The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1907.

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KS.

A correspondent tells us that Catholies are discriminated against in Canadian public affairs. If so, we should like to obtain data, and an explanation anent the matter. Letters and "resolutions" which

are always "eloquent" and "thoughtful" may agitate the atmosphere, but that they can redress grievances may well be doubted. Moreover, we may be pardoned the suspicion that mayhap our indifference to matters affecting the common-weal, our interest in the things that concern the body, and our indolence, that allows partisan talkers to do our thinking so far as current issues are concerned, may serve to show that not all the blame must be placed on the shoulders of the civil authorities. Grievances are not brushed aside by complaints. The oration in a minor key is melancholy music, indeed, to men who are not in this country on sufferance. And we have noted that many of these dolorous gentlemen play for their own hand and use the brethren who follow their pipings as stepping stones to fortune. And whenever we see one of these tear compellers in our halls and hear him on the question of grievance we know that he means his grievances. An old trick this-the device of the bunco-steerer to get something for nothing. For if we are cajoled into supporting him we receive as reward few promises which are never honored. Organization, however, with a business end to it, is respected by the professional politician. The amateur with his whining about rights is a contributor to the galety of the public -a spinner of phrases that suggest nothing to men who have red blood in their veins. "Oblige men to know you," said Cardinal Newman, "persuade them, importune them, shame them into knowing you, make it so clear what you are that they cannot affect not to see you nor refuse to jus

tify you." To know what we stand for-to realize that our principles have not lost their value and to welcome any opportunity of making them known to our fellow-citizens-will increase our influence for good and render us unable to take any part in the fashioning of prejudice against ourselves.

A FREE FIELD.

But give us as much as this, an open field, we ask no favor : every form of Protestantism turns to our advantage. Its establishments of religion remind the world of that archetypal Church of which it is an imitator; its creeds conrels and divisions serve to break up its traditions and rid its professors of their prejudices : its scepticism makes them turn in admiration and in hope to her who alone is clear in her teaching and consistent in its transmission : its very abuse makes them enquire about her. And speaking of the movement towards Pantheism, whose fruitage we see to-day in the "new theology," Cardinal Newman tells us that the preachers of these new ideas are really, however much against their will, like Caiphas prophesying for us. Surely they will find no resting place anywhere for their feet, but will be tumbled down from one depth of blasphemy to another till they arrive at sheer and naked

In the meantime, Christianity as seen in chaotic sectarianism, has lost its hold upon the hearts and minds of men.

SHOULD TAKE THE MOTE FROM HIS EYES.

The editor of the Christian Guardian opines that indulging in personalities is a degenerate form of controversy. When, however, he baits the Pope and Catholic religious he is not averse to phrases which transgress the laws of Christian charity. Bent on maintaining the cause of Clemenceau, he says, (quoting a member of the Chamber of Deputies) that to the Protestant Reformed and Lutheran Churches as well as to the Jews the Law of Separation has been applied to the general satisfaction of their followers without either protest or difficulty. Our readers will

to any self-respecting non - Catholic. To accept the law without protest neans to support the principle that the State is omnipotent, and that we ought to obey man rather than God.

THE RIGHT VIEW.

Pope Pius forbade the formation of Church associations, contemplated by the law, as antagonistic to the sacred rights pertaining to the very life of the

The Guardian blames the Holy Father for this, and declares that the law would have worked as well for the Catholics as for the sects. Curiously enough, the bitter enemy of the Church, Mr. Combes, says:

"Pius X. is not acting as an obstinate man by ordering the French Bishops not to accept the Separation Law. He is acting as Pope, conscious of his office, and conscious too, of the fundamental doctrine he is commissioned to uphold. His irreconcilableness is not that of a man, but of a doctrine which he is not at liberty to mutilate or suppress. Justly and rightly has he held it to be a duty and a point of honor to proclaim this doctrine from the height of the Papal chair under pain of incurring the guilt of neglect of duty on the matters of Catholic teaching." (Published in the Neue Proje Fresse, of Vienna, on January 5, 1907.)

THE BEST WEAPON.

The Catholic who knows his faith and manifests it in daily life fights for Christ with the weapon of good example. He edifies and strengthens his brethren and holds up to the non-Catholic the beauty of religion. He may be thwarted in his endeavors, but contempt, which abides in every true neart for the "trimmer," and the honed words reserved for the spineless, touch him not. He is a good friend and a good opponent—the comfort of his household and a source of strength to the community-a Catholic, in a word, who does not hide his faith or send his children to the Y. M. C. A and who takes an interest in the affairs of his parish.

OUR NEGLECT.

Some of us do not advert to the fact that co-operation with our parochial organization is but obedience to the apostolic precept : "Let us work good towards all men, but most of all towards those who are of the household of the faith."

The interests of God's kingdom are not the exclusive business of the priest. The layman who basies himself with but what concerns him or his family, caring nothing for the souls round about him, is a poor Catholic. There is no money in it, it is irksome to devote time and toil to our fellow Catholics, but it is, nevertheless, a plain duty. Fellow Catholics, that is, if we know our faith, are not aliens. Hence, they should be helped and safeguarded and encouraged to make the best of themselves. Pious platitudes will not do this. The market is overstocked with harangues on being resigned. But a willingness to face conditions as they are, and to use our money and influence to forward Christ's interests, bespeak a zeal that is not academic. It may ease our conscience to call attention to the fact that some of our people drift into the Salvation Army and other Protestant organizations. But whose the fault? We mind us that when a non-Catholic undertook in one of our towns to provide a club room for its newsboys, irrespective of creed, some of the brethren went in haste to headquarters to make a com plaint. They, of course, saw the news boys ill-clad and with peaked faces, but they did nothing to help them. A club room means money and they re fuse to untie the purse. And they passed by them and remembered them only when the non-Catholic took pity on them and brought, via a square meal and some music, a little sunshine into their lives. The cleric cannot, if he would, do all that appeals to his heart and mind.

Do Not Read It. A magazine called Current Litera-ture almost wholly made up of bor-rowed scraps of information so that it rowed scraps of information so that it would be more appropriately named Scrap Book, [publishes in its June issue an article on His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, which for audacious insinuations and unscruptions falsehoods about the Holy Father and his great secretary of state could France, M. Lehmann, condemned the law and did not acquiesce in its provisions without complaint or protest. But, taking the viewpoint approved by Tae Christian Guardian, we fail to see how the situation can commend itself

not be paralleled outside the pages of Munchausen. Catholics should not one mean order. Paris, of course could not allow the opportunity of the centenary to slide by without offering some petty insult to the Holy See. It is going to erect a monument to the arch enemy of the church, who is usually referred to as the gentle Pope King, Pius IX. as and his great secretary of state could not be paralleled outside the pages of

ROMAN EVENTS.

OPE PIUS X. GIVES AUDIENCE TO A BODY OF ENGLISH MARINES. -- ITALY'S PROFIT FROM ART. -- DEPARTURE OF NEWLY-ORDAINED AMERICAN PRIESTS

Though foreigners are quitting Rome for the summer, the Holy Father is daily besieged for audiences. Of course, nearly all given are audiences of a public character, not one in a thousand is received in a private manner. Aus-tralians and Americans always get the preference when there is a crowd—they come a long way and deserve it for more reasons than one. This week an unusually large number of persons from these two distant continents have sought and obtained audiences with Pius X., and, needless to say, received a hearty and affectionate welcome.

Perhaps the most interesting group that entered by the great bronze door during the week was that of the English marines, who took advantage of their cruise, in the Mediterranean to run up to Rome. We would venture to say there is no living ruler better able to place sailors or soldiers at their to place saliors or soldiers at their case and gain, after a few moments' chat, their love and confidence than Pope Pius X. He dislikes ceremony—and they are sworn foes to it; he is always frank and jovial—and these characteristics are most admired by them. them; they say what they have got to say in a few sincere words—he won't waste talk, and whatever he says is as honest as the sun. And there is Pius X., friend of soldiers and sailors.

In the present instance His Holiness, after giving each of his briny visitors his ring to kiss, spoke to them on the duties of their state. The debt they owe to their government, their families and, above a l, their religion came under their notice. Then the audience ended, and the brave fellows went away delighted.

MR MORGAN AND ITALIAN ART. We translate the following from the Corrière D'Italia of Monday, 27th inst., and in no way vouch for the truth

or falsity of the report:

"A telegram comes to us from Berne,
26 th inst.: "Morgan, the well-known
millionaire, is presently at Geneva, and will go to Italy, where he intends mak-ing many purchases of objects of art.' The Italian Government will have him shadowed by agents dressed in plain clothes, in order to prevent the renoval of classic masterpieces.

Whether the above is true or not, certain it is that within the last ten years the Government of Italy has grown extremely jealous of the more wonderful art creations. This feeling is not entirely due to sentimentality. Art is the chief attraction Italy has to offer the tourist, and he is her support at present. Indeed, we may say, take the Vatican and Capitol Museums, the Forums and catacombs from Rome to morrow and she simply starves. She has no industry worth mentioning, and therefore relies solely almost on her

foreign visitors.

AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICS. The present week has brought a large of American priests to Rome on their holidays. It also sees the de-parture of several of those ordained on Sunday morning by the Cardinal Vicar in St. John Lateran's. Among the young priests of the American College e two belonging to the Archdiocese Philadelphia, Rev. Leo McGinley, D. D., and Rev. J. Ratto, D. D. Both these gentlemen won the doctorate of divinity last month in the Propaganda University, eight in all competing for the degree, six of whom were students of the American College—and all suc-

On Monday, Mgr. Thomas Kennedy, rector of the college, was received in private audience by Pius X. After the transaction of business, Mgr. Ken nedy presented the priests to His Holiness. the newly-ordained

GARIBALDI. The Italian Parliament has been asked to signalize Garibaldi's centenary by a grant of over a 1,000,000 francs to his surviving "red shirts." It is probable the request will be acceded to as most of these old soldiers are in a poverty stricken condition are in a poverty-stricken co-dition, and many of them are usually as miserable in soul as in body. The havoc wrought by Garibaldi on religion extends even to the dying moments of his followers. Refusing the last sacraments, they leave orders that their funeral be civil ones. The hearse conveying the remains to the cemetery is stripped of its cross. the cemetery is stripped of its cross, and in its place appears the little red cap worn by the deceased on the battle-field.

Indeed, it would seem as if the names

of Giordano Bruno and Guiseppe Gariof Glordano Bruno and Guiseppe Gari-baldi are to be passwords in Rome for irreligion. A few days ago the people of the parish of S. Mariajdei Monti, when holding an open air ser-vice in expiation of an outrage done to a street shrine of the Madonna, were assailed by a small band of Godless roughs. Now the easiest thing in the world is to arouse the vivacious tem-perament of the Italian, and soon "Ev-viva Gesu!" "Evviva Maria!" rang viva Gesu!" "Evviva Maria!" rang out from the Catholics (for prudence was thrown to the wind,) only to be answered by "Evviva Giordano Bruno!" "Evviva Garibaldi!" And had not the gendarmes led the valiant champions of the unclean work to the lock up, we should have a "fracasso" of no mean order.

Paris, of course could not allow the opportunity of the centenary to slide by without offering some petty insuit to the Holy See. It is going to erect a monument to the arch enemy of the Church, who is usually referred to as the gentle Pope King, Pins IX., as the gentle Pope King, Pins IX., as

custom among the people of the Philippines. After the Angelus at noonday and in the evening, the children kiss respectfully the hands of the father and mother in token of loving submission.

Wherever there is a real Catholic Wherever there is a real Catholic atmosphere their obedience and respect to parents are always in evidence. The great revolt of the sixteenth century wrought itself into every relation of life. When the authority of the Church was denied, the authority of the parents also declined. An independence, bendering on insalage. pendence, bordering on insolence, crept into the home. The rights of the parents gradually gave way before the assaults of this growing license on the part of the children. The spirit of disobedience invaded even the inno-

cent years of early childhood.

In many American families children do pretty much as they please. They come and go as they like; they choose their own company; they keep late hours; they are found parading the streets with an utter lack of modesty of girlhood, or the boys gath street corners to gape and stare and often indulge in low language and con-

The home for them is merely a place to snatch a hasty meal and sleep the hours conceded to rest. The parents are ignored or noticed only to cajole them into giving some money to spend during the fool time.

Where are the tokens of love and the sweet recognition of parental author-ity? Where are the kindly customs that delight the father and stir the heart of the loving mother? Where are the gentle courtesy and the manifest concern for the dear old folks? What is done to brighten their pathway and give joy to their hearts?

Money making is not all life; neither is money-spending. Deeper, truer, sweeter are the pleasures of a Catholic home. The tear glistening in the eye of a proud mother is worth all the gold ever dug from the earth. The trem-bling voice of a grateful father is music sweeter than any the world of mad revelry has to give.

The happiness of the parent is the

happiness of a dutiful child. Much of that happiness is built from the small things of life.—Newark Monitor.

STRIKING BLOWS FOR OLD IRE-LAND.

PEACEFUL ANARCHY, LIKE THAT IN FRANCE, IS MAKING ENGLAND TAKE

NOTICE. Dublin, June 24.—Now that the bandonment of Mr. Birrell's Irish council bill has made it clear that othing is to be hoped for from Parnothing is to be hoped for from Par-liamentary agitation for some time to come, the people of Ireland have turned to other methods of working out their salvation, the chief among them being at present the war on the graz-ing of farms of the West, previously mentioned in these letters. Already that war has been so successful that many of the largest grazing ranches have been abandoned and the congested estates commission has been forced to consider the demand of the people that they be broken up and brought under ltivation

The grazing farms are a relic of the great famine. The emigration after that great national calamity gave rise to an exedus that cleared the best and strongest of the peasantry off the lands of the South and West. The landlords of that time suffered almost equally with the peasantry and their estates fell into new hands. Many of the new owners were wealthy cotton spinners and other business men from England, who had not even the small sentimental interest in the land and the people that was possessed by the old landlords. They saw money in rearing and fattening cattle for the English markets and they ruthlessly cleared the remaining farmers off the land and drove them into the bogs and mountains. Tracts of land that had supported hundreds of families were turned over to sheep and cattle, while the people who had gained their living from them

Even the English admit that this was uneconomical and criminal, but nothing has been done to remedy it. Now the people have taken the case into their own hands. They have denanded that the machinery provided manded that the maintery provided by the English law shall be set in mo-tion to restore the Irish land to the Irish people, and night after night parties of young men have driven the cattle off the grazing farms. The in-herent honesty of the Irish peasant is shown even in the methods adopted in this war. Not an animal has been lost or injured. The cattle have been driven for miles to the yards of the owners and left there, and when they were put back they have been driven off again in the same orderly and peace able manner. No one has been hurt and the police have been unable to allege the slightest act of violence against those whom they have brought before the magistrates. These magistrates, who are now in many cases Irish themselves, have as a rule, dis-charged the men brought before them. The national county councils have passed resolutions upholding the agita-

"the sacredotal vampire.— "Veritas," in Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

A LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

Archbishop Harty tells of a pretty custom among the people of the Philhas had to be abandoned this year, be

cause the men who should have taken part in it were all on special duty watching the cattle drivers. It is whispered, too, that they have not watched too closely, and that many even of the officers are in secret sym-pathy with the people. A force of 200 men encamped for three weeks on a grass farm in Roscommon. One night at thy feet until thou art willing to 400 cattle and 200 sheep were driven answer my prayer." away from the fields in which their camp was pitched and taken ten miles to the owner's house. The police reported without even a wink that they heard nothing of what had happened until daylight came and they missed

the cattle.

Another blow has been struck by their friends at those who declare that their friends at those who deciare that all the troubles of the Irish people are due to their own laziness. The Irish agricultural department—a British board—has just issued its annual report on "Irish migratory laborers." This is a report on the work of the thousands of Irishmen and women who travel to England every year to assist travel to England every year to assist the English farmers with their harvest and to earn money with which to pay rent of their own little holdings to English landlords. The opinions of the English farmers on the industry, efficiency and thrift of their Irish helpers are given and make interesting read-ing. In every case the English farm-ers declare that their Irish laborers are far superior to the home-bred

The report estimates that the 25,000 laborers who went to England last year from the west of Ireland brought back \$1,375,000 and that at least half of it

went to pay rent.

Another example of Irish thrift is given in the report of the Irish building and Loan Societies for 1905, which has just been issued. There were 99 such societies with a total membership of 13,595, and total receipts of \$2,501,930. The amount advanced on mortgages during the year was nearly \$1,000,000 and the undivided profit was \$500,000.

THE PERSONAL CLEMENCEAU. "One of his former pupils," writing in

Collier's of last Saturday, exposes some hitherto unknown facts in the career of Clemenceau, the Premier of France's atheist government. The writer came into close personal contact with Clem-enceau during his enforced exile in the United States, from 1865 to 1869. He had been asked to leave France be-cause of certain liberal utterances, and coming to America, he taught for nearly three years in a private French and English boarding school in Connecticut. This "former pupil" first speaks of the talent of the man; he was alert, sarcastic, poetic, quick, businesslike and had a vast amount of personal magneticism." His teaching was successful. But, "even then he played to the gallery;" e. g., "at the dinner table, writes the correspondent, "we were fascinated by his trick of tossing bits of bread into the air far above his head and catching them in his mouth as they came down, much as a pet dog might do. . . He was always quick to glance around and to note the effect. Then is related an incident (sic) which Then is related an incident (sic) which the writer probably had in mind when he referred to his "strange weakness in personal character." Mary Plummer was one of the oldest pupils of the school, beautiful, etc., from Wisconsin State. Toward the end of her second school year, Mary Plummer often went to New York for a few days, and after one of these departures she did not return. And just here we find the moral deprayity and the venom that to day deprayity and the venom that to day marks every act of France's first min-ister: "They were on the ocean before we heard of the civil marriage, followed as a concession of the bride's family prejudices, by a religious ceremony, in which Professor Clemenceau (always an Atheist) would not allow the name after a few years came rumors or trou rratic doctor was beginning

of God to be mentioned.".
"Four children were born, and then, ble. The erratic doctor was beginning to the of his gentle American wife. Next we heard of her living under an assumed name in a small town in Indiana, having left her husband and taken refuge in America. She could not, however, long endure the separa-tion from her children, and after a few years returned to Paris and endeavored

to support herself.
"She issued cards, to be extensively circulated in this country among her old friends, bearing her name and address, and soliciting the patronage of American-tourists as a guide around Paris, to the shops, theatres, art gal-

her death

her death."

And this is the type of man, this wife deserter, "hobnobbing with women of the Parisian stage," this is the foremost figure among the "Voices and Appetites" now ruling Catholic France. His former pupil concludes with there mark: "Those who know him are holding their breath as they watch his impetuous career, and they repeat the query, What next?

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Humility, meekness, charity, love of work, love of prayer, persevering de-votion to small daily duties, these are some of the lessons to be learned in the humble home of Nazareth.

There is one Catholic among the four British delegates to The Hague international peace conference, Sir Henry Howard. He has been British Minister to Holland for the past eleven years.

The Holy Father has composed a new Memorare to Our Blessed Lady, chiefly for his own use. It is very beautiful. In it he says: "I prostrate myself

The Central Catholic says that W. F. Luxton, ex-member of the Manitoba legislature and ex editor of the Win-nipeg Free Press, who died the other day, was a genuine martyr to the Cath-olic cause, having sacrificed his position, though not a Catholic himself because he could not secure justice in educational matters for the Manitoba minority.

Some idea of the extent of the labors of our priests in the West may be gleaned from an account of the mission-ary field of the Rev. John J. Gallagher of Hearne, Texas. His parish embraces nine whole counties, and his monthly itinerary exceeds one thousand miles. He recently called to his assistance a Polish and Italian priest to aid him with his work during the Eastertide among the people of those nationalities.

The German Catholic paragraphers re turning the tables on the French theists. One of the quips recalling the sthelsts. One of the quips recalling the jibes of Bismarckean days is served in this style by the Jugend of Munich: "Stranger to French soldier: 'Are you marching out for parade to-day?' French soldier: 'No; to day we fight the Capuchins, to-morrow we besiege a numery, the next day we storm a hos-pital and an orphan asylum.'"

Holland is small and is still suffering from the short of the Protestant revolt, but to day Holland gives a striking example of charity to the world-wide Church, with 1,200 of her men and women, priests, Brothers and nuns, spreading the gospel in other countries. She has seventeen houses for the training of missionary priests and Brothers and ten convents or missionary Sisters.

Rev. T. I. Gasson, S. J., of Boston College, recently conducted a retreat for the Passamaquoddy Indians, of Maine, in their Church which is under the patronage of St. Anne. Nearly four hundred members of the tribe attended the services. It was given at the special request of Rev. Jos. J. Ahern of Eastport, who has spiritual charge of these Indians and at the earnest desire of the Indians them-

Last Sunday, on his birthday, the Holy Father admitted nearly two hundred persons to his Mass and distrib-uted hely Communion to almost all present. Among the many telegrams of congratulation sent to the Holy Father on the occasion were those from the Emperor of Austria, the King of Spain, the Emperor of Germany, the President of the United Saates, the King of Portugal as well as from a great number of Catholic bodies and

From Rome, Jane 8th, we take the following item, which will be read with interest by Canadians : "Last Thursday a dinner was given at the Canadian College in honor of Sir Wilfrid Laurier; among those present were Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, Mgr. Giles, Mgr. Fraser, Mgr. Prior, Father Lepidi, O. P., the Abbe Hertzog, Father Vigouroux, Comm. Professor Marucchi and many others. Cardinal Vannutelli proposed the health of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in a very complimentary speech and the guest of honor re-plied eloquently."

Newspaper reports state that the Ob-late Order has won an indirect victory before the court of appeals in Paris. The liquidator who is winding up the The liquidator who is winding up affairs of the Order in accordance the Separation laws, claimed that seventy thousand shares of Gold Run mining stock held by the Misses de la Tour du pin Chomby, were really the property of the Fathers and should be confiscated with the rest of the estate. The court held that it had not been proven the contention was true. The judgment involved the fate of the Canadian chapel in Paris.

Another proof of the good relations existing between the Italian Government and the Vatican was given the other day, when Mgr. Galli, the Bishop of Sarzana, was appointed by the king of Carrana, was appointed by the king a Commendatore of the Order of Saints Mauritius and Lazarus. It is very seldom that such a decoration is conold friends, bearing her name and address, and soliciting the patronage of American-tourists as a guide around Paris, to the shops, theatres, art galleries, etc.

"Finally two years ago we heard of the same of the paragraphy of the paragrap rmored cruiser Roma, Mgr. Galli blessed the ship.

Father Fortunat de Fours, a Franciscan missionary priest now in India, in an article contributed to the Cathosays that Catholicity is increasing very rapidly in that country. Of 1,506,098 Christians, in 1872, there are now 3,000,000, half of whom are Catholic. Bet ween 1891 and 1901 the Catholic population has increased at the rate of 15 per cent. Summing up, Father 15 per cent. Summing up, Father Fortunat is of opinion that a social cataclysm cannot be far distant in a country which is divided at present into two castes—the very rich and opulent on one side, the starving and outcast on the other.

