

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XVI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

NO. 835.

DOCTOR BATAILLE AND HIS WORK.

"The Devil in the 19th Century."

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Doctor Bataille, the Frenchman who is making such astounding revelations regarding Freemasonry and devil worship, deserves more than a passing notice. Although his work may, at first glance, look like fiction, a careful study of it and a comparison of his revelations and documents, with the writings of a host of other authors, ex-Freemasons as well as others, can not but leave the impression on the unbiased reader that the doctor is sincere and knows of what he is writing. In the introduction to his great work, in two volumes of nearly one thousand large pages each, which is now approaching completion, he explains how he happened to form the resolution of investigating and exposing the aims and doings of secret societies.

As an old physician of the Messageries Maritimes Steamship Co. he was making trips from Marseille to Japan in the year 1880. Returning from China on the Steamship *Anadyr* they put in at Ceylon to receive passengers and freight from India. The doctor, as was his wont, closely watched the embarking passengers. While doing so he received a familiar slap on his shoulder from behind. Turning around he saw a man who turned out to be an old acquaintance of the doctor's, having made many trips with him in the interest of an Italian silk-house. Signor Carbuccia—this was his name—had changed so much since the doctor had seen him last that he had some difficulty in placing him. Carbuccia, who had been a gay bon-vivant, an infidel who had often twisted the doctor on account of his firm adherence to the old historic faith and practices of the Catholic Church, was turned into a complete wreck of humanity with unsteady eye and lank, shabby body—sick unto death in body and soul. At first Carbuccia was loath in accounting for this strange and almost sudden change. But being hard pressed by the doctor, who desired to help his old friend, if possible, was finally prevailed upon to tell his story. He related how he had rose to join the Freemasons; how he rose, step by step, to the highest degree—that of Sublime Hermetic Philosopher of the Rite of Mesraim—after having paid pretty stiff sums of money for the various promotions. Finally he was initiated into the mysteries of magic or sorcery, at the sessions of which the spirits of Luther, Voltaire and other departed celebrities were evoked and appeared like shadows or phantoms and disappeared without speaking or acting as if they had bodies.

"Now on this my last trip to Calcutta," continues Carbuccia, "I went to see my friends of the Palladium, in that city, who had just received a new ritual of magical ceremonies from Albert Pike, the chief High Priest of the order at Charleston, South Carolina. "I was invited to a grand and important meeting. A Mr. Shekleton had just returned from China with certain objects said to be necessary for the magical performances necessary to the new ritual. At the meeting these objects were produced—three heads of Catholic missionaries recently put to death under horrible tortures by the pagans; they were tortured by a document signed and sealed by the Tao-Tai (governor) of the Province of Kiang Si and vouched for by him as genuine.

"The heads were placed on a table. We were directed by the master of ceremonies to form a triangle around the table. Then the Grand Master took a dagger, walked up to the table and struck the steel into each of the skulls, saying: 'Cursed be Adonai and his Christ! Blessed be Lucifer!' We had all to do the same. Now all the lights but one were put out. The Grand Master by the remaining light read the formula of evocation, from Pike's new ritual, addressed to Lucifer himself. When this was done we extended our arms as if to welcome some one. A violent movement of the air was felt, although the door remained closed, so that the only burning light was blown out. An underground groaning was heard, accompanied by awful noises and quaking of the earth, at a loud thunderclap resounded and at once the hall was brilliantly illuminated. A few seconds later we saw a human figure sitting on the Grand Master's throne. The Grand Master fell on his knees—we did likewise. After a few moments the figure sitting in the Grand Master's chair said: 'Rise, my children, and fear not.' We obeyed. I looked closely at the newcomer. He was not like the phantoms of Luther, Voltaire, etc., that I had seen before; but seemed to be a real person with body and bones, but his body radiating light, not receiving it from outside sources."

"He then addressed us in excellent English, exhorting us to combat his mortal enemy unflinchingly, with all our might; told us not to fear death, and promised to receive us in his imperishable kingdom for all eternity as our reward. Then he made the round from one to the other of us, looking intently for a little while at each one. Having finished the round he again came straight up to my left hand neigh-

bor, Mr. Shekleton, and said to him: 'Give me your hands.' As he stretched them out the strange visitor grasped them and immediately as if struck by an electric shock Shekleton gave one unearthly shriek. Lucifer suddenly disappeared at the same moment and left us in utter darkness. The candles being lighted we looked at Shekleton sitting in his chair—a corpse.

"The Grand Master then said in a low, solemn voice: 'Immortal glory to our brother Shekleton! Our all-powerful god has chosen him.' Then I fainted with fright, and when I came to found myself in a room attended by three of my companions of the Palladium.

"This horrible experience has cured me thoroughly of my former infidelity, and I promise you I will make my peace with my God and my Church, come what may."

Doctor Bataille, who at first could not believe Carbuccia's strange story, was so struck with the natural, sincere and open manner of his old friend that he could not attribute it further to hallucination. The more he heard of him during the voyage the more he was confirmed in the belief that Carbuccia had told him what he had actually seen and heard. Then and there the doctor determined to make the study and exposure of secret societies his life-work. Carbuccia seconded him heartily in this resolve, and gave him all the information regarding signs and passwords and persons to whom to apply for gaining admission to the lodges. Carbuccia, having made his peace with the Church, regained his composure, but changed his name and country, fearing the vengeance of his former associates. For doing this he had excellent reasons. In his early youth, he related, he was one day, in boyish fashion, looking for birds' nests in a dense forest near his home. While on a tree he saw a half a dozen men approaching to where he was; these turned out to be a duelling party, the two duellants, armed with swords, stationed themselves opposite each other, attended by their seconds. All at once one of the duellants was pounced upon by the seconds and was told that he had to die, because he, a Carbonaro member of a revolutionary secret society, had revealed the society's secrets to the Government. The alleged traitor was then stabbed through the heart by his opponent. Later, as Freemason and Palladist, Carbuccia often met Carbonari in the lodges, and feared that his former brothers would treat himself also like a traitor.

Doctor Bataille, having obtained his ecclesiastical superiors' permission, set out on his self-imposed mission of investigation and exposure, without, however, even once compromising his conscience, religion or manhood by taking any unlawful oaths or becoming guilty of acts forbidden by the law of God and His Church.

ON THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

The Eloquent Sermon of a Learned English Bishop.

At the recent dedication of a new church in Norwich, England, Bishop Hedley of the diocese of Newport and Menevia, preached a most eloquent sermon on the existence of God. He said:

"If you ask me what it is that has given substance and form to the conviction that there is a God, I say that it is the discussion of the problem of organization. You could not have had the play and motion of this universe unless there were a God! I do not speak of the origin of life; but of the origin of that primeval fact which we call movement, change or succession. It is this of which the universe is literally made up; and some will tell you that the world, the earth, the sea, the sky, and the living things therein—are in fact nothing but the effect produced upon your senses by the inconceivably rapid rhythmic motion of practices too small to be estimated by the faculties of man. Did motion once begin? Or had it no beginning? If it had no beginning, then the number of series of movements must be infinite even now. But an infinite series is an impossibility; that is, as much an impossibility as that twice two should make five. And if the number of motions is infinite to-day, it was infinite yesterday; but to-day it is certain that the number has been added to; therefore, one infinite is greater than another infinite; therefore, it must be that we can go back to the first movement—the first shock of change, which set the universe in motion, or, if you please, which made the universe what it is. It seems to me—and I frankly own that it is inconceivable that anyone can think otherwise—that primary motion must have been caused by something outside of the universe. It could not have come from the dead universe itself, even if it had already any existence. Therefore, there was an outside cause. I am equally clear when I come to the question of the origin of life, or at least of sensation. If to feel were merely to be acted upon, it would be a difficult matter. If the too bright sun merely wounded the delicate tissue of the eye, or the fire merely hurt the material we call our body, I should not

seek a further power or cause. But we all know that to feel is more than the light or the heat can cause. It is a reaction, one and indivisible, of some single undivided essence. The soul, which is the headquarters of sensation, must have originated outside of dead and senseless matter. No fresh arrangement of particles—no refining, no intensifying, no quickening of the time beats of matter—can give that profound difference between the things that are deaf and blind and the things which thrill with the shock of feeling. The difference is the difference of existence and negation—and if it ever began to be, as it must have done, it proclaims a cause, in which all that it means already exists, and much more; exists virtually, at least.

But—to end this too abstract discussion—it is when I cast my eyes upon man—upon my own soul and upon yours—that I see most overpoweringly the force of the grand principle that the origin of things is outside this universe. A man is part of the universe; and he is part of the animal and sentient life of the universe; and all that has been urged from movement and sensation can be illustrated and enforced in man. But in man there is also something else. When the explorer in the lattices of the pole sees from the deck of his ship the Northern lights streaming up the concave of the sky, he knows that there is something there under the rocky coast line, or the silent ice, or the restless Polar Sea. All through the human ages, amid the fiery dance of the atoms, the long struggle of forces, and the stupendous play of the great physical laws, a certain spiritual light has shined upon the world. It has had its dawns and its twilights, its noontides and its evenings. It has varied its intensity and the incidence of its rays has shifted. But no generation has ever been without it, and it is essential and prerogative of human nature. It is what we call truth, and justice, and right and wrong, and beauty, and the connection of the final triumph of good over evil. You may analyze it into more component parts than these, or into fewer, according to the power of the pressure you have; but these are enough to make me certain that there is a power outside this universe. Nay, one ray of this light of intelligence would amply suffice for a single intellectual judgment unites things and divides things which are found neither in earth, nor sky, nor ocean. But if you take the whole steady effluence of spiritual illumination, you can no more think of its being originated in matter or sense than you can believe the colors of the sunset to come out of the dark and formless clouds of the evening. Consider what you have. You have forces acting in a plane altogether lifted above weight, mass, motion, or sensation; you have the formation of a world, abstract and conceptual, whose very materials are abstract—so that, compared with them, even the other is gross, and the structures of the finest imagination palpable; and you have the universal race of men, always and everywhere, endowed with the same material and agreeing in the immediate and primary results. The light of the intelligence indicates God. That is, it demonstrates an external source; a source which is itself living and intelligent; and therefore personal: in other words, a living person.

There is one word more to be said. The first or primary origin of being, life and intelligence is, by the force of the terms, self-endowed with these prerogatives. That source is the absolute source. An absolute source, in the immaterial world, is another name for a limitless ocean. And the ocean of being, without shore or bottom, is the absolute infinite. Thus the very light of our faculties and the law of cause and effect place within human grasp the infinite and everlasting God.

I would ask you now to follow me into another thought. It is a common thing to hear men say, in this age of culture, that to admit the possibility or even the existence of God is not to admit the obligation of any religious profession or of any moral self-restraint. Various reasons will be given for this position—as, for example, that if God made my nature He meant me to live according to my nature; or, that a man's life and conduct are absolutely determined by the conditions which surround him; or, that nobody can be sure, at least in details, what is right or wrong, good or evil. But, without going into these reasonings, I would ask you to consider the very striking idea of human life which we obtain the moment that we seize the conception of a self-existing infinite being. There is no reason to suppose that a human being ceases to exist at death. Death is only dissolution; no element, even of matter, is ever annihilated; and the spiritual element is an element, and, therefore, incapable of dissolution. Think then of the life beyond the grave. I do not want to import into the idea of that life either space or time or measure. But you undoubtedly have a duration—a duration in which the Infinite God is controller and master—a duration which cannot be ended, for there is no conceivable force that can affect it, and

no possibility of the exhaustion of infinite being; a duration which is continuous with mortal life, in this sense that there are in both the same God and the same human beings. Can it be wrong to say that that future duration furnishes the key and the explanation to what we call life? If a man stands in the portico of a temple it is the temple which explains the portico. To grope about in the porch and never to open the great doors that discover the vista of the interior—would it be reasonable? There are many riddles and enigmas in life, so we are told; and so at first sight there appear to be. There are waste of energy, premature death, the mystery of pain, the undeveloped faculties, the constant war of the flesh and the spirit, the victory of force over right. But no one would call it waste of energy if what was poured out in this world went to build habitations in another. Death cannot be premature if it is the fitting moment to enter upon one's true life. Pain and suffering may be, and undoubtedly are, the agents of the purest and most intense spiritual energy, an energy which will show results in the ages which are to run when time has ended its course. Man's faculties, it is true, neither ripen nor bear fruit here on earth. If the human soul is a spirit, there is nothing, absolutely nothing, of which it may not be said in some way to be capable. It has a native power of comprehension, possession, activity, achievement, conquest, royalty, for which time and space offer no field. Millions die in infancy and childhood; other millions in ignorance and savagery; but even the finest of men and the more highly endowed of men and women who compose them—after the longest life of education and culture—no one better than the trees of the early spring; there is life and growth and the swelling of the bud here and there, but nothing more. Will there be no summer for immortal spirits? And if men and women are undeveloped in this world, are they also without rest or peace. It is an eternal fact that man's higher aspirations exist side by side with very low and degraded instincts, and that a man must either fight or sink into the condition of the beast. A generous nature takes up the conflict and his life is a war. This would indeed be an enigma, for there is nothing like it in nature, were it not for the light of the world that is to be. For if a man conquer himself during a short probation, it is right and natural that he should reign as a conqueror during the long periods when probation has ceased. Those periods, naturally, are ruled by a different law from that of time. Our reason forces us to think that eternal war cannot be the condition of what God has created. And may we not conclude that the peace and a kingdom are for the man who takes the right side? For God will so overrule that it shall be so. Here in this world evil often overpowers good and the brute force of the wronged drives the good to the wall. It is eternity which furnishes the explanation. There is no other. And the explanation goes one step further. If the door of good is to find himself in the coming world on the side of the Infinite and carried along in the stream of the power which created and which sustains the universe, what is to be said of the door of evil? What is to be expected for the human heart which has set itself in opposition? What do we see in nature when nature's mighty laws are interfered with? What, but a tempest, a catastrophe, the smash and destruction of the thing that was in the way, and the final serene on flow of the everlasting forces?

