

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXX.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, MARCH 14 1908

1534

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1908.

AN ASTONISHING PERSON.

A most astonishing person is the gentleman who beams the mental slavery of Catholics. He will not muzzle his intellect at the command of any church and accept things which he cannot understand. It never seems to strike him that what he does understand can be written on a post card, and from birth till death he is surrounded by mysteries. He swallows patent medicines oblivious of the fact that he knows not their ingredients. He takes his baker and his physician on trust. He has confidence in the engineer when he steps aboard a train or steamer. For his facts and conclusions he is in the most of cases dependent upon his fellows. And yet this individual, who perchance keeps a chestnut in his pocket as a guard against rheumatism, or something else for luck, believes only what he can understand.

ONE KIND OF TOURIST.

We gave a copy of the Presbyterian Witness, that had recently some derogatory remarks on South American Catholics, to a non Catholic friend, and asked him what he thought of them. After reading, he said: "The intelligent Protestant is ashamed of such rigmarole." We rejoined that the intelligent Protestant might, if he tried hard enough, convince some editors that religious weeklies should not be the dumping ground for charges that have been refuted times past reckon. If, however, they must print them they should deck them in different garb, or set them forth in better diction, or do something to make them less wearisome to the public. Some of the missionaries who ramble in foreign fields see only what they wish to see, viz., their phantasms taking form and reality. This often happens to people astray in the desert of prejudice. Just as a travel-worn voyager sees bubbling streams and sheltering palms where there is but the naked sand, so the missionary sees inquiry and things abominable where there is naught but misinformation and prejudice. Instead of looking out he looks in. But as the belated traveller happens betimes upon water not born of mirage, so the missionary may be led on to see that we are not, to put it mildly, undesirable citizens.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

"Nothing, too, can be gained, says a writer in The Lamp (February)" by scorning the foundations laid in Peter, which in the light of three hundred years of Protestant experience we have now to review and which such men as Dr. Briggs and Dr. Newman Smyth tell us have basic reality; and must be taken into account for the future by devout souls and honest and scholarly minds. It will not do to refuse the cries and its possible results because Peter has been found sometimes in bad company, or because he has not been able in the past centuries to make meek slaves out of politicians and fanatics. One must consider, above all, the question of fidelity to the faith and fidelity to authority. If these cannot be found somewhere, and the whole world knows where they claim to be found, there must come disunity, doubt, decay, anarchy."

THE NEWSPAPER HABIT.

A friend asked Right Hon. A. J. Balfour why he never read a newspaper. "Do you never really read a newspaper," I asked. "No," he replied. "I have no time." He gives to the great writers the time we give to the newspapers. The most of us read newspapers because we have time, and to spare. A good newspaper—that is, a journal which is not a mere record of scandals, crimes and personal gossip, but clean, intelligent in its discussion of events and fair in its treatment of its opponents—ought to be in every home. But to acquire the newspaper habit is to waste time and lose one's individuality, and to hinder mental growth.

"MAN IS SOMEWHAT OF AN OWL."

We protect our watches from dust. Precaution guards their mechanism. To be a time keeper their mechanism must be repaired. But we are not so careful of the soul's mechanism. Unheeding the consequences we expose it to things

that tamper with it and disorganize it. We subject it to the flippancy of the newspaper, to the winds that blow from the desert of low aims and pursuits. And so spiritually we are never on time. We wish to be humble without being looked down upon; patient, but without restraint; obedient, but without anything; penitent, but without sorrow.

THE BEAR GUARD.

If merchants managed their business as some manage their religion, they would not have a dollar on the right side of the ledger. These words were quoted to a friend who is in the rear guard, or rather, who is a member of the society that takes its religion at long range. We refer to those who crowd around the doors of the church. Some are but in their teens; others sport the downy token of an approaching manhood: a few are grizzled veterans of a thousand Sundays. They are in every manner of grotesque attitude. Some plant their manly backs against the walls and others hug the pillars. Some act as if they had a malady affecting their spinal cord or other extremities. The most experienced have their legs stretched out and wound in various knots. And many of them do not seem to be there for any particular purpose. Some, indeed, have prayer-books for ornament, we judge, while others, who have their hands in their pockets, are, we suppose, fingering their beads. But we advise them to study church etiquette. In theatres and private houses there are laws to be obeyed and they are obeyed. Why, then, should the house of God be a place wherein bad manners and slovenly attitudes are to be exhibited. In other days we had to be careful of our external behavior in church. Hawking and spitting were forbidden, speaking unnecessarily subjected the offender to ecclesiastical censures. The faithful were, while in church, ordered to keep a watch upon the senses, to bear in mind the tone of voice, gravity of manner, decency of habit and the observance of all ceremony and prescribed rite. Not indeed trivial matters, for they concern the silence and decorum and majesty of the altar. Consider, says a saint, with what fear these stand before the throne, who wait on a mortal king. How much more does it behoove us to appear before the heavenly King with fear and trembling and with awful gravity. Here were greater symbols than the holy of holies contained— for here was not the cherubim, here were not the urn and the manna—but the Body and Blood of our Lord.

A CHANGE OF OCCUPATION.

A correspondent has sent us a letter denouncing the "bridge whist craze." As he appears to be perturbed over this matter we regret that we have no words to soothe his nerves and to allay his indignation. We know little about it. But as a change of occupation works miracles, at times, where mere advice fails, may we suggest to him to teach the parish gossip the rudiments of the game. The first thing is to catch the gossip. This is a matter of some difficulty, for an adept in the art of scandal mongering is never at a loss for means to conceal the fact. You have encountered in your readings the individuals who made murder a fine art. The less skilled opened the door to eternity for their enemies with a stiletto. This was a messy business and not devoid of danger. The artists smiled upon their foes, and gave them flowers so impregnated with poison as to silence the heart and leave no accusing sign on the body. So the artistic scandal-mongers ply their trade with a wink, a shrug of the shoulders, an insinuation, a dropping of slander's offal here and there, and all the while they look demure, and are very pious, and have an unmeasured contempt for the uncharitable. Now if our friends would corral these people and get them interested in the fascinating game many communities would be at rest. If he does this he should be recommended for the Noble peace prize. The way to victory is rocky, but he would be accompanied by prayers sincere if not audible.

He who has suffered, however, ought, if he has not received his soul's cross in vain, to pass through the world as a living sacrament of divine consolation. For he knows that secret watchword, that counterweight, those words of loving counsel, that find their way to the sorrow-stricken heart and set like balm upon its wounds.

THE NEW JESUIT SHRINE.

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE OF MARCH 7.

TEACHING BY PARABLE.

Were I called upon to explain to the merest tot, in the lowest grade of our elementary schools, the line of reasoning I followed in proving that the spot in question was no other than the site of St. Ignace II, I should profess to be some familiar illustration as the following of easy apprehension for the weaker intellect. Mr. Editor, please call Mr. Hunter's attention to the lesson that he may profit by it.

Two brothers had migrated from their native village to the boundless prairies of our great Northwest, but at different times. They had settled some twenty miles apart, and had not met since their departure from the home land, from which one had received a most important message on family affairs, which he felt it his duty to communicate without delay to his brother, who was a bachelor. Being advanced in years and not accustomed to the saddle, he called John his son, a sturdy young fellow, and bade him run the errand. John had been already trained, to a certain extent, to range the prairie for several miles from the homestead by means of a compass, for as yet there were no roads in that region, only trails, but no trail leading directly to the settlement of Farville where his uncle lived. He had been once as far as a little hamlet, which I shall call Midtown, for convenience sake, not more than ten miles distant. So he protested to his father that he could never find Farville, the settlement where his uncle lived all alone.

In their perplexity they thought themselves of a cripple, their nearest neighbor, who had lived for some time at Farville. The latter expressed his regret that, on account of his infirmity he could not go himself, but that he would have no difficulty in explaining to John how to find his uncle's home at Farville, though the farm houses were a good distance apart, provided John could steer, as it were, by the compass. This John said he could do. The cripple then told him that he would first have to go due south-east to Midtown, for Farville was about in the same direction, and then ride on about ten miles more. He said he was certain that the whole distance to Farville was twenty miles.

But John had another difficulty. One farm house looks so much like another, all through the new country, how could he know his uncle's house without having to inquire of strangers, who perhaps could not speak his language. The cripple told him that he started again, still going south-east by his compass. And he rode, and rode over the flat prairie, where there was no road but only grass, until he saw in the distance, but it was a little to the right, some scattered houses; and knowing that he had ridden about ten miles from Midtown he was pretty sure it was Farville. A boy on a horse, whom he met ten minutes after, told him it was Farville. So he rode, and rode until he came to the first house. It had red hollyhocks in the front yard but no green veranda. And it was just the same with all the other houses. Poor John and Jerry the horse were very tired, and John had nearly lost all hope of finding his uncle's house, when he saw a clump of small trees, the first John had seen for a long time on the prairie. And there was a chimney that showed above the trees, so he was sure there was a house there. It was the last house of Farville, the only one that he had missed. But what made John very glad, it had a green veranda, which none of the other houses had. He tied his horse to a post and ran up the steps, but just as he had his hand on the knocker, for out West on the prairie, they had no electric push bells yet, he noticed there were no red hollyhocks in the front yard. This puzzled him, but he scratched his ear, and with a knowing nod he said half-aloud to himself, "The green veranda is all right, as for the red hollyhocks we shall talk about that later." (He found out after that the hollyhocks were all planted behind the bar). So he knocked and, children who do you think came to the door?

This is the "Parable of the Green Veranda and the Red Hollyhocks" not written by our modern *Beop Ade*.

APPLICATION OF THE PARABLE.

The problem of finding St. Ignace II, the Indian village where Brebust and Lalumet were tortured to death by the Iroquois is similar to the above, that is, as similar as circumstances will allow, since "every comparison goes on three legs."

We have the term of departure known to a certainty, the ruins of the old fort of St. Marie I, then a village St. Louis, lying midway, whose direction is ascertained by consulting Duroeur's map. (Incidentally, it may be remarked here that there is no record existing of more than one site of St. Louis.) The distance from St. Marie I to this midway village of St. Louis is given in Bressani and in the relations.

As for the total distance of St. Ignace II from the old fort, it is set down in Brother Francois Malherbe's obituary, while its distance from the midway village of St. Louis is recorded in Bressani, in two letters of F. Charles Garnier and in the relations.

As for its direction from the old fort it is inferred from the fact that the sum of the two distances, that is, from the Old Fort to St. Louis, and from St. Louis to St. Ignace II, is about equal to the total distance of St. Ignace II from the old fort. So that drawing a line from the old fort through the village of St. Louis and prolonging it till it equals the total distance, the village of St. Ignace II, must lie very little to one side or the other of that straight line. If it were certain that the sum of the first two distances was absolutely equal to the total distance given, then as a geometrical necessity, the third village, St. Ignace II, should be found exactly on the straight line.

But, it will be asked should it be ascertained, after inspection, that several sites really exist at the correct total distance from the old fort, and very little outside the above mentioned straight line, what is there to show us which of the sites was that of St. Ignace II? The answer is simple enough. The bearing indicator is the description of the configuration of the ground, the features of the position, given in the relations and by Bressani, and which nowhere else, for miles around, within anything that might be fairly judged a reasonable distance, finds its counterpart; or rather, its verification. And this Mr. Hunter says just as well as I do. The configuration or shape of the site plays the same role as the "Green Veranda." But how about the potatoes, etc? Oh, the "Red Hollyhocks?" We shall see about them later.

OUTLINE OF ARGUMENT FROM REPORT 1902

The foregoing line of reasoning was put tersely enough at page 92 in the Ontario Archaeological Report, 1902, so that Mr. Hunter had no excuse for not having given it in his letter. It runs as follows:

"To answer off hand, in a word or two, the question: 'What makes you so sure that you have found the site of St. Ignace II?' is no easy matter. To satisfy fully those of an inquiring turn of mind, I must proceed with method, and in answer to the question, formulate a thesis which I hope to make clear and acceptable:

"East half lot 4, Concession VII, Tay Township, is absolutely the only spot.

1. Where the configuration of the ground tallies perfectly with the description of St. Ignace II, given in the Relations and in Bressani.
2. Which at the same time lies at the proper distance.
3. In the right direction from St. Marie I, (The Old Fort)?"

The whole line of reasoning lay there in a nutshell. It took just the last six or seven lines to state it. And why did not Mr. Andrew Hunter, our disinterested propagator of truth and detector of error, whose letter, he tells us unblushingly, was "merely a plain language for historic truth and the use of common sense in matters of archaeological inquiry," why did he not at least indicate this line of reasoning, like an honest critic, then lay bare its weak points, to show that nothing conclusive could be drawn from it? Mr. Andrew Hunter has logical acumen enough to know that a premise is as invaluable so he concluded that the best that could be done (in the interests of truth?) was to ignore it completely.

MINOR PREMISE PROVED.

I shall deal with the propositions numbered off above as 1, 2, 3, in the following order 2, 3, 1; but for fuller developments I must refer you, Mr. Editor, to pages 93 et seq. of the Archaeological Report for 1902.

2 Malherbe's Obituary sets down the distance of St. Ignace II to St. Marie I, (The Old Fort) as two leagues or six miles (Ct. Report on Canadian Archives, Ottawa, 1884, p. XV, and La Semaine Religieuse de Quebec, June 9, 1889, p. 32). The correctness of this distance of two leagues is corroborated by what follows under (1) and (3).

(1) ST. IGNACE II, TO ST. LOUIS.—Bressani says only three miles (Martin's Translation p. 253). Ragneneau in the Relations says, about one league, or about three miles (Rel. 1619, Quebec edit., p. 10, 2 col. line 30 et seq.). Fr. Charles Garnier's letter to his brother Henry, Apr. 23, 1649, has a league or thereabout, or about three miles (Rel. 1649, p. 11, 2 col. line 41 et seq.). A second letter from the same to Pierre Bontar, April 27, 1649 gives also one league (Richmontelx, 11, p. 464).