LUKE DELMEGE

BY THE REV P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR O. THE BEV F. A. SHERHAN, AUTHOR
"MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY
AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE
TRIUMPH OF FAILURE,"
"CITHARA MEA," ETC. CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

It happened in this way. I was aborbed in a day dream—an academic discussion with myself as to whethe discussion with myself as to waster demand created supply or supply elic-ited demand—a hoary question throughout all the debating societies of the world; and I was making but of the world; and I was making such that the progress toward its solution, when suddenly it solved itself in a remarkable manner. I thought I heard, above the rumbling and muffit thunder of the colossal printing press far away in a certain street in New thunder of the certain street in New York, the word "Copy," shouted up through a telephone. The voice was through a telephone. The voice wa the voice of that modern magician, th foreman printer. "Copy" echoed i the voice of that modern magician, the foreman printer. "Copy" echoed in the manager's room, where, amid piles of paper, damp and moist, and redolent of printer's ink, the great potentate sat. "Copy," he shouted through his telephone, with something that sounded like a prayer—but it wasn't—to the aditor. the editor, many miles away.
Copy," shouted the editor through yet, but it will one of these days. But 'Copy,' he wrote three thousand miles across the bleak, barren wastes of the turbulent Atlantic to one sitting on a rustic seat in a quiet garden of a country village beneath the
abadows of the black mountains
that separate Cork Country from Lim
erick, and with Spenser's "gentle
Mulla" almost washing his feet; and erick, Mulla Mulls" almost washing his feet; and "Copy" settled the academic question forever. That mighty modern Minotaur, the press must be glutted, not with fair youths of Arcady and fair maidens of Athens, but with thoughts that spring from the brains of mortals, and dreams that draw their beautiful irregular forms across the twilight realms of Fancy. This it is that makes literary men ir-

reverent and unscrupulous. Was it not said of Balzac, that he dug and dragged every one of his romances straight from the heart of some woman? "Truth is stranger than fiction." No !
my dear friend, for all fiction is truth my dear friend, for all notion is true
—truth torn 'up by the roots from
bleeding human hearts, and carefully
bound with fillets of words to be placed
there in its vases of green and gold on there in its vases of green and gold on your reading desk, on your breakfast-table. Horrid? So it is. Irreverent? Well, a little. But you, my dear friend, and the rest of humanity will have nothing else. Nihil humani a me alienum puto, said the Latin poet. We have gine a step further. will nothing that is not human. stage may be gorgeous; the scenery painted by a master hand; the electric light soft, lambent, penetrating; the orchestra perfect from bass drum to orchestra periect from bass of gapes first fiddle; but the audience gapes first fiddle; but the audience gapes and yawns, and is impatient. and yawns, and is impatient. There is something wanting. Ha! there it is, and we are all alive again. Opera glasses are levelled, men and women hold their breaths lest the least trifle should escape them ; the mighty conductor is nowhere; all eyes are strained on what?—a little child, perhaps a clown, an Italian shepherdess, a ban-dit, a fool—no matter, it is human, and it is for this figure that stage and scenery, lights, flowers and music become at once anciliary and subservient. And so, when Copy! Copy!! Copy!! tinkled like an impatient electric belin my ears, I said: I must seek a type somewhere. Look into your inner consciousness, said a voice. No use! It sciousness, said a voice. No use! It is a tabuta rasa, from which everything is a tabula rasa, from which everyusing interesting has been long since sponged away. Call up experiences! Alas! experiences are like ancient photographs. At one time, I am quite sure, this elegant gentleman, dres in the fashion of the sixties, was at-tractive and interesting enough. Now, alas, he is a guy. So with experiences. They thrill, and burn, and pierce, then fade away into ghosts, only fit to haunt the garret or the lumber room. No leget a living, breathing, human being, and dissect him. Find out all his thoughts, dreams, sensations, exper-iences. Watch him, waking and sleeping, as old Roger Chillingworth watched Arthur Dimmesdale in that terrible drama by Hawthorne. Then you have flesh and blood quivering and alive, and the world is satisfied.

Fate, or the Fates, who are always kind, through some such subject across path in those days when imagination was feeble and the electric bell was growing importunate. I knew that he had a story. I ignessed at it by intuition. Was it not Cardinal Manning in the control of the cont who said, when he was asked to imitate his great compeers, Wiseman and Newman, by writing a novel, that every man carried the plot of at least one romance in his head?" Now, this man was a mystic and a mystery. He was a mystic, or was reputed one, because mystic, or was reputed one, because he had once—a young man's folly— written something about Plato; he was called a mystery, because he wore his hair brushed back from his fore coat collar head right down over his scarce one of the brethren ever seen his inner sanctum, or was ever able to break through the crust of deportment which was always calm an gentle and sweet, but which drew an invisible line somewhere between and him—a line of mystic letters:
"Thus far shalt thou come, and no
farther." Some thought that he gave lartner. Some thought and was con-bimself too many airs and was con-ceited; one or two rough-spoken, hard-fisted colleagues dubbed him as Carlyle dubbed Herbert Spencer: "an measurable—;" but there he " an immeasurable—;" but there he was, always calmly looking out on the tos sing turbulent ocean of humanity from the quiet recesses of an unluxurious hermitage, and the still deeper and estered recesses of a quiet and thoughtful mind.

Like all conscientious interviewers,

was unapproachable and impenetrable. One day, however, it was borne to his ears that I had done a kind thing to some one or other. He no longer said with his eyes: You are a most impertinent fellow! The outworks were taken. Then I wrote him a humble letter about some old fossil, called Maximus Tyrius. To my surprise I received four pages of foolscap on the Fourth Dissertation:—

Quomodo ab adultore amicus distingui possit.

distingui possit.
Then, one winter's night, I was bowl ing home in the dark from the railway station, and became suddenly aware that voices were shouting warnings from afar off, and that the line was blocked. So it was—badly. My mysterious friend was vainly trying to cut the harness on his fallen mare, whilst his trap, dismembered, was leaning in a maudlin way against the ditch.
"A bad spill?" I cried.
"Yes!" he said laconically.

"Is the jar broke?" I asked.
I beg pardon," he said at filly. Then
know he had not heard the famous

Pardon me," he said, "I don" ration ine, no rail, I don't quite understand your allusions."
"Never mind," I said, with all the contempt of a professional for an amateur, as I saw him hacking with his awateur, as I saw him hacking with his left hand, and with a dainty mother-of-pearl-handled penknife, the beautiful new harness. "What do you want mutilating that harness for, when the trap has been kicked into space?"

"I thought 'twas the correct thing to do," he murmured. Then I said in my own mind: He is an immeasurable—

"Here, Jem," I cried to my boy He came over, and whilst I held up the mare's head, he gave her a flerce l

mare's head, he gave her a flerce kick.

She was on her feet in an instant.

"Where's your man?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said wonderingly.

We found the man, safe and sound, and fast asleep against the hedge.

"Come now," I said, for I had tacitly assumed the right to command by reason of my superior knowledge, "montez! You must come with me!"

"Impossible!" he said, "I must get home to-night."

home to-night."
"Very good. Now, do you think that you can get home more easily and expeditiously in that broken trap than in mine? Hallo! are you left-handed?" "No, but my right is strained little, just a little."

I took the liberty of lifting his hand, and a small, soft, white hand it was. It fell helpless. Then I saw that his face was very white. This showed he was a "Is the jar-I mean the arm-broke?"

"Is the jar—I mean the arm—broke?"
he said, with a smile.

Then I knew he was human. That
little flash of humor, whilst he was
suffering excruciating pain, told volumes of biography. I helped him up to
the seat, and, without a word, I drove
him to his house.

The doctor called it a compound

comminuted fracture of the ulna; we called it a broken wrist. But it was a bad business, and necessitated splints for at least six weeks. I volunteered to say his two Masses every Sunday, my own being supplied by a kind neigh-bor; and thus I broke down the barriers of chill pride or reserve, and saw the interior of his house and of his heart.

The former was plain almost to poverty; the latter was rich to exuber Four walls lined with book from floor to ceiling, a carefully waxed floor, one shred of Indian carpet, and a chair—this was him writing dosk and chair—this was his sitting room. But the marble mantel-piece was decorated with a pair of cost ly brass Benares vases, flanked by a pair of snake candlesticks; and his writing-desk was of Shisham wood, and it perfumed with a strange, faint aroma whole apartment. Over in one corner, and facing the northern light, was an easel; a painter's pallette leaned against it, and on it was a half-finished oil-painting—one of those dreamy sea scenes, where the flush of the setting seenes, where the must of the secting sun is deepening into purple, and the sleeping sea is curled into furrows of gold and lead. A large three-masted vessel, its naked spars drawn like the caffolding of some airy mansion against the sky, was passing out into the un-I was the everlasting enigms known.

of futurity and fate.

I had no notion of losing valuable time. I commenced business the first Sunday evening we dined together.

"I am a story-teller," I said, "and you have a story-teller, I said, and you have a story to tell me. Now, now," I warned, as I saw him make a feeble gesture of protest and denial with his left hand—"don't quote the with his left hand—"don't quote the Needy Kuife-Grinder, an' you love me. You have seen a great deal of life, you have felt a great deal, you have re-solved a great deal; and I must do you the justice to say that you have nobly kept your resolution of retirement and seclusion from your species that is, from brother-clerics. Here are all the elements of a first-class story-

"But I ve never written even a goody-goody story," he said. "I doubt if I have the faculty of narra-

tion."
"Leave that to me," I said. "Give me naked facts and experiences, and Worth never devised such fancy cos

tumes as I shall invent for them. "But," he protested, "why not seek more interesting matter? Here now, for example, is an admirable book, exemplifying the eternal adage: ature is the same the wide world over. dare say, now, you thought that Anglican clergymen are moulded into such perfection by university educa-tion, and the better teaching of social life, that there is nover room for the least eccentricity amongst them."
"Let me be candid," I replied, "and

say at once that such has been my conviction—that at least so far as social virtues are concerned, and the balanvirtues are concerned, and the balancing and measuring of daily social environments, they were beyond criticism. But have you discovered any freaks or prodigies there?"

"What would you think," he replied, "of this? A dear old rector driven to Like all conscientious interviewers, I had made a few desperate attempts to get inside this mystery and unravel it, but I had always been repelled. I could never get beyond the adytum of the temple, though I coughed loudly, and put the shoes off my feet with reverence. It

child at tennis parties and 5 o'clock tens; then discovered that once he had preached a borrowed sermon, and ever afterwards remonstrated with him in public on the misdemeanor: 'Ah! you dear old sly-boots, when you can preach so beautifully, why do you give us that wretched Penny Pulpit so o'ten?''

"Look here!" I said, 'that's a perfect miss. Have you any more dis-

"Look here!" I said, "that's a perfect mine. Have you any more diamonds like that?"
"Well, not many. The mine is salted. But what do you think of the good rector, who advertised for a curate, married, but childless, to occupy the rectors, whilst the incombent

curate, married, but childless, to occupy the rectory, whilst the incumbent was off to Nice on a holiday?"

"Well, did he get him?"

"Rather. But the lady was a dog-fancier, and brought with her four teen brindled buildogs. That rectory and its grounds were a desert for three months. No living being, postman, butcher's boy, baker's boy, taker's boy, dare show his face within the gates. Occasionally there was a big row in the menagerie. The mistress alone could quell it." " How?"

"Can't you guess?" "I give it up, like Mr. Johnston."
"Well, a red-hot iron, which she kept always in the kitchen fire for the

purpose."
"Rather drastic," I said. "Who
could have thought it in staid England? Verily, human nature is everywhere the

"Which proves?" he said question

ingly.

I waited.

'Which proves," he continued, "that "Which proves," he continued, "that there is nothing half so absurd as to deduce general sweeping propositions about nations and races from very slender premises. The world is full of strange faces and strange characters."

Then I knew he was coming around. And he did. Poor fellow! he had to take to bed a few days after, for the pain was intense and the weather was moist. I had great doubts whether our moist. I had great doubts wheeler our local physician was treating that dangerous wound scientifically, and I proposed a few times to call in some leading surgeon from the city. The medical attendant indeed assented, and I saw he looked alarmed. But my poor

"It will be all right," he said, "and after all it is but a weary world. Oh! to sleep and be at rest forever: to know nothing of the weariness of get know nothing of the weariness of governments and lying down, and the necessities of this poor body, its eating and drinking, and being elothed; to be free from the eternal vexations of men, their vanity, and folly, and pride. I shall dread to meet them even in heaven. "Look for me, my dear friend,' as a good poet has said, 'in the nurseries of heaven.'"

Then my heart went out to him, for saw his had been a troubled life, and day by day I sat by his bedside, whilst partly as an anodyne to pain, partly to please me, he went over the details of his life. Then, one day, I hinted that his life had been a carriere manqué and that he was a soured and disap pointed man. He raised himself on his eft arm, and looked at me long and wistfully. A slight discoloration had appeared above the fractured wrist.

He pointed to it.
"That is the black flag of death," he said. "You will find my will in the lower locked drawer of my writing-desk. I have left all to sick and poor desk. I have left all to sick and pool children. But you are wrong. I am not soured, or deceived, or disappointed. I have a grateful heart to God and man. I have not had an unhappy life. Indeed I have had more than my characteristics. I have had more than my share of its blessings. But, my friend," he said blessings. But, my irrend, no said earnestly, "I am a puzzled man. The enigma of life has been always too much for me. You will have guessed as much from all that I have told you. I seek the solution in eternity of the the solution in eternity of awful riddle of life."

He fell back in great pain, and I forgot my calling as interviewer in my sympathy as friend. Dear Lord! and

"Now," I said, "you are despondent. Your accident and this confinement have weighed on your nerves. You must let me send for Dr. S——. I'll telegraph to the Bishop, and he'll

I'll telegraph to the Bisnop, and he if put you under obedience."

He smiled faintly.

'No use,' he said, 't this is septicenia. I have probably forty eight hours to live. Then, Rest! Rest!

Rest! It's a strange thing to be tired of life when I had everything that man of life when I had everything that man could desire. This pretty rural parish; a fair competence; churches and schools perfect; and," he gave a little laugh, "no curate. Yet, I am tired, tired as a child after a hot summer day: and tired of a foolish whim to reconcile the irreconcilable."

"And why not give up this brain-racking," I said, "and live? Nothing solves riddles but work, and steadily ignoring them. Why, we'd all go mad

if we were like you."
"True," he said feebly, "true, my friend. But, you see, habits are tyrants, and I commenced badly. I was rather innocent, and I wanted to dovetail professions and actions, principle and interest (forgive the SOFTY pun), that which ought to be, and that which is. It was rather late in life when I discovered the utter impracticability of such a process. Life was a Chinese puzzle. Then, too late, I flung Chinese puzzle. Then, too late, I flung aside all the enigmas of life, and flung myself on the bosom of the great mys-tery of God, and there sought rest. But, behind the veil! Behind the

veil! There only is the solution.' He remained a long time in a reverie, staring up at the ceiling. I noticed a

staring up at the centile. I however the faint odor in the air.

"You know," he said at length, "I was not loved by the brethren. "Why? Did I dislike them? No! God forbid! I liked and loved everything that God created. But I was unhappy. Their ways puzzled me, and I was silent. There was nothing sincere or open in the world but the faces of open in the world but the laces of little children. God bless them! They are a direct revelation from Heaven Then, you will notice that there is not a single modern book in my library. Why? Because all modern literature Why? Because an modern interactive is lies! lies! And such painful lies! Why will novelists increase and aggravate the burdens of the race by such painful analyses of human charac-

ter and action?"

"Now, now," I said, "you are morbid. Why, half the pleasures of life come from works of imagination and poetry."

"True. But, why are they always so painful and untrue? Do you think that any one would read a novel, if it were not about something painful?—and the more painful, the more entrancing. Men revel in creating and feeling pain.

Here is another puzzle."

It was so sad, this gentle, pitiful life drawing to a close, and without a farewell word of hope to the world it was leaving, that I had neither comen in the comen to the same of the comen in the come solation to offer. It was so un like all my daily experiences that I was silent with pity and surprise. He in-

errupted me.
"Now for the great wind-up. To morrow morning you will come over early and administer the last sacra morrow monthing year the last sacraments. When I am dead, you will coffin my poor remains immediately, for I shall be dissolored sadly and shall rapidly decompose. And you know we must not give our poor people the faintest shock. I wish to be buried in my little church, right under the statue of our Blessed Lady, and within sound of the M*ss. There I spent my happiest hours on earth. And I shall not rest in peace anywhere but where I can hear the Mass-bell. You think I am wandering in my mind? No. I am quite collected. I often debated with myself whether I should not like to be buried outside, where I should hear the people outside, where I should hear the people walking over my grave. But no! I have decided to remain where the Divine Mother will look down with her pitying eyes on the place where this earthly tabernacle is melting into dust, and where the syllables of the mighty Mass will hover and echo when the church is silent betimes. And no foolish epitaph. 'Here lieth,' and ' pray for his soul.' That's all.'

He was silent for a little while; but now and again a faint shudder showed ntside, where I should hear the peop

now and again a faint shudder sh

now and again a laint shuter shows in the agony he was suffering.
"I am tiring you," he said at length; but sometimes I dream that in the "but sometimes I dream that in the long summer twilights, when my little village choir is practising, some child may allow her thoughts, as she is singing, to pass down to where the pastor is lying; and perhaps some poor mother may come over to my grave, after she has said her Rosary, and point out to the wondering child in her arms the the wondering child in her arms the place where the man that loved little children is lying. We are not all forgotten, though we seem to be. Here, too, is another puzzle. I am very tired."

I stood up and left the room, vowing that I would leave that poor soul at rest forever.

administered the last sacrame I administered the lass sacrations the following day, after I had seen the doctor. He was much distressed at the fatal turn things had taken. "He had not anticipated; 'twas a case for hospital treatment; the weather was so sultry; he had dreaded amputation, etc. No hope? None." The patient was right.
And so two days later, exactly as he

had anticipated, we were grouped around his bedside to watch and help around his his last struggle. But even in that supreme moment, his habitual equanimity did not desert him. Courteous to all around, apologizing for little troubles, solicitous about others, eagerly looking forward to the lifting of the veil, he passed his last moments in life. Then about 6 o'clock in the evening, just as the Angelus ceased toiling, he

cried :"'Tis the soul-bell, the passing-bell, is it not ? "'Tis the Angelus," I replied.

"Say, it with me, or rather for me," he said. Then a few minutes later: "'Tis growing very dark, and later: "'Tis growing very dark, and I am cold. What is it? I cannot understand—"

And so he passed to the revelation.

An unusually large number of the brethren gathered to his obsequies, which was again very strange and per leving. He w sired, and his memory is fast vanishing from amongst men; but the instincts of the novelist have overcome my tender ness for that memory, and I give his life-history and experiences. Am I justified in doing so? Time must tell. I should, however, mention another circumstance. At the obsequies were two old priests, one bent low with years, the other carrying the white burden of his winters more defantly.

The former asked me:—
"Did Luke speak of me, or wish to see me?"
I had to say "No!"

He went away looking very despond. The other called me aside and said :-

" Did Luke express no wish to see Now, I was afraid of this man. He,

Now, I was afraid of this man. He, too, was an oddity—a deep, prefound scholar in subjects that are not interesting to the multitude. He was one of the few who knew Luke well.

"Yes," I said; "several times. But he always drew back saying: 'Father Martin is old and feeble. I cannot bring him such a jurney in

cannot bring him such a jurney in such weather. Don't write! It will be nothing!"

be nothing.'"
"Did you think that this accident
was a trifle, and that there was no
danger of fatal issues?"
I coughed a little and said something.
"And did you think it was right,"

he continued, "that the only friend he probably had in the world "—here his voice broke—"should have been excluded from his confidence at such a momentous time ?"

"I really had no alternative;" I re-lied. "I did all I could for him, plied. poor fellow; but you know he was peculiar, and you also know that he was supersensitive about giving trouble to

others."
"Quite so. But when you saw danger, you should have summoned his friends. This is one of those things one finds it hard to condone. He has left a will and papers, I presume?"
"Yes," I said; "I have charge of

"Have you opened the will?"
"Not as yet."
"Please do so, and see who are the

executors.'

We opened the will then and there

and found that my troublesome inter locutor, the Reverend Martin Hughes, was sole executor. He closed the will

at once, and said, coldly:—

"Now, would you be pleased to hand over all other papers and confidential documents belonging to my deceased friend? You can have no fur-

ceased friend? You can have no fur-ther need of them—"
"I beg your pardon," I said; "the good priest just departed gave me a good deal of his confidence. You know that I was in hourly attendance on him for six weeks. I asked him to allow me tell the story of his life, and he consented, and granted me full permis sion to examine and retain all his let-ters. papers, diaries, manuscripts, for

sion to examine and retain all his let ters, papers, diaries, manuscripts, for that purpose"
"That puts a different complexion on things," said Father Hughes. "You fellows are regular resurrectionists. You cannot let the dead rest and bury their histories with them." their histories with them."

"But if a life has a lesson?" I ven-

tured to say, humbly. For whom ?'

" For the survivors and the world." "And what are survivors and the world to the dead?" he asked. I was silent. It would be a tactical mistake to irritate this quaint old man.

He pondered deeply for a long time.
"I have the greatest reluctance, he said, "about consenting to such thing. I know nothing more utterly detestable than the manner in which the secrets of the dead are purioused in our most prurient generation, and the poor relics of their thoughts and feelings scattered to the dust, or exposed on the public highways for the ludibrium of an irreverent public. And this would be had enough, but we have to face the lamentable fact that it is not the reality, but a hideous caricature of the reality that is presented to

"You can prevent that," I said " How?"

" By simply taking the matter into your own hands. No man knew Luke Delmege half so well as you—'' "I'm too old and feeble for all that,"

he said. Well, let's strike a bargain," I re plied. "Every page of this history shall submit to you for revision, correct tion, or destruction, as seems fit, if you keep me on the right track by giving

me as much light as you can."
"It is the only way to avert an evil,"
he replied. I told him I was compli

And so, with bits and scraps of fraved yellow paper, torn and tattered letters, sermons half written, and diaries badly kept, I have clothed in living language the skeleton form of this human life. On the whole, I feel I have done it well, although now and again an angle of the skeleton—some irregularity—will pust forward and declare itself. Sometimes Sometimes it is an anachronism which I cannot account for, except on the score of great charity on the part of my deceased who seemed to have preferred that his ignorance should be assumed rather than that charity should be woulded. Sometimes there is a curious dislocation of places, probably for the same reason. And sometimes I have found it difficult to draw the seams of some rent together, and to make times and circunstances correspond with the modern parts of our history.
And if "the tear and smile" of Ireland alternate in those pages, it is with mn history; and many, perhaps will find in it deeper meanings than we have been able to interpret or convey.

> CHAPTER II. THE ILLUSIONS OF YOUTH.

He was a young man, a very young

man, otherwise he would not have so elated when Lucas Delmege, X—ensis, was called out for the fourth time, he had to request his diocesans to watch the huge pile of premiums he had al-

ready won, whilst he passed up the centre aisle of the prayer hall, and his Bishop, smiling as he raised another shapp, smiling as he raised another sheaf of calf bound volumes, handed them to him, with a whispered "Optime, Luca." And yet, if a little vanity—and it is a gentle vice—is ever permissible, it would have been in his case. The hard him class and permission, it would have been in his case. To have led his class successfully in the halls of a great ecclesiastical seminary; to be watched enviously by five hundred and sixty fellow-students, as he moved along on his triumphant march; to have con his triumphant march; to have come out victorious from a great intellectual struggle, and to receive this praise from his Bishop, who felt that himself and his diocese were honored by the praise reflected from his young subject—assuredly, these are things to stir sluggish pulses, and make the face pallid with pleasure, And if all this was but the forecast of a great career in the Church; if it pointed with the steady finger of an unerring fate to the steady finger of an unerring fate to the long vista of life, strewn with roses long vista of life, strewn with roses, and with laurel crowns dropped by unseen hands from above, there would be all the better reason for that elastic step, and that gentle condescension which marked the manner of the successful student, when his admirers gathered around him, and even his degathered around him, and even his defeated rivals candidly congratulated him upon his unprecedented success. Yet, withal, he was modest. Just a little spring in his gait; just a little silent reception of adulation, as a something due to his commanding position; and just a little moistening of his eyelids, as he dreamt of a certain far home down by the sea, and the pride of his mother, as he flung all his treasures into her lap, and his sisters' kisses of nome down by the sea, and the stressures into her lap, and his sisters' kisses of triumph for the beloved one—ah me! who would say nay to this? Let the sunshine, and the roses, and the love of thy loved ones play around thee, thou pale and gentle Levite, while they may. Soon the disillusion will come, the laurels will fade, and the sunshine turn to gray ashen shadow, and the tender and strong supports of hone and love will be kicked aside by Time and Fate; but the arena of life will be ever bafore thee, and every fresh triumph will be a fresh conflict, and thou wilt be a friendless one and naked. But how didst thou come to believe that the be a freen connect, and thou with be a friendless one and naked. But how didst thou come to believe that the quiet study hall was the world, and thou the cynosure of all eyes—the pro-

verb in all mouths? Listen, dear child for thou art but a child. The mighty world has never heard of thee, does not world has never heard of thee, does now thy name; the press is silent about thee; the very priests of thy about thee the very priests of thy not even know of thy about thee; the very priests of thy diocese do not even know of thy existence. Thou art but a pin's point in the universe. He does not believe it. He has been a First of First (first prizeman in his class) and the universe is at his feet.

His first shock was at the Broadstone Terminus of the Great Midland Railway. A young and proposition

stone Terminus of the Great Midland Railway. A young and unsophisticated porter was so rustic and ignorant as to raise his hat to the young priest as he leaped from the carriage.

"Why did ye do that?" said an older comrade. "Sure, thim's but collaygians. They won't be priested for another year or two."