These views of the origin of things and their fate—the destiny of man and the reality of God—are to me demonstrable and demonstrated. There is no way to escape them except to cover one's head up in the black cloth of scepticism—to refuse to credit one's own reasoning faculties. There are views which no man has a right to pass by if the intelligence of our people gave them the attention they deserve. We should have very few professing inability to believe in God and immortality. Such a profession is, with most men, chiefly an initiative cry. Some great man has proclaimed himself an agnostic, and forthwith the educated classes repeat the word; the men with a classical smattering, the readers of newspapers, the watchers of the political game, the skimmers of books, the eager audience of the purveyors of bold novelties in religion and morality—they affect to look on at the world as if the rush of time did not concern them; and they say, "Who knows anything?" There is no intellectual value in such a consensus as this. It is gregariousness, not intelligence; they are a flock not a school of thought. Because I would defy anyone of the average mental power to go into these things and not attain some conviction of God's existence. And as long as they have not taken the means to inquire and the pains to reason and observe, they have no right to say one cannot know—no more right than the man who sleeps in his bed through the night to pronounce upon the constitution of the stars. But if a man is in earnest in the scrutiny of his own nature and heart, then he will find that the preaching of John the Baptist carries the great lesson which, in this age as in the days before Christ, prepares the way for faith. The word

of the Baptist was, "Repent!" It had been the word of Elias in other times, of whom the Holy Spirit says that "he announced Kings unto penance" (Eccles. xlviii, 8). His word came upon the minds of kings and of all men like an unctious which softened and transformed them, changing their hearts. I would say to every man who thinks that he has caught even a glimpse of the Infinite God, "Repent!" His very reason imposes upon him the obligation of repentance. For what is repentance?

The word which the Evangelists hand down as expressing the thought of St. John the Baptist means a change of the mind or heart. I take it for granted that a man who does not accept God does not accept the laws of morality. I know well that I shall be met here with a protest. I shall be told that the agnostic is usually as charitable, as pure and as honorable as the believer. Let me say, first of all, that charity is not always morality, and that temperance and continence are not always morality and that honor is not essentially moral. All these things are better—infinity better—than their opposites; but they may be merely the play of a proud and fastidious nature, which restrains itself for its own sake. Now, the essence of human morality must be the conforming of one's actions to a higher law, fixed, immutable and universal laws one dimly sees God. Any one, therefore, who does not refer his conduct to God is not in the strict sense moral, because his law is a private law; and the same principle which urges him to self-restraint today may license him to indulgence tomorrow. Let me not for one moment be taken to underrate the good that is found in many men who do not believe in God. Perhaps these good men do see something of God, although they will not pronounce His name. But, after all, it will hardly be denied that with the vast majority of non-believers morality consists chiefly in external good behavior, while personal indulgence, evil thoughts and desires, mental sins, and all that concerns themselves alone, are judged by a standard, not of right and wrong, but of convenience and prudence. What I say is that there can hardly be a human being but feels that this ought to be changed. It stands to reason that even if there be clear evidence for God's existence, vice must make it almost impossible to recognize it; because vice occupies a man with the bodily, the earthly, the transient, and blinds him to anything that is spiritual and eternal; just as a man who is exploring the catacombs and sewers of a great city sees nothing of the life of the streets or the daylight of heaven. It also stands to reason that if there be a God, He is a Person, and that our proper attitude to Him is one of reverence, love and service. Because, remember, our moral light is God's making and God's keeping up; and therefore to obey it is really to obey God. Besides, every glimpse we get goes to show that He must be our true Father and our best Friend. No other conception of a Creator is possible.

The two elements of repentance, then, are the search of God and self-restraint from what is seen to be evil. Have we a right—has any precursor who in these days should stand in the deserts with John the right—to call upon the nonbelieving world thus to change its heart? To me it seems we have.

You must remember there is a strong reasonable case for God's existence. The argument is from its very nature elusive and difficult to grasp with such faculties as we have. But there is no argument to compete with it. Abandon it and you have no key either to the spiritual or the im-mortal. It is a view of human nature, with the aspirations generally accepted by mankind, whether left to their own instincts or cultivated by education. A nonbeliever cannot be right, therefore, in paying no attention to it. But observe what this leads to. A man's being is not merely his reasoning faculty. He has also a will, an imagination and a heart. Truth is not the conquest of the pure intelligence. It may, indeed, be so with metaphysics or mathematics; but not with any science which affects one's conduct or one's interests. Here a slight jar of the curious mechanism of a man's faculties throws the judgment off the rails. Here the hand that guides the reins shakes at an apprehension, pulls hard at a suspicion or lets the horses run away in a fit of pounce or doubt. No man can justly refuse to bend his will and to soften his heart towards that Being whom he suspects to be so near him. The human heart is saturated with reverence. With all its egotistic self-complacency there is mingled a glad humility which seeks some great and holy object before which to bow the knee. It is the instructive emotion of a soul which can never be self-sufficing, but must have access to some source, some fountain of existence to satisfy its mysterious capacity for what is good and everlasting. It stirs him out of his selfishness. It brings him to his feet, to make sure—to interrogate earth and sky, if perchance he is

destined to be so happy as to find his sovereign good. Nay, it brings him to his knees; for must he not long, must he not desire? Must not he feel that if the Infinite is there, never was there more solicitude than that Supreme Being to be known and loved—and must he not yield to the impulse of his human heart, and ask and pray for light and satisfaction? Yes, if a man is bound to search, he is bound to search with every faculty. He is in the forest, and the object of his search may be far away or close at hand; and he must plunge into its depths and not shrink from its difficulties—he must spare neither his body, nor his cries, nor any means at his command. We find that non-believers are not in earnest. They are cold and unconcerned. They reason a little—a very little. But they shut up their hearts. They spoil, as far as disuse can spoil, many of human nature's essential attributes—its reverence, its humility and its aspirations after the perfect. Let them change all this. The precursor has a right to challenge it.

And as for self-restraint, nothing need be added to what has been said already. Here, after all, is the stress of the battle. How many a man will not believe in God—or who will refuse to attend the very question of God—because to believe would mean to be pure, to make restitution, to humble the heart to religion? He cannot but suspect that he is wrong. The grand spiritual laws, even if to him they are little more than shadows, are shadows which could never be thrown upon his world, except by an Eternal Being. As long as he refuses to see them, he must be in bad faith. The conviction of the existence of God, being the first of all the convictions on which human destinies turn, must be capable of being acquired by the ordinary mind. If, therefore, a man blinds himself, fetters himself, or brutalizes himself, let him not blame his Creator, but fear of himself. Let him repent, and the power of repentance will carry him far; for it is the wind that blows from the deepest caverns of existence—even the breath of the Infinite—and on the shore on which it blows, there is not only the conviction of God, but divine faith, final and complete—and rest and peace.

MISSION IN A PROTESTANT CHURCH.

Non-Catholics Accompany Their Catholic Neighbors to the Services.

A mission by a Catholic priest in a Protestant church is not often heard of, but in Kingwood, N. J., such a mission was brought to a close last Sunday by Father Albert, O. S. F., of Butler, N. J. The Catholics of Kingwood are not very numerous, and the number has decreased since work was stopped in the iron mines a few years ago. There is no Catholic Church in the place. Mr. Hewitt, ex-mayor of New York, who owns all of Kingwood, built a church there, and offered it for the use of all denominations. The Franciscan Fathers, of Butler, received permission from the Bishop of Newark to hold services for the Catholics of the place in Mr. Hewitt's church. Mrs. Hewitt, for the sake of her numerous Catholic servants, was very much pleased with the Bishop's decision, and provided a movable altar table, as also a closet for vestments. For the closing services of the mission she sent two huge bouquets of roses for the altar, from her green-houses.

The Protestants of the place took a lively interest in the mission, and at the evening services two thirds of the attendants were Protestants. Father Albert once startled his non-Catholic hearers by the following words: "Brethren, this evening I shall speak of the forgiveness of sins, and as I see the Protestant Bible lying on the Protestant pulpit, which has been removed over into the corner during these days, I shall, to suit our non-Catholic friends, as well as my own people, take my text from the Protestant Bible." He then walked over to the pulpit, and opening the Bible, read from John xk., 23, the words of the divine institution of the sacrament of Penance: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven," etc. He then preached a very plain and instructive sermon on the sacrament of penance and the forgiveness of sins. Many of the Protestants afterwards expressed their great satisfaction to their Catholic neighbors, who had invited them to attend the services, saying that now they had heard the Catholic side of the controversy. They confessed that as the Catholic proof was taken from their Protestant Bible, they were inclined to think that the Catholic doctrine was right.

How many institutions for the comfort of the poor, or the saving of souls, have languished, more for want of approbation than of money; and though sympathy is cheap, the lone priest has struggled on till his solitude, his weariness, and his lack of sympathy have almost blanchingly given way beneath the burden, and the wolves have rushed in upon that little flock of his Master's sheepfold which he had so lovingly partitioned off as his own peculiar work.—Faber.

Rev. Mr. Fischer, who was sent to Rome to convert Catholics there, as pastor of the local church, has himself become a Catholic, and has been duly received into the true fold.

SWEETHEARTS.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

It is ill for the general practitioner who sits among his patients both morning and evening, and sees them in their homes between, to steal time for one little daily breath of clean air. To win it he must slip early from his bed and walk out between shuttered shops when it is chill but very clear, and all things are sharply outlined, as in a frost. It is an hour that has a charm of its own, when, but for a postman or a milkman, one has the pavement to one's self, and even the most common thing takes an ever-recurring freshness, as though causeway and lamp and signboard had all wakened to the new day. Then even an inland city may seem beautiful, and bear virtue in its smoke tainted air.

But it was by the sea that I lived, in a town that was unlovely enough were it not for its glorious harbor. And who cares for the town when one can sit on the bench at the headland, and look out over the huge blue bay and the yellow cimeter that curves before it? I loved it when its great face was freckled with the fishing boats, and I loved it when the big ships went past, far out, a little hulk of white and no hull, with topsails curved like a bodice, so stately and demure. But most of all I loved it when no trace of man marred the majesty of nature and when the sunbeams slanted down on it from the suburbs slanted down on it from the Testaments. They How much there has been of the Puritans no tolerance for Quakers. At the present freedom for

accorded to the tolerant church. The witness of my case is evidence that he proved his principles of religion. The waste of miles in main-land and sub-urban passages. Protestant starting, same man-ner is in-ferred from a Catholic in 1885, to 1842. I con- sidered, and we are doing earlier Chris- tianity in this 50- year ignorant, There is an can do good Asia and the average Roman country, and of the Protestant we can well 1000, if we question and hereabout me of their on proposed undertaken, on loss such Catholic rant- ing pugilistic orch or A. P. of Brim- stone; several others a Christian in introduced has been no forward to hope and Many of us clical of the e much to checked out were able of thought and Pro- gress the hands grasp. Not good so near thought and The time is approve of notice a dis- for political that once an Catholics earnestly I trust that we have power to still exist

Christian utter- slandering iner, Person ann. The t of Christ a diabolical arch-fid- and for Chris- tianity and hate, bigo- rance and Church will, Old the men riggs, while the fanatics otostantism.

cause corns. out corns. to be used. Sarsaparilla a

fashion, with his brow puckered, and the corners of his mouth drawn down like those of a fretting child. So I left him with a vague wonder as to who he might be, and why a single spring day should have wrought such a change upon him.

So interested was I that next morning I was on the lookout for him. Sure enough, at the same hour I saw him coming up the hill, but very slowly, with a bent back and a heavy head. It was shocking to me to see the change in him as he approached. "I am afraid that our air does not agree with you, sir," I ventured to remark. But it was as though he had no heart for talk. He tried, as I thought, to make some fitting reply, but it slurred off into a mumble and silence. How bent and weak and old he seemed—ten years older at the least than when first I had seen him! It went to my heart to see this sweet old fellow wast- ing away before my eyes. There was the eternal letter, which he unfolded with his shaking fingers. Who was this woman whose words moved him so? Some daughter, perhaps, or grand- daughter, who should have been the light of his home instead of—I smiled to find how bitter I was growing, and how swiftly I was weaving a romance round an unshaven old man and his correspondence. Yet all day he lingered in my mind, and I had fiful glimpses of those two trembling, blue- veined knuckly hands, with the paper rustling between them.

I had hardly hoped to see him again. Another day's decline made, I thought, hold him to his room, if not to his bed. Great then, was my surprise when, as I approached my bench, I saw that he was already there. But as I came up to him I could scarce be sure that it was indeed the same man. There were the curly-brimmed hat and the shining stock and the horn glasses, but where were the stoop and the gray- shaven and firm lip, with a bright eye, and a head that poised itself upon his shoulders like an eagle on a rock. His back was as straight and square as a grenadier's, and he switched at the angles with his stick in his exuberant vitality. In the button-hole of his well brushed black coat there glinted a golden bodice, and the corner of a dainty red silk handkerchief lapped over from his breast pocket. He might have been the eldest son of the weary creature who had sat there the morning before.

"Good morning, sir, good morning," he cried, with a merry waggle of his cane.

"Good morning!" I answered: "how beautiful the bay is looking."

"Yes, sir, but you should have seen it just before the sun rose."

"What, you have been here since then?"

"I was here when there was scarce light to see the path."

"You are a very early riser."

"On occasion, sir, on occasion?" He cocked his eye at me as if to gauge whether I was worthy of his confidence.

"The fact is, sir, that my wife is coming back to me to-day."

I suppose that my face showed that I did not quite see the force of the explanation. My eyes, too, may have given him assurance of sympathy, for he moved quite close to me and began speaking in a low, confidential voice, as if the matter were of such weight that even the seagulls must be kept out of our counsels.

"Are you a married man, sir?"

"No, I am not."

"Ah then you cannot quite understand it. My wife and I have been married for nearly fifty years, and we have never been parted, never at all, until now."

"Was it for long?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. This is the fourth day. She had to go to Scotland. A matter of duty, you understand, and the doctors would not let me go. Not that I would have allowed them to stop me, but she was on their side. Now, thank God! It is over, and she may be here at any moment."

"Here!"

"Yes, here. This headland and bench were old friends of ours thirty years ago. The people with whom we stay are not, to tell the truth, very congenial, and we have little privacy among them. That is why we prefer to meet here. I could not be sure which train would bring her, but if she had come by the very earliest she would have found me waiting."

"In that case—" said I rising.

"No, sir, no," he entreated. "I beg that you will stay. It does not weary you, this domestic talk of mine?"

"On the contrary."

"I have been so driven inward during these last few days! Ah, what a nightmare it has been! She was very good in writing, but still it was dreadful. Perhaps it may seem strange to you that an old fellow like me should feel like this?"

"It is charming."

"No credit to me, sir! There's not a man on this planet, but would feel the same if he had the good fortune to be married to such a woman. Perhaps, because you see me like this, and hear me speak of our long life together, you conceive that she is old too." He laughed heartily, and his eyes twinkled at the humor of the idea.

