

The Catholic Record.

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

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A PROPHECIC WARNING.

D'Arcy McGee in London on Thirty Years Ago.

In September, 1866, the late Thos. D'Arcy McGee delivered an address in this city on "The Future of British America." The sublime words of warning, delivered nearly thirty years ago, appear now to have been spoken with prophetic discernment as to the kind of warfare that would be waged by those whose ambitions have been disappointed and who from resentment for departed hopes would destroy Confederation because they cannot and will not be recognized as political leaders.

The portions of Mr. McGee's address which appeals so forcibly for united action in upholding the Confederacy are the following:

I enter on this subject, Mr. Mayor, of the Future of British America, at this time, with a great degree of confidence and satisfaction. I consider, and I think all must consider who look at the facts fairly, that the projected Union of British America—to which, I see, more than one of the mottoes upon the walls of this fine chamber bear testimony—has gone through its first stage successfully. The second stage is now fast approaching—Imperial Legislation; and the third is not far off—the putting into operation of the new system. I do not say that all is plain sailing even now; but when I look back two short years, and remember that it was only in September, 1864, the first actual overture towards union was made at the Conference of Charlottetown; when I remember that we have had since then the Quebec Conference, the Conference of our Ministers with the Imperial Cabinet at London, in June, 1865, the Confederate Council of Trade, repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty, the West Indian Commercial Commission, and two armed demonstrations (in a great degree stimulated by hatred to Confederation policy) against these Provinces; when I do remember that, contrary to all predictions of the croakers, Upper and Lower Canada found no insuperable difficulties in arranging in joint council, their new local constitutions—when I remember that all these are the events of two short years, I cannot but feel—I trust it is not presumptuous to say so—that the hand of God alone could have thus ordered events, could have so bitted and bridled the passions and stilled the antipathies of rival party leaders, as to render these things possible to us within so short a space of time. But the greatest difficulties, perhaps, which we had to overcome were the mutual want of the knowledge of the Provinces and the personal ambition of party leaders. In 1863, with the Hon. Mr. Ferrier, of the Upper House, we brought one hundred leading Canadians through the Lower Provinces—and last year we had, towards the close of their return excursion, one hundred and ten Maritime Province guests at Montreal. The writing of our public journals, and the confederation debates, and the late excellent pamphlet of Mr. Brydges on the trade relations of the Provinces, have dissipated, so far as Canada is concerned, the ignorance which prevailed, only a few years ago, as to the resources, extent and progress of the Maritime Provinces. (Cheers.) But the obstacles arising from the personal ambition of party leaders have not been so entirely overcome, and we shall probably carry that evil with us into councils of the Confederation itself when it goes into operation. We have seen the working of this sinister spirit one after another in all the Provinces—in some later, in others earlier—in some one pretext, in others under various disguises.—In one Province it takes the disguise of local patriotism; in another, of religious zeal; in another it throws off all disguise, and thus boldly avows its hostility either to all union or to the chief authors and promoters of this particular plan of union. Some pretend to desire an immediate consolidation, which is wholly impracticable; others fasten on the details; others vilify the character of the statesmen who have drawn the plan; but it is no injustice to them to say that the motives of the enemies of union are quite as visible, though far from being as pure, as the waters of some of our lakes, where you can discern objects at the bottom fifty fathoms deep. It was said of Cæsar that he had rather be first in a village than second in Rome, though Cæsar was not the man to say anything of the kind. (Laughter.) But to descend from the sublime Cæsar to the original Mrs. Partington—Sydney Smith's Mrs. Partington (laughter)—who was known to be great upon a puddle, but was, according to her biographer, nothing at all as against the Atlantic ocean. (Laughter.) I do not say that a public man should not protect his personal position, and even his personal interest, in politics, so far as consistent with the public service; but it is certainly a great evil and a great danger to society whenever a party leader becomes influential, who looks at every other

public man, and every public measure, from his own narrow, limited loop hole of self-advantage; when he asks himself of every candidate and every colleague—Will he follow me? Can I use him? Can I make a tool of him? Will he endorse my paper? Will he second my motions? Will he sit in his seat and wait till I rise in mine? (Cheers.) I say it is an evil and a danger to society when party leaders of that stamp obtain power: nothing good and nothing great was ever done in politics without self-denial and disinterestedness. The man to whom the letter 'I' is always the first letter of the alphabet, and the middle letters and the last letter, and greater than any combination of all the other letters, never can be a true patriot. (Cheers.) It is a singular testimony to the grand and generous scope and intent of the proposed Union measure, that all the confirmed egotists—all the men whose self-conceit is proverbial in their several Provinces—all the merely personal politicians—all are anti-Unionists to a man. They have made their politics subservient to their personal exigencies, and, with themselves, their system and their aspirations must dissolve and pass away. (Cheers.) In the next stage of the measure—the stage of Imperial Legislation—no serious impediment is, I think, likely to rise. Among the Colonial delegates themselves there will be no difficulty; our representatives and those of the other Provinces have always been able to come to agreement in former cases of joint action—at Quebec, at Washington, and on the West Indian commercial mission. (Cheers.) It is certainly to be regretted that we could not all have met in London to perfect the measure, before the close of last session; but when the time comes, in which all the reasons for our own course can be publicly explained on the part of Canada, I do not fear that our countrymen on the seaboard will hold us guiltless of any intentional or unnecessary delay. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Mayor, another branch of the subject remains to be examined, and I am done. Although often before described, some sketch of the physical outlines of British America is necessary to my present purpose. British America, then, covers a third part of the whole continent in extent, and embraces about a seventh of the habitable part of the continent. We have no neighbors to the North and none to the North-West, except the inconsiderable settlements of Russia in the North-Pacific: our 2,600,000 square miles of territory, with a double frontage on two oceans; our interwoven wonderful water-courses, the marine, mineral and agricultural riches of our country; the 4,000,000 of intelligent, loyal people who inhabit these Provinces, must constitute us, when united, the second of North American powers. (Cheers.) Now I know well there is an active propagandist school growing up in England, who teach the paradox that by diminishing the area of English responsibility they can increase the volume of England's power; that the true way to make their country greater is to make her less, that to increase her perpendicular she must diminish her base. (Laughter.) I will only answer to that style of argument by pointing to the state of facts as they exist in North America. A great power, a first-class power, has grown into being on this continent within a century; that great power has become a first-class military power within the present decade, and when I ask the anti-colonial doctrinaires, did ever a new nation inherit the tempting estate of power without using and enjoying it? (Cheers.) Commercially England and America are destined to be rivals, not allies—rivals on land, rivals on sea. If a commercial policy be the be-all and the end-all of British statesmanship, how will they maintain that policy, how will they hold their own on the Atlantic or Pacific without a post or a fort on either ocean which they can call their own? (Cheers.) If I were an Englishman I would resent, as the worst species of incivism, such arguments as those of the anti-colonial faction: being a Canadian representative I content myself with saying that I firmly believe no other influence would have such a tendency—did it rise to Imperial proportions—to estrange these provinces altogether from the mother country, as the evil influence of the new-light political philosophy. (Cheers.) When United British America will start on its race with 4,000,000 of a free people, in religion they will be about 55 per cent. Protestant to 45 per cent. Catholics: in some localities the religious minority may be small, and may apprehend local oppression, but the two great masses will be too nearly balanced to suffer any oppression to be long inflicted on the co-religionists of either. (Cheers.) Our near equality will be the best guarantee of our mutual tolerance. With one-half of the constituent power against him, it is evident that no fanatic, no bigot, no troubler of other men's consciences, no insulter of other men's creeds can ever rise to the dimensions of a statesman in British America. (Cheers.)

The minorities East and West have really nothing to fear beyond what always existed, local irritations pro-

duced by ill-disposed individuals. The strong arm and the long arm of the Confederate power will be extended over them all, and woe be to the wretch on whom that arm shall have to descend in anger for any violation of the Federal compact! (Loud cheers.) Now, gentlemen, having the material edifice fairly underway—having the foundations dug out and the capital and means at hand to build—what do we want for the construction of a noble fabric where we and our posterity may enter in and inhabit? We want, of course, experience of the new duties of our new sphere, before we can fall into their habitual discharge; but we want immediately, and shall want continually, to cultivate a broad, embracing, public spirit, which will bear us up as individuals, and as a people, to great achievements. (Cheers.) Localism—a very good feeling in itself—with proper limits, must be taught to know its proper place; sectionalism must be subordinate; above all, combative and aggressive sectarianism, especially when carried into the domain of politics, must by every good man be put under. I have always said, and I now again say, that I should be sorry to see any Christian man indifferent in the practice of what he professes to believe: such a man can hardly be honest—he certainly cannot be a true man. I wish, for my part, that every man had the zeal of Paul, if he only added to it the charity of John. (Cheers.) But against polemical bitterness and vituperation, against spiritual calumny and sacred scandal, let there be always in British America the strongly expressed reprobation of a sound and active public opinion. (Applause.) There are—I grieve to say there are—newspapers for example, printed and encouraged amongst us, whose conductors seem to think that they do God service by picking up and reprinting every disgusting anecdote, true or false, at the expense of the clergy or the members of other Churches. (Hear, hear.) Against this habitual anticlericalism, which poisons so many credulous minds—which estranges so many good neighbors—which inflames so much rancor—which freezes in its general source so much true Christian charity: against this great evil and great danger to our internal unity as a people, I beg to ask, gentlemen, and you, too, ladies (cheers), your hearty co-operation. There is a favorite saying handed down to us from a great character of antiquity, that "a great spirit becometh a great fortune," and surely the great good fortune of British America calls aloud for the cultivation of such spirit. I feel that we, too, have our manifest destiny as well as our neighbors—a subject I hope more fully to discuss with the good people of Hamilton on Saturday. (Cheers.) I feel that to some extent while we have greatness thrust upon us by the concurrence of events, or more reverently speaking by the disposition of Providence, it is but a preparatory and preliminary greatness which we shall assuredly be accountable for hereafter, should we abuse or misuse it. Conscious of that good fortune, animated by the spirit it should bring with it, let us cease to be Newfoundlanders, Nova Scotians, New Brunswickers and Canadians; let us cherish a love of the Commonwealth, and prepare to extend to every fellow-subject of whatever section or sect or speech or creed, the dear name, without reservation or qualification, the talismanic title, the beloved distinction of fellow-countrymen as well as fellow-subject!

NOT CONTROVERSY BUT PRESENTATION OF THE TRUTH.

We last week took occasion to call attention to the importance of missions to the Whites as well as to the Red and Black men, and we quoted from Father Elliot's article in the April number of the *Catholic World* entitled, "Musings of a Missionary," in which that zealous and devoted missionary gives his views as to the obligation of Catholics to make special efforts for the conversion of our fellow-countrymen and as to the best mode of carrying on the work. He showed that our Protestant fellow-countrymen are in a receptive state of mind, that they are upon the whole religiously inclined, that though ignorant of Catholics and of Catholic doctrines, especially in rural districts, and often prejudiced, yet they are ready to listen to a missionary who goes among them to lecture and impart to them a knowledge of the true principles of the Church. His own experience has been a remarkable one. Crowds have attended his lectures wherever he has been. Quite generally the ministers as well as laity of other denominations have attended his lectures. Protestant choirs have sung for him; all expressed themselves as well satisfied and pleased with his presentation of Catholic truth.

The question as to how best to address them is an important one. Father Elliot does not hesitate to say that it should not be by religious controversy, but by the simple, direct and plain presentation of Catholic truth. "Nothing in the way of controversy," he says, "can equal the direct statement of the truth by a man esteemed by his hearers for his virtues;

nothing but wilful prejudice can fail of receiving some good influence from it. We can certainly count on a movement in many minds towards conversion as the result of Catholic sermons and lectures well prepared and well delivered by public-spirited priests."

The temptation, he says, is great when we consider the absurdity of many of the views of our Protestant friends, but he says:

"It will not do to attack even delusions which are associated with all the pious thoughts of a life-time. Locate holiness and truth where they belong, in God's Church, and the intelligent classes will, sooner or later, perceive that what they revered as Protestantism was but Catholicity impoverished and in exile. Let us resist the temptation to attack Calvinism, for it is being put to death in the house of its friends, and its very slayers will resent your interference."

It is Father Elliot's opinion that "There is an active and universal movement among Protestants, themselves, against the errors peculiar to the Reformation era, such as the private ownership of God's word, justification without works, total depravity, religion without Church." "Let these agitators," he says, "have the monopoly of exterminating errors; they are numerous, active and every-way competent. The day will come when spoil and spoiler will both be brought into the Church. And then the earnest, zealous missionary bursts forth into one of his impassioned appeals: 'But Oh! let us get into men's minds our positive doctrines. Let us do it at once. Let us work and pray and teach and lecture, let us print and distribute these holy truths, let us converse about them and truths whose restless knowledge is the root and formation of all our joy.'"

Father Elliot gives instances of those who have gained many souls even while presenting the strongest and what one considered the most obnoxious Catholic doctrine, while, on the other hand, some zealous priests have entirely failed because they thought the only, or at least, the best, way to make converts was to convince them of their errors by controversial sermons and lectures. Time and again persons have come to Father Elliot after his lectures and have acknowledged their surprise and their pleasure at learning that the Catholic doctrine was so different from what they had been accustomed to suppose—so reasonable, so beautiful and edifying.

"In the many non-Catholic missions which we have given, nearly all of them in public hall, we have learned many strange things, but the strangest of all is the ripeness of the harvest. The fruit is so ripe that it is falling from the trees and is carried away by every passer-by. They are a religious people who are accessible to Catholic argument—would that all Bishops, all provincials of communities, all priests and nuns would write this fact on their hearts! Let it be posted up at every recruiting station of our Lord's peaceful army that the American people can be drawn to listen to His Church. Let it be announced in the seminaries, let it be placarded in the novitiates and colleges and scholasticates the world over: Behold the Great Republic! it is a Field white for the Harvest."—Catholic Review.

ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.

On the Pope's Recent Encyclical "Ad Anglos."

The Apostolic Letter which Leo XIII. has sent *Ad Anglos* has now been given to the world. For the second time in his Pontificate the Holy Father has departed from the traditions of the Roman Curia: in that he has written, not, as is customary, to the Catholic Bishops, but to the English people. The Encyclical *Praeclara* was addressed to the "Princes and Nations of the World," and now Pope Leo addresses himself on the title page simply *Ad Anglos*, while at the head of the Letter are the restrictive words—*regum Christi in fidei veritate querentes*—words, however, which we like to think will shut out very few indeed of our countrymen from the Pontifical blessing. The fact that this Encyclical which will be known to history as the *Anantissima Voluntatis*, was directed primarily not to the Catholics of England but to the great body of the nation who are outside the unity of the faith, made it not unfitting that it should first be made public in the columns of the leading journal, the paper which in every land is accepted as the most representative exponent of English opinion. The authorized translation, which was excellently done in Rome, appeared in a conspicuous position in the *Times* on Saturday, occupying three and a half columns. On the following Monday the *Times* devoted a leading article to the Apostolic Letter, which coming from a paper which in the past has been so distinguished for its bitter and persistent hostility to the Papacy, and which in its spirit is still Protestant and Erastian to the core, must be admitted to be remarkable. Courteous and generous in tone, there indeed was little in the article to which we could take exception—beyond a certain misapprehension as to the im-

mediate purpose of the Letter. While the great secular public was thus reached by the publication of the Encyclical in the *Times*, it was commended to the notice of Anglican religious circles by the *Guardian*, which reproduced it *in extenso*, and at the same time commented upon it in an article which we venture to think is extremely suggestive at once of the hopes and the fears which at the present time trouble the peace of the Established Church.

