

The Catholic Record.

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

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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 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 been led 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 such 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 races and the 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, they are 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 unction 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, and 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 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 Episcopal church, has himself become a Catholic, and has been d. received into the true fold.

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If you have tendency to Consumption, if you are suffering from any form of Debility, if you are suffering from any form of Anemia, if you are suffering from any form of Nervousness, if you are suffering from any form of Indigestion, if you are suffering from any form of Sleeplessness, if you are suffering from any form of Headache, if you are suffering from any form of Irritability, if you are suffering from any form of Depression, if you are suffering from any form of Prostration, if you are suffering from any form of Exhaustion, if you are suffering from any form of Emaciation, if you are suffering from any form of Wasting, if you are suffering from any form of Cachexia, if you are suffering from any form of Dropsy, if you are suffering from any form of Ascites, if you are suffering from any form of Pleurisy, if you are suffering from any form of Pneumonia, if you are suffering from any form of Tuberculosis, if you are suffering from any form of Cancer, if you are suffering from any form of Syphilis, if you are suffering from any form of Gonorrhoea, if you are suffering from any form of Stricture, if you are suffering from any form of Hemorrhoids, if you are suffering from any form of Piles, if you are suffering from any form of Constipation, if you are suffering from any form of Diarrhoea, if you are suffering from any form of Dyspepsia, if you are suffering from any form of Indigestion, if you are suffering from any form of Flatulence, if you are suffering from any form of Eructation, if you are suffering from any form of Belching, if you are suffering from any form of Heartburn, if you are suffering from any form of Acid Eructation, if you are suffering from any form of Sour Stomach, if you are suffering from any form of Nausea, if you are suffering from any form of Vomiting, if you are suffering from any form of Bile, if you are suffering from any form of Biliousness, if you are suffering from any form of Jaundice, if you are suffering from any form of Dropsy, if you are suffering from any form of Ascites, if you are suffering from any form of Pleurisy, if you are suffering from any form of Pneumonia, if you are suffering from any form of Tuberculosis, if you are suffering from any form of Cancer, if you are suffering from any form of Syphilis, if you are suffering from any form of Gonorrhoea, if you are suffering from any form of Stricture, if you are suffering from any form of Hemorrhoids, if you are suffering from any form of Piles, if you are suffering from any form of Constipation, if you are suffering from any form of Diarrhoea, if you are suffering from any form of Dyspepsia, if you are suffering from any form of Indigestion, if you are suffering from any form of Flatulence, if you are suffering from any form of Eructation, if you are suffering from any form of Belching, if you are suffering from any form of Heartburn, if you are suffering from any form of Acid Eructation, if you are suffering from any form of Sour Stomach, if you are suffering from any form of Nausea, if you are suffering from any form of Vomiting, if you are suffering from any form of Bile, if you are suffering from any form of Biliousness, if you are suffering from any form of Jaundice.

ARMINIE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER VII.

It chanced that the next morning, being Wednesday and therefore one of the days of the flower market of the Madeleine, Egerton was awakened by those delightful odors of which he had spoken; and in some subtle way the fragrance brought before him a fair face with a pair of proud gray eyes, and it occurred to him that in order to make his peace with Miss Bertram it might be well to send her some of the flowers, of which he knew that she was extravagantly fond.