(3) ST. MARIE I, (OLD FORT) TO ST. LOUIS.—Ragneneau says, not more than a league (Rel. 1619, p. 10, 2 col., line 41 taken with p. 11, 1 col., lines 10, 13 essant give two Italian miles, that is 3704 meters (Martin's translation p. 254, taken in conjunction with p. 253, line 19 and line 28).

The distance given in (1) added to the distance given in (3) makes about two leagues, or six miles approximately. So that according to old records St. Ignace II, lay about six miles from St. Marie I, or the Old Fort. The ruins of St. Ignace II, where the shrine stands, on lot 4, concession VII, Tay Township, is a little less than six miles, or about two leagues from the ruins of the Old Fort. Therefore it is situated at the correct distance from the well-known ruins.

But is there not at least one authority in disagreement with those just quoted? Yes, there is and that one, Christopher Regmat, a doctor, aged thirty-six, was with the missionaries in Huronia. In 1659 he returned to France and became a lay-brother. In 1678, all but thirty years after the disaster, he writes a letter to a friend in which the following passage occurs: "Father Jean de Broboz (sic) and

Father Gabriel L'Alemant (sic) set out from our Cabin (Cabane) to go to a small town (bourg) named St. Ignace, distant from our cabin about a short quarter of a league. . . . Which is equivalent to saying, 'from our cabin (and let me suppose that by cabin he meant St. Marie I.) it was less than a mile and a half to the town of St. Ignace.'"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CHURCH AND SECRET SOCIETIES.

A Lenten Letter to the Catholics of Hamilton was read in St. Mary's Cathedral on the 1st of March on which occasion Father Mahoney, the Rector, made a timely and most instructive reference to the Church's stand on Secret Societies. For the following report we are indebted to the Hamilton Times of March 2.

Another warning against secret societies is contained in Bishop Dowling's annual pastoral letter, with the Lenten regulations, read in the Catholic churches of the Hamilton diocese yesterday. Although the Masons, Odd-fellows, Sons of Temperance and Knights of Pythias are named in the letter, it was explained that every society was under the ban, which exacted an oath of blind and absolute obedience from its members, preventing them from revealing to the authorities of Church or State secrets of the organizations.

Dean Mahoney, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, commenting on the letter yesterday, said the papers were in the habit of making sensational headings out of these warnings against secret societies, as though they were something new. On the contrary, they were the old, solid truths and principles which the Church was always preaching. It was the same stand as taken by such an eminent statesman as Edward Blake, who arose in Parliament and spoke against granting a charter to a secret society, when parliament was not in a position to know whether it would effect the stability of the empire or not. Secret societies, with their rituals, their high priests and priestesses, he declared, were a travesty on religion and none of these organizations could be tolerated by the Catholic Church.

For any man to sell his liberty by taking an oath of blind and absolute obedience was ridiculous. The Catholic Church did not exact that of its clergy or the members of any of its religious orders. They took an oath to obey the commands of the Church, but they were not obliged to obey any command contrary to conscience. Catholics who might have unknowingly joined these societies are urged in the letter to sever their connection at once, not mistaking any insurance or other matters involved.

Another point emphasized in the letter was that it was necessary to secure the Bishop's permission to establish a Catholic society in the diocese, and that the chaplain must be appointed by the Church authorities and not elected by the society. Dean Mahoney referred to one so-called Catholic society, which had been knocking at the door of the diocese for several years, and which received the right to elect its own chaplain, just like the secret societies. To expect that the priest would be obliged to join every Catholic society to become its chaplain was absurd. He was glad to say that the Catholic societies in Hamilton were all in harmony with the Church and were doing good work.

TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

"GOD MUST HAVE MOVED MIGHTILY IN HER HISTORY, HER MAJESTIC WORSHIP, HER UNIVERSAL MINISTRY."

The Rev. Thomas Barney Thompson, speaking recently in the Plymouth Congregational Church, Chicago, referred to the Catholic Church as "the most splendid institution the world has ever seen." "Governments," he continued in a tribute to the Church not apt in a Protestant pulpit, "have arisen and gone to the grave of the nations since her advent. Peoples of every tongue have worshipped at her altars."

"The Roman Catholic Church has stood solid for law and order. Her police power in controlling millions un touched by the denominations, has been great. When she speaks, legislators, statesmen, politicians and governments stop to listen, often to obey."

"In the realm of worship her ministry has been of the highest. In employing beads, statues, pictures and music she has made a wise and intelligent use of symbolism. Her use of the vest in music and painting has been the greatest single inspiration to these arts, and her cathedrals are the shrines of all pilgrims."

"The love and veneration of the Virgin Mary plays an important part in the ritual of the Church. I find no difficulty in appreciating the attitude of the Catholic worshipper toward the Mother of Jesus. Jesus is the love of God made manifest. But Christ Himself has often been made so austere, and so unapproachable that a mediator between Him and man has become an insistent necessity. What is more natural than to worship Him through the gracious influence of the Mother? "Aside from this, one cannot help but feel that the enthronement of the Virgin Mary has softened the heart of the world toward womanhood; that it has done much to give woman the place of honor she occupies today;

that it has put the whole Catholic Church behind the sanctity of the home. In the respect given to Mary, the Roman Church has paid the world's finest and most delicate compliment to the grace, sweetness and beauty of motherhood.

"Nor do I discover any difficulty in understanding the basis of the confessional. The confessional appears everywhere in life. The erring child confesses to its mother; the patient confesses to his physician; the accused confesses to his lawyer; the penitent confesses to his priest. It is most natural for the penitent, burdened, doubting soul to confide in his spiritual leader.

"Protestantism has wasted much of its force in a forced revivalism, which would have been unnecessary had we paid wise attention to religious education. We may rail against the parochial school system as being un-American. But the Roman Church existed centuries before there was a United States, and for many of these centuries she was the great agency of enlightenment, education and culture. The parochial school is the most serious and successful attempt to hold people for the religious life. Our country has a magnificent system of public schools. She will teach the children history, science, art, languages; but they will not let the world's greatest literature be taught under their guidance, nor will they help to develop the noblest capacity of the human soul, the capacity for God. This task is assigned to the Church. So be it, and let the Church choose that method which in her wisdom seems the best.

"And so we stand in the presence of her history, her majestic worship, her universal ministry and we confess that God must have moved mightily in all this. We think of her Loyals, her Xaviers, her Fenelons and her Marquettes; we look at her hospitals, orphanages, schools, colleges, monasteries, missions—and we see a Church ministering to the body, mind and soul of humanity. Her weakness is the common lot of every human organization; her strength is of God."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The beatification of Van. Mother Brist, Foundress of the Order of Ladies of the Sacred Heart, will take place at St. Peter's, Rome, on May 24.

The consecration of the Right Rev. Joseph M. Kusielka as Auxiliary Bishop of Cleveland took place at St. Michael's Church on Tuesday morning, Feb. 25th.

Rev. Alvah W. Doran of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, and formerly of St. Clement's Protestant Episcopal Church, received his parents William J. and Mary R. Doran, into the true fold recently in the Church of the Epiphany.

Abbe Perosi, the famous composer of Oratorios and director of the Sistine chapel, the Papal choir, has obtained permission from the Pope to absent himself from Rome and come to the United States to give there a series of concerts.

Rev. Isaac P. Whelan, Rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, N. J., was the intermediary through whom the People's Building and Loan Association received a few days ago \$310 that had been obtained by fraud and forgery in November last from Thos. E. Gleason, secretary and treasurer of the Association.

After the terrible accident which recently took place near Milan, in which a night express rushed into a slow train, and a third train coming from Rome ran into the ruins of the other two, the first to reach the scene were the Fathers of the Order of the Signata of St. Francis, whose convent was nearby. They immediately began the work of saving lives, turning their convent into a hospital for the injured and dying.

The True Voice, of Omaha, Nebraska, says that the daily papers are already making a canonized saint of poor Father Leo, who was murdered in Denver last Sunday. Catholics will accept this characterization with reserve. No doubt the murdered priest was a good man, but he was a martyr in the strict Catholic sense, and it is doubtful if Rome will ever be asked to pass upon his virtues. At least that will not come to pass for many years yet.

I have little or nothing to bequeath, as I have desired to give for the relief of the poor the goods I have given me. So wrote the late Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, in his will, the text of which has just been made public. Cardinal Richard died at the age of eighty-nine years, after serving the Church sixty-four years. When he entered Holy Orders he possessed a fortune of about \$3,000 a year, of which but little is left. The great Cardinal, who handled an annual budget of his diocese amounting to some \$320,000 died, so to say, in poverty.

A few weeks ago an heroic Irish-American policeman, named John T. Lynch, was shot to death while attempting to arrest two thieves. All Boston praised his deed, and the Governor of the State was present at his funeral. But Boston's appreciation did not stop there, and a bill was brought before the Legislature, asking for an annuity from the city of \$300 a year for his widowed mother, who has been deprived of her main support. The bill passed. The Boston policeman is not the only public servant who has sacrificed his life in the performance of his duty, but the cases of their helpless families being provided for are rare indeed.

THE OLD FOUNTAIN.

Some years ago there lived near a poor village in Auvergne, one of the poorest missions that had ever penetrated the deserts of the mountains. The nearest peasant employed in searching the bowels of the mountains for antimony and coal would not have envied the humble cottage which was his dwelling. Built against the end of a little gray stone church surrounded by an iron cross, it might have been taken for a hermitage, or for one of those hospitable asylums raised on the high places, far from the beaten paths of travel, to guide and succor the perishing wanderer. From the level on which it was situated, the eye fell upon the fertile basin of the Limagne, traversed in its longest extent by the Allier, shining like a silvery ribbon. Behind the church on the slope of the mountain were some huts, rising one above the other, and at a distance reminding one of a caravan ascending a steep road; from this point the sight ran from rock to rock along the chain to which belong the Pay de Dome, the Plomb de Cantal and the Mont d'Or.

Such was the kind of Taebald in habit for more than ten years by the venerable priest of the mountain. The reader will easily understand the scruple that hinders us from writing the name of the village, as well as our reluctance to alter the accuracy of the least detail in this simple narrative by adopting the commonplace expedient of a fictitious name. He was a man of about sixty, with a spare, active figure and a countenance beaming with mild benevolence. His entire simplicity of heart did not exclude either the refinement or the elevation of a powerful intellect, nor did the austerity of his own life diminish in anything his indulgent consideration for the weaknesses of others. His faith was ardent and his zeal for the poor people committed to his charge knew no other bounds than those which nature had imposed on his physical strength, so that his charity in their regard made him almost accomplish miracles. The winter had no cold so rigorous, no snow so thick, the mountain had no ravine so deep, nor had any night a darkness so profound as to deter him from the exercise of his arduous and painful duties. And all this was done quite simply, without the most secret element of vanity, and with an air of sincere interest and good nature which removed the very idea of personal sacrifice.

One evening in summer, it might be five o'clock, the cure, after having finished the reading of his breviary, was seated in silence near a low window which looked out towards the village. Returned late and fatigued from a long journey, he inhaled with a sense of enjoyment the refreshing air that breathed into the room. Margaret, his old housekeeper, was arranging on the shelves of an oak dresser, the simple reliques that had been used at his master's frugal supper, for as his frequent excursions to the distant and various localities under the control of his ministry often detained him from home to an advanced hour, he had adopted, of necessity as well as by choice, the primitive hours of the country people. Besides the piece of furniture we have just mentioned, the room contained a dining table which served for a card table during the long winter evenings, when the good cure would now and then gravely dispute the chances of a game of piquet or of chess. In front was an old walnut tree chest, and at the end of the chamber, near a small door, the principal article of all, the cure's bed, arrayed with the most patriarchal simplicity. A magnificent ivory crucifix, the gift of a noble and pious lady, was placed above a prie-dieu of plain black oak, one of the angles formed by the projection of a vast chimney stood one of those long boxes, variegated with squares of different colors much like the case of an Egyptian mummy, over which appeared the dial of a rustic looking clock; some chairs of a coarse straw completed the furniture, on the description of which we have dwelt thus minutely because the entire household is the perfect and severe type of a class including the greater number of the dwellings of the provincial clergy in poor and remote districts like this.

currance to it, and thanks besides to the incessant oratory of Margaret on this point, the wish had gradually assumed in his mind the tenacity of a fixed idea. In this truly there was nothing unreasonable, to judge from the deplorable appearance of the good father's principal piece of clothing and in beholding it, one could not but excrete the evil genius which every time he seemed on the point of grasping it, made the desired garment vanish before him, as if by magic. Years glided by, each one with its train of disappointments and still the poor cure repeated with unceasing perseverance, "It will be got next year at Easter, before Pentecost, for the Assumption against Christmas." In vain had he already traversed this fatal circle ten times; the seasons revolved, the festivals returned with inflexible regularity, leaving at each visit a yet more sensible trace of their passage on the unfortunate soutane. The particular day on which we have introduced the worthy pastor to our readers happened to be one of those irritable days when the gathered dust content of the housekeeper threw a gloom on her countenance like a dark cloud that were floating above the hills. The abruptness of her motions, and her redoubled activity, betrayed a secret agitation which only awaited a suitable occasion to break forth in words, while the face of the cure, on the contrary, exhibited even more than its usual degree of its tranquil placidity, though an observer might have remarked that this was mingled with an expression of concealed triumph seldom to be seen upon his meek and humble brow. From time to time he turned his eyes from the extensive horizon before him, to steal a glance unobserved at Margaret's proceedings, which apparently afforded him some amusement, as he seemed now and then to suppress a sudden smile of humor not unmixed with malicious expectation. The night, meanwhile had come on; the sky was dark and gloomy, and the moon appeared at intervals through the masses of clouds that were gathering over it. The wind was beginning to agitate the summits of two tall chestnut trees planted before the door of the presbytery.