In one respect the secular journal shows a truer appreciation of the issues than does its religious contemporary. Assuredly there is no royal road to Reunion, and the only road lies along the way of conversion and submission. The *Times* points to the insistence of the Pope's Letter upon certain doctrines most vehemently repudiated by Anglicans as intended "to convey to English High Churchmen that on points of doctrine compromise is not to be hoped for or thought of." It is a little singular to find the *Guardian* still cherishing the illusion that corporate reunion may be brought about by a process of barter, and hoping against hope that the Vicar of Christ will consent to a compromise, and make concessions in doctrine. But let the *Guardian* speak for itself: "Probably the fact that the religious practices which are conspicuously mentioned in the letter—besides prayer to God—are the granting of Indulgences, the use of the Rosary, and the practice of prayer to Mary and the Saints will be taken as evidence that the Roman Church is not prepared to consider any question of doctrine or worship." Those who adopt this view, however, can hardly have noticed that this part of the Letter is addressed exclusively to English Roman Catholics, and simply bids them direct their ordinary devotions to the special object of restoring unity. It would have been difficult for the Pope to introduce such a recommendation to his own special children in any other way." It would be difficult to imagine anything much more disheartening than these words. How is any common understanding possible when the leading Anglican journal can seriously suppose to sooth Protestant susceptibilities, or to smooth the way for conversions or for any gain whatever, the Catholic Church would abandon the Rosary, and renounce the intercession of the Mother of God. It is no kindness not to speak frankly to men who can feed their hopes with such vain dreams as these. We can only suppose that it is the very strength of the writer's wish for reconciliation with Rome which has led him so utterly astray. This wish comes out curiously in another way. He notes that Pope Leo has no word of comfort for those who believe in the validity of Anglican Orders, and he bids his readers take heart from the thought that at least he has said nothing depreciatory of them. In view of the uniform attitude of the Church for three hundred years it would surely have been surprising if the Sovereign Pontiff had now gone out of his way to emphasize it. But the *Guardian* is satisfied that "very great pressure has been brought to bear from England" to procure a formal statement that Anglican Orders are valid, and in particular to secure the condemnation of the Abbe Duchesne's pamphlet. We can only say we know of no such pressure, and we are not even aware that the Abbe Duchesne's pamphlet has been brought under the notice of the Holy Office. And, indeed, we venture to think that no one has carefully considered the facts which have been so remorselessly arrayed week after week in these columns, would think it necessary to agitate for any further enforcement of the view which the discipline of the Church has sanctioned for so many generations. But the *Guardian* has a method of its own for promoting the great cause of Reunion, and we are glad to add that it is one which commands our entire sympathy and approval. Our contemporary believes that Anglicanism has suffered from the fact that foreign Catholics have never understood their position, and sees in the Apostolic Letter warrant for believing that "the present occasion is a favorable one for letting the authorities at Rome understand—not through the intervention of English Roman Catholics, but directly from ourselves and in the Latin tongue—what the English Church really claims, and on what grounds." This is a very remarkable proposal, perhaps the most remarkable overture which has ever been made from such quarter. We can readily believe that foreign observers, whether in Rome or elsewhere, have some difficulty in understanding the true position of Anglicans. That difficulty, however, is by no means confined to foreign observers, and we shall welcome an authoritative statement as to whether, for instance, the Established Church claims to have a sacrificing priesthood. An explicit statement on that one point, if sanctioned by the whole of the Anglican Hierarchy, would undoubtedly go far to clear up the situation and to promote mutual understanding. Will the *Guardian* or the English Church Union undertake to obtain it for us? We shall wait for it, and it will never come. Such a declaration might easily be drawn up to represent the opinions

of a single section of Anglicans, but neither in Latin nor in any other language will there ever appear a statement of the faith held by Anglicans as a body. And it is that, and that alone—an authoritative statement binding the whole Anglican Church—which would have the least weight with Rome. Before we pass to give our own appreciation of the letter *Ad Anglos* we may note one other misapprehension into which the writer in the *Guardian* has been betrayed. He is inclined to be a little aggrieved because "there is no recognition of anything which distinguishes the Church from the Baptists or the Salvation Army, or any other Christian people." This could hardly have been otherwise. The Holy Father was not addressing the Anglican body, but all English people who desire the reunion of Christendom. He was not dealing with any particular ecclesiastical organization, but rather inviting all Christians who desire a particular end to join with him in praying for it. His method is not diplomacy or negotiation, but simply prayer.

It is precisely this indifference to all the ways of human diplomacy, and this frank appeal to the supernatural, which stamps the character of the Encyclical. Disappointment is expressed in many quarters because the Pope is silent upon such questions as those of Anglican Orders and clerical celibacy. Such disappointment is born of a radical misconception of the Pope's purpose, and from a notion that Leo XIII. has been contemplating a sort of ecclesiastical round-table conference, at which give and take, and compromise, and *finisse* were to bring about the union of Christendom. Some irresponsible persons were so impressed with this idea that they already speak of the Apostolic Letter as a futility. We must sweep away and dismiss utterly from our minds any misapprehension of this sort before we can begin to appreciate this memorable appeal *Ad Anglos*. From end to end there is not an allusion to any of the ordinary human means for bridging over differences. The whole world of diplomacy is left far away and we are lifted into a higher and serener atmosphere—the atmosphere of prayer. The Pope's letter is one long insistence upon the efficacy of prayer, and an almost pathetic appeal to the whole people of England to join with him in beseeching Heaven to bring this blessing of reunion and reconciliation upon the land. The dream of Father Ignatius Spencer is about to be realized on a scale for which he never hoped, and that in intercession in behalf of England, for which he worked and lived, now commended to all by the Vicar of Christ Himself, may well be the beginning of a new and happier chapter in the spiritual story of our race. To lead all this nation to beg the Almighty to give them the grace to know and embrace the truth is the burden and the meaning and the purpose of this memorable message of Leo XIII. to the English people.—London Tablet.

Two Sides of a Picture.

The Methodist ministers of Chicago are to present to Cardinal Gibbons a memorial declaring that Protestants in Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia are not accorded liberty of conscience by the governments of those countries, and they will request His Eminence to present the document to the Pope. We are surprised that those preachers desire the Church to dictate to the State, an action which is against their principles, yet we do hope that, if it be true that Protestants in the South American lands mentioned are deprived of any just right, the Holy Father will be instrumental in obtaining for them the plenitude of what is properly theirs. At the same time our Methodist brethren might use their energies to correct abuses at home. For instance, there is a national organized movement to deprive Catholics of civil and religious liberty in this republic, no Catholic may be elected President. Catholic Indian schools are denied specific appropriations from the federal treasury, but several Protestant Indian schools receive special mention in the last Appropriation Bill, a Baptist minister is supported by taxation to expound the Protestant version of the Bible in the public University of Cincinnati, etc. We have not heard of any *whereas* and *resolved* adopted by Methodist ministers against these wrongs. Why worry about alleged grievances of a handful of Protestants in South America when the tangible injustices perpetrated in ten millions of fellow-citizens are untouched?—Catholic Review.

In very many parishes—we were about to say in every Catholic parish—there is to be found some one who does not go to church nor take part in the religious life of the people, because at some time, more or less remote, he has "had a row" with the pastor; perhaps the present one, or may be with his predecessor who may be dead and gone. Poor fellow! He thinks that by staying away from Mass and denying himself the sacraments he is somehow "getting square with the priest."

There is an active and universal movement among Protestants, themselves, against the errors peculiar to the Reformation era, such as the private ownership of God's word, justification without works, total depravity, religion without Church. Let these agitators, he says, have the monopoly of exterminating errors; they are numerous, active and every-way competent. The day will come when spoil and spoiler will both be brought into the Church. And then the earnest, zealous missionary bursts forth into one of his impassioned appeals: "But Oh! let us get into men's minds our positive doctrines. Let us do it at once. Let us work and pray and teach and lecture, let us print and distribute these holy truths, let us converse about them and truths whose restless knowledge is the root and formation of all our joy." Father Elliot gives instances of those who have gained many souls even while presenting the strongest and what one considered the most obnoxious Catholic doctrine, while, on the other hand, some zealous priests have entirely failed because they thought the only, or at least, the best, way to make converts was to convince them of their errors by controversial sermons and lectures. Time and again persons have come to Father Elliot after his lectures and have acknowledged their surprise and their pleasure at learning that the Catholic doctrine was so different from what they had been accustomed to suppose—so reasonable, so beautiful and edifying. In the many non-Catholic missions which we have given, nearly all of them in public hall, we have learned many strange things, but the strangest of all is the ripeness of the harvest. The fruit is so ripe that it is falling from the trees and is carried away by every passer-by. They are a religious people who are accessible to Catholic argument—would that all Bishops, all provincials of communities, all priests and nuns would write this fact on their hearts! Let it be posted up at every recruiting station of our Lord's peaceful army that the American people can be drawn to listen to His Church. Let it be announced in the seminaries, let it be placarded in the novitiates and colleges and scholasticates the world over: Behold the Great Republic! it is a Field white for the Harvest.—Catholic Review.

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ARMINIE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID CHAPTER XXI.

"I have had difficult things to do in my life," said D'Antignac to his sister the day after M. de Marigny's request, "but I hardly think I have ever had anything more difficult than the affair I have undertaken now. It would not be easy under any circumstance to tell Armine of Gaston's proposal, but to tell her in the same breath of her father's positive command to the contrary—if the matter were not so serious one might call it absolutely absurd!"

"I do not think," said Mlle. d'Antignac calmly, "that I should tell her of her father's command at all."
"That would be at least an easy means of escaping difficulty," said her brother, with a smile; "but would it be an honorable one?"

"And by what possible law of honor are you bound to be the executor of M. Duchesne's wishes?" she asked.
"I am not bound to be the executor of his wishes at all," D'Antignac answered. "But since I have prevented Egerton—who is so bound—from telling Armine of them, I am obliged to take the duty upon myself, or else be guilty of letting her make an important decision in ignorance of what might affect that decision."

"There are too many fine scruples in the matter, in my opinion," said Helene. "You acknowledge that the command was a mere ebullition of groundless hate, yet you feel bound to tell Armine of it, in order that she may have an opportunity to sacrifice her own and Gaston de Marigny's happiness. I confess that I do not understand your point of view. I should suppress it, and feel that I was doing perfectly right."

"I am quite sure that you would do nothing of the kind, if the responsibility were laid upon you," said her brother. "But you forget that it is not wholly laid upon me. There is Egerton. If I did not speak he would."

"Then he is very foolish," said she. "Leave him to me. I will make him hear reason."
"My dear Helene," said D'Antignac, "one who did not know you as well as I do might think that you were really desirous to conceal this thing."
"And so I am really desirous," she interposed. "I should not call it concealing, however. I should simply call it ignoring."

"Unfortunately, changing the name does not change the nature of a thing; and whatever you might call it, it would be concealment—of which there can be no question."
He spoke quietly, but with so much decision that Helene said nothing more—for a minute. But she was in earnest in the view which she advocated. "What possible purpose can such a disclosure serve?" she said to herself. "Or, rather, is it not plain that it will very well serve the purpose of Duchesne, which certainly nobody should wish to serve?" And so she observed presently:

"If there is such a thing as defeating the designs of Heaven, I should say that you are about to defeat them. For Armine will never consent to marry M. de Marigny when she hears of her father's prohibition; yet such a marriage must have been intended. How else can we account for the manner in which they have been brought together?"

"I confess that the same idea has occurred to me," said D'Antignac. "But it is not safe for us to decide with regard to the designs of heaven. We cannot tell for what end these two have been permitted to know each other. A marriage would be very romantic, and as far as we can judge, would insure their happiness. But happiness is not the end of life."

"It is a very good thing, however, if one may possess it with the blessing of God," said Helene.
"With the blessing of God one cannot well miss it," her brother answered.
"You always contrive to silence me," said she. "But I am sure you would be glad as I if the sad morning of Armine's life could turn into such a noonday as Gaston de Marigny's bride would have."

"I should be inexpressibly glad," D'Antignac replied in a tone of deep feeling. "But I am sure of this: that the clouds of the morning have done her no harm, and that her noonday is safe with God. He will give her what is best."
"And meanwhile you intend to tell her of her father's command?"
"I must."

To this there could be no answer, and Mlle. d'Antignac went away saying to herself that, after all, perhaps Raoul was right, yet mourning over the certain defeat of De Marigny's hopes. "And it would be such an ideal marriage!" she thought, as Egerton had thought before her; for, except D'Antignac, no one knew Armine so well as herself or recognized so clearly all the possibilities of the girl's nature. Then, with a turn of reflection, she blamed M. de Marigny for precipitation. "He should have waited: he should have given her time to forget and to become attached to him!" she said to herself; and then suddenly she remembered Armine's tone and look when she had spoken once or twice of the vicomte, and, with

a pang of inconsistent apprehension, thought "What if she is already attached to him! It may readily be; and if so, how terrible will be the struggle! O my poor Armine! are you never to know any peace?"

As she asked herself this question Armine, with a very peaceful face, entered D'Antignac's chamber and advanced to the side of his couch with a note in her hand.
"It is from Miss Bertram," she said, answering his look of interrogation. "She sends me some books which she promised, and makes such solicitous inquiry for you that I thought you should see what she has written."

D'Antignac took the note and read with a smile the dozen or so lines traced in Sibyl's characteristically bold handwriting, then he handed it back.
"Make my grateful acknowledgments," she said, "and tell her how little I am exhausted by the society of my friends. And when you have written, come back," he added, as Armine turned away.

She returned in a few minutes, and, sitting down in her accustomed seat by the couch, went on speaking of Miss Bertram.
"I am so much interested in her," she said, "that, if you will pardon me for making a suggestion to you—who always know without suggestion what is best for people—I wish you would explain to her something of those problems of life which once troubled me, and which you made so clear. She is very clever, but she seems to be drifting on a sea of opinions, without rudder or guide."

"My dear Armine," said D'Antignac, "I think that you are perhaps a better guide for her than I am. For one thing, she knows that you speak with the advantage of practical knowledge—that you have seen face to face all that has fascinated her from afar."

"But what weight can my knowledge or opinion have?" cried the girl quickly. "O M. d'Antignac! how can you say such things? Do I know anything save what you taught me? And if, by that means, I hold some truths, have I your power of sending them home to the heart? Ah! no; you humble me when you talk so! But I think Miss Bertram is worthy of your attention."

"Every immortal soul is worthy of our attention," he said; "but if mental gifts constitute any peculiar claim—which I do not grant—Miss Bertram certainly possesses it. She interests me also very much. She is exceedingly brilliant, and more sympathetic than brilliant people often are. The basis of her character is very noble; and where there is so much sincerity and so much earnestness, the attainment of truth is only a question of time. Do you not know that haste often defeats its own end? Let us do what we can and be content to imitate the patience of God. This soul will come to Him at last. Have no fear."

"I have none—when you speak so," she answered. "But it is sad to see a mind groping in darkness when one knows where light is shining."
"If it is groping toward the light we need only lead it gently and pray much," he said. "The end is certain. But now, my Armine, it is of yourself I wish to speak—of your life, your future."