"She's one of those women, you know, who have youth in their hearts, and so it can never be very far from their faces. To me she's just as she was when she first took my hand in hers in '45. A wee little bit stouter, perhaps, but then, if she had a fault as a girl, it was that she was a shade too slender. She was above me in station, you know—I a clerk, and she the daughter of my employer. Oh, it was

quite a romance, I give you my word; and I won her, and, somehow, I have never got over the freshness and the wonder of it. To think that that sweet, lovely girl has walked by my side all through life, and that I have been able—"

He stopped suddenly and I glanced round at him in surprise. He was shaking all over, in every fibre of his great body. His hands were clawing at the woodwork and his feet shuffling on the gravel. I saw what it was. He was trying to rise, but was so excited that he could not. I half extended my hand, but a higher courtesy constrained me to draw it back again and turn my face to the sea. An instant afterwards he was up, and hurrying down the path.

A woman was coming towards us. She was quite close before he had seen her—thirty yards at the utmost. I know not if she had ever been as he described her, or whether it was but some idea which he carried in his brain. The person upon whom I looked was tall, it is true, but she was thick and shapeless, with a ruddy, well blown face, and a skirt grotesquely gathered up. There was a green ribbon in her hat which jarred upon my eyes, and her blouse-like bodice was full and clumsy. And this was the lovely girl, the ever youthful? My heart sank as I thought how little such a woman might appreciate him, how unworthy she might be of his love.

She came up the path in her solid way, while he staggered along to meet her. Then, as they came together, looking discreetly out of the farthest corner of my eye, I saw that he put out both his hands like a child when its little journey is done, while she, shrinking from a public gaze, took one of them in hers and shook it. As she did so I saw her face, and I was easy in my mind for my old man. God grant that when this hand is shaking, and when this back is bowed, a woman's eyes may look so into mine!—McClure's Magazine.

The Blessed Sacrament.

The custom of visiting the Blessed Sacrament is a most beautiful one, but unfortunately it is one too seldom practiced by Catholics. Were our Saviour to appear as a man in some church, how great would be the desire of every Christian to go to that church to see Him. Should He remain there for any considerable time, it matters not where the church was located, great pilgrimages would be organized, and thousands would leave their homes and cross oceans and continents to see Him. We all know that He is as certainly in the Tabernacle of the altar as a grenadier, and He was in Jerusalem nearly nineteen hundred years ago; and yet so many who believe that fact seldom think of visiting Him, except when forced under pain of sin to attend the celebration of Mass.

We know that the Holy Eucharist is an evidence of the intense love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for man; and yet we show even in a simple way our appreciation of that love by entering the churches as we pass to say a short prayer? We should remember that our Lord is there, and that He will most assuredly bless those who come to see Him.

Notwithstanding our faith, we are inclined to treat our Saviour with far less respect than we show to the great men of the earth or to our personal friends. Those who are familiar with the rules governing polite society would not dare treat their friends as we treat Him Who is every day on our altars; for whilst they are very punctilious in returning calls, we are very careless in visiting Him.

Faith should find expression in works. If we believe Jesus is in our churches, we should give testimony to that belief in going to see Him and praying before the altar. It requires but a few moments, and most assuredly the time spent there is well employed.

The First Apostol.

After the traitor Benedict Arnold had gone over to the enemy he wrote a letter to his former companions in arms in defence of his treason, and urged them to return to their former allegiance to Great Britain. If he is to be believed, the motive which inspired him was the same that animates the A. P. A. Here is a part of it:

And should the parent nation (England) cease her exertions to deliver you what security remains to you even for the enjoyment of the consolation of that religion for which your fathers braved the ocean, the heathen and the wilderness? Do you know that the eye which guides this pen lately saw your mean and profligate Congress at Mass for the soul of a Roman Catholic in purgatory, and participating in the rites of a Church against whose anti-Christian corruptions your pious ancestors would have witnessed with their blood.

"BENEDICT ARNOLD, October 20, 1780."

The A. P. A. should adopt him as their patron saint.—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

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THE DOLOURS OF MARY.

Their Imminency—A Vision of the Future—Eloquent Sermon by the Rev. Arthur Whelan.

Seldom before has such a large congregation assembled in St. Patrick's Church, Soho, as that which took part in the celebration of the Feast of the Seven Dolours Sunday evening. To say that the sacred edifice was filled would give an imperfect idea of the vast gathering. Shortly before the service commenced the benches were filled, and many had to content themselves with standing accommodation. After the recitation of the Rosary an eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Arthur Whelan, who took for his text the words, "Behold this Child is set for the rise and fall of many in Israel, and for a sign that shall be contradicted, and thy own soul a sword shall pierce." It was fitting, he said, that the congregation of St. Patrick's should gather together in such large numbers in order to celebrate the feast of the Seven Dolours of Our Lady. It was particularly fitting that the members of the congregation of St. Patrick's Soho, should thus perform an act of worship to the Son of God through His mother for the historic Church in which they were assembled which, while new materials, was surrounded with the old spirit and old traditions which were contained within the shell of old St. Patrick's, and it was therefore fitting that the Seven Dolours of Our Lady should form a great feast amongst them, because St. Patrick's was a WITNESS AND A SERMON IN STONE, witnessing the old memories, and the old spirit, and the ancient traditions in the early revival of Catholicity in London. The spot was consecrated by the dearest memories of our faith. Moreover, it was fitting that the members of the congregation should celebrate the Feast of the Dolours, because the patron and apostle of the Irish people, who, like Mary, had passed through a sea of persecution and affliction, and had gained for herself the title of the Queen of Martyrs amongst the lands of the earth. It would therefore be appropriate that evening to gather together the thoughts that naturally rush to their minds on such an occasion—the Seven Dolours of Our Lady. What tongue could adequately express, what mind could conceive, the imminency of the affliction of Mary? "To that shall I compare them or what shall I liken to them, daughter of Jerusalem, for as great as the sea is thy broken-heartedness." Mary's Dolours were as immense as the sea, they were greater than the ocean. The mighty deep was traversed by thousands of vessels containing within them THE WEALTH AND TREASURES OF THE WORLD.

But down deep below in the depths was yet a life far more fertile in its intensity, and Mary in the length and breadth and the depth and height of her affliction was greater even than the sea. Why was it that Mary suffered so much, or rather, why was it that God gave her this inheritance of affliction?

IT WAS A MYSTERY, and just as the Incarnation, upon which the maternity of Mary was established, was a great mystery of love, so was it a mystery that she should be rewarded with the sufferings of her Son. There was no reason, and they could only conjecture. Let them endeavor to gain some idea of the imminency of Mary's Dolours, let them look into the world and think of all the sadness and the afflictions of men. Gather together, if possible, the tears of all the orphans, and their sorrows may be greater, but the sorrows of Mary were even greater. Gather together in one mass all that men and women had suffered, yet not even then would they have a measure or a standard by which to tell the Dolours of Mary. Let them endeavor to seek one or two of the sources of Mary's Dolours. When Simeon took her Child into his arms, and looking first at the Babe and then at the mother, he said—"Behold this Child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of men, and for a sign that shall be contradicted, and thy own soul a sword shall pierce."

Those words in an intensity conveyed to many what was beyond measure. Her Dolours, and though Simeon then sang his *Nunc Dimittis*, and Mary had sung her *Magnificat* she knew that a great trial was to come upon her. And as she stood in the Temple she saw as in a vision the future of her Divine Son; but her Dolours were not confined to the passion of our Divine Lord, or to the immediate circumstances in which she lived. She remembered all that had passed on Calvary, and she also saw in that vision that the Son who had died for man was now and through all ages to be a sign of contradiction. She saw the future and witnessed the persecution and martyrdom of the saints. She also saw that her Divine Son was to be contradicted and opposed in His love, and men were again to cry out with the Jews of old, "CRUCIFY HIM, CRUCIFY HIM."

She saw the ten persecutions and the martyrs who suffered, she saw men going out into distant lands to preach the gospel of her Son's love, and she saw England in the sixteenth century when it WAS ROBBED OF THE FAITH, when men departed from Him and gave up the inheritance of their forefathers. She saw this land that for a thousand years had been steeped in a sea of supernatural light suddenly change into darkness, she saw the saints and the martyrs of England shed their blood in holy revenge upon the people and the country they loved so well. She saw the future of the Cath-

olic Church, and then onward to the sixteenth century when England was lost from her side, but she was cheered by the thought that in another land there were loyal and generous hearts. And not even then did Mary's vision cease. She saw London then as it was at the present time,

LONDON MYSTERY UPON MYSTERIES, with so much infidelity, so much charity, and so much wickedness. Was there ever a city that contained within itself so many contradictions as London? She saw hundreds and thousands of men who never, from one year's end to the other, bent the knee to the Saviour who was crucified for them, and she remembered the millions of men who would forget to their last hour the image of the crucified One on that green hill far away. She saw men preaching against His name, and without love and without faith. She saw a darkness gather over the land, the darkness of infidelity and immorality. Would there ever be a day when the world would return in greater loyalty and generous service to Jesus Christ? Yes, it would. It was time that they wept tears over what was called a wicked world, but if they examined the history of one age after another they would find that the age had been what men had made it. They were told by many that Christianity was dying, and that religion had lost its power; but even in London there was nothing in the circumstances of modern society to alter one's conviction that Christianity, God's love and religion, would live again. Society changed, and science changed day by day, but as long as human hearts remained as they were, as long as there was a God in heaven, so long would they and their descendants draw an inexhaustible source of encouragement from the same stream that fed our forefathers. When he remembered that the number of those who desired to help their fellow-men was increasing day by day, when he noted the gradual subsidence of animosity between nation and nation—when all this, like a heavenly vision, rose before him his soul glowed with a hope of better things. When he remembered that thousands of homes were spread over the land to shelter the homeless and the orphan, when he remembered the numberless homes for the protection of purity and innocence, as though the flaming sword of an angel barred the way to the tempter—when all this like a vision, rose before him his soul was filled with hope.

London, England, and the world may be dark, but let them place their faith in the power and the strength of Jesus Christ, for He had said, "I will be with you at all times," and just as the poor man by the wayside who was blind felt the power, though he touched not the hem of His garment, and cried out, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," so may this London live in the sunlight of God's glory. "Watchman, what sayest thou of the night?" and, looking upon the valley, the watchman answered, "The night is still here, darkness and troubles and tears must be the inheritance of man." But again I cried, WATCHMAN WHAT SAYEST THOU OF THE NIGHT?

and the watchman answered from the hills, "The night is departing and the morning cometh."—London Catholic News, Sept. 22.

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Arrears must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, Oct. 20, 1884.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

There is much interest excited in certain circles in the life of St. Francis of Assisi. He is talked of in magazine articles, and were not his principles too clearly laid down one might find some faddist setting up a popular shrine in his honor.

The period in which he lived was well adapted for the reception of his principles. It was a time when men were imbued with that strong, earnest faith that made them touch, with their very hands, the land beyond the grave.

Such was the age that witnessed the career of Francis. The story of his life reads like some wondrous fairy tale. He was of a warm and generous nature, and the inhabitants of his native town knew him as a gay, rollicking young man, eager for pleasure, but never so much as to forget the claims of the indigent.

darkness of death the glad message of Christianity.

Renunciation was his watchword. The words of the Master were ever present to his mind: "Provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet stores; and as ye go, preach, saying, the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

One of the most charming traits of his character was his love for the brute creation. Stories about this are numberless, and we may not condemn them as wholly legendary. He called the ass his brother, and the birds and bees his sisters.

"As his life was drawing to its close, he," writes St. Bonaventure, "began to suffer from so many infirmities that there was scarcely one of his members but was tormented by increased pain and suffering.

It is consoling then to hear the votaries of modern progress speak of St. Francis of Assisi. We may not assign the reason, but, perchance, wearied of shams, of the glittering and empty generalities of the leaders of modern thought, they turn them for comfort to the gentle saint who said nothing but what he practiced.

Francis knew well man's destiny, for why did he put on the vesture of humiliation and of poverty. He knew it as well as he knew that he existed. What a contrast between him and the incoherent babblers who venture to explain the "breath of God still moving in us."

The seer of Chelsea, Carlyle, says that man's destiny is to make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier; more blessed, less accursed.

Well might they say, these blind philosophers, "My will is bondsman to the dark I sit within a hellish bark."

Wanderers they are, finding now and then a fragment of truth, but inadequate to satisfy the wants of their being.

Francis of Assisi, as all ardent nature, was a poet. His soul was attuned to all the beautiful melody of nature, and if, as some critics assert, poetry is but the setting of noble thoughts in harmonious diction, he was a poet in the highest sense of the

term. He is not indeed versed in the technicalities of metre, but this is the resort of mediocrity. He has left on record a hymn entitled, "The Song of the Creatures," which, though short, contains, says Ozanam, "his whole soul—his fraternal love for creatures, the charity which impels a man, so humble and gentle, to interfere in public quarrels, and that infinite love, which, after having sought God in nature and served Him in the person of suffering humanity, desires nothing more than to find Him in death."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S ANTI-HOME RULE SPEECH.

Mr. Chamberlain, the leader of the Liberal-Unionist party in the British House of Commons, was entertained a few days ago at a banquet at Liverpool, given by the members of his party, if party it can be called, now that it is so completely merged into the Tory ranks, and has adopted all the principles of the Tories.

It was at one time the boast of Mr. Chamberlain and his adherents that they were willing and anxious to further reforms in the interest of the people. Even the principle of Irish self-rule was one of the panaceas which Mr. Chamberlain declared himself anxious to see applied to make Ireland prosperous and happy; and he formulated several schemes for the purpose, none of which were, indeed, quite satisfactory, but all of which were an acknowledgment that a large and generous measure of reform is necessary in order to remedy the evils under which Ireland is oppressed.

Mr. Chamberlain opens his speech by declaring that the alliance between his followers and the Tories is complete: this amounts to an acknowledgment that the so-styled Liberal-Unionists are completely merged now into the Tory party; and have adopted all the retrogressive measures of the Tories.

Home Rule for Ireland is declared by Mr. Chamberlain to be a measure most dangerous to the unity of the British Empire. This does not consort well with his admission, soon after, that twelve or thirteen years ago he was "inclined to give some measure of trust to the Irish people, who are a generous people when left to themselves."

His excuse for having veered from his former opinions regarding the amount of trust to be put in the people of Ireland is a most flimsy one. He says:

"I never would put any trust at all in the agitators who in recent years, and by methods which are known to all of you, have obtained so baneful an influence over the majority of their countrymen."

During the last twelve or thirteen years the Irish people have not changed materially their views in regard to what is necessary for the prosperity of their country, except that they are more willing now to put some reliance on the good will of the English and Scotch people towards Ireland than they have ever been before. This fact of a growing confidence between the two nationalities ought rather to increase the willingness of the British people to do justice to Ireland; but Mr. Chamberlain makes it a pretext for withholding that justice now, which twelve or thirteen years ago, according to his own admission, he was willing to grant.

