it profit him to gain the whole world if he lose his soul? Let us make certain of eternity, and time will not thereby be made uncertain. Let us seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and all else shall be added unto us.—Catholic Review.

The reports from the head center of Protestantism are by no means encouraging to those who have long wished all that the Church of Luther take the place of that established by Our Lord. We are reminded by an article in the Revue des Deux Mondes that in Protestant Germany the towns and their suburbs are called by the German pastors "spiritual cemeteries." We are told that in one year 20 per cent. of Protestant children of Berlin remained unbaptized, 50 per cent. of the marriages and 80 per cent. of the funerals were purely civil ceremonies, and the communicating members of the Evangelical Church numbered only 13 per cent.—The Church News.

The Dublin convention has come and gone, and while it has accomplished all that its promoters and friends had hoped for, still none can truthfully say that it has been without beneficial results. The heart of the people is with the National party, and it is safe to predict that the malcontents who have steadfastly refused to listen to the world wide cry for unity, will from henceforward find their influence waning. The cream of Irish worth and leadership in the United States, Canada, Australia and other countries was at the convention and voiced the unanimous demand for a closing up of the divided Parliamentary ranks. A small and misrepresentative faction selfishly refuses to listen to the nation's voice, and pursues a rule-or-ruin policy. Self destruction is with its fate.—Buffalo Union and Times.

If the wicked Armenians in Constantinople and elsewhere don't quit stopping the bullets of Turkish soldiers engaged in harmless rifle practice, the Sultan feels that he will have to rebuke them. Moreover, several Armenian lamas have been discovered muddying the stream away down below the place where the Turkish wolf has been drinking. If such outrages keep on the "Christian" powers may be forced to intervene for the protection of the innocent wolf. England, and even our own government, have gone so far as to send war-ships to the Dardanelles presumably for the protection of the poor wolves. The whole farce reminds one of the little boy who was found weeping before a picture of Christian martyrs being devoured in the arena by hungry lions. On being questioned as to the cause of his grief he sobbed out: "There is one poor little lion who hasn't any Christian to eat!"—Boston Pilot.

It is a remarkable and significant fact that the Lindell Avenue Methodist church in this city is to have above the altar a great bas-relief by Brughurst, representing the Entombment of the Virgin. Our Lady sits upon a diadem in the center, holding the Holy Child Jesus in her lap, while choirs of adoring angels stretch away on either side. The thought can hardly fail to occur to the members of that congregation: "If so much of Catholicity is right, in spite of all the protests of generations of Protestants, may not all the rest be?" As soon as we see our separated brethren begin to honor the Mother of God we feel encouraged to hope that she will soon "show unto them the blessed fruit of her womb Jesus" in the place where He is to be found.—St. Louis Church Progress.

If you wish to be successful in your work, love the children under your charge, and try to induce them to love you. Make yourself worthy of their love. Be kind to them. Be patient and gentle. Be interested in them and in all that concerns them. Identify yourself with them as nearly as

possible, thinking their thoughts, feeling their troubles and sharing their hopes. In that way, they will be led to realize that you are more to them than a teacher, that you are a friend, devoting the energy they would otherwise have. A sure way to find out a good teacher is to sound the affections of the pupils towards him or her. If the children are attached to the teacher, depend upon it, he or she has the primary element of a successful educator. Other qualifications are no doubt required, but the ability to win the hearts of the pupils is so absolutely essential that good work can scarcely be accomplished without it.—New World.

The good folk of the Scottish kirk have ever had a sharp eye for heresy, and of recent years many a young "messenger," fresh from the universities, has had his wings and his salary clipped for offences against orthodoxy. But there is a batch of divinity students at Aberdeen that are sure to make trouble in the kirk some day. They refuse to listen to the lectures of Prof. Johnston because he is too orthodox and ignores the "Higher Criticism," while the students look with contempt on any argument that supports the old-fashioned view. Moreover, they shrill their feet in protest when he attempts to open the lecture with prayer. The faculty explain the insubordination by stating that "the majority of the students attending the university for divinity are unprincipled and ungodly." This surely is a hopeless outlook for the future of Scottish orthodoxy.—Ave Maria.

Whatever opinion one may hold of Mr. Timothy M. Healy's attitude towards the leadership of the Irish party, no one can help admiring his transcendent ability as a Parliamentarian, keen of insight into difficulties and intricacies and ready and pointed in debate. In this respect he has won golden honors in the session that was closed last week at Westminster. He has commanded the respect of the whole House of Commons, and it is due to his influence with the Balfours that the Land Bill has become a law practically in its original shape. Not only this, it is now known that he was mainly instrumental in securing the release of the Irish political prisoners. If he were as moderate, discreet and firm outside of Parliament as he is able and useful in it, he might soon rise to the rank of a great leader.—Standard and Times.

Joseph Chamberlain is in America, and speaking oracularly as is his modest wont. He says to an interviewer: "I do not cycle; I do not ride; I do not walk when I can help it; I do not play cricket; I do not play football; I do not play tennis; and I do not even play golf, which I have been assured is an indispensable condition of state-manship." The last statement seems to be a sly dig at his colleague Balfour who golfs most glibly. But we are glad to know that despite his lack of exercise Mr. Chamberlain enjoys good health. The same cannot be said of his late guests, Dr. Gallagher, Mr. Whitehead and other so-called "dynamiters" recently released from British dungeons. Whether because of their having taken too much exercise, at the treadmill, etc., or from whatever cause, they have come out of their prisons shattered in body and mind and presenting a very different appearance from that of their jaunty jailer.—Boston Pilot.

The attack of the Belfast Orangemen on the patriotic Irishmen who were marching in peaceable procession to show their sympathy for the political prisoners undergoing dungeon horrors for devotion to Ireland, proves again that Orange ruffianism is a disgrace not only to the Irish name but to humanity itself. Daly, Gallagher, Devany, and Whitehead, the four men convicted in 1883, during the dynamic scare in London, have suffered thirteen years in English prisons, have endured treatment that made two of them insane and caused a third to seek death by starvation. It was to induce the release of these unfortunates that the Nationalists of Belfast got up that procession, only to be attacked by Orange ruffians, rioters and brutes. And these Orange ruffians are the presumptuous scoundrels who come over here to the United States and prate about free speech and free government and free religion! These are the "friends of liberty" who set themselves up as the "guardians of American institutions" and the only fit directors of American affairs. They will be crushed out of political existence here, and their day of doom is not long distant in Ireland.—Buffalo Union and Times.

Hatred of the Catholic Church has inspired some vile acts within the past few years, but none so base as that just perpetrated in Montreal. A cross, upon which is nailed a figure of our Lord, stand in front of the Franciscan chapel, near the roadway. The symbol of man's redemption seems to be offensive to some of the residents, and they petitioned for its removal. Fanaticism did not stop there, however, for, according to the Montreal True Witness: "The crucifix has become a target for missiles of dirt, stones, filth and decayed vegetables! A petrified fish has been hung on the arm of the cross! Beneath the cowardly screening shadow of darkness the sacrilegious work has been carried on, and morning after morning a patient priest washes off the

traces of the preceding night's insults from the figure of his Master."