Nor can it be said that this idea commended itself to him solely as a matter of social duty. He had spoken truly in saying to Talford that she puzzled more than she charmed him; but there could be no doubt that she charmed him in considerable degree. She was a very pretty and a very clever woman, whom he sometimes thought might prove dangerously attractive to him if she had been a shade less incomprehensible, less capricious and less haughty. A man does not like to be puzzled, but still less does he like to be treated with scorn when in no way conscious of deserving such treatment—when, indeed, the world in general conveys the impression to his mind that he has a right to think very well of himself. Now, with Sibyl Bertram, Egerton had frequently a sense of being weighed in the balance and found wanting; and although vanity was not inordinately developed in him, he naturally felt that such an attitude on her part was not only unflattering but manifestly unjust. If he had made any pretensions the matter would have been different, since whoever makes pretensions inevitably challenges criticism; but it would be difficult for any one to make fewer than he did—a fact which conducted not a little to his popularity. For a man who asserts no disagreeable intellectual superiority over his fellow beings, yet who is unobtrusively clever and undeniably well-bred, is generally certain of popularity, even without the farther endowments of good looks and wealth. These endowments, however, Egerton possessed, and he was therefore the less accustomed to that position of being weighed and found wanting in which Miss Bertram placed him. He had sometimes tried to persuade himself that it was all mere fancy on his part; but there had been times when the language of the gray eyes was too plain to be mistaken, when he had felt himself looked through and through, and judged to be a very inferior sort of creature.

But if the daughter was disdainful and incomprehensible, the mother was always cordial and agreeable, with a peculiar charm and warmth of manner which had more than once suggested the thought to Egerton that she too perceived, and wished to make amends for, her daughter's hard judgment. There was another thought which might have suggested itself to a man so eligible; but it has already been said that he was not greatly afflicted with vanity, and it may be added that he was not at all afflicted with the coarseness of mind which, together with vanity, makes a man suspect a matrimonial snare in every woman's invitation. Instead of suspecting that Mrs. Bertram wished to entrap him as a suitor for her daughter, he felt simply grateful for an unvarying kindness which contrasted strikingly with that young lady's exceedingly variable manner; and it was the thought of the mother rather more than of the daughter which finally decided him to send the flowers, especially when he remembered that it was their reception-day.

So a basket of cut flowers, freshly beautiful and fragrant, made its appearance in due time, and was presented, with Mr. Egerton's compliments, to Mrs. and Miss Bertram as they sat at breakfast in their pleasant apartment in the neighborhood of the Parc Monceaux. The elder lady uttered an exclamation of pleasure when she saw the lavish supply.

"Oh! what lovely flowers," she said. "See, Sibyl, are they not exquisite?" Our drawing-room will be like a bower to-day. Mr. Egerton is certainly charming."

"You mean that his flowers are," said Sibyl, looking up with a smile from a little bright-eyed Skye terrier to which she was administering sugar. "But they are delicious!" she added, unable to resist their beauty as her eye fell on them. She held out her hand for the basket and almost buried her face in the fragrant blossoms. "How I love flowers!" she said, as if to herself. "They are among the few satisfactory things in life." Then, glancing at her mother, she added: "This is Mr. Egerton's apology for having forgotten our existence last night, mamma."

"Forgetting an engagement—which was hardly an engagement—and forgetting our existence are different things," said her mother. "I think you are scarcely just to Mr. Egerton, Sibyl."

Sibyl made a slight gesture of indifference as she put the basket down again on the table. "I do not feel sufficient interest in him to be unjust," she said; and I am quite willing for him to forget our existence as often as he likes, provided he sends such an apology as this. A basket of flowers is much better than an hour of his or any other man's society, at the opera or elsewhere."

Mrs. Bertram elevated her eyebrows slightly as she looked at her daughter. For this young lady occasionally puzzled her as well as other people. "It is not like you to effect to despise men's society," she said.

"I am not affecting to despise it," answered Sibyl. "I like it very much, as you know—that is, I like the society of men of sense. But I would certainly not exchange this basket of flowers for an hour of the society of any special man, even if he were capable of giving me a new idea—which Mr. Egerton is not."

"New ideas are not to be picked up like flowers," said Mrs. Bertram, without adding that she thought her daughter had already more than enough of these very objectionable articles. "And I confess that I do not understand why you should think so poorly of Mr. Egerton. I do not pretend to be intellectual, but he has always struck me as very clever as well as very pleasant."

"He is clever enough, I believe," said Sibyl carelessly—"that is, he is a man of culture; but he always gives me the impression of a man who lives merely on the surface of life. He does not think sufficiently of any new ideas, or if he has them he does not take the trouble to impart them."