Before the Liberals adopted the policy of conciliation towards Ireland, it was the settled conviction of the Irish people, that England would never pay sufficient attention to Irish demands, even to know what Ireland needed to ensure the prosperity of the country. It is not surprising that under such circumstances there should have been a strong physical force party in Ireland—a party believing that the only way to obtain redress of grievances was by making themselves feared, and by a practical declaration of war against England.

It is true that a resort to physical force as the remedy for a nation's grievances ought not to be adopted outside of the case of extreme necessity; but the day is past when any one can seriously maintain that a nation

under grievous oppression is bound to submit inertly. The welfare of the people is now universally admitted to be the end which every government should have in view, and when that end is totally and continuously kept out of view, a nation is justified in seeking a remedy by force. It was this conviction which made the physical force party in Ireland so strong; but the promise of the Liberals to make Home Rule a part of the Liberal platform, and the generous support given to that policy by the people of England, Wales and Scotland, convinced the Irish that their condition would soon be ameliorated by constitutional methods, and from that time the physical force party practically ceased to exist.

The Liberal-Unionist leader appeals to the differences of opinion which exist among the Irish members to prove that if they had Home Rule they would be unable to govern their own country. He says: "They cannot complain if I take them at their own estimate; and if I want to know what Irish leaders of to-day are, I have only to ask themselves. . . They have been for some time more anxious and interested in the work of painting each other's portraits, than they have been in securing Home Rule or anything else. They have painted their portraits so black that, really, if one could suppose there was any exaggeration at all about them, one would think the Irish leaders, one and all, were not only unfit for our confidence, but almost unfit for human existence."

All this trifling was received with cheers and laughter. It is to be regretted that there is not more cordiality between the Irish members, but there is no more disagreement between them than there is between members of any other nationality; and Mr. Chamberlain should remember that he was himself dubbed Judas by his own countrymen. If disagreements among Englishmen do not prove that the English people are unfit for self-government, why should disagreements among Irishmen have more force to prove the Irish people to be any less fit for political freedom?

ANARCHY AND THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT.

Italy is reaping the result of the irreligious policy it has pursued for more than a quarter of a century. The Government abolished religious teaching from the Public schools; and notwithstanding that the Church continued to keep up a supply of schools which preserved faith in God and respect for religion, the Government succeeded also in raising a crop of infidels who acknowledge no obligations toward God or man, and Anarchy has among these its recruits of the character of Santo Cesario, the murderer of President Carnot.

It is sad to reflect that such should be the condition of affairs in a Catholic country; but the Government, in its fear lest the people should continue to respect the Pope, and perhaps insist upon it that his temporal authority should be restored so as to secure his independence in governing the Church, resolved to pursue the suicidal policy of abolishing religion; and with a certain class of the people it has succeeded too well. It is now meeting its reward in a constant series of Anarchistic plots against the Government itself, and

the lives of the king, the members of the Cabinet, and prominent citizens. The protectors of the peace of the country come in for a large share of Anarchical hatred, and within the last few days a dangerous plot against the police was discovered at Milan, where an infernal machine was found upon the window-sill of the police barracks, with a lighted fuse attached.

Fortunately the fuse was extinguished before an explosion took place, and no damage was done; but with plots of this character so numerous as they have been of late, it is not to be expected that the police will be always able to counteract the designs of the would-be assassins, and we may reasonably expect that there will be many other plots of the same kind in which the country's protectors will not fare so well as they have done this time. This last effort of these enemies of the human race to destroy life is a fit sequel to that made not long since against Signor Crispi himself and King Humberto. In fact, though Santo Cesario died as a coward when brought to the guillotine, before the time fixed for his execution, and while he was still exhibiting his virulence as an Italian bravo, he did not hesitate to declare that the only thing which had prevented himself from killing Crispi, as well as the Pope and the king, was the fact that he did not dare to go into Italy lest he should be sent to prison, inasmuch as he was a fugitive from justice.

These plots which we have mentioned are not the only ones which the children of a godless system of education have planned lately in Italy; for we now learn that the police have discovered a widely extended conspiracy of Anarchists with branches throughout Italy, for a carnival of crime. This conspiracy has at its head the notorious Anarchist Albani. The police are busy ferriting it out, but though they may be successful in breaking it up for a time, and thus preventing the threatening mischief, it is very likely that they will not succeed so completely as to prevent all the horrors which have been contemplated.

Many arrests have been made in connection with the plot against the lives of the police; but it would have been far better if irreligious education, the primary cause of all these criminal attempts, had not been instituted in the first place by authority of the Government. It is the guilty consciousness of Signor Crispi that such is the cause which made him propose in his celebrated speech at Naples, a community of action on the part of Church and State. The bargain that he wants to make, however, is that the Church shall do everything for the good of the State, while the State shall be free from fulfilling any obligations toward the Church. Such a proposition is too one-sided to be a success.

MR. SATOLLI'S INTENDED VISIT TO QUEBEC.

It has been announced that Mgr. Satolli, the Pope's Delegate to the United States, is about to pay a visit to Canada within a few days. It does not appear, however, that there is any official purpose in the visit, which is to be made merely as a friendly one to the Abbe L. A. Paquet, Professor of Theology in the Laval University of Quebec, who studied in Rome, having Mgr. Satolli as one of his Professors.

On the occasion of the Apostolic Delegate's visit to Quebec, it is arranged, as might have been expected, that he will also pay a visit to His Eminence Mgr. Taschereau, whose health has been much impaired by age and hard work.

The Abbe Paquet several times invited the Delegate to visit him, and it is in consequence of this invitation that the coming visit is to be made. Those, however, who find something of the marvellous in whatever occurs, are busy in trying to discover some other motive in the matter. The *Electeur* asks: "What does all this mean? These dignitaries never travel for pleasure. Their time is too precious." It is then inferred that the Delegate's authority is to be extended to Canada; and the *Toronto Mail*, in its issue of the 10th inst., imagines a number of subjects on which it may be intended by the Holy Father that Mgr. Satolli shall take action, among which are "a movement having in view the protection of the rights of Roman Catholics in the Dominion," and perhaps the taking of some steps "with a view to the reversal of the policy of the western province," Manitoba, on the school question.

It is certainly among the possibilities that the authority of Mgr. Satolli, whose jurisdiction has hitherto been

limited to the United States, may at some time be extended to Canada; but we would be only groping in the dark if we were to speculate upon this subject.

It may well be supposed that within the Church in Canada, which comprises nearly two millions of souls, many questions arise which are of great general importance, and some of which might need to be settled by the direct intervention of the highest available authority in the Church, so that it would not be a matter of surprise if the Delegate's authority were extended to the Dominion. It would, however, be premature to assert that it is to be so extended. The forecasts of the *Mail* and the *Electeur* are also premature.

In 1877 a special delegate was sent by the Holy See in the person of Bishop Conroy, to take cognizance of certain matters which at that time were the cause of considerable turmoil, especially in the Province of Quebec. The *Toronto Mail* of the date already mentioned represents that in a joint Pastoral issued by the Bishops of Quebec, the clergy of that Province were instructed to act upon the doctrine that "the Pope, as Head of the Church, is also head of the State," and that "as he is the Supreme Ruler, the clergy are rulers under him," and as he "has the power to dictate a policy for the State . . . those acting for him can properly exercise it in his name."

It is needless to say that nothing of the kind was ever maintained by the Bishops of Quebec. The story is one of the *Mail's* many fabrications, whenever that journal treats of Catholic subjects. The Pope makes no claim to be the head of the State, and the Bishops of Quebec know this too well to put forward such a claim on his behalf. Nevertheless, it is certain that the State is subject to the law of God, and any legislation which would trench upon the liberty of the Church, or upon good morals, is beyond the authority of the State, whether in Canada or elsewhere. This was the doctrine propounded by St. Peter and the Apostles, when the High-priest and Council of Jerusalem said: "Commanding you we commanded you that you should not teach in this name; and behold you have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine; and you have a mind to bring the blood of this man upon us." Acts v. 28.

The Apostolic answer was: "We ought to obey God rather than men." It follows from this that when the State, or which is nearly the same thing in this country, a majority of the people, desire to restrict the liberty of the Church, God is to be obeyed rather than their decree.

It is a favorite game with the *Mail* and with other anti-Catholic journals to misrepresent the doctrine of the Catholic Church on this point; but that doctrine is held equally by probably all the Protestant churches, except that the Anglican Church, which was created by the State, is obliged, reluctantly, to acknowledge in practice the supremacy of the State even in determining doctrinal, as well as disciplinary ecclesiastical matters. There is, however, this difference between the Catholic Church and the Protestant denominations, that the supreme authority in the Catholic Church, being the divinely constituted authority in matters of faith and morals, is able to pronounce definitely where the limits lie which separate from each other the respective spheres of Church and State. The Protestant Churches can only assert that these limits lie in any particular place; but even their own members are not bound to accept the assertion.

It was to maintain this liberty of the Church against the interference of the State that the Scotch Covenanters fought and bled; and in the end they gained their point. The old or established Scotch Kirk, it is true, allowed the authority of the State to be exercised in certain Church matters, such as appointments to benefices and the like; but even this much interference was protested against by a large section of the Church, and the great secession of the free Kirk of Scotland was the result. This schism extended even to Canada, where there was little or no occasion for it, except for the purpose of maintaining the abstract principle that the Church is absolutely free from State interference, because the Confession of Faith declares that are "a movement having in view the protection of the rights of Roman Catholics in the Dominion," and perhaps the taking of some steps "with a view to the reversal of the policy of the western province," Manitoba, on the school question.

"God alone is the Lord of the conscience, and hath left it free from the doctrines and commandments of men which are in anything contrary to His word, or beside it in matters of faith or worship." The *Mail* and its readers may rest easy in regard to Mgr. Satolli's purpose in coming to Canada, that it is not to establish the authority of the Pope as the supreme civil authority in

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be supposed that within Canada, which comprises millions of souls, many of which are of great intelligence, and some of which are settled by the direct of the highest available of the Church, so that it is a matter of surprise if the authority were extended to it. It would, however, be asserted that it is to be so the forecasts of the *Mail* are also premature.

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and its readers may rest ard to Mr. Satolli's pur- to Canada, that it is lish the authority of the supreme civil authority in

the Dominion. Even if the visit were an official one, as it does not appear to be, it would have reference to matters purely ecclesiastical; and if it were really the Holy Father's intention to extend the Delegate's jurisdiction to the Dominion, it will be recognized by all Catholics with the same respect which has been universally accorded to it in the United States.

CHRIST AS THE OBJECT OF CATHOLIC DEVOTION.

The *Presbyterian Review* of Toronto expresses itself as very much surprised that Father Didot, the celebrated Dominican monk, whose preaching is attracting so much attention throughout France, should "preach Christ and Him crucified with evangelical simplicity and directness," that "he urges the people to seek for Jesus in the Gospels," and that the Bible with him is an open book.

The *Review* quotes from one of Father Didot's recent sermons the following passage, which, it says, "sounds strange coming from an accredited priest of Rome."

"I have called upon Him as one can call upon One who has long since passed away from earth, but who yet remains engraved ineffably on the pages where every candid mind can find Him, and I bear witness that I saw arise before me a human being whom none can resist. He has inspired me with absolute confidence—a confidence which will lead me, following Him, through fire and water. His moral beauty is dazzling, and His whole teaching instinct with the highest truth. His holiness shines forth in the least of His actions, a virtue goes out from Him. He exercises a magic from which no sincere and simple heart can escape. Before all things take the eternal Gospel as a book for your bedside and as your travelling book. When you are tired of the business of the day, or the fatigues of life, read and re-read it, not as a poet, not as a critical scholar, not as a learned professor, not as an interpreter, or an historian, read it as a man."

Our contemporary should know that there is nothing strange to Catholics in this teaching. It is the doctrine which is and has constantly been taught in the Catholic Church, from which Protestants have derived all their knowledge of the divine character of Christ, and of the authority of Holy Scripture as the inspired word of God. It is only from Protestant pulpits that it is possible to hear these time-honored doctrines impugned, as they have been in our midst not very long ago by Presbyterian and Methodist clergymen holding important positions in their respective churches.

Vigilantus, an early impugner of Catholic truth, and one whom modern Protestants are fond of quoting as a high authority, because he attacked the use of sacred images in the Church, and of lights about the altar, was thus vigorously rebuked by the learned and holy St. Jerome, an earnest defender of the authority of the Pope, and the translator of the version of Holy Scripture still used in the Catholic Church: "Through all the Churches of the east, when the Gospel is to be read, lamps are lighted while the sun is shining, not for the purpose of dispelling darkness, but as the means of manifesting joy . . . because under the symbol of that material light we show forth what we read in the Psalms, 'Thy word is a lamp to my feet, O Lord, and a light to my paths.'"

The Catholic Church has always held fast to this doctrine, and at the present day it observes the same ceremony by which its respect for Holy Scripture, and especially for the gospels, was manifested more than fourteen hundred years ago. There is, therefore, no cause for wonder that a Catholic priest should announce, as Father Didot does, his profound reverence for the word of God.

The divinity of Christ is indeed adhered to by the Presbyterians and other Protestant denominations which style themselves Evangelical, but it is undeniable that the substitution of individual infallibility for the authority of the Church, is the direct cause why so many Protestants now-a-days deny that divinity, and Unitarianism, which numbers among its adherents so many intelligent men, is a direct offshoot of Presbyterianism. It is a reversal of historic truth to pretend that it is something new for Catholics to put their trust in our divine Redeemer. It was their love for Christ and their confidence in Him crucified which strengthened so many thousands of martyrs to lay down their lives for Him. It was this which made the deacon St. Laurence say to the Emperor Valerian, when the latter threatened him with the tortures of fire, and wild beasts:

"This is the banquet I seek and thirst for, nor is there one who thirsts for drink more earnestly than I do for these torments which will enable me

to return to my Christ, love for love, affliction for affliction, and death for death."

These are the sentiments of many millions of Catholics to this day, and they are fostered by the teaching of the Church.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

This admirable institution, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, in this city, has rapidly made its way into public favor. Nor could it well be otherwise. It is a model hospital in every respect, and is situated at Mount Hope, a point overlooking the whole city. In addition to this, the most eminent physicians of London are on the visiting board, while the extreme care and watchfulness of the Sisters prove a blessing to the afflicted. The Grand Jury of the County of Middlesex, in its last presentment, thus referred to the institution:

St. Joseph's Hospital was well equipped in all departments—cleanly, orderly and properly kept. Accommodation was provided for sixty patients, and only seven rooms were vacant. Many patients there received who paid for their wards, but the poor were welcome at any time, upon the recommendation of a doctor, and were taken in and cared for without any expense to city or county.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SEÑOR EMILIO CASTELAR, the eminent Spanish statesman, had a special audience with Pope Leo XIII., on the 10th inst. The Holy Father explained to his visitor his policy in respect to France and Spain. According to the cable despatch Señor Castelar in turn explained his personal opinions, and declared that while he would always remain a Republican, he took into account the present condition of Spain, and he had this in view when he advised his friend to support the Monarchy. When leaving the Vatican, Señor Castelar expressed his admiration of the sound common sense and views of the Pope, as well as the remarkable insight into human affairs possessed by His Holiness, the interview with whom left upon the statesman's mind the profound impression that he had been in the presence of a really great man. Señor Castelar also declared that the audience had convinced him that the Pope could do much to promote international peace. Señor Castelar has been in his time a determined political opponent of the Church, but of late he has discovered his mistake in endeavoring to cripple its authority. He loves Spain truly, and acknowledges now that religion is the only safeguard of the country against Anarchism and other dangerous tendencies of the present age.