The bigot of this Canadian city are not much better than their prototypes of eighteen centuries ago.—Boston Pilot.

Speaking of the increase of juvenile crime in England, the London Hospital says: "We have not yet hit upon a satisfactory way of dealing with the youthful offender between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. These years cover the period of adolescence, a very critical one in the lives of young people of both sexes. Bad habits formed at this time are with difficulty eradicated, whilst, on the other hand, if we could prevent youths from embarking upon a career of crime at this age there would be a great drop in the sum total of criminality. An incalculable amount of mischief is wrought by allowing young people to congregate in knots at the street corners. Loafing becomes a habit, and loafing leads to bad company, and that to crime. Probably more harm is picked up by boys and girls during the hour or two after dusk than in all the rest of the day. Parents of the lower and middle classes are far too careless in the way in which they permit their children to play in the streets. This is as true of this country as of England—the streets after dark are the devil's training school in vice. They are no place for innocent children, who should be sheltered in the security of home.—Catholic Review.

In the three part story, "The Spirit of an Illinois Town," which she begins in the Atlantic Monthly Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, whose writings often breathe with a Catholic spirit; says in one portion of her tale: "I thought it a pity that Protestant churches never keep open doors for weary and passion-tormented souls, as the Catholic Church does. Toilers who left their work for a minute's prayer in the cathedral were a common sight abroad." Mrs. Catherwood might, perhaps, find one reason for closed Protestant churches in the absence from those structures of that Real Presence whose indwelling in the tabernacles of Catholic churches draws to those edifices the faithful who frequent them, on all days of the week and all hours of the day, in search of strength and comfort, to adore the Divinity abiding there or to thank God for graces and favors received. The Protestant places of worship seem fully aware of the fact that, with no altar in them enshrining the Word made Flesh who, out of His great love for mankind, abides forever with us under the sacramental forms, there is little to attract people within their walls save when services are being held; and hence their doors on week days and on Sundays, except at meeting time, are closed and locked, so that those who would enter them find ingress denied to them.—St. Louis Review.

What an eloquent commentary upon British civilization is furnished by the condition of the Irish prisoners released recently from the Pentonville and Portland dungeons! Two of them are hopelessly insane. The cruelties practiced upon them by a set of brutal officials have overturned their minds and destroyed their reason. The others are complete physical wrecks. When an Irish political prisoner is delivered into the hands of ignorant and fanatical English jailers his chances of living through his term of imprisonment are very meagre. The courts intended that the man should be merely deprived of his liberty and subjected to other discomforts incident to prison life. But the jailers take it upon themselves to brutally punish the poor victim for his rashness, and to put in force against him an order of execution which was never issued. If the victim of this policy of persecution survives the treatment, it is invariably at the sacrifice of his mental balance. England boasts of her liberality, her generosity and her broad humanity. She puts herself forward as a Christian nation devoted to the progress of civilization. Yet she permits her brutalized undertings to torture prisoners to death, to enforce and execute sentences of their own creation, and which could not be procured from judges or juries.—Boston Republic.

The Ave Maria, commenting on the vigor with which an able priest has resisted the attack of the A. P. A. on the Church, remarks that it recalls a story Lincoln was fond of telling. In crossing a field he was once attacked by a young bull; and, in order to avoid unpleasantness, fled to a haystack in close proximity. But the bull was spoiling for an encounter, and the future President saw plainly that it was not to be avoided. Having the good fortune to find a stout stick, he ran with all his might, and by the time he had made two circuits of the haystack he found that he had overtaken his pursuer. The tide of battle now changed. Seizing the beast by the tail, he belabored him about the head until he howled with pain. The race continued with accelerated speed. The bull was soon entirely subdued, and thought only of escape; but Lincoln continued to beat him, shouting, "You miserable critter, who began this thing, any way?" Lincoln, as our readers are well aware, was a liberal man who believed in the right of every person to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. Were he living today, we are sure he would give the A. P. A. as fine a drubbing as he gave the bull the Ave Maria tells of. A saying of Lincoln's is particularly applicable to the A. P. A., and it seems

to fit the recent decline of that order exactly. "You can," said Lincoln, "fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time."—Catholic News.

Having done its utmost to eliminate the idea of God from the Public Schools the secular press now addresses itself with heroic impartiality to the task of expelling the devil too. A teacher in one of the New York schools told his pupils that if they were naughty "the devil would catch them." A few days later a precocious youngster raised a tremendous row among the other children by declaring he had seen the devil in the school-room. The motive of the young spiritualist may easily be inferred: for the little ones ran home in a panic, and there was no more school that day. Comically enough, the great dailies are now convinced that children should not be told about the devil; and the freethinkers go a step farther. The Truth Seeker suggests that "the remedy for devil scares and other forms of religious hysteria is free thought and secular schools"; while the Popular Science Monthly makes this characteristic remark: "No effort should be spared in the Public Schools to put all the thoughts of the children on a natural and rational basis, and thus secure to them immunity against harmful and degrading superstitions." What the Public Schools need is not less "devil scare," but more. Our judges and criminologists are fast becoming convinced of this truth; for one of the commonest pleas for leniency toward convicted malefactors nowadays is that "their early religious training was neglected." Still the observant student traces in this ridiculous outcry the logical result of "liberal" Protestantism. If there is no hell, why should there be any devil?—Ave Maria.

AT RIGIOPOLIS COLLEGE.

The Revised University was Opened and Blessed.

The staff appointed by the Archbishop of Kingston for this present year, which is only the beginning of the educational work of Rigiopolis college, and with whom other professors will be associated hereafter, according as the pupils will be qualified to enter upon other branches of education, is as follows:

- Vicar General Kelly, dean of the college.
Rev. J. V. Neville, professor of Christian doctrine and sacred history, also of Italian language and literature.
Rev. Patrick Beecher, professor of English language and literature and history; also of the junior grades of Latin classics.
Charles P. Megan, M. A., of Toronto University, professor of Latin and Greek languages, literature and history; with also mathematics.
Rev. J. B. Bridonnet, a priest born and educated in France, is the professor of the French language and literature.

The Archbishop deems it an immense advantage to our young people that they should be taught to speak and write the French language, in the correct and classic form known to the educated classes in old France.

The Archbishop's purpose is to start the work of the college with the primary and most important departments of liberal education, intending to add other departments under additional professors according as the pupils advance in knowledge and prove their fitness for taking higher courses of education. Gradual growth is of infinitely more value in the education of youth than premature expansion of the curriculum of studies. We desire, the Archbishop says, no sudden parading of educational exhibits on the part of our boys. We abhor superficiality and emptiness. We require our boys not to be deceived into the belief that they are learned in things ancient and modern, when they are only beginners. We will not tolerate any such thing as "crumming" in Rigiopolis college; for, it is fatal to youthful education and is a fraud upon both parents and children, since it gives no permanent formation to mind, no solid and useful knowledge of anything, whilst it deludes the poor ignorant boy with the fancy that he is learned. Therefore, we will begin on a solid foundation from the very first rudiments of knowledge in each department; we will feed the boy's mind on substantial nourishment and require him to digest it before he shall be allowed to pass into a higher department of education, and thus, step by step, and year by year, the professors and the parents and the pupil himself will be made sensible of his true and real growth of mind in knowledge, and in strength of comprehension of what he has learned, until he has become a vigorous man mentally, as well as bodily.