She looked at him with something startled and a little apprehensive in her eyes.
"What can you have to say of my life?" she asked. "Is there any reason why we should think of it?"
"There is a very strong reason," he answered. "You are called upon to make an important decision, one which will influence your whole life."

She interrupted him quickly. "If it is of anything connected with—Marigny, that you are speaking," she said, "let me tell you that it is useless. Everything has been settled. I am to be troubled no more about that."
He could not refrain from smiling.
"I might play upon words and tell you that what I am speaking of is certainly connected with Marigny, though not with that to which you allude," he answered; but it is a matter too important for trifling. My child, have you ever thought of—marriage?"

Still larger and more startled grew the dark eyes. She did not answer for a moment; then she breathed, rather than said, one word, "Never."
"Never!" repeated D'Antignac, somewhat surprised. The word would not have meant much from most girls' lips; but from Armine's he knew that it meant a great deal, for she never spoke carelessly or at random. "And yet," he said, "you must know that if it is the state on which the vast majority of the human race enter."
"Yes," she replied, "but it has nothing to do with me. Why should you speak to me of it, M. d'Antignac?"

"Because one who is deeply attached to you and truly worthy of you—one who seems to have been brought by the providence of God into your life—asks permission to offer you the devotion of his heart and life."
He paused, but she did not speak. No soft flush of color rose to her face, nor did any light of expectant happiness come into her eyes. The last still kept her grave, startled look, and for the rest she sat as pale and still as a statue. After a moment D'Antignac extended his hand and laid it gently on hers.
"Shall I tell you the name of this man?" he asked.
"It cannot be!" she answered, with something like a gasp. "It is impossible that it can be—"
The vicomte de Marigny? Yes, it is he.

She looked at him for a moment longer, as if unable to believe, then suddenly sank on her knees and buried her face on his couch.
D'Antignac did not break the silence which followed. He did not understand her, but if this emotion was the expression of gratitude or happiness he felt a pang of keen pity to think of the blow which was in store for her, and which he knew would fall with such crushing force. He waited, therefore, in a state of painful suspense for some sign which should tell him what she was feeling and what it would be best for him to say. For, well as he knew the girl, and accurately as he had foretold her course of action in other cases, he was absolutely at a loss to conceive what her impulse would be now.

It seemed a long time to him before she lifted her face; but in reality the clock had not marked more than the passage of a minute when she raised her head and looked at him with a strange, bright look which absolutely startled him. For did it not mean happiness, and must he not dash that happiness with pain? "O my poor Armine!" was his inward ejaculation before she spoke. But when she spoke how soft and even and proud her voice was!
"I can hardly believe what you have told me, but since you tell me it must be true," she said. "But how can I tell you what it has made me feel? Yet I think you will understand; you will know that it is not myself that I have thought, but of him. That he should offer his heart and his life to me—that is incomprehensible save on the ground of his own nobleness. And this nobleness—is it not something for which to be grateful to God to have known such a man, and something also of which to be proud that he has found in me—me, so poor and unworthy!—anything to attract his regard? It is an honor which I shall never forget—never will I live, M. d'Antignac. But I do not think of that as I think of what it is, in him, to put aside all question of worldly advantage, and be willing to give his name and rank to the daughter of one who, to him and to the world, was only an obscure Socialist, with not even a right to the name he bore!"
"Then," said D'Antignac, divided between pleasure and pain, "am I to understand that you will accept him?"
"Accept him!" she repeated.
"No. Can you think that I would do him such an injury as that?"
"An injury, Armine, when he loves you?"
"Does he?" she said softly, as if lingering a little on the thought. "I must believe that he does—also he never would have asked this—but that is no reason why I should do him so great an injury as to think, even for one moment, of marrying him."
"But how would you be doing him an injury?" asked D'Antignac, anxious to learn what was in her mind.
She looked at him in surprise. "Can you ask?" she said. "Do you not see? Whatever he does must, from his rank and position, be done in the face of the world; and what would the world say of such a marriage? It would bring scorn and disapproval upon him; it would lessen, perhaps, his influence among those whom he desires to lead; it would burden him with one who did not belong to his order and who was strange to his life. O M. d'Antignac! you must see that such a thing is impossible, and that only one who too little considered himself would ever have thought of it."
"I can answer for M. de Marigny," said D'Antignac, "that in this matter he has considered himself very much. He has thought of the happiness of his own life, which he believes that such a marriage would secure, and not at all of the opinion of the world, which is not worth a thought."
"It is for one in his position," said D'Antignac. "His life's work is in the world; and, in order that he may do it well, men must respect as much as they admire him. He must do nothing to lessen his own power to serve a great cause, nothing which can give his enemies an opportunity to accuse him of inconsistency or folly. You know this, M. d'Antignac, and you know the world; you know what would be said of him if he married one whose political surroundings have been such as mine."

D'Antignac did not deny this, but he replied: "There would be no need for any one to know who you were. You belong now to the house of Marigny."
"Even if that were possible, which it is not," she replied, "what would you think of me if I could forget my past and deny my father? And what would my father think, M. d'Antignac? Could I take such a step without asking that question? And you know what the answer would be. Can I forget that I disregard his commands whenever I speak to M. de Marigny?"
"Have I not told you," said D'Antignac, "that such commands have no binding force upon you?"
"By the letter of the law, perhaps not," she answered; "but feeling takes no account of law."
"But it should!" said he, "else it may fall into wild extravagance. Your father was, unfortunately, filled with an unreasoning hatred of M. de Marigny, and you only perpetuate that hatred by observing his commands."
"His commands have nothing to do with my decision in this matter," she said. "If he had never spoken of M. de Marigny I should still feel that I could never do him the injury of suffering him to unite his life with mine."
The vicomte de Marigny? Yes, it is he.

She spoke calmly, but so positively that D'Antignac felt sure she would not be moved from this position—unless, indeed, De Marigny could exert an influence which even her resolution would not be able to resist. That he might exert such an influence D'Antignac began to believe possible; and, this being so, was it not necessary that she should hear of her father's last charge? He said to himself that it was necessary, and he was nerving himself to the effort of telling her when she spoke again:
"Yet this reason, though sufficient in itself, is not the only reason why I must decline the honor which M. de Marigny offers me. I might be tempted—oh! yes, it is possible that I might be tempted, despite my better judgment and the memory of my father, if I had not already devoted this poor life of mine to another purpose."
"To another purpose!" repeated D'Antignac, somewhat startled.
"What do you mean?"
"Can you not tell?" she said. She was still kneeling by him, and, as she clasped her hands with the old familiar gesture that always indicated her deepest and most earnest feeling, there was a light on her face that made her look like a saint at prayer.
"I told you once that I have in me something of my father's spirit—that my heart is with the poor and the suffering, and that, like him, I wish to cast my lot with them and to count nothing too much to do if I may bind up a few wounds or wipe away a few tears, if I may even in the least degree lessen the misery and the despair that is in the world. For I am not like those who have never thought of these things, whose lives have been cradled in softness and in ignorance of the wretchedness that lies all around us. The sound of it has always been in my ears, the sight always before my eyes, and I could not, if I would, forget it. My father—mistakenly but most devotedly—spent his life in laboring to relieve this wretchedness, and I desire to do the same."

"How?" asked D'Antignac, though he felt sure that the answer would be. She looked up at the crucifix with an exquisite smile. "If thou wouldst be perfect, go, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and come follow Me." That is what I would do, M. d'Antignac."
Their eyes met in a gaze in which soul was laid open to soul, and words were unnecessary. Never, perhaps, was sympathy more full, understanding more complete, between two human beings than between these two at this moment. All that one glance asked the other answered, until at length D'Antignac said:
"It may be God's will. But you must decide nothing hastily. To whom have you spoken of your desire?"
"To no one," she answered. "Do you think that I would speak to any one before I spoke to you?"
"And how long have you thought of this?"
"How can I say? The desire was with me long before it took positive form. Perhaps the first time that it took such form was when you said to me—have you forgotten?—that I might be intended to make reparation for my father's war against religion, to atone by prayers for blasphemies, and by good works for evil deeds. The suggestion was like a ray of light—an inspiration from heaven. It was what I had longed for—to aid, to labor, to atone—and thus the way was made clear to me. It has been growing clearer ever since. Yesterday some words in Notre Dame seemed spoken to me. If the evil of the age is only a perversion of its true impulse, then what my father so passionately desired—to serve humanity and to lessen its ills—is within my reach. I may work for his end, I may in some sort fulfill his purpose and atone for his errors. And more even than that—I—my eyes filled with radiance as she lifted them again to the crucifix—"while I strive to relieve the misery of humanity I shall touch, relieve, reach Him. Who could have dreamed of it, if He had not said it? Surely, if the world would only think of it, we should have again the ages of faith, when the noblest and the greatest felt themselves honored to serve Christ in His poor! And to do that—to spend one's life doing that—O M. d'Antignac! it is not better than the sweetest cup of happiness which the world can offer to one's lips?"

If there was exaltation in her look as she asked the question it was not the exaltation of a visionary, but of one who had counted the cost and knew the meaning of that of which she spoke and to whose lips that cup of human happiness had been held in sparkling brightness only a little while before. For a moment D'Antignac could not speak. Then he extended his hand and laid it on her head with the solemnity of a benediction.
"It is God's will," he said. "May He bless and sustain thee, sister of my heart!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Mutual respect implies discretion and reserve even in love itself; it means preserving as much liberty as possible to those whose lives we share. We must distrust our instinct of intervention, for the desire to make one's own will prevail is often disguised under the mask of solicitude.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

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LE PERE PHILIPPE.

(Mary Boyle O'Reilly in Catholic World for May.)

"Le bon Dieu vous benit," murmured le Pere Philippe, laying his hand gently on the head of little Myrtle; and as she shyly answered "Merçi, mon Pere," he continued in the soft Franco-Indian patois:
"And now, my little one, hasten to gather bright blossoms that the shrine may be dressed for the morrow." And happily important, away sped little Myrtle to perform no easy task, for few flowers were to be found so far north in early May, and well knew le Pere Philippe that the shrine would again be decked with tall, tree-like bouquets of brilliantly dyed straw flowers before which nature's sweet handiwork would fade in very shame.

Down the straggling village street slowly went le Pere Philippe, his tall, slight figure clothed in a close-fitting, black soutane. Past the scattered shanties that sheltered his little flock, past the barely cultivated tracts of land from which they drew their scanty supply of cereals, through the dark, cool wood where the foot of the trespasser sank noiselessly on a cushion of mouldering leaves, and out again into the sunlight that flooded the bold face of the cliff. There the sad eyes were lifted from the open book, and looked over the sparkling waters of the broad river, gazing wistfully eastward to the far away beautiful land of his birth—that land which had been all sunlight and gladness and love, with never a cloud to dim the brightness of the long days as he roamed the woods with his gun and dogs, struggled with his books and his tutor in the great library of his father's house, or dashed through the streets of the little town at a mad gallop, causing sundry dames to peer at him as he passed and exclaim with uplifted eyes and hands, that "monsieur's eldest son was a wild youth and would come to no good end;" and always beside him, inseparable as his shadow, ally in all ventures, imitator in all pranks, was his only brother Alec, his junior by five years. Unlike as it were possible for brothers to be were the swarthy black-eyed Philippe and the gentle younger son.

"Philippe must be sent away to school; he is leading my delicate boy into positive danger," wailed the mother plaintively.
"Tush, tush, Louisa! He will but toughen the lad; make him strong and manly, not a statuette with yellow curls," replied the big, bluff father, watching his boys on the lawn as they brandished long swords stolen from the library. But alas, alas! for Philippe; even as the parents looked the fun grew fast furious, until, carried away with excitement, Philippe dealt his more timid opponent a heavy blow on the brow.

With a cry of pain the child fell back and in an instant Philippe knelt beside him in an agony of remorseful terror. Only for a moment—then he was roughly pushed aside by an irate father, who caught the boy in his arms and carried him swiftly to the house. And then came days that the boy—now grown to manhood—could never forget. Days when his grief-stricken mother passed him with averted face, on her way to the room where learned men held daily consultation about the little bed.

No one spoke to him—no one seemed to see him. Even the dogs in the court-yard avoided him, and from the servants nothing could be learned save that Alec was still alive. And so one day the heart-broken boy found courage to creep softly into the sick-room. There were a great many people present, and it was some time ere he caught a glimpse of Alec—poor, gentle little Alec! his white face almost ghastly beneath a wreath of bandages. It was awfully quiet as one of the doctors spoke, in a grave, low voice:

"Unless something unforeseen occur the boy will live, but he will lose his sight."
"Are you sure?"
"We are well-nigh certain, monsieur."
With down-bent head the stricken father turned away only to encounter the wretched cause of all his agony.

"Is that you, Philippe?" he thundered, forgetful of the little invalid—"you have succeeded in spoiling a brother's life! Leave my sight, miserable boy, and never let me see you again."
The passionate words sank deep into the aching heart, and Philippe interpreted the speech literally. Not until years after, when vainly searching for his parents in the place he had once called home, did he know of the terror-stricken search, the widespread inquiry, and the passionate grief that followed his flight.

All this and more was in the mind of the man who stood gazing into the sunlit river; and so deep in reverie was he that he did not see coming out of the woods the tall, gaunt figure of an Indian woman whose dishevelled hair fell about her bowed shoulders and half hid her sunken cheeks, while from her parted lips came a weird, guttural sound which shaped itself into the rhythm of a rude improvisation. With stealthy rapidity she advanced until she seized his arm, crying:
"Can you see him? Can you see him, coming in the flying canoe? It is time he returned. There was little light when he left and now the light is going. Oh! when will he be here?"
"Hush, hush! my child," murmured the priest soothingly; "wait yet a little. I cannot see him now, but the sun has not yet set; perhaps—"

"But it is so long," moaned the poor mad creature; "it is so long and the

sun is so long and the

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storm that came from the sea and the boy that was a babe is now a man; he must come soon!"

"We must wait in patience, my child, and some day he will come back for you."

"For me?" she cried in an ecstasy of delight—"come back for me? It is true!—le pere has said it. He will come back for me; and as swiftly as she had come she disappeared."

"Lord, give her peace," murmured le Pere Philippe; "she has been faithful for twenty years."

Slowly the sun set, throwing dark shadows to meet the solitary man on his homeward way. It was wonderfully tranquil in the usually noisy street; the mingled sounds from the households were blended and softened ere they reached the ear.

"Here comes le Pere!" cried a girl's shrill voice, as he reached his own enclosure, and a score of black-eyed, copper-skinned children sprang up to greet him. Then began the little evening ceremony which had done more to soften and civilize these wild young natures than many years of patient endeavor.

With twenty pairs of eyes fastened on his face, and twenty pairs of eager feet stayed to his slow tread, they moved about the little garden which was not his but theirs.

"Another bud on your rose-tree, Marie; ah! but that is good indeed; and your corn, John, who ever saw better grow corn so early? and Nicholas's potatoes without a weed among them, that is like my patient Nicholas; and the blue eyes already bloomed for the feast day. But how came this destruction?" he asked sternly, looking from a trampled garden to the circle of children. No one spoke, but a dozen accusing eyes glanced stealthily at the culprit, who stood silent and stolid.