"After your journey and fatigues of the day," said Margaret suddenly, in a tone of maternal authority, "sleep would be better for you at this hour than the open air. The breeze that blows from the plain is not wholesome, and there is a storm coming up. At least, you ought to close the window."

"I do not feel fatigued, Margaret. As to the air, you are right and I will obey you—though," added he in an undertone, as he shut the window, "the storm, the most to be dreaded just now, is not that which threatens from without." Margaret either did not or would not hear; the cure sat down. "Why should you be displeased with me to day?" he continued, looking at her with an expression of doubt. "This time at least you would be in the wrong, Margaret." These words brought on the explosion foreseen by the cure at once. "At this hour, I would be in the wrong!" cried she, with a sort of comic indignation; "and I ought to be very well pleased with you, to be sure! A whole day passed from home without eating or drinking, at your age! That is good and praiseworthy, without doubt. But it will end badly with you, mark my words."

stretched out her hand as if to assure herself that the vision was real when the cure started up with a loud cry. A bright light tinged everything from the slope of the mountain to the window. The cure ran to open the door of the presbytery. A column of mingled smoke and flame was rushing from the roof of a house in the centre of the village, "Fire! fire!" cried the cure. "Margaret, hasten, go and ring the church bell to call help."

"What is that?" cried the housekeeper hastily, fancying she had mistaken him "what did you say, if you please?" "I say that you have forgotten it will come by the 25th of July."

"Well!" "Well! to day I was sent for to her chateau by the Dowager Baroness Daubriet, who wished to desire me to offer the annual ten Masses for the soul of her husband, and on leaving, she pressed me to accept as a donation the sum of 200 francs, which are here."

who trembled before him like a criminal before his judge. "Monsieur," said he in a severe tone, "is your parish so very poor, and your revenues so scanty that you cannot afford your person the attention which the dignity of the priesthood requires?"

"I beseech Your Grace to pardon me." "We are far, Monsieur," pursued the Bishop gravely, "from those happy times when the Church, honored for herself alone, arrayed herself solely in the austere virtues of her servants. Her ministers are no longer apostles nor martyrs; they are men dwelling in the world, of agreeable exterior and attractive conversation, laboring with zeal and prudence to reanimate the faith and charity of their fellow-men, by rendering religion sweet and easy to them. To set in any other spirit, M. le Cure, to deter them from the service of religion by exhibiting a spectacle of severity and privation, is to display a degree of incapacity or of ingularity alike deplorable."

"What is the matter, father?" she answered as she hurriedly ran into the room. "Vera, watch those shadows on the side of the barn; what do you make them out to be? I'll be bound some devilment is going on, and here I am not able to move hand or foot. Tell Pete to go see what it is and what it means. I wish I were well enough, I'd show 'em a trick or two. I'd do some scolding, if nothing else."

down on de James River at Mr. Hornor's place, where Mamma Ann has been a working. She taken sick, and so she couldn't work no mo'. Mrs. Hornor said as how she didn't want Mamma Ann if her couldn't work; so Mamma Ann packed our things in dis here satchel, and we is walked dis far on our way to Richmond, where some of Mamma Ann's folks is. We is a-been a walking three days, stopping at de culled folks houses at night times. When Mamma Ann saw his house she said as how she was a going to ask de folks here to let her come in an' die, as she wouldn't like to die in de road. Please, lady, don't let Mamma Ann die if you can help it! Please lady, don't!" he appealingly repeated as Vera's sympathizing glance encouraged him to believe that she could and would help them.

"I know the whole; I know that your imprudence and ill-regulated charity compromise the respect necessary for a minister of religion, and I strongly condemn a conduct so inconsiderate. Go Monsieur le Cure, and learn that by sacrificing what we owe to ourselves, we incur the risk of failing in the respect which we owe to others."

"Who are you, and from where do you come in such a condition?" Vera inquired, as she glanced from the woman to the child. "The woman was too weak to answer, but the boy, who seemed lively enough, spoke up and said: "We is come from

down, an' when I thought about Mamma Ann never being with us any mo', on Miss Ve, I jess could n't stan' it. Mamma Ann told me to always pray to God for whatever I wanted. I do pray Mamma Ann so much. Will God send her back to me, Miss Ve, if I pray ever so hard?" Vera sat upon the edge of his little bed, laid the small brown head in her lap and spoke kind words to him, such as she would have spoken to an orphan child of her own race. "You must always be a good boy, Danny, if you want Mamma Ann to be happy where she is. You must never do wrong, for she would know and be sad, and you need never fear for the want of a friend as long as I live, Danny."

"I felt as if I was a going to be very sick, an' I wanted to git to my folks in Richmond 'fore I was took to bed. De Hornors was not kind folks, an' I knowed I wouldn't be took care ob. I had no money to trable with, so Danny an' me set out on foot. De good Lord sholy has been mighty kind in turning our steps to dis place, where I hab been treated so kind by Miss Vera an' every body."

"I have some influential friends in Washington. I will see what I can do about getting you a clerkship there. Surely the daughter of a confederate officer should not be compelled to do laborious work for a living. Do nothing until I have a chance to hear from friend who, I think, will help you."

FAITHFUL DANNY.

A TRUE STORY.

As the sun was sinking behind the horizon where the pale tints of the sky reached down and embraced the dark outline of trees that surrounded the country for miles, it left a lingering light sufficiently strong to throw in silhouette two figures against the side of a large barn. The shadow of the figures caught the attention of the cure, who lay propped upon his bed, which had been drawn near the window that he might get every possible breath of air. The evening was unusually hot and sultry. On opening the shutters against the barn the colonel called excitedly to his daughter: "Vera! come here quickly!"

"What is the matter, father?" she answered as she hurriedly ran into the room. "Vera, watch those shadows on the side of the barn; what do you make them out to be? I'll be bound some devilment is going on, and here I am not able to move hand or foot. Tell Pete to go see what it is and what it means. I wish I were well enough, I'd show 'em a trick or two. I'd do some scolding, if nothing else."

what do place at Dr. Elbert... I will see what I can do about getting you a clerkship there. Surely the daughter of a confederate officer should not be compelled to do laborious work for a living. Do nothing until I have a chance to hear from friend who, I think, will help you. The idea of asking help of others did not set well with the independent spirit of Vera. She had visited Washington once, and she well remembered the tired, jaded and worn out expression of most of the women clerks whom she saw. She compared their life, spent in close pent-up rooms, stiflingly hot, and breathing the vitiated air of many vaults, with her own, spent in the open in God's clear sunshine and fresh air. The former lost by the comparison. She still hesitated.

what do you think of our selling this place and going to Washington to live? Dr. Eibert thinks that he can influence friends to give me an appointment there as a clerk in one of the government offices.

It was an effort on Robert's part not to let the fact that he loved Vera and wished her always near him, to influence his reply. An impersonal answer, he felt sure, could be given only where Vera's interest was not concerned.

"Would it be possible, Vera, for you and your mother to stay on the farm and make a living?"

"I think so, with Danny's help who is willing and anxious to remain with us," she replied.

"I am afraid it would be a greater task than you now imagine. In comparing it, however, with what I know the life of a government clerk in Washington to be, I should say stay here. I must add, Vera, that it is cruel of you to ask me to help you to decide such a question, when you know so well how I feel about your attempting to do anything. My heart and home are yours whenever you are ready to accept them."

"Oh, Robert, I came to you as an old friend and not as a lover, and you must not talk so. I love you Robert as a brother, or a dear friend and you must not cherish hard thoughts of me if I do not feel in any other way."

"Cherish hard feelings toward you, Vera! Never! You are dearer than life to me, and I am willing to wait, dear, until you know your own heart. I know that in time you will grow to love me," he playfully added.

"Faint heart, you know, ne'er won fair lady." Stay on the farm, Vera, and I'll abide my time."

Vera decided to remain on the farm and make it yield her a living. She had always been observant, and found in the selling up of her knowledge of farming that she was not entirely ignorant of the most important things. The burden was to be borne by Danny and herself, as her mother could be counted a helping factor only in loving companionship. Danny's decision about giving up school was carried out, but was supplemented by night study with Miss Ve as teacher. In this way he kept up in his studies with average negro country boys of his age. The selling of products, such as fresh vegetables, chickens and eggs, twice a week in the city markets, was the means by which Vera hoped to earn a livelihood. Danny was a fair gardener, and did all the work himself, except in planting season, when a man was hired to assist him. Vera subscribed for several magazines pertaining to gardening and farm life. These were the reading lessons of Danny during the long winter evenings. In this way he became an intelligent gardener, his produce excelling in many ways that of some older farmers.

Vera devoted most of her time to the poultry yard, where she was very successful in showing a fine brood of chickens every season for the market. The first year, expenses only were made, as there had to be many expensive repairs. The second year, a small sum of money was to her credit in the bank, and by the end of the fourth year she felt independent, that is, as to the further care of how to make a living. She was able after a short time to hire a woman of all work, so that she had time for leisure, self-improvement, and an occasional visit to friends in the city. She was also able to be correspondingly hospitable in her own home.

Danny was now twenty years old. He still insisted on not taking wages. "Miss Ve," he said one day, "when I am twenty-one, I will then consider taking wages from you. I have given these years to you, Miss Ve, but I feel that you have given me so much more."

"Why! I've given you nothing, Danny."

"Yes, Miss Ve, you have! You have given me encouragement and taught me to be true, upright and honest."

"Why, Danny, it seems to me that you were all those even when a little boy."

"Yes, Miss Ve, I don't deny they might have been in me, as they are in many a poor boy who has no one, as I did to help them to hold on to them."

"Well, Danny," Vera replied, "our relation, as I see it, has been mutually helpful."

"Miss Ve," Danny said in an embarrassed way, and seemed to hesitate.

"Well, Danny," she replied, as she stood in the doorway.

"Miss Ve, there is something else I been wanting to tell you for some time. Can I know Sarah, what works for Miss Fritchard?"

"Why, yes, Danny; she is a very good and industrious girl, so Mrs. Fritchard told me the other day. Has anything happened to her?"

"Well, Miss Ve, I'm keeping company with Sarah, and I hope some day to make her my wife."

"Oh! is that it," Vera exclaimed, somewhat relieved from her suspense. And Danny, looking as if he wished it were over with, continued: "I wouldn't do anything that meant so much to me as that without telling you about it. I had planned, Miss Ve, to begin on my twenty first birthday to work for Sarah—that is, to save and buy a few acres of ground and to build a little house on it by the time I was ready to get married."

"I believe you have made a good choice in Sarah, Danny, and you have planned rightly to have a home of your own before you do marry."

"I am not going to settle far from here, Miss Ve, so as I'll always be near and ready to do for you."

"Well, I am glad to hear that, Danny."

said to him, "because the adjoining land is cheap and is for sale. You can add to your acreage as you feel able to do so."

Danny was speechless under what seemed to him Miss Ve's munificent generosity. "I'm done for words now, Miss Ve, as to how and what to say. It kind of seems with your doing this that I ain't done what I intended to do. I ain't done working for myself, I've been working for you, Miss Ve, and I'd like for you to take it back. I ain't saying I ain't thankful to you, an' I don't want you to think I'm ungrateful; but please keep it, Miss Ve—you and your ma might need it some time. I am big, healthy and strong; and will work to work, and I can and will work."

"No, Danny, I shall not take it back; have no necessity in accepting it, as you have earned it all," Vera said with a decided air, which Danny knew, as she laid the book and deed upon the table near which they had been standing.

During all these years the devoted attention of Robert Fairchild to Vera had helped to make pleasant the long winter evenings, and he also entertained largely into the pleasant diversions of the summer life of the farm.

Robert viewed with dismay, sometimes, the independence of Vera's life. An independence that made him fear she might never feel the need of a protector, a role which he was ready at any time to assume. This new role of Vera's as the successful manager of a farm, as a successful financier, while it was arduous, was also fascinating to her. It had developed the latent possibilities of her character, making her strong and decisive, quick to interpret and to decide with finality.

Little did Robert understand, however, if he felt that these undeveloped characters ever reached a true woman's heart, which always longs to be loved and to be placed firmly and steadfastly within the citadel of some strong man's heart. At unexpected moments our hearts are revealed to us; so with Vera.

Danny came home from market one day with the news that Robert Fairchild had been hurt, thrown out of his buggy, and was seriously, if not fatally hurt. Vera paled on hearing it, and clutched for support to the table by which she was standing. She did not stop to ask questions, but ordered Danny to harness up her horse to the light buggy and in a few moments she was on the way to Robert's house. He lived alone with his father, his mother having died several years before. Aunt Cynthia and her husband, Uncle Joe, as they were called, were the only other inmates of the house. Aunt Cynthia kept the house for the two men while Uncle Joe attended to the outside work of the place; "driving 'old man Fairchild" who was very feeble, into the city whenever he wished to go. Robert generally rode in unattended and the breaking of a young colt into buggy harness was the cause of the accident.

Dr. Eibert was called in and Vera assumed the position of nurse, giving all the time she could spare from home in making Robert comfortable. His injuries were not so serious as they were thought to be. He was soon on the road to the convalescent period, which was made so delightful to him by Vera's attention that he looked forward to the time when he should be declared well with something like regret. He was, in a way, thankful for the accident, as it had revealed Vera's heart to him as he suspected it had been revealed to her. He had known his own heart only too well all these years, and he was happy in the thought that he saw his dream of years coming true.

On his first visit to Vera after getting well he again spoke of his love and said: "Vera, how many more years am I to wait for you?" She answered: "You have waited too long already, Robert. He drew her to his side and their love was sealed with a first kiss. They talked of the future far into the night. After he had bid her good-by she stood in the doorway watching his figure down the moonlight pathway until he came to a turn in the road.