The college was blessed this morning after the high mass in the cathedral, which took place at 9 o'clock. All the priests of the diocese were in attendance and after the church services proceeded to the college where, along with the school trustees, they took part in the ceremony.

There is no greater fallacy than the assumption that a man can measure accurately the value of an opportunity, that he can determine how much or how little truth and excellence he ought to give to an audience. These are beyond the knowledge of the wisest man. There is but one safe course, and that is always to do one's work in the best way and to put one's powers into every form of activity.

THE ORANGE SOCIETY.

Michael Macdonagh in the August Contemporary Review.

The Orange Society—which, like its religious antithesis, Maynooth College, is celebrating its centenary—has been, during the greater part of its century of existence, a politico-theological organization, its chief aim being to combat the progress of the Roman Catholic Church in English-speaking countries; but it is a remarkable fact that, like all societies and confederacies, political as well as agrarian, which have existed in Ireland, it has had its origin in feuds associated with the vicarious land system of the country. The society was established on September 21, 1795, in the county of Armagh. The causes which led to its formation had been in operation in the north-east corner, or the Protestant corner, of Ulster during the preceding quarter of a century. The tenantry of the estates in that part of Ireland were then, as they are now, the descendants of the Protestant settlers, Scotch and English, who were sent to Ireland after the various confiscations of the lands of the old Celtic and Roman Catholic families which followed the insurrections of the seventeenth century and the revolution of 1689. The Roman Catholic peasantry had been reduced in those Ulster counties, as in the other parts of Ireland, to a very low and debased social condition by the operation of the Popery Laws passed after the Revolution; and, as Dean Swift so well expressed it, had become but mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the well-to-do Episcopalian and Presbyterian agricultural classes. But during the last half of the eighteenth century the Penal Laws, so far at least as they affected the social status of the Roman Catholics, had gradually fallen into desuetude or been repealed, and the adherents of the ancient creed were slowly but surely pushing their way to leading positions in trade and agriculture throughout the country.

This relaxation of the Popery Laws was due in a large degree, no doubt, to a remarkable prevalence of religious toleration, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say religious indifference, in the upper and governing classes, in Ireland, at this time; and also to the local patriotism—the love for Ireland, apart from England, as their birthplaces and their home—which the influence of Henry Grattan had awakened in those classes. But the fact is unquestionable that in north-east Ulster, at least, motives of greed and cupidity largely induced many of the territorial magnates to let their farms to Roman Catholics in preference to Presbyterians and Episcopalians. Undue competition for land, that most baneful of Irish social evils, was brought into play in the letting of farms. The Irish peasantry have always been noted for their land hunger. The possession of a farm is to them the great prize of life, and to obtain it they were willing, before the advent of Mr. Gladstone's land legislation, to accept any terms or conditions the landlord might impose. This craving for the occupation of the soil naturally became most intense when, after a long period of exclusion from the land, Roman Catholics were, about the middle of the eighteenth century, allowed by law to occupy farms under lease. They were also content with a very small return for their toil and labor—thanks to the state of social degradation to which they had been reduced during the long years of their outlawry—and, consequently, were able to outbid the occupying Protestant tenants when leases under which farms were held had expired. Many of the Ulster landlords were not slow to avail themselves of this new economic development in order to swell their rentals. They evicted their Protestant tenants and handed over the farms thus cleared to Catholics at enormously increased rents.

The north-east corner of Ulster then became the theatre of a savage land war. All the horrible deeds with which we are unhappily so familiar in connection with agrarian agitation in the Catholic counties of Ireland, during the present century, were enacted in Protestant Ulster during the last half of the eighteenth century. Thousands of the evicted Protestant tenants emigrated to America with hearts full of bitter resentment against the landlords, and in the time of the Revolution had, as they boasted, revenge for their wrongs, by the blow they struck against the mother country. The Protestant tenants who remained at home formed an oath-bound society, which rapidly extended amongst the farmers, and agricultural laborers, and the artisans of the rural villages, with the object of preventing Roman Catholics from entering into competition with them not only in the taking of farms, but in all classes of employment. The society was known by its members as the "Peep of Day Boys," because of visits they paid by dawn of morning to the houses of Catholics to terrify the occupants into quitting Ulster. Sir Robert Musgrave, a rather prejudiced anti-Catholic writer, admits, in his "History of Ireland," that the "Peep of Day Boys" committed the most cruel outrages on the Catholics during these visits—injuring their persons, breaking their furniture, demolishing their homesteads, maiming their cattle, and destroying their crops. The Catholics very appropriately called them "Wreckers," and, forming a secret society themselves for the protection of their lives and properties, for, owing to many flagrant failures of justice, they seemed to have lost all confidence in the efficacy of the law, they gave themselves the name of "Defenders." These terms,

"Wreckers" and "Defenders," which have been accepted by all historians, are, I think, at least some significance as illustrating the attitude towards each other of the two parties in the eighteenth century, and as pointing out the side that began this fratricidal strife, which for more than a hundred years has kept at fierce heat the baleful passions of religious bigotry and racial animosity amongst English speaking people in Canada, in Australia, and in the United States, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland.

This terrible social contest between the "Peep of Day Boys" and the "Defenders" was further embittered by their hereditary religious and racial hates, and for a quarter of a century it was intermittently waged on each side with the weapons of the murderer, the cattle hougher and the incendiary. Meantime the Society of United Irishmen was founded to obtain Parliamentary reforms—including Catholic Emancipation—by constitutional means, but after years of vain effort to secure that object it developed, under the influence of French revolutionary principles, into a secret organization for the establishment of an Irish Republic. The society bent all its efforts to bring about a political alliance between Catholics and Protestants, without which it felt it was utterly impossible that it could achieve its purpose. It was successful to a great extent amongst the middle classes. It also made considerable progress amongst the peasantry in the Roman Catholic counties of Leinster. But although the urban Presbyterian populations of Ulster formed at first the backbone of the movement, it naturally found it difficult to make any headway in the counties of that province in which this social feud between Protestants and Catholics was being implacably waged. Indeed, when the Orange Institution was founded in 1795, the influence of the United Irishmen in Ulster began to wane.

In September 1795 several riots took place between the "Peep of Day Boys" and the "Defenders," and culminated in a serious affray, known as "the Battle of the Diamond," on the 21st of that month, in Armagh county. "The Diamond," where the famous battle was fought, is a place with a few houses, in which four roads meet, a short distance outside the city of Armagh. A large party of "Defenders," armed principally with pitchforks, scythes and spades, marched from the adjoining counties into Armagh to the assistance of the hard-pressed Catholics of that county. Their progress was stopped at the Diamond by a well-posted and well-armed body of "Peep of Day Boys," and the fight which ensued, and which fiercely raged for many hours, ended in the defeat of the "Defenders," who left about thirty of their adherents, men, women and children, dead upon the field. In the evening after "the battle" the first lodge of the Orange society was founded in the house of one James Sloan, at a place called Loughall near the Diamond.