The Rev. Mr. Ritchie, of St. Ignatius' Protestant Episcopal Church in New York city, announced in a recent sermon that marriage is a sacred bond and that divorce is forbidden absolutely by the divine law. He declares that divorced persons cannot be admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Many other Protestant clergymen are of the same way of thinking with Mr. Ritchie; but these individual opinions can have little influence in staying the increasing evil of divorce which has assumed such magnitude in the United States. Individuals may adopt the views of the Catholic Church, as these gentlemen have done; but they cannot prevent the evil from continuing, because they cannot speak with authority.

IRISH SOIL AND SNAKES.

Ottawa, 12th October, 1894.

ED. CATHOLIC RECORD:

Dear Sir—The *Irish Catholic and Nation*, published in Dublin, in its issue of the 29th September last, makes the following extract from an address delivered by me at Kirkfield, Ontario, during the course of last summer at Father Sweeney's picnic: "It had been established at Vaulcluse, in Australia, by Sir Thomas Hayes, whose beautiful grounds were infested with snakes and reptiles, that they could not exist on Irish soil, for he had brought out a few barrels of the old sod and spread it around his residence and the snakes had quitted the place forever," and it adds:

"It would be something more than interesting to know if Mr. Curran was quite accurately informed."

It may be equally as interesting to your readers as to the writer in the Dublin newspaper to know upon what authority I based my statement, a rather singular one I admit. You will confer a favor on me by inserting the following extract from page 191 of Mr. Hogan's book entitled the "Irish in Australia." I hope it may induce many to read the whole volume, which is only one of many interesting and instructive books, from the facile pen of Mr. Hogan, M. P. for Mid-Tipperary, whose acquaintance I had the privilege of making during his recent visit to Canada:

"Vaulcluse, one of the prettiest spots on Sydney harbor, has a curious and romantic history. At the beginning of

the century it was chosen as his place of residence by Sir Henry Hayes, an Irish baronet, who had the misfortune to be transported for abducting the lady on whom he had set his affections, but who did not see her way to reciprocate his tender passion. Though technically a prisoner, Sir Henry's rank and social position caused him to be treated by the authorities as a privileged person, and he was allowed a full measure of freedom on his giving his word of honor that he would make no attempt to leave the colony and return to Ireland. Sir Henry accepted his fate with philosophical resignation, and commenced to build a new home for himself on the beautiful estate which he had purchased and called Vaulcluse. But though the place was, and still is, one of the loveliest spots on earth, it had at that time one serious and annoying drawback. It was infested with snakes. One day, however, a bright idea struck Sir Henry as he was cogitating on the subject, and wondering if there was any practicable means of ridding himself of these unwelcome intruders. He resolved to try a bold and remarkable experiment. He would see whether the virtue of St. Patrick's prohibition of snakes on Irish soil would extend to the same soil if transferred to the other side of the world. He accordingly sent home for a number of barrels of Irish soil, and they arrived in Sydney in due course. Sir Henry then spread this imported earth as far as it would go around his residence, with the result, very gratifying to himself, that his domestic precincts were never afterwards troubled by snakes, never the other portions of the estate have authoritative come on, and we may have during the next few weeks which shall relieve or even remove every anxiety. The one calamity which I should most dread in the interests of Ireland, and of Great Britain as well, is that the Irish people should lose their faith in the sincerity and the resolve of a Liberal Government. I am not sure that some of my countrymen do not think that I have rather too much faith in the Liberal statesmanship of England. I have lived and worked so long with English Liberals that I have grown to regard their political interests and desires as identical with those of my own people. But I cannot expect that the same conviction should prevail all over Ireland and among Irishmen abroad. Therefore I owe that I am sorry that a louder and a stronger and a prompter note of reassurance has not been given to the Irish people with regard to this obstructive power of the House of Lords, and that I look to the autumn campaign with anxious hope for a clear and certain signal.

While it is certain that the confidence of the Irish people is beginning to be disturbed. It is forced in upon me that, for the moment at least, there is a grave doubt in the minds of the Irish people as to the earnestness of the Government in its dealing with the House of Lords. Let me say for myself, that I have no such doubt. I know most of the men who are to shape the policy, and I can fully believe in their sincerity and their determination. But I cannot wonder if my countrymen in Ireland are not quite so clear as to the resolve of Lord Rosebery's Government. Therefore, I have written these few pages by way of warning and by way of encouragement. That which we have not the habit of calling the autumn campaign has yet to come on, and we may have during the next few weeks which shall relieve or even remove every anxiety. The one calamity which I should most dread in the interests of Ireland, and of Great Britain as well, is that the Irish people should lose their faith in the sincerity and the resolve of a Liberal Government. I am not sure that some of my countrymen do not think that I have rather too much faith in the Liberal statesmanship of England. I have lived and worked so long with English Liberals that I have grown to regard their political interests and desires as identical with those of my own people. But I cannot expect that the same conviction should prevail all over Ireland and among Irishmen abroad. Therefore I owe that I am sorry that a louder and a stronger and a prompter note of reassurance has not been given to the Irish people with regard to this obstructive power of the House of Lords, and that I look to the autumn campaign with anxious hope for a clear and certain signal.

Yours truly,

J. J. CURRAN.

IRELAND AND THE GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., thus closes his article on "Ireland and the Government," which is, by the way, the initial article in the October number of the *New Review*:

The Government has not yet announced any authoritative policy in regard to the House of Lords. It may be of some advantage, of some guidance to Liberal Ministers to know how the people of Ireland are feeling about this question just at present. I may say frankly, and speaking for myself alone, that I think a great mistake was made when the House of Commons was allowed to separate without having received any exposition of the policy of the Government. I was in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons on the memorable night when Mr. Gladstone then Chancellor of the Exchequer, denounced what he described as the "gigantic innovation" accomplished by the House of Lords when they ventured to reject the bill for the repeal of the duty on paper. In that speech Mr. Gladstone was deprecating the too wild opinions of some extreme Liberals, or rather Radicals. Yet every one who heard the speech knew as well as we know it now after this distance of more than thirty years that the House of Lords would never be allowed to repeat their indiscretion, to make a precedent of their gigantic innovation. The country awaited in perfect confidence and tranquility the end of the controversy in the next session, "which end came," as Carlyle would have said.

Now I for one felt that we might have had some such words of reassurance from the Government before the close of last session. It was not to be expected that the Liberal statesmen would tell the House of Commons exactly what they proposed to do. Nobody asked for anything of the kind. Ministers could not possibly had had time to scheme out a complete policy or to agree upon a plan of autumnal campaign. All we wanted was fully recognized the desirability of anything being done for Ireland while the privileges of the House of Lords remained unthreatened. I don't say that the attack upon the House of Lords—an attack which is, of course, absolutely inevitable—should have been the first place in the programme of the Liberal Government. But, to adopt the language of a distinguished friend and colleague of mine who writes to me on the subject, "I think it is the business of Irishmen to insist that Home Rule must be absolutely at the front, and let the House of Lords take second place if that should be found necessary." We all understand what is meant by the firmness of the House of Lords. We all know, to begin with, what that firmness is. Esquire once said—"That once he was speaking in a king" the days of unconstitutional sovereignty—"we call obstinacy in a donkey." The obstinacy of the House of Lords—who are wiser than a donkey—has never yet held out long against a resolute declaration on the part of a Ministry in power as well as in office. The moment such a Ministry has put its foot down that moment the House of Lords has taken its foot up. This was seen in the great struggle for reform—the first constitutional reform—under Lord Grey and Lord John Russell. When the sovereign was prevailed upon to assent to the measures demanded by his advisers there was an end to the resistance of the House of Lords. Just the same thing happened in the case of the resistance to the repeal of the paper

duties when we lived under a thoroughly constitutional sovereign, and it was quite well known that the Queen would act on the recommendation of her Ministerial advisers. The announcement of the Government's resolve was enough. I think it would have been enough at the present crisis. I am convinced that if the Liberal Ministers had formally declared before the close of the late session that the Government was determined to carry out its Irish policy, with the assent of the House of Lords, or over and in spite of the House of Lords, the way would have been made clear for the Evicted Tenants Bill and for Home Rule. What I complain of is that no such certain sound was made by the Liberal Ministers before the House of Commons broke up at the close of the last session. A great chance was lost. I am unable to understand why it was lost.

Meanwhile it is certain that the confidence of the Irish people is beginning to be disturbed. It is forced in upon me that, for the moment at least, there is a grave doubt in the minds of the Irish people as to the earnestness of the Government in its dealing with the House of Lords. Let me say for myself, that I have no such doubt. I know most of the men who are to shape the policy, and I can fully believe in their sincerity and their determination. But I cannot wonder if my countrymen in Ireland are not quite so clear as to the resolve of Lord Rosebery's Government. Therefore, I have written these few pages by way of warning and by way of encouragement. That which we have not the habit of calling the autumn campaign has yet to come on, and we may have during the next few weeks which shall relieve or even remove every anxiety. The one calamity which I should most dread in the interests of Ireland, and of Great Britain as well, is that the Irish people should lose their faith in the sincerity and the resolve of a Liberal Government. I am not sure that some of my countrymen do not think that I have rather too much faith in the Liberal statesmanship of England. I have lived and worked so long with English Liberals that I have grown to regard their political interests and desires as identical with those of my own people. But I cannot expect that the same conviction should prevail all over Ireland and among Irishmen abroad. Therefore I owe that I am sorry that a louder and a stronger and a prompter note of reassurance has not been given to the Irish people with regard to this obstructive power of the House of Lords, and that I look to the autumn campaign with anxious hope for a clear and certain signal.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON LABOR.

A Sermon on the Need of Arbitration in Settling Disputes.

Frostburg, Md., October 4.—Cardinal Gibbons preached on "Labor," to a large congregation in St. Michael's Church last Sunday. In his sermon he said:

"Before the coming of Christ manual labor was held in degradation and relegated to slaves as being unworthy of free-men. Christ our Saviour has dignified and ennobled labor by word and example. He was pleased to devote many years of his life to mechanical pursuits, and even though he changed close and humble work since He worked in the carpenter shop He shed a halo around the workshop.

"Sixty years ago an eminent French writer, De Toqueville, speaking of the United States, said: 'With us every honest work is honorable.' He could not pay a higher tribute to the genius of our country or to the spirit of our institutions. Surely labor is held in as high esteem to-day as it was then.

"Labor has its rights, chief among which is the privilege of organizing and forming into societies calling themselves mutual protective societies. Our modern labor organizations are the legitimate source of our American labor grievances. In our times there is a great tendency in every department of business throughout the United States, as well as Great Britain, to form companies. There is a continuous network of companies and partnerships. When corporations combine it is quite natural for the laboring man to follow their example.

"But labor societies have many dangers menacing them. They are composed of men formidable in numbers, varying in character and nationality. They are naturally more difficult to manage and more liable to be dissolved than companies or corporations. They are in need of leaders of tact and ability who will aid the employees of the societies without infringing upon their employers.

"One of the most difficult questions in our times to discuss is the question of strikes. Perhaps this is not an unfavorable time to allude to this subject, as the great strike is ended and men are disposed to be more dispassionate in their judgments than they were some months ago. Strikes, as experience has demonstrated, are very questionable for the redress of the laborer's grievances. They check industry, excite passion. They often lead to the destruction of property, and they result in inflicting many injuries, while his mind is clouded by discontent, and his family not unconsciously suffer for the comforts and necessities.

"From statistics furnished by Carroll D. Wright, of the eight years ending December 1, 1888, we find that the loss to the employers by strikes amounted to nearly \$73,000,000, while the employers lost only one half this amount. I earnestly hope that some

efficient remedy will be found to put an end to our recurring strikes, and arbitration seems to be the most patent method that can be conceived of. A method that entails misery and loss is not the best means of adjusting labor grievances. A plan that will carry with it good and true Christian civilization should be sought for and adopted."

SAVED FROM FLAMES BY A PRIEST.

The Heroic Conduct of Father Lawlor at a Minnesota Forest Fire.

Duluth, Minn., Sept. 29.—Now that the smoke of the terrible forest fire around Hinckley and Sandstone has cleared away, and the noble charity of our State of Minnesota has relieved the immediate needs of a people who saved nothing but their lives, it may be well to call attention to the heroic action of the Catholic priest of Hinckley, Rev. E. J. Lawlor. When it became evident that the fated town of Hinckley was about to be destroyed, Father Lawlor called on all whom he could reach and implored them to betake themselves at once to the neighboring sand pit. In the hurry and agony he loudly begged men, women and children to follow him to safety.

Terrible to tell, many men, swearing and blaspheming, hastened with horses and wagons to seek escape through the woods, but they were all swept down on them like a tornado. Father Lawlor, seeing that the sand pit was likely to be crowded, went without hesitation to seek still another refuge, and having found one, brought many women and children to this place of safety. He encouraged the trembling refugees as they stood in the water, and consoled those who were sick and faint. While his own head and eyes were as if melting with the heat, he tore his coat in two and dipping it in the water placed one portion over the heads of a mother and her babe to keep them cool. He did the like with the other half, to save poor scorching children. His hat, too, he made use of to pour water on the heads of his suffering companions, some of whom died in his presence. Forgetful of himself, he did all that lay in him for the poor sufferers.

Father Lawlor, now at St. Mary's Hospital, in Duluth, has lost everything. Both church and house are blotted out; vestments, altar-cloths, and household goods are all ashes. The good Father, who by his coolness and courage in this fearful calamity, saved so many lives, makes no pretence to heroic; newspapers will not have much to say of him; yet it would be a suitable recognition of his fearless Christian manhood to rebuild for him both house and church, and to supply them with all that is needful for religious service and renewed action in behalf of God's honor and the people's good. The highest reward Father Lawlor asks is the opportunity of laboring anew amongst his suffering people.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

A Pleading Event.