"But," said the elder lady, "you do not intend to demand of all your acquaintances that they shall have new ideas to impart to you? Because if so—"

"I shall certainly be disappointed," said Mrs. Bertram with a laugh. "No, do not be afraid. I have not quite lost my senses. But the general dearth of ideas only makes me more grateful to those who have some; and, now that I think of it, Mr. Egerton has probably begun to realize his deficiency, for he remarked last night that it was in search of something of the kind that he had gone to the Socialist meeting in Montmartre."

"A most extraordinary place to go for them," said Mrs. Bertram. "I cannot understand such a freak in a man of sense—and that Mr. Egerton is."

"Oh! he went, no doubt, from mere curiosity," said Sibyl. "I fancy it is that and the necessity to kill time which take him to most places. But how a man can lead such a life, she added with sudden energy, "in a world where there is so much to be thought and said and done, I confess that I cannot understand!"

"What do you expect him to do?" asked her mother. "You know he inherited a large fortune; why should he, therefore, trouble himself with business?"

"That is the one idea which an American has of doing something—making money," said Sibyl. "Forgive me, mamma, but do you really think there is nothing else to be done—nothing better worth doing?"

"Of course I do not think so; of course I know that there are many things better worth doing," said Mrs. Bertram, though she did not specify what these things were; "but I do not see what you can expect a young man like Mr. Egerton to do except amuse himself, for a time at least."

"That is just the point," returned the young lady calmly. "I do not in the least expect him to do anything else. I am quite sure that he will never do anything else. Here, Fluff!"

Fluff replied with a short bark and one or two eager bounds, that he did want it, and Mrs. Bertram abandoned the subject of Egerton and his real or imaginary shortcomings, saying to herself, with a slight sigh, that it was quite certain one could not have everything, but that she should have been glad if Sibyl had been a little less original. Though far from being herself the scheming mother common in fiction and not wholly unknown in real life, she had more than once thought what a pleasant and satisfactory son-in-law Egerton would make if he would fall in love with Sibyl, and if Sibyl were like other

girls and would accept the fortune placed before her. But it was now plain that this castle in the air would never be realized on the solid earth; and, with another sigh, she took up the flowers and carried them away.

They were filling the *salon* with their fragrance when Egerton entered it late in the afternoon of the same day. A glow of golden sunset light was also filling it and bringing out all the harmonious tints of the hangings and furniture; for this room was not in the least like an ordinary Parisian apartment, but had been the home of the Bertrams long enough for them to impress a long and original character upon it. Needless to say this character was aesthetic in the highest degree, for a young lady so devoted to new ideas as Miss Bertram was not likely to follow other than the latest light in decorative art. Then, too, the mother and daughter had travelled much and had gathered in numerous places many curious and pretty things. All of these—the richly mingled colors of Eastern stuffs picked up in Algerian and Moorish bazaars; the gleaming crystal frames of Venetian mirrors, with their suggestions of the deep canals and the green sea-water; the beautiful wood-carving of Tyrolean villagers, the rich hues of old Spanish leather, with pictures and china, quaint screens and peacock fans—all made, it seemed to Egerton, a very suitable background for Sibyl Bertram's presence. And although when she went out from her Parisian in her toilette from her hat to her boots, she had a fashion, when she received her friends at home, of arraying herself in a different manner. It was not that extreme artistic dressing which originated in London, and which (through caricatures at least) the eyes of all the world are familiar now. Like most American women, Sibyl had too much good taste to make herself aesthetically ridiculous; but she struck a medium of graceful picturesqueness which suited her admirably.

For she was not in the least a line and measure beauty. The brilliant, changing face could not be judged by any acknowledged standard, but the charm of it was so great that few people were inclined to judge it at all. The pellucid skin; the perfectly shaped if rather large mouth; the luminous gray eyes, which brightened and darkened with every passing thought; and the broad, fair brow, from which thick, soft masses of bronze-brown hair waved, made up a whole which to the modern taste was more attractive than classic loveliness. The gift of expression was hers also in remarkable degree, and when she spoke with any earnestness her voice had tones of wonderful sweetness.