The Orange society took its name from William of Orange, and proclaimed its aim and object to be the maintenance of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. The lodges multiplied rapidly throughout Ulster. The "Peep of Day Boys" ceased to exist as a separate organization and were absorbed in the Orange society, which, like its precursor, was secret and oath-bound. Plowden, an English Roman Catholic, who wrote a "History of Ireland" at the opening of this century, gives, on what he calls well-founded but anonymous authorities, the following as the original oath of the Orange society:

"I—do swear that I will be true to the King and Government, and that I will exterminate the Catholics of Ireland, so far as in my power lies."

This oath is repudiated by Orange authorities, and is, beyond all doubt, a pure invention; but, unhappily, the frequency and earnestness with which its latter declaration was translated into action by the Orangemen in the early stages of their movement, has rendered the statement that it was the oath of the society only too credible to the Catholic lower classes. Elated by their victory at the battle of the Diamond, the Orangemen demolished during the months that followed almost every Catholic house in the county of Armagh, and thousands of Catholics were forced to fly for their lives to the province of Connaught, as well as to the neighboring counties of Cavan, Monaghan, and Tyrone. "To hell or Connaught," was the ultimatum presented to the Catholics of north-east Ulster. Over seven thousand of them took refuge in the remote western province. Matters became so bad that a meeting of the magistrates of the county of Armagh, summoned by the Governor, Lord Gosford, was held on December 28, 1795, to consider the state of the county. "It is no secret," said the Governor, in his address to the magistrates, "that a religious persecution, accompanied with all the circumstances of a ferocious cruelty which have in all ages distinguished that calamity, is now raging in this county. Neither age nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocences, is sufficient to excite mercy or afford protection. The whole crime which this wretched objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with, is a crime, indeed, easy of proof. It is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this new species of delinquency, and the sentence they have pronounced is equally concise and terrible. It is nothing less than a confiscation of all

property and an immediate banishment." Resolutions urging the authorities to afford protection to the Roman Catholics were adopted by the magistrates, but the Government do not seem to have done anything towards restoring law and order. Indeed, it is commonly asserted by Nationalist historians that, at this time, as at subsequent periods, the Orange society was fostered, nursed, and encouraged by the Government for its own political party ends. This, no doubt, is an exaggerated, if not an utterly unfounded, statement. The truth is, the Government were so circumstanced that they could not possibly cope with the movement. There were at the time few regular troops in the country, and the local yeomanry and many of the magistrates who commanded them were Orangemen themselves, or at least were in thorough sympathy with the objects and deeds of the Orange society, and therefore disinclined, to say the least, to take any steps for the protection of the Catholics. An Armagh magistrate named Edward Boyle, writing to Under-Secretary Cooke, at Dublin Castle, in September 1796, thus expresses the attitude towards the Orangemen of the least partisan of the persons who were locally charged with the administration of the law, in view of the apprehended rebellion of the United Irishmen:

"As to the Orangemen, we have a rather difficult card to play. They must not be entirely discountenanced—on the contrary, we must, in a certain degree, uphold them, for, with all their licentiousness, on them must rely for the preservation of our lives and properties should critical times occur. We do not suffer them to parade, but at the same time applaud them for their loyal professions."

Undoubtedly, the progress of the Orange society destroyed the power of the United Irishmen in Ulster, the province in which, in 1795, the revolutionary organization was strongest and best equipped in arms, with the result that when the Rebellion took place three years later, in 1798, Ulster, on whom the leaders of the movement mainly depended, made but a feeble and spasmodic fight. On the other hand, the outrages which went on unchecked in several of the counties of Ulster, and thence extended all over Ireland, were the means, principally, of goading into rebellion in 1798 the wretched Catholic peasantry of Wexford and Wicklow, who had not been to any great extent members of the society of United Irishmen. "They call themselves Orangemen and Protestant boys," said Henry Grattan, in the Irish House of Commons in 1797, in the course of a debate on the deeds of the society. "They are a banditti of murderers, committing massacres in the name of God and exercising despotic powers in the name of liberty."

This, the Orange historian says, was the original oath of the society:

"I—do solemnly swear that I will, to the utmost of my power, support and defend the King and his heirs as long as he or they support the Protestant ascendancy."

Now what is the "Protestant ascendancy" which the sovereign should support in order to ensure the loyalty of the Orangemen to the Throne? The answer will be found in a resolution of the Protestant Corporation of Dublin in 1792, three years before the establishment of the Orange society. For some time previously a number of leading and influential Roman Catholics, known as "The Catholic Committee," had been mildly agitating by petition and prayers to the Irish Parliament and the king, for a slight relaxation of the Penal Laws, and in 1792 they succeeded in obtaining a "Relief Act," which enabled Catholics to vote for members of Parliament—that is, for Protestant members—and admitted them to the outer Bar and to inferior military and naval commissions. The Dublin Corporation, highly irate at these concessions, passed a resolution declaring:

"That the Protestants of Ireland will not be compelled by any authority whatever to abandon that political situation which their fathers won with their swords, and which is, therefore, their birthright."

The Corporation then proceeded to define "their birthright," and this is what they said it was:

"A Protestant King of Ireland, a Protestant Parliament, a Protestant Hierarchy, Protestant electors and Government, the Bench of Justice, the Army, and the Revenue, through all branches and details, Protestant; and this system supported by connection with the Protestant realm of England." The loyalty of the Orangemen has, indeed, always been conditional. The late Sir Samuel Ferguson, the Irish poet (known to English readers as the author of "The Forging of the Anchor"), very aptly and humorously describes it—no doubt from personal experience, for he was a Belfast man and a Protestant—in his poem, "A Loyal Orangeman":

"A loyal Orangeman,
From Portadown, upon the Bann,
My loyalty will maintain
My ever and always without a stain;
Though hell or Paphos would call
My loyalty conditional,
A never did insist upon
Nor ask condition beyond the one—
The crown of the caseway in road or street,
And the Papishes put under my feet."

In 1814 the condition in the oath to support the king only so long as he would maintain Protestant ascendancy was replaced by the words "being Protestant," and that conditional phrase still exists in the declaration which, instead of the oath, is now made by every member on joining the society.

"And I further declare," it says, "that I will, to the utmost of my power, support her Majesty Queen Victoria the First, the laws of the

country, and the succession to the Throne of her Majesty's illustrious house being Protestant."

"They are loyal just as far as it suits their own interests and their own conveniences," said Mr. Stanley, afterwards Lord Derby, of the Orangemen in 1832.