"How did this happen?" repeated le Pere; "can there be anger and strife among you? Marie, I trust you will tell me." "O mon Pere!" answered the girl, "it was not Jean's fault; but because of his brother, who has quarreled with Peter's brother about—about Myrtle's necklace—"

"That will do," interrupted le Pere sadly; "and now we will have the story."

"Ah!" exclaimed the children in gratified chorus, throwing themselves with native grace on the grass at his feet.

"Let me see," mused le Pere Philippe, "of what was the story last night?"

"Of the ass of Balaam, the prophet," cried the children together.

"Good! and to-night it will be of the faithful white-winged dove that flew back to the good Noe over the flood." And in the hush of the coming twilight the beautiful story was told.

A sighing breath from the children ended the little sermon, and with one accord they rose and went quietly homeward. Not so le Pere Philippe, who had heard enough to make him anxious. "They are but children, passionate, untamed children—a curious mixture of wisdom and ignorance; ah, me! I fear we may Christianize but not civilize them," he mused, and walking swiftly he noticed that the groups about each doorway seemed strangely excited. At his approach a constrained silence fell on the people—such silence as falls on children caught in some act of mischief.

Straight to John Nicholas's house and through the low, dark doorway went le Pere Philippe, into the common living room, which reeked with fumes of tobacco and cookery, the odor of tanning furs, with here and there a suggestion of sweet grass and herbs and onions.

On an old lounge lay the lord of the manor silent and taciturn, while his over-worked, scrawny wife glanced anxiously from the recumbent form to the girl who sat staring angrily into the fire.

"I have come," said le Pere quietly, smiling as he accepted the proffered seat.

"It is well," grunted the smoker, pipe in mouth, with an expressive glance at his daughter.

"It has been a long drought; when will the rain come?" inquired the visitor after a strained silence, skillfully appealing to the pride of his weather-wise host.

"Before the moon is full." "So soon?" John Atteau told me only yesterday not until the wane." "John Atteau will never see the wane," muttered the Indian.

"Indeed! And why?" "Has mon pere not heard?" "I have heard nothing," answered le Pere Philippe; which was indeed, true enough.

"Go away!" commanded the master to the women, who slowly slunk out of the room.

"There has been death to-day in the village. John Atteau killed Peter's son because of my girl. John Atteau has run away, but there are those who will track him through the forest;" and the Indian grimly returned to his pipe. Knowing the Indian character as he did, le Pere Philippe asked no more, but rose and left the house. Next morning he left the village.

"I must find John Atteau ere he come to harm," he resolved, forgetting in his eagerness that the haunts of men are not so easy of investigation as the paths of his beloved forest; and, heedless of all save the fugitive, he patiently journeyed on. There was but one road to travel, for the runaway would undoubtedly seek refuge in the nearest city, where crimes like his were more likely to pass unknown and unpunished. Sometimes a lumberman offered a lift on the journey and was filled with wonderment at the

conversation of his fellow-traveler, or a settler gave a night's shelter, feeling amply repaid by the wealth of forest lore he received; again, an Indian shared his canoe with the revered black robe, going many miles out of his way with dignified courtesy; and so at last le Pere Philippe reached the city.

Then for a moment his heart sank. Was this huge settlement, that surrounded a very Babel, the little town he had left but a score of years before? Could he have come a hundred weary miles in vain? "This is the inn," announced his last conductor with abashed air, noting the consternation of his companion.

"My good, innocent children," murmured le Pere Philippe, passing the crowded bar on his way to the office. "I have but little, little"—he had almost forgotten the word—"I have but little money," he said to the innkeeper, placing his solitary gold piece on the counter; and ere that astonished individual could collect himself he continued, "Have you heard aught of John Atteau? I have come to find him."

"I know no such man," answered the innkeeper, pocketing the money; "but you can have a bed."

And so le Pere Philippe was domiciled and the search began. Instinctively he kept to the lower portions of the town, and many a revel was suddenly broken by the silent appearance of le Pere Philippe. This failing, he turned to the residential quarter, and day and night the search went on, for the thought of the fatherless village left small desire for rest.

One stormy night, in the midst of wind and rain, le Pere Philippe went slowly through the dismal streets, peering eagerly into the down-bent faces of the passers, and so intent that he paid no heed to a rapidly-driven carriage which drew up to the curb, and as the door was flung back he reeled under the stunning blow. Out sprang a man who, as he supported the tottering figure, offered his apologies for the careless haste which had caused the mishap.

"Alec," exclaimed a sweet, clear voice as a lady emerged from the carriage—"Alec, will you not ask the gentleman—"

"Alec," murmured the dazed man, as he looked at the handsome face bent anxiously above him.

"I fear, sir, you are severely hurt. Will you not come into our house for a short rest? My name is De Laus-verdy."

"Mon Dieu, it is impossible!" cried le Pere Philippe in a harsh, strained voice—"Alec de Lansverdy?"

By this the trio stood in the entrance hall looking fixedly at one another, and then the wife, with delicate kindness, stole softly away, leaving the brothers alone; for with instinct of a loving heart she divined the meaning of the mystery, and felt that their joy would be mingled with pain.

Late into the night she sat in her darkened room listening to the soft murmur of their voices, broken sometimes by the dual tread. Toward morning her husband came to her, his handsome face grave and pale.

"My love," he whispered, bending to kiss her tenderly, "he is Philippe, of whom I have told you; but so changed, so old. Will you come down to him?"

"O Alec! I am so glad for him and for you," she answered as together they descended the staircase.

"And this is my dear brother's wife," said le Pere Philippe softly as he looked into the sweet, upturned face; "you forgive my abruptness of last night," he added with gentle courtesy; "when I am gone Alec will tell you all."

"O mon Pere Philippe!" began the little wife; but he softly interrupted:

"Nay, say no more: Alec will tell you all. I have been more blessed than I deserve, and I must return to my good children in the settlement, for they have missed me. Alec has promised to do my task here."

"Can we not keep him, Alec?" whispered the wife.

"It is impossible, dear heart; I have argued half the night. His very soul is bound up in a parcel of savages," he answered bitterly; and then aloud: "Will you give us some coffee, Marie?"

It was a sad and silent meal, yet over all too soon. "Good-bye, my dear sister," murmured le Pere Philippe. "Alec—good-bye;" only a long, strong hand-clasp, but the two men looked steadily into each other's eyes and the bitter past was forgotten. Then le Pere Philippe, with stumbling steps and down-bent head, went swiftly from the room.

"O Alec!" sobbed the little wife as she watched him from the window. "his heart is broken in going back."

"Such a night to send for you, mon pere, and you just home; and for what? Not a reasonable Christian, but a woman crazy for twenty years," grumbled the old housekeeper as she delivered Jean's message.

"Not a word," said le Pere sternly, and in five minutes he stood in the sick room. On a low bed, little more than a pallet of straw, lay the dying woman seemingly in a troubled sleep, moving restlessly at times as she moaned and murmured. The superstitious Indians had fled at the approach of death, and only one woman sat by the bedside, while an old squaw cowered muttering in a corner. "Le bon Dieu vous beni," murmured le Pere Philippe as he crossed the threshold, and at the sound the solitary watcher raised her head, disclosing the pale wan face of Myrtle Nicholas.

"Shall I go away, mon pere?" she asked meekly.

"Remain my child. I am glad to

find you here; it is good to serve the dying."

"Merci, mon pere," she answered, and for a long time no more was said, while the old squaw ceased her muttering and the young girl rendered many womanly offices to the unconscious woman. Would she awake in the last dread hour, or drift out and over the dark river with mind still clouded and reason gone? This was the thought uppermost in the minds of the watchers, when quietly the sleeper waked and looked about her with dim uncertain eyes.

"Do you know me?" asked le Pere Philippe, bending toward her, but she did not hear.

"It is very dark," she murmured, trying to push an imaginary veil from her face, while Myrtle placed an oil-lamp close to the bed; but still the querulous voice continued.

"It is dark, dark, dark; oh! why is it so dark?" and a low sobbing as of a frightened child filled the room.

"Hush, hush!" whispered the girl; "it is not dark and we are all here—le Pere, and Mary, and I." Gradually the sobbing ceased and the dying woman lay quite still for a moment, and then—

"What is that?" she cried, sitting up with sudden strength; "hush, what is that? Oh! I hear the whispering of the river, and the swish, swish of the paddle, and a canoe, a canoe of the bark of the birch tree flies over the waves!" and as she spoke her voice rose to a pitch of piercing sweetness, her eyes lit up and her trembling arms were extended in an ecstasy of impatient delight. "and—oh, my husband! my husband! he is coming for me; it has been so long; the babe in my arms is a man, and he has come for me. At last! at last! at last!"

The glad cry ended in a faint whisper as she fell back on her pillow.

"She is dead," whispered le Pere Philippe to the terror-stricken girl; "le bon Dieu has been very good."

A death in the settlement usually furnished topics of conversation for a fortnight; not so Peona Salta's. No one save the watchers knew of the last weird scene, and with the rising of another sun her tragic life was all forgotten and the settlement was in a ferment of excitement. Men in their eagerness forgot to relight their everlasting pipes, and discussed the news in the village street. Women were seized with an uncontrollable desire to borrow or lend, assist or ask advice—out of their own cabins; and all because the rumor crept about that John Atteau was returning. No authority could be discovered, and while the braves grew heated in argument to prove the tale a fable, the women pointed with knowing air to Myrtle Nicholas's happy face; and so it came to pass that when the girl crept down to the river's brink at nightfall, half the village followed stealthily to see the meeting of the lovers.

"Le bon Dieu vous beni," murmured le Pere Philippe as he passed them in the moonlight by the river.

Summarily Turned Out.

There is an air of mystery and suppression in the controversy between Bishop Paret, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Maryland, and the members of the order of the Holy Cross. This is an extremely High Church order, with headquarters at Westminster, and among its members Ritualism is carried almost to its highest point.

They live in celibacy, and practice auricular confession, and believe in the Real Presence, and conduct a celebration that closely imitates the Mass. Bishop Paret has just refused a license to members of the order to exercise their ministry in his diocese.

Why he has done so is not at all clear, except it is stated that the Bishop, "while not objecting to the order as High Church, does object to it because he thinks it has unwisely pressed certain doctrines and because canon law does not provide for relation of a religious order to the Bishop."

This rather inspires that satisfies curiosity, and it is surprising that the order and its friends did not insist upon something more explicit. Meanwhile the members have had to cancel all their engagements in Maryland and are practically expelled from the diocese.—Baltimore Mirror.

The Treating Practice.

The baneful effects of intemperance which to-day are rife all through the land, steal upon its victims more insidiously, perhaps, through the prevalent practice of treating than through any other channel. To invite a man to take a drink at one's expense is the order of the day; to put him thereby under the implicit obligation of returning the same, or of making him feel uncomfortable until he has balanced in some way the kindness which he thinks he has received, is an essential consequence which to him is very dishonorable to neglect or shirk. This custom and its consequences wrap society in a cloud. In it men move, and through it the chief work of harm and of the disintegration of character is accomplished. In the lower state of society it saturates the very language that is spoken; it pervades the very air that is breathed, it shapes the sentiment most frequently formed at home and abroad. Multitudes of children daily grow accustomed to it, and youths are fast falling victims to its snares.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely vegetable compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

A GREAT IRISH WIT.

His surroundings as an ecclesiastic, doubtless, prevented the late Rev. Father James Healy, parish priest of Little Bray, from becoming as celebrated a wit as John Philip Curran or Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Innumerable anecdotes are told concerning him, and all illustrate the rich gifts bestowed upon him by nature as well as by education. The late Father Tom Burke was a humorist, of the O'Connell type, pungent and racy of the soil, but even he did not equal the epigrammatic genius of Father Healy. Lord Ashburton, in a recent utterance, says of the deceased clergyman:

"I knew him for a quarter of a century; but he had many older and nearer friends, and I hope that one of them will write reminiscences of this brilliant, attractive and genuine Irishman. I have dined with him on several occasions at his house at Little Bray and I can never forget the wonderful and hospitable entertainments. The number varied—sometimes eight, ten, twelve, or even fourteen. The most varied guests met at his table. I have sat there at the same time with Prince Edward, of Saxo-Weimar, Mr. Morris, Chief Barron Pales, Dr. Nedley, and others. His guests were always delighted to be there and he was delighted to have them. One servant cooked the dinner and brought it to the table, and no one could tell how it happened—the attendance did for itself some way or other. His dear and life-long friend, Dr. Nedley, was nearly always present. Once I remember when some officer of the Guard was dining with the padre (as he was called) he looked around for a servant to take his coat and hat when he entered the house, and the host came forward, smiling, saying, 'You know those footmen all gave me notice and left on the spot when they heard that you were coming.' He was brilliant, quick as lightning in conversation, and never hesitated for a second to come out with a sparkling, genial motto."

"Sir Redvers Buller dined with him on one occasion when the other guests were Archbishop Walsh and eleven priests. Sir Redvers made a slight start when he saw he was the only layman. 'Never mind,' said Father Healy, 'the soutane is not worse than the Soudan.' Lord Plunket, the Protestant Archbishop, lived during the summer at his residence, Old Connaught, in Little Bray, and someone asked the padre how he got on with him. 'Very well,' he said, 'we are the best of friends. He is a good parishioner but a little backward in his dues.' During one of his visits to Old Connaught, Lord Plunket, I am told, asked how he should take priests who came to join his church, and the prompt answer came, 'The best thing your Grace could do to boys of that kind would be to give them the pledge at once.'

"All Dubliners know Dalkley church—the Protestant one—built on an eminence, the greater part of which, immediately joining the church is quarried away. Some people were chattering over the neighborhood and its beauties one day, and the site of the church was praised. A Protestant gentleman turned, smiling, to Father James and said: 'It is a church founded on a rock.' Like lightning came the genial assent, 'Yes a blasted rock.' The owner of the great oyster establishment in Dublin was one day telling him of the musical accomplishments of his daughter, when the padre, with hearty sympathy, said, 'She would be a regular oyster Patti.' He never talked politics but he answered all questions with genial rapidity. When being asked what would Mr. Healy be when Home Rule came, he said at once, 'An old man.' I said to him when living during the summer in his parish, 'I think I met your curate just now—rather stout.' He replied, 'That's he; I send him out as a sample and kept the thin one at home.'

"Once a busybody asked him whether a friend of his was a good Catholic, and he got the answer, 'No better man, but a child could beat him at fasting.' He was once at Monte Carlo on a visit and a friend tried to get him to enter the great room for play. 'Is it not like a cathedral?' 'Ah!' said he, 'there is all the difference. In a cathedral they pray for a man, here they prey on him.' His friends comprised all classes, rich and poor, old and young, Protestant and Catholic. He was a priest devoted to his Church and his flock; but his heart was big enough to include kind and loving feelings for all."

False Teaching.

The Episcopalian denomination seems to be leavened with false teaching. Recently its Bishops had to issue a pastoral to vindicate the divinity of Christ and His virgin birth from the attacks within it. Now one of its preachers in this city, the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, denies that the risen body of Christ was "the very body of flesh and bones which was laid away there after the crucifixion." Substantially it was that very body, but endowed with the excellent qualities that shall mark the resurrected corpses of all the blessed dead. But this the doctor denies. According to him, in the new life beyond the grave, "the spiritual body is the only body" and "the physical nature of the organization of the risen Jesus" was only apparent, like the visible and tangible forms in which spirits have sometimes manifested themselves. Dr. Newton is a heretic. His doctrine is not Christian doctrine. His stay in an Episcopalian pulpit ought to be brief—Catholic Review.