As our readers are aware, the Rev. Father P. Smith, who for several years past has been the respected curate of St. Catherine's church here, has been appointed to the pastorate of the church in Merriton. Even though the change does not involve a wide separation, yet there are many friends in the church here who recognized the sterling worth of their respected friend, and on Tuesday evening a number of them met at the home of the Rev. Father to bid him God speed in his new departure and express their sense of his respect in which the Reverend Father was held in their hearts and in their way.

About 8 p. m. there were assembled in the drawing room of the Denery the following gentlemen: The Rev. Dean Harris, Rev. Father McAlley, Capt. P. Larkin, Sheriff Dawson, Aldermen Keating, Bulger and Begy, W. J. Shea, R. D. Dunn, H. McShay, T. Gronart, T. Darnin, J. E. McCarthy, J. P. J. Healey, J. E. Lawrence, H. R. Cuddon, Capt. McIlwaine, and representatives of the city press, as well as several others, including Father Smith. Sheriff Dawson in his usual urbane manner acted as spokesman, and after a few well-timed preliminary remarks, appropriate to the occasion, read the following kind address to their departing friend:

"To the Rev. Felix Smith, C. C.: With the strongest assurance of the affection and regard of the members of the Archdiocese, we have heard with deep and heartfelt sorrow, that in obedience to the wish of His Grace, the Archbishop, you are about to depart from among us, and sever the bond of union which has so intimately united us for the past several years.

"We would be congratulating you on your well-deserved promotion, we, at the same time, sorrow and regret. We feel that we owe you a debt of gratitude for the great interest, deep cheerfulness with which you were always ready to sacrifice yourself in our behalf, which you have given us will remain with us as an inheritance, and will exercise a lasting influence even upon the very children of the parish.

"We would be unworthy of your friendship if we allowed this opportunity to pass without signifying our appreciation of your many virtues, and the exalted estimation in which we hold you.

"With this illuminated address which we tender you we ask you to accept the accompanying purse as a tangible assurance of the sincerity of our appreciation of your many estimable qualities.

"In taking an affectionate farewell of you, may I ask you to remember us at the altar of mercy, where memory itself becomes sanctified from association with holy surroundings.

Signed on behalf of the congregation: P. Larkin, Thos. C. Dawson, M. Brennan, R. D. Dunn and M. Y. Keating, Secy. St. Catherine's, Sept. 28, 1894.

"That duty being performed, Capt. Larkin, on behalf of the congregation, handed Father Smith a well-filled purse as a token of the tangible respect of all his friends.

The Rev. gentleman was visibly affected, and in feeling and affectionate language expressed his most sincere thanks for the expressions of their respect and good will, which, he assured them, would long be treasured as an anchor binding him with more zealous feelings to his solemn duties, and with his American headquarters from Philadelphia to New York. Heretofore the gentlemen present, but also to the citizens of St. Catharines, whose kindness and good-will he would ever remember.

The Rev. Dean Harris in most pleasing remarks bore testimony to the sterling worth and Christian character of his late colleague, and while regretting their separation felt it his duty to know that his elevation to the charge of the church in Merriton was a well-

deserved one, due largely to the untiring and faithful manner in which he had performed his duties since his ordination as a priest. The Rev. Dean was at times in his happiest mood and occasionally with a well-timed humorous remark created a hearty laugh amongst all present. After generous expressions of good wishes for the future welfare and prosperity of Father Smith, the proceedings terminated.—St. Catharines Journal, Oct. 10.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

Bishop Dowling in Arthur.

AN ELOQUENT LECTURE ON ROME AND THE HOLY LAND.

It is always a pleasure to record the advancement which Catholicity is making in this Province, as evidenced in the beautiful structures of divine worship which year by year are being reared, the steady increase and equipment of Catholic schools and the neat and substantial parochial residences which are being built as fitting adjuncts to the parish church. The parish of Arthur is indeed an exception to this, possessing as it does a church, parochial residence, grammar school and separate school, at once creditable to both pastor and people. It must have delighted the heart of the Bishop of Hamilton, the chief pastor of the diocese, who is ever solicitous for the welfare of his people, to see everything in such a flourishing condition, when His Lordship visited the Holy Land, for the purpose of lecturing the following evening in St. John's church upon his recent trip to Rome and the Holy Land. Dr. Dowling was widely known as a scholarly and polished lecturer before there was pressed upon his brow the cares of the mitre, and even now, though charged with the multitudinous duties incident to his episcopal office, His Lordship still finds time to instruct and delight his people with the wisdom and grace of his gifted words.

The morning services in the church were of unusual interest, High Mass being celebrated, *coram episcopo*, Rev. Father Dube being celebrant. At the end of the evening His Lordship briefly addressed the congregation, congratulating them on the improvement which had been made since his last pastoral visit to the parish, last June. He also congratulated them on the improvement which had been made since his last pastoral visit to the parish, last June. He also congratulated them on the improvement which had been made since his last pastoral visit to the parish, last June.

The musical portion of the services was especially fine, the choir, under the leadership of Miss Appleton, who presided at the organ, singing Mozart's Twelfth Mass, the solos being well sustained by Miss Appleton, Miss May Anderson, Miss Tillie O'Donnell, Miss Nellie Harcourt, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan and Mr. Hugh O'Donnell.

In the evening Grand Musical Vespers preceded the lecture by His Lordship, which was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The singing in the evening was really excellent, the solo done by the choir receiving the most favorable comments on all sides. Cherubini's "Ave Maria," sung by Miss May Anderson, and "The Mass," by Miss Appleton, being especially admired. Lambilliotte's "Laudate" and Peter's "Magnificat" were sung by the full choir (the solos being taken by Miss May Anderson and Dr. O'Hagan).

The lecture by His Lordship Bishop Dowling was, as had been anticipated, an intellectual treat. In quick succession the gifted lecturer drew picture after picture of Rome—showing the transition from Pagan to Christian Rome, the fading of the purple of the emperors, the crumbling of the Colosseum, the change from the Parthenon to the St. Peter's, pointing out the verification of Macaulay's words, that empires and dynasties may pass away but the Catholic Church remains forever.

The radiating influence of Rome upon the Christianity and civilization of the world was also touched upon. His Lordship showed how England received its Christianity from young Englishmen who were brought to Rome as captives, by order of the Roman Emperors, they being punished by the Pope and converted to Christianity, they afterwards, with St. Augustine at their head, returned to their native land and converted their fellow countrymen.

The lecturer's description of St. Peter's was particularly fine. He told of its building and how the immortal name of Michael Angelo, architect, sculptor, painter and poet, became connected with it.

Bishop Dowling next sketched the occasion of his two visits to Rome, and the public celebrations of Pope Pius IX., and our present Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII.

He pointed out that although there are three hundred and sixty-one churches in Rome the soldiers of the king of Italy never see the inside of a church on Sunday, while in Protestant England the Army Regulations compel every soldier to attend a church of some kind.

His Lordship closed a really delightful and scholarly lecture with a vivid description of Jerusalem and the scenes of the passion by the life and death of Our Divine Lord adding that from his travels abroad he came home feeling convinced that there was no other country in the world or our own fair Canada. The attendance at the lecture was large, not a few of those present being Protestants, who were attracted to the church by the fame which Bishop Dowling enjoys as a polished and eloquent speaker.

On Monday His Lordship, in company with Fathers Doherty and Dube and several friends, visited the Separate school, where he was entertained by the pupils. His Lordship, who is deeply interested in the intellectual advancement of the children committed to his pastoral care, was delighted to hear of the success of the Arthur Separate school at the recent examinations.

Sunday and Monday were indeed days of Catholic triumph for the good people of St. John's church; and the generous sacrifice which prompted His Lordship Bishop Dowling to visit the parish at a great inconvenience and delight the people with his beautiful lecture on Rome and the Holy Land, Heretofore remembered in Arthur by both pastor and people.

Use of Relics.

The World's Fair may be said to have afforded the fullest explanation of the practice of venerating holy images and the relics of saints. The honours paid to the Liberty Bell were extraordinary. It was kissed with fervor and frequency, trinkets were touched to it, etc., by persons who had hitherto ridiculed Catholics for honoring relics and statues of the Madonna and the saints. The *Church News* of Washington, D. C., has a good paragraph on this subject:

"Almost every day we read of the cure which is taken to guard some precious relic which belonged to some distinguished man. The other day we noticed a paragraph describing a brass button from one of General Washington's coats, now the property of a family in Memphis. No one thinks of blaming the lucky possessors of that button; but is it not strange that Catholics should be laughed at if they are so fortunate as to have a relic of one of the saints?"—Ave Maria.

The League of the Sacred Heart, which has, in the whole Catholic world, a membership of about 20,000,000 is about to remove its American headquarters from Philadelphia to New York. Heretofore the principal offices of the Society in the United States have been at 1161 Girard avenue, Philadelphia, in connection with the Jesuit church of the Gesù. Heretofore they will be at St. Francis Xavier's, New York, from which place the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, the monthly magazine of the society, will be issued.—Church News.

GLIMPSSES OF CANADA AND ITS SUPERB SCENERY ALONG THE ST. LAWRENCE.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. One of the many desires of my life was this summer gratified by a most delightful trip through the Thousand Islands, down the beautiful St. Lawrence, a visit to some of the lower Canadian cities and a sail up the Saguenay river.

We left Toronto on Friday afternoon, August 10, on board the "Passport," and the remainder of that day was passed uneventfully on deck enjoying the cool breezes of Lake Ontario, so refreshing after July's almost unbearable weather.

The next morning on looking out of my state room window I discovered that we were in among the Thousand Islands on the clear waters of the St. Lawrence, and hastened down to breakfast so as to get on deck early and not miss any of the charming scenery. Indeed it well deserves the highest terms of praise, for one could really fancy himself in fairyland, so picturesque are the surroundings.

Towards noon the captain told us to be on the lookout for the Rapids, and the first one, or Blue Rapids, was reached just as we were eating dinner. He was a personal acquaintance of one of our party (Bishop Dowling of Hamilton, Ontario), and so very kindly allowed us to go on the upper deck the rest of the afternoon while we went down the Long Sault, Coteau, Split Rock, Cedar and Cascade Rapids, much to the envy of the rest on board, as this was quite a privilege.

The most exciting of these was the Long Sault, where the boat rocked like a cradle. There was a space of about two hours after leaving the Cascade Rapid before we would reach the Lachine, during which time the Captain pointed out to us all the places of interest to be seen. For a long while we were bordered on one side by New York State and on the other by Canada; but later left New York behind and were entirely in Canada.

Greatly to our disappointment, when nearing the Lachine Rapids it was announced that the water had been very shallow there for a few days previous, and as the rocks were considerably exposed, it would be unsafe for the boat to shoot these. Therefore on arriving at Lachine, late in the afternoon, all were transferred to a train in waiting and reached Montreal that evening just in time to make connection with another steamer for Quebec. We did not remain over there going down, but left that for the return trip.

Our second night on water going from Montreal to Quebec was extremely pleasant. As the boat left the wharf the lights of the city appeared like so many stars, growing fainter and fainter as we glided away, until at last they were lost in the distance. We sat out on deck quite late listening to enchanting music furnished by an orchestra inside, and when it had ceased, retired to our apartments and were soon in the land of nod.

Sunday morning brought us into Quebec, where we were greeted by a throng of hack men yelling at the top of their voices, and each trying to secure passengers for his vehicle. We were soon safely landed in a carriage and driven to the Chateau Frontenac, which is the best hotel there, and located on Dufferin Terrace, overlooking and commanding an excellent view of the river. High Mass was attended at the Basilica, a large French church elaborately decorated on the interior with white and gold; and the services were all in French. The first striking feature of Quebec to attract my attention was how unlevel it is, and driving afforded me little pleasure until I became accustomed to the hills. The city is divided into what is called upper and lower town; the former being the modern portion, while the latter still retains its rude, antique dwellings and narrow streets. This place was particularly interesting to me, not for its beauty, but historical fame. We saw the Plains of Abraham, where General Wolfe a little outside the city limits scaled the heights in darkness and surprised the French under Montcalm with the whole British force of some eight thousand men drawn up in battle array on the morning of September 13, 1859; the result of which was the capture of Quebec by the English, and decided the fate of France in America. The spot where Wolfe fell is marked by a monument, and there is also one in the Governor's Garden erected to the memory of both generals. The house in which the remains of General Montgomery were laid out and a square iron plate on the bank of the river bearing the inscription "Montgomery fell December 31st, 1775," were also pointed out to us. Our next step was to visit the Citadel and see how the city is fortified. This was a great curiosity to me and I appreciated it very much. It is situated on the top of a bluff, surrounded by a high stone wall, and the entrance is from a winding pathway. A soldier very kindly escorted us through and showed us the trenches used for the purpose of flooding in case of attack, how underground communication is had, the bastions from which the enemy can be fired on, but used now for saluting incoming vessels, and a canon taken by the

British at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775—in fact everything of interest there. It was our good fortune during our stay in Quebec to see six British men of war enter the harbor and anchor a short distance from shore.

Ste. Anne de Beaupre, a little village about forty-five minutes ride from Quebec, was the next place visited. There is to be found the Shrine of Ste. Anne, where so many miraculous cures have been and continue to be effected. No miracle, however, happened in our presence, but we saw crutches and canes without number, besides several valuable gifts, such as gold hearts, articles of jewelry, etc., left by those who had been cured, as tokens of gratitude; also costly vestments made and donated by Queen Anne of Austria. The church containing the Shrine is a very handsome one inside. Its floor is of marble, and the walls are beautifully painted, and it has fourteen chapels, seven on each side, where Mass can be celebrated. It is no uncommon occurrence for three or four Masses to be going on there at the one time. The main altar is of white marble, richly carved, and cost eighteen thousand dollars. On the sides of it were placed pots of rare white and purple flowers, called the Cathedral Bell, forming an arch, and the effect was very pretty. We were told that slips of the flower had often been taken away and planted by visitors, but would not thrive in any other place than Ste. Anne. Their choir is composed entirely of male voices, and I was very much impressed with the singing of those Frenchmen, so rich was the tone. By the way I should have stated that the majority of the people in Lower Canada are French, and if one of our party had not been thoroughly familiar with the language, I don't know what we should have done. After hearing Mass, said by Bishop Dowling, praying at the Shrine and kissing the relics of the saint, we looked about in search of more objects of interest besides those contained in the church. A very old and much smaller church, and the one that formerly held the Shrine, still stands and is diagonally across from the other. A short distance from it is a model of the "Scala Sancta," or Holy Stairs, in Rome ascended by our Lord to be judged by Pontius Pilate. This stairs, twenty-eight in number, is never ascended except on the knees, and being told that we would gain a great indulgence by doing this, we climbed up stair after stair on our knees, saying a prayer on each, and finally completed our task. We then purchased a few souvenirs and got some of the water from the natural spring to bring home with us,—which completed our day there.