The misdeeds of the Orange society have been frequently exposed in the Imperial Parliament. In 1813 several petitions were presented to the Lords and Commons praying for its suppression, and Mr. William Wynne, in the debate which ensued in the House of Commons, pointed out that the existence of the society was directly in opposition to the 39th of George III, cap. 79, an Act passed in the year 1799 for the purpose of putting down societies meeting for political purposes and bound together by oaths or tests. Canning eloquently urged that the law should be put in force against "this despicable society, which, if suffered to exist, might shake to its foundations this noble country;" and Lord Castlereagh, speaking on behalf of the Government, pronounced the society as dangerous; "particularly so in Ireland," he added, "where, if there had formerly been some cause for it, it had survived the danger." Nothing was done by the Government, however, till 1825, when an Act was passed dissolving the society for three years. The Act was evaded simply enough. For the three years of its existence the "Orange Lodges" were called "Brunswick Clubs," and when the Act lapsed into 1828, the "Brunswick Clubs" were re-transformed into Orange Lodges. At this time the society was of the most wide-reaching and formidable character. In 1808 an Orange society, distinct from the Irish organization, but with the same objects, had been established in England, with headquarters at Manchester. In 1821 the Grand Lodge was removed to London. The Duke of York was invited to become Grand Master, but he declined, on being advised that the organization was illegal; but, in 1828, after the Act of Suppression had lapsed, the Irish and the English branches of the institution were amalgamated, and with Ernest, Duke of Cumberland (brother of George IV.), as Grand Master, the society, still oath-bound, and with an elaborate system of secret signs and passwords, commenced afresh its career of fratricidal strife.

And now comes a remarkable episode in the history of the institution. In March, 1835, a debate in the House of Commons, initiated by Hume, resulted in the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the origin, objects, and methods of the Orange society. It was said, indeed, that there was a plot in the society to place the Duke of Cumberland (a most unpopular and disreputable member of the Royal family) on the throne on the death of his brother, George IV., to the exclusion of his elder brother, William (afterwards William IV.), and of the Princess Victoria (the present Queen), who were the direct heirs to the crown. This is known as "The Fairman Plot." The committee were unable to get any direct evidence in regard to the plot, as the member of the Orange society who made the statement to Hume died a few days before the committee began its investigations. There was, however, a good deal of indirect evidence, in the way of written documents, to give color to the statement. It was proved that Lieutenant-Colonel William Blennerhasset Fairman (Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer of the institution in Great Britain) went about the country between 1829 and 1834 with the sign manual of the Duke of Cumberland, as Grand Master, in his pocket, forming lodges in civil and military circles. The sign manual, or warrant, appointing Colonel Fairman as organizer of lodges was thus endorsed: "Given under my seal at St. James's, this 31st day of August 1828, Ernest, Grand Master." The Duke of Cumberland was Commander-in-Chief of the army. Evidence was given that thirty-eight lodges of the Orange society existed in the army at home, and a large number also in the army abroad, and that it was assumed in military circles that these lodges were formed by the direct authorization of the Commander-in-Chief. The Duke of Cumberland declined the invitation of the Select Committee to give evidence. It was stated on his behalf in Parliament, though not credited, that the warrants for the military lodges were issued by him in blank, and that he was unaware of the uses to which they had been put. Colonel Fairman, who was examined, refused to produce certain books which, it was believed, would have thrown light on the springs of action of the inner circles of the institution. Mr. Speaker ordered his arrest for his contumacy, but he absconded before the warrant could be executed.

The evidence collected by the Select Committee is, however, most invaluable to the student of the Irish problem. It throws a lurid light on the deeds of the Orange society during the forty years of its career that had then passed; and not even the most ardent and bigoted partisan of the order will find in the pages of that Blue-Book the slightest testimony, of any impartiality or of any weight, in support of the necessity for its existence. Here is a passage from the report of the Select Committee:

"The obvious tendency and effect of the Orange institution is to keep up an exclusive association in civil and military society, exciting one portion of the people against the other, to increase the rancor and animosity too often unfortunately existing between

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persons of different religious persuasions; to make the Protestant the enemy of the Catholic and the Catholic the enemy of the Protestant; to excite to breaches of the peace and to bloodshed; to raise up other secret societies among the Catholics in their own defence and for their own protection against the insults of the Orangemen; to interrupt the course of justice, and to interfere with the discipline of the army, thus rendering its services injurious instead of useful when required on occasions when Catholics and Protestants may be parties. All these evils have been proved by the evidence before the House in regard to Ireland."

It is a remarkable fact that not a single word in defense of the Orange society is to be found expressed by any minister of the crown in the numerous parliamentary debates of which the society has been the subject, or in the reports of the various parliamentary committees that have inquired into its objects and actions, or in any historical work by any independent and impartial Protestant writer. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that no movement in this kingdom has been so universally condemned and reprobated.

MEXICO.
The Catholic Revival in the Lodge-Hidden Republic.

The days of Masonic domination in our sister republic of Mexico are numbered. The successor of President Diaz is likely to be elected by the people instead of by the lodges. No one who visits the country can fail to see the signs of renewed Catholic life and zeal which manifest themselves on every hand. Not the least of these symptoms are the presence of a Papal Delegate, the provincial councils which have been or are about to be held in the ecclesiastical provinces of Mexico, Durango, Guadalupe, Michoacan and Linares, and the

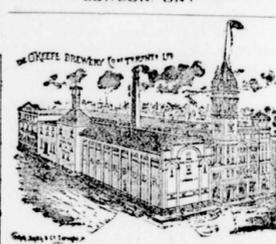
NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE MEXICAN CHURCH, preparations for which are being made in these provincial councils. F. R. Guernsey, the Mexican correspondent of the Boston Herald, in one of the most recent of his always interesting letters, writes as follows: "The great fact which is everywhere apparent is the revival of Catholicism. One notes it in the restoration of churches, in the frequent repairing of old convents, in the arrival of learned and devout priests from abroad, in the new missionary zeal of the Church among the Indians, and in the crowded churches. The Carmelite Order is to be re-formed here, and already a new provincial is coming over from Spain. The Jesuits are growing in numbers and are taking charge of many parishes, besides establishing seats of learning—a tacit, persistent body of men. Female educational orders are springing up and are tolerated by the Government. Even Liberals send their daughters to their schools, for the education given is of a superior quality. A non-Catholic looking on CANNOT BUT ADMIRE THE CHRISTIAN ZEAL

of the best of the clergy, who lead ascetic lives, are really poor, depend on the aid of wealthy people of their faith, are and animated by a sincere desire to minister to the spiritual welfare of the masses. I know priests who have gone into the most savage parts of the country as full of zeal as the early Franciscans, and others who live among the poorest populations of cities sharing the same humble fare as their flocks. No nobler body of men can anywhere be found than the Passionist Fathers now laboring in one of the suburban cities among the most degraded poor."

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WHY WE SHOULD
"Jesus said to him: Lord, thy God with thy whole soul and with thy Matt. xxiii. 37."
What do people of to love the most? It why money more than Because with money what they desire, hoping, good fare, to where they will, to etc. Money represents sorts of temporal good.
But money cannot that is, true, real, it not buy health, it cannot buy peace of mind. The rich with all temporal good as the Apostle says: nothing in this world can carry nothing of No! God is her of is the infinite, but that is good or beautiful, from Him as from apart from Him as from beautiful, or desirable eternal good. This He offers us is not a passes away, but with death finds us in the friendship with God without fear or loss riches, joy, and countless ages of etc.
This is what we a God had intended would not have had for creating us at all obey the commandment love the Lord thy God, and with thy whole mind, to our love, for He whom we live and to being, without whoring hand we should nothingness." He love because He is supreme good. God, object of the love of immortal soul made and likeness. This our own good steps to question his He cannot fail to re- How shall we fulfillment? This questions, which as demanding an sensible affection relations and friendships. Our affections are not control. We have and only know why has revealed. This we can only have it to us. It is not us. What is this answers this question love of God, that mandments." The sists in true heart must be disposed to ments, and all of the earnestly disposed fulfill the great commandment. No matter how temptations or how may involve, we obey the commandment rest satisfied a ourselves solidly dispositions; and weak or wavering never cease praying us, and we shall St. Paul, "I can do who strengtheneth Anthony who, so claimed, "Let God enemies shall be that hate Him shall

Saving
The Catholic false conception of relation to the me he gives voice i heroine of "The "Why should you the spirit be ever cell or in cave, own concerns, you should be men way and neither Were you all as own souls as the you would be of others"

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Purify your blood, illia, which will give your stomach a l

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost.