On this afternoon she wore as usual when at home, a dress more fanciful than fashionable. It was a black brocaded silk of softest, richest fabric, cut in simple but beautiful lines, slashed here and there to introduce a trimming of old gold, which also appeared in the puff that headed the sleeves, which otherwise fitted the arms tightly until they terminated in a fall of rich yellow lace below the elbow. The square-cut neck, out of which the white, columnar throat rose, also surrounded with this lace, and a cluster of deep yellow roses was fastened in front. It was on this charming figure that Egerton's glance fell when he first entered the room, though she was standing at some distance from him, talking to Mr. Talford, while a slanting stream of sunshine touched her hair, and also brought out the strange, deep harmonies of form and tint in a Japanese screen behind her.

It was Mrs. Bertram who, at his entrance, rose from the sofa where she was sitting and came forward to receive him with her usual cordial graciousness.

"I have hoped that you would not forget us to-day," she said. "I want to thank you for the beautiful flowers you sent. See! they welcome you," she added, with a smile, motioning to a table which bore part of them arranged in some graceful vases of Vallauris ware.

Egerton replied to the effect that he was delighted if the flowers gave her pleasure, but he wished to himself that, instead of fragrant lilies-of-the-valley and delicate white and pink-tinted roses, he had chosen such golden-hearted ones as those which Miss Bertram wore. "But perhaps she would not have worn them if I had sent them," he thought.

He followed Mrs. Bertram to the sofa where she had been sitting, and shook hands with the elderly lady—a member of the American colony, whom he knew well—to whom she had been talking. A pretty, blonde young lady who sat in a low chair near by, drinking a cup of tea and chattering volubly to a young man who stood before her, also held out her hand to him.

"How do you do, Mr. Egerton?" she said. "I have not seen you in an age. Why do you never come to see us nowadays?"

"My dear Miss Dorrance, why are you never at home when I do myself that honor?" he replied.

"Because you do not come at the right time, I presume," she answered. "But, indeed that is the case with so many of our friends—one misses them so by being out—that I have decided on a reception day. It did not seem worth while when we first arrived in Paris, but it has now become necessary. Hereafter, then, we shall be happy to see you on any and every Friday."

"You are very good; I shall certainly remember to pay my respects. And you are still at the Hotel du Rhin?"

"Dear me! no; have I not seen you

since we went into apartments? The doctors decided that mamma must remain here for some months, so papa telegraphed to Cousin Duke to settle us comfortably, and he has put us into an apartment, with servants to look after, which I consider a nuisance."

"It is probably quieter and better for Mrs. Dorrance, though," said Egerton. "I hope that her health has improved?"

"Oh! very much. She is able to take a short drive every afternoon. She is in the Bois now—at least she was to send the carriage for me when she returned, and it has not yet arrived."

"At this moment, however, a servant entered—a pretty, white-capped maid—who, while she presented Egerton with a cup of tea, announced to Miss Dorrance that her carriage waited. At this the young lady rose and, with a rustle of silk, crossed the floor to where Sibyl stood, still talking to Mr. Talford.

"Good-by, my dear," she said. "I must run away now. Do come to see us soon. You know mamma always enjoys your visits so much. Cousin Duke, are you coming with me?"

Mr. Talford signified that he was, saying with a smile: "Miss Bertram will have no more attention to bostow can tell her, on the best authority, all about the next revolution."

"Are you interested in revolutions, Sibyl?" inquired Miss Dorrance, opening her eyes a little.

"Immensely," answered Sibyl, with her slightly mocking accent. Then, as Egerton drew near, she held out her hand to him with a very graceful show of cordiality.

"And what does Mr. Egerton know about them?" pursued Miss Dorrance. "I should not think it was the kind of thing he was likely to be interested in."

