

# The Catholic Record.

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

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**The Dead Singer.**  
"She is dead!" they say: "she is robed for the grave; there are lilies upon her breast; Her mother has kissed her clay-cold lips, and folded her hands to rest; Her blue eyes show through the waxen lids; they have hidden her hair's gold crown; Her grave is low, and its heap of earth is waiting to press her down."

"She is dead!" they say to the people, her people for whom she sang; Whose hearts she touched with sorrow and love, like a harp with life chords strung. And the people hear—but behind their tear they smile as though they heard Another voice, like a mystery, proclaim another word.

"She is not dead," it says to their hearts; true Singers can never die; Their life is a voice of higher things, unseen to the common eye; The truths and the beauties are clear to them, God's right and the human wrong. The heroes who die unknown, and the weak who are chained and scourged by the strong. And the people smile at the death-word, for the mystic voice is clear: "The Singer who lived is always alive: we hearken and always hear!"

And they raise her body with tender hands, and bear her down to the tomb; They lay her in state on the sailing ship, like the lily-maid Elaine; And they sail to her side across the sea, where the people wait on the shore To lift her in silence with heads all bare to her home forevermore.

Her home is in the heart of her country; oh, a grave among our own Is warmer and dearer than living on in the stranger lands alone.

No need of a tomb for the Singer! Her fair hair's pillow now Is the sacred clay of her country, and the sky above her brow Is the same that smiled and wept on her youth, and the grass around is deep With the clinging leaves of the shamrock that cover her peaceful sleep.

Undreaming there she will rest and wait. In the tomb her people make. Till she hears men's hearts, like the seeds in the spring, all striving to be awake. Till she feels the moving of souls that strain till the bands around them break. And then, I think, her dead lips will smile and her eyes be opened to see. When the cry goes out to the Nations that the Singer's land is free!

—John Doyle O'Reilly.

## OVERCOMING PROTESTANT PREJUDICES.

Editor of the Catholic Times:

Having read in a recent number of the Catholic Times of the mission about to be undertaken by Father Elliot, the Paulist, of preaching and explaining our holy religion to Protestants in order to overcome their manifold prejudices. I cannot help wondering if it can be done. If he accomplishes the good work Father Elliot will indeed have performed a miracle. For unless a person is thoroughly conversant with the subject he can scarcely comprehend the depth of bigotry which exists in the minds of those opposed to our Catholic faith.

Being a convert of seven years' standing, I can truthfully assert that there is more opposition among Protestants towards Catholics than there is among Catholics towards Protestants. I was constantly condemned and persecuted, and when at last I took the final step it was attributed to ignorance. The truth is, the more enlightenment a person has the more anxious he wants and the more anxious it seems that a dislike to the Catholic Church is born and bred in them. Their children are taught that the Church and all its teachings are the height of idolatry. One constantly reads cruel and uncharitable remarks, such, for instance, as was printed in the Philadelphia Methodist of March 11, 1893. After referring in a very sarcastic manner to the Church in regard to the trouble in Swedenborg, the article concludes with this remark: "May God hasten the day when the mother of harlots shall either be completely transformed or else be blotted out of existence." Shame! shame! that such un-Christian and uncharitable remarks should find their way into a paper like the Methodist.

Thank God that so evil a desire against the Church of Our Divine Lord will never be realized. Its Founder said His spirit would ever abide with it, and when God is with us who may be against us? After Martin Luther had left the Church he wrote a letter to his poor, old, heart-broken mother, in which he advised her to live and die a Catholic, "for," said he, "my religion is the best to live by, but yours, dear mother, is the best to die by." Thus we see that although priests and prelates of the Church may sometimes through strifes and contentions desert it their hearts still yearn for that which they know can alone procure them true happiness.

ROMAULDA.