Danny on this same evening paid a visit to Sarah. He seemed so overjoyed that Sarah exclaimed: "Goodness gracious, Danny, has you just got religion? You sholy must have, for you do look so happy like."

"Sarah," he exclaimed, "we can get married sooner than we thought. He then told her of Miss Vera's gift, and then talked and planned until quite late. The planning of their cottage consumed most of the time. The pivotal point being whether it should be a three-room house with a porch or a four-room house without a porch.

"Well, Sarah, we have plenty of time to decide that point," Danny said as he bade her good night at the gate. He began whistling a love tune as he took long, rapid strides down the road. It was a warm evening and he felt the weight of his coat. He took it off, flung it across his arm and walked more slowly with his hat in his hand.

As he was crossing a cross-road that ran through a farm adjoining the Fritchard estate, he heard a galloping of horses and the whooping of men who seemed to be nearing the pike along which he was walking slowly. The foremost man cried: "There he is!" and with that a pistol shot rang out in the clear air. Danny as he looked back saw that he was pursued, possibly in mistake for some one else. "Stop, you damned nigger, stop!" and another volley of pistol shots rent the air.

Danny, who was now thoroughly frightened, began to run with the hope that he might reach the Fairchild home before they overtook him. Another shot hit him squarely in the back and he fell. The men were now upon him. He saw his doom. He exclaimed, "Gentlemen, you have mistaken me for some one else."

The foremost man put the nose of a rope around his neck, while three others came up to drag him to a big tree that was by the roadside.

"For God's sake, you surely are not going to kill me!" he cried. "Hurry up and shut that damned nigger's mouth," one of them exclaimed. "He

is the man, I know he is, for he was seen to take this road after the deed was committed. If you let this nigger go you've missed your nigger, that's all I've got to say." joined in another. Danny by this time was dumb with horror and fright. In five minutes more he was hanging dead on the strongest limb of the tree.

As the moonlight flashed their deadly work Robert Fairchild, on his way home from Vera's, had by this time reached his own gate. He had heard the shots as they rang out in the clear air and wondered what it meant. On seeing the squad of men further up the road he hurried toward them to find out what was the matter. As he neared the spot the foremost man exclaimed: "We've fixed him, as he pined his finger upward toward the ghastly sight. Robert had no sooner gotten a full view of the object, when he exclaimed: "My God, men! you have lynched Danny, the faithful and trusted servant of Miss Vera Bonson."—Battie G. Francis in The Springfield, Mass., Republican.

THE EVOLUTION OF PROFESSOR MCBRIDE.

Antiquarian's Casket.

Sydney Smith once remarked: "I wish I was as cock sure of anything as Tom Masaday is of everything." It would scarcely be profane for an earnest Christian to wish that he was as sure of his eternal salvation as McGill's Professor of Zoology is of his descent, or ascent, from the ape. In a public lecture delivered at the University last week, Professor McBride traced the history of our race from the Pithcan tropics of Java to the Elythian human tribes of Tasmania, the River Drift man who used stone axes, the Neolithic man who carved pictures, the Magdalenian man who hunted the mammoth, and the Neolithic man who met his fate at the hands of the first Anglo Saxons. The lineage is almost as detailed as a page of Burke's or Dobrett's pedigree, only that it does not clearly appear just how the fair-haired, blue-eyed Anglo Saxon, superior to all the rest, came in. Was there a Creation after all and were they the only human beings who sprang directly from God's hand? This would explain their title to be the only race capable of ruling over others.

Man's structure, interpreted by the evolution theory, leaves no doubt as to his development from an ape, says Professor McBride. And after describing the discovery made by Dr. Dabois in Java in 1890, he declares without any reservation: "These were the remains, therefore, of the missing link, which was named Pithecaeanthropus." It is interesting to contrast with this cock-sureness the last thing written on the subject by a man who certainly had studied it more deeply than the Professor of Zoology at McGill. Professor Virchow was regarded as the greatest biologist of the nineteenth century. Writing in August 1901, he gave to the world the conclusions of his lifetime in the following words:

"I have never been an opponent of Darwin, though all my quarrels were with the Darwinists and particularly those defending the descent of man from the monkey. As an objective natural philosopher I always demanded that the monkey theory, or to be more correct, the hypothesis relating to it, could not be definitely discussed until the genus ape from which man is supposed to have sprung is discovered. In other words, I demanded that a certain ape be unmistakably pointed out as the possible ancestor of man. This theory cannot be demonstrated on any members of the genus or species of ape known to science up to date."

What then are we to think of the wonderful discovery in Java? Here is what Professor Virchow thought: "The discovery of Eugene Dabois in Java made in recent years has developed an entirely new question. It is undecided whether the bones he found belonged to man or ape. My own investigation led me to conclude that they were the bones of a monkey rather than those of a human being."

And he concludes as follows: "These interests in the question should remember that the ape theory is not new by any means. Old Galenus already (born A. D. 131) recognized the monkey in general as the animal most resembling man and made this resemblance the basis of his instruction in anatomy. That shows for one thing that the monkey theory has not made much progress in the course of twenty centuries. In my opinion, the stand taken by Galenus ought to satisfy speculative mind. Objective thinkers, however, must demand more. As for myself, it is my firm belief that, as a natural scientist, I have always made it a point to keep out of the speculative element and proclaim the supremacy of objective knowledge in natural science. . . . Some time previous to the publication of Darwin's 'Origin of Species' (1859) I exploited before the Congress of German natural scientists and physicians in Carlsruhe this general opinion. For those who will not accept the Church's dogma of the creation, evolution is the only possibility left." But from possibility to proof of evolution is a long way off.

Even in the face of such a magisterial utterance as this, Professor McBride may claim the right to speculate if he pleases. But he has no right to put forth his or other men's speculations as though they were facts which science had demonstrated, and this is what he has done in the present instance. His hearers and readers should be informed that a philosopher like Edward von Hartmann, who certainly has no ecclesiastical bias, has written these words:

"In the first decade of the twentieth century it has become apparent that the days of Darwinism are numbered. Among its latest opponents are such savants as Eimer, Gustav, Wolf, De Vries, Hooke, von Wellstein, Fleischmann, Rinke and many others."

Hartmann does not think the Darwinian theory of descent destroyed as yet, but Fleischmann of Erlangen says:

"The Darwinian theory of descent has not a single fact to confirm it in its residuum of nature. It is not the result of scientific research, but purely the product of the imagination."

And Zoetler of Greifswald calls Hartmann's article "the tomb stone inscription for Darwinism." Erlangen and Greifswald are not the greatest universities of Germany, but we fancy that their professors are just as weighty as those of McGill.

Professor McBride felt bound, of course, to explain the evolution of the moral sense in man as well as his physical frame. "The tribe was the oldest human institution," he explained, "and the tribal virtues of brotherhood and loyalty to a leader were the beginning of morality. . . ."

beautiful, then, is St. Joseph, so close and so dear to the heart of our Lord. He is the friend of the Sacred Heart. As such let us beg St. Joseph to obtain for us the grace of imitating his humility, purity and holiness, that one day we may share the honor, glory and happiness he is now enjoying in heaven. —Bishop Cotton in Catholic Union and Times.

THE EVOLUTION OF PROFESSOR MCBRIDE.

Antiquarian's Casket.

Sydney Smith once remarked: "I wish I was as cock sure of anything as Tom Masaday is of everything." It would scarcely be profane for an earnest Christian to wish that he was as sure of his eternal salvation as McGill's Professor of Zoology is of his descent, or ascent, from the ape. In a public lecture delivered at the University last week, Professor McBride traced the history of our race from the Pithcan tropics of Java to the Elythian human tribes of Tasmania, the River Drift man who used stone axes, the Neolithic man who carved pictures, the Magdalenian man who hunted the mammoth, and the Neolithic man who met his fate at the hands of the first Anglo Saxons. The lineage is almost as detailed as a page of Burke's or Dobrett's pedigree, only that it does not clearly appear just how the fair-haired, blue-eyed Anglo Saxon, superior to all the rest, came in. Was there a Creation after all and were they the only human beings who sprang directly from God's hand? This would explain their title to be the only race capable of ruling over others.

A STRANGE ROAD TO ROME.

To what do you attribute your conversion to the Catholic Church? is a frequent question asked of those who have entered her communion from the ranks of Protestantism. And the fact that many of the reasons may be found in book form attests both the interest in and the popularity of the subject. Of course, the question always applies to the indirect, or apparently material cause.

Even one unformed would naturally infer that the answers disclose simple, strange, common places and remarkable incidents. And such is the fact. Here is a very recent case, which now finds its way into print for the first time. Its authenticity is unquestioned, because it was related to the chronicler by the young priest who instructed and received the convert into the Church. The incident occurred in one of the larger Missouri towns, which dot the upper banks of the Mississippi river. One day there came to the parish residence the message that a certain gentleman who was sick would be much pleased to receive a visit from one of the priests. As the gentleman was known to be a rather staunch adherent of the Baptist Church, the request caused some surprise, but the priest promptly complied.

His welcome was quite pleasant, and after discussing for some little time common topics, the priest inquired why he had been sent for. To his great surprise, he was told by his sick host that he desired to become a Catholic. Another question by the priest brought the following story:

"Father, this is not a sudden notion. I have been thinking of the step a long time. In fact I have been convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion long ago. Some years ago, when I lived on a farm in the interior of the State, my neighbor, a devout Catholic, took sick, and, according to our custom, I called in to learn if I could be of any assistance. On the table of the sick

The earlier forms of religion were gropings after an unknown cause." It is pleasing to note, however, that he recognized that reasoning and reflection required more explanation than this, and that his final conclusion is that "it is possible and even probable that at one point in the chain of mental progress there was what Dr. Wallace calls spiritual influx to account for the spirit of man." This may satisfy some of the Christian gentlemen who were doubtless growing a little uneasy during the course of the lecture, still, we suspect that if the Professor were pointedly asked: "Do you believe in the fall of man?" he would answer, "No."

There is a world of difference between such a theory as this and the belief of those who read in Scripture that "God created man right." It makes no difference how low in the scale of civilization we find him so long as we recognize that he was not always there and that in the words of Newman:

He deeded his penance age by age And step by step began Slowly to doff his savage garb, And to begin a man.

As Father Rukaby puts it, Nubuchodonosor eating grass may have been a type of the fallen race.

room lay a book on the cover of which was a gold cross. At once I concluded it was the book of Catholic secrets, and I resolved to steal it to learn what they were. You know, Father, we Baptists have some horrible ideas about you priests and nuns and the confessional. B-lieving this book would put me in possession of them, I watched my chance and slipped it into my pocket.

"On my way back home I could not restrain my curiosity and impatience to get at the contents. Sitting down in a fence corner under the shade of a tree, and suspiciously scanning everything around to be sure I was not seen, I drew the book from my pocket and began to read its contents. The more I read the more interested I became, but failed to discover what I was looking for. Having thus tarried some time, and thinking my search would be revealed later on in the book, I returned it to my pocket and continued my way home, where I resolved to finish it in secret."

"This was not long delayed. I found one secret—the beauty, charm and truth of the Catholic faith. For my stolen book was a treatise on the doctrines of the Catholic Church. I then resolved to become one of its members, but have always put it off. Feeling now that my time on earth is almost over, I wish to die in the Catholic Church."

A strange road to Rome, indeed, thought the priest. He cheerfully instructed the gentleman, who some time after being received into the Church passed to his eternal reward. His widow and daughter, after arranging their little property interests, moved to a new city in Illinois, where both are now under instructions to enter the Church, also.—Church Progress.

THIS IS THE SHEET METAL AGE.

Because they are the most permanent and sanitary ceilings that can be installed, Galt "Classik" Ceilings are largely used in hospitals, schools, etc.

And for the same reasons surely they ought to be found in all public buildings and private homes as well.

No disease germs or vermin can find a permanent lodging place in Galt "Classik" Ceilings, because the joints fit so closely and are invisible, and they are quickly and easily washed. Can always be kept clean, fresh and looking like new.

Fire proof, too. Cannot burn through or drop off. Never crack or warp. Everlasting Metal Ceilings at a surprisingly reasonable cost. A magnificent assortment of beautiful and artistic designs, descriptive of the Louis XIV. period, are illustrated in our handsome catalogue which we are anxious to mail you free.

The Galt Art Metal Company, Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

Galt "Classik" Ceilings

Girlhood and Scott's Emulsion are linked together.

The girl who takes Scott's Emulsion has plenty of rich, red blood; she is plump, active and energetic.

The reason is that at a period when a girl's digestion is weak, Scott's Emulsion provides her with powerful nourishment in easily digested form.

It is a food that builds and keeps up a girl's strength.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

Educational.

New Term

from Jan. 2nd. Enter any day for long or short course. New Catalogue ready. Write for it if you have any idea of a college course. Address W. H. SHAW, Principal, Central Business College, Toronto.

St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, CANADA

Commercial course—latest business college features. High School course—preparation for matriculation and professional studies. College or Arts course—preparation for degrees and bachelors. Natural Science course—thoroughly equipped experimental laboratories. Classical, English Literature receiving special attention. First-class board and tuition only \$1500 per annum. Send for catalogue giving full particulars. REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R. PRES.

room lay a book on the cover of which was a gold cross. At once I concluded it was the book of Catholic secrets, and I resolved to steal it to learn what they were. You know, Father, we Baptists have some horrible ideas about you priests and nuns and the confessional. B-lieving this book would put me in possession of them, I watched my chance and slipped it into my pocket.

"On my way back home I could not restrain my curiosity and impatience to get at the contents. Sitting down in a fence corner under the shade of a tree, and suspiciously scanning everything around to be sure I was not seen, I drew the book from my pocket and began to read its contents. The more I read the more interested I became, but failed to discover what I was looking for. Having thus tarried some time, and thinking my search would be revealed later on in the book, I returned it to my pocket and continued my way home, where I resolved to finish it in secret."