"Your penetration in judging character does you infinite credit, my dear Miss Dorrance," said Egerton; "but it is something which may before long concern us all so closely that I am only, like a wise man, trying to gain some idea of the nature of the coming storm."

"I hope that you will give your friends the benefit of your information, then," she said, "so that they can get away in time. But I do hope we will be able to finish the present season. Everything is charming in Paris just now."

"As far as my means of information will allow me to speak," said Egerton, "I think I can assure you that you will at least be able to finish your spring shopping before milliners and modistes are wheeled."

"They never will be," said she with confidence. "If there were a revolution to-morrow I am sure that Paris would set the fashion for the world day after."

"That is very true," said Egerton. "But it might be the fashion of the bonnet rouge."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ABLE DEFENDERS OF CATHOLICITY.

Educated men of all Christian denominations are coming closer together every day in sentiment and purpose. It is the ignorant and the fanatical among the Protestant sects, and they alone, who seek to perpetuate religious strife and bitterness. At a meeting of representative Protestants, divines and laymen, held last Tuesday in Greenfield, religious proscription was bitterly denounced by President L. Clark Seelye of Smith College, and by Dr. Briggs, the famous Presbyterian "heretic." When two prominent educators like these—two profound and progressive thinkers—unite to defend the Catholic Church against calumny and slander, there is reason to hope for a broader feeling of tolerance among Christian bodies in the near future.

Dr. Briggs made a strong plea for Christian unity. He said the Catholic Church was in favor of it; her Cardinals, her Archbishops, Bishops, and priests, were in favor of it. "There is nothing in the New Testament," said the great Presbyterian theologian, "that prevents all of us from coming together. For some years I have agreed with the authorities of the Catholic Church to a certain extent in the interpretation of that place upon the words: 'Upon this rock will I build my Church.' Peter was the first Christian to be put in place after Christ. Others follow after. Many of the terms in the Testaments are really synonymous. How much intolerance and bigotry there has been in all churches! Look at the Puritans in this state. They had no tolerance even for the meek and lowly Quakers. There is much intolerance at the present. There must be freedom for thought."

The Roman Catholic Church, according to Dr. Briggs, is more tolerant than any Protestant Church. The learned doctor is a competent witness upon this point. Dr. McGlynn's case was cited as the best evidence that could be submitted so prove his proposition. That case was settled in Rome according to the principles of equity and Christian toleration. The doctor criticised severely the waste of endeavor in Protestant circles in maintaining so many isms, sects and subdivisions based upon purely human interpretations of scriptural passages. "The statistics of our Protestant churches," he said, "are startling. They show that if the same management is followed bankruptcy is inevitable. The average number of communicants to each Roman Catholic clergyman in this country is 685, to the Protestant clergyman 142. I confidently assert that we can spare 50,000 out of our 99,000 clergymen, and still do better work than we are doing now, if we can only get nearer Christian unity. Of course, out of this 50,000 we should dismiss the ignorant, the weak and the lazy. There is an ample field for those who can do good work in the missions of Asia and Africa. There are on the average 709 communicants in every Roman Catholic church in this country, and only 105 in the Protestant. Of the \$549,000,000 invested in Protestant churches in this country, we can well spare, at least, \$200,000,000, if we can have Christian unity. Let us treat this as a practical question and labor for it."

The Protestant bodies hereabout could easily spare some of their preachers if the elimination proposed by Dr. Briggs were undertaken. They might dismiss without loss such insane bigots and anti-Catholic ranters as Dr. Miner; Brady, the pugilistic parson of the People's Church or A. P. A. headquarters; Lansing of Brimstone Corner; Fulton, the obscene; Dunn, the fanatic, and several others who are a disgrace to the Christian religion.