Last of May.

REV. FATHER RYAN. To the Children of Mary of the Cathedral of Mobile: In the mystical dim of the temple, In the room haunted dim of the day, The Sunlight spoke saith to the Shadows, And said: "With my gold and your gray, Let us meet at the shrine of the Virgin, And ere her fair feet pass away, Let us weave there a mantle of glory, To deck the last evening of May."

The tapers were lit on the altar, With garlands of lilies between; And the steps leading up to the statue Flashed bright with the roses' red sheen; The Sunbeams came down from the heavens Like angels, to hallow the scene, And they seemed to kneel down with the Shadows That crept to the shrine of the Queen.

The singers, their hearts in their voices, Had chanted the anthems of old, And the last trembling wave of the Vespers On the far shores of silence had rolled. And there—at the Queen's Virgin's altar— The sun wove the mantle of gold, While the hands of the twilight were weaving A fringe for the flash of each fold.

And wavelessly, in the deep silence, Three banners hung peaceful and low— They bore the bright bliss of the heavens, They wore the pure white of the snow— And beneath them fair children were kneeling, Whose faces, with graces aglow, Seemed sinless, in land that is sinful, And weepless, in life full of woe.

Their heads wore the veil of the lily, Their brows wore the wreath of the rose, And their hearts, like their flutterless banners, Were stilled in a holy repose. Their shadowless eyes were uplifted, Whose glad gaze would never disclose That from eyes that are most like the heavens The dark rain of tears soonest flows.

The banners were borne to the railing, Beneath them, a group from each band, And they bent their bright folds for the blessing— That fell from the priest's lifted hand. And he crossed the three fair, silken stand-ards, With a sign never too could withstand. What stirred them? The breeze of the evening? Or a breath from the far angel land?

Then came, two by two, to the altar, The young, and the pure, and the fair, Their faces the mirror of heaven, Their hands folded meekly in prayer. They came for a simple blue ribbon, For love of Christ's Mother to wear; And I believe, with the Children of Mary, The Angels of Mary were there.

Ah! faith! simple faith of the children! You still shun the faith of the old! Ah! love! simple love of the little, You still warm the love of the cold! And the beautiful God who is wandering Far out in the world's dreary wild, Finds a home in the hearts of the children And a rest with the lambs of the fold.

Sweet a voice: was it wafted from heaven? Heard you ever the sea when it sings, Where it sleeps in the shore in the night-time? Heard you ever the hymns the breeze brings From the hearts of a thousand bright sun-mers?

Heard you ever the bird, when she springs To the clouds, till she seems to be only A song of a shadow on wings? Came a voice; and an "Ave Maria" Rose out of a heart rapture thrilled; And in the embrace of its music, The souls of a thousand lay stilled.

A voice, with the tones of an angel, Never flower such a sweetness distilled; It faded away—but the temple With its perfume of worship was filled.

Then back to the Queen-Virgin's altar A mantle of grace and of glory For the last, lovely evening of May.

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London, Saturday, May 25, 1895.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

Our young men should never forget the example given them by Sir John Thompson.

True and sad that men pass and their memory lives only in hearts washed by the same blood that pulsed and throbbed in theirs.

We know indeed that this old world pays but scanty attention to those who have enriched its treasure store of noble thoughts and deeds.

Let us hope, however, that the life of Sir John Thompson will be ever an incentive to noble impulse and a reminder that no man is truly great unless actuated by a religious spirit.

He was always true to man because he was never false to God.

He was unwavering in his allegiance to the Church to which he had given his heart's best love.

It matters little to the general public which of these two gentlemen may be regarded as the Whalley of the Canadian no-Popery party.

Let our young men never forget his example. He has gone home, but the principle that guided him is within our grasp.

danger and peril will be escaped. This alone will make us great, and keep our manhood's sheen fair and brilliant, a reflection of the God dwelling within us.

By two wings a man is lifted up from things earthly, namely, by simplicity and purity.

This was the secret of Sir John Thompson's success.

My good blade carves the conquests of men, My tough lance thrusteth sure, My strength is as the strength of ten Because my heart is pure.

A QUESTION OF VERACITY.

The discussion between Mr. Dalton McCarthy and Mr. E. Busby of Southampton, in regard to the nomination of candidates for the coming Dominion election, is in several respects very amusing reading.

Mr. Busby is the president of the P. P. A. of Ontario, having been elected to this office at the last Convention of the society, vice Rev. J. C. Madill, the retired president.

The new president found his order in not a very encouraging condition. The general elections for the Province last summer left it very much demoralized, and the demoralization was completed by the reaction whereby P. P. Aism has been rooted out of its strongholds.

These seven bodies are said to have collectively only about 723,700 members, falling short of the generally known Presbyterian Church by 176,000, yet having seven times the representation of the principal Presbyterian body.

There is one Church known as the Reformed General Presbyterian, consisting of 5,000 adherents, which would have an equal representation on the Federal Council with the Presbyterian Church of the United States with its 896,000 members.

Some presbyteries through the country have expressed themselves in favor of the plan of union; but the Chicago Herald and Presbyter says: "Many of the presbyteries that approved it last fall, have reconsidered their action."

The present dispute is apparently one of precedence, and chiefly turns on whether McCarthymen are to receive P. P. A. support, or P. P. Aists to obtain the endorsement of Mr. McCarthy as upholders of his policy.

Let our young men never forget his example. He has gone home, but the principle that guided him is within our grasp.

quabble is of but small concern to us. It is somewhat curious, however, to find him declaring his total ignorance of the objects of the P. P. A.

In conclusion he declares that, to his knowledge, not a single candidate has been placed in nomination by the P. P. A. as a McCarthyite since Mr. Busby wrote his circular.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

It does not appear that the plans which have been formulated for the purpose of confederating the Evangelical Churches of America into one body are likely to come into practical effect.

The only Churches which seem to have considered them worth any attention at all are those which have the Presbyterian form of Church government, and even these find difficulties, apparently insuperable, to carrying them into effect.

One of the features of the plan which has been proposed to the various Churches which, it is expected, may enter into the Confederation, is that the Federal Council which shall have the duty of managing all general matters which will concern the united body shall be composed of eight delegates, four ministers and four laymen, from each denomination.

It is pointed out that this plan will give the Presbyterian Church of the United States, which is estimated to consist of 896,000 members, only 8 representatives in the Council, while all the other bodies recognized as Presbyterians—seven in number—will have a representation of 56, half of whom will be ministers.

The proposition does not give satisfaction to any of the bodies concerned, and though it might be expected that the chief opposition to the plan would arise out of the body which is so inadequately represented, the fact seems to be that it mostly comes from the minor bodies to which a representation is proposed to be given far beyond what their numbers of adherents would entitle them to.

There are only a few seats in which the Liberal-Unionists can claim to constitute a majority of the combined parties; but there are many where they can turn the scale against a Liberal if they act with the Tories.

The Liberal-Unionists have very decided views on the question of Church disestablishment, and even the Tory alliance did not induce them to oppose the disestablishment of the Welsh Church.

The Tories are very angry, as they imagine that Welsh disestablishment is but a preparatory measure for the disestablishment of the Church throughout the kingdom, and they think that the Establishment should be maintained at all hazards.

The weakness of the A. P. A. was further shown in the State by the election of a judge in April, who had delivered a St. Patrick's day address, precisely to show that he would not allow the A. P. A. to control him or interfere with his liberty of action.

He had declined to deliver the address owing to a previous engagement, but when he was informed by a letter from the A. P. A. to the effect that he would have been knifed if he had accepted the invitation, he cancelled his prior engagement, and delivered the address, and was elected to the office by a majority which placed him far ahead of his ticket.

Mr. Chamberlain's own organ, says that it would be better to let Ireland have Home Rule rather than that the enormity of the Church Establishment should be continued in Wales, or that the policy of protection should be reintroduced into the British Empire, as the Tories propose.

On the whole it may reasonably be expected that the dissensions between the Unionist allies will work good for Ireland. Mr. Balfour declared a few days ago in a speech delivered before the Primrose League, that the Home Rule question is not dead, and on appealing to those present to pronounce whether or not such is the case, the universal response was confirmatory of the view he expressed.

Altogether the prospect is that the plan will fail to be adopted; but even if it were adopted, it can hardly be believed that it will result in any good, as an essential part of it is that the Federal Council shall have no authority to legislate for the Churches so uniting, though it may "recommend legislation."

THE UNIONIST ALLIANCE AND HOME RULE.

The quarrel which has been going on for some time between the English Tories and the Liberal-Unionists does not appear to be likely to be settled amicably, notwithstanding that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour have both assured the public that it still is and must continue to be kept up in order to preserve the integrity of the Empire.

On several issues the two parties have decidedly opposite views, and from the beginning the union was not so cordial but that it was deemed necessary to make a stipulation that in those constituencies where a Liberal-Unionist held the seat at the time of the session of the party from Mr. Gladstone's leadership in 1886, that seat should continue to be held by a member of the same party, supported by the Tories, as a return for the help given to the Tories in other constituencies through the country.

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On several issues the two parties have decidedly opposite views, and from the beginning the union was not so cordial but that it was deemed necessary to make a stipulation that in those constituencies where a Liberal-Unionist held the seat at the time of the session of the party from Mr. Gladstone's leadership in 1886, that seat should continue to be held by a member of the same party, supported by the Tories, as a return for the help given to the Tories in other constituencies through the country.

There are only a few seats in which the Liberal-Unionists can claim to constitute a majority of the combined parties; but there are many where they can turn the scale against a Liberal if they act with the Tories.

The Liberal-Unionists have very decided views on the question of Church disestablishment, and even the Tory alliance did not induce them to oppose the disestablishment of the Welsh Church.

The Tories are very angry, as they imagine that Welsh disestablishment is but a preparatory measure for the disestablishment of the Church throughout the kingdom, and they think that the Establishment should be maintained at all hazards.

The weakness of the A. P. A. was further shown in the State by the election of a judge in April, who had delivered a St. Patrick's day address, precisely to show that he would not allow the A. P. A. to control him or interfere with his liberty of action.

He had declined to deliver the address owing to a previous engagement, but when he was informed by a letter from the A. P. A. to the effect that he would have been knifed if he had accepted the invitation, he cancelled his prior engagement, and delivered the address, and was elected to the office by a majority which placed him far ahead of his ticket.

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Mr. Chamberlain's own organ, says that it would be better to let Ireland have Home Rule rather than that the enormity of the Church Establishment should be continued in Wales, or that the policy of protection should be reintroduced into the British Empire, as the Tories propose.

On the whole it may reasonably be expected that the dissensions between the Unionist allies will work good for Ireland. Mr. Balfour declared a few days ago in a speech delivered before the Primrose League, that the Home Rule question is not dead, and on appealing to those present to pronounce whether or not such is the case, the universal response was confirmatory of the view he expressed.

Altogether the prospect is that the plan will fail to be adopted; but even if it were adopted, it can hardly be believed that it will result in any good, as an essential part of it is that the Federal Council shall have no authority to legislate for the Churches so uniting, though it may "recommend legislation."

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Table with 3 columns: Pop'n of Quebec, Catholic, All Others, Total. Values: 1,479,718, 1,189,309, 1,289,927.

Thus we see that the Catholics of Ontario are one-sixth the total population, and have no guarantees; while the Protestants of Quebec are only about one-seventh of the total population, and are guaranteed twelve M. P.'s in the House of Commons.

Mr. Fraser tells the Catholic people that he wants to hear no more of 'Catholic representation.' We do not

ask for an amendment to the Constitution. We do not want any remodelling of the British North America Act. All we want is that what is law in Quebec should be custom here—fair representation for the minority."

An extract from a speech by Sir John Macdonald is also given, in which he said:

"Gentlemen, the principle of civil and religious liberty must be vindicated; the Catholic people of Ontario are entitled to the same rights and privileges as the Protestants of Quebec."

The Catholics certainly were "entitled" to the same rights, but such rights never were accorded to them. And the only way in which their rights could have been secured was by a guarantee such as Sir John saw was provided for the Protestants of Quebec. None knew this better than Sir John, and for the theory thus propounded none had greater opportunities for practical enforcement than he. But his practice certainly fell far short of his professions, as it was with extreme reluctance and only upon the greatest pressure he could be induced to appoint a Catholic to any position in Ontario, and when an appointment was conferred it was so grudgingly given that whatever merit there might have been in the gift was lost in the manner of its bestowal.

Our correspondent shows that in Quebec the Protestants have always had a far larger representation in the judiciary than they were entitled to in proportion to their numbers, amongst them being several chief justices, including Sir Charles Stuart, Sir William C. Meredith and Sir Francis Johnston. There are now on the Bench Judges Hall, Tait (acting chief justice), Lynch, Gill, Davidson, Andrews, Brooks and Archibald, eight in number; and this number the Protestants have always had on the Bench.

When there was not a Catholic on the Bench in Ontario, and James O'Reilly was promised the Judgeship at Kingston by Sir John Macdonald, the Orangemen of that district threatened that if Mr. O'Reilly were appointed they would oppose the Hon. Alex. Campbell at the next senatorial election for the Cataraqui Division. It is almost incredible that Sir John—after the party services of Mr. O'Reilly and the Catholics of Ontario—should have ignominiously surrendered to this intolerant demand that O'Reilly should be sacrificed because of his religious convictions. But Sir John surrendered, and asked Mr. O'Reilly to relinquish his claim to the appointment, and thus prevent the Government from being embarrassed. Mr. O'Reilly was compelled to forego his claim although his support of Sir John and the Conservative party had been life-long, and he had done yeoman service in many hotly contested campaigns, not only in Kingston and its vicinity, but also through the whole Ottawa District. Such, however, was the return for political fidelity which knew neither race nor creed, when advocating the return of candidates of the party to which he was allied.

Mr. O'Reilly's case is only one of the many instances in which a Catholic has helped to sow, but has been told in most unmistakable terms that he would not be allowed to reap.

No one ever heard of a Protestant in Quebec being asked to forego his right to a Government appointment: or to release a minister of the Crown from his promise, because, owing to the fanaticism of the Catholics, "the Government would be embarrassed" if its pledged faith were kept. In Quebec there are forty Judges including those of the Queen's Bench, Superior Court, Circuit Courts, General Sessions, and Recorders Courts, and of this number eight are Protestants. In Ontario there are in the Superior Courts fourteen Judges: of these one is a Catholic—Judge McMahon. Of the forty-four County Court Judges and twenty-two junior County Court Judges, there is one Catholic County Court Judge, Judge Lacourse, and four Catholic junior County Court Judges, viz.: Judges Doyle, McHugh, Klein, and Edward O'Connor, and Judge Valin of the District of Nipissing.

In the history of the Province from 1840 to the present time—a period of fifty-five years—only ten Catholics have been on the bench, which number includes the six already named and Judges Fitzgerald, Macarow, Olivier and Hon. John O'Connor.

In June, 1892, Mr. Sam Hughes, M. P., made the following detestably mendacious statement on the floor of the House of Commons when he was accused of leaving the Liberal party:

"When he saw a contract made with the Roman Catholic League of Ontario, whereby public offices and judicial positions were bartered away to the

Roman Catholics of the Province, he left the party. As a young Canadian he refused point blank to give his allegiance to such a party. When he saw the late Archbishop Lynch running the education of the country he resented such principles and left the party."