"This was not long delayed. I found one secret—the beauty, charm and truth of the Catholic faith. For my stolen book was a treatise on the doctrines of the Catholic Church. I then resolved to become one of its members, but have always put it off. Feeling now that my time on earth is almost over, I wish to die in the Catholic Church."

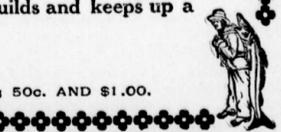
A strange road to Rome, indeed, thought the priest. He cheerfully instructed the gentleman, who some time after being received into the Church passed to his eternal reward. His widow and daughter, after arranging their little property interests, moved to a new city in Illinois, where both are now under instructions to enter the Church, also.—Church Progress.

Send \$1.00 for 5 wood remounts (suitable for 100 pages) and 100 1/2 years. Give age and we will cut out prints free. Add 25c for postage. N. Southwell & Co. 4 Coote Block, London, Ont.

ELECTRO-CHEMICAL

Rheumatic Rings

Are Guaranteed to Cure Rheumatism and Neuritic Disorders arising from an Ignorant Charm or Faith Cure, but a Scientific Medium for the Elimination of Uric Acid from the Blood. The secret, the power, the merit in this ring lies in the combination of the various metals of which the ring is made. No matter what the trouble is, if it is caused by excess of uric acid, the Electro-Chemical Ring will effect a cure. Looks just like any other ring, can be worn day and night. We guarantee these rings to do all we claim, or will refund the money. Send one of paper when ordered. Mailed to any address on receipt of \$1.00. The F. E. KARN CO., Limited, 25, QUEEN & VICTORIA STS., TORONTO, ONT.



The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.00 per annum. TERMS: COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher

Advertisement for teachers situations want ad, etc., 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1908.

THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE.

The attendance of His Majesty, King Edward and of the Queen at the memorial Mass for the murdered King of Portugal, could not be allowed to pass in silence. What would be the good of a Protestant Alliance if no objection was made? A resolution—the most natural thing in the world—was accordingly passed by the Alliance.

A PRESBYTERIAN ON THE ENCYCICAL.

The Presbyterian of the 27th ult. contains a criticism of the Papal Encyclical by a correspondent from Montreal. Whether this writer has understood the historical document seems very doubtful.

leave God's Book alone. He was so blinded by prejudice against Papal acts of all kinds that when he should hail the Pope as the defender of Christianity he sees in him only a reactionary. The document, he thinks, carries us back to the middle ages.

THE PAINS OF HELL.

In our previous article upon hell we touched chiefly upon its eternity. We come to consider its two punishments of damnation and sense. Both are expressed in the judgment which our Lord gives as the sentence of those who die enemies to God.

Besides the pain of loss and damnation there is the punishment of sense. As our senses form part of our human nature, and as they by illegitimate gratification contribute no small share to the guilt of sin, so must they share in the punishment. Let us, however, limit ourselves to the question of hell fire.

gravest objection of reducing God's punishment to an absurdity. The Church has not defined it, so that we may hold either opinion. Two points are, however, clear. In the first place, the term fire, even when taken in a metaphorical sense as one of the punishments of hell, signifies all kinds of tribulations.

CHURCH RE UNION.

We publish elsewhere a lengthy account of a movement on the part of some Anglican clergymen in the United States towards union with Rome. The leader is known as Father Paul—a devoted follower according to his light of St. Francis of Assisi.

the Peacemaker, the Emmanuel, came. So will it be with the union of the Churches. When they feel their weakness—when in submission they seek union where alone it can be found—in the fullness of time there will, we hope, be once more a Catholic, United Christianity.

BARONESS VON ZEDWITZ ON CATHOLIC DOCTRINE.

It is well to mention that Baroness Von Zedwitz was Miss Caldwell, a contributor to the University of Washington. Not very long after her marriage she left the Church. Since that time she has taken up her pen to vilify the doctrine and practices of the Catholic Church, with the idea, we presume, of exorcising her own conscience.

CANADIANISM.

The visit of Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster General and Minister of Labor, to this city, as the guest of the London Board of Trade, is an event which will be of prime import in its annals. The hon. gentleman is a typical French Canadian, a worthy descendant of the brilliant Frenchmen of the old regime in Canada.

ity of irrepressible interviewers and news-mongers. Courts recognize its legitimacy and decide with equity when questions should be answered. A just cause is necessary, for otherwise no one could, or would, believe another. Truth must be observed and secrets preserved.

CANADIANISM.

The visit of Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster General and Minister of Labor, to this city, as the guest of the London Board of Trade, is an event which will be of prime import in its annals. The hon. gentleman is a typical French Canadian, a worthy descendant of the brilliant Frenchmen of the old regime in Canada.

A TIMELY PASTORAL LETTER.

His Lordship, the Right Rev. Richard Alphonsus O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, has published a Pastoral Letter on the Decree of the Congregation of the Council, concerning Spousalia and Matrimony. We have already published the Decree, but we take pleasure in transferring to our columns the following pronouncement of the Bishop which accompanies it.

formation of that national spirit without which no union is possible in a country like ours. The following eloquent reference to his French Canadian fellow countrymen sounds a note which will be recognized as the simple truth by all who have made a study of the country's history.

"Sir, I belong to the minority and you to the majority. This country, however, is fast developing. Our far West is being invaded by a peaceful army of settlers. The immigrants are coming in large numbers from all over the world. I believe that in the course of time all these various elements will be absorbed or assimilated, but this is a problem more complex than one would imagine. In the meantime, we do not know what conflicts may arise. This, however, I know, that my countrymen will never lose their identity. They will always be Canadians. In the union and friendship of the two races—French and English—lies the salvation of Canada."

But the London Free Press has gone even farther than paying a compliment from the pen of the reporter. The following extract from its editorial columns is a tribute to a political opponent which we would like to read more frequently in all the party organs of the country:

"Few among the younger generation of politicians have risen so rapidly as has the brilliant Postmaster-General. This has been due to no mere circumstance. Rodolphe Lemieux has climbed the ladder rung by rung. He has applied himself in each case to the task at hand, and while there are differences as to the measure of his success, it is not disputed that he has invariably given to the accomplishment of that task the best that was in him."

Of one thing the Postmaster-General may feel assured, he will always receive a right hearty welcome, not only in London, but in all other parts of Ontario which he may honor with a visit. He is a brainy, broad-minded statesman, gifted with an eloquence of the most captivating mould. A brilliant future awaits such men as Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, and we make no mistake in predicting that his life work will mean much for his native country.

A TIMELY PASTORAL LETTER.

His Lordship, the Right Rev. Richard Alphonsus O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, has published a Pastoral Letter on the Decree of the Congregation of the Council, concerning Spousalia and Matrimony. We have already published the Decree, but we take pleasure in transferring to our columns the following pronouncement of the Bishop which accompanies it.

The two subjects dealt with in this Decree are Betrothals or the Solemn Promise of Marriage and Matrimony. This matrimonial legislation relates to the external form that is required by the Church for the validity of Christian marriage, or in other words, to the law against clandestine marriage. A clandestine marriage is one that is contracted without the solemnity prescribed by the Church. This solemnity consists in the celebration before the marriage before the parish-priest or a priest appointed by him, and in presence of at least two witnesses. The absence of this solemnity makes the marriage clandestine.

1. ESPOUSALS OR PROMISE OF MARRIAGE. By the term Esponsals is meant a mutual promise of marriage between two persons who engage to marry each other at some future time. It is of the essence of Esponsals that there be a deliberate promise, and that this promise be mutual, not merely a promise on the part of the man, while the woman has no intention of binding herself by promise, though she accepts the promise made to her. Esponsals constitute a two-sided contract, binding both parties to fulfil the promise in due season. According to the present Decree, all private and clandestine engagements are declared to be canonically invalid. Henceforth promises of marriage or engagements will be valid and binding only when they are made in writing, signed by the parties engaged and by the parish priest or at least two witnesses. Engagements contracted with these formalities, and so other engagements of any kind will be recognized by the Church, and such engagements will have the canonical effects, viz.: the impediment of impediment of marriage with any third person, and the illicit impediment public honestatis to the marriage of one fiancée with a blood relation in the first degree of the other.

There is no obligation on parties about to be married of entering into this formal engagement, but if they wish to bind themselves before their marriage, they should subscribe to a formula in the manner prescribed. Experience has shown that many dangers and inconveniences have arisen from promises of marriage privately made; such as being an incitement to sin and causing the deception of inexperienced girls, and afterwards giving rise to dissensions and disputes. If MARRIAGE. The Decree provides that only those marriages are valid that are contracted before the parish priest, or the Ordinary, or the delegate of either, and in the presence of at least two witnesses. By parish priest is understood in general, any priest who has been legitimately entrusted with the care of souls in any specified district by his lawful Superior. Henceforth, the competent priest for the valid and lawful celebration of esponsals and marriage is, not the parish priest in the canonical sense of the term. Every priest who has the care of souls in a specified district, and in missionary lands, every priest who is deputed by the Superior of the mission for the general care of souls,

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Second Sunday in Lent.

THE ANGELIC VIRTUE.

"God hath not called us into uncleanness, but into sanctification." (1. Thoms. IV. 7.)

The epistle of this Sunday, my dear brethren, is principally occupied with a warning against the terrible vice of impurity, which in the times of our Lord and His Apostles was so fearfully prevalent in the heathen world...

Thank God we have not lost all claim to this honorable mark of purity, of which the Christians of that day could well be proud. But still there is not the broad line which then was plainly drawn in this matter...

We must, then, free ourselves from this yoke which it would put on us and understand that it is our duty, especially in this matter of holy purity, to seek the world, not to be taught by it.

We know that it is not only actions evidently contrary to the letter of the Sixth Commandment that are forbidden by it, but also idle words and immodest thoughts...

"You are the salt of the earth," said our Divine Saviour to His disciples. And He added: "If the salt lose its savor it is good for nothing any more but to be cast out."

TEMPERANCE.

It is in the Lenten season that we are asked to mortify our appetites by taking little food and less drink of an intoxicating nature...

It is a grace that God will give to all asking it, the grace of total abstinence, for it is a blessing for one's own good and the good of one's neighbor...

The Word of God, as spoken in Holy Writ, proclaims against intoxication: "A workman that is a drunkard shall

not be rich," says Ecclesiastes, and "He that contemneth small things shall fall little by little."

The temptation to drink liquor is one that confronts us all the time. It is considered the sign of sociability, and so except one's self is otherwise engaged in a pleasant and healthful occupation...

It is declared by statisticians that there is two times as much money spent for liquor as for all the rest of table liquida combined. It has been said that the drink bill for America's metropolises now reaches \$1,000,000 a day.

And when the time was come, in sleep, in a vision, he received from God his mission. And he rose and obeyed, and the same day he sailed for the west.

Let us in Lent try total abstinence, and we will find it so pleasurable and agreeable that after it we shall not find liquor any longer attractive.

ST. PATRICK.

There is something distinctive about the devotion of the Irish to St. Patrick, and especially about their annual celebration of his festival.

On other saints' days we bless God for the graces He bestowed upon them; on the feast of Saint Patrick we bless God, not so much for having manifested His glory in His saint, as for having glorified himself in His people.

It is no exaggeration to say, that to those who deny the existence of God and of everything supernatural, the history of the Irish people in the past is a puzzle beyond solution...

Apostle from His whole Church a man according to His own heart. By nature, by grace, by his training under the hands of Providence, St. Patrick was fitted for the great work of the apostolate to which he was called.

All his strength came from prayer and from union with the cross of his Divine Master. He bore that captivity for six long years, his great heart all the time yearning towards the strong, passionate people that lived around him...

St. Patrick could not approach them, he could not speak to them; he could not pray for them, but God's time had not come, and the saint, with great sorrow, bade farewell to the Irish shores...

And when the time was come, in sleep, in a vision, he received from God his mission. And he rose and obeyed, and the same day he sailed for the west.

Such was the glorious Apostle of dear Ireland, the ever loved and venerated St. Patrick. May God make his people worthy of his sacred example.

TRADING - STAMPING RELIGION. The following dispatch appeared in the New York Times recently:

Garret, I. d., Adam Stewart's clothing store was stormed yesterday by 200 men who claimed suits of clothes as recompense for accepting the Baptist faith.

Such was the glorious Apostle of dear Ireland, the ever loved and venerated St. Patrick. May God make his people worthy of his sacred example.

tures, mixes Bible readings with its sparring bouts, what is all this but the "suit of clothes" argument?

Dan Shannon did not discover this argument. It is as old as the hills. Possibly it was tried on Dan's grand father in the old land, when they came to the starving peasant with a loaf of bread...

What a mockery of religion all this is! How disgusting the so-called conversions! The shrewd folks of the little Boston town soon reduced it to the absurdity which all decent men know it to be.

Types of the Times. "Need a man belong to a church when he sees lots of good men outside and plenty of bad men inside of them?"

"Recently while traveling I fell in with a gentleman who, surmising my calling, turned our talk into religious channels. The man was a banker, generous to every worthy cause, a faithful husband, an honest man, a Christian at heart...

"Both men were partly right and partly wrong. The banker had indeed something of the spirit of Christ, of justice and charity. He was living on the memory and example of his mother. But he neglected to support by his membership and his talent, as well as by his wealth, the church which made his mother what she was...

Peace is better than joy. Joy is a very uneasy guest, and is always on tiptoe to depart. It tires and wears us out, and yet keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it will be gone.

A BEAUTIFUL FACE. All the old methods of eye beautification are replaced by the RUBBER COMPLEXION BULB.

It prevents and removes all the unsightly pimples, blackheads and skin blemishes and makes the skin soft, clear, smooth and white.

Such was the glorious Apostle of dear Ireland, the ever loved and venerated St. Patrick. May God make his people worthy of his sacred example.