President Seelye said in introducing Dr. Briggs: "There has been no time when we could look forward to Christian unity with more hope and confidence than to-day. Many of us have read the recent encyclical of the Pope. All of us could see much to commend in it. He stretched out to us a friendly hand, and we were able to return it. The leaders of thought in both the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches are taking the hands of each other in friendly grasp. Not for centuries have we stood so near each other in unity of thought and purpose as we do to-day. The time is coming when we may each approve of what the other does. I notice a disposition of late to revive for political purposes the animosities that once existed between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. I am earnestly opposed to such a revival. I trust that no secret society shall have power to widen the differences that still exist between the two churches."

Contrast these noble, Christian utterances with the foul, brutal, slanderous language used by Dr. Miner, Parson Brady and chameleon Dunn. The former represent the spirit of Christ; the latter represent the diabolical purposes and aims of the arch-fiend of darkness. The former stand for Christian charity, Christian progress and unity; the latter stand for hate, bigotry and un-Christian ignorance and intolerance. The Catholic Church will, ere long, embrace in her fold the men who follow Seelye and Briggs, while the scum represented by the fanatics will be all that is left in Protestantism.—Boston Republic.

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

The scrofulous taint which may have been in your blood for years, may be thoroughly expelled by giving Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

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

Cold in the head—Nasal Balm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails.

A BIGOT REBUKED.

It is easy to excuse ignorance and mistakes of judgment, to make allowance for prejudice and narrowness; but uncharitableness, especially in professing Christians, is altogether inexcusable. A man of good heart is never at real fault. Whatever else he may lack, he is never wanting in love. It must have been a hard-shell Baptist—a man of little heart and small soul—whom the New York Sun rebukes in the following editorial paragraph:

"The self-sacrificing Catholic Sisters who collect alms for charitable uses ought not to be spoken of disrespectfully by our Baptist contemporary, the *Christian Inquirer*. It is a shame to call them beggars. They are no more beggars than are those Baptist ministers who solicit money or take up collections for their own support. Through the humble labors of these pious and worthy women hospitals are supported, suffering is alleviated, children are educated, and the helpless poor are comforted. Not for themselves do they ask alms, but for the afflicted in whose service they spend their blessed lives. They give to many people the opportunity to make small contributions which they would not otherwise have the opportunity of making. They touch the heart where other means of touching it would fail. These meek Sisters give lessons in charity and devotion which strike the innermost chords of the soul. Their benignant presence is ever welcome in thousands of the business places and households of the city. All honor be to these good and grand women, the merits of whom are known in heaven!"

A much-esteemed contemporary in a recent issue aimed averted on our frequent praise of what we consider the greatest and best of American newspapers. For the political preferences of the *Sun* we care nothing, but its broad-mindedness and large heartedness, of which the above cited extract is proof, ought to be admired by everyone.—Ave Maria.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, which has outlived and superseded hundreds of similar preparations, is undoubtedly the most fashionable as well as economical hair dressing in the market. By its use, the poorest head of hair soon becomes luxuriant and beautiful.

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"Dear me! no; have I not seen you

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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. But it is significant, and withal consoling, to find some honor left in the heart of the century for the gentle beggar-saint of long ago. There is a certain air of romance about his career, an unreality it might seem to those whose thoughts never soar above stocks and real estate; but we cannot long study his life without becoming aware of the principle that made him, passionate as he was, an angel of patience and of mortification, and that rendered his tender heart a very source of love and commiseration for others, and stern and unpitiable to himself. How strange he would appear, with ascetic face and doctrine, in this fast age; and yet we believe that one such man who would dare to be true to principle could do good that years of vice would be powerless to destroy. What we need is men whose lives mirror forth the doctrine they enunciate; not indeed men who, theoretically, are haters of vanity and yet are too visibly enslaved to it; or men who, crying vengeance on earthly pleasure, shrink back from mortification and self-denial as from an unhallowed phantom. St. Francis was a very jewel of consistency. What he preached he practised. He exhorted all to beware of the insidious poison of sensuality, and he himself showed them what weapons to use against the powers of darkness.