The porter had not heard of Luke Delmege, and the First of First.

He ran his eyes rapidly over the newspapers in the restaurant, where he was taking a humble cup of coffee, There was news from all quarters of the globe—an earthquake in Japan, a revo-

an earthquake in Japan, a revolution in the Argentine, a row in the French Chamber of Deputies, a few speeches in the House of Commons, a whole page and a half of sporting intelligence, a special column on a favor-ite greyhound named Ben Bow, an in-terview with a famous jockey, a para-graph about a great minister in Austria, gigantic lists of stocks and shares, a good deal of squalor and crime in the police courts, one line about a great philosopher who was dying—can it be possible? Not a line, not a word of yesterday's triumph in the academy! The name of Luke Delmege, First of

First, was nowhere to be seen.

Could he be, by any possible chance, in the photographers' windows? Alas, no! Here are smiling actresses, babies in all kinds of postures and with every variety of expression, favorite pugdogs, dirty beasts of every kind with tufts of hair on their tails, fashionable beauties,

Portias, and Imogens and Cordelias; but the great athlete of yesterday?

And the porters made no distinction between him and his fellow students as he sped southwards to his home; a few school-girls stared at him and passed on; commercial men glanced at him and buried themselves in their papers; a few priests cheerily said :

"Home for the holidays, boys?" But Luke Pelmege was but a unit among millions, and excited no more notice than the rest.

He could not understand it. He had always thought and believed that his college was the Hab of the Universe; and that its prizemen came out into the unlettered world horned and aureoled with light as from a Holy Mountain. Was not a prize in his col-lege equivalent to a university degree; and was it not supposed to shed a lam-bent light athwart the future career of the winner, no matter how clouded that career be? Did he not hear of men who folded their arms and leaned on their laurels for the rest of their lives. and were honored and respected for their boyish triumphs far into withered and useless age? And here, in the very dawn of success, he was but a student amongst students; and even these soon began to drop their hero-worship, when they found the great world so listless and indifferent. He is troubled and bewildered; he cannot understand. "Well, at last, here is home, and

here is worship, and here is love. Ay, indeed! The news had gone on before him. The great athlete in the greatest college in the world was coming home; and he was their own, their beloved. It nearly compensated and consoled him for all the neglect and indifference, when on entering beneath his own humble roof, where he had learned all the best lessons of life, he found the whole family prostrate on their knees before him. There was his aged tather. He laid his newly consecrated hands on the gray head, and pronounced the blessing. He extended lips almost bit them in the intensity of affection and love. The old man rose and went out, too full of joy to speak. The young priest blessed his mother; she kissed his hands—the hands, every line of which she knew with more than the skill of palmist. The young priest stooped and kissed her wrinkled fore-head. He blessed his brothers, and laid his hands on the smooth brows of laid his hands on the smooth brows of his sisters. Reverently they touched his palms with their gentle lips; and then, Margery, the youngest, forget-ting everything but her great love, flung her arms around him, and kissed him passionately, crying and sobbing:
"Oh! Luke! Luke!" Well, this at "Oh! Luke! Luke!" Well, this as least was worth working for. Then the great trunk came in, and the vast treasures were unlocked, and taken out, and handled reverently, and placed on the few shelves that had been nailed by a rustic carpenter in the little alcove of his bedroom. There they winked and blinked in all their splendors of calf and gold; and Peggy refused to dust them, or touch them at all, for how did she know what might be in them? They were the priest's books, an better have nothing to say to them. The priests are the Lord's anointed, you know. The less we have to say to them the better! But a few privileged ones amongst the neighbors were allowed to come in and look at these trophies, and offer the incense of their praise before the shrine of this family idol, and think, in their own hearts, whether any of their little flaxen-haired gossons would ever reach to these unapproachable altitudes.

"Well, Luke, old man, put on the Melchisedech at last? How are you, Melchisedech at last? How are your and how is every bit of you? You look washed out, man, as 'tin as a lat,' as Moll Brien said when her son came out of jail. A few days' coursing on the mountains will put new life into you. The two dogs, Robin and Raven, are in prime condition, and the mountain has not been sourced since the great match in the mountain has not been coursed since the great match in May. Ah! these books! these books! Luke's prizes, did you say, ma'am? They're vampires, ma'am, sucking the rich red blood from his veins, Thank God. I never bothered much about They're vampires, ma'am, sucking the rich red blood from his veins, Thank God, I never bothered much about them! Here they are, of course: Cambrensis Eversus! By Jove! I

JULY 6, 19 thought that fello Why, in m ago, ma'am—time i fellow turns up as regular resurrection the same. Nobod ever will. O'Kane good book. Poor soul that ever live on the Church! I The tub of the atractibus-Here a dreadful his stalwart frame. "Now, look her enough of these i morrow and dine Father Tim and or bors. What—" " I ve not calle said Luke, timidly "Never mind! I

can call to-morrow mind! Between in time for what that you o for getting away dining with me, forgive you. Any He fell into a were some troub "By the way,
Mass?" he cried
"I shall feel m kindly assist me

"Of course, said the curate, "little assistance thinking."
"If I could s under my father's priest, timidly.
"Of course, curate. "Let against the state the Bishop's per

About half a Luke. "Ay, it will reverence, befor say Mass like you "Sure, 'tis you waiting." "No, indeed; want ye to have the poor old s Egypt."
"Mike said t

to keep up w Though you ha lieve there are Latin, and we ha Look at th Father Pat, look "Thin, the Cork with the weeshiest little gaw. 'Twas ab nd the print wa him now,' sez i

and yer revere Profundis befor Nosther." "Well, you s comes from long with a smil "Troth, an'

mege, "'tisn't "There now, for you. Look forgot. You ar fellow! 'Tis o in for sharp h to morrow. H moment later. ality. Good da ality. Good da I was forgettin ing, my poor kind of Indulge

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whatever, and "The best

ays of Ireland wiping her ey lightly over the But though kind words, there was a What was it? on the Melch all, it was a p and meant no ing Mass in episcopal sat shuddered at ing under st would write th and put off course, but— The people shocked. Bu Bu and was there rics about the the people he that he she a man of third mission? Th plexed and p Casey had no high places to the happy str had spoken student, affer it? Of cou

> seen the priz living in a fo great world academic tri and won at The though Canon will t highly polish will apprecia britated, at plexed. It what he had read : " For brance of the fool forever.

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the Broad-at Midland unsophisti-and ignorthe young e carriage.
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thim's but

ard of Luke y over the rant, where ap of coffee. arters of the uties, a few Commons, a sporting in-Bow, an inkey, a para-er in Austria, and shares, a crime in the bout a great

g-can it be of a word of he academy! ege, First of ssible chance, dows? Alas, orite pugdogs d with tufts o able beauties, nd Cordelias esterday? no distinction im and passed anced at him their papers;

ys, boys?"
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id:

nd it. He had came out into s from a Holy prize in his colversity degree; to shed a lam future career of ow clouded that ot hear of men and leaned on st of their lives, nd here, in the he was but a ents; and even rop their hero-ound the great different. He is red ; he cannot

ere is love. Ay, d gone on before the in the great-orld was coming

their own, their compensated and the neglect and entering beneath , where he had lessons of life, he nily prostrate on m. There was his m. There was his
d his newly cone gray head, and
ing. He extended in the intensity of The old man rose il of joy to speak. essed his mother -the hands, every w with more th Tae young priest her wrinkled fore-his brothers, and smooth brows of ntly they touched gentle lips; and youngest, forget-t her great love, and him, and kissed ying and sobbing e!" Well, this at king for. Then the in, and the vast locked, and taken reverently, and shelves that had rustic carpenter in his bedroom. There linked in all d gold; and Peggy n, or touch them at ve nothing to say to ts are the Lord's. The less we have better! But a few ongst the neighbors e in and look at these

reach to these undes. old man, put on the set? How are you, bit of you? You han, as 'tin as a lat,' when her son came ew days' coursing on ill put new life into gs, Robin and Raven, condition. and condition, and been has not been he great match is books! these books d you say, ma'am? ma'am, sucking the om his veins, Thank othered much about esus! By Jove! I

the incense of their

hrine of this family

their own hearts

thought that fellow was spun out long since. Why, in my time, thirty years ago, ma'am—time flies—that book was declared out of print; and here the fellow turns up as spruce as ever. A regular resurrectionist! Well, it's all the same. Nobody ever read him, or ever will. O'Kane on the Rubrics! A ever will. O'Kane on the Rubrics ! A good book. Poor Jimmy! The best soul that ever lived. Hurrah! Murray on the Church! Poor—old—Paddy! The tub of theology! Crolly de Here a dreadful shudder shot through

his stalwart frame.

"Now, look here, Luke, you've had enough of these fellows. Come up tomorrow and dine with us. No one but Father Tim and one or two of the neighbors. What—"

I've not called on the Canon yet,"

said Luke, timidly.
"Never mind! I won't ask him. You "Never mind! I won't ask him. You can call to-morrow. But not too early, mind! Between 4 and 6. You may be in time for what he calls '5 o'clock tea.' Let me see! I'll say 4:30 so that you can have an excuse for getting away. Don't say you're dining with me, though. He'd never forgive you. Anything but that."

He fell into a fit of musing. There were some trupblous memories called were some troublous memories called

ally striving to solve.

Here was a man of advanced years, of most blameless life, of calm polished manner; a man who gave largely to public charities, and who, as an ecclesiastic, was an ornament to the Church; and yet men shrank from him; and like an iceberg loosened by the Gulf Stream, he created around him, wherever he went, an atmosphere of chilliness and frigidity that almost isolated him from his fellow-nen. What was it? He was a formalist that could not be laughed at; a perfected and symmetrical char acter where the curious and irreverent could place no flaw; the arbiter elegantiarum to his diocese; and the frigid up.
"By the way, what about your first
Mass?" he cried, waking up.
"I shall feel much obliged if you will
kindly assist me, Father Pat," said

"Of course, of course, my boy," said the curate, "though, indeed, very little assistance you'll require, I'm

thinking."
"If I could say my first Mass here under my father's roof," said the young

under my father's roof," said the young priest, timidly.
"Of course, of course," said the curate. "Let me see, though. It's against the statutes of course, without the Bishop's permission; and I don't know—but we'll dispense with statutes on this occasion. Will you take long?"
"About half an hour, I think," said

Luke.

"Ay, it will be many a day, your reverence, before Luke will be able to say Mass like you," said Mrs. Delmege, "Sure, 'tis you who don't keep us long waiting.

"No, indeed; why should I? Do I want ye to have camels' knecs, like the poor old saints over there in Egypt."

Mike said there was no use trying to keep up with your reverence. Though you had the Latin, and I believe there are very hard words in the Latin, and we had the English, you bate us intirely."

Look at that for you now," said Father Pat, looking around admiringly.

Thin, the last time he wint to
Cork with the butter, he bought the Cork with the butter, he bought the weeshiest little prayer book you ever gaw. 'Twas about half a finger long, and the print was mighty big. 'I have him now,' sez he; 'tis a quare story if I don't lave him behind.' Troth if I don't lave him behind.' Troth, and yer reverence, ye were at the De Profundis before he got to the Pather Nosther."

"Well, you see, ma'am, that's what comes from long practice. But I make it up in the preaching, you know," he with a smile.

"Troth, an' ye do," said Mrs. Delmege, "'tisn't much, but what ye says comes from the heart."

"There now, Luke, there's a critic "There now, Luke, there's a critic for you. Look sharp, old man; but I forgot. You are going abroad. Happy fellow! 'Tis only in Ireland you come in for sharp hits. Well, don't forget to morrow. Half-past four; not a moment later. I'm a model of punctuality. Good day, ma'am; oh! by Jove! I was forgetting. Give us your blessing, my poor man. In't there some kind of Indulgence attached?"

wiping her eyes, as the curate strode down the little footpath, and leaped

lightly over the stile. But though Luke echoed his mother's kind words, deep down in his heart there was a jarring note somewhere. What was it? That expression, "put on the Melchisedech?" Well, after it was a pretty usual colloquialism all, it was a pretty usual colloquialism and meant no irreverence. Then, saying Mass in a private house without episcopal sanction? How did that statute bind? Was it sub gravi? Luke shuddered at the thought of celebrating under such circumstances. He would write that evening to the curate, would write that evening to the cursor, and put off his Mass till Sunday. There was something called Epikeia, of course, but—he was perplexed. Then, that awful rapidity in oelebrating! The people noticed it and were shocked. But, after all, they liked it, shocked. But, after all, they meet it, and was there not something in the rub rics about the propriety of not keeping the people waiting? Who was he that he should judge his superior a man of thirty years' standing on the mission? Then it dawned on his per-plexed and puzzled mind that Father ot even once alluded to the high places that had fallen to the lot of the happy student in his college. had spoken to him as to an ordinary student, affectionately, but without a note of admiration. Had he not heard it? Of course, he had. And yet, never an allusion to the First of First, even in the mother's presence! What was it? Forgetfulness? No. He had seen the prizes and made little of them. be that, after all, he had been Could it be that, after all, he had been living in a fool's paradise, and that the great world thought nothing of these academic triumphs that were pursued and won at such tremendous cost?

The Canon seemed hurt, and Luke was silent.

ing and tingling of the nerves when he opened the gate and crossed the well-trimmed lawn, and knocked nervously with that polished knob, which sounded altogether too loud for his tastes. It was an old feeling, implanted in child-hood, and which intensified as the years went by. Custom had not modified it nor habit soothed it; and as Luke crossed the lawn at 4 o'clock this warm July day, he wished heartily that this vi-it was over. He had often striven in his leisure moments in college to analyze the feeling, but without success. He had often, as he advanced in his collegiate course, and had begun to feel a certain self-rel: no, tried to gather his nerves toge he, and face with coolness this annual ordeal. It was no use; and when the servant ap logy, Scripture and Canon Law, and Second of First in Hebrew," said Luke, tow thoroughly aroused by such in-difference; "and I'd have swept the First of First in Hebrew also—"

was no use; and when the servant ap peared in answer to his knock, and an-nounced that the Canon was in his

library, his heart sank down, and he paced the beautiful drawing-room in a

nervous and unhappy condition. Now, this was unreasonable and unintellig-ible. Alas! it was one of the many enigmas in his own soul, and in the vast

Luke sat timidly in a dainty chair

seem too familiar. How often, in later life, he thought of his nervousness and

reverence, when a young student called on him, and flung himself carelessly on a sofa, and crossed his legs nonchal

antly! Which was better - his own

gentle awe and deep-seated reverence

for authority and age and dignity, or the possible irreverence of atter years? Well, this, too, was a puzzle.

was not right. It was sinful. His eyes rested on a glorious picture of the Divine Mother, that hung over the mantelpiece in the place of honor. Luke went into raptures over it, studied it, gazed on it, and every throb of pleasure was a prayer. Just then, a bevy of artificial birds, in a glass case beneath, began to flutter and chirp, and a deep goog tolled out musically the

of those mnemonic associations from childhood that never fade.

" Thank you, Canon," he said.

"Impossible," replied the Canon,

froze him.

ally striving to solve.

Dear me! how very interesting," "Dear me! how very interesting," said the Canon, "how very interesting! I hope it is the prelude to a—to a—very respectable career in the Church!" "I hope so," said Luke, despondently. Alas! he had been taught that it was not the prelude, but the final and ultimate climax of all human distinction. The Canon continued:—"If you continue your studies, as every young priest should, and try to acquire ease and a proper deportment

acquire ease and a proper deportment of manner, and if your life is otherwise—ah— correct and—ah— respectable, you may, in the course of years, attain to the honors and—ah years, attain to the honors and—ah—emoluments of the ministry. You may even in your old age—that is supposing an irreproachable and respectable career—you may even attain to—ah—the dignity of being incorporated into the—ah—Chapter of your native diocese."

"I could never think of reaching such an elevation" said luke humbly.

"I could never think of reacting such an elevation," said Luke, humbly.

"Oh well," said the Canon, reasuringly, "you may, you may. It means, of course, years and well estab lished respectability; but it will all come, it will all come."

come, it will all come."

Luke thought that time was no more, and that his purgatory had begun when those blessed birds shook out their feathers and chirped, and the deep gong tolled out musically the half-hour.

The Canon rose and said:
"Could you join us in a cup of test

"Could you join us in a cup of tea,
Mr. Delmege? We are—ah—rather
early to-day, as we shall have a drive
before dinner. No? Well, good-day!
I'm most happy to have seen you.
Good-day!" could place no flaw; the arbiter elegantiarum to his diocese; and the frigid
cersor of the least departure from the
Persian laws of politeness and good deportment. If he had only had the good
fortune to be laughed at, it would have
saved him. If men could make a joke
about him, they would have loved him.
But no! Stately and dignified and
chill, there was no such thing as presuming on such a lofty character; and
there he was, his forchead in the clouds
and his face above the line of perpetual
snow.

Good-day!"
Luke was stepping lightly down the grav-lled walk, thankful for having got off so easily, when he was called back. His heart sank.
"Perhaps, Mr. Delmege," said the Canon, blandly, "you would do us the favor of dining with us at 6:30 on Sunday? It's rather early, indeed; but it's only a family party." only a family party."

Luke rapidly ran over in his mind

every possible excuse for absenting himself, but in vain!
"I shall be most happy, sir," he said: "the hour will suit me admirwith its wood work inlaid with mother-of-pearl. He would have liked to sink into the easy depths of that voluptu-ous arm chair; but he thought it would ably."
Ah, Luke, Luke!

TO BE CONTINUED.

"THE HUNCH." By Rev. R. A. Moher, O. S. A.

The Hunch was slinking along Second avenue, it mattered little which way. To be precise, though, I will say that Well, this, too, was a puzzle.

Luke lifted up his eyes. They fell on the portrait of a beautiful woman; a fair, oval face, with an expression of infinite sadness upon it. It attracted him, fascinated him. It was one of the numberless copies of the Cenci portrait that third-class artists turn out in Rome. It was believed by the Canon to be the original. When better informed in later years, Luke tried to undeceive the Canon, it was one of the he was going north, in that peculiar slither which energetic people would so often like to shake out of boys. He was "The Hunch," not by any actual deformity, but by the roll of shoulders that proceded every move and came with almost every word. The world was using Hunch badly, though that in itself was not new. The world had itself was not new. The world had always been doing that so far as his ormed in later years, lake theat to undeceive the Canon, it was one of the many things that were not forgiven. But now he turned his eyes rapidly away from the beautiful face. He was in the first flush of his ordination. It was not right. It was sinful. His eyes

impressions went. When his existence had really began was a matter which had never troubled him and need not concern us. A non-descript foundling asylum could answer for three or four of his first years. from there a family had taken him and from them he had drifted into the street life of the city. There the law had come into his life while engaged in a friendly contest of stones and half a friendly contest of stones and half bricks gainsts gang from the Gashouse district. Taking time to hunch his shoulders had lost him a second in starting when the "law" had appeared out of an alley. A human judge, who maybe had thrown a stone himself in some dim a remembered past handed a deep gong tolled out musically the quarter. The door softly opened, and the Canon entered the room. He was He bent his head reverently as he knelt and received the benediction.
"There, that will do me some good, whatever, and I want it."
The best poor priest within the bush and of yellow running through it.
"The best poor priest within the ant shade of yellow running through it.

"The best poor priest within the bush and of yellow running through it.

"The best poor priest within the ant shade of yellow running through it.

"The best poor priest within the bush and of yellow running through it.

"The best poor priest within the ant shade of yellow running through it.

"The best poor priest within the ant shade of yellow running through it.

"The best poor priest within the ant shade of yellow running through it.

"The best poor priest within the poor priest within the nearness of the beautiful, he did not need to hurry nor to gobble, but now need to hurry ant shade of yellow running through it. He was clad in a soutane, such as canons wear, and which set off well his fine stately figure. His face, a strong, massive one, had an appearance of habitual equanimity that was rather acquired by strong self-discipline than natural. He spoke softly, and when he sat down he arranged his cassock so that the silver buckles on his shoes could be seen. A subtle indefinable could be seen. A subtle, indefinable aroma exhaled from his garments, Luke remembered it well. It was one strays before a crib and had heard and felt the appeal of the Child God.

But he was a child of the street by birth and breeding, and the call of the street had been strong in his blood. He had beaten through the year, always "Sit down. I'm very happy to see you, Mr. Delmege," he said.
It he had only said "Luke" or "Father" Delmege, Luke would have worshipped him. The icy "Mista" quiet, never disrespectful, but silent and noncommittal to the kindest efforts toward a real change in him. The street was his home, his father, and his mother, and there he would go when his chance came. Two weeks ago it came. It had taken the form of a few "I understand you have been or-dained? Yes! That must be a great nickels. A stiff climb over the picket fence, a brilliant run (not stopping this time to hunch his shoulders) had brought consolation to your-excellent parents."

"Yes. They are very happy," said Luke. "If I might presume to ask such a favor, it would make them doubly happier if I could say my first him within atriking distance of the ferry to the foot of West street. Once there, within twenty minutes he was across lower Broadway and safe in the human drifts of the east side. Mass in my own-in my-in their

The old haunts were there, home, as The old haunts were there, home, as Hunch knew the word. He had gotten his "button," had squarely fought "Scribs" Hentry for a good Fourteenth street corner, and had gotten the corner. "Scribs," however, not being a true child of the street, had not played according to rails. hlandly, "quite impossible. I assure you, my—ah—dear Mr. Delmege. There is an—ah—episcopal regulation forbidding it; and the Bishop, unhappily—ah—and unadvisedly, I presume to think, has—ah—restricted narmis. to think, has—ah—restricted permission to say such Masses to himself.
I'm not—ah—at all sure that this is not not played according to rule. days after he had been fairly trunced by Hunch in a ring formed by his peers he had "snitched" to the "law" on a—canonical infringement on parochial
—ah—privileges; but we must not
discuss the subject. You are—ah the corner that Hunch was a run-away. The "law" descended, toward Hunch but not upon him, for again he highly polished and cultured man. He will appreciate distinction and academical success. And poor Luke felt irritated, annoyed, distressed, perplexed. It was all so very unlike what he had anticipated. He had not read: "For there shall be no remembrance of the wise no more than of the fool forever."

The next day Luke naid a feature of the first of first is the fool of the first of first is th what he had anticipated. He had not read: "For there shall be no remembrance of the wise no more than of the fool forever."

The next day Luke paid a formal visit to his pastor. He had an old dread of that parochial house —a shrink
"Fairly," he said laconically. The unknowable to the nine-tenths, and watching, dodging always the blue and brase of the law. But even that life was of the law. But even that life was the said remarkable to the nine-tenths, and watching, dodging always the blue and brase of the law. But even that life was dear to him. That he would be better off in the Protectory, he knew. That his life would probably end here in the streets where it began, he knew, and watching, dodging always the blue and brase of the law. But even that life was the parameter of the wise no more than of the said remarkable to the nine-tenths, and watching, dodging always the blue and brase of the law. But even that life was the parameter of in the Protectory, he knew. That he streets where it began, he knew, the streets where it began, he knew, that life was the protection of the streets where it began, he knew, the streets where it began is the

his body or soul would he go back to the dull, hated security of the home.

To night he half remembered, half had it pushed upon him, it was Christmas eve. As he sidled hunching along the avenue he was conscious here and there of things, that he was moving the results of things, that he was moving the results of things, that he was moving able to get assistance from Herod in

there of things; that he was moving north, away from "home;" that tawdry holly was pointing at him now and then its tale of the effort at meriment; that a tree with a cheap candle or two beside it came across his visior; incident. ally, too, that he was starving. He knew that there were places where he could go, that mission of one sort or another were holding Christmas trees, but if he went there he would have to

but if he went there he would have to pretend things.

Now you may quarrel with Hunch's code if you will. Here it is. He could fight, he could steal if he had to, that was part of the square fight against life, but he could not pretend. That was in the class with "snitchin" and "takin' pennies off children." Poor little wicked, nameless stray, carrying in a brave heart what men call the inin a brave heart what men call the in-

in a brave heart what men can the instincts of a gentleman.

The air to night was not atmosphere, but, with the drizzle of melting snow falling through the smoke and grime, was merely a lighter form of the ooze of the pavement. Hunch was cold, wet, and, incidentally again, starving. For an hour the way led him, by no For an hour the way led him, will of his own, north, a little will of his own, north, a little west, then north again, then west, when suddenly he seemed to be awake in one of the streets, up maybe in the thirties, he thought. A wide bay window opening low on one of the houses had caught his mind back from a trance of numbed starvation. Within a woman, beautiful beyond dreams, moving or rather floating, to his fevered eye, in the glorious flood of light of the room touching something on the tree, arranging shiny, dazzling things on the table beside it, and now switching on others of the thousand electric bulbs till the whole melted into a very dream of whole melted into a very dream or green and pearl and dewdrop light.

green and pearl and dewdrop light.