THE F. E. KARN CO., Limited. Cor. Queen & Victoria Sts. TORONTO, CAN.

THE FOLLOWING DISPATCH APPEARED IN THE NEW YORK TIMES RECENTLY:

Garret, I. d., Adam Stewart's clothing store was stormed yesterday by 200 men who claimed suits of clothes as recompense for accepting the Baptist faith.

Such was the glorious Apostle of dear Ireland, the ever loved and venerated St. Patrick. May God make his people worthy of his sacred example.

THE F. E. KARN CO., Limited. Cor. Queen & Victoria Sts. TORONTO, CAN.

THE FOLLOWING DISPATCH APPEARED IN THE NEW YORK TIMES RECENTLY:

Garret, I. d., Adam Stewart's clothing store was stormed yesterday by 200 men who claimed suits of clothes as recompense for accepting the Baptist faith.

Such was the glorious Apostle of dear Ireland, the ever loved and venerated St. Patrick. May God make his people worthy of his sacred example.



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

MR. EDISON has perfected his Phonograph until it is a marvelous reproducer of music and other sounds. The list of Records issued each month comprises all that is good, lively, entertaining and amusing in music and spoken speech.

If you have not heard the new model with the big horn, go to the nearest Edison dealer and hear it or if you cannot do that, write for a descriptive booklet.

WE DESIRE GOOD LIVE DEALERS to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not well represented.

North American Life Assurance Company

HOME OFFICE --- TORONTO

SOME RESULTS OF LAST YEAR'S OPERATIONS

Table with financial data: Total Cash Income, Increase over 1906, Total Assets, Increase over 1906, Net surplus to policy-holders, Increase over 1906, General Expenses, Decrease as compared with 1906, Payments to policy-holders during the year, Insurance in Force.

These two men are types of the times. We daily hear the phrase, 'I am just as good as those who go to church, or 'It does not matter where you go to church or whether you go at all, so long as you have the spirit of Christ.'

ENCYCLICAL LETTER ("Pascendi Gregis")

Of Our Most Holy Lord PIUS X.

By Divine Providence Pope

ON THE DOCTRINES OF THE MODERNISTS

Price 25c. Post-paid

The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

THE LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. ESTABLISHED 1859.

Assets, Liabilities, Reserve, Surplus, Security for Policy-holders.

HEAD OFFICE, 82 and 84 King Street, TORONTO. HON. JOHN DRYDEN, President. D. WEISMILLER, Sec. & Manager-Director.

How Christ Said the First Mass. or, The Lord's Last Supper. The Rites and Ceremonies, the Ritual and Liturgy, the forms of Divine worship Christ observed when he changed the Passover into the Mass.

By REV. JAMES L. MEAGHER. Price \$1.25, post-paid. THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA

\$15 WOMAN'S SUITS, \$6.50 Tailored to order. Suits to \$18. Send for free cloth samples, and fall style book. SOUTHWEST SUIT CO., LONDON, ONT.

GILLET'S GOODS ARE STANDARD ARTICLES. IT IS TO THE ADVANTAGE OF EVERY HOUSEKEEPER IN CANADA TO USE THEM.

Gillett's Baking Powder, Gillett's Perfumed Lye, Imperial Baking Powder, Gillett's Cream Tartar, Royal Yeast Cakes, Gillett's Flanmuth Blue, Flagg Baking Soda, Gillett's Washing Crystal.

MADE FOR OVER 50 YEARS. (ESTABLISHED 1852) E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

Church Bells Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Bellows, Pa., U.S.A.



Church Bells Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Bellows, Pa., U.S.A.

MADE FOR OVER 50 YEARS. (ESTABLISHED 1852) E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

Church Bells Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Bellows, Pa., U.S.A.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Crime of Self-Depreciation. He who strikes out boldly, who does not wait for time or tide, who does not sit on the stone of Fate waiting for an opportunity to come along, who goes through obstacles and not over or around them, who is not waiting for others to speak, think, or act, is the man who is going to win in this new century. There is a great demand for the self-reliant man—the man who is not afraid of himself, who can say, "I will," with conviction. Leaders, not followers, are original thinkers, not imitators. Men with new ideas, are being called for loudly in all the important walks of life.

"If we choose to be no more than clouds of clay," says Marie Corelli, "then we shall be used as clouds of clay for braver feet to tread on." Of all the despicable objects in the universe, the most despicable is the man who is always berating, under-estimating, or effacing himself. If you carry a mean, contemptible picture of yourself constantly in your mind, the suggestion will deteriorate your whole character. The persistent thought that you are not as good as others, that you are a weak, ineffective being, will lower your whole standard of life and paralyze your ability. If you go about with the acknowledgment of inferiority in your face and manner, if everything about you indicates that you do not believe in yourself, that you have very little respect for yourself, you certainly cannot blame others for taking you at your own estimate. Self-deprecation is a reflection upon our Creator, who must have made us perfect, because perfection could not have made imperfection.

What a pitiable thing to see a man, especially a young man, going around with his head down, looking as though he had lost his last friend, and his last dollar, as though ashamed to look the world in the face, groveling instead of aspiring, going about in a perpetual apology in face and manner, for being in the way, or even being alive at all. This is not being a man. This is not claiming the birthright of a prince, of a son of the King of Kings. If there is divinity in us, why not assert it with manly dignity, with commanding assurance? Why not claim our birthright like princes, and not crawl and cringe for it like beggars?

If you would be superior, you must hold the thought of superiority constantly in the mind. A singularly modest man of so retiring a disposition that at one time he did not show half of his great ability, whose striking nature and real talent for self-abasement had actually given him an inferior appearance, told me one day how he had counteracted his self-deprecating traits. Among other things he said he had derived great benefit from the practice he had formed of going about the streets, especially where he was not known, assuming an air of great importance, and imagining himself the mayor of the city, the governor of the State, or even the President of the United States. By merely looking as though he expected everybody to recognize that he must be a person of consequence, he changed not only his appearance, but also his convictions. It raised him immeasurably in his own estimation. It had a marked effect upon his whole attitude. He used to walk through the streets shrinking from the gaze of others and dreading their scrutiny. Now he boldly invites, even demands attention by his evident superiority, and has the appearance of one whom people would like to know. In other words, he has got a glimpse of his divinity, and he really feels his superiority, and, of course, shows it in his self-respecting manner.

Your Divine Message. You will find a tremendous buttressing, supporting, encouraging power in the consciousness that the Creator made you for something high and noble, fashioned you marvelously for a great purpose; that there is an eternal aim, a divine plan wrapped up within you, and that there will be something lacking in the world if you fail to do your part and to express the best thing in you in the best possible way. We owe to you if you fail to carry out this purpose, this divine plan. We owe to you who beneath or belittle the grandest of the Creator's work, or allow to shrivel and shrivel the sacred message entrusted to you by the Almighty and which no one else can interpret but yourself. One reason why the careers of most of us are so pinched and narrow, and our lives so mean, is because we do not have a large faith in ourselves and in what we can do. We are held back by too much caution. We are timid about venturing. We are not bold enough.—O. S. M. in Success.

How Fame Comes. Accident has played an important part in the making of great men. If Cooper had never been challenged by his wife to write a good story as an English novel he had been reading he might never have been one of the greatest novelists. If Napoleon had persisted in his attempts to be a writer of essays after he left the military academy the world would not have known this great general. If Shakespeare had not fallen as a wool merchant and turned actor and then, becoming disgusted with himself as an indifferent player, applied himself to writing there would never have been this great dramatist, and no doubt the plays of to-day would have been inferior to what they are. Cowley became a poet purely through chance. When only a boy he found in his mother's attic a copy of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" and, becoming enchanted by the rhyme, determined to write poetry for himself. Gibbon tells that it was while he was at Rome among the ruins of the Capitol that he was first moved to write the history of the rise and fall of that great empire. Probably had he not taken a walk on that certain sunny day he would never have conceived the word that afterward made him famous. Corneille, the French poet, was in the habit of making verses for his friends. Being flattered by their criticism, he gave up his profession

as a lawyer and turned writer. Franklin discovered electricity by accident, and Moliere was turned to writing comedy, from the tapestry trade, by a ropemaster from his father for leading a dissipated life. Newton discovered the force of gravitation through a mere chance. When a student at Cambridge he went one day to the country. Being weary with his rambles, he sat down beneath an apple tree, and while he was musing there was rudely aroused by a severe blow from an apple which, falling from the branches, struck him on the head. He was surprised at the force of the blow from so small an object, and this led him to deduce the principle of gravity. Flamsteed became an eminent astronomer through chance. Because of ill health he was taken from school, and while in confinement, he borrowed a book on astronomy. He was so much interested in this volume that he procured others and at length adopted the study as a profession. Pennant, the authority on natural history, received his proposit in that direction through a chance perusal of a book on birds which he found on a table in the house of a friend, and Sir Joshua Reynolds was first moved to the profession of painting portraits by casually reading Richardson's treatise.—Our Young People.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Hampfield. CHAPTER XI. "AN ADVENTURE IN THE AIR."

Among the amusements provided for the Christmas holidays was one which exercised the wits and occasionally vexed the spirits of the elder students at Thornbury. An original composition was by the order of Father McReady to be written by each more advanced scholar, in his own time, and on his own subject, and to be read aloud during the Christmas season for the general amusement.

Tragedy, comedy, history, the whole field of literature, my sons, said the mocking Jagers, "is open to the aspiring genius; but woven absolutely out of your own craniums it must be; plagiarism strictly forbidden." His own contribution was an account of his adventures with Stanley in Central Africa, which would go to prove that the gallant explorer had modestly concealed from the world his most brilliant achievements. In fact Jagers, with the occasional assistance of Mr. Stanley, seemed to have gone through in two or three days all the most historical perils of modern travellers including Mr. Robinson Crusoe, and the noble Baron Munchausen.

We shall tell the reader see Cornelius Wrangle's manuscript, which was thought worthy to be preserved in the archives of Thornbury School, albeit Father McReady accused Cornelius of not being wholly original. Corney however strongly maintained that every bit of it was his own, and that every bit of it came into his head on a holiday when he was sitting on a hillside behind the rectory, when he loitered behind the rest to watch the mill's sails go round. The title to his tale of horror was

AN ADVENTURE IN THE AIR.

In the North of England, some years ago, there lived a certain Mr. Heatherton, an old bachelor with a large fortune and extensive estates, who was a very sociable old fellow, and usually kept his large house well filled with guests. His only relative was an orphan nephew, whose father had been a cavalry officer in India, Henry Heatherton, fifteen years of age, who was attending a Public school. The old gentleman had adopted him and meant to make him his heir.

At the time of our story, Henry Heatherton had come home for his Midsummer holidays, and found a suitable companion in Frank Layburn, one of a family then staying with his uncle. The two boys were on a ramble over the grounds when they reached a square, artificial pond. "This is the place," said Heatherton, "where poor Jackson was nearly frightened out of his wits. Jackson, you see, he's the boy at the house that cleaned your boots this morning. He was frightened by one of our servants named Burton. This man used to wait on my father in India ten years ago. Out there in a row with an Afghan one day, he got a cut in the head, which in that hot climate brought on a strange kind of madness. It would come on every three or four months. The rest of the time he was as right as anybody else. The oddness of Burton's madness was that he waited everyone he met to 'have a jump with him,' as he put it. Now this of course was easy enough to do, and it quite satisfied Burton, especially if he beat. The only danger was that there might be something near, such as a river or an earth wall, which Burton would wish to make a point of operations, so to speak. He would want to see who could jump nearest to the other side of the river, or who could clear the wall best, and in you would go, either in to the river or the deep trench on the other side of the wall; neither very pleasant.

"Well I but," said Frank, "if you said you wouldn't jump, what would happen?" "Oh! it would never do to show fear: do it you must." "I should like to see Burton, and have a talk to him," said Frank. "I'll show him to you when we go in to lunch, and you'll have plenty of chances to speak with him."

"But how did he come to be employed by your uncle?" "He came over to England, when my father died, and Uncle took him for my father's sake. In England his attacks have been less frequent but fiercer each time. Let's see! it must have been eighteen months since the last, but then it was terrible. It lasted for five hours. Uncle was almost sending him to an asylum, but he begged so hard, when he does get another fit, may I not be there to see it!"

"Supposing he goes off his head while I'm here," said Frank, who had got a little nervous, "what shall I do? What would you do?"

"Oh!" laughed Henry, "I'd ask him to have a jump at once; but I'd urge that, for fair play, we should both take our boots off. Then I'd finger mine until he had one off, and then I'd start up and make a bolt for it. He's a heavy old fellow, and he'd never come near me with one boot off. But that's enough about him. Just come and have a look at the 'Tower of Observation,' as I call it. There it is in the middle of that field."

"Why, it's only a very high windmill," said Frank. "It looks like it," rejoined Henry, "but come and see it more closely." "Wind-mill it had been and nothing more; but when Mr. Heatherton bought the field, liking its picturesque look, and seeing the walls still round, he increased the height from sixty to some eighty feet, and made a spiral staircase run up the interior to a broad open summit. This was raised slightly in the middle to allow the rain to run off, for which reason a parapet, four feet high and three feet thick, which ran round the summit, was perforated at the base. He also had the sails repaired, and when a breeze was blowing, they, instead of grinding corn, put in motion a curious piece of mechanism inside, a miniature city with people performing their several duties.

"Come along Frank, and let us run round the top of those cool heads which no height can dizzy, and all Harry's chaff could not bring him within a foot of the outer edge. He was glad when Harry remembered it was lunch time and made for home, where he soon got his promised peep at the tall strong built Burton.

In the afternoon Henry, who was going to visit some friends, offered to take Frank and his elder brother and introduce them. The elder Layton accepted, but Frank, who was shy, only went with them as far as the wonderful mill; there was now a breeze blowing and he wanted to see the little city in motion. He watched it for more than an hour, finding out something new every minute, and might have watched it for another, but the wind dropped, and all the good citizens ceased their labor.