That statement was made twenty years after the Catholic League was formed: the Conservative party was in power in Ottawa at its formation, and can Bro. Sam Hughes point to any judicial or other positions that were bartered away to the Catholics of Ontario for their support? He cannot point to one. In the "Facts for Irish Electors" sent out by Sir John and Mr. Meredith in 1883 (twelve years after the League was formed) the Catholics were told as to their treatment by the Ontario Government:

"In the Department of Education, Toronto, there are fifty-eight employees who cost the country about \$48,000 a year, and there is only one Catholic in the Department, and he was appointed before Mr. Crooks took charge of his present office. In the Register General's office there never has been a Catholic permanently employed within its walls. In the Treasurer's Department, Toronto, there are \$15,100 a year spent in salaries, two getting \$2,000 each, one \$1,800, one \$1,400, one \$1,200, two \$1,100 and so on: all of them being Protestants! down to the messenger, the solitary Catholic employed in the Department, and he gets just \$900 per annum."

A series of facts, all pointing in the same direction, and showing that at the period in question Catholics were completely overlooked in the matter of appointments to office made by Mr. Mowat's Government. We pass them over, however, as we do not wish to refer to what belongs to the past, further than to show that the treatment of which we complain is of long standing, and that statements to the contrary, like those of Mr. Hughes, were as false at that period as they are to-day.

"Facts for Irish Electors" treats also of the relations of Catholics to the Mackenzie Government. It states that:

"It was mainly owing to the Catholic vote that the Reformers were returned to power in 1874. It was in a large measure because of the promises the Reformers made to the Catholics, that they sat on the Treasury Benches. Mr. Mackenzie threw the Catholics a few crumbs of office, while for all he cared, they might starve for the big loaf."

We do not acknowledge the truth of this statement, but we admit that, like other Canadians, Catholics were divided in regard to their political opinions, and perhaps a majority of Ontario Catholics supported the Mackenzie party on that occasion, and brought them into power.

There was no bargain or sale of the Catholic vote; but at all events the rights of Catholics to employment in Government offices were not recognized by the Mackenzie Government any more than they had been by that of Sir John Macdonald, which he succeeded. With a majority of nearly a hundred at his back, Mr. Mackenzie seems to have thought himself strong enough to ignore Catholic claims to official appointment, and we know that his actual ignoring of them contributed in some measure to his defeat at the next election, though the most potent factor in defeating his Government was not any defection of Catholics from supporting him, but the seduction of the "national policy," which, it was thought by many, would be the means of suddenly enriching the country.

During the last provincial elections, Conservative stumpers told the electors that Catholics are swarming in public offices in Toronto. The P. P. A. platform was built upon this and other assertions of an equally mendacious character, and upon the strength of them the propagandists of that order formulated an oath to be taken by its members, which as an incarnation of diabolic and malignant hate, Satan himself, with all his ingenuity, could not surpass. Mr. Marter and Dr. Ryerson appeared at the General Convention of the society in Hamilton, in 1894, giving countenance to its methods and asking its assistance in helping them to political power. From the depths of the deep Mr. Marter descended to a deeper gulf still when he appeared on the same platform in London with Mr. Essery, the associate and abettor of Margaret Shepherd, the defamer of everything which the Catholic religion holds sacred.

Catholics should be extremely careful in exercising their franchise, as the most unscrupulous and invertebrate of their enemies will solicit their support, and, if they succeed, make merry over the deception they have been able to procure.

Catholics need not expect fair treatment in the forthcoming contests from candidates who, like these gentlemen, have identified themselves with the cause of fanaticism, and no such devices as those which have been resorted to in the past, such as the issuing of fly-sheets reminding them of George Brown's abuse of their religion, should be of weight in deciding them as to the course they should follow.

The issue with us is, not what George Brown did, or what Sir John Macdonald failed to do, but it is whether Catholics are to be shut out from employment on account of their religion, and it shall be our duty to point out any injustice done in this respect to the Catholic body, whether the injustice come from the Ottawa or the Toronto Government. This duty we shall not hesitate to fulfill.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"But who am I? An infant in the night; An infant crying for the light And with no language but a cry."

VERMERE infants are we when we should be men. Playing with fads and fancies and giving ear to every uttered word of worn-out platitudes when we should be intent on the serious business of life. We waste our time. Many an hour is spent uselessly and sinfully in inspecting this or that book because some eminent critic has dubbed it "great." This may sound harsh in the ears of those who acclaim each production of the age as a very marvel of genius, though it may be and is oftentimes but the harvesting of the tares and weeds of the fields of literature. Let us be true to ourselves and to our principles and become not poor imitations of polished ungodliness. We hear for example that "The Maunmann," by Hall Caine, is one of the most popular books of the century. Mr. Gladstone pronounces it a strong book, and the world runs to purchase it. Catholic fathers place it in the family library, and young ladies even in their teens become hysterical over it. Such people have our sincerest sympathy. They are in a bad way, mentally and morally. No one can read such a book and be better and purer for it. It is unclean, and should be shut up in the lazaretto of oblivion. It contains, indeed, many exquisite passages, but why should we go to a dunghill to hunt for diamonds? Catholic parents should endeavor to provide their children with pure and wholesome reading. It is their duty—nay, it is an awful and sacred responsibility.

In order to dispel any doubt that may exist in some minds with regard to the attitude of the Church towards Temperance, we may say that, according to her teaching,

"Temperance is a virtue which restrains the appetite and inclines to that which is agreeable to right reason in our human acts, moderating the love and use of pleasures."

Hence the use of liquor according to right reason is not bad in itself, and consequently is not forbidden. The Church has condemned as heretical the assertion that drink cannot be used without sin. She prescribes total abstinence for all those to whom drink is an occasion, proximate or remote, of evil, and she exhorts us to practice it for the sake of our weaker brethren.

The woman righters are still smarting under the castigation administered them by His Eminence of Baltimore. The wise and prudent prelate's utterances were timely, and voiced the sentiments of the majority of the men and women of the country:

"There is only one realm where women should reign, and that is in the domestic kingdom. Woman, through her influence in the home, rules the country."

The Rev. Heber Newton, pastor of All Saints' Episcopal church, New York city, has in the past gained much notoriety by preaching from his pulpit doctrines contrary to the most fundamental truths of Christianity. He has thus stripped Christianity of all that distinguishes it from mere Deism or Rationalism, yet he retains the pastorate of his church without question, and is allowed to go on in his course of sapping whatever faith may be left in the minds and hearts of his congregation. From time to time some zealous believing colleague in the ministry announces his intention to institute a heresy trial against the errant clergyman, but hitherto these threats have all amounted to nothing, and for the last couple of Sundays Mr. Newton has been preaching unbelief in the reality of our Lord's resurrection from the dead. He admits that his present teaching is contrary to the doctrine inculcated by his Church, but

he says: "I claim the right to interpret for myself the language of the creeds to which I yield my unfeigned assent." It is difficult to see how he can be convicted of heresy in the face of the known fact that the Church bases its claim to the right of existence on this very principle of individual liberty of interpretation. Nevertheless no Church can afford to carry out such a principle of disintegration to its consequences, and it may be presumed that Mr. Newton's last escapade will result in his being brought to trial—though it is quite possible that he may be allowed to go scot free on the present, as on former occasions. The Anglicans appear to have no means to ensure that their clergy shall teach the faith of Christendom, even when the most important truths are concerned, and so the most contradictory doctrines are inculcated with impunity from the various pulpits. It is only when ministers go to the last extreme, as in the present instance, that any attention is paid to their vagaries, or that the public are anywise shocked by them.

The Rev. Robert Ker, the rector of the Church of England in St. Catharines, is one of those Protestant ministers who refuse to join in an anti-Catholic crusade because Catholics insist upon giving their children a religious education. Mr. Ker not only acknowledges that Catholics have a right to separate schools, but he also approves of the stand they take, and complinents them upon the earnestness with which they fought the battle for educational liberty in Manitoba. He says:

"In truth, the treatment accorded to the minority in this instance is a striking illustration of the common interpretation of civil and religious liberty, namely, a liberty to do as I do, because my view of the matter must be right, while your view is unquestionably wrong. I honor the minority for their faithful adherence to the unassailable right of a parent to have his child taught religion as a prime necessity of all education, and it is nothing short of disgraceful to find professing Protestants quite prepared to barter away religion to secure a purely Godless system of education which is working untold misery on this continent at the present moment. Speaking candidly as a clergyman of the English Church, but only speaking for myself individually, I would gladly see a parochial school established in connection with every parish and mission of our Church."

LORD SALISBURY and Mr. Balfour hold similar views in regard to the necessity of religious education and of the inalienable right of parents to take steps to give such an education to their children. They maintain, as we do, that the State is not justified in throwing obstacles in the way to prevent this. Lord Salisbury said recently, in a speech delivered at Limehouse:

"When you adopted compulsory education in 1870—you adopted it then and developed it afterwards—when you adopted compulsory education, you then came across the great problem, how were you to maintain religious liberty when the State forced the children to be educated, unless they took abundant precaution that every child should be educated in the religion of its parents? It is not only inconsistent with religious liberty—it is a gross violation of religious liberty, if the State comes in with its compulsory powers and takes away a child from its parents and brings that child up in a religious belief which the parents do not acknowledge; and, although it may be difficult to work our way to the state of things in which that principle shall be perfectly fulfilled, no expediency, no educational necessity, will justify us in leaving that principle out of sight, or what is more important, will content the people of England by whom that principle is greatly valued."

The English system of education is based on these lines.

The Owl is as racy and entertaining as ever, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is facile princeps amidst the various papers and reviews that come from our collegiate institutions. Some of the articles, pregnant with thought and remarkable for a rare beauty of diction, reflect much credit upon their writers, and testify to the superiority of the Ottawa University. We were very sorry that the last issue was marred by the crude remarks of the gentleman who compiles the "Notes." He is a very young man, or perchance an old man with odds and ends of information floating through his brain. Judging, however, from the false logic and incoherent statements, we are inclined to believe that he has yet to take his first bath in the cold but invigorating waters of Philosophy, that will temper his hot blood and tone up his mental system to such a degree

that he will think twice ere he again make use of insult against the Catholic newspapers of Ontario.

We are pleased to note that Rev. Dr. Cronin, editor of the Buffalo Union and Times, has returned home from the South much improved in health. The Catholic press could not well afford to lose such a brilliant writer as Father Cronin, and we trust he may be given length of years to do in the future, as in the past, effective work in the cause of faith and fatherland.

We have much pleasure in reproducing in this issue, from the Montreal True Witness, two articles bearing on the question of Irish Catholic representation; and we hope that those in whose hands has been placed the power of filling vacancies such as those referred to, will give due consideration to the statements advanced. Irish Catholics, we might truly say, look for no special favors: all they desire is simple justice. That they have not been treated fairly in the past is a fact beyond question. Politicians too often imagine that the Irish Catholic vote is a quantity that can be cajoled or bamboozled into a political wigwag just prior to each election; but as soon as the smoke of battle clears away the conviction once again takes hold of them that hewing wood and drawing water and janitorships are good enough for the average Irish Catholic. It will be just as well for all concerned to take notice that this mode of procedure has gone quite far enough, and that in future the Irish Catholic element will make itself felt at the polling booths against any political party which appears to be unwilling to do it full justice in the matter of appointments.

The True Witness of Montreal comes to us this week in eight-page form and printed with new type. We congratulate our contemporary on its improved appearance. Since Dr. Foran assumed control of the paper there has been a remarkable improvement in every respect. It is cleverly edited and well managed. If the Irish Catholics of Quebec do not give it that support to which it is so richly entitled they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

The Canadian Magazine for May is as usual bright and newsy. Capt. Henry Fry writes on the part of shipbuilding in Quebec city, and advances a strong plea to make the old city a place for the manufacture of steel ships. The other articles are up to the high standard that marks each number of this valuable magazine.

THE LOURDES MIRACLES.

The critical attitude towards miracles may be based on a fair and reasonable caution; it may proceed, on the other hand, from a captious tone of mind which asks for extravagant evidence—it may proceed, and often does, from timidity, from undue deference to Protestant and infidel opinion. This last kind is hard to overcome, and indeed cannot usually be convinced except by actual sight and demonstration. Evidence that is sufficient, though brought through witnesses, will not satisfy such an inert state of mind. The miracles of Lourdes have been lately attacked, and some seem inclined to say that no real and indubitable miracle has ever been proved there. Let us grant that for the present. It is nevertheless quite true that miracles may have taken place there all the same. Proof and fact are not correlative. Is it right and reasonable to think that miracles have taken place, though not proved? In other words, if hesitation of mind and suspense of judgment are reasonable, is it equally reasonable to expect miracles and believe in them without formal proof? Certainly it is. We are free to think that a miracle has taken place without waiting for the verdict of science. Our faith enjoins us to believe in miracles being possible. These prodigies of Divine Providence are scattered all along the highway of Christianity. They shine and sparkle in the Light. They are the consolation, the glory of the faithful. Innumerable miracles are believed which have never been formally proved. They are always possible—nay, probable in the sense that it is very improbable any age will be entirely without them. All theologians teach that the gift of miracles resides in the Church, and may at any time be manifested. It is clear, therefore, that a ready belief in miracles, an expectation, a love and wish for them, is reasonable, right and proper. This may be pushed too far. Granted. But perhaps not so easily or so dangerously as the critical and sceptical spirit. After all, superstition is more natural to man than scepticism. It is more man's part to believe too much than nothing. Unbelief has done nothing. It undermines and saps. It never constructs, nor will it ever raise any monument to itself save the graves of its deluded victims.

The greatness and power of God

make us expect to see His wonderful works. Miracles are a proof that God is personal—not bound by His own laws, able and willing, as a person must be, to dispense with an ordinary course of things, to change that course, to innovate, to grant dispensation and privileges. No doubt, miracles to be used as arguments require careful sifting, examination and proof. But it is not everybody who wants to argue—the multitude prefer to use and enjoy. Let the scientific school dissect, verify and prove; but let them not claim that their work is anything but what it is, a part of controversy. Faith believes that miracles are possible. It goes further, and thinks that they are probable. Faith has its own rights in this believing, and it does not by any means pause and ask leave of science before proceeding on its course.

What are we to say of Lourdes? That miracles are quite possible there. That if the faithful generally believe that miracles have taken place there, in all probability they have taken place. It is extremely unlikely, in such a case, that science should turn out right and the faithful wrong. Now what are the facts? For five and twenty years Lourdes has been before the Catholic world as a miracle-working place. The fact is notorious. It is extremely unlikely, therefore, that men of science should now be right if they deny that miracles have happened there. Faith has its own rights. The faithful have a free right to believe that the Lourdes miracles are genuine. They are not bound to wait for medical experts to speak first. So much for the rights of faith. Further, the fact is that scientific men and the ecclesiastical authorities have watched over Lourdes from the beginning. In no instances have the Bishops and priests refrained the faithful: quite the contrary. No medical man, therefore, has the right to begin at the beginning at this time of day. He must begin at the twenty-ninth year of Lourdes with all these facts behind him.

Let us suppose that medical men could disprove the Lourdes miracles. A greater wonder than any miracle would then stare them in the face. How could they explain a peasant child creating a town like Lourdes, and making it famous throughout the earth? If this thing can be done without a miracle, then there are wonders greater than miracles. The naturalists the supernatural. This fact has to be explained, and also likewise the unceasing pilgrims who believe, in spite of all that sceptical doctors can say, that Our Lady works miracles in Lourdes.