Hunch, with the inborn caution of the street, retired to an opposite areaway to feast. The lady seemed to drift away. Hunch waited still. For what? Hours afterward, it seemed, a man came and turned out the lights. Still Hunch waited and the dark gathered on him with blinding despair—then resolve. He would see that again. His pinched soul cried, craved for the light and the beauty of it. Was there anything else? Were those silver things thing else? Were those silver things on the table in his desire? I do not

on the table in his desire? I to how know. He was starving.

Marjorie was being put to bed. Usu ally this was a lengthy process of a comforting story after a sleepy prayer. But to-night the prayer had been most wide awake and the story not even arked for. Marjorie was surprisingly asked for. Marjorie was surprisingly acquiescent. Marjorie (age 3) had guile in her soul. She had been told that Santa Claus must never be seen. She had been told what things had hap paned to little girls who tried to see him at work. She with the wisdom of pened to little girls who tried to see
him at work. She, with the wisdom of
the children of the generation,
had heard but would not practice.
She had closed her eyes, waiting
to hear her mother go away
had heard her pass down the stairs to the front room where Santa was expected, where Marjorie must not go. Then she scrambled out of bed, trailed Then she scrambled out of bed, trained down the stairs in the glory of a blue bed gown, and, when her mother had safely passed to another part of the house, had slipped into the forbidden room and huddled herself into the new doll's cradle to wait for the man of her heart.

Hunch had not found it very difficult to slip the blade of his knife between the two sashes of the window and push back two sashes of the window and push back
the fastener. Raising the lower sash
with all the caution of over - pitched
nerves, he slipped into the room. No
fear, no guilt was in his heart. He
must come in here, and he had come.
He did not care to fissh all the light

not need to hurry nor to gobble, but would turn each set of lights slowly as to luxurious music. The first button he touched controlled a pale limp star ne touched controlled a pale limp star at the farther side of the tree. As its light filtered through the green its glint fell upon a tiny watch on the table. With no thought of stealing, only the pure loot instinct of the street only the pure loot instinct of the street to seize what you can, it was in Hunch's hand. Taking another breath of the beauty of it all, he came around to the side near the star. There under its creamy, softening

light lay a living, breathing child—the pale blue gown, the bare little arms,

the delicate, sweet face—
"Cripers! It's de kid God!" And
Hunch fell to his knees, the wonder
and the awe of humanity in the miracle and the awe of humanity in the miracle surging over his soul. Then the appeal of innocence, of purity, of childhood's heart - touching strength; the watch was laid at the foot of the crib. Then fear, unreasoning, blind, swept him away, out of the window, down the street, stumbling, falling, running till be beggen to know the doorsteps and

he began to know the doorsteps and the hallways and was at "home." Next morning the human judge of Essex Market Court was surprised by a starveling, in whom he finally recog-nized Hunch, tugging at his elbow as he passed down the street, and beg-ging, "Send me back to de island, jedge. I'll go back and stay me time. Square, jedge, I will."

And when the judge had fed him and clothed him he sent him on his way, not rejoicing, maybe, but softened.

able to get assistance from Herod in their search for Christ. They found at Jerusalem a state of religious indiffer-Jerusalem a state of religious indifference among the leading men. The chosen people, the descendants of King David, were in need of being aroused from their lethargy by the Gentiles following the star that led them to the crib at Bethlehem.

By the use of their natural facilities, as well as by divine revelation, the wise men from the East were prepared to make the act of faith in the mystery

to make the act of faith in the mystery to make the act of faith in the mystery of the Incarnation. They believed that the only begotten Son of God became a man, and was there present as a Babe at Bethlehem among the poor shepherds. The star went before them and stood over where the Child was. When they found the new born King, with Mary, His mother, falling down, they adored Him, and opening their treasures they offered Him gifts. From that moment they became followers of Christ, mem-bers of His Church, and teachers of the true religion for their own people in the eastern lands to which they be

This knowledge which came with our Lord from on high became the light of the world. It surpasses in value the most profound earthly science; it gives most profound earthly science; it gives to the lowly and to the great alike a certitude which excludes all doubt. This knowledge which brings peace of mind and perpetual happiness is often despised by agnostics, so-called scientists, cultivated and learned men who will not how the knee in adoration be will not bow the knee in adoration be

At the present time we may learn from the Catechism the same truths which were taught to the kings from which were taught to the kings from the East at Bethlehem. He who accepts the teachings of the Catholic Church knows that Christ actually dwells in her, teaching and elevating those who believe, even unto the consummation of the world. The Church is a divine of the world. The Church is a divine school, an infallible college, greater than any university or institution of human learning. Those who graduate as her scholars are divinely taught and truly enlightened. The diploma of an instructed Catholic is signed by Almighty God, countersigned by His Holy Church; and it gives a guarantee of a hundred fold in this life, and everlasting happiness in the world to come.

ing happiness in the world to come.

A false estimate of secular learning is leading many astray. It begets pride of intellect; it places the things of earth above the treasures of heaven. Christian instruction is of the first important the property of the property of the property and the property of the proper portance. Let us strive to know all the truth, as becomes children of light; but it is better to have the knowledge of the true religion than to be learned in all the sciences and ignorant of Christianity. It is better to be a Cath olic than to know all things else. The dignity of being in the true Church is greater than the possession of all the knowledge, wealth and honor of this world. The dignity of a Catholic than the possession of all the control of the springs from the consciousness of being a child of God, and that is above al earthly honors. Seek first the kingdom of God, and keep for it the first place at all times .- Catholic School Journal

PROTESTANTS KNOW THE POWER OF THE PRINTED WORLD.

From the Sacred Heart Review.

In a recent address before the Boston
Wesleyan Association, George Perry
Morris, associate editor of the Congregationalist, said :

gationalist, said:
"The task of re-enforcing its weekly
press is one of the most imperative now
resting upon American Protestantism,
for neither foreign missions, nor home
missions, nor city missions, nor Christian educational institutions, nor any form of Christian social enterprise can prosper unless well served by religious journals with a wide circulation."

Catholics should find food for thought

The surest, most certain way of awakening and training at constituency to all around service of the church is by the visitor to the home which comes with the sanction and the hall-mark of some authority, which is edited by a man with the whole field of denominational activity in mind, who has a sense of proportion of needs and resources, who can marshal facts and arguments with skill, persuasion and cumulative

Pastors of experience know that the homes into which Catholic papers enter are those from which come the best osed, staunchest, most intelligen and most virtuous members of the con-

gregation.
We have quoted the words of a non-We have quoted the words of a non-Catholic editor as proof of the import-ance which Protestant denominations attach to the influence of their papers. Can we, as Catholics who apprecia-the holiness of the heritage of faith we possess—can we afford to be less mind-ful than they of our own Catholic press? At mission times in our parish churches there are great gatherings of

people and a great increase in devotion among the parishioners, which, of course, is perfectly right and proper since every mission is an occasion of special grace. All the more remarkable, therefore, are the words of the late Pope Leo XIII. when, speaking of the Catholic press, he compared its influence for good with that of those special occasions of grace, and declared that a Catholic paper in a parish is "a perpetual mission.

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Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 18th, 1905.

Apostolic Delegación.

Mr. Thomas Coffer:

My Dear Sir.,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it per service in the satisfaction that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It is tirentously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the catholic spirit. It is trentously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the catholic spirit. It is trentously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the same time promoting the best interests of the same time promoting the best interests of the same time promoting the welfare of religion and country, Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend success, and best wishes for its continued success, Yours very sincerely in Christ,

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read
your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD,
and congratulate you upon the manner in
which it is published. Its matter and form
are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit
pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleas
tre, I can recommend it to the fathful.
Bleesing you and wishing you success believe
me to remain.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ
† D FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa,
Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1907. A QUESTIONABLE RUMOR. The Giobe of the 25th inst. contained a dispatch stating that a joint open letter had been written by four or five priests to the Holy Father. It was a harsh criticism of the Sovereign Pontiff's policy, an appeal to him to start over again, and stand more closely by the purpose he had at his accession marked out for himself in governing the Church: To restore all things in Christ. The hopes which the motto gave as well as the beginning of Pius the X.'s reign have been, according to these priests, crushed. The stand which the Holy Father takes in regard to the criticism which is pursued in academical halls upon the most sacred subjects is not pleasing to them. They wish to ride the winged steed to the very sun itself. We cannot vouch for the truth or falsehood of the rumor. Among so many men really learned and strong willed as the Catholic priesthood numbers, five men could be found not agreeing with Papal policy and bold enough to constitute themselves advisers to the Pope. There is a great deal of human nature in the world. It is still within the soul upon which is impressed the priestly character at ordination. Study and learning aggravate its selfish vanity. Age and experience make it more assertive and insistent, for fear that its prerogatives may be ignored or its rights disputed. Who these new selfconstituted advisers are the report did not say. We dare say they are men of erudite scholarship. They, like most intellectual people, have implicit faith in their own ideas. The human mind presents to-day the ill-promising picture of the blind leading the blind Criticism has taken the place of candid investigation. Learning has laid aside the robe of religion, dropped from its hand the torch of faith, and stalks forth into the darkness to analyze the past without measure and condemn it without mercy. Nothing, however sacred in theme or hallowed in memory, is secure. Revelation and the supernatural are the special points of attack. It is the continued war of nationalism upon faith. The fight has increased in severity, owing partially to the advance of science and partially to the dimming faith and religion of mankind. We should upon reflection be prepared to expect some Catholic scholars to take sides more or less with these modern critics. However well inten tioned they might at first enter upon such paths, it is not long before they find themselves upon very slippery ground. They seldom stop or regain We ordinary people their footing. should not be scandalized at finding that the lessons of this modern school of thought are up for discussion in theological classes and even for adoption by theologians themselves. To trace the school from its early start is to go back to the days of Kant, whose scepticism was imported from Scotland by Hume, and whose original theories imitiated that severe method of criticism, which, protecting itself behind a self-made moral rampart, made unsparing war upon all that human intelligence had believed or human reason had devised. To follow the wanderings of this school through German darkness and French paths, as well as English materialism, is to enumerate the strongest enemies Christianity has had with in the last two centuries. The personal history of our Blessed Lord and His holy Mother-the very denial of His existence, or at any rate of His divine

Personality, are only a few of the ques-

tions which this school of critics wish to have thrown open to every theor. ist in the civilized world. On of the most protracted and severest contests centred about the Old and the New Testament. Now the Holy Father could not look quietly on whilst not only the schools were disputing amongst themselves, but when they were disseminating their views amongst all reading classes likely to disturb the faith of countless thousands. Truth has no such champion as the Vicar of Christ. His guidance, his position, his light and his authority fit him best to be truth's strongest support and guardian. There are many interesting questions still unsolved, whose discus sion may be of advantage to spiritnal and scholarly people. There are others insoluble by pure reason. Criticism is too fond of handling these. When, therefore, the Holy Father calls a halt, he is most assuredly doing more to restore all things to Christ than if he let the disputes go on amongst scholars who are imbued with too much dilettantism and have not the prudence to confine their argumentations to their own halls. Belief is mightier than reasoning, as the rock is safer than shifting sand, and the supernatural more convincing and clearer than the natural. Modern thought is in a state of unrest, thanks to Protestantism and philosophical scepticism. Our Sov ereign Pontiff is striving to bring it back to more simple faith. Thus does he restore the human intelligence to Christ - the Way, Truth and the Life.

INSULTING INSPECTION.

The other day a motion was adopted in the British House of Commons which is as insulting to Catholics as it is un-English in spirit. A bill was intro duced appointing a commission to inquire into the need of inspection of monastic and conventual institutions. We are glad to see that the Irish Parliamentary Party protested earnestly against the motion, the carrying of which, Mr. Redmond assured the House, put an end to their Liberal alliance. It was surely a favorable opportunity. Their withdrawal is a nessage of sympathy and unity to the Catholics of England, Ireland and Scotland. And the protest ought to come not merely from the Catholic members of the House of Commons. It ought to be sent from every hamlet and from every colony belonging to the British Empire. The unlimited confines of a nation priding itself on liberty ought to ring with indignation at the proposed invasion upon the sacred rights of home and private property. Is the motion intended to win increased favor with the persecuting Government of France? Does the Liberal Government of England hope thereby to throw a sop to non-Conformist bigotry? Or is the motion a revenge for the opposition the Catholics of England have shown to the education measures Whatever may be the purpose of the Government the measure itself is a discredit to them. It infringes wantonly upon what English love of freedom and fair play has always respected manliness and guarded patriotism-the sacredness of home. A man's house is his castle, and is as free from inspection as his conscience. By what reasoning are convents and monasteries treated differently? Are the homes of ladies who live quietly together devoting their lives to religion, prayer or works of mercy, to be singled out as needing the busybody interference of public commissions? Are the few monasteries throughout the kingdom a menace to their neighbors that their libraries and cloisters and cells must be the object of governmental inquisition. England does not act so tyrannically with the Brahmins of India. Bigotry dies hard. We doubt if it dies at all. We did think, and with reason too, that if bigotry was not dead it was too ill to run for parliament or undertake any public office. We are mistaken. By this motion the Liberal government of England has gone back more than fifty years-to the days before the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill, to the time when the Massachusetts Legislature during the know-nothing troubles ordered a similar commission. Yielding to the bigotry of the old Puritan stock, Mussachusetts appointed an inspecting committee known in history as "The Smelling Committee." It is humiliating to find a house of parliament, with such record as has the English House of Commons, debase itself by a motion retrograde in history and insulting in purpose. But the present government of England, if not remarkable for political wisdom and patriotic justice, will leave their mark in history for inefficient proposals and radical ideas, which, while they win temporary popular favor, are strongly against the spirit of freedom, fair play and conservatism, which have been the pillars of the nation's greatness. Neither

rnment which proposes the measure will have everything to fear. The motion will meet the condemnation not only of all Catholics but of fair-minded Protestants as well. It is some time since Sir Campbell Bannerman and

his party have shown their narrowness and weakness. This last is the worst and meanest of all.

THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN. From Rome we learn that the Biblical Commission has given a decision which furnishes a safe guidance for Catholic students of Holy Scripture For some years the school of Loissy has been proclaiming, in harmony with German nationalists, that the Fourth Gospel was not written by St. John, that the Christ of this Gospel is not the real Christ of history. These are some of the destructive teachings of this school of which the five priests elsewhere referred to may be graduates. In substance the Commission decides (1) It is historically established that the Apostle St. John wrote the Fourth Gospel; (2) that this truth is confirmed by the internal evidence of the text ; and (3) the facts narrated in it are historically true, and the discourses ascribed in it to our Lord were really nttered by Him.

SCHOOLS OF TORONTO.

We are not surprised to see that the manners of the Toronto children are exciting very severe, though just condemnation. A letter written by Henry O'Brien Esq., one of the most prom inent lawyers in Toronto, characterizes the children as probably the worst on the continent. The fault, this gentle man considers, is due to both parents and schools. Nor can any one dispute the charge. Parents are too busy earning money for their children, and schools are too closely employed in teaching fads to have children brought up with respect and consideration for others. Mr. O'Brien gives the case from which he draws his conclusion. A boy, the son of a well-known and highly respected citizen, was guilty of stealing flowers and destroying plants. When property is left without a closed fence in order that the public may share in the taste which the culture of flowers ought to foster it is too bad that owners are expose to the vandalism of young people When the attention of another child's mother was brought to her boy's con duct, she did not see what the fuswas about: the flowers were God's flowers and the child had a right to them. There is the poison. Schools may not teach good manners or high morals; but they do not as yet teach socialism. What can be expected of a mother-a respectable woman-holding such false theory, and sympathizing with her child instead of reproving him. Stealing flowers is bad enough, but blasphemy is far worse. Toronto again is the scene. Last winter Mr. Wanless wrote to the News complaining of the reckless profanity which was so common. "Worse still," he writes, school boys are following the example of their seniors to such an extent that in some of the public schools the language at times is simply shock. " If these gentlemen will watch attentively they will find another virtue, modesty and purity, boldly defied and set at nought by our public system of coeducation. When men recognize so grave a state of affairs as that referred to, how is it they do not pursue the subject by demanding a change? There can be no doubt that modern non-sectarian education is the worst enemy the State can have. It leaves the valleys unfilled and the crooked ways untouched.

AN OUTRAGE. The daily papers contain an adver isement of a certain patent medicine which states that many miracles have been reported from St. Anne de Beaupre and other shrines, but that there has been no such remarkable rescue from the grave as that of a gentleman who had been taking this nostrum. Surely the people of Canada are not so completely lost to all feelings in regard to Christian tradi tion as to feel anything but resent. ment toward the owner of a quack medicine who would claim for it powers exercised only by the Creator of heaven and earth. Can it be that our system of education is beginning to give us a crop of infidels such as those who are now ruling and ruining France. But the fruitage of Godless schools will be in evidence sooner or later. While on this subject we desire to express the hope that our government will ere long put certain patent medicines in a class by themselves and prohibit their sale elsewhere than in the bar room-with apologies to the whiskey and beer, which are made, shall we say, respectable, by comparison. It will make the bar tenders duties of a still more revolting character, but, then, he should strike convents nor monastries have anything out into some occupation which does to fear from inspection. But the Gov. not degrade the body and kill the soul.

DR. SPROULE AND THE MON-TREAL GAZETTE.

Every country has its " undesir The president of the United ables. States recently referred to the " undesirables" in Idaho. We have " undesirables " in Canada, but notably in Ontario. The men who would endeavor to promote acrimonious feelings between people of different races and creeds deserve even a harsher name than "undesirables." On the ruins of peace and good will they attempt to build for themselves positions of prominence. Such has been the history of nearly all of the " Grand Sovereigns " of the Orange order, from the time when Ogle R. Gowan introduced the hateful and hated faction into Canada. The cold and narrow-minded Dr. Sproule is a worthy successor of that undesirable" Irish refugee from justice. It were difficult to know by what process of reasoning some Orangemen arrive at the conclusion that the authorities of the Catholic Church

have any, even the most remote, designs upon their liberty, their persons or their property. That some few believe this we have little doubt-that a great many who pretend to believe it are but merely political adventures, having thrown patriotism and principle on the scrap heap, we firmly believe. A weekly organ published in Toronto helps to keep this brotherhood stocked with bitterest feelings towards their Catholic fellow-citizens. Dr. Sproule, member for East Gray, stands very high in the estimation of the Orange order, but it would be well for him if he would take to heart the cold fact that he holds a very unenviable position in the minds of the vast majority of the people of Canada. Indeed, it seems as though this god of fanaticiem believes he rules, as it were, a little kingdom of his own, with Colonel Samuel Hughes as the Court Fool. We have not yet seen in a single paper in the country approval of the Grand Sovereign's reference to the visit of the Premier and the Finance Minister to Rome. The Montreal Gazette, without doubt one of the most influential papers in Canada, has but slight regard for the Grand Sovereign. This is the way it refers to Dr. Sproule's statement that the Catholics of Manitoba and the North West were getting more than they were entitled to.

"The Manitoba school settlement of 1896 was not a Catholic triumph, and the amendment in 1905 of the school clauses of the Alberta and Sas-katchewan bills at the instance of Mr. Sifton did not make for Rome's control over education in the two provinces.

Perhaps the keenest cut of all, how ever, is this sentence of the Gazette 'Dr. Sproule, in what he said, thought he was doing his duty more than drawing attention to an evil," which means that whether he has a case or notwhether Rome deserves censure or not -it is his duty as an Orangeman to abuse it anyway. We trust the time will soon come when politicians of the Dr. Sproules stamp will find no place in the political life of our country and be relegated to obscurity by a libertyloving and intelligent electorate.

STILL THE EVICTOR.

Despatches from Cork advise us that evictions have been carried out in certain parts of that county. We are also told that a stubborn resistance was offered, but no one appears to have been hurt. The present government is beginning to show evidence of an anti-Irish as well as anti Catholic spirit. The cld, old scheming will once more be put in force. The Du lin officials and the constabulary will receive unwritten orders to goad the people into a state of restlessness in different parts of the country and this will be taken as a reason why the peop'e are unfit for self government. But this particular line of procedure will have little or no effect on the minds of people of this advanced age of the world. It was very effective at one time when a hireling press represented the Irish people as a race that had to be governed by an iron hand. The Campbell Bannerman government has been a great disappointmens so far, and the large majority which brought them into power will be gin to dwindle away. Ere long it will be more discredited than the one which

it supplanted. Late advices from Dublin inform us that Mr. John E. Redmond delivered an address at Wexford, at the ceremony attending the unveiling of a memorial to Wexfordians who fell at the battle of New Ross, in 1798. He gave a defiant warning to British statesmen, say

" We tell England that we hate her rule as bitterly as did our forefathers when they shed their blood on this spot. We tell her that we are as spot. We tell her rule to day as our forefathers were in '98. We tell her that she can change that hatred only by granting freedom, and so long as she witholds freedom it will remain only a question of expediency, how, and by what means we will strike at the power that holds our country in bondage."

Mr. Dolan, one of the Nationlist num-

bers, at a recent meeting of the United Irish League, supported a resolution calling upon the Irish members of parliament to resign. Upon a vote being taken the resolution was defeated. Mr. Dolan, however, has decided to resign his seat and appeal to his constituents for re-election. This election will test the feeling of the people in regard to severing the tie with England so far as parliamentary represent ation is concerned.

FATHER CONRARDY'S PLAN.

At the Gesu, Montreal, last Sunday, the congregations at the various Masses were profoundly moved at the appeal made to their charity by a heroic worker in the cause of God and humanity, Rev. L. Conrardy, missionary to the Chinese lepers. Almost every one present had previously heard of this apostolic priest, in connection with the saintly Father Damien. He it was who ministered to the leperstricken pastor of Molokai, and after his death remained alone at the dread post of duty. Finally, relieved by the arrival of another missionary, a relative of his predecessor, Father Conrardy turned his attention to a wider field. In the Chinese empire he learned that there are 25,000 lepers. Equipping himself for his new task, by taking his degree in medicine and surgery in the United States, Father Conrardy proceeded to China. Some particulars of what he found there and ome idea of the work he contemplates in behalf of these unfortunates, formed the substance of the preacher's discourse.

The lamentable condition of those afflicted beings is beyond the wildest imaginings. Huddled into huts, five or six together, despised, forsaken, ragged, filthy and almost starving, emitting the most intolerable odor, such was the flock which awaited the superhuman charity of the Apostle and such the state of things which Father Conrardy proposes to remedy. Needless to say that his own intrepid cour age, devotedness and exalted charity preached louder than any words. It reminded the hearers of the great truth that, in the ranks of the Catholic priesthood, men are always found to undertake, simply and naturally, without rhetoric of any sort, the most revolting tasks, the most perilous duties, and herein is, as it were, a proof and test of the sacredness of their Orders.

Father Conrardy awed his listeners, nevertheless, when he freely made, in presence of the altar, the sacrifice of his life, if necessary, by the horrible medium of leprosy. Giving so much himself, it seemed easy, indeed, for his auditors to contribute in money to the splendid scheme which the missionary has in view. This is the foundation o a leper settlement where these poor wretches shall be placed. It will only be possible to withdraw from their present degradation, their living death, a few at a time. But once the work is started it will grow and become, in time, as so many Catholic works started from small beginnings, a magnificent success. A community of Franciscan Sisters of Mary have volunteered for the work, and two doctors, one from

Belgium and one from Engl What is needed, of course, is money, and Father Conrardy hopes much from the pennies of the poor. Even the very smallest offering, he explains, is of a value that his hearers can little understand. Therefore, it is not only his auditors at the Jesuits' and the other churches, where he preached and collected—not only Catholics but all lovers of humanity—who are invited to assist in his noble project. Contributions may be sent to him at the following address during the next few weeks. He hopes to return to his post in about three months. Therefore, now is the acceptable time to help him, even if it be but by a few cents in the name of that Christ for Whom he labors. Address, Rev. L. Conrardy, M. D., Grand Seminary, 1197 Sherbrooke street, Montreal, Que.

May the response to his appeal be such as the appeal deserves.

A DIAMOND JUBILEE.