Frank then went on to the summit, where he spent some minutes in gazing around, and then clambered on to the parapet, as when he was a boy, and anxious to emulate the daring with which Henry Heatherton would even run round it at a great speed. He advanced to within a few inches of the edge and gazed down, but he felt very nervous, and soon retreated. He then tried walking round, which he found easier, so long as he did not look down, but he could not get himself to run.

In the middle of his second round he perceived the back of some one who was just emerging from the opening, which faced the opposite way. From as much as he saw, he guessed it was Burton, and thinking that here was the chance he had been wishing for, he started a talk, he jumped down from the parapet and went up to him. The man turned round at his approach, and immediately Frank recoiled from him with horror, and retreated to the parapet. It was Burton, without doubt, but—he was mad! His face was of a dull leaden color; his eyes had a wild, uncanny look about them; his mouth twitched nervously. The boy saw at a glance that he was mad, and all his faculties for the moment were numbed at the thought, for his conversation with Henry Heatherton came forcibly back to his mind. Then he remembered that he must show no signs of fear, if he did not wish to irritate the madman, so he stood up boldly and tried to look indifferent.

At length the man came towards him, like a wild beast upon its prey, and spoke in a thick, deep voice.

"What are you doing here?" Frank nerved himself up, and having in his mind Henry Heatherton's advice, answered with an attempt at carelessness. "Oh! I've been waiting for you of course, to have a jump."

"Come on then; up to that parapet, and see who can jump out farthest away from the mill." Frank's heart sank, and his face grew pale; but there was a chance yet. "Fair play!" he said, "let's take our boots off!" He tried to say it bravely, but do what he would his voice trembled. He had sense enough to sit down nearer to the staircase than the madman; and there he watched him feverishly loosing his laces. What a time he was over that first boot! Would it never come off? Ah! there it was at last, and the man busy with the second. Now was his chance. He sprang up, and rushed for the opening; a swift rush, too; he could not have done better at any ordinary time; but to himself it seemed as if he were moving slowly. He felt that he would not escape, and so it was. He got down six steps, but the madman cleared them in one leap, dragged him up by the arm, and hurled him away from the opening.

Easter and St. Patrick's Day Post Cards. Plain Embossed..... \$1.50 per 100 Gold Embossed..... \$1.50 per 100 Postage 5c. per 100 extra. Sample Cards sent free. Cards retail at 2 for 5c. and 5c. each. Norman Peel Mfg. Co. London, Canada

WARM FEET. KARN'S ELECTRIC INSOLES. THEY warm the Feet and Limbs, cure Cramps, Pains, and all aches arising from cold, and will positively prevent and cure rheumatism. The regular price is 50c. per pair, but in order to introduce our large Catalogue of Electric Appliances, Trusses and Vegetable Sundries, we will sell one sample pair, by size, and our new 50c. AGENTS' Catalogue on receipt of 25c. WANTED. THE F. E. KARN CO., LIMITED, Canada's Largest Drug House, Queen & Victoria Sts., Toronto, Can.

"You would, would you! but you don't get away from me so easy, I tell you."

The words came now fiercely, and with difficulty. His whole face and his hands were twitching; his eyes had a new look of fury; there were flecks of foam at the corners of his mouth. He sat down to put on his boot again, and this delay gave Frank time to collect his thoughts. He had almost given up hope; still something might turn up before the last minute. At all events, all then he must do as the madman told him.

Barton rose at length, and came up with a slouching walk, glaring at him like a tiger; pointed to the top of the parapet; moved his lips, but said nothing. Frank understood him, and with trembling limbs clambered up. The madman immediately did the same, and there they stood, a yard apart, looking outwards. The man next pointed downwards, and made a motion with his other hand as if he were going to push Frank forward to the jump. The boy, who was getting confused and dizzy, mechanically moved out of reach of this danger, and as his pursuer came closer he again retreated, hastening his pace with the madman's, and so, in less than a minute, poor nervous Frank was running round the parapet with a raging madman two yards behind him, thirsting for his life.

Everything became confused to his vision; the trees, the green grass of the fields, the grazing animals, the bushes in the distance, were all mixed up in one whirling mass. Two things only he saw distinctly; the white stone path, a yard wide, always turning to his left, on which he had run, and two long white arms of the mill, which struck upon his gaze once every round.

In the third round, amongst all the whirling of his brain, one distinct thought suddenly occurred to him, and his resolution was instantly formed. It was a terrible thing if he missed, but anything was better than this. In the fourth round he flew out into the air towards one of the white arms; his head was too dizzy, his heart beating too wildly, his nerves too unstrung for

At Christmas time nothing is better than COWAN'S Maple Buds

Cream Bars Milk Chocolates. We guarantee them absolutely pure THE CLWAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

EDDY'S MATCHES

Hail from HULL. Sold Everywhere in Canada. Take a package of EDDY'S SILENT MATCHES Home with you to-day. DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond St., LONDON.

Pearl Rosaries

We have just received a large consignment of Pearl Rosaries which we are offering at extremely low prices. Below will be found description and prices.

PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER. Table with columns: No., Length, Cross, Cut or Turned, Price. Lists various rosary types and their prices.

The Catholic Record 484 - 486 Richmond Street LONDON, CANADA

Surprise Soap advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and child. Text: Surprise is yours and pleasure, too, every time you use Surprise Soap. It makes child's play of washday—and every day a happy day.

a successful leap, and yet he had gained it. Convulsively he twines his legs and arms round the woodwork and begins to sink slowly—oh! with what horrible slowness—away from that terrible figure on the parapet. When he stopped, he thought he would slip to the bottom of the arm, and then drop—no matter what distance, so long as he could escape from that madman. It was now nearing a perpendicular position, and his descent was getting slower and slower. He almost thought he had stopped, when the wood in his hands received a jerk, and rapidly reached the perpendicular and then slowly continued its journey, and began ascending.

TO BE CONTINUED. CATHOLIC BOYS AND THE DAILY PAPERS.

The danger, to faith and morals that is in waiting for our young Catholic boys, selling daily papers on the streets have long been recognized by pastors, says the Toledo Record. They see only too well the baneful effects of such employment. It was with the view of counteracting these effects that a Franciscan Father in Indianapolis warned Catholic parents against permitting their boys to sell the daily papers in the streets. There is no doubt that the one or two dollars earned by selling papers would be welcomed by a poor family. Yet the money gained is often acquired at the moral and spiritual risks of the boys. Running the streets of the city tends to make the boys tough, and the perusal of the papers has a bad influence on their character. Moreover, parents sin in allowing their boys to sell the yellow sheets, and often the money so earned is spent for amusements that bring ruin to youth.—Sacred Heart Review.

PROFESSIONAL DR. STEVENSON, 381 DUNDAS STREET, W. London, Specialty—Surgery and X. Ray Work. Phone 510. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day. Telephone—Home, 373; Factory, 543. W. J. SMITH & SON UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS 113 Dundas Street OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. PHONE 688

D. A. STEWART Successor to John T. Stephenson Funeral Director and Embalmer Charges moderate. Open day and night. Residence on premises. 104 Dundas St. Phone 459 GEO. E. LOGAN, Asst. Manager.

MONUMENTS GRANITE & MARBLE Artistic Design. Prices Reasonable. The D. WILKIE GRANITE CO. 493 RICHMOND STREET, LONDON

Fabiola A Tale of the Catacombs By Cardinal Wiseman Paper, 30c.; Cloth, 60c., post-paid

Callista A Sketch of the Third Century By Cardinal Newman Paper, 30c., post-paid

History of the Reformation in England and Ireland (In a series of letters) By William Cobbett Price, 85c., post-paid Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA

BREVIARIES The Pocket Edition No. 22—48 mo.; very clear and bold type, few references; 4 vol., 4 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches; thickness 1/4 inch; real India paper; red border; flexible, black morocco, round corners, red under gold edges. Post-paid \$5.40.

DIURNALS Horae Diurnae—No. 39—4 1/2 x 3 1/2 in., printed on real India paper; weight, bound, only 5 ounces. In black, flexible morocco, round corners, red under gold edges. Post-paid \$1.60. THE CATHOLIC RECORD London, Canada

The Kyriale Or Ordinary of the Mass ACCORDING TO THE VATICAN EDITION Transcribed into Modern Musical Notation with Rhythmic Signs by the Monks of Solesmes. Price, 25c. post-paid

Kyriale Seu Ordinarium Missae Cum Cantu Gregoriano ad exemplar editionis Vaticanae Concinnatum. Price 25c. post-paid Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

Horae Diurnae No. 21, small 48mo. (4 1/2 x 2 1/2 in.) India paper, clear and bold type in red and black. Very slight weight and thickness. In black, flexible Morocco, first quality, edges red under gold, gold stamping on covers, round corners. Price \$1.75 Catholic Record, London, Canada

until it... is all... thing, ave an

fe any NTO

97 69 53 69 76 68 41 63 56 04 146 96 93 95 018 17 147 41 272 00

t Said Mass. st Supper. emonies, Liturgy, worship when he over into

ITS, \$6.50 \$18. Send for 1 style book. ONDON, ONT.

THE FUNERAL OF THE MURDERED PRIEST.

SERMON BY REV. FATHER WILLIAM O'RYAN.

More than a blow at the Catholic Church was the murder of Father Leo of St. Elizabeth's. It was a blow at the very life of the State and civilized society, said the Rev. Father William O'Ryan, regarded as the most eloquent priest west of the Mississippi, in speaking his few words of eulogy over the dead body of the Franciscan monk.

From "festering European dung heaps," said Father O'Ryan, a constant stream of degenerated blood is pouring into America, and he asked dramatically, "What are we doing? What are we thinking of?" In allowing this condition of affairs, Father O'Ryan does not consider the assassin insane evidently, for he said that the killing was logical in the extreme. In Italy the one power that has prevented the red hand of anarchy from crashing the State, he declared, is not the king or army but an imprisoned Pope and ill-used Church. The anarchist, hence, hates the Church as the one power against which he cannot prevail.

Father O'Ryan spoke simply of Father Leo, saying that there is not a priest in the country but envied him his glorious martyrdom. In closing, he also spoke against the "men ruled by greed," who he declared were anarchists that could not be pitied as Alito is pitied. Following is his address:

"My Dear Brethren,—The preacher on this solemn occasion finds himself helpless and unequal to his task; neither thoughts nor words will come. S' meaningless and wanton in its conception, so horrible and revolting in its execution was the murder of Father Leo of the Friars of St. Francis that the mind is stunned, the whole intellect as only stagger and grope in its darkened chamber. Why? Why? Why? We ask ourselves, and in vain. For answer nothing presents itself to the imagination except the horrid spectacle of blood and sacrilege, the cruel, maddening scene, as of some foul nightmare or hideous dance of demons.

SIMPLE FRIAR STRUCK DOWN PERFORMING DUTY AT ALTAR. "But we must think, we must strive to think, we must summon calm and deliberate thought now and here, even in this church, the home of God and eternal symbol of the beauty and truth of Jesus Christ, which was polluted by the foul murder; here in the presence of that dead body of the simple friar who was struck down while breaking the Bread of Life.

"The occasion demands no words of eulogy of the martyred priest, the follower of the gentle Saint of Assisi. The rule of the humble St. Francis forbids that. The murdered man was a good priest; he was a faithful Franciscan in all the words imply; let that be his sufficient epitaph, and a greater no saintly man, a true lover of Christ could win or desire before men and God. And, forgetting the manner of his death as it affects our hearts and imaginations, no priest living but must envy Father Leo his death, which God allowed to come to him in that divinest moment in the life of the minister of Christ, the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ in his hands, and on his lips the prayer for the other—'May the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy soul to His everlasting.' Ah, God was good to him and blessed Francis in heaven must have loved him even as he loved that other brother, Leo, his companion, who sang for him on his death bed in Assisi long ago. St. Francis sang to Sister Death, 'Praised be Thou, oh, my Lord of Sister Death, the death of the body, from whom no living man may escape, but who unto them that shall die in deadly sin, and blessed be they that shall work according to Thy most holy will, for unto them shall the second death do not hurt.'

SERMON BECAUSE OF HUMAN SOCIETY THAT WAS OUTRAGED. "That any sermon is attempted on this solemn occasion is therefore, my brethren, not because of Father Leo who is dead, nor because of the high offense against our Almighty Father who lives, but because of the human society in which we live and its outrage and loosened bond of law. Crime such as that of last Sunday morning are assaults on no mere individual—they are against you and me and all of us; they are against every altar

A Dainty Meal is always assured when the housewife uses PURITY FLOUR

She is happy in the knowledge that she has the nicest and most nourishing bread to offer her guests.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODEFRICH AND BRANDON.



and every heart; they strike at law and justice in her holy sanctuary whence it breathes, the very life of the state and civilized society.

"Father Leo was struck down, the murderer confesses, because he was a priest and not for any fancied grievance or imagined injury that the murderer had received from him. He never knew the dead priest, he had never spoken with him; their lives, except in that one dread moment of blood and sacrilege, had never touched. But the fiend knew that the priest was some outward symbol and present ambassador of that only authority by which kings reign and magistrates prescribe justice and human law rears itself in awful dignity and finds its sanction—the authority and governance of God. And because the murder had revolted against God's authority, his rebellion went to its uttermost logical ending in action—he revolted against its presence in the world in human laws until his revolt gashed forth in human blood, he revolted against its outward symbol, the priest, and slew him.

"The murderer was logical, the anarchist is never truer to his diabolical principles than when he slays a Catholic priest and slays him at the altar of God. It matters not that the individual priest has little of the world's goods or power, nor desires them for himself; it matters not even that he is a follower of that Francis of Assisi who chose Lady Poverty for his bride and the poorest things of this world for his love, wherever he is the Catholic priest in so many ways carries in himself the church authority and of God and extorts her to men. He is an officer in that great army whose tramp is around the world, whose discipline is most perfect, whose organization is most minutely defined, whose banners are forever set over against the enemy of disorder and anarchy in the speech, in the heart and in the actions of men as opposed to just human government and divine rule.