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. Religion permeated their every thought and deed. "It was," says an author, "a powerful factor in their lives. They might be guilty of great excesses; indeed their was an age of excesses; but sooner or later remorse overcame them, and their atonement was as generous as their sins were enormous. Religion was abused, but its beneficial effects continued to be manifest; vice was flagrant, but it never lost the sense of shame; men were cruel, but their cruelty was followed by sincere regrets; misfortunes were frequent and signal, but they were accepted with resignation or with the hope of retrieval, or men gloried in them on account of the cause in which they suffered."

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. And so his life ran on until he decided to embrace the profession of arms. Accordingly he started for Italy to take service under the standard of Cauthier de Brienne. He was taken ill, and records tell us how he heard the voice of God bidding him to return to his native soil. It may be but a story, written down by some pious monk, but certain it is that Francis, at that stage of his life, saw there was more serious work to be done than the attending of parties of pleasure. Then follows a series of strange episodes which, doubtless, seem to our cold and calculating temperaments the flowering of misguided enthusiasm, but which were well understood and appreciated by the warm, faith-loving people among whom his lot was cast. How strange to read in the old chronicles how Francis went forth from his father's house, claiming no father but the God above him, and how in a short time he formed the nucleus of the great order that was to bear his name and to bring to nations sitting in the

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." This he exemplified in his own person. Poor and humble, he wished his disciples to be also lovers of the same virtues. In 1219 five thousand brethren were enrolled under the banner of St. Francis, and so strictly did he adhere to his principles that he would never tolerate, either in himself or his spiritual children, the slightest unfaithfulness to them. An instance of this will suffice. During the absence of Francis a sumptuous building was erected as a convent for the Brothers Minor. The gentle saint was astounded when he was told that it was the abiding place of his brethren, and he forthwith commanded them to leave the house. Remonstrance was useless. Christ's poor they should ever be.

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. He saw God in everything. We may not wonder then if he always spoke well and truthfully, and if men of every degree sat at his feet learning to be meek and humble of heart. We may not question his powerful influence for good. His very example was sufficient to fix all hearts on the pursuit of heavenly things. Enthusiasts we may deem his followers, but it takes enthusiasm to infuse new blood into a decaying world. And so he went his way—the gentle saint, preaching penance, denouncing abuses, defending the weak and oppressed, urging, with all the inflexibility of a Savonarola—but without his fanaticism—the cause of Christ. He was indeed a reformer, but one who had learned his mission from Him who long years ago went about the hills and valleys of Judea doing good. His unwearied zeal never flagged, and to the hour of his death he never proved recreant to the principle that had impelled him to give up home and kindred and to recognize no paternity save that of God the Father.

"As his life was drawing to its close," 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. Nevertheless he did not lose courage, but jested in his quaint way with his pangs, calling them my sisters." He gave his last instructions to his brethren, and as he gave thanks to God for his suffering, his gentle, guileless spirit was freed from its prison. His followers did not forget him, and we see them perpetuating his memory in noble and unselfish deeds.

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. The pure flame of his life may be for them a beacon light guiding them over the arid waste of agnosticism.

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." They tell us oftentimes what to do, but the "How" is the mystery they cannot solve.

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. But again the question arises, How?

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. This makes it truly pitiful to find him now in the front rank of Ireland's oppressors, congratulating the country that by his own desertion of the Liberal party, together with his followers, every important measure of justice to Ireland has been thwarted, not indeed for want of support in the House of Commons, but through the encouragement given to the Lords to put an obstacle to the carrying out of the pronounced will of the British people.

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. He declares that their alienation from the Liberals is so complete that the differences between them cannot possibly be bridged over.