To few are given the length of years enjoyed by Rev. Sister Theresa, superior of the Rideau street convent, Ottawa Her diamond jubilee was celebrated on Monday evening of last week. All classes and all creeds of the capital city were of one accord in tendering her heartiest congratulations, and addresses and testimonials in plenty were a feature of the celebration. These expressions of esteem were richly deserved. Mother Theresa's ideal was fitting souls for heaven, training hearts for service of Him to whom she had been for so long a span a faithful spouse. A crown of glory has been given her by hands of men-an infinitely more beautiful crown awaits her, may we not say, at the hands of the Master to Whom she has given unstintedly obedience and love and faithful service.

A POOR POULTICE.

The meagre bill of fare-a mere shadow of Home Rule—offered to Ireland by the Campbell-Bannerman government, has wounded the feelings of the Irish people both at home and abroad, In this there is no cause for wonderment. It was thought that, at long last, the governing body of the predominant partner desired to be not only just but generous, so as to in a small degree make amends for a system of government in Ireland which merited the censure of the civilized world. Indeed, there were people in England who were highly exercised because of the s ngs of the peasantry of Russia, forgetful of the fact that, under their own flag, there was ir justice and tyranny and poverty and suffering similar to that endured in the empire of the Czar. A generous measure of Home Rule would have been accepted in the spirit in which it would be offered. But what a disappointment The wound inflicted on the sister isle was deep and festering and of long standing. A heroic remedy was demanded and expected, but merely a piece of court plaster was prescribed.

It is satisfactory to know, that while the Home Rule agitation is for the moment quiescent, Mr. Birrell, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, has introduced into the House of Commons a measure entitled "The Evicted Tenant Rill." He is to be commended for these kindly words which accompanied its introduction :

"Rain is falling pitilessly in the west of Ireland, the turf is rotting and the seaweed used as manure is as wet as when taken from the sea. Such a measure as this will be taken by the population as a token of good feeling. do much to bind up many a well nigh broken heart and in some staunch bleeding wounds. measure wo thousand tenants to be reinstated and the government wants to make clean job of it and must acquire land compulsorily.

All very well as far as it goes, but, were Gratten's parliament once again doing business at the old stand in Co!lege Green, the scenes of misery and degradation would be unknown in the Emerald Isle. There is a large class of land owners therein, for the most part descendents of the Elizabethan carpet baggers, who have beer, and more than likely will continue to be, far more interested in the raising of cattle than in the welfare of the people, for, indeed, it is a fact that the cattle have in many sections the fat of the land, while the people are driven to the mountains and the bogs and to lean parts, where they are expected to pay rent and eke out a miserable existence. But a change must come sooner or later. Soon, we hope. The fight is on between the champions of vested rights and the advocates of vested wrongs.

THE LATIN VULGATE.

The London Times, noting the action of Pope Pius X. in ordering the revis-ion of the vulgate, says that : There is no book which has exercised

so wide and so powerful an influence in moulding the faith, the morals, the thought, traditions and literature of the European world as the Latin version of the Scriptures which we know as the Vulgate. It was to the whole world down to the Reformation in many respects what the Authorized Version has since and it still remains for all Latin peoples the accepted rendering of the Script-ures. For one thousand five hundred years it has been setting its upon the lives and upon the who mental heritage of countless millions of men. It has formed the larger part of the daily offices of the Roman Cath-olic Church wherever her rites have been celebrated, and it has inspired all that is noblest and most elevated in the rest. It has been the basis of writings of her theologians from the days of Augustine; it has been quoted by her pontiffs since Gregory the Great sat upon the throne of Peter and sent out his missionaries to the heathen Saxon of England. It has informed the Saxon of England. It has informed the whole of medieval art and literature, which are very imperfectly intelligible without some knowledge of his text."

But is it not a Protestant, if not the Protestant idea and assertion, that the Bible is and has always been a "sealed book" to Catholics? Yet all those "coun less millions" above referred to upon whose lives and mental heritage the impress of the was set were Catholics, and more than a thousand of the fifteen hundred years were Catholic years and centuries throughout all Christianity. New York Freeman's Journal.

Weighty Words From Pius X.

The Bishop of Bayonne has caused to be published some words which the Holy Father addressed to him on the occasion of a recent audience. After discussing the question of reorganizing the Italian seminaries, the Pope spoke with deep feeling on the subjections in doctrine, ism as it is now termed. He said : ism as it is now termed. He said:
"Do not at any price permit that error
to enter into the teaching in your seminary. What I have said to the Italian
Bishops I say to you. Watch over the
professors; see that their teaching is
the purest orthodoxy, with no concession to the false ideas of the day. And
however of confession, Hely, Orders on beware of conferring Holy Orders on any student who shows a disposition to-wards these ideas. You will always repent if you let him go on; you will never regret if you turn him back."

Cardinal Gibbons in . The Church regard The Church regarmost inviolable aucontracts that we Every human comfully dissolved but be justified in abrogesch other; merol partnerships; broth leave the paternal is and Essu, separate and Esau, separate friends, like Abraha obliged to part co and wife can be death. No earthly the nuptial knot vied, for "what gether let not man No moral prece oluble character

The apostle Paul is opposition to the s wedded person du spouse, and Christ unciation of divorce among the Protestant come Scripture justifies in separating from and marrying again Church explains sense that while may obtain divorce privilege of marry

TESTIMONY St. Paul in his fied terms. His the people newly Christian religion matters, but state "To them that wife depart not And if she depart married, or be reband. And let away his wife." Here we find Master's name, c ated couple to re

out any reference so important an Paul would not tion it : otherwin the gospe than its founder Both St. Mark second marriage spouse, no matte use of separat Gospels do the that unfaithful We therefore ing to the religi party to marry conclusion of Christians

Christianity wa Paul were imp their faith. The Catholic light of the Gos man to enter during the life claimed in the all opposition.

HE BY VIII Henry VIII. obedient son church, conceiv the queen's h sired to marry from his lawfu Arragon. Bu sternly refused tion, though easily foresees action would persecution ar unhappy schist Had the Po

andiation of C d, have bee but the Churc rendered her tress of Truth Marie Louise tempt to obta sanction of hi remardage the

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THE EVIL OF DIVORCE.

Cardinal Gibbons in "The Marital Unrest series, in the Delineator.

series, in the Delineator.

The Church regards marriage as the most inviolable and irrevocable of all contracts that were ever formed. Every human compact may be lawfully dissolved but this. Nations may be justified in abrogating treaties with each other; merchants may dissolve partnerships; brothers will eventually leave the paternal roof, and, like Jacob and Esau, separate from one another; leave the paternal roof, and, like Jacob and Esau, separate from one another; friends, like Abraham and Lot, may be obliged to part company, but by the law of God the bond uniting husband and wife can be dissolved only by death. No earthly sword can sever the nuptial knot which the Lord has tied, for "what God hath joined teather lat not man out as under."

tied, for "what God hath joined to-gether let not man put asunder."

No moral precept is more strongly enforced in the gospel than the indis-soluble character of a valid marriage. The apostle Paul is unhesitating in his opposition to the second marriage of a wedded person during the life of his spouse, and Christ was clear in His denunciation of the easy custom of divorce among the Jews.

divorce among the Jews.

Protestant commentators assert that
Scripture justifies an irjured husband
in separating from his unfaithful wife
and marrying again. But the Catholic
Church explains the gospel in the
sense that while the offended consort
may obtain divorce from his unfaithful may obtain divorce from his unfaithful wife he is not allowed a divorce a vinculo matrimonii so as to have the privilege of marrying another.

TEATIMONY OF SCRIPTURE.

St. Paul in his epistle to the Corin

St. Paul in his epistle to the Corinthians forbids divorce in most unqualified terms. His letter is addressed to the people newly converted to the Christian religion. He does not mince matters, but states clearly:
"To them that are married, not I but the Lord commandeth that the wife depart not from her husband. And if she depart, that she remain un married, or be reconciled to her husband. And let not the husband put away his wife."
Here we find the apostle, in his

Here we find the apostle, in his Master's name, commanding the separ-ated couple to remain unmarried, without any reference to unfaithfulness. It so important an exception existed St. Paul would not have omitted to mention it; otherwise he would have ren dered the gospel yoke more grievous than its founder intended. Both St. Mark and St. Luke forbid

second marriage during the life of the spouse, no matter how aggravating the cause of separation. Nowhere in the

cause of separation. Nowhere in the Gospels do the inspired writers state that unfaithfulness authorizes the aggrieved party to re-marry.

We therefore must admit that, according to the religion of Jesus Christ, coningal indelity does not warrant aither. ing to the religion of Jesus Christ, con-jugal infidelity does not warrant either party to marry again, or we are forced to the conclusion that the vast number of Christians whose knowledge of Christianity was derived solely from the teachings of Saints Mark, Luke and Paul were imperfectly instructed in were imperfectly instructed in

their faith. The Catholic Church, following the The Catholic Church, following the light of the Gospel forbids a divorced man to enter into second espousals during the life of his former partner. This is the inflexible law she first proclaimed in the face of pagan emperors and which she has ever upheld against all opposition. all opposition.

HE BY VIII. AND NAPOLEON I.

pudiation of Catherine in the marriage of Anne Boleyn, England would, in deed, have been spared to the Church, but the Church herself would have surrendered her peerless title of "Mis-tress of Truth."

tress of Truth."
When Napoleon I. repudiated his devoted wife, Josephine, and married Marie Louise of Austria, so well assured of the fruitlessness of his attempt to obtain from the Holy See the sanction of his divorce and subsequent remarriage that he did not even consult the Holy Father on this subject. A few years previously Napoleon applied to Pius VII. to annul the marriage which his brother, Jerome, had contracted with Miss Patterson of Baltimore. The Pope sent the follow-

ing reply to the emperor:

Your Majesty will understand that
upon the information thus far received by us it is not in our power to pro nounce a sentence of nullity. We can not utter a judgment in opposition to the rules of the Church, and we could not, without laying aside those rules, decree the invalidity of a union which, according to the word of God, no human power can sunder."

THE GREEK "HETAIRAL." If we would clearly understand whither, as a nation, we are drifting, when we forsake the Christian precepts concerning the indissoluble nature cepts concerning the indissoluble nature of the marriage tie, the history of woman in pagan countries should enlighten us. Woman in pagan countries, with few exceptions, suffered bondage, oppression, and moral degradation. She had no rights that the husband to respect. The domestic felt bound to respect. The domestic life of Greece, it is true, was founded on monogamy. But while the law re-stricted the husband to one wife as his helpmate and domestic guardian, it tolerated and even sanctioned the who bore to him the relation of inferior wives and who enjoyed his society more frequently and received more homage from him than his lawful spouse.

While the education of the wife was of most elementary character, the greatest care was lavished in cultivating the minds of the "hetairai," that they might entertain their paramour by their with while they fascinated him by their charms. The wife was the beast of While the education of the wife was of

burden; the mistress was the petted and pampered anima). These "hetairai" derived additional importance from being legally chosen to ofer sacrifice on certain public occasions. This

demoralizing system, so far from being

demoralizing system, so far from being deplored, was actually defended and patronized by statesmen, philosophers and leaders of public opinion, such as Demosthenes, Pericles and Lysias, Aristotle and Epicurus.

Solon erects in Athens a temple to Venus, the goddess of impure love. Greece is full of such temp es, while there is not one erected to chaste conjugal love. No virtuous woman has ever left a durable record in the history of Greece. The husband could ever lett a durable record in the his-tory of Greece. The husband could put away his wife according to his cap-riclous, humor, and take a fairer, younger and richer bride. He could dissolve the marriage bond without other formality than an attestation in writing before an archon; and the wife had practi cally no power to refuse, as she was completely under the dominion of her husband. She was a mere chattel, marketable at will; nor had she any power to dissolve the marriage without the husband's consent.

the husband's consent.

In a word, the most distinguished Greek writers treat women with undisguised contempt; they describe her as the source of every evil to man. One of their poets said that marriage brings but two happy days to the hus-band—the day of his esponsal and the day on which he lays his wife in the

tomb.

MARRIAGE LAXITY IN ANCIENT ROME.

So notorious were their morals in the time of Augustus that men preferred the unfettered life of celibacy to an alliance with partners bereft of every trace of female virtue. The strict form of marriage became almost obsclete, and a laxer one, destitute of religion or civic expenses, and restington. lete, and a laxer one, destinct of the ligion or civic cere nony, and resting solely on mutual agreement, became general. Each party could dissolve the marriage bond at will and under the most trilling pretext, and both were free to enter at once into the second wedlock.

Marriage was accordingly treated

with extreme levity. Cicero repudiated his wife, Terenita, that he might obtain a coveted dowry with another; and he discarded the latter because she did not hemost the doubt of his development. did not lament the death of his daughter by the former. Cato was divorce by the former. Cato was divorced from his wife, Attilia, after she had borne him two children, and he trans ferred his second wife to his friend, Hortensius, after whose death he mar ried her again. Augustus compelled the husband of Livis to abandon her that she might become his compelled. the husband of Livis to abandon her that she might become his own wife. Sem-pronius Sophus was divorced from his wife because she went once to the public games without his knowledge. Paulus Emilius dismissed his wife, the mother of Sciplo, without any reason whatever. Pompey was divorced and remarried a number of times. Sylla repudiated his wife during her illness, when he had her conveyed to another house. Wives her conveyed to another house. Wives emulated husbands in the career of divorces. Martian speaks of a woman who had married her tenth husband. Juvenal refers to one who had had eight husbands in five years. St. Jerome declares that there dwelt in Rome a wife who had married her Rome a wife who had married her twenty-third husband, she being his

wenty first wife. THE MOHAMMEDAN BOND.

The Mohammedan husband has merely to say to his wife, "Thou art div-orced," and the bond is dissolved. To

HERY VIII. AND NAPOLEON I.

Henry VIII. of England, once an obedient son and defender of the church, conceived in an evil hour an attachment for Anne Boleyn, a lady of the queen's household, whom he desired to marry after being divorced from his lawful consort, Catherine of Arragon. But Pope Clement VII. sternly refused to ratify the separation, though the Pontiff could have easily foreseen that his determined action would involve the Church in persecution and a whole nation in the unhappy schism of its ruler.

Had the Pope acquiesced in the repudiation of Catherine in the marriage of Arragon Boleyn, England would, in the second of the Ameer Abdur Pahman, for a separation from her husband on the ground that her spouse was becoming bald. The defender and savior of Afghan unity, recognizing the importance of vindicating the sanctity of her domestic as well as governmental authority, desired. as well as governmental authority, de-cided, after due reflection upon the de-moralizing tendency of feminine disre-spect for intellectual men, to make an example of the presumptuous plaintiff.
His first step was to order a bottle of
sour milk to be poured on her husband's
head, whether as an "invigorator" or a "tonic" the Eastern journalist, who reported the occurrence did not say.
Then, abandoning curative for punitive measures, the ameer next commanded the wife to lick the milk off with her tongue, and when that was done, and the husband's head shone like a billiard the husband's head shone like a billiard ball, his highness directed that the un-sympathetic woman should be "placed on the back of a donkey, with her face to the tail, and thus be forced to ride to the tail, and thus be forced to ride through the bazaar." After that she knew better, it is reported, than to jeer heartlessly at the misfortune of the head of the house. A human silence, if not respectful commiseration, was the least that a proper respect for the marriage dictated.

To the ladies of America the second second

To the ladies of America the ameer's conduct in this instance will perhaps avor of Oriental despotism, but it is savor of halves will envy the position that East-ern law secures to the bald-headed hus-

POSITION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. The Church has ever maintained, in accordance with the teachings of our Savior, that no man can lawfully have more than one wife, and no woman more than one husband. The rights and ob ligations of both consorts are correla-tive. To give to the husband the license of two or more wives would be an injustice to his spouse and destruc-tive of domestic peace. The Church has also invariably taught that the marriage compact, once validly formed, can be dissolved only by death, for what God hath joined together man

cannot put asunder.

It has again and again been alleged that this law was too severe; that it is harsh and cruel, and that it condemns

lutely prohibiting divorce a vinculo may sometimes appear rigorous and cruel. But its harshness is mercy itself when compared with the frightful miseries resulting from the toleration of divorce. Its inconvenience is infinitesimal when contrasted with the colossal evils from which it saves society, and the solid blessings it secures to countless komes. Those exceptional ill assorted marri. which it saves society, and the solid blessings it secures to countless homes. Those exceptional ill-assorted marri-ages would become more rare if the public were convinced once for all that death alone can dissolve the marriage bond. They would then use more cir-cumspection in the selection of a con-

cumspection in the selection of a con-genial partner. Hence it happens that in Catholic countries where faith is strong, as in Ireland and the Tyrol, divorces are almost unbeared. divorces are almost unheard of. SUCCESSIVE POLYGAMY.

The reckless facility with which divorce is procured in this country is an evil scarcely less deplorable than Mormonism—indeed, it is in some respects

more dangerous than the latter, for divorce has the sanction of the civil law, which Mormonism has not. Is not the law of divorce a virtual toleration of Mormonism in a modified form? Mormonism consists in a simultaneous polygany, while the law of divorce practically leads to successive polygamy. practically leads to successive polygamy.

Each State has on its statute books
a list of causes — or rather, pretexts—
which are recognized as sufficient
grounds for divorce. There are in all
twenty - two or more causes, most of
them of a trifling character, and in
some States, as in Illinois and Maine,
the power of granting a divorce is left
to the discretion of the judge.

APPLY THE GOSPEL CUEE.

It is plainly manifest that the cancel of divorce is rapidly spreading over the community and poisoning fountains of the nation. Unless the evil is checked the nation. Unless the evil is checked by some speedy and heroic remedy the existence of family life is imperiled. How can we call ourselves a Christian people if we violate a fundamental law of Christianity? And if the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage does not constitute a cardinal principle of the Christian religion I am at a loss to know what does.

the Christian religion I am at a loss to know what does.

Picture to yourself the fearful wrecks daily caused by this rock of scandal, and the number of families that are cast adrift on the ocean of life. Great stress is justly laid by moralists on the observance of the Sunday. But what a mockery is the external repose of the Christian Sabbath to homes from which domestic peace is banished, where the mother's heart is broken, and the father's spirit crushed, and where the children cannot cling to one of their father's spirit crushed, and where the children cannot cling to one of their parents without exciting the jealousy or hatred of the other! And these melancholy scenes are followed by the final act of the drama when the family ties are dissolved and hearts that had vowed eternal love and union are separated to meet no more. The faction with which marying a samulled is ility with which marriage is annulled is most injurious to the morals of individuals, of the family and of society. It leads to ill assorted and hasty marriages, because persons are less circumspect in making a compact which may afterward be dissolved almost at will. It stimulates a discontented and unprincipled husband or wife to lawlessness, quarrels and even adultery, well knowing that the very crime will afford a pretext and legal grounds for separation. It en-genders between husband and wife flerce litigations about the custody of their offspring. It deprives the chil-dren of the protecting arm of a father or the gentle care of a mother and too frequently consigns them to the cold charity of the world; for the married couple who are wanting in conjual love for one another are too often destitute also of paternal affection. In a word, it brings into the household a blight and desolation which neither wealth

nor luxury can repair.

This social plague calls for a radical cure, and the remedy can be found only in the abolition of our mischievous

were persuaded that once united they were legally debarred from entering into second wedlock they would be more circumspect before marriage in the choice of a life partner, and would be more patient afterward in bearing voke and in tolerating each other

ARCHBISHOP BLESSES "CHURCH ON WHEELS."

THE "ST. ANTHONY," THE EXTENSION SOCIETY'S CHAPEL CAR, LEAVES ON PIDST TRIP TO KANSAS.

To the accompaniment of locomotive whistles, the song of escaping steam, and the roll of wheels, made by trains leaving the La Salle street station, Chicago, the impressive ceremony of dedicating the first Catholic chapel car

dedicating the first Catholic chapei car in the world was performed by Arch bishop Quigley a few days ago. Assist-ing the Archbishop in this novel cere-mony was Bishop Muldoon and about one hundred priests of Chicago and other cities, members of the Catholic Chapter Betataging Scalety, under whose Church Extension Society, under whose auspices the car is launched and will be naintained.

An assemblage of laymen numbering An assemblage of laymen numbering more than five hundred, among them Ambrose Petry, of New York, the donor of the chapel car, gathered around the back platform to listen to the addresses delivered by Rev. Francis C. Kelley, president of the society; Rev. Gilbert Jennings, of Cleveland, Ohio; D. Melody, of the Catholic University, Washington, and William P. Breen, of Fort Wayne, Ind., treasurer of the Washington, and William P. Breen, of Fort Wayne, Ind., treasurer of the society. A number of Filipino students from the Illinois State University, who came here to meet Arabishop Harty, of Manila, who lett last night for the Philippines, and Rev. E. J. Vattmann, U. S. A., occupied places on the plat-form of the car during the speeches.

The car made its first trip to Kansas, leaving Chicago last evening at 6 o'clock. It was in charge of Mr. Heno'clock. It was in charge of Mr. Hennessy, one of the secretaries of the society, who turned it over to Right Rev. Bishop Hennessey, of Wichita, Kan., who will use it along a branch line of railroad in Kansas, in a part of the State where no churches as yet exist. The sacraments will be administered

form a part, and switched for service, its arrival will be either the beginning or the restoring of great things for many a soul in the little isolated settle-ments, hitherto unblessed and unhallowed by Catholic ministrations.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES 1907.—REC-

I desire to thank the authorities of St. Patrick's association for allowing us the use of their splendid hall. The kindly manner in which the favor was done is even more appreciated than the favor itself, for the kind word is always better then the gift. This is, I think, the first time that the Com mencement Exercises are held outside our own buildings. It is certainly the first time in more than twenty years. The great destroyer, fire, drove us first from our commodious academic hall, and lately from the assembly hall connected with the Sacred Heart Church. Our visitations by fire of late years, explain, and I hope, excuse, our Commencement Exercises being outwardly less academic and less elaborate than we would like to make them. For instance, the fires have taken from our own buildings. It is certainly the For instance, the fires have taken from us the dozens of academic robes that used to be an interesting and inspiring feature of these exercises.

And yet, through the fires, advantages have come. Fhat of last week illustrated the advantage of having a fire proof building like the new Arts Building, constructed since the fire of 1903. Of course the temporary wooder dome did catch fire, and burning mate rial flying through the air, threatened to enter open windows and do danger within. All, however, who have ex-amined the reinforced concrete floors and beams, the asbestos partitions and terra cotta lathing, are convinced that fire could not spread rapidly, nor in-deed spread at all throughout the build-ing, and that consequently there is really a total absence of the danger of enormous loss of property and particu-larly the danger of loss of life.

The security which a fire proof build-ing thus affords, should be a great con-sideration indeed for parents and students in the choice of a college. God grant that the necessity of obtain ing, as far as possible, such security be not too generally disregarded in our educational institutions until some day the appalling loss of many lives is joined to loss of property. During the two destructive fires which have taken place since the erection of the Science building, we have seen the wooden fittings about the roof in danger, but those of us who saw it constructed, feel that this building will never rapidly and totalbuilding will never rapidly and totally become the prey of flames. Terra cotta floors and lathing combine with the stone and iron of the frame work, to greatly reduce, if not to preclude the possibility of fire spreading rapid ly and of burning material falling from the story to another. The Sainner one story to another. The Science Bailding was constructed in the light of experience furnished by a big fire in the Eastern wing of the old College Building in 1898, and very little wood was need.

St. Francis of Assisi used to speak very affectionately of fire. He was ac-customed to call it "Brother Fire." customed to call it "Brother Fire.
The advantages of security, of a plentiful supply of natural light and pure air and conveniences and comforts to be found in our new buildings will perhaps move students to have, like St. Francis in the abolition of our mischievous legislation regarding divorce and in all honest application of the teachings of the gospel.

If persons contemplating marriage were persuaded that once united they were legally debarred from entaring him, or to see him enfolding any more

of their belongings in his warm en-It is not to be inferred, however, that the legacy mentioned is so cum bersome that it cannot be candled. On the contrary it has now been got pretty well in hand and we are beginning to look toward new work of construction.

Regarding new work of construction, I suppose that no one expects a definite announcement just now, least of all my Colleagues in Council but I am not going too far in saying that signs are hopeful, that I fully expect that something in the way of construction on the College premises will be under taken before next fall.