WHY WE SHOULD LOVE GOD.

"Jesus said to him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind." (St. Matt. xxiii, 37.)

What do people of the world appear to love the most? It is money. And why money more than anything else? Because with money they can procure what they desire, houses, lands, clothing, good fare, to journey around where they will, to amuse themselves, etc. Money represents to them all sorts of temporal goods and advantages.

But money cannot buy happiness; that is, true, real happiness. It cannot buy health, it cannot buy long life, it cannot buy peace and contentment of mind. The rich man must part with all temporal goods in a short time, as the Apostle says: "We brought nothing in this world and certainly we can carry nothing out."

To love riches with his whole heart is a foolish thing. Blessed is the man who has not gone after gold, nor set his heart on money and treasures. No! God is her only treasure. He is the infinite, boundless good. All that is good or beautiful or desirable flows from Him as from its source, and apart from Him there is nothing good, beautiful, or desirable. And He is the eternal good. This happiness which He offers us is not a puff of wind which passes away, but will last for ever. If death finds us in the state of grace and friendship with God we will possess, without fear or loss, superabundant riches, joy, and happiness for the countless ages of eternity.

This is what we are created for. If God had intended us for this world He would not have had an adequate motive for creating us at all. From all this it follows that we must obey the commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind." God is entitled to our love, for He is our Creator, "in whom we live and move and have our being, without whom and His upholding hand we should vanish away into nothingness." He is entitled to our love because He is our last end and supreme good. God is the only worthy object of the love of a reasonable and immortal soul made to His own image and likeness. This is the dictate of our own good sense. If every one stops to question his own right reason he cannot fail to receive this answer: How shall we fulfil this great commandment? This is the question of questions, which should be now before us demanding an answer.

The love of God is not precisely the sensible affection such as we feel to our relations and friends here on earth. Our affections are not always under our control. We have never seen God, and only know what He is by what He has revealed. This affectionate love we can only have as far as He imparts it to us. It is not what He demands of us. What is this love? St. John answers this question: "This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments." The love of God consists in true heart-felt obedience. We must be disposed to keep His commandments, and all of them. If we are fully, earnestly disposed to do this then we fulfil the great commandment to love God. No matter how great may be our temptations or how great a sacrifice it may involve, we must be disposed to obey the commandments. Let us not rest satisfied a moment until we find ourselves solidly grounded in these dispositions; and if we find ourselves weak or wavering, let us pray, and never cease praying. God will help us, and we shall be able to say with St. Paul, "I can do all things in Christ who strengtheneth me," and with St. Anthony who, sorely afflicted, exclaimed, "Let God arise, and all His enemies shall be scattered and they that hate Him shall flee before Him."

Saving One's Soul.

The Catholic Review ably refutes a false conception of A. Conan Doyle in relation to the monastic life to which he gives voice in the words of the heroine of "The White Company": "Why should you who are soldiers of the spirit be ever moping or hiding in cell or in cave, with minds full of your own concerns, while the world which you should be mending is going on its way and neither sees nor hears you? Were you all as thoughtless of your own souls as the soldier is of his body, you would be of more avail to the souls of others."

The Catholic Review rightly contends that there is no parity between the two cases. The man who preserves his skin at the expense of his honor is but a contemptible coward. But concern for one's soul does not involve the sacrifice of honor, nor necessitate the endangering of another man's life or salvation. Indeed, the world's favorite saints—St. Anthony, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis Xavier, whose object in saving souls was that thereby they might serve God and the better save their own—gave the lie to the selfishness and cowardice Mr. Doyle's heroine deprecates. But even among the anchorites of the Thebaid, says the Catholic Review, it was the part of charity, and not of cowardice, which inspired the hermit to pray unceasingly for the salvation of mankind, and Mr. Doyle's conception of the spirit of monasticism is far from being a true one when he speaks of it as selfish and uncharitable. True Christianity dictates that no man may save his soul without reck for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his neighbor.

Purify your blood with Hod's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach, and strengthen your nerves.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Passion Flower.

The history of this singular and beautiful flower is thus given in The Garden: "The flower was originally named the Passiflora, or the flower of the passion, by the Catholic priests who followed closely in the track opened up by Columbus but to the new continent of America, in order to attempt the conversion of the aborigines to the Christian faith. Many of these Catholic missionaries were men highly cultivated in all learning of the time and were consequently more or less naturalists. As students of nature, we may imagine they were much struck with the beauty and singular structure of this remarkable flower, which they found growing in wild luxuriance and abundance over the rocks of Hispaniola, Cuba and Jamaica, and climbing also the great trees to their tops and hanging their beautiful foliage and blossoms in thick festoons from the branches. The structure of the flower, upon analysis, appeared to them a miracle, which seemed to foretell that these new countries were foredestined to Christianity; for the structure which they so admired at first glance was found to contain, they conceived, representations of the object most closely connected with the crucifixion and events which immediately preceded it."

He Saved Their Lives.

Some years ago a vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent, England. The sea was rolling furiously. Eight poor fellows were crying for help; but a boat could not be got off, through the storm, to their assistance, and they were in constant peril, for any moment the ship was in danger of sinking. At length a gentleman came along the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the animal's attention to the vessel, and put a short stick in his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the angry waves towards the vessel. He could not, however, get close enough to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew understood what was meant, and they made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. The noble animal at once dropped his own piece of wood, and immediately seized that which had been thrown to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination scarcely credible—for he was again and again lost under the waves—he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master.

A line of communication was thus formed with the vessel, and every man on board was rescued.—Our Dumb Animals.

"No, I Thank You!"

Success depends as much on doing as upon doing; in other words: "Stop before you begin," has saved many a boy from ruin. When quite a young lad I came very near losing my own life and that of my mother, by a horse I was steering, running violently down a steep hill and over a dilapidated bridge at its foot. As the boards of the old bridge flew up behind us it seemed almost miraculous that we were not all precipitated into the stream beneath and drowned. Arriving home and relating our narrow escape to my father, he sternly said to me: "Another time, hold in your horse before he starts."

How many young men would have been saved if early in life they had said, when invited to take the first step in wrong doing: "No, I thank you."

If John, at this time a clerk in the store, had only said to one of the older clerks, when invited to spend an evening in the drinking saloon: "No, I thank you," he would not to-day be the inmate of an inebriate asylum.

If James, a clerk in another store, when invited to spend the Sabbath on a steamboat excursion, had said: "No, I thank you," he would to-day have been, perhaps, an honored officer in the church, instead of occupying a cell in the state prison.