CATHOLIC AGENTS OF MORALITY UNCHANGED AND UNCHANGEABLE. "Yes, he was logical. He might hate the ministers of the Christian bodies, but not with similar hate—the impotent hate that slays; for the other Christian bodies are, alas! too divided to be dangerous to him. He might hate a king, for he rules, but kings come and go and kingly policies have their changes and changes; but the Catholic priest is slain but to live and the Catholic policy of to-day is the Catholic policy of tomorrow, the Catholic agents of morality are unchanged and unchangeable as the throne of God.

"He saw this at home in Italy, that there it is not the parliament of the king that saves him his crown; it is not the army of Italy that saves her from the spoiling of the socialist and the red hand of the anarchist; though weakened by many defections the one strong, coherent unyielding force is still an imprisoned Pope and an ill used Church. Hence, the whole foul brood of them, the socialist who preaches and the anarchist who translates the sermon into red deeds of blood, come here having logically the Church and her priesthood. And here they learn to hate all other things consecrated to us—the ample power with which we clothe our president, the calm wisdom of our senators,

the serene majesty of our courts and the quiet dignity of our homes.

"My brethren, what are we doing, of what are we thinking? A great president of this country is slain by a degenerate who was awakened to the deed by socialist and anarchist vapors. We read that in New Jersey the anarchists have headquarters; that they meet in New Orleans; that they take counsel in Chicago.

"By stranger hands, did I say? Alas and alas, they are not always strangers. The type of anarchist of which is the murderer of Father Leo, the wild-eyed degenerate ever ready to slay, who cries out against law and order and is as the beast; he is the product of other lands; he was bred in some festering European dung-heap. Our feelings toward him may be of unutterable indignation, but the indignation is not unmitigated with pity. For, oh, it is a pitiable thing that our human nature should so degenerate, that the human will execute so fell a deed, that a man for whom Christ died should so fling away redemption and make a mockery of the cross. It is the most pitiable thing in human annals that a man should kill the priest who offered him the Bread of Life, the pledge of immortality. It reminds us of that crime of long ago when the Master was betrayed with a kiss. But, indeed, the indignation of a Christian in the presence of this crime is overwhelmed and cooled by the tears of awe-struck pity; pity for human nature itself.

"There are other anarchists whom we cannot pity, who are not strangers, who are Americans, the men ruled by the demon of greed and ambition ready to trample on the rights and lives of their fellow-citizens, who assail justice with bribes and strangle the law in its birth. For the punishment of these other anarchists, blood of American blood, who give some apology and offer some excuse to the ranting Socialist and raving anarchist we have no pity. We thank God that as a threat and a judgment to them God has given us our president. But this is not the time nor the place to dwell on the failings of human nature.

BUT ONE CURE FOR EVILS OF HUMANITY AND THAT FROM HEAVEN. "Ah, my brethren, in the end how little after all the baton of the policeman, the justice of the tribunal can effect. How widespread is the moral disease of our own land. There never was but one cure for the evils of humanity and that came from heaven; there never will be any other. God so loved the world that He sent His only Son. All anarchy begins and ends in the rejection of God and His messenger, who

is Christ Jesus. The fathers of this land knew Him and revered Him; in Him and through Him they built this nation; and their children are forgetting Him. Agnostics, materialists, atheist, socialist, anarchists, they are all but a dread succession of diseases, rather various phases of the same disease that come to them that have turned away from the Great Physician, who refuse in their minds to acknowledge, in their wills to obey God, their Father and King.

"The kings of the earth stood up and the princes met together against the Lord and His Christ. Thus saith the Lord what iniquity have your fathers found in me that they are gone far from me and have walked after vanity and become vain. 'My people have changed their glory into an idol.' 'Little children, these things I write to you that you may not sin. But if any man sin when he has an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the just. And He is the propitiator for our sins and not for ours only, but for those of the whole world. And in this we do know that we have known Him that we must keep His commandments.' 'Brethren, life is hard and the world difficult, its burdens heavy to bear, 'Abide in Him, then, when He shall appear we may have confidence and not be put to shame.' 'Little children, love one another.'

"THE CONFSSIONAL." Dear Father McKoon—"I thank you for the Second Edition of your 'Confessional.' The clear and truthful statement of Catholic doctrine in a powerful remedy against the false assertions of the enemies of the Church. I wish you all success in your work." Bishop JOHN S. FOLEY, Detroit, Mich.

"Father McKoon's booklet on the 'Confessional' contains information that will be of much service to non-Catholics, who have erroneous views and prejudiced notions about the Sacrament of Penance. It will also enlighten many Catholics who are not well grounded in their faith. I hope the book will be extensively circulated and carefully read." Bishop R. A. O'CONNOR, Peterboro, Ont.

"Your 'Confessional' will do a great deal of good in enlightening well-disposed non-Catholics in a matter often misunderstood and will lead many of them to the Church which takes away sins." Bishop CHAS. H. COLTON, Buffalo, N. Y.

Thirty thousand copies sold in ten months.

St. Patrick From the Publishing House of Thomas Scholtes & Co., 337 W. Wash. Ave., Chicago Ill. we have received a very interesting little book of 15 pages on the Life of St. Patrick, a monograph in paragraphs by Herbert M. Skinner, Ph. D., with an introduction by Rev. Francis Cassidy, S. J., Vice-President of St. Ignace College, Chicago. Price, bound in paper, 20 cents per copy; in quantities a discount of 10 per cent from the price of schools or societies. The postage will be prepaid.

The Late Father O'Connell of Mount Forest. Marks of respect shown the memory of the late Father O'Connell, of Mount Forest, one of the most advanced and sincere of our most numerous and sincere. On the 21st ultimo Branch No. 53 C. M. B. A. unanimously passed a resolution of condolence to the relatives of the deceased priest. There is a truly Catholic note in the resolution which we would like to see copied by all our Catholic societies. Branch 53 will have a High Mass of Requiem offered for the repose of the soul of the departed, at which all the members of the society will receive Holy Communion. The terms of endorsement contained in the resolution come from the hearts of the members. They have lost a noble chaplain, a kind and fatherly priest.

Literary Note. Patrons of Catholic publications throughout the country who have read one or more of the charming and edifying experiences of Rev. Richard W. Alexander whose writings first attracted notice in the pages of The Missionary will be interested that these intimate narratives, vouched for as true, have been collected and will appear in book form at Easter or a little later under the title 'A Missionary's Notebook.' These narratives have been over and over again the subject of the wonderful conversation of souls. No short stories have been more widely copied by the press over the world. They are absorbing in their interest and while they blend at times the smile and tear, they always have for their culmination the mercy of the Lord for His creatures. Inspiring reading for both young and old, the volume will be particularly desirable as a Sunday school or confirmation premium. The book will issue from the press of The Catholic Standard and Times Publishing Company, Philadelphia, and will contain about two hundred pages, attractively bound and illustrated, and will sell at 81 per copy.

NEW BOOKS. "The Way of the Cross." In four methods, French and English, by Eucharistic and by a Jesuit, Father. Published by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price 25 cents each.

"Well Spent Quarters" Fifteen Minutes Meditations adapted to the young to which is added a "Three Day Retreat." By a Sister of Mercy. Published by the Christian Press Association, 25 Burely St., New York. Price 35 cents.

99.90% Pure —That's what makes St. George's Baking Powder so satisfactory. It is the purest Cream of Tartar Baking Powder that Science can make.

Send for our free Cook-Book—full of choice new recipes. National Drug & Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Original Charter 1854 Authorized Capital \$2,000,000 THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Savings Accounts of One Dollar and upwards solicited, on which Full Compound Interest will be paid Four Times a year.

Special consideration extended the Industrial and Farming Interests of Middlesex County

394 RICHMOND STREET In the Premises recently vacated by the Sovereign Bank

Open every Saturday night 7 to 9 o'clock

F. E. KARN, Manager The Home Bank of Canada in London

DIED.

COULSON—At Mt. St. Louis, Ont., Feb. 20, Mr. James Coulson. May his soul rest in peace!

COULSON—At Mt. St. Louis, Ont., Feb. 20, Mrs. James Coulson. May her soul rest in peace!

O'KEEFE—At St. Andrews West, on February 27, Mr. Patrick O'Keefe, aged eighty-five years. May his soul rest in peace!

FORTUNE—At Port Arthur, Ont., on Feb. 25th, Mary A. Beattie, wife of Mr. W. F. Fortune, aged fifty-three years. May her soul rest in peace!

COUGHLIN—In Hastings, on Sat. Feb. 29, R. Coughlin, M. D. Funeral left his late residence, Hastings, on March 2nd at 9:30 a. m. and proceeded to the Catholic Church for service, and from thence to the cemetery for interment. May his soul rest in peace!

Send for this now Get the free book that tells "When Penance is Paid" and is packed with the up-to-date way to go into penance without big capital. Book describes penance and the plan that makes success certain. Costs nothing to get it. Explains how we find out a cash buyer for your property. Why Penitent Insurances and our new cash-down way of selling. Get the book today. Send for book today. With the free book we send full details of how to get a Penitent's Pledge for Penance without paying a cent of ready money. How to make sure before you start that penance really will pay you. Get the book now.

120-Page (No. 5 Size) PENITENT'S PLEDGE

TEACHERS WANTED.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. N. O. T. Hesson, for 1908. Duties commencing Jan. 3rd. State experience, qualifications and salary, etc., to J. Gaschene, Sec., R. C. S. N. O., Hesson, Perth Co., 1907 ff.

WANTED A MALE TEACHER FOR THE St. Joachim Separate school Edmonton, Alta. Applicant please state qualifications, salary and when ready to begin. Address Emile Tessier, Sec.-Treas. Box 886, Edmonton, Alta. 1931 4.

MALE TEACHER WANTED FOR GRAN' GER Roman Catholic Public School One who has a knowledge of French preferred. It does to commence as soon as possible. Get literature second class. For further information apply to Paul E. Constantine, Sec., Riverview Hall B. Ave., 25 miles N. W. of Edmonton. 1931 2

FARM FOR SALE. GOOD FARM FOR SALE CONTAINING 100 acres. Situated on the town line 2 1/2 miles east of Mt. Carmel, Ont. For particulars apply to Margaret Regan, Mt. Carmel, Ont.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED. WANTED AT ONCE A HOUSEKEEPER for one priest in Ontario town. Reply sending references to Box 42, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Canada. 1931 ff.

ARK YOU LOOKING FOR GOOD OPENING FOR A GENERAL STORE? In a Catholic section of Ontario where a large business has been done. Large store and dwelling now vacant. 5 mi. l. village, railroad, Church and school. Farmers all Catholics and well to do for miles around. Correspondence solicited. Box B, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1931 3

ORGANIST WANTED IN A TOWN OF FOUR THOUSAND INhabitants, forty miles from London. Good opening in the same town for music teacher. Apply Sacrosancti care CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1931 4

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPSS'S A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in 1/2-lb. and 1/4-lb Tins.

MEN WANTED AT ONCE on all-ary and expenses. One good man in each locality with rig or capable of handling horses to advertise and introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry specialties. No experience necessary; we lay out your work for you. For a week and expenses. Position permanent. Write W. A. JENKINS Manufacturing Co., London, Ont.

BARAINS Ladies' Shirt Waist Suits, \$1.50 up; Cloth suits \$3.00 up; Waists 50c up; Skirts \$1.25 up; Misses Cloz' Suits \$2.75 up; Children's Dresses, 50c up; Boys' Suits, 75c up. Send for free samples and catalogue. S. S. THORNTON & CO., LONDON, ONT.

The Complete Office of Holy Week 25 Cents postpaid according to the Roman Missal and Breviary. In Latin and English. Cloth Bound. New Edition Revised and Enlarged.

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

Books Prayer Books Beads Pictures Scapulars Crucifixes

Write For Catalogue

Archbishop O'Brien. (Man and Statesman)

We have now on sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD office, this most interesting life of a great Canadian churchman, written by Miss Katherine Hughes. Ord. as promptly attended to. Price, postage prepaid, cloth \$1.00, paper 65c.

VESTMENTS STATUES CANDELABRAS CANDLES ORDO ORDER EARLY. Send for my prices before buying elsewhere. J. J. M. LANDY 416 Queen St. West TORONTO, Ont.

CHAPS have no terrors for the girl who has a bottle of Campana's Italian Balm

on her dressing table. Spite of sharp winds and raw air, her hands are always white and smooth and her lips and cheeks soft. It's more than we wish to be sure you get the REAL CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM, and not a substitute. 25c. at your Druggists E. G. WEST & CO., TORONTO

Rolled Gold Spectacles GIVEN AWAY.

DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO., Block 193 St. Louis, Mo. DON'T SEND ME ONE PENNY. Just write me your name and address and I will mail you at once my Perfect Home Eye Tester and Rolled Gold Spectacle Offer, absolutely free of charge. You see, I want to prove to every spectacle-wearer on earth that the Dr. Haux famous Perfect Vision Spectacles are really and truly ever so much better than any you have ever worn before—and I am going to give away at least one hundred-thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux famous Perfect Vision Rolled Gold Spectacles in the next few weeks, in order to introduce my wonderful glasses to the largest number of spectacle wearers in the shortest possible time. Write today for my Free Home Eye Tester and Rolled Gold Spectacle Offer. Address:—

DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO., Block 193 St. Louis, Mo. I ALSO WANT A FEW AGENTS And any person not earning at least \$50 weekly should ask for my Special Agents Terms at once.

NOTE.—The Above is the Largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the World, and is Perfectly Reliable.