Turning to the future ; the Univer sity Calendar will be ent out before the end of the month, it will contain couple of announcements to which I would wish to draw attention. The first consists of fairly definite informafirst consists of fairly definite informa-tion regarding the manner of taking advantage of the Extra Mural Course initiated a couple of years or so ago. We have had many enquiries lately about this course, and in enabling de-serving persons to obtain some of the advantages of college training, without constant attendance, we are following the lead of older sister institutions. The second announcement in this

The second announcement in year's calendar refers to our Rhodes scholarship. The year is approaching when the University of Ottawa will select a candidate under the Rhodes bequest. This scholarship at Oxford is tenable for three years and is of the value of £300 per annum. In the value of £300 per annum. In the choice of the Rhodes scholar not only academic attainments, but general intellectual and physical development and personal worth and character are to be considered. Every student registering next September in any class from the Second Form to I believe, the Seventh inclusive, will have a chance of winning the Rhodes Scholarship, provided that in October 1st, 1911, he shall have passed his nineteenth but not his twenty fifth

birthday.
The Rhodes Scholarship should excite

ing the advantage—often the necessity
—of completing a University Course,
or at least of securing as much College training as pecuniary means and other conditions will permit. Very few pro-positions can be proved as con-clusively as that there never lived a clusively as that there never lived a man who regretted having taken a college course, no matter how great the sacrifice. In England, practically all of the high places are filled by university-trained men, and in America this condition will prevail more and more as we grow in education and culture.

Now I wish students the pleasantest fractions Legenspulse all who are

Now I wish students the plassaceus of vacations, I congratulate all who are receiving medals and diplomas. These certificates are testimonials of ability and work that deserve and command success. This is especially true, if it is not presumptuous for me to say so, of the distinguished gentlemen who are receiving the LL. D. Degree. Ability and hard work have won for them eminent places indeed in their chosen callings.

Finally let all students remember Cowper's immortal lines:

Knowledge dwells.
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

ONE CHURCH HAS ALL THE TRUTH.

SOME COMMENTS ON REV. CAMERON J. DAVIS' SERMON ON LIMITS OF RE-LIGIOUS FELLOWSHIP.

There is among Protestants a wide There is among Protestants a wide-spread, sincere conviction that all believers in Christ should unite in one Church and form "the one fold" for which the Son of God, on the eve of His Passion, offered His sublime and touching prayer. The Rev. Cameron J. Davis falls in with the tendency of religious minds to unity and states as the ultimate object of his lecture "to bring together again a Catholic Church."

This is a noble endeavor which must be welcomed by every Christian who sincerely believes in his religion.

But what is that unity which ought to bind us together? Is it merely a spirit of broad-minded toleration and spirit of broad-minded toleration and of charity? The spirit of Christ, no doubt, is charity, and nothing is more antagonistic to His religion than hatred, fenaticism and persecution Toleration and charity are necessary elements of religions unity. But they are not all that is necessary to consti

tute it. The Rev. C. J. Davis says that "the The Rev. C. J. Davis says that "the essential to fellowship is a willingness to bear and forbear in church as in marriage." True, we must bear and forbear. It is commanded that we should have charity toward all. We hould also be willing "to work together." But, however tolerant we heald be with raring paragons, we canshould be with erring persons, we cannot tolerate error. All truth is intolerant. Truth may have many aspects; we may look at a fact or a dectrine from different stand-points. Still, of contradictory views or statements, only one can be true. And, therefore, if we are sure that we are right, we cannot help thinking that everybody differing from us is wrong. Truth is intolerant of error.

It is, therefore, wrong to say that creeds "represent different sides of truth as it appears to different minds." Contradictory creeds do not all express truth. Only one of them may be true and all the others must be false.

and all the others must be false.

THE TEST OF MEMBERSHIP.

This leads us to the crucial point. If truth is necessarily one, the test of membership in the Church of Christ is creed, not ideals only. By creed is meant a body of truths held on the authority of a witness. The question, therefore, resolves itself into this: Does Christ or does He not demand that we should hold certain truths which He has revealed and reject whatever contradicts them?

This leads us to the crucial point. With the Father includes faith in the son's teachings: "This is My most beloved Son..."

Modern scholarship has done much for us. We have, indeed, the splendid works of the modern standard Catholic authors and of some Protestant writers. But when the Rev. C. J. Davis says that modern scholarship has done for the father includes faith in the son's teachings: "This is My most beloved Son..."

MODERN SCHOLARSHIP.

"MODERN scholarship has done much for us. We have, indeed, the splendid works of the modern scholarship has done much for us. We have, indeed, the splendid works of the modern scholarship has done much for us. ver contradicts them ?

It is clear that in the matter of re It is clear that in the matter of re-ligious unity all depends upon the will of the Master. We are not free to lay down the conditions of our membership in the Church of Christ, or to make re-ligious unity as we would like it to be. We have to take the religion of Christ as He revealed it. If He wants all men as He revealed it. to unite in one faith and, consequently, to profess one creed, nobody has share in the blessings of His religion who knowingly rejects one of His doc-

Now it is evident that Christ de mands of all men faith in all that He has taught us. He said to His apostles Go and preach the gospel to every creature." "Teaching them to ob-serve all things whatever I have comcreature. serve all things whatever I have com-manded you." "He that believeth not, shall be condemned." To reject one revealed truth is to question the authority of the divine Teacher; it renders all faith impossible. Christ, therefore, demands that all men should have one faith and profess one creed. Christ wants, above all, faith to be the besis of religious unity, and makes "He that believeth basis of religious unity, and makes faith, though not faith alone, the test

of membership.
ONE CHURCH HAS ALL THE TRUTH.
Christ built His Church upon the rock and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. Now, if the Church Chirth core teaches error in matters of Christ ever teaches error in matters of faith or morals, the gates of hell have prevailed against her and the kingdom of God, founded "to teach all nations," is destroyed. The Son of God, more-In over, has promised and sent His Church the Holy Ghost to abide with her forever and teach her all truth and there-fore, there must be one Church that has all truth. If there is none, the words of Christ, in Whose divinity the Rev. C. J. Davis professes to believe, have

come to nought.

And where is this Church to be found?

The Rev. C. J. Davis says: "To say that any Church can express all essential truth is aband, except for the tial truth is absurd, except for the Romanist." Romanist is a Protestant term for Roman Catholic and smacks The Rhodes Scholarship should excite commendable emulation. Incidentally, but very really, it should have a good word may, however, be nothing more

An Absolute Cure For DYSPEPSIA

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Belching of gas after eating, mean weakness.

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strengthen the stomach—just as juicy beef and eggs and milk strengthen the wasted frame of a patient getting over

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LIMITED. OTTAWA.

than a concession made to a Protestant than a concession made to a Protestant audience. As to the statement itself, we thank the preacher for the candid admission, as he thus virtually, though unintentionally, asserts that the Roman Catholic Church is the only Church of Christ. Christ founded but one Church and this Church He enjoins to teach all tenth. The Church of Christ there. truth. The Church of Christ, there-fore, must claim that she has all the truth and, as no Church advances and proves such a claim except the Catho-lic, she must be the only Church of

Christ.

THE ONLY CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN.

The "Romanist" is, after all, the only Christian who is consistent and clear about what he believes. This is the reason why he does not "change statements of truth." Times change and men change, but the truth "reand men change, but the truth "re-maineth forever." Twice two were four before the creation of the world and will continue four throughout all the succeeding ages and ever changing generations. If Christ has taught us the truth, the doctrine of the Church

must remain unchanged forever.
WHAT CHRIST ASKED.
And is it true that Christ never
asked dogmatic faith? Can any one
read John 6 and say that dogmatic
faith, i. e., faith in clearly-stated and sharply-defined truths is no condition of religious fellowship with Christ? Did not our Lord permit some of His disciples to "go back and walk no more with Him," because they found His saying hard to believe? If dogmatic faith was not demanded how could Christ say: "He that believeth not

onrist say: "He that believeth not shall be condemned?"
We may grant that "doing the will of the Father," is the test. But the will of the Father includes faith in the

'nothing better than freeing Christ from the grave clothes of mediaeval speculative dogma," he is evidently speculative dogma," he is evidently speaking of things of which he has still the very alphabet to learn. No one can read the words of the grand mediaeval scholars without being struck with admiration for their close reasoning and their profound learning. St. Thomas, St. Albertus Magnus, Dun Scotus, do not give us a false presentation of the Christ of the gospel, verily not. Their immortal glory it will remain as long as the world endures to have shown in their own inimitable way that faith does not destroy but perfect

The Church of Christ is one. It must have one faith, one government, one cult. "If there is a thing," says. Matthew Arnold, "specially alien to-religion, it is division. If there is a thing specially native to religion, it is peace and union Hence original at-traction towards unity in Rome, and hence the great charm and power for man's mind of that unity when once attained."—Catholic Union and Times.

The ignorance of some is greatly to be pitied. They load themselves with unwise penances and other unsuitable exercises of their devising, putting all their confidence in them, and expecting to become saints by their means. If they would put half this labor upon mortifing their assume and apporting mortifying their passions and appetites they would gain more in a month than by all their other exercises in many years.—St. John of the Cross.

Take care that you do not knowingly rejoice at the downfall of your neighbor or at a misfortune that has befallen nim.—Venerable L. De Blois, O. S. B.



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You will always im go on; you will turn him back."

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS. Seventh Sunday after Pentecost.

THE FOLLY OF SIN.

"What fruit, therefore, had you in those bings of which you are now ashamed (tomans, vi. 22)

What is the good of being a sinuer? No good, but much evil. Experience shows that we have gained nothing by No good, but much evil. Experience shows that we have gained nothing by sin but shame, sorrow and death. And what has been your experience in the tribunal of confession? Did you never groan and shed tears there alone with God and Hi: minister? Why was it? Your own conscience, your better self was tormenting you, your own tongue was lashing you, your heart was griefstricken, you fairly loathed yourself. You remembered how Jesus was smitten in the face, and the blood mounted to your cheeks, and well it might, for you, ungrateful wretch bad dealt those blows. A moment of sensual pleasure, a lie of injustice, a foul hatred, a meanness of human respect, or a slothful neglect has to be undone by a long penance; and is this nothing? Besides, death is ever pursuing you and will overtake you too soon. What is the good of sinning? Ask that man whose blood is burning with fiery allochol, some day when a hot

that man whose blood is burning with flery alcohol, some day when a hot summer's sun suddenly prostrates him in death. Ask the libertine when he drops into an untimely grave. Ask the avaricious man when his stocks, deeds and bank notes are fading from his eyes, dimmed by the

last agony.

What is the good of sinning? Ask
that soul that is speeding before the
tribunal of judgment with scores of sins
unrepented of. Ask the wretched girl who, despairing on account of her shame, suddenly goes before God, sent by her own act. Ask the seducer when shame, suddenly goes better over, such by her own act. Ask the seducer when an unforeseen blow sends him to the great tribunal of eternity. Ask the impure one who falls asleep and awakes before the throne of the holy Judge of all hearts. What is the good of sinning? Ask one who after a career of dissipation unexpectedly finds himself in hell. Ask the hardened sinner who refuses to repent to the very last, and now weeps and gnashes his teeth in everlasting torment. Ask him who gives up his faith and meets the traitor's doom of perdition. Ask wicked parents who seal their own condemnation by their ungodly offspring. Ask the proud and disobedient who spurn holy discipline and are cast out with the devils. In a word, let death, judgment, and In a word, let death, judgment, and hell answer what is the good of being

osinner.

Our Lord compares him to an evil tree which cannot bring forth good fruit, and is cut down and cast into the fire. The soil is good, the rain in vigorating, the sunshine fructifying, but the fibre of the tree is bad, its sap watery, its root languishing, and in the cast it violds no fruit. Just so is the end it yields no fruit. Just so is the life of the sinner. The graces of God are given but not used. The summer s, the harvest ends, and he is not

Brethren, the animal in us enjoys sensuality and the demon in us enjoys pride. But the man enjoys the love of God. The love of God is the opposite of sin. That holy love of the supreme good purifies us of the deflement of our animal nature sate has free from the animal nature, sets us free from the bondage of satan, and makes us men in the truest sense of the term men-and in the supernatural order Chris-tians and children of God. Keep the commandments of God, preserve a pure conscience, hate sin and the devil. This is the only true happiness, the only life worthy the man and the Chris-

vent and hospital of San Girolamo. After describing the convent the beautiful country in which it is set, the writer says: delightful surroundings the traveler in search of health, or who has been unlucky enough to fall ill en route finds a haven of rest. Fleeing from the hired service grudgingly given in crowded hotels, she, or he, (for the Sisters make no distinction of sex) feels herself at once the object of a loving care which has ought of selfish interest behind it. The cultivated ladies who manage the establishment are as ready to perform services which many an upper servant would disdain as menial as to put their highly skilled nursing at the disposal of

their patients."
THE BLUE NUNS AN ENGLISH SISTERHOOD.
"The Little Company of Mary is
the name of the Sisterhood that has
these claims on the gratitude of travelers, but though this is their correct
designation, it has been shortened in
common parlance to that of 'The Blue
Nuns' in allusion to the color of their veil. They are no ancient order. Including the veil the company' was founded only thirty years ago, and Mother Mary, their foundress, is still alive, and lives in Rome. Their birthplace was Notting. They are no ancient order. Rome. Their birthplace was Notting-ham, where their early years were protected by Bishop Bagshawe. And here it may be well to mention that the order varies in some particularities in its rule from other existing nursing com-munities. One of these is the relaxation of the prohibition, usual in most orders, of a Sister traveling alone This restriction, necessary at a time voman's position was very differ ent, is felt to be an unnecessary hindrance to-day. A Blue Sister can pack her bag and set off in answer to a sick call without being obliged to wait till another Sister is at liberty to bear her company.

WORK OF THE BLUE NUNS. "That the order supplies a want is obvious by the fact that it has alread nursing homes, hospitals and asylums under its care in England, Ireland and the colonies, In Australia the Blue Nuns have two hospitals, a blind asylum, and a mad house. They have asylum, and a mad notice. They have a house at Chicago and one at Malta. The hospital of St. John's, Limerick, Ireland, is under their care, and in the East End of London they have a home for fallen girls and a home

where only the very poorest of the poor are nursed. In all their good work the Sisters are animated by the most truly Catholic spirit, for no differences of station, of nationality, or of religion are allowed to stand in the way of their wide charity. It suffices to be sick, bodily or mentally, thus to need their care, and this is ungrudgingly offered.

The rich, of course, must pay, but this money is only held in temporary trust, for it is passed on as quickly as possible poured into the lap of the poor. All this is done in no proselytizing spirit. The Sisters are forbidden by their rule to engage in religious discussion with their patients; they are directed to keep their religion in their hearts, and not upon their lips; and serupulously they observe this rule. It is also against their rule to permit a photograph or drawing of a member of the order to be made for publication."

THE WORK OF ONE FRAIL LITTLE WOMAN.

"It is difficult to believe." continues

WOMAN.

"It is difficult to believe," continues Miss Zimmern, "that this thriving spiritual progeny should have sprung from the zeal of one frail little woman. Mother Mary is one of the tiniest of her sex, and so slight and thin that any serven of ordinary strength could pick person of ordinary strength could pick her up and carry her like a baby. And this is not unnecessary, for she h s been a chronic invalid for years. She can take no solid food, and has to be carried from her bed to her sofa whenever she is well enough to get up at all. Yet, such is the victory of mind over matter, that from her couch of suffering she directs an army of hun-dreds scattered over the world. From dreds scattered over the world. From dawn to dusk she writes, reads, dictates, and grants interviews to all who desire to see her on business, whether relating to the order or to their own private affairs. Few somen in the plenitude of health get through more in a day than does this fragile invalid."

ON BOARD A SANTE FE TRAIN.

It was one of those charming and de-It was one of those charming and de-lightful days of the month of April, when nature is all aglow in the large and incomparable State of Texas. The train upon which I was traveling to-wards the head of my far distant and numerous missions, was going at a good speed, being pulled by a "jumbo" heated with black crude oil, a better fuel than the sickening soft coal. fuel than the sickening soft coal. I always find it a pleasure to ride on those trains as there is hardly any smoke, no smell, nor dirt. At the station between San Angelo and Hous-ton, some twenty handsome ladies boarded the chair car I was in. There boarded the chair car I was in. There was, of course, a rush for seats. One fine, intelligent looking woman, ap parently not very selfish called out at the top of her voice to a friend of hers: "Oh, Minnie," they always say, oh, in Texas when calling, "come quick, here's a seat," pointing to the one next to me. a sea, pointing to the one next to me.
In a flash the giddy girl was at my side,
staring at me. She turned away scornfully, saying: "You can have it, Kate, Inity, saying: You can have it, Rate, I don't care to sit by the side of a Cath clic priest!" "I beg your pardon, Rev. Sir, for the utterance of my friend. I will avail myself of this seat," said the spirited lady, and she sat down by me. We then, both of us, were soon engaged in a hearty conversation. It is singular how quickly friendship is made up on a train in motion.

I had, in a very short time, been made acquainted with a long story. She told me her father had died, some in rease acquaints in Texas: that he bad

She told me her father had died, some six years 2g) in Texas; that he had been in the civil war, and had lost his left arm in battle. She had a sister lately married to a wealthy ranchman of M—County. The sister had been a couple of years a student in a convent was reached and the rand out a radical In the Century Magazine for June appears, under the title "A Haven of Rest," a charming sketch, from the pen of Helen Z mmera, of the Home of the Blue Nuns at Fiesole, Italy, the conup north, and had turned out a refined nothing to be compared with them out strangers who wished to be nothing but side of our Church. She was living at her home, alone, with her mother and eyes on the Irish Papist intruders. teaching in the High Academy, of her quaint city. She loved reading teaching in the High Academy, of her quaint olty. She loved reading sciences, and books on religion. She had read "Fabiola," with the keenest interest. "It was a fine story," she

I in turn, related to her something of I in turn, related to her something of my hard mission. Once in a month I visited six counties, covering a territory as large as the State of Kanass, traveling most of the time in Uncle Sam's mail coaches over tiresome and weary roads. I told her how kind and good all classes of people were to me, that I had been asked several times to preced to antire Protestant Congregapreach to entire Protestant congregapreach to entire Protestant congrega-tions, in their country school houses and churches, and how I always hearti-ly complied with their requests. The conversation went on quite cheerfully, when I asked my friend if she was acquainted with all the ladies who had boarded the train a while ago.

"Yes, sir; we all belong to a teachers' association. We all come from a convention we had at B—wood, the place we got on, and now we are re-

"I quite understand," I replied "I presume such conventions must be very interesting. May I ask what sub jects you debated upon?"
"Why most anything for the sake of

knowledge, instruction and education all branches are concerned." Your conventions are really interesting," I answered, "since all branch

are concerned. You don't mean to say that dogmatics and theology are dis

"Certainly. We have several long debates on such points. At a convenvention last fall we had a serious deliberation on the "Six days," all about the creation, and another, on the "Resurrection of the Red". on the Resurrection of the Body on the Last Day, subjects in which I have very little faith. As for creation, I am quite an evolutionist. I can't believe God has ever been a manufacturer, you know, and as for the manufacturer, you know, and as for the resurrection, I am very sceptic in the belief that the arm which my poor father lost in the battle will ever find its way to Texas. In this debate I joined the negative side, and I will remain on it till some one can give me more convincing knowledge than I now have." turning on me her hig, bluish 'turning on me her big, bluish, gent eyes. "For our next couhave," turning on intelligent eyes.

vention we have a speculative subject to debate, very difficult, it seems to me, but most beautiful and interesting, I think, and I must tell you that I have inscribed for the affirmative. I have inscribed for the affirmative. I have inscribed for the affirmative. I have been told that you Catholic priests know 'most everything; that you are always praying or studying at something—morals, dogmatice, histories—so the question I will put to you must be very familiar to you; would you not help me with a few good arguments? But, sir, you must not tell I asked," she whispered; 'that would never do."

Just then the train arrived at the station of B——and the girl was getting ready to so. "I am sorry to leave you, our conversation was so interesting. Please don't forget," she said, handing me her address, at the bottom of which was the mysterious question:

CATHERINE W——, A. B.,

Teacher High Academy,
B——, Texas.

HAVE SOULS SEXES ? HAVE SOULS SEXES?

A smile came over my lips. I was a little shocked, and amazed! I will never forget how that startling query, "Have Souls Sexes," was running in my mind all the way long, creating in me feelings of vexation. When I reached my headquarters, I began to search in my few books, especially in the Catholic Dictionary, for the soul. I found something of an old idea in the time of the dark ager, stating that women had no souls, but nothing about sexes or souls, so I gave it up as a bad women had no souls, but nothing about sexes or souls, so I gave it up as a bad job, thinking I had better search for a needle in a haystack than search for that straw. Next morning, however, as the puzzling question was vexing me, more and more, I thought of that famous statement of St. Thomae, that "the soul is the form of the body." I have it now I said. I will frame out a have it now I said. I will frame out a

have it now I said. I will frame out a a syllogism, so strong, that it will convince that lady.

1. The soul is the form of the body.

2. Bodies have sexes.

3. Therefore, souls have sexes.

The next thing was to write a long and decent letter to the woman I had met on the train. I explained to her No. 1. showing her all the grandeur not on the train. I explained to her No. 1, showing her all the grandeur and the beauty of the theory of the great philosopher. I had very little to say on No. 2. The fact is so evident in the say on No. 2. nature. No. 3 came so naturally that it was easy for me to draw a pathetic con-clusion. It was so fine that the answer to my letter was admirable! With a request to kindly answer other questions. One of my letters was simple and touching. I pictured to her the glories of our doctrine on the great mystery of the resurrection, telling her, were she a Catholic she would never doubt about the left arm of her dear father who had fought for the noble cause of human souls. That was enough. The intelligent and good-hearted girl has received the faith she hearted girl has received the latter and was yearning for, and her mother and sister are eager now to come to the Church, the Church of Christ. How God is admirable in his way. A simple incident will often bring a straying soul to the fold.—O. C., The Missionary.

ONE BISHOP AND HIS DIOCESE. They are saying these days that boats will soon be built which will cross the Atlantic from Ireland to the U ited States in four

days. E ghty-nine years ago the journey took sometimes twice as many weeks, and the friends used to accompany the emigrants to the neighboring townland on the way, in the spirit with which they accompanied their dead to the grave. One young couple that left the shores of Ireland in that distant period landed, after the long and trying voyage, in a queer town on the other side—a town of lanes and alleys, courts and crooked streets. The new faces they found around them were very different from those they had left behind. They were faces of strangers who wished to be nothing but strangers, and who looked with hard days. E ghty nine years ago the journey

There were a few scanty hundreds of these in the place already, most of them ood and drawers of water hewers of wood and drawers of water, without any influence or esteem among their puritan neighbors. Curious to relate these few hundred souls had a Bishop to minister to them, for seven or eight years before Rome had raised Father Cheverus to the episcopate, giving him the diocese which was more than twice as large as the whole of Ireland, but which counted hardly more Catholics than the smallest of Irish Catholics than the smallest of Irisi parishes. In this immense and barre wilderness of Catholicism there were three or four priests altogether, and even the Bishop, a Frenchman with a delicate chest, took his turn at the sick-cal's and the funerals. On one occasion he was found by the watch at an unseemly hour of the night chopping wood to make a fire for a sick diocesan, but he lived long enough in spite of it all to be Cardinal Archbishop of

Bordeaux.

One day, when he had been twelve years a Bishop, the young couple who had emigrated from Ireland four years before came to have a child baptized. before came to have a cintu supplied.

Their name was Williams and they had
the boy christened John Joseph. The
year after the Bishop was obliged to
leave America for France, and a few
months later his Vicar General followed. nonths later his ylear deneral indiwed him. The town of the lanes and alleys and crooked streets was thus left with only one priest to minister to the Catholics, and for the next two years the 66,000 square miles of the diocese was erved by three Catholic priests. In 1825 another Bishop came—Bishop Fenwlck of the old Catholic stock from Maryland, whose family had gone over from Eugland with Lord Baltimore He was a scholarly man and one of his first cares was to start a boy's school in the Cathedral, and to gather round him a few young men of zeal and talent to whom he taught philosophy and theology with such fruit that after a few years two of them were ordained. few years two of them were ordained to the priesthood. Young Williams was to the priesthood. Young Williams was one of the small boys who entered the Bishop's school at the Cathedral. When he left it in 1835 a marked change had taken place in the big diocese, for it boasted of twenty-two churches, and forty thousand Catholies!

The boy went away to the Sulpician College at Montreal to begin his studies

young, but there are some parents who will not see this, either.