After leaving Ste. Anne we sailed still farther down the St. Lawrence to Murray Bay, where the water is quite salt, being mingled with that of the ocean. The chief sports of the summer resort are meeting the boats as they land every day, bathing and driving. It is very hilly there, and they have the most peculiar, high, little carts called calesches, specially adapted for driving in such a place. These are drawn by French-Canadian ponies, well accustomed to the hills.

A week at Murray Bay was quite sufficient; and hearing a great deal about the scenery of the Saguenay River, and being desirous of seeing it, we set out again in that direction. In order to reach this river it was necessary to go still farther north on the St. Lawrence along the coast of Maine as far as Tadoussac before branching off. Immediately on entering the Saguenay our gaze was met with jagged rocks and mountains of tremendous height, and the cold was so severe that it became necessary for all on board to wrap themselves in blankets. I imagine we must have resembled Indians anywhere. The most interesting things up in that wilderness to me were Capes Trinity and Eternity. The former has three rocks, representing the Three Divine Persons, from which it derived its name, and is eighteen hundred feet high. On top of one rock is a statue of the Blessed Virgin and on another a cross; both presumably erected by some Catholic explorer. It was very consoling to think that though in a very remote spot, yet Christianity was not forgotten, and that we were watched over by the Mother of God. Cape Eternity is only a short distance from the other, and is two thousand feet high. After going as far north as Chicoutimi the boat turned around and we retraced our steps to the St. Lawrence again, stopping over at Tadoussac and Riviere du Loup for a few hours. At Tadoussac we saw a church two hundred and forty-seven years old; and purchased some fancy baskets from the Indians at Riviere du Loup.

Montreal was at last reached on the return trip, and as our stay there was limited to five hours in order to make connection with another boat for Toronto, we hired a carriage and drove around to see as much as possible in that time. The churches and a view of the city from the mountain seem to be the main attractions to visitors, so we also followed suit. St. Peter's, the Notre Dame, St. Patrick's and Jesuit churches were inspected. The first mentioned has been building for the last thirty years and is a *fac simile*, except as to size, of St. Peter's in Rome. Its seating capacity is only about ten thousand, while the one in Rome is said to contain one hundred thousand people. The altar is situated under the dome, and is so placed that a priest can say Mass on either side of it. There are

pews in front, behind, and on both sides of the altar. Up in the dome, written in Latin, are the words, "On this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The Notre Dame is a very fine, large French church, and although very old is well preserved. There is a chapel at the rear of the same which is a perfect little gem. On the walls are beautifully painted scenes in the time of our Lord on earth, such as "The Changing of the Water Into Wine at the Wedding of Cana," etc.; and over the altar is a magnificent representation of the Transfiguration. After seeing the churches and viewing the city from the mountain for a while the time for leaving had arrived and we were soon aboard the "Algerian," sailing back in the direction of Toronto. Going through the locks was slow and tiresome work, and it seemed as though we would never come to the end of them. The return trip would have been pleasant enough if it were not for an accident occurring. At Brockville the shaft broke and all were transferred to cars for their destinations; and we were soon back at "Home, Sweet Home." I must not neglect to mention that the weather was exceptionally pleasant all through, and that the folk met while away were very agreeable. A great many of the same crowd who were with us on the "Passport" were also with us away up on the Saguenay River. Well everything must have an end, and so, after two weeks of enjoyment, did our trip; but it will ever be to me a bright page in life's history.

MAUD COLEMAN.

ZOLA TO BE PROSECUTED.

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Catholic Times, writing under date of Sept. 11, says: A criminal action for libel has been brought against the author of "Lourdes" by M. Bourgeois, the contractor who built the great votive church at the famous sanctuary. The newspaper *Gil Blas* is also included in the summons for having published the libel in its columns. The case will be heard before the Ninth Correctional Chamber of the Seine on October 24 next. M. Zola has already been shown to have been strikingly inaccurate in many passages of his book, but when he stated that the contractors who built the Church of the Rosary were thieves he somewhat overstepped the mark, as he will probably find to his cost. M. Bourgeois is indignant and declares that the novelist has injured him, both in character and business. M. Zola, who has been interviewed on the subject, says he had no malicious motives in what he wrote, and that in fact he had never heard of M. Bourgeois. If he has given offence, he regrets it very much. But this is all very well. M. Zola seems to think everything is allowable to a writer of fiction. "Lourdes" professes to be something more than a mere romance. Its subject is a luminous fact in the supernatural order, and M. Zola pledged himself to relate the facts in simple truth. Instead of which the story of Bernadette and of Lourdes is turned into a mastery caricature, repulsive to Catholics and attractive only to those who scoff at the manifestations of God to His creatures. Father Marie Antoine, the celebrated Capuchin missionary in the south of France, referred to Zola and his book some days ago in the following language: "Sights capable of melting the rocks into tenderness M. Zola alone has failed to understand. He has sunk into the mire of mud and money. Woe to him who comes to Lourdes without seeking the Lord. I said to Zola one day, close to the grotto, beware of rejecting the grace that is given you; Lourdes is a vision of heaven. There the eye sees what man has never seen, the ear hears what man has never heard, and the heart feels what man has never felt. To come to Lourdes is a grace unto salvation. Take care that this grace does not turn into your own destruction. The rock of Lourdes is one that smites if it does not sanctify. Now is the time for you to rise or to fall. But alas! the unhappy man failed to understand, and he sold himself to the *Gil Blas* newspaper. Woe, thrice woe, to him who sells his pen to Satan and to men!" These are portentous words, but the curious thing about it all is that no one better than Zola realizes the weighty responsibility of public penmanship. The only occasion I ever met him was at a press banquet here about a year ago. His manner was quiet, reserved, almost gentle, and very thoughtful. He struck me as a person of melancholy temperament. His speech was not long, and the one point he insisted upon was the right use of the power wielded by the press. I remember one sentence: "Gentlemen of the foreign press, you are but a few individuals sitting round this table, but remember the tremendous power which is in your hands. Combined together, you could break the peace of Europe; you could make and unmake nations; you could form public opinion on any subject. Think then how important it is to realize the heavy responsibility which rests upon you of discharging your duty faithfully and conscientiously."

A Graduate of Toronto University says: "My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years! Our physician first recommended it and now whenever a child takes a cold my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always effects a cure."

Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has worked wonders for dyspeptics, and we don't think there is a case of Dyspepsia to be found that it will not cure if the directions are followed. Mr. C. E. Williams, Druggist, Wingham, says: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well, and I know of one bad case of Dyspepsia that it has completely cured."

A DUKE'S BROTHER.

Remarkable Story of an English Convert Who Maintains a Charity School in Kentucky.

A correspondent of the Church Progress writing from Louisville, Ky., tells a remarkable story of the benefactions of a wealthy Englishman, a brother of the Duke of Beaufort, who for ten months has lived with the Trappist monks at Getsemane, near Bardstown. Three years ago, so the story runs, the ten years' old son of Darnley Beaufort, died in the magnificent ancestral home of the family in the north of England. The little fellow was heir to a fortune equal to a quarter of a million dollars, and in dying besought his father, who had nursed him tenderly through a long illness, to go out and distribute his wealth "to the poor little boys of the world."

Two eyes closed upon the world, and a noble little soul had taken its flight. This was the second sorrow that had saddened the elder Darnley Beaufort. His wife was a member of the Church of England, and when he became a convert to catholicity their paths in life parted.

When the little Darnley Beaufort died his father's heart was almost broken. The body had not long been cold in the grave when steps were taken to make effective his last request. The estates of father and son were in England, France and Ireland. They were yielding large revenues, and Mr. Beaufort placed them so that they would not be wasted by his absence. In a few months he was on board a ship coming to this country. Two years ago he landed in New York, remaining there until about ten months ago. The Trappist monastery of Getsemane offered a field in which to begin his labors. Soon he was on the way to Nelson county, Ky. Having an education of a superior order he was

PLACED AT THE HEAD OF THE TRAPPIST SCHOOL.

As soon as he had become acquainted he built a large house on a hill near Getsemane and called it Mt. Olivet school; though the people of Nelson county call it the "Charity school." At the beginning of this session one hundred and twenty-four children, the little sons and daughters of poor parents, were enrolled as pupils. Mr. Beaufort pays every expense. Their tuition is free, their meals are given them, and when little Johnny wears a hole in his trousers Mr. Beaufort replaces the garment. When little Mary's bonnet is old and her shoe is torn, it is to Mr. Beaufort that she looks for assistance. The expense of conducting the school is very heavy. It does not bring him one cent of income, and then, besides supporting one hundred and twenty-four children, he otherwise dispenses charity with a lavish hand. The surplus of the large annuity is re-invested, so that his fortune is constantly increasing.

Mr. Beaufort says that nothing could have induced him to give up the home of his nativity, the pleasures that a large fortune and social standing could bring, and, in fact, nearly everything that the world offers, but the dying request of his boy, with the addition of one other circumstance—the scandal in which his family became involved. He told a reporter he was

A BROTHER OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

one of the best known sporting men in England. Several years ago the duke gained world-wide notoriety by being involved in the Cleveland street scandals in London with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and others. The Duke of Beaufort is a prominent turfman.

Mr. Beaufort is a man not only of striking appearance, but his sole object in life seems to be to make himself agreeable to everybody. He is fond of sports, and nothing seems to delight him more than to watch his one hundred and twenty-four little charges at play. Even on very warm days he wears a heavy white sweater, such as foot-ball players use. Though living in the country, his feet are usually incased in bright patent leather shoes, and these, with the nobby rough English cloth of which his clothes are made, and a handsome light overcoat, give him the appearance of a "swell."

Altogether, the people of Nelson county are very proud that they have such a man in their midst. Were you to travel from one end of the county to the other you would never hear words other than of the deepest respect and kindness spoken of the man who, with estates in England, France and Ireland valued at half a million, or perhaps more, is

BURYING HIMSELF FROM THE WORLD and worldly pleasures in order "to help poor little boys who have nothing." Though a few, very few, persons take advantage of the rich Englishman's kindness of heart and designedly meet him on the roadside as he drives from Getsemane to Bardstown or some other place, he often slips a dollar, or sometimes five times that much, into the beggar's hand and drives on without a question. But he is a shrewd man, and, of course, would not let impostors go too far.

The poor shoemakers of the neighborhood are furnished with their leather by Mr. Beaufort, and many an indigent farmer is given the implements with which to till the soil and harvest its products.

A short time ago Mr. Beaufort was riding in his buggy from Bardstown to Getsemane. On the road he met one of the boys of his school staggering like a confirmed inebriate. He reproved the lad, and was rewarded with an attack of abuse and profanity. Under this provocation Beaufort gave

the little ruffian a gentle thrashing. The boy then went home and told his father. In a few days suit was brought against Mr. Beaufort for \$1,000 damages.

The case came to trial last week. Mr. Beaufort was not alone when he entered the court-room. A neatly-dressed man, with a short grey beard sat at his side during the trial and acted as the attorney for the defence. He was a stranger, and there was manifest surprise in the able manner in which he conducted the case. "Who is the little man?" was asked here and there through the crowd. "Never saw him before," was the reply; but no one doubted that the stranger was

A LAWYER OF UNCOMMON ABILITY. No one had seen him come in on the train, so the question was, how did he get there? When the suit was brought against Mr. Beaufort it became quickly known in the Trappist Monastery, and among those there was Father Matthew. As soon as he heard of Mr. Beaufort's trouble he volunteered to defend him in court. Father Matthew had been a monk for two or three years. Previous to that time he was a lawyer of Louisiana, practicing a great deal in the courts of New Orleans and Vicksburg. His worldly name was Matthew Goodwin. Mr. Beaufort was glad to receive his services, and thus the monk left his profession to return for a few hours to the law which he had abandoned.

There was a dozen or more witnesses, and even the relatives of the plaintiff, including his aunt, testified to the many kind acts of Mr. Beaufort, upholding him in the thrashing he gave the boy. But there was no getting round the strict letter of the law, so the jury was bound to grant some damages. When the verdict was returned it found the defendant guilty and gave the plaintiff one cent damages. But Mr. Beaufort will continue to feed, clothe and educate the TEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF HIS DEFEATED ADVERSARY.

When the trial was over last Saturday Mr. E. E. McKay, the well-known Bardstown lawyer, invited Father Matthew and Mr. Beaufort to dine with his family at his elegant residence, a short distance from town. It is nothing more than natural that the family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. McKay, their two handsome daughters and son were greatly surprised to find the Trappist monk the life of the crowd. He proved to be a humorist and a talker such as is not met with every day. He is thoroughly educated and the lawyers at the Bardstown bar (who are certainly good ones) have learned a thing or two. Father Matthew told Mr. McKay that the charity school cost Mr. Beaufort from \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year including, of course, his gifts to the children. The total amount of his charity each year is said to be \$12,000 or more. Through closely identified with the monastery he has never become a member of the order.

Catholic Missions.

The Rev. Mr. Knox, Presbyterian missionary in Corea and Japan, has contributed to a non-Catholic paper two remarkable articles on the Catholic missions in those far lands. He tells how the Jesuits entered the country a century ago, and after reaping large harvests of souls were cruelly put to death with their native converts, not one of whom quailed before the executioner's sword. Men, women and children were mercilessly but vainly tortured in the hope of inducing them to abjure the Faith—a circumstance which has elicited from this fair-minded Presbyterian divine another addition to the many testimonials to Catholic missionary zeal.

"It is not surprising that the heroic missionaries of the Roman Church win the plaudits of on-lookers who are not impressed by the pleasant home life, with wife and children and abundant comforts, of the Protestant missionary. However out of sympathy with the dogmas of the Roman Church, their poverty, endurance, patience and suffering excite the admiration of us all. Every thoughtful missionary is forced to ask himself whether the Reformation did not go too far; whether the priestly, monastic, militant types are not, after all, more in accord with the missionary spirit."

The Protestant secession unquestionably went too far when it cut itself loose from Catholic unity and from the life-giving and strengthening sacraments of the Church, without which the "priestly, monastic and militant types" would be an impossible dream.—Ave Maria.

If we would keep our faith pure we must study its holy truths.



IT LESSENS LABOR AND BRINGS COMFORT AND WILL SAVE ITS COST MANY TIMES OVER.

Health Restored

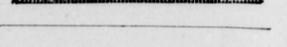
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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS. Twenty-Third Sunday after Pentecost.