As regards the apparition, ecclesiastical authority in the person of the Bishop, has long ago pronounced in its favor after a rigorous examination and by a formal document. This approbation has been ratified by the concurrence of numberless pilgrims of all ranks. The apparition, then, is the source of some great favor. It is a cause. This is again reasonable to suppose that Our Lady appeared at Lourdes and enjoined pilgrimages for some purpose, and that the purpose is displayed in miraculous favors.

Few doctors are really capable of judging a miracle because perhaps they have never seen one. Their groove is a true one, but narrow, and in many cases they are incapable of rising to appreciate moral, ethical and historical facts. Their services are useful but their judgment has its limits; and we must not surrender the rights and privileges of simple faith to them for a moment.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

At a Papal Reception.

A curious episode is related as having taken place at a Papal reception, held in the spring of 1887. When the Pope approached the American group several Catholic women prostrated themselves before him and kissed his slipper. When he had given them his blessing he passed on to several others who were not Catholics and extended his hand. Two of the women kissed his ring, but a young girl who was with them, although kneeling, plainly manifested her determination not to do as the others had done, and, ignoring the outstretched hand, contended herself with inclining her head as the aged man stood before her.

There was something very like a smothered murmur of consternation throughout the hall. The Pope could not have helped noticing the girl's attitude. An amused smile passed over his face, and he said to the young woman in Italian: "You are one of my children just like the others even if you do not like me." When he had gone to the next group somebody translated to the rebellious young woman what the Pope had said. She knelt there for a minute or so looking at the aged man's face. Then she rose hastily and rushing over to where he was standing, threw herself impulsively on her knees before him and said: "I am ashamed, I am sorry. Please let me kiss your hand."

The Pope, of course, could not understand the words, but the girl's meaning was clear from her manner and the little, thin, trembling hand of the Pontiff was raised to bless her again, when the girl reverently bent over and kissed it. "Everything is well when the heart is right," said the Pope tenderly; and there was a suspicion of a tear in his eye as he moved on to the next kneeling figure.

Try to keep clear of prejudice, and be willing to alter any opinion you may hold when further light breaks upon your mind. He is clever beyond precedent, or weak beyond measure, who never sees reason to change his judgment of men and things.

JAPANESE CATHOLICS.

A Protestant Clergyman tells how the Church Thrived in Spite of Persecution.

Rev. George W. Knox, of Englewood, N. J., writing in the *New York Independent*, says:

The present Emperor of Japan came to the throne in 1867, and that year four thousand native Christians were torn from their homes and distributed as criminals throughout the empire. They had been "discovered" near Nagasaki, and were representatives of the Roman Catholics who had received the faith from their fathers and had kept it inviolate. The Emperor for six years followed the persecuting policy of the shoguns, but in 1873 religious liberty was tacitly allowed, and the exiles went home again.

Two incidents were related to me by one of the officials present at the banishment—incidents illustrative of the three centuries of persecution.

Men and women were bound and passed from hand to hand across the gangplank of the boat which waited to carry them away, handled and counted and shipped like bales of merchandise. One woman, thrown amiss, fell into the water, and her hand waved farewell in the sign of the cross as she sank, never to rise again.

Another concerned a woman, too, a mother with her infant at her breast. The officials determined to force her to recant, and failed. At last they took her infant, placed it beyond her reach and there left it wailing its hungry cry two days and nights, with promises all the time of full forgiveness to the mother and the restitution of her babe if she would recant. Recant she would not, and at last her torturers gave in, their cruel ingenuity exhausted.

My friend, a fair-minded man, who knew nothing of the faith, thought a religion which inspired such strength of purpose worthy of his study, and formed a resolution then which bore fruit long years after to himself and many others.

Fit representatives, these two, of the heroic remnant who defied the worst a ruthless Eastern tyranny could do, and in patience waited, teaching their children the same faith and patience, and these theirs again, until at last, after so many generations, a new era brought peace and safety.

A MIRACLE AMONG MISSIONS.

The history of the Roman Catholic Church in Japan is one of the miracles of missions, a story of great success, of tragic failure and of resurrection from the dead.

Xavier landed in Japan in 1549, was welcomed, successful and laid the foundations in his brief three years. With him and after him came other Portuguese Jesuits—men of learning, breeding, devotion, adroit and fitted to win victory. The time and circumstances favored them.

Japan was in feudal anarchy, the Emperor powerless, the shogun almost as feeble, the nobles at war with one another and the shogun. Kioto was in ruins, and there were devastation and suffering everywhere. Buddhism was at the lowest, without religious influence, sect arrayed against sect. No central government and no religious earnestness opposed the missionaries. They worked in comparative obscurity for ten years, and grew strong almost before their presence had been known. They adapted themselves with rare skill to their circumstances, with rare tact to their enemies, were magnificent where splendor availed and poor and humble where this seemed the better way.

Commerce was their efficient ally, the Portuguese merchants refusing barter to barons who refused the missionaries and favoring those who proved compliant. And these petty princes desired the lucrative foreign trade. So the missionaries gained strong protectors, and even sincere converts among the nobles, and the converts were more zealous than their teachers. Some of the nobles destroyed the temples in their dominions, drove out the priests and converted their subjects by decree.

After some years Nobunaga established something like central authority again. He hated the Buddhists, and favored the Christians for a time, was thought almost persuaded to be a Christian himself, had not the conditions, prohibiting polygamy and the like, been too severe. But Nobunaga soon went to his father (1582), and Akechi Mitsuhide, a younger son, continuing the work of centralization his predecessor had begun. Hideyoshi was not openly unfriendly for a time. One of his greatest generals was a Christian and several of his strongest nobles. But he was resentful, changeable, morose, and began the persecution of the priests when he was at last firmly in power and occasion given by missionary defiance of his law.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS CONVERTED.

Six Franciscans and three Jesuits with them, who also scorned deliverance, were taken, condemned, led as a spectacle hundreds of miles, gaining converts en route by their patience and humility, and were executed in Nagasaki, thus obtaining the crown they coveted. That was in 1593. Then the persecution stopped. The little cloud had passed; but it was the precursor of future storms. At the end of the century there were more than half a million Christians in the west and south. Nobunaga died after a while, and after wars with the adherents of his son, Iyasu took the empire to himself and gave Japan such a government, so strong and masterful, as it had not known for centuries. By and by, when there was peace, and no one dared oppose, he persecuted the Church—he and his descendants persecuted unto death.

The writer then gives a graphic description of the persecution of Catholics during the succeeding centuries, and the progress of the Church, in spite of all the cruel opposition of its enemies. In conclusion he says:

Since 1873 the Roman Catholic missionaries have carried on their work throughout Japan chiefly by schools and hospitals, and in private, without attracting much attention. Their converts are from the humblest walks in life, and the Church is composed, for the most part, of the communities near Nagasaki, the descendants of the converts made 300 years ago. There are one Archbishop, four Bishops, many foreign priests and nuns and 46,682 adherents.

So again the Roman Catholic Church prospers in Japan—not because its missions are allied with trade, or because feudal barons destroy temples and drive out Buddhist priests, but because these humble folk, without priest or book or sacrament or public assembly, endured in faith and were stronger in their ignorance and obscurity than the power and wisdom of the world.

THE POWER OF A GOOD ACTION.

The feeling of pure happiness that springs from the consciousness of having done a good act or spoken a kind word to an afflicted fellow-creature partakes in some degree of the nature of that pure joy which is felt by the elect of God.

The bare will and desire to do good pre-supposes a good heart, which is the central seat from which all beneficent promptings are supposed to flow. Hence the wide difference between good deeds that are done from motives of true charity and those of the more public character which usually proceed from interested motives, causing the benefactors to crave after worldly applause and the esteem of men. The good actions that are performed in the spirit of real brotherly love and for the single and disinterested purpose of relieving distress seek no outward recompense. The inward feeling of gladness that follows the performance of the meritorious action is a more precious species of satisfaction than anything that the world has in its power to bestow. A remarkable evidence of this truth recently came under the personal notice of the writer.

It was somewhat of an exceptional case, in that a combination of adverse happenings had conspired to embitter the life and darken the prospects of a man whose natural temperament rather inclined him to view the world on its dark side, but who was otherwise well grounded in the truth of religion and staunch in his unbounded faith in the guidance and protection of an over-ruling Providence.

In spite, however, of his rational trust and confidence in the unseen powers, the temporary embarrassments of the moment had driven the despondent person almost to the point where hope ceases to exist and is supplanted by the dark shadows bordering upon despair. While in this unhappy frame of mind the tempted one paid a visit to a house of sickness, and having entered the sick chamber he drew near to the bed where suffering humanity was laid and began to contrast that case of real affliction which stared him in the face with his own imaginary sorrows. The vivid force of reality quickly dispelled his delusions, and instead of seeing cause in his own case for grievances, he beheld ample grounds for thankfulness. And melting into a state of peaceful repose he poured into the ear of the prostrate person such words of hope, cheer and consolation as he was able to command.

The visible relief depicted in the countenance of the sick sufferer reacted upon his mind in a two-fold sense. It not only scattered his own gloomy forebodings, but it proved beyond doubt that in trying to help others we benefit ourselves. If, then, we enlarge the application of this one solitary instance to the thousands of a kindred nature that are daily occurring in every community, could we not form a fair estimate of the vast amount of good and domestic happiness that would accrue to the great human family if each Christian member thereof would only do his duty, one to another? Since the day Adam transgressed down to the present moment no truth has more clearly demonstrated nor more painfully enforced than this—that humanity, in its fallen state, has no claim to immunity from pains and penalties, sufferings and privations. The Redeemer of mankind has made it equally clear that these are not evils in themselves, but rather the restraints and needful corrections which Providence has wisely interwoven in the life of man to touch him at his highest destiny awaits him in the after life and that the earthly existence is merely a preparatory pilgrimage towards the better home.

Whether we take nations, communities or persons, all experience proves that the hand of misfortune—it may be the rod of correction—falls with more crushing force upon some than upon others. When this is the case, the voice of Christian charity is heard, calling out in trumpet tones upon the luckier and more favored portion of mankind to come to the rescue. If they, by reason of their hardness of heart, prove recreant to the call of duty, great indeed will be their responsibility. If those who have never suffered defeat in life's combat refuse the hand of succor to those who have fallen in the fray, they are deliberately ignoring a plain obligation which is imposed by the natural law of charity. And while they are

keeping the sunshine out of the lives of the dependent poor by their wrongful holding of the boon of timely relief, they are depriving themselves of that sweet source of human bliss which flows from the inward knowledge of having eased the mind and heart of an oppressed and struggling fellow-mortals. The philosophic and Christian workers who have tasted the most joys that this world can afford are unanimous in their testimonial that true happiness consists in the well-ordered and punctual discharge of the moral and Christian duties which are enjoined by the Divine law. Outside of that sphere many apparently good actions are performed which yield no satisfaction, simply because they are intermixed with unworthy elements or proceed from unworthy motives.

Philanthropy is a form of going good; still it is not of that reliable or practical character which first searches out cases of real distress near home. Philanthropists usually aim pretty high and banker after notoriety through the performance of lofty deeds that attract the attention of the world and places the name of the performers high up on the roll of fame. This is the legitimate outcome of world ambition, which is, no doubt, useful and meritorious in so far as princely donations and endowments can contribute to the material well being of a nation or community.

The Catholic Church is, however, the best exponent and dispenser of good actions. Her entire mission consists in doing good. Next, after the execution of her divine commission to save and win souls for heaven, comes her paternal care for the temporal welfare of God's poor, who are the most numerous in every land. Through the sacred ministrations of her self-sacrificing Bishops and devoted priesthood, the spiritual needs of the abject poor are as zealously guarded as those of the highest in the land. Through her charitable institutions the pangs of temporal misfortune are mitigated as far as disposable human means can go. Through the active operation and commendable zeal of her Societies of St. Vincent de Paul and her angelic Sisterhoods, the abodes of wretchedness and poverty are constantly visited and the suffering inmates are soothed and consoled by the inspiring words of heavenly hope that lift up the heart and soul to the contemplation of the never-ending life beyond the grave. These veritable messengers of heaven joyfully penetrate into regions of pestilence and death that would horrify and retard the operations of the public philanthropist.

The incentives that prompt the actions of the two classes of benefactors are as wide apart as the poles. With the one the recompense sought for is the immediate applause of the world. In the other case, earthly recompense or human praise is not expected, but heavenly reward is hoped for.—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

He joined the A. P. A., but Soon Left It for the Catholic Church.

Rev. W. G. Moren, who recently left the Lutheran for the Catholic Church, tells of an interesting experience, according to the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*: He said he was educated for the ministry in Sweden and became a Methodist, though believing in many Catholic doctrines. When he came to this country he found the Methodist Church distasteful because it proclaimed a very high ideal and did not live up to it. So he went back to the old fold again and studied for the ministry at Little Rock Seminary, in Illinois.

"My first charge," he said, "was in Texas, but the crops failed and they could pay me nothing, so I had to come East. In this city I got along very well, until a year ago, when my health broke down and they told me to take a rest and not trouble myself about the work, as they would look out for it; so I went away, and then those who did not like me broke out. They were all divided into factions, and because I would not pronounce the blessing after the services they made charges of not keeping the congregation in order. The president of the conference sent for me, but I was sick and could not attend and asked him to see me some other time, but could not arrange it. Just before this I joined the A. P. A., because I wanted to see both sides, as I had long made up my mind that I must take my stand against the Roman Catholic Church or go with her. When I returned to this country from my visit abroad I determined to see if any Protestant Church could satisfy me, and went to see Bishop Lawrence of the Episcopal Church and asked him if I could become a clergyman of that Church. He told me I could if I passed an examination, but would be put on probation for a time and would have to secure a recommendation from any former parishioners. Afterwards I went to Rev. B. S. Conroy of Worcester for books to read on the Roman Catholic Church, and by reading them I was convinced and was received into the Church." When asked if he intended to enter the priesthood he said: "If God wills it I will, but I can only wait until light has been given me."

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ROME AND ANGLICANISM.

A Timely Contribution on a Subject of Great Moment. — Jesse Albert Locke, Formerly an Anglican Clergyman of New York, but Now a Catholic, Points Out Errors in a Letter from a Daily Paper's Correspondent in Rome.

The *New York Sun* has a clever correspondent in Rome. On Sunday, last, April 28, one of his letters was published, which was in many respects admirable, but as regards some matters absolutely incorrect and misleading. He shows a very keen appreciation of the character of Leo XIII. In the following sentence he gives very succinctly the key to the marvellously successful character of the present Pontificate and the wonderful impression which Leo has made upon our own times: "Throughout his career, Leo XIII. has shown that his mind, so gentle and so subtle, has always been able to distinguish between what is eternal and what is mutable in the Church." With no compromise of his authority or his just rights as the Vicar of Christ, he made perfectly distinct what is accidental and temporary. He made it perfectly clear that the Church is committed to the approval of no one form of civil government when he expressed his desire that Catholics in France give a hearty allegiance to the Republic. He has shown in his concessions to the Eastern Churches which have returned to unity with the Holy See, that even the use of the Latin Liturgy is one of the mutable things which may sometimes be sacrificed for a great good.