Had William, when at school, said when his comrade suggested to him that he write his own excuse for absence from school and sign his father's name: "No, I thank you; I will not add lying to wrong doing," he would not to-day be serving a term of years in prison for having committed forgery.

In my long and large experience as an educator of boys and young men, I have noticed this—resisting the devil, in whatever form he may suggest wrong-doing to us, is one sure means of success in life. Tampering with evil is always dangerous. "Avoid the beginnings of evil," is an excellent motto for every boy starting out in life.

Oh, how many young men have endeavored, when half-way down the hill of wrong doing, to stop, but have not been able! Their own passions, appetites, lusts and bad habits have driven them rapidly down the hill to swift and irremediable ruin. How small and insignificant our own petty troubles appear in the light of a great calamity such as visited the neighborhood of St. Louis recently. A disaster of that sort completely overshadows the every-day worries and brings home with telling force the realization that we can never know from hour to hour when desolation may compass us.

To the women of the family who remain at home each morning while the

men folk, great and small, go forth to do battle with the world and in various capacities earn the daily bread, being exposed to greater risks than we who are sheltered safely in the home nest, the every day fatalities should preach a great lesson. Many there are who leave home in the early morning never to return who perhaps parted from mother, wife or child with hasty, angry words.

No good-bye kiss was given, perhaps, owing to the shadow of an over-night's misunderstanding or a carelessness that did not mark a period not so very long ago. How do you suppose those who are left to mourn feel over such memories? Take it home to yourself and let the lesson sink deeply into your heart. Watch the hasty, unkind words; smother them at their birth; remember that it takes two to make a quarrel, and let that be one partnership into which you will not enter.

Do not keep one set of kindly, winning manners for company and a collection quite the reverse for those whom you are more intimately acquainted with. In all things and all ways try to act so that if a great calamity befall your loved ones there need not be added to the overpowering and natural grief you will feel the more poignant and stinging pangs of remorse. Into your life no shock such as this may ever come. Heaven grant that it may not! But the constant effort to make home brighter, to be always loving and delightful to the ones who are dearest to you on earth, will never do you any harm and will reward you when natural causes have taken those dear ones away, by a memory that you at least did all you could to make them happy while they lived.—Catholic Columbian.

Money and Music.

Handel, had it not been for his oratorios and his operatic speculations, would have lived and died as poor as the proverbial church mouse. Walsh, his publisher, paid him pitiful prices for his operas. For at least eleven of these works he received no more than 25 guineas each; and the largest sum he was ever paid was only £105, which he got for "Alexander's Feast." It must not be thought from these small prices that the composer's works did not sell; on the contrary, they always found a ready market, and proved a great source of profit to the publisher. From the proceeds of his first opera, "Rinaldo," Walsh netted a profit of over £1500, whereupon Handel joyfully remarked to the music seller: "Well, you shall compose the next opera and I will publish it." Handel, as everybody knows, lost a fortune in trying to establish Italian operas in London; and although he subsequently more than recouped himself by his oratorios, it was not the publisher, but the public, who put it in his power to do this.

Even when we come down to the time of Mozart, we do not find that the claim of the brainworker to a fair wage had been recognized. It almost staggers one to recall the fact that "Don Giovanni" brought to its composer no more than £20. For "The Magic Flute" he was paid just 100 ducats, and yet the manager of the theatre at which the opera was first produced made a fortune out of it. No wonder Mozart had to be laid in a pauper's grave, the very site of which is unknown to this day! Schubert fared even worse. Some of his magnificent songs sold for less than a shilling, and at his decease it was difficult to raise enough money to bury him. Haydn's income would to-day be deemed small by a player in the theatre orchestra, and his "estate" was almost a minus quantity. Weber, who died seventy-one years ago, received less than £500 in all for his "Freischutz," one of the most popular operas ever written; while from his five other operas he made only £1,600 altogether. By "The Bohemian Girl" Balfe gained less than £1,500, although the "Marble Hall" ballet, which was a very popular work, put some £3,000 into the pockets of the publishers.

"The Catholic Church is Not English."

Patriotism, according to Tolstoi, is a form of selfishness. Patriotism, so called in England, but which might be better described as that aggressive individuality which makes Englishmen so thoroughly unpopular in other countries, has sufficed to prevent many hundreds from joining the Catholic Church or even from listening to the truth of her claims, simply for that trumpety assertion, "The Catholic Church is not English." The average Englishman does not do his intellect so much justice as to allow it to tell him that Jesus Christ was not English, never trod English ground, and that the God of the whole world cannot be of one nation only. No, the Englishman prefers an English fault or lie to a foreign virtue or truth; he must be safe because he is English, but he must be saved on his own terms and in his own way or he will have none of it. But how can he pretend to forget that the Catholic Church is the Church of his forefathers—Britons, Celts, Saxons, Danes and Normans, from the moment they renounced paganism; that it is the only one with a claim to the name of "the National Church," for it is the Church which welded into one all these different nationalities and thus formed the English race of to-day.—The Tablet.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; safe, sure, and effective. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

Best for Wash Day. For quick and easy work. For cleanest, sweetest and whitest clothes. Surprise is best. USE SURPRISE SOAP. Best for Every Day. For every use about the house Surprise works best and cheapest. See for yourself.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian.

One of the signs of the times, and a sign of still better times to come, is the increasing demand of people of moderate means for a "local habitation."

Own Your Own Home.

Notwithstanding Matthew Arnold's learned protests against the supremacy of the individual, there is something in the very air we breathe that makes us rebel at being swallowed up as a mere cipher in the general unit. Every one wishes to impress his identity upon some little spot of this great, round world before he leaves it, and in none ought this to be a stronger sentiment than in the newly married. If beginners in life would start out with the determination of owning their roof-tree as soon as possible, and if both are of one accord, they can easily regulate their style of living with this end in view. No spasmodic effort will achieve it; only a careful laying aside of small sums regularly.

They will find that after the home is once secured they will wish to "improve it," and the habit of judicious saving being already acquired, it will be no hardship to deny themselves extravagant clothes and aimless jaunts in order to add new beauties and comforts to their abiding-place.

A bay window must be thrown out in the little dining room; capacious closets, to meet the demands of the growing family, must fill in the waste spaces of recesses; rose-bushes are planted by the dozen and watered with tears of joy; shelves are put up for the saving of steps, and the proud mistress of it all learns to wield the paint brush to the annihilation of unsightly surfaces.

The man takes a quiet, intense satisfaction in his feeling of ownership, but the supreme moment in the life of the woman is when she can take her inquisitive friends from garret to cellar and say, with exultant pride, "It is our own."

She knows that in spite of the pessimist's sentiment the home is a powerful influence for good; and for the sake of bringing up her children where they may fix their affections, she is more than willing to make motherly sacrifices innumerable.

ADVANTAGES OF OWNERSHIP.

It is worth the effort made to escape the horrors of moving day alone, and the children may at last have a play-room where they may tack pictures and tear the walls without a threatened suit from an irate landlord.

The average business man, sick from the din and traffic of commercial quarters, longs for a suburban home and promises himself the luxury of plenty of elbow-room and ozone "when his ship comes in." So widespread is this predilection becoming that it must be accorded the virtue of an inherent impulse toward "sweetness and light."