Fully two-thirds of the young women who go astray, gain their first lessons in vice by witnessing shameless plays and reading salacious court-trials in the daily press. Is it not about time for fathers and mothers to have some ense?—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

for the priesthood; at the age of nine-teen he was sent all the way to Paris to the Grand Seminary at St. Sulpice, and four years later he was ordained. Nowadays you will find in Ireland in the summer-time scores upon scores of Irish-American priests, visiting the places where they or their parents, before them saw the light, but when the tall, keen-looking, plous young American soggart looked in one day at the home of his father's people in 1845, with the halo which good Irish Catho-lics see always in a young priest around him, he was one of the first of the new line. Neither he nor the rejoicing friends he met in the old country knew what was coming. It was 1845, and triends he met in the old country knew what was coming. It was 1845, and Black '47,—Black '47, with its blighted fields, and its starving millions, and its fever, and the sea laden with its burden of countless emigrants, and the desolate mother weeping for the children that died like flies around her, or that put the seas between her and them—did not enter into their dreams of the future. future.

He went back, and became curate in the church where he had been baptised. He had never left the town for long since that time, and a few years ago on one of the rare occasions in which has spoken in public, he said:
"I love the old city of Boston.
When I first remember, it was a city of

lanes, alleys, courts and crooked streets.

Now we have the greater Boston, turned into a beautiful city. I have always lived in it, except while in college studying. From the time I was college studying. From the time I was born up to the present, I have never left it for long, and I love it above all other cities. I am accustomed to its ways; I know many of its people, though I have not been acquainted in the last few years with many of those who govern the city. I remember when I was a boy I knew all the Catholics in the city—they all went to one shurch. the city—they all went to one church. When I was a priest in the cathedral and afterwards when I was in other places, I knew everybody who was a Catholic. When I was pastor at St. James' I knew them all there; but since I have been a Bishop it has been impossible for me to know a hundredth part of

for me to know a numerous part of those I care for, work for and love."

For Father Williams was destined to be a Bishop. His old teacher Bishop Fenwick died the very year after he returned from Ireland, and Bishop Fitzpatrick took his place and filled it for twenty years, and all this time for twenty years, and all this time Father Williams saw the Catholics around him grow from thousands to tens of thousands, and worked as only the great American priests of those days could work among them. Far back in 1866 he was raised to the back in 1866 he was raised to the episcopate as coadjutor to the aged Bishop of the diocese, and almost immediately afterwards the see passed entirely into his care. Nine years later it was erected into an Archbishopric. On April 27 just passed Archbishop Williams celebrated his eighty-fith birthday, quietly as is his wont, but, to the great joy of all his people and of the whole American hierarchy, in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Few men living can have so much food for consoling reflection as he on

food for consoling reflection as he on their birthday. There are eight great dioceses dotted over the face of the dioceses dotted over the race of the territory which was given into the hands of Bishop Cheverus a few years before Archbishop Williams was born; the three priests of those pioneer days have become almost two thousand, there are over one thousand churches, and the few hundreds of lonely Catholics of the old days have grown into over

Bostor, Puritan Boston, that looked askance on the early Catholic intruders, askance on the early Catholic intruders, has become nearly two thirds Catholic. God has given the increase, and He found a ready instrument in the venerable Arch-bishop whose long life represents a whole period of Catholic

American his cory.

Mgr. Williams has always been a quiet man, but his opinion uttered in a quiet man, but his opinion uttered in a converse weight.

CONVERSION THE BEWARD OF AN life of your soul as you have saved the life of my hody." And he clasped the than a dozen learned articles; he has been reserved, but his priests and people know that his heart is full of fatherly sympathy for them. Here in Rome he has long been known for his loyalty and love for the Holy See, May he live many years yet to witness even more glorious days for the Church than those through which he has passed.—Rome.

AID SIN AND CRIME.

A great deal has been said with regard to the evil effects of dime novels. There is not a city, town or village in the country but has had its object

lesson. Here, however, is another: Gustav Ruppert, aged fourteen, assisted by three other New York boys. assisted by three times that have a who had been inspired by dime novels and Wild West shows to attempt brave adventures, plundered an iron pot hidden in the wall of the cellar of Joseph Bauer, Gustav's grandfather, of \$1,000, and after dividing the spoils attempted to leave the city. Gustav left for Hot Springs, Ark., accompanied by his aunt, Mrs. Ida Keller, the international control of the companied by his aunt, Mrs. Ida Keller, the international control of the companies of the control o panied by his aunt, hars. Its Keiler, who is twenty-four years old. She is the daughter of Bauer, who keeps a notion store. Mr. Bauer ascribes the theft of which he accuses his grandson to his inveterate reading of the advention. tures of Jesse James and such bandits, and to his attendance of Wild West

Quite romantic, that. One cannot Quite romantic, that. One cannot help wondering, though, what the parents of those precocious youths were doing while their offspring were soaking their souls in such literary hot mush. Had they no sense of their duty?
Parents, however, who allow their

Parents, however, who allow their children to read sensational yellow journals, sooner or later will have equal cause to lament. The cheap and the vulgar theaters, too, are literally so wing impurity in the minds of the young, but there are some parents who young, but there are some parents will not see this, either.

Fully two-thirds of the young won



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cannot be secured, but it is within the power of almost every man to protect his tenancy of life and so make its termination as free as possible from disastrous consequences.

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and opportunity permit.

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ACT OF CHARITY.

We read the following in The Relig-

ious Week of Flanders:
Some years ago a 3-year-old child fell
into the water, and being on the point
of drowning, was rescued by a stranger
who brought it back to its parents.
Gladly would they, after having
thanked him profusely, have offered to
him a reward in cash, but they refrained from doing so, because their
benefactor was a well-to-do man. A
thought struck them, viz: to give to thought struck them, viz: to give to the gentleman the medal our child used to wear round its neck. The charitable stranger received with pleasure the little present and walked

pleasure the little present and walked away.

In the course of time the rescued child studied for the priesthood and came as a Missionary to the United States. One day, in the city where he resided, they called him to administer the Last Sacrament to a foreigner, a Belgian, who would not hear of help of any priest. The Missionary went to see the poor fellow and addressed him in his mother tongue, so welcome at the moment of death. But it was all to no purpose: the dying man would to no purpose; the dying man would not make his confession and be recon-ciled with God. The following day the Missionary went back to see him.

The patient, who seemed to be more The patient, who seemed to be more favorably disposed, received the priest in a friendly man or. While they were speaking familiarly about their common native country, Belgium, behold, the eyes of the priest fell upon a brilliant ob ect that was hanging about brilliant ob ect that was hanging about the neck of the rich man, and which looked very much like a medal. The patient, who noticed the attention of the priest to the medal, said to him, smilingly: "Father, this medal I received some forty years ago in the City of Halle, as a souvenir from good Cathelle, as a souvenir from good Cathelle parents whose child I had rescued from a watery grave. Since that time one parents whose child I had rescued from a watery grave. Since that time I have always worn the medal as a remembrance of perhaps the only good work I ever did in my life." During that story the priest was visibly moved to tears and exclaimad: "My friend, you are my rescuer. I am that child which you saved from drowning. I am the same one. I have become a priest and Missionary in America. Our Lady of Halle has sent me to you, to save the

dying man in his arms, and acknowledging the wonderful mercy of Mary, the Mother of Mercies, the penitent foreigner and countryman of the burst into tears and made a most

ing confession.

This story, one out of hundreds, goes to show that the sinner never should despair so long as he has any good deed to his credit and has the Mother of God to plead in his behalf.

ALL PREJUDICE.

One of the Protestant Members of the Irish Nationalist Party, Mr. Ste-phen Gwynn, writing to the London Daily Chroniole explaining why the Convention at Dublin says that it was because "from first to last the Bill breathed the spirit of distrust of the Irish people." and that the chief in-Irish people," and that the chief in-spiration of the distrust was British prejudice against the Catholic Church. "England," says Mr. Gwynn, "is always ready to credit evil of Ireland, partly because the long racial strife, in which Ireland has been the sufferer, has engendered dislike, for, as the wise Roman said, it is a trait of human nature man said, it is a trait of human nature to hate those whom you have injured; and partly because it has been comfortable to saddle all the misery of Ireland upon imputed defects in the Irish character. But, above and before all, England has always readily believed the worst of Ireland, and distrusted Ireland cause of that ingrained and inbred detestation of Roman Catholicism which is to be found in almost every which is to be found in almost every Englishman. There is the true root of the Irish difficulty. The ascendancy party in Ireland have always been able to appeal to this prejudice, and have never appealed in vain. The result has been to breed in Protestant Ireland a feeling toward Catholics like that of the ruling race in countries where there is a color bar." Such is the testimony of an Irish

Protestant, the son of a Protestant clergyman, as to the evil of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland.

power of affection hitherto unknown it. Sacrifice imparts to the soul a holy CHATS WITH BRILLIANT AL We print below to the graduates of Berlin, Ont., by N Wednesday June dress may be de

JULY 6, 19

lessons by those ambition to work in life's work.

My Lord Bis
Ladies and Gen
thank the Rev. energetic and p College, for the addressing a few to the young gethe hearing of whom we are all sent to encour words of cheer a tion by his pre good and very work carried on ous Fathers of th Resurrection wi St. Jerome's. I appreciate very sion—nay, whos the characters a which will help this great Dom finence, to som destinies of the the south of us, their own choice Gentlemen of

In this street encyclopedic to value of a libe importance. V of life are very without it, th mere competen embarrassing practical educ nre (oundation is the best asses tumultuous se ional life—un such an educa any line of vicedle which direction in w in order to re he has in view career in life. Franklin w

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. BRILLIANT ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN.

We print below an address delivered to the graduates of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont., by Mr. W. H. Riddle, on Wednesday June 19th. From this address may be derived many beautiful lessons by those who are possessed of ambitton to work their way to the top

in life's work.

My Lord Bishop, Rev. Fathers,
Ladies and Gentlemen: — I have to
thank the Rov. Father Zinger, the
energetic and popular rector of the
College, for the very great privilege of
addressing a few words on this occasion
to the young gentlemen graduates, in
the hearing of our beloved Bishop
whom we are all delighted to see pre
sent to encourage the students by
words of cheer and advice and to sanction by his presence the excellently words of cheer and advice and to sanction by his presence the excellently good and very effective educational work carried on by the able and zealous Fathers of the Congregation of the Resurrection within the classic walls of St. Jerome's. I need hardly say that I appreciate very highly the honor of speaking in an institution whose mission—nay, whose glory—it is to form on—nay, whose glory—it is to form the characters and to mould the brains which will help to shape the future of this great Dominion as well as to influence, to some extent, at least, the destinies of the powerful Republic to the south of us, many of whose sons, by their own choice, receive their educa-

Gentlemen of the Graduation Class: Gentlemen of the Graduation Class:

—In this strenuous age in every department of human activity—in this encyclopedic age — when everybody knows something about everything, the value of a liberal education is of vital importance. With it the chances of achieving success in any chosen walk of life are very materially changed and without it, the struggle even for a mere competence has many serious and embarrassing drawbacks. A sound, embarrassing drawbacks. A sound, practical education, resting upon the sure foundation of religious principles, sure foundation of religious principles, is the best asset a young man can possess when venturing out upon the tumultuous sea of business or professional life—under modern conditions such an education is indispensable in any line of work—it is the magnetic needle which points out to him the direction in which his ambitions lie, as well as the best course for him to sail in order to reach in safety the haven he has in view as the scene of his future career; in life.

Franklin who discovered the identity of electricity with lightening and demonstrated the feasibility of making the electric fluid subservient to the will and uses of man, said: "If a man empties his purse into his head no man empties his purse 11to his head ho has can take it away from him. An invest ment in knowledge always pays the best interest." Ruskin, the eminent English art critic, tells us that "Education, briefly, is leading the human mind and soul to what is right and best and to make what is best out of them; and to make what is best out of them; and these two objects are always obtainable together and by the same means. The training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serthemselves also makes them most ser-viceable to others." And Baron Leib-nitz, a German philosopher, declared, two centuries before Ruskin was born, that the "proper education of youth was the very foundation of human hap-

piness."

In point of fact no system of education can be called perfect unless it develops the whole man—his physical, moral and intellectual faculties. To neglect any one of these is to destroy the equilibrium of the "triple man," and thus introduce grave disorders into the sphere of his influence in the world. Educate the body at the expense of the mind and soul, and you have only animated clay, educate the intellect at the expense of the moral and religious feelings and you but add to man's power to effect evil.

Thus, then, the essential element of

Thus, then, the essential element of education—its pith and marrow—is the religious element. Lord Derby confirmed this view of the question when he said that "Religion is not a thing apart from education but is interwoven with its whole system; it is a principle Thus, then, the essential elec apart from education but is interwoven with its whole system; it is a principle which controls and regulates the whole mind and happiness of the people." And Guizot, one of the greatest thinkers of the last century, who was Prime Minister of France under Louis Philippe, the citizen King, was so thoroughly convinced of the necessity of early moral training that he would of early moral training that he would have the air of the school room, as it were, impregnated with religion. "It is necessary," he said, "That national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere. in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and re-ligious observances should penetrate all its parts." Alas! how far afield his countrymen of the present day—I refer to the ruling classes—have drifted from the sound views on education of this illustrious Protestant statesman and

His contemporary, that no less dis-His contemporary, that no less distinguished French statesman and writer, De Tocqueville, who flourished in the first half of the last century, held that "the safeguard of morality is religion," and he concluded a chapter of his celbrated work, "The American Republic"—a work which secured his admission to the French Academy in 1841. sion to the French Academy in 1841, with the pertinent remark that "Religion is ion is the companion of liberty in all its battles and triumphs; the cradle of its infancy and the divine source of its claims; it is the safeguard of morality and morality is the best security of law. and morality is the sateguard of morality and morality is the best security of law as well as the surest pledge of freedom." And coming down to our own times His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, concludes an article in Van Norden Magazine for April on "Honor in Busi

perienced, wise and learned professors; and now that you have graduated, the time has come to bid farewell of old companions, to sever old associations companions, to sever not associations and to step down and out into the busy world to take up in due course, each for yourself, that occupation, profession, or calling in life which your culture and tastes best qualify you to follow with expectations of ultimate success.

Remember, my young friends, that whatever your hands or brains may find to do, do it with all your might. The world steps aside to make room for the earnest weeker. the earnest worker. A modern verse assures us that A writer of

The man who wins is the man who does.
The man who makes things hum and buzz,
The man who works and the man who acts.
Who builds on a basis of solid facts,
Who doesn't sit down to mope and dream,
But humps ahead with the force of steam,
Who hasn't the time to fuse and fret,
But gets there every time—you bet?

Nor should it be forgotten that

every man and woman too for that matter, must work, for labor is the law of man's inheritance. Nor is the law of man's inheritance. Nor is the intellect exempt from the operation of this law: the education of heart and mind is never finished—it begins in the cradle and ends in the grave—and no one knows this better than the really educated and cultivated man. The storehouse—the well spring of knowledge—is never depleted and there is none so rich or so poor in knowledge to at he may not draw something useful and sparkling therefrom. One may be a graduate of the highest educational institution in the land but he will still find that there is more—very tional institution in the land but he will still find that there is more—very much more—for him to learn. "Live and learn," should be the motto of every one. Books and standard literature are now within the reach of all, and "home study" will make "home life" more happy, keep our educational armor burnished and at the same time develop and enrich our minds as time develop and enrich our minds as the years roll by. And as the contact of diamond with dianond increases of diamond with the course with educated men will be of the greatest advantage in the work of self education; and where this is wanting in tellectual progress will be much slower and less satisfactory. If, as it is claimed, activity is the law of all pro claimed, activity is the law of all progress, then the more we use our intellectual powers the greater will be their growth; while, on the other hand, inactivity or idleness, whether enforced or wilful, is the death of every high principle, and noble impulse. It has been aptly said that "It is better to wear out than to rust out." It is the canker of indolence, not work, that kills. that kills.

"Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed." Edison the wizard of electricity, who has literally worked himself into world-wide fame, was complimented by an admirer who attributed his wonder ful discoveries to his great genius.
Without looking up from the bench upon which he was conducting an experiment with the clusive electric current, Edison asked his friend what constituted genius and not receiving a satisfactory reply, he said, "Genius is 95 per cent. perspiration and 5 per cent. inspiration!" There is, my cent. inspiration!" There is, my friend, no royal road to learning nor to enduring fame! "Ich dien" is the national motto of Germany whose people are noted at home and abroad for their untiring industry, and labor omnia vincit has been and will continue to be the motto of successful men as well see a propagatory nations in every well as of prosperous nations in every

well as of prosperous nations in every age of the world.

Great possibilities lie hidden within the brain of man or within the hollow of his hands, and the problem of his advancement in life is solved when he discovers and uses his talents to the full measure of his opportunities. Some men, we are told, are born great and others have greatness thrust upon them; nevertheless it falls to the lot of most men to be the architects of their own fortunes. But the faint hearted contend that the professions and all "I must run to the house for the boat "I must run to the house for the boat." contend that the professions and all lines of industry are overcrowded, and yet it may be well to remind them that there is always room at the top. A young man, impatient to succeed, how ver brilliant he may be, need not expect to gain the uppermost round of the ladder at a single bound: he must work his way "upward and onward" from round to round, sometimes against

rom round to round, sometimes against very unfair competition, and often against the most discouraging influence; but as "the price of liberty is eternal viligance" so also the price of success is work, earnest unremitting work. Men of iron will, unflinching work. Men of fron will, unlitening pluck, and tireless energy are kings among men, and such men influence, if indeed they do not rule the destines of the age in which they live.

Such earnest natures are the flery pith, The compact nucleus round which system

Mass after mass becomes inspired therewith.
And whirls impregnate with the centra
glow!"

There are, however, other qualities other virtues which are essential to a successful and honorable career be those I have already mentioned and among them are sterling honesty, intrepid courage, uncompromising truthfulness, good citizenship, moral worth and a constant mutual charity; for on such Christian traits of manly character are based as mora a rock of character are based, as upon a rock, all just decisions in the final court of appeal, the conscience, at whose portals whispering angels from the Father tell us what is right and what is wrong.

To each of you permit me to say that in every relationship of your life, under in every relationship of your life, under all circumstances, be a man—a gentle-man—in word and deed. A Catholic gentleman "wearing a white flower of a blameless life" exemplifies in his own person every Christian virtue. Ability counts for much: knowledge counts counts for much; knowledge counts for much; but behind them both more importance than either —is char-

ness Life," in these impressive and beautiful words: "There can be no stable prosperity without justice, no justice without morality, no morality without religion, no religion without God."

Such an education, my young friends, buttressed by the principles and sanctioned by the aims I have endeavored to outline, you have received at St. Jerome's, your beloved Alma Mater, ander the prudent guidance of her ex

year, said: "But above all, believe in ideals; pin your faith to them, they are the great incentives of life, and it is the privilege of youth to possess and nurture them." ture them

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, one of the great-Sir Wilfrid Laurier, one of the greatest statesmen of the present or in fact of any age, has his ideals. One of them is to make Canada a noble and puissant nation; and with the welfare of his fel low Canadians "deep on his front engraven," to minimize and, if possible, to eliminate altogether every trace of friction and prejudice among its people arising from differences of race and creed. How he may succeed, and we hope he shall succeed, history will tell us.

creed. How he may succeed, and we hope he shall succeed, history will tell us.

We have, my young friends, a country of which we may all well feel proud. It has taken its place among the most up-to date and progressive common-wealths of the world and is destined, in my opinion, to Influence for good the future of North America. Let us see what our cousins to the south think of us. Speaking at the Canadian Club banquet in New York a few months ago, the Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, ex-Secretary of the United States Treas ury said, "Canada is a great country. In area she is so large that I will not attempt to define her borders. She possessed resources exceeding the power of enumeration, and surpassing all estimation. The Canadians are a great people blessed with an exceilent government, the merits of which compare favorably with any and every other: In addition, Canada is well located on the map. She is situated in the best neighborhood with which God ever blessed the earth, and her nearest neighbor is her best friend."

These are neighborly words though a little too flatteringly expressed; nevertheless I am sure I voice the sentiments of my fellow Canadians when I say that it is Canada's fondest ambition to be the rival of the United States only in the arts of peace and in the race for prosperity. With large fields open to ambition on both sides of the line with possibilities unbounded, the people of the United States and of Canada now live in

ties unbounded, the people of the United States and of Canada now live in peace and have lived in peace for almost a hundred years, and they may be looked upon to-day as the two most prosperous and happy countries in the

As citizens of one or the other of two such nations, working out their des tinies in friendly rivalry, you may, my friends, now enter upon the busy and inviting walks of life, in either country full of confidence that there is a useful, full of confidence that there is a useful, perhaps a brilliant, future awaiting you provided you but live up to the ideals I have with indifferent success, outlined for your benefit. The whole world is before you; it needs men of ability, energy, probity and character; even now it is becoming to you to advance. Go forth, my young friends and, according to your desserts, take possession of your full share of the many good things it has in store for you!

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Dick's Courage. "Tired of digging in the sand already, Dick?" asked Gertrude Frew, with a mischievous glance at her cousin's idle shovel.

cousin's idle shovel.

"Well, not exactly tired, but I like better to watch the sports of the little people over on the island," replied Dick, shading his eyes to obtain a bet-

ter view.

"There are the Fisher boys, Dick and Ada Clark, and the Murray children—I know them every one," looking in the direction of the island. "I mean in the direction of the island."

always ready for sport, and if we can manage the oars we'll have a jolly

"I must run to the house for the boat key and to tell papa that we are going,'

said Gertrude.
Soon she came back looking somewhat gloomy, with the key dangling from "Can we go?" asked Dick, cheer

fully.

"Yes, I suppose we can if we choose," answered Gestrude, crossly. "Come on and help me get the boat out."

"What did uncle say?" queried Dick, rather anxious to find out what has clouded his cousin's sunny face so

'Oh, Dick, what a bother you are!"

retorted Gertrude impatiently. "But I know he would have said, 'Yes,' and I'll ask him when we get back."
"Let us wait until he comes back, Gertrude. I am sure he would not like

our stealing away without his permission," said Dick. "He won't care," snapped Gertrude, unlocking the boat-house door. "Why

don't you help me to get the boat 'Never mind about the boat now, "

said Dick, in a coaxing voice. "I am sure uncle would be angry, and I do not wish to displease him." "I am going to have a boat ride, Dick, and you must do as I bid you. Olimb in there and hand me the oars.

Be quick, too!"

For once Dick refused to obey her commands; and when she found how resolute he could be when he took a stand she exclaimed in a loud, angry

voice:

"You're afraid, that is why you
won't go—afraid of papa and afraid of
the water. You can't swim the least
bit, you know, and you a boy, too!"

Dick turned very red at this thrust, for, boy though he was, he had never learned to swim, while his little torentor could float and dive like

fish.
"I am not afraid, Gertrude, but I shall not go without uncle's consent, "he said quietly yet firmly, as he turned toward the house.

toward the house.

"Coward! Coward!" shouted Gertrude. "You're just as mean as you can be. Just think of a great boy allowing a girl to get such a heavy boat out by herself!"

During the rest of the afternoon. During the rest of the afternoon she scarcely noticed him, and in the even-

ing, when he asked her to take a stroll, she turned up her little nose and said, with all the scern she could summon:

"I do not choose to walk with cow-ards. How do I know but that you may get frightened at some shadow and run off and leave me."

Dick bit his llps to keep back the

hot words that almost choked him, and instead of going to the woods, as he in-tended, he turned into the lane that led to the railroad. He soon came back, looking flushed and excited, but as he said nothing Gertrude was afraid he was still angry at the cutting words she had uttered.

A little later the spoiled child ran down the gravel walk to meet her par-ents, who had just come off the train. For once her father turned away from her caresses to clasp Dick to his heart, and she was sure his voice quivered when he said:
"You are a brave boy, Disk, and your

name will be remembered in my prayers to night."

Then, with Dick's hand still in his,

Mr. Frew told Gertrude and her mother how he had crept over the dangerous trestlework to warn the express, then due, that there was danger ahead, and now the train had come to a standstill just in time to prevent being ditched

just in time to prevent being ditched by an obstruction that some one had placed across the track.

"O papa," cried Gertrude, "I've been calling him a coward all day just because he would not disobey you, but I see now that he is the hero, while I am the coward. If I had done right I would have been with him when he saw the rock on the track, and I might have helped him to save your life."

the rock on the track, and I might ave helped him to save your life."