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. If Mr. Chamberlain's present policy is to become once more the policy of the English people, the natural result will be the resuscitation of this physical force party, and this will be a much greater danger to the unity of the British Empire than would be the concession of Home Rule, which Mr. Chamberlain speaks of as a danger of unspeakable magnitude. The people of the two kingdoms can never become really united in heart if all the advantages are to be on one side. The pretence put forward by Mr. Chamberlain, that Ireland has committed the advocacy of its cause to a band of agitators, is but a silly fallacy. As a matter of course the advocates of any serious reform must be agitators in some sense. They must agitate until the reform they seek be secured; and in this sense they are undoubtedly agitators; but such agitation is no dishonor or discredit to the Irish Nationalist party. It is merely a proof that they are in earnest in advocating the cause of their country. But the Irish Nationalists in Parliament, for honesty of purpose as well as for their ability in debate, will compare favorably with the members of any of the other nationalities who compose the House of Commons. They are no more agitators than is Mr. Chamberlain himself, who spends so much time in agitating the country to rally it to the support of the Tories.

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

"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

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.

The party of which I was one consisted of four, three residents of Upper Canada and myself from the States. Our object was to cast aside the cares of busy, city life and enjoy for a while that perfect rest to be had only by excluding from one's mind the happenings of the social world.

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 Rapids 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.

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 caïches, 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.

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

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."

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.

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

Health Restored ALL RUN DOWN No Strength nor Energy Miserable IN THE EXTREME. Hands COVERED WITH SORES. CURED BY USING Ayer's Sarsaparilla



"Several years ago, my blood was in bad condition, my system all run down, and my general health very much impaired. My hands were covered with large sores, discharging all the time. I had no strength nor energy and my feelings were miserable in the extreme. At last, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and soon noticed a change for the better. My appetite returned and with it, renewed strength. Encouraged by these results, I kept on taking the Sarsaparilla, till I had used six bottles, and my health was restored!"—A. A. TOWNS, prop. Harris House, Thompson, N. Dak.

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COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER Should be used, if it is desired to make the Finest Breads—Rolls, Biscuits, Pancakes, Johnny Cakes, Pie Crust, Baked Paste, etc. Light, sweet, snow-white and digestible. Good results from the use of Cook's Friend. Guaranteed free from Salts. Ask your grocer for McLaren's Cook's Friend.

NEW YORK Catholic Agency The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States. The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, a few of which are: 1st. It is situated in the heart of the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence— 2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual prices charged. 3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders from all sources, there will be only one express or freight charge. 4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency. 5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount. Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention of management of this Agency, will be strictly and conscientiously attended to by your giving me authority to act as your agent. Whenever you want to buy anything send your orders to THOMAS D. EGAN, Catholic Agency, 42 Barclay St. New York, NEW YORK.

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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 in 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 had 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.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Congestive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung disease.

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 and started on an easy trot around the 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."

Dan received a good many compliments from the people about him, and felt quite confused and embarrassed at being the centre of attraction so unexpectedly though he couldn't feel that he had done anything very clever in merely racing a horse.

feated jockey—"sass 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 injun! 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 peebles 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 *finis* to this, my story for "us boys," and await the verdict.

THE END.

One Reason Why.

The Catholic Church is making converts among Protestants in every State in the Union every day in the year, while on the other hand the Protestant sects are finding no converts among Catholics. There are many reasons for this. One of them is that the Church minds its own business. It doesn't care what others do or teach; it doesn't bother itself to notice what is said of it—it keeps right on declaring: "Thus saith the Lord," and announces the decrees of God. It knows its own doctrines and it defines them with authority and precision. But Protestant preachers and editors always keep one eye on the Catholic Church while trying to see out of the other their way to heaven by their different interpretations of the Bible. They are bothered about Rome. Instead of living in the present and going about their own affairs, they are still chattering about Galileo, the Inquisition, Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, and other dead issues. They disgust the most refined among their own people and they anger Catholics with their tirades against the ancient Church.—Catholic Telegraph.

It is NOT what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. When in need of medicine remember Hood's Cures.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture. Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a Man") to LIVER BROS., Ltd., 43 Scott street, Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market, and it will only cost 1 cent to send in the wrappers. If you leave this ends open. Write your address carefully. Minard's Lintiment is the Best.

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 real end 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 flatter 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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