REVERENCE FOR GOD. Brethren: I wish to speak to you this morning on reverence for God. But it is natural to ask, Why talk about reverence? why is not that included in the love of God? So it is. But even if one does not love God, even if he is mortal sin, that is no reason why he should give up all respect and reverence for God. Take an example, Here is a disobedient son; yet he is not disrespectful. "I won't obey my father," he says, "but that's no reason why I should despise him; I won't spit at him, I won't insult him, even if I haven't the virtue to obey him." So with a sinner: if he gives up the love of God by mortal sin, it is a terrible state to be in and an awful calamity. He has lost the divine love. But if in addition he has no respect for God, talks slightly of Him, cracks his jokes about God's Holy Scriptures, makes little of the sacraments and the Church, ridicules her laws and despises those who keep them, do you not see the difference? Do you not see that such a one has not only lost the love of God, but that, having lost all reverence for Him, you cannot help suspecting that there is something the matter with his faith?

I will give you another illustration. Here is a man who is a hard sinner; and yet he never eats meat on Friday. Sick or well, and in all his sinfulness, he sticks to the observance of the Friday abstinence. Now, why does he do that? Because it is a test of personal reverence for what that man knows to be the true religion. It is a very conspicuous act of respect for Him who died that day. It is one of the great outward signs of veneration for our Lord and His Church. If the sinner gives up he drops away down low in his own opinion and considers himself a reprobate. Having been lost love by mortal sin, he has now lost reverence by slighting the Friday abstinence.

Take another case. You hear a man rip out a big curse; you look at him, you see him in a towering rage. All bad enough. Such habits place one in mortal sin. But here is another man, who coolly embellishes a filthy story with the venerable name of Jesus. Are you not much more shocked? Does not this last one seem to you a worse enemy of God than the former, far worse? Sinner, if you have made up your mind to go to hell by a life of mortal sin, what is the sense of going clean to the bottom?

Irreverence towards God and holy things is often by word of mouth and takes the form of some kind of blasphemy. It was so in the case of the heathen King Sennacherib. He ravaged the land of Judea and put multitudes of the people of God to death: yet God spared him. He laid siege to the Holy City, threatened to destroy the Jewish nation, and even then God gave him time to repent. But he blasphemed, he insulted the God of Israel, he cast off all reverence and respect for Him. And the angel of God came down from heaven and slew his army; Sennacherib fled to his own country and was put to death by his two sons.

We see from all this why it is that the first petition of our Lord's own prayer concerns inward and outward reverence for the divine Name—"Hallowed be Thy name." We see, too, why the great commandment of God, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," not only forbids blasphemy, and cursing, and false swearing, but any and every disrespectful use of that Holy Name. Yet how many are there not only whose words but whose whole conduct is marked with utter indifference, total want of reverence for God, His saints, His word, His sacraments, His Church! Let us hope that such persons do not always realize the deep guilt of their offence. At any rate, let us for our part pay true reverence to God and God-like things. However conscientious we may be of our own failings, let us who hope to be in the enjoyment of God's friendship for ever show our reverence for Him. When we pray, let it be reverently and slowly and respectfully. When we are in the house of God, let us act with decorum as becomes children of God. When we speak of holy things, let us do so seriously and with reverence.

Non-Catholics and Salvation. Amongst the popular misconceptions of Catholic doctrine—and many of these have their origin in calumny—is the obstinate Protestant notion that the Church ruthlessly condemns to perdition everybody who is not a Catholic. So unreasonable is anti-Catholic prejudice in this regard that the non-Catholic world often insists upon foisting on the Church a teaching both uncharitable and irrational. It is uncharitable because it violates the spirit of our Lord's mission to save everybody, and unreasonable because it postulates the impossible—that those who are in invincible ignorance should be held accountable for not embracing the truth which they cannot apprehend. It is only in the case of a deliberate rejection of divine light and grace to embrace the true faith that the Church declares there is no salvation without her fold.

DAN. A Story For Boys. BY MARY D. BRINE. CONCLUDED.

It happened just at that time that the majority of the crowd had surged over in another direction, and as the races were not to come off for an hour or more, that part of the grounds was comparatively empty, save for a few stragglers and jockeys about the track. So Dan rode over to the track course, while the dealer, the gentleman who wanted to buy, and a few of the loungers about kept their eyes upon him critically. "He sits well," "He rides well," "The knows what he's about," "That's a plucky little chap," and other remarks similar, were heard by the gentleman as he watched Dan ride, and he quite agreed with each speaker. But the dealer, not ready to yield his opinion, said, "Well, he ain't really rid fast enough to scare him yet. If the boss made any speed the boy'd be thrown and kilt, sure as a gun."

When Dan came around to the starting-place again, all flushed with pleasure and excitement, he asked if he might have a "run" the next time. "Kide as you please, my lad," said the gentleman, "only don't get a tumble." So Dan started off on a run, and the horse showed off so finely, and carried himself, so well, that the question of the sale was about a settled thing. Just at that moment one of the jockeys rode into the ring, and began giving his horse a chance to limber up. "Seeing little Dan's small figure ahead of him, he cried out jestingly, "Get out of the way, you mite! Hi, there! get out of the way, else you'll be blown over when I pass you by the wind of my speed!" Dan turned his head, and his black eyes gleamed.

"Look out for yourself," he replied, saucily. "Catch me if you can, an' then blow me off! How's that?" "Ha, ha! that's your talk, eh?" shouted the jockey, and he touched his horse into a gallop. "Now's my time for fun," thought Dan. "I ain't had such a good time for I don't know when, an' taint likely I'll ever get the chance again. Go 'long, now! sst? go on, my fine feller of a horse, g'long!" He struck little Dan's heels into the horse's sides and spurred on, still in advance of the jockey. Faster and faster, still faster flew the horses around the course, and the cheers of the lookers-on soon drew other eyes to the scene, and the cheers grew louder. The gentleman for whom Dan was riding grew excited and cheered lustily himself, while the astonished dealer rubbed his hands together and said, "I told ye the critter could go, only give him the chance. Lor! how the boy keeps up his pluck!" If it was fun for Dan, who didn't know the meaning of the word "fear" in connection with a horse, it was far from being fun for the boy behind him, who was growing angry very fast at the idea of being beaten in this impromptu style by a boy he didn't know, a "mere snip of a boy," who dared to keep ahead of himself, "a real jockey."

But there was no help for it. The horse Dan rode, though never known as a "racer," and offered for sale by the dealer at a price the man then imagined to be "fair," but according to present appearances "not half his worth," was proving himself to be a very fine animal indeed, and there was no longer a doubt in the gentleman's mind concerning his purchase. Still on came the riders, Dan still ahead, bending to his work, and making his light weight still less of a burden to the flying horse. Now they were nearing the starting-place, and the jockey, fancying he could get an advantage over Dan by disconcerting him, threw his cap so that it might fall beside and startle both horse and rider. Foolish idea! It only turned the interest of all the on-lookers in Dan's favor, while, as the cap fell far behind Dan's tracks, the shouts "Mean!" "Shame!" reached plainly the angry jockey's ears. Nearer and nearer now, and finally Dan looked up to see the crowd increasing and the goal close by. It was close work, but just by a head's length little Dan's horse came in first, and the cry of "Bravo!" went up merrily from every throat there.

Dan slipped from the saddle and once more stood upon his now sturdy little legs, panting a good deal, and a good deal flushed, as much so, at least, as his brown skin would permit to show. He patted the big horse, and then turned to the gentleman who had just completed his purchase and handed his check to the dealer. "I'm ever so much 'bliged to you, sir," he said. "I've had lots of fun, an' that's a good horse, sir. I ain't had such a nice ride since I was a little fellow, an' I don't s'pose I ever shall again. I'm so glad you let me ride him, sir."

"I shall want to speak to you, my lad, in a minute, just wait here a few seconds," was the reply, and then the dealer came to patted Dan's head, and remarked, "It was lucky he (Dan) hadn't been thrown and kilt after all."

feated jockey—"saw me, an' then get ahead of me too," he explained, "an' so I juss' let the horse go faster 'n his did, that's all."

But that wasn't "all" for little Dan. The gentleman whose horse he had ridden was too much interested in the boy to bid him good-by with only some coins for his service. He had a long talk with Dan, and learned the boy's history as we have known it, and discovered, moreover, that Miss Viola Carew was the daughter of an old-time business friend of her still more of course, learned that he could ever have done from the boy himself. So it came to pass that after a day or two the gentleman and Miss Carew went together to see Mrs. Carmen and talk with her. It was a very pleasant kind of talk, although it made Mrs. Carmen cry a little, and caused Dan to draw his brown hands several times across his eyes. But the tears were, after all, glad ones, and there were two very, very happy hearts left behind in the little house, when, by and by, Miss Viola and her father's old friend walked down the lane and turned towards the village centre.

And what do you think the "talk" was all about? If you had been in front of the schoolhouse one morning, just a week after this, you would have found out the reason of those happy tears of Dan's and his mother's, for the children were gathered about one of their number, listening with all their ears to the news he was relating. "I know all about it, you see," the boy said, feeling very important because he was the centre of all attention from his mates. "I know all about it, because Dan told me himself. He's going to New York to live in that man's big house, wear a green coat with brass buttons, and sit beside the coachman when the folks go driving, and tend the door when he's in the house, and—and he's going to have real fun, and the gentleman's so kind to him, too, and—let me see, oh, his mother, she's going to live at Miss Vily Crew's house and be head servant. Dan says, 'You see, Miss Vily Crew, she lives in a big house, and there's lots of servants, and she's good and kind to 'em all, and they've lived with her since she was little, and now one of 'em's gone away, and so she's taking Dan's mammy to fill the place. I tell you, Dan's going to be real happy.'"

Some of the children were glad for Dan, and others were indifferent, but some were quite jealous that he should be so bettered in his fortunes. "H'm!" said one, sneeringly, "that little 'njun! He ain't worth such a fuss. Such a little sneak, afraid to stay in school 'cause he got licked." "And so Dan Carmen is getting a lift at last," said the teacher when presently he, too, heard the news. "Well, maybe the boy deserved it. I've never thought he was half as bad as you suppose to be. I wonder how the village will get along without its little scapegrace."

And honest "big Fred," the gardener, hearing that remark, replied gravely, "Das village ain't lose its scapegrace. Bill was still going de blace around, an' where he will be, dere also will be a scapegrace, an' more mit him. Dot Dan-boy ees a good lad to peobles vat vise enough to know gold vrom brass."

And Fred was quite right, I think, don't you?

So, now we can say good-by to little Dan, and be glad with him for all the good fortune he has started upon. A brave, honest little boy; a loyal loving, helpful little son; a grateful, appreciative little fellow; and well worth a mother's little love; and done for him! That should be the opinion of Dan, and having all those qualities, no one need doubt but he will write 'avis to this, my story for "us boys," and await the verdict.

THE RIBBONS OF RELIGION. A Plea for a Return to the Simplicity of Earlier Days.

In the course of a recent address before the Catholic Social Union of England, the Rev. Bernard Vaughan quoted the declaration of a distinguished Protestant writer that "the chief facts of the Gospel history and the doctrines of the Creed were more universally known and more vividly realized in the Middle Ages than they are among the masses of our present population." It can not be denied that this indictment applies with equal force to Catholics. There is a sad lack of dogmatic teaching; the stern truths of the Gospel have been obscured in many minds by insipid books and sentimental sermons. The consequence is that many fall away from the Church, while thousands of others, though clinging tenaciously to devout practices, have lost what might be called active habit. They have beautiful ideas of religion, are eager about functions and church decorations, engrossed with the latest litany and the newest scapular, but failing in acts of virtue. The following of fashions is fatal to the devout life, and there are fashions in devotions as in bonnets and hats. It is a fact that persons much taken up with the ribbons of religion are not apt to neglect their armor. The piety that breaks out in badges is not deep, and is not likely to be enduring. But this is delicate ground, and we are bashful. Let us quote a passage *apropos* from a little book which we always keep within arm's reach,—a volume highly praised by the late Archbishop Porter, S. J., of Bombay: "Our devotions too often resemble a pot of honey, with a buzz of venial sins like clouds of flies hovering around and utterly defiling it. Daily Mass and daily gossip; rosaries and the spirit of personal criticism; enormous waste of time and a predilection for Benediction; a taste for Vespers and a taste for dress and luxury; a snappish temper and a love for lenten sermons. With all this we neither evangelize ourselves nor our neighbors. It is the whitest sepulchre over again; and, alas! the homes of the living are full of these tenements of dead bones. The whole is covered over with the frequenting of pious associations, and constantly renewed and lengthened conferences with our spiritual director, and who is often made director of a great deal which has nothing to do with the priestly functions, and only requires that amount of common sense which everybody is bound to possess. Any army of Teresas and Catherines would have found their way to heaven, through all kinds of supernatural states, with one fourth part of what these silly souls demand to keep them happily at their night and morning prayers."

There is no panacea except union with God; and outward practices are only valuable as conducing to that. They are means to an end. But if the end can not be obtained by them, they can not remain without result. And that result is the awful one of a false conscience—a cloak of hypocrisy, deceiving our soul and vitiating our judgment. It is this abuse of practices which almost makes us grieve at their multiplicity. The seal of the Church reassures us as regards all she has truly sanctioned. But even so, may it not, as it were, be a poor compliment our great mother is constrained to pay us in these degenerate days when she, who is ever in herself (in all her essential rites, in the exquisitely delineated laws of her rubrics, which contain a whole body of practical theology) so grand, so exact, and so full of a deep inner sense, has allowed such endless diversity in the outskirts of private devotion? While permitting it, may she not sometimes regret the noble simplicity of earlier ages, when her children chose more solid food, and craved less for variety? It is not by these that she has fashioned her greatest and noblest saints. These are only the nets in which she catches the minnows. Religion, piety and devotion is not a military discipline, nor a thing to be regulated by the ringing of a bell. It is the state of the soul as before God. It is consonant only with simplicity, earnestness, and self-denial.

We are all, or nearly all, too much in danger of making our piety artificial, and not a living part of ourselves. The exterior is regulated like the motions of a pistol while the interior works at will, living a separate life from the outward appearance. We make our very souls into the unconscious prayer-mills of the Eastern fanatic, and fluter little petitions and practices unheeding through the day, like the fragments of paper turned round by the handle of his machine. We are satisfying our itching for outward activity, and at the same time

losing sight of ourselves and of Almighty God. A venerable Irish priest, of holy life, who had a wide experience in the sacred ministry, once declared that "in his time," when sermons were always either clear explanations of the great truths of the Gospel or earnest exhortations to the practice of the Christian life, when books, though comparatively scarce, were of the order of the "Imitation" and the "Spiritual Combat," devotions few and simple, the number of apostates was small, and solid piety flourished everywhere. We can believe it. Oh for the noble simplicity of earlier ages, when the truths of the Gospel were brought home to every heart, and the energies of every life were directed mainly by the observance of the teaching of Christ's Sermon on the Mount!—Ave Maria.

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