The *Sun* correspondent's estimate of Lord Halifax must be endorsed by every one, Catholic or Anglican, who knows anything about him. He is indeed a most earnestly religious man, "of rare elevation of mind and character." No one who has read his address on "Reunion" can doubt the sincerity of his desire to see England and Rome once more ecclesiastically one. Indeed, few realize how intense the longing for reunion with Rome has grown in England. The Order of the Holy Redeemer, a society in the Church of England, has for its avowed object the bringing of England back to obedience to Rome. It uses a hymn to St. Thomas of Canterbury (A. Becke), from which the following lines are quoted:

"Glorious Martyr, hear us praying,
Far from Peter's See we roam;
See thy flock St. Thomas, striving;
Gather them and lead them home;
* * * * *

By thy last grand prayer of anguish
Lead our England, lead thy England
Back to St. Peter's See at Rome!"

But this writer quite misunderstands and misrepresents Cardinal Vaughan. I have had the privilege of meeting his Eminence and of conversing with him on this very matter, and I have read carefully what he has written about it. He, too, like Leo XIII., is able to distinguish between the eternal and the mutable in the Church. He certainly has no spirit of narrow conservatism. The following quotation from his address on "The Reunion of Christendom" at Preston last September will show this. "The Catholic Church," he says, "cannot accept reunion or communion, were it even to unite the whole human race, on the condition of change or modification or compromise in her own Divine constitution. The charter of her constitution was drawn up by her Divine Founder. It is, therefore, altogether outside her power or authority to alter it. But the Church is free for the sake of some greater good to admit changes and modifications in her discipline and in her legislation which concern times and circumstances. She has power over her own commandments and over questions of discipline, such as clerical celibacy, communion under both kinds, over her liturgy and the language in which the liturgy is clothed. Nor would she hesitate again to make concessions, as she did in times past, for the sake of some great good, could they be shown to surpass in value adhesion to the points of discipline to be relaxed." Nothing could be more in accordance with the spirit and policy of Leo than this.

The Cardinal, however, being in no more intimate touch with English life than any one at Rome can be, sees how improbable is any "compromise reunion" or return of the Anglican Church as a body to unity with Rome. In the first place, many Anglicans who are making approaches to Rome are anxious to have their orders recognized, not that they may come back to obedience to the Holy See, but that they may be more content to stay where they are. Secondly, genuine as the desire for return to Rome is on the part of many, the Church of England while established by law could never take such a step. She is bound hand and foot by the State. If disestablishment should come, the majority would rule in a voluntary society and the majority would not consent to return to the Roman obedience. So the only practical or possible method is for Anglicans, whether in larger or smaller numbers at any one time, to take the step individually.

"Innominate" thinks that no question of dogma separates the Anglican Church from Rome. But the Archbishop of Canterbury probably voices the sentiment of the majority when he says as he did recently in propos of Lord Halifax's address: "Any corporate union with Rome, so long as she retains her distinctive and erroneous doctrines, and advances her present unprimitive and unscriptural claims, is absolutely visionary and impossible."

The rumors reported in "Innomi-

nato's" letter of the practical endorsement of the validity of Anglican orders by the Pope and of his agreement to allow Anglican clergymen who become converts to be ordained *sub conditione* are certainly incorrect. For the *London Tablet* of April 13 (a paper which belongs to Cardinal Vaughan and which does not make official statements recklessly) says: "We are able to state that the many paragraphs which have appeared in the daily papers representing the Holy See as about to make some important announcement as to the validity of Anglican orders, are absolutely unfounded. The question has not even been under examination at Rome. The learned Abbe Duchesne has not committed himself to any unqualified affirmation that Anglican orders are valid. His contention has been that if certain historical facts could be established their validity would be a necessary consequence. The *Tablet* is publishing a series of exhaustive papers on the subject considered historically. The Abbe Bonidinhon has published a brochure on Anglican orders which gives an adverse judgment. The Catholic Church could certainly never make a greater concession than to allow ordination *sub conditione*. She could never accept Anglican orders absolutely, for, as even the Abbe Duchesne admits, the most favorable view possible leaves such a large residuum of doubt that the Catholic Church could never allow the administration of the sacraments to be clouded by such an amount of uncertainty.

But with so many who honestly desire the truth and who long for the healing of Christendom's divisions engaged upon the matter, great good must surely result from a thorough and earnest discussion of the questions at issue.

Unvarnished Facts.

Rome always speaks with deliberation. The Papacy is the least changeable power in the world, changing not at all in dogma and rarely ever in temporal policy. Hence those Catholic "Knights of Pythias" in Indiana who imagine that they can induce the Vatican to annul the decree prohibiting Catholic membership in the order must be unfamiliar with the method of procedure there. In truth, the Knights of Pythias were condemned last year by the Catholic Church, under the supreme authority of the Pope, as were two other secret societies, for reasons satisfactory to the See of Peter, which is the world. That condemnation will not be withdrawn under pressure upon the Vatican, or on account of any fuss raised by Indiana or other members of the condemned order. Catholicity is definite and constant in law and morals, as in dogma.

It appears that the disobedient nominal Catholic members of the condemned society in Indiana seek for defense in the allegation that the priests "do not heartily enforce the decree." We do not believe it. The priests of the Catholic Church and all the prelates of it are bound to enforce the decree, bound to inflict the prescribed penalty upon every man calling himself a Catholic and receiving the sacraments of the Church which obeys it. The priest who fails of his duty in this matter will surely be brought under discipline. We doubt whether any priest in the United States will require to be disciplined on this account.

When Rome speaks, all faithful Catholics obey. He who disobeys is not for Rome.—*New York Sun*.

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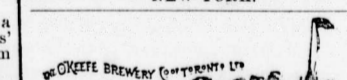
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BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.
And did you think my heart
Could keep its love unchanging?

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sunday Within the Octave of the Ascension.

THE CONSTANT STRUGGLE.

"Be prudent, therefore, and watch in prayer."

What a happiness many Christians have at the Easter-time through confession and Communion, and how desirable it is that this happiness should continue!

"Be prudent, therefore," and do not let yourselves be ensnared again by evil. Consider the great happiness which you now have, and compare it with your great misery when you were in danger of being lost for ever.

"What curious shapes the coils seem to take," he said, after a short silence. His wife put down her knitting as she answered:

"They do. I have often observed it, more particularly in my younger days when I had more time to watch them than I have now."

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Secret of Success.

BY PHILIP BURROUGHS STRONG.
Choose thou, O youth, thy path in life!

Determined what thy aim shall be,
Toil with that aim in view;

Remember this: We can attain
What fully we intend;

They win in life who will to win;
They fail who faint and fear;

There is no mount too high to scale,
No stream too wide to span;

So choose, O youth, thy path in life,
With firm resolve decide;

Bring all thy powers into the strife;
Success shall thee betide!

Peter's First and Last Voyage.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

Peter Lincoln wanted to be a sailor. His father and mother, without actually forbidding him to think of it, did all they could to discourage him in what they knew to be a foolish idea.

But Peter had lived to be fifteen without feeling any great longing to be a sailor, when suddenly the taste seemed to develop and nothing could divert his boyish mind from its purpose.

One Autumn evening he sat beside the fire with his father and mother, his little sister Fanny on his knee. Peter loved Fanny dearly, and petted her a great deal. She was only four years old, and he thought nothing of carrying her on his back half a mile to the beach where he would fill her little basket with shells, and her brother told her of all the beautiful things he intended to buy her when he should be captain of a large vessel.

"What curious shapes the coils seem to take," he said, after a short silence. His wife put down her knitting as she answered:

"They do. I have often observed it, more particularly in my younger days when I had more time to watch them than I have now."

"Put that nonsense out of your head at once and finally," said his father, more sharply than was his custom to speak. "I am tired of hearing only ships, schooners and men-of-war, for breakfast, dinner and supper. One voyage would be enough to cure you of your delusions, foolish boy!"

"A lump rose in Peter's throat, but he saw a shade of hope in his father's last words."

"O, let me take that one voyage, then," he said. "The Sally-Ann will sail on Monday for South America; they want a cabin-boy. I have seen the advertisement posted on the docks. Do let me go, father. O mother, please coax him, won't you?"

"I, Peter," said his mother, with trembling lips, "it would break my heart to see it."

"Go to bed, sir," said his father sternly, "and never let me hear the word ship from your lips again, till I give you leave to say it, which will only be after I am satisfied that you are cured of your insensate folly."

Peter arose in silence, tears in his eyes and rank rebellion in his boyish heart. "Good-night," he said, solemnly, and left the room without looking around, though Fanny besought him not to forget her good-night kiss.

For a long time he sat on the side of the bed, his face buried in his hands. After a couple of hours spent thus, he got up, and going softly from closet to drawer and from drawer to closet, he collected a few articles of clothing which he hid up in a large bandanna handkerchief that had lain around in the bureau ever since he could remember. In all the books he had read sea-faring men invariably carried their baggage in this way, and he meant to be true to their time-honored traditions. Then, taking a long-discarded sailor cap from a peg in the closet, he set it well back on his head, looking in the glass to see the effect. After removing his shoes, he was about to steal down stairs when he remembered that they creaked badly, and his father and mother might not yet be asleep.

"Discretion is the better part of valor," said the misguided boy, in a tragic tone, also learned from his visits to the library. "I will bide my time; from which preparations it will easily be inferred that he meant to run away. He sat down on the bed again and waited till he heard the town-clock striking midnight, then he quickly

THE RUNAWAY BOY.

Glad he came back when he found out that he was not missed.

This is how James Whitcombe Riley introduced Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston to an audience:

"There was once a boy—an aggrieved unappreciated boy—who grew to dislike his own home very much and found his parents not at all up to the standard of his requirements as a son and disciplinarian. He brooded over the matter, and one morning before breakfast climbed over the back fence and ran away. He thought of the surprise and remorse of his parents when they discovered that he had indeed gone, and he pictured with rained colors the place he would make for himself in the world. He would show his parents that he would not brook their ill-treatment, and that he could get along better without them. Some way this feeling of exhilaration died out as the long, hot hours wore on. There came a time when other boys went home to dinner. He raided a neighboring orchard. The afternoon seemed endless. A knotted, rigid sort of an aching spot came into his throat that seemed to hurt him worse when he didn't notice it than when he did. It was a very curious, self-assertive, opinionated sort of a pain.

"It was nearly dark when the struggle was given up and the boy slowly walked along the dusty road toward home. When he reached the wood-pile he gathered up a load of wood and carried it in with him. The hired girl was washing the supper dishes, but she did not seem to have noticed that he had been away. He sauntered carelessly into the pantry, but the cupboard was locked. He went out to the back yard and washed his feet at the rain barrel. Everything seemed pleasanter than it ever had before. The trellis flitting among the grape vines, the reflection of the stars in the rain barrel, were soothing to the tired boy. Then he walked straight into the old sitting-room. His father didn't look up from his paper; his mother was so busy sewing she didn't notice his entrance.

"He sat meekly down on the edge of a chair. Why didn't somebody say something? He was ready to be scolded or punished, anything rather than this terrible silence? If the clock would only strike it would be a relief. He heard the boys shouting far down the street, but had no desire to join them—no, never again in the world. He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:

"I see you've got the same old cat."

"That boy," said Mr. Riley, "was Richard Malcolm Johnston, in whose heart still abides a love for the simple homes and firesides of the humblest of his fellows."

OPPOSE RITUALISM.

St. Louis Episcopalians Are at Logger-heads Over High Church Practices—Low Churchmen Classified as Thugs.

A war has broken out between the 'High' and 'Low' Church Episcopalians in St. Louis. It grows out of the formation of the Protestant Episcopal association in that city, whose object is to combat the ritualistic practices and aping of Catholics which has been in such vogue among Episcopalians recently. The Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and the Guild of All Saints are particularly objectionable to the new organization, as it is claimed these societies are active in the propaganda of peculiarly Roman Catholic tendencies.

The clergy who are opposed to the societies say its members intend to strike at ritualism through the contribution box and the diocesan treasury. So acute is the tension that the Rev. Dr. Robert A. Holland, rector of St. George's parish, has taken up the fight for the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and the Guild of All Saints and gave out for publication this searching criticism of the new anti-ritual Low Church association:

"To lie in wait and strike from the dark is base enough among assassins, but to consecrate it with the religion of Christ and to make it a method of propagandism in the Church of God, beats the baseness of thugs whose craven cruelty shares those of their own tribe if it does use stealth and guile in striking down its outside foes."

"What might excuse these conspirators against their own Church is their ignorance of that Church's doctrine and polity. I doubt if one of them knows what ritualism means: I doubt if one of them has read a history of his Church; I doubt if one of them could give any reason why he is a churchman at all. I am quite sure that none of them knows that nearly every practice he opposes has already been adjudicated by the highest courts of the Church and decided to be legal. If candles on the altar are ritualistic, then St. Paul's cathedral in London is ritualistic and Bishop Potter's private chapel in New York is ritualistic, and these ought to be evicted at once from the Church of which these blockheads would be landlords. Poor things, poor things! They will soon wriggle out their brief spasm. But what is it in the church of St. Louis that makes it possible that only here, of all cities in America, such maggots should be bred?"

"Why, you are not undressed," she said. "For once I forgot to come in before I went to bed, and here you are lying on the bed outside the clothes. And with that old sailor-cap beside you. Well, well, undress quickly now and get into bed."

"Mother!" said the boy, clasping her tightly in his arms and kissing her again and again. "I have had a horrid dream. I do not want to go to sea. I shall never want to go again. Tell father so, and sleep in peace."

Before she left him he had told her all, hewn in waiting for midnight he had fallen asleep, and had dreamed the dream in which he made his first and last voyage as a sailor.

He could not sleep again until he had untied the red bandanna and replaced the articles he had intended to take with him; for now, and ever after the thought of going to sea became as repugnant to him as it had once been delightful.

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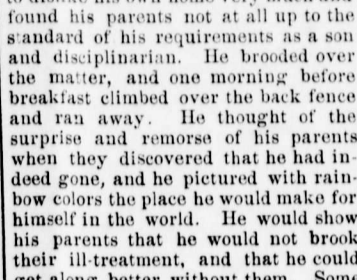
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The Pope and the Sunday's Rest.

The Holy Father has sent to M. Keller, President of the Association for the Sunday's Rest in France, the following letter, just published in the Roman journals:

Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction! Very grateful to Us have been your letters, especially that which gives Us information dear to Us concerning the Association for the observance of the Sunday's repose. It is true that France abounds in pious works usefully founded by the generous activity of her sons, but it pleases Us to point out that over which you preside among those which are especially distinguished for the nobility and holiness of their aims.

This your Association tends directly to cause to be rendered to God, as is just, a due homage by the cessation of work, as He Himself rigorously ordered even from the beginning of the Old Law. Hence We commend your work, and all the more readily do We look upon it with love, since contempt for the holiday of the Lord, is, day by day, the cause of new and great evils, both for men and nations.

As to you, Beloved Son, and to your companions, who are so well inspired, We think it just to give you Our exhortation. We wish that what so far you have been doing spontaneously, and upon your own initiative, you will continue to do in the future in compliance with Our invitation.

May God look with complacency upon your organization and the manifold works done by you for His cause, and may you find a pledge of Divine favors in the Apostolic Blessing which We impart to you, Beloved Son, and to all those who, with you, devote themselves to so salutary an enterprise.

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BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER, Attorneys for the society "L'Alliance Nationale." Montreal, 19th Dec., 1894. 858-9

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