London, Paris and New York are girdled by a chain of towns situated within a radius of twenty miles from the great centres of trade. The increasing number who seek these homes leads to the inference that health and comfort are the compensations for the daily scramble to reach train and boat.

But some men deny that it is cheaper or more advantageous to own your own house than to rent one, claiming that taxes and insurance more than offset a good rental. Let no home-loving young couple pin their faith to this tattered fallacy.

You can spend all your youth renting and hopping from house to house and be none the better off by the time your children are grown, when by making a first payment and afterward a quarterly sum, only equal in many cases to a very low rent, you become an owner before you have half realized the fact.

A CAPITAL INVESTMENT.

It gives you a different stand in your community and a larger proprietor say about the improvements in your neighborhood; you can lift your voice for sanitary drainage and demand of the mayor to sweep your cobblestones. Look at it as an investment for that rainy day which clouds the horizon of nearly every life. By making an effort to secure a roof over his head a man places a bulwark between himself and utter ruin should business or physical misfortune befall him.

A house bought by frugality in the heyday of youthful enthusiasm has many a time been the means of averting disaster or of realizing for its fortunate owner the capital wherewith to make a renewed effort in middle life.

There is, too, another consideration in favor of a real home, which if less utilitarian is also binding upon the prospective heads of families. There may be talented ones and even geniuses among the flock, and a noted writer says that the literary aspirant and others of artistic temperament must write out of the fulness of their early recollections. Where is that fulness to come from unless there is a permanent vine and fig-tree?

Will the fact that there was or was not a basement kitchen, that one cellar was damp and another dry, suffice for

literary material to the mind that would muse upon its past and paint pen pictures?

This romantic existence led by our children, this "moving on," like Poor Jo, and moving ever from street to street deprives them of their birthright—the right to fix upon their impressive minds and hearts that abiding love of home which appeals to them through every drop of their Anglo-Saxon blood.

Henry James' Passionate Pilgrim is a true if distressingly sad portrayal of an American's longing for the permanent hearthstone and its clustering memories. The greatest marvels of art collected in hoary cathedrals and royal museums do not appeal to our most cultured travellers when abroad like the ancestral homes of nobles, commoners and peasants. There the cottage and the ivy covered villa are as often the possessions of successive generations of kinfolk as the battlemented towers of earl or duke, and it is by this continuance of family pride and love about the spot where, marriage, birth and death have woven such binding ties that the imagination of our virtually homeless people is taken captive. And yet, so inconsistently, we continue to drag our lares and penates from pillar to post.

Stray Chips of Thought.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he has lost no time; but that happeneth rarely.

There is this difference between a wise man and a fool: A fool's mistakes never teach him anything. The man who is always satisfied with himself is rarely satisfactory to others.

A man never realizes how human he is until he has made a big fool of himself.

It is generally the man who has the least to complain of that does the most kicking.

The true test of religion is to be always prepared for death. This is but a sombre way of putting a truth. Better say, God's will is done in living your life honestly and well. Then you need not bother yourself about what is to become of you in the future. The man whose to-day is all right can't have any bad dreams about to-morrow.

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The Right Stock.

She was small and frail, but, sitting a few seats behind her, I could not see her face. Soon a handsome, manly, young fellow opened the forward door of the car and looked from one to another as though expecting to meet somebody.

At once, on seeing the lady I have mentioned, he quickened his steps and a happy look came into his face. On reaching her he bent down and kissed her tenderly, and when she moved nearer to the window he deposited his coat and handbag, and seated himself beside her. In the seventy-five mile ride which I took in the same car with them he showed her every attention, and to the end exhibited his devotion by anticipating her smallest need for comfort; and once he put his arm around her in such a loverlike way that I decided they were a newly married pair enjoying the honeymoon.

Imagine my surprise on reaching Chicago to discover her to be old and wrinkled; but when I heard him say "Come, mother," and saw him proudly lead her out of the cars and gently help her to the platform, banishing her lightest anxiety and bearing her many packages, I knew there was not money nor romance behind the exhibition, but that here was a young man who loved his mother.

Men of Power.

During the present month the colleges and universities of the land will open their doors to thousands of young men who seek higher intellectual development. It is a momentous day in the life of a young man when he begins a college course. Never in after years will there be such quick broadening of outlook as during the four years of his college life.

There are many motives which may properly actuate a young man seeking a higher education. First of all, there

should be a desire to make the most of the talents God has given him, to the end that he may be the most deeply and widely influenced by the world. A great deal has been said in ridicule of the man trained in college, his impractical ideas and visionary schemes being dwelt upon. While there is no doubt some foundation for this ridicule, it must be admitted by all who are willing to candidly study the question, that those young men who have undergone the discipline necessitated by a full course at a first class college or university, are the most deeply and widely influenced by the world. A great deal has been said in ridicule of the man trained in college, his impractical ideas and visionary schemes being dwelt upon. While there is no doubt some foundation for this ridicule, it must be admitted by all who are willing to candidly study the question, that those young men who have undergone the discipline necessitated by a full course at a first class college or university, are the most deeply and widely influenced by the world.

The second motive, and one which may appear to some as of the greatest importance, is the economic value of a college education. Given two young men, equally endowed, one entering business at the close of his graded school life, the other spending four or five years in college, the two will be widely separated, as far as business or professional success is concerned, by the time they reach middle life. The mental balance and acuteness, the intellectual grasp, not to say the knowledge of men and things, which are acquired in a long course of study are in a large measure annihilators of time. College training pushes a man ahead as nothing else can do, and as years go by this necessity for thorough mental discipline is more and more being emphasized by the conditions of modern thought and of present day living.

But with the enlargement of man's ability consequent upon higher intellectual training comes proportionate responsibility and obligation to the world and those in it. An educated man is a man of power, but that power may be for good or for evil. Happy the man who uses the knowledge brought to him by a college course for the best interests of himself, his neighbors and his country. He shall be like a beacon on a hill!

Insure Your Life Now.

Every young man, in fair health and employed should have his life insured. He can obtain more insurance for less money now than later. The necessity of paying the premiums or the assessments, will make his practice economy and foresight. The possession of a policy will be a recommendation when he is seeking a prudent wife.

Besides a small policy on the endowment plan in a regular company, our young man should have an interest in some Catholic mutual insurance organization. Half a dozen such societies seek their support. The Catholic Order of Foresters, the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, the Knights of St. John, the Catholic Knights of America, and other associations, all offer inducements to them.

Thousands of Catholic families have been rescued from destitution on the death of the bread winner, or been made more comfortable in frugal homes, by the money that has come from these organizations.

Insure your life! Do it this week!

See about it to-day!

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery, or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery, Cholera and Biliousness Pills. It is the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

You Can't Feel Draughts. when your clothing is interlined with the light and durable Fibre Chamois. It positively keeps out every breath of cold wind and frosty air and keeps in the natural warmth of the body, because it is a complete non-conductor. You'll enjoy genuine fall and winter comfort for only a few cents extra expense. The Real Fibre Chamois sells now for 25c, with a label on each yard and there is also a label on every ready-to-wear suit which is interlined with it. Always look for them.