'You see, my dear," said her father "people must have both physical and moral courage if they wish to be heroes."—The Young Catholic Mes-

CHICAGO'S CATHOLIC COLLEGE THEATRE.

BISHOP DEDICATES PLAYHOUSE BUILT BY PRIESTS, AND TO BE MANAGED BY THEM.

The new theatre attached to St. Vincent's College, Chicago, the first American playhouse to be built by priests and to be managed by them, was formally dedicated by Bishop Muldoon

"To many it may seem strange," said the Bishop in his address, "that the Church should lend itself to the the church should lend these to the theatre. Yet, after all, there is noth-ing strange in it, for by rights the theatre belongs to the Church. It was the Church, with its mystery plays, that discovered the theatre, and it must be the Church that will rescue the theatre."

the theatre. The new theatre is unique from the The new theatre is unique from the fact that it has been built by St. Vincent's College, and that it is to be managed, largely as a public playhouse, under the supervision of the faculty. Plays and operas will be presented at intervals. It was explained by Father Byrne that the institution will be both a public playhouse and a purely college a public playhouse and a purely college theatre. It is not intended to give plays for the public continuously, but much of the time the college will use the structure for its own purposes. On the evening following its dedication the theatre opened with the English grand (opera, "Otho Visconti." The grand [opera, "Otho Viscon production was a big success.

The new builing is said to challenge The new builing is said to challenge interest by its many architectural innovations. All the seats, with the exception of boxes in the balcony, are on the main floor, and each aisle leads directly to an exit, of which there are twenty-four. A magnificent octagonal dome anymounts the auditorium and on dome surmounts the auditorium, and or dome surmounts the auditorium, and on its panels are eight notable mural paintings. The exterior design follows the line of the old Spanish mission. The auditorium is 84 feet deep, 100 feet wide and 56 feet high. The main floor, including ten boxes, has a seating capacity of 1,075, and the balcony boxes will accommodate 250 persons. will accommodate 250 persons.



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And he spoke from personal experience, for he has gone up and down the great city in the guise of a working man out of employment. The Catholic priest may be too "easy" in this matter, but he acts on the principle that it is better to help nine undeserv-ing ones rather than run the risk of c-fusing Christ Himself in the person of

My mother, thou has all power to distribute My graces as it pleases thee. I am ready, for the love of thee, to endure the abuse of them.—Words of our Lord to the Blessed Virgin, in a revelation to Blessed Margaret Mary.

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CATHOLIC RECORD, London Canada

he misery of Ireland ets in the Irish charand before all, Engreadily believed the nd distrusted Ireland grained and inbred and in almost every re is the true root of y. The ascendancy prejudice, and have vain. The result

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ts to the soul a holy hitherto unknown

"A SONG FOR THE POPE."

EONG SUNG BY THE IRISH CLERGY, IT WORLD OVER.

MORLD OVER.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

A feature of the closing exercises at the Archdiocesan Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo was "A Song for the Pope," rendered in chorus by the students. The incident promises to be memorable. In December last, when Catholic feeling the world over was inflamed by the outrages incident to the practical application of the so-called separation law in France, there was brought to general public notice an inspiring composition which for forty years has been so generally sung at the termination of the social gatherings of the Irish Church anthem. It is "A Song for the Pope," written by the late Dr. Murray, for many years professor of theology in the College of Maynooth. The original version was given in The Catholic Standard and Times of December 22, 1906: Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times Times of December 22, 1906:

A song for the Pope, for the Royal Pope, Who rules from sea to sea

Who rules from sea to sea
Whose kingdom or sceptre never can fail—
What a grand old King is he!
No warrier hordes hath he, with their swords,
His rock built throne to guard;
For against it the gates of hell shall war
In yain, as they ever have warred.

CHORUS. Then hurrah, hurrah! Hur-ah, hurrah, hurrah! And one cheer more for the grand old Pope. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Great dynasties die like the flowers of the

Great empires wither and fall,
Glories there have been that blazed to the
Starts;
They "have been "—and that is all.
They "have been "—and that is all.
But there is the Grand old Roman See
The ruins of earth among,
Young with the youth of its early prime.
With the strength of Peter, strong.

Over all the orb no land more true
Tean our own old Catholic land.
Through ages of blood to the Rock hath stood
True may she ever stand!
True may she ever stand!
True may the star Saint Patrick set
On her radiant brow decay.
Hurrah for the grand old Catholic land!
For the grand old Pope hurrah!

SUGGESTS A UNIVERSAL HYMN. In its May number the Ecclasiastical Review publishes the words and music of the song, with a most interesting introductory note, specifying its origin, its present use and its future possibilities. Said the Re-

It is strange that, considering the loyal enthusiasm of Catholic students of every nationality for the Pontifi King in Rome, there should exist no international song or anthem sufficient-ly popular to become the common ac-claim of cheerful adherence, like "God Save the King" of the English, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz" of the Germans and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," of the Americans, all of which Thee, of the Americans, an of which have become familiar by the same melody. The Pope, whether he be in possession of temporal rule or not, re ains the chief monarch of the city of the soul, the Sovereign whose rule ex-tends over the hearts of the faithful

without diminishing their patriotism and without division or rivalry.

The following "Song for the Pope" in a measure supplies this want and suggests the composition of an air to words in the language of the Charaba words in the language of the Church— a song or universal hymn that would s the sentiment of loyalty to the express the sentiment of loyalty to the Pope in a way to find a ready echo in any company or priests or ecclesiastical students the world over. It would be, as it were, a watchword of a common and loftier patriotism than that which separates the nations and, however noble in its essential elements is yet a hindrance to that universal peace for which Christianity and particularly the

Church stands.

The "Song for the Pope" which we reproduce here was originally composed by the late Dr. Murray, for many years professor of theology in the Col-lege of Maynooth, and well known to students as the author of a treatise of De Ecclesia." It has been a college anthem among the clergy in Ireland for forty years, and the melody suggested by the Rev. T. J. O'Reilly to which Professor V. O Brien, of Rathmines, furnishes the planoforte accompaniment. is in keeping with the cheering words, and calculated to kindle the enthusiasm of a goodly company. We owe the publication of the music to the courtesy of Canon Fricker at Rathmines, an Maynooth student, and we present it to our clerical readers as a song that should become popular especially among our young students—and at once.

AN AMERICANIZED VERSION.
Church Music, for May reproaced the Review article, and com

mented thereon as follows:

From the above quoted words one
might fancy that the "Song for the is adapted solely for clerical singing; and yet we have heard from two different sources suggestions concerning its availability for a wider circerning its availability for a week cir-cle of performance. One of these gentle-men is a Knight of Columbus, who thinks it highly suitable for those meet-ings whether public or private, in which the Knights are accustomed to sing a hymn in praise of the discoverer of America.

Two difficulties, nevertheless, present Two difficulties, nevertheless, present themselves in connection with the sing ing of the "Song for the Pope" by the Knights of Columbus, Catholic Benevolent Legion, or, indeed, by any organization of male singers in America. The dark one is the arrangement of the force. first one is the arrangement of the four-part chorus for four mixed voices—a difficulty easily surmountable, happily, by making some slight adjustments such as will suggest themselves readily to a choir leader. The second difficulty is the fact that the wording of the third verse restricts the song to Ire land—the "grand old Catholic land" on whose "radiant brow" still gleams in its original brightness "the star St. Patrick set" there. We venture, therefore, to suggest some slight modification of the wording, which may make the stanza suitable for American sluging (and, by the use of the name of difficulty easily surmountable, happily, singing (and, by the use of the name of Columbus, especially adapted to its possible use by the Knights of Colum-bus):

O er all the earth no land more true Than our own dear Fatherland; Through storm and stress it hath faithful stod— O, true may it thus forever stand,

May it thus forever stand. And ne'er may the star by Columbus set. On her radiant brow, decay. Hurrah for the dear Columbian land, For the grand old Pope, hurrah!

Hurrah for the dear Columbian land.
For the grand old Pope, hurrah!
The second one of the suggestions alluded to came from the Superintendent of parish schools of Palladelphis, who purposes having the song adapted for singing by the graduates of the Girls' High School Centres during the closing exercises this year at the Park Theatre. Perhaps the proposed amend ments of the third stanza will recommend themselves for adoption here, also, as well as in the song cycles of the Knights of Columbus.

The third stanza could be varied, in similar fashion, to adapt it for use in other "grand old Catholic lands." "St. Austin" might replace "St. Patrick" for England, and some record be made in the altered wording of the "storm and stress" through which "Merrie England" has had to pass because of the splendid loyalty to the Rock of Peter exhibited by its many martyrs and confessors in pre as well as in post-"Reformation" days."

As SUNG AT OVERBROOK.

AS SUNG AT OVERBROOK.

In their rendition of the song at Overbrook on Tuesday the students adopted the altered wording of the third stanza suggested by "Church adopted the altered wording of the third stanza suggested by "Church Music." There was still another departure from the original. The chorus as printed above consists mainly of "Hurrah!" The singing took place in the Seminary chapel, and, notwithstanding the Blessed Sacrament had been removed, it was deemed desirable to substitute for the original chorus the following:

Then a song of faith and hope,
And joy that love imparts,
And one cheer more for the grand old Pope,
The king of all our hearts.

These lines fit in with perfect accuracy to the rhythm of the chorus. The original music of the chorus is arranged for quartette of mixed voices. The chorus as sung by the seminarists of Overbrook was arranged for three part male chorus.

Talks on ..

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A good Christian sends all his good works before him to heaven, as a de-throned king sends his treasures before him into the land whither he is going.

DIOCESE OF LONDON, PRESENTATION TO FATHER STANLEY.

Rev. J. Stanley, for some years connected with St. Peter's Cathedrai, was lately appointed by the Bishot of London to be pastor of Woodstock. On Wednesday evening lasts very pleasant gathering of his many friends took place at the residence of Mr. PhilipPeccek. Wolfe St. There were present the Rector, Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rev. Fathers O'Neil and White of the Cathedrai staff and Rev. Father Tobin of St. Mary's church. The laity were represented by about twenty of the most prominent Catholics of the city. The new pastor of Woodstock also accepted the invitation to be present but the object of the gathering was to him a surprise. On behalf of his friends amongst the laity, Senator Coffey made a complimentary address while Mr. Martin Sullivan made the presentation of a beautiful chalice. The priests already named and a number of the laity spoke in eulogistic terms of Father Stanley and all expressed the hope that every blessing would attend his administrations in Woodstock. Of this we may say there is no matter of doubt, because in him the priestly character is is evident as all times. The publisher of the Catholic Record joins with his many friends in wishing him every blessing in his new charge.

THE "NATURAL RIGHT" ARGU-MENT.

To the Editor of the Winnipeg Tribune : Sir-In yesterday's issue, under the caption of 'Law-Breaking,' you take the Catholic population to task for evading the school law and advance the theory that no 'natoral law' gives any portion of the community the right of so doing. And in expounding that theory you ask:

you ask:

"Who shall say what is 'natural right' and
what is not? Shall a person or a group that
objects to a certain law excuse evasion of it by
explaining that it is opposed to 'natural
right?

explaining that it is opposed to 'natural right' if the school laws of Manitoba are opposed to natural right how about the customs laws' Surely the 'right' of a parent to refuse to pay school taxes when his children are not being educated in the schools to which he contributes his money is not more a right than that of a man and where he will."

I have always been averse to controversial notoriety, yet feet that a word of explanation, in this instance, might be of service in placing the Catholic position in its true light and at the same time in allaying much acrimonious discussion. There is no analogy whatever between the customs laws and the school laws of Manitoba. And what were without doubt natural right's in other times and under other circumstances are no longer so. Primitive

man no doubt possessed the natural right of purchasing or obtaining the necessaries of life when and where he would, and in cases of necessity still possesses that right. But in the evolution and perfection of society he voluntarily surrendered many of his rights for the good of the social organization. And thus it is that whatever authority the ruling power for the time possesses is derived from or delegated to it by the individual members of the social body.

body. The individual members of the social body. It is a social body in the individual members of the social body. It is a social body. It is a social body in the social body. It is a social body in the social body. It is a social member and his Creator. It has often worthing or outward show practiced for the most part on Sunday. But this is merely the outward manifestation of religion and not religion itself. And since religion is a natural band be tween the individual and his Creator, and is, therefore, a matter purely of conscience it follows that the right of directing that conscience could never be, and in face never was, delegated to others than the accredited representatives of Christ on earth. They and they alone possess that right in the same maner and to the same extend that Christ Himself did when on earth.

Now the school is an institution wherein the consciences of the Catholle youth are formed. There they are taught their duties to God and to one another: to the State and to the various individual members of society. There the religion of Christ is expounded to them in its fuliness.

Thus it is that the existing school laws are

religion of Christ is expounded to them in its fullness.

Thus it is that the existing school laws are uniust. They interfere with the free exercise of religion and imply and usurp an authority on the part of the legislators which the latter do not possess.

Tris authorission, in matters of conscience, by the Catholic laily to their clergy may appear as abject slavery to those outside the Catholic Church, but let it be remembered that those same clergy are the accredited representatives of Christ and that an unbroken succession connect them directly with the Founder of the Christian religion. And no one will accuse the apostles and disciples of Christ Himself of slavery.

THOMAS TROY,

Winnipeg. June 12, 1907.

Winnipeg. June 12, 1907.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENTS. LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Loretto convent, with its beautiful surroundings, was the scene of a brilliant gathering yesterday afternoon, the event being the commencement exercises of 1907. The assembly hall was filled with the students of the institution and relatives. The programme opened with graduating honors being conferred on five young ladies: — Miss Veronica Altenburg, Beaver Falls, Pa.; Edith Garneau, New York City; Georgie Cannon, Buffale; Rita Simpson, Toronto; Jane Heffernan, Eric. Pa.; who were presented with the usual gold graduating medals.

The prizes were awarded as follows.

medals.

The prizes were awarded as follows:
Papaljmedal for Church history—Ootsined by
Miss Jane Heff-rnan.
Gold crosses for Christian doctrine — Miss
Anna Staley and Frances Coffey.
Bronze medal for English literature, presented by His Excellency the Governor General of
Canada—Miss Edith Garneau.
Gold medal for English prose composition —
Miss Veronica Altenburg

Gold medal for mathematics — Miss Rita
Simpson.

Simpson,
Gold medal for Literary Interpretation and
Elecution—Miss Eleanor Lilley.
Gold medal for elecution—Miss Florilla
Webb,
Gold medal for German—Miss Georgie Can-

non.

Gold medal in senior University course of music, pretented by Rev. Father Bench—Miss Bernice Park, Niagara Falls, Ont.
Silver medal in University course of music—Miss Stella Talbot.
Silver Lyre in primary University course—Miss Helen Harvey,
Fidelity to school rules—Miss Louise Clark.
Amiability—Miss Agnes Mudd
Prize for order—Obtained by Miss Dorothy Rechford.

echford.

Tompt return—Miss Irene Dolan

Flain sewing—Miss Rita Coffey.

Flize for drawing—Miss Josephine Callahan,

Flize for penmanship—Miss Irene Manky;

rize in third year, latin—Miss Rita Simpsy;

there is the sewing of the sewing sewi

prize in third year, iathn—Miss Kingson prize in first year, German—Miss Fanny Coffey.

Prize for literature and composition—Miss Iooa McLaughlin; prize in third year, French—Miss Dorothy Clarkon.

Miss Dorothy Clarkon.

Kxoellence in French in undergraduating class—Miss Fanny Coffey.

First prize for algebra in undergraduating class—Miss Fanny Coffey.

Diploma for stenography and typewriting—Miss Irene McCarney, Niagara Falls. Ont.

Certificate for passing the Regent's Examinations in stenography and book keeping—Miss Anna Staley.

Certificates for passing the Regent's Examination in book keeping and for obtaining the required percentage in theory and stenography obtained by Miss Florence Martin.

Prize for highest marks in shorthand and type writing—Miss Philomena Stevens.

Prize for highest average in composition and history—Miss Lillian Machesney.

Penmanship—Miss Helen Guinee.

Irish history—Miss Francs O'Farrell.

General Proficiency in fourth class English—Miss Elizabeth Cunningham.

French in preparatory class—Miss Florence

French in preparatory class—Miss Florence

erns. French in preparatory class-Miss Florence Jannon.

In the absence of the Archbishop the prizes were distributed by Rev. Father Cauley,

were distributed by Erie, Pa, Erie, Pa, An interesting programme followed, consist-ing of vocal and instrumental numbers, and

ing of vocal and instrumental numbers, and clever recitations.

The priests present were: Rev. Father Murphy, O. C. Prior Monastery; Rev. Father Rosa, C. M.; Rev. Father Walsh, C. M.; Rev. Father Walsh, C. M.; Rev. Father Bench, Niagara; Rev. Father Cauley, Eric, Pa.; Rev. Father Gleason, Eric, Pa.

After the address to the graduates was given by Rev. Father Cauley, the programme closed with the singing of Ave Maria.

The results of the University examinations of music will not be known until July.

The day's proceedings were brought to a final close by the pupils repairing to the chapel where Reverend Father Tonelle's beautiful setting of the 'Tota Pulchra E.',' was exquisitely rendered by the entire school. As the close of the hymn Miss Jane Heffernan (one of the graduate) read the act of consecration to the Blessed Virgin asking in a special manner for her protection on those who were about to enter on life's arena. This touching little ceremony was terminated by the drevel attest bringing their newly won, well maked crowns to the feet of Our Lady's Statu while the devotional hymn to The Sacred Heart of Jesus, we Thee implore that we may ever love Thee more and more 'was sung by the rest of the pupils.

LORETTO CONVENT, STRATFORD.

The conferring of honors took place at Loretto Convent this morning in the presence of Rev. Fathers troud and Egan. The opening chorus a "Walome to Vacation," was beautifully rendered by the pupils, and was followed by the distribution of medals.

The happy smile of successful achievement played on the ups of those who came forward to receive the reward which speaks of victory. At the close of the distribution the Reverend Fathers, congratulated the young ladies and exhorted them to remember the lessons impressed from their hearts by those who have consecrated their lives to the cause of Christian education, to be true to themselves they would be true to God and true to the noble teachings they had received. In conclusion they wished one and all a most happy vacation.

Following is the honor list:

Gold medal for Christian doctrine presented by His Lordship Right Rev. F. P. McEvay, obtained by Miss Mary Gleason.

Gold medal for good conduct in boarding school presented by Very Rev. Dean McGee, obtained by Miss Frances Glavin.

Silver medal for catechism presented by a friend, obtained by Miss Anna Bayer.

Gold medal for general proficiency, equally merited by Miss Myreto Duggan in senior IV., Miss Gertrude McQuade.

Gold medal for rengilsh prose composition presented by Very Rev. Dan McGee, obtained by Miss Myreto Duggan in senior IV., Miss Gertrude McQuade in lat form, Miss Emma Kneitl in 2od form and Miss Heien Patterson in 3rd form, presented by Very Rev. F. H. Arnold, obtained by Miss Gertrude McQuade.

Gold medal for English prose composition presented by Very Rev. D. B. Ezan. obtained by research by Very Rev. D. Condoned by meeted by Very Rev. D. B. Ezan. obtained by research by Very Rev. D. Gold medal for English prose composition presented by Very Rev. D. J. Ezan. obtained by research by Very Rev. D. J. Ezan. obtained by research by Very Rev. D. Gold medal for English prose composition presented by Very Rev. D. J. Ezan. obtained by

Gold medal for English prose composition presented by Very Rev. D. J. Egan, obtained by Miss Mary Gleason.
Gold medal for English literature presented by Very Rev. N. Gampeau, obtained by Miss Irene Sullivan.
Gold medal for charlty in conversation presented by a friend by vote of her companions, obtained by Miss Marguerite Murphy.
silver medal for fidelity in St. Ceclia's choir, obtained by Miss Frances Chamberlain.
Silver medal for acceptable in third class obtained by Miss Nora Dillon.
Silver medal for atechtism in senior second

class presented by a friend, obtained by Miss Zita Power.
Prize for order and neatness equally merited by Misses Katle McCallum, Emma Kneitl, Frances Chamberlain, obtained by Miss Katle McCallum.

McCallum.
Prize for Christian doctrine, awarded to Miss
McCallum.
Prize for Christian doctrine, awarded to Miss
Mary Keileher.
Prize for highest standing in junior part
second, awarded to Master Wilfrid Badour.
Prize for highest standing in senior part
first, awarded to Master Frank Ryan.
Prize for highest standing in junior part
first, awarded to Master Norbert Dillon.
Prize for highest standing in junior part
first, awarded to Master Norbert Dillon.
Prize for highest standing in tablet division,
awarded to Miss May Dolan.
Bilver thimble for darning, awarded to Miss
Madeline Holden.
From Form II to Form III., junior leaving,
with honors—Mary Kelly, Emma Kneitl.
From Form II to Form III., matriculation
with honors—Isab'l Burritt, Kileen McNab (in
special subjects). Marguerite Murphy.
Pass—Frances Glavin, Mary Kilpin (in
special subjects). Marguerite Murphy.
Pass—Frances Glavin, Mary Kilpin (in
special subjects). Marguerite Murphy.
Pass—Majorie Gearing. Beatrice Hoy, Vesta
Duggan, Helens Roche (in special subjects),
Katle McCallum, Josephine Kilburn.
From Senior Fourth to Form II.—The children who are successful in approaching entrance examinations.
From Senior Fourth to Form II.—The children who are successful in approaching entrance examinations.
From Senior Third to Junior Fourth—Annie
Pringle, Loretto Wingefelder, Nora Dillon.
Cletus Ryan, Bertrand Scaelin, Clarence
Macklin.
From Senior Second to Junior Third—Kath
leen Kennedy, Barton Motherwell Zita Power,
John Wingefelder, Mary O'Brien, Nora Fianion Bowker, Helen McCarthy, Loretto Tobin
Adelbert Dillon, Madeline O'Donoghue, Cari
fine Gaber, Annie Burke, Geraldine Smith,

ion Bowker, Helen McCarthy, Loretto Tobin Adelbert Dillon, Madeline O'Donoghue, Carl McChargey, Fom Part Second to Junier Second—Josephine Graber, Annie Burke, Geraldine Smith, Berrlydine O'Donnell, Mary Kelleher; Recommended Wilfrid Badour.
From Part First to Junier Part Second—Mary McIhargey, Frank Ryan, Anna Quirk, Kutherine Kelleher.
Prize for regular attendance equally merited by Miss Beatrice Hoy and Gartrude Burney, obtained by Miss Beatrice Hoy.
Prize for promptitude in returning after vacation equally merited by the Misses Adine Wilson. Alleen Brodrick Angela Ryan, Gertrude Ryan and obtained by Miss Adine Wilson.

Gertude Ryan and obtained by Miss and Wilson.
Prize for lady-like deportment obtained by Miss Irene O'Flaherty.
Prize for "good conduct" in junior division obtained by Master Dalbert Dillon.
Prize for highest standing in senior second class, obtained by Miss Kathleen Kennedy.
Prize for highest standing in junior second class, obtained by Miss Marion Bowker.
Prize for highest standing in senior part second class, obtained by Miss Josephine Guber.

cuber Prize for highest standing in senior part rate obtained by Miss Mary McIlhargey. The following young ladies have competed or silver lyres in music, "University Examinators". tions. The Misses Vesta Duggan Nellie Dillon, Marie Quirk Angela Ryan, Gertrude Ryan, Alma Levett, Anna Pringle, Junior-Frances Glavin For a gold medal in senior music-The Misses Mary Gleason Louie Salkeld.



A CAST-IRON DOME

This interior view of the dome and radiator of the DOWN DRAFT FURNACE shows that the heat from the fire rises into the cast-iron dome, is partly radi ated into the inner warm-air space and the balance carried into the radiator which encircles the dome. From it the heat is discharged into

From it the heat is discharged into the two warm-air spaces as shown. When the smoke reaches the smoke pipe all the heat has been extracted. The hot air rises to the top of the furnace to the hotair pipes and is then conveyed to the rooms. To burn wood the furnace is equipped by inserting through the front door the wood grate, which rests on the coal grate.

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WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER, male or female Fully qualified to teach and speak French and English for R. C. S. 3B., of the township of Malden and Colworth for the term beginning in August 1907. Applicant will please state salary and experience Address Daniel A Ouellette, Sec. Treas., Vereker, P. O., Oat.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE School No. 1 Tilbury, Oat., for the term commercing Aug. 10. Please state qualifications, references and salary. Address George Bruette, Williams, Ont. 1497. 2.

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