We can assure Romaulda that prejudice against the Catholic Church, great as she finds it to be, is but a trifle in comparison with what it was twenty-five or thirty years ago, and everything indicates that it is constantly growing less. It is possible that if Romaulda runs back in memory to some years before her conversion she will find that she also was prejudiced, and honest in her prejudice, too, believing, as many good people do still, through early education, evil things of the true Spouse of Christ. We know many converts who were once bitter enemies of the Church. Their very honesty of heart made them hate what they believed to be an enemy of God—that very honesty which, on better information, made them enter into the Church and become edifying members. St. Paul is a good illustration. That he was honest in his enmity is evident from the fact that he received the great grace of conversion. There is an excellent article in the

July number of the American Catholic Quarterly Review on "Our Converts," which we advise our correspondent to read. In the long list of conspicuous names there she will find many who were once as prejudiced against the Church as those she complains of. The strong Christian man very naturally hates what he believes to be wrong and bad; and when he discovers that which he hated as bad is in reality true and holy he embraces it with the same energy with which he formerly hated it. We should pray for those who hate the Church through ignorance, that God may enlighten their minds.

There is no society in the country better fitted for the work Father Elliot is about to undertake than the Paulists. Many of them, a majority we believe, are themselves converts, and know well the difficulties that beset the Protestant's mind when seeking the truth. They can sympathize with him and help him along if he is honest and earnest in his search, and for the dishonest and indifferent there is little hope.

The work of converting non-Catholics by no means begins with this new movement. The great body of priests have been working quietly in the same direction for years, and the result of their labors, if known, would astonish the Protestant world. Catholics are not in the habit of exploiting every convert whom God's grace leads into the Church. But occasionally an item gets into the papers that, to an observant eye, shows the drift of the current. Illustrative of this we take the following clipping from the Cleveland Catholic Universe:

"We gladly give prominence to the following correction of an inaccuracy which appeared in a recent editorial in these columns on the subject of conversions to Rome:

"EDITOR CATHOLIC UNIVERSE: In the last issue of the Universe, under the editorial caption of 'The Silent Procession of Converts,' you credit the Right Rev. Bishop with having confirmed a hundred converts throughout the diocese during his recent term of episcopal visitation. The actual number is none the number that you give was even surpassed. M. J. C. 'EAST LIVERPOOL, O., July 20.'

The present Apostol movement in the West is destined to redound to the glory of the Church. The wickedness and transparent insincerity of their methods are sure to rebound like an Australian boomerang. And the time will soon come when these unprincipled agitators will be ashamed to acknowledge their connection with the A. P. A., just as a short time after the Know-Nothing movement had spent its force it was difficult to find any one to admit his connection with it. In fact, that anti-Catholic agitation seemed to be preparatory, for it was not until after it that converts began to come into the Church in large numbers.

We hope and believe that the evil work of the Apostols will prove a like prelude to the missionary labors of the Paulists. We were once surprised at the remark made by Senator Stephen A. Douglass, that Know-nothingism had proved a great benefit to the Catholic Church. When asked why he thought so, he replied that it attracted the attention of many who thought little about religion and caused them to investigate; and for political reasons many non-Catholics took up the defence of the Church, studied her principles and did good work in dissipating prejudice.

We are under the impression that it was Melancthon, not Luther, who wrote or said to his mother what our correspondent attributes to Luther.

## A RABBI AT PLATTSBURG.

An Interesting Sight During the Summer School's Progress.

One of the most interesting sights in Plattsburg during the session of the Catholic Summer School was the appearance of a Jewish gentleman, his wife and family, all wearing conspicuously the tasteful badges of the Summer School, consisting of a bow made of the Papal and American colors entwined. This gentleman was the Rabbi Veld, the pastor of the Temple Emmanuel, the oldest, wealthiest and most influential of the Reformed Jewish congregations in Montreal. An Englishman by birth, with a face distinctly Hebrew in its cast, the Rabbi dresses very much in the fashion of a Catholic priest or an Episcopal clergyman. Notebook in hand, he has been a daily attendant at the lectures, and has followed closely every subject discussed.

A correspondent of the New York Sun called on Rabbi Veld for an expression of opinion with regard to the Catholic Summer School. To the question, "What induced you to attend the Summer School?" the rabbi said: "I have been a life-long student of philosophy, mental and social. My congregation is a body of progressive men who have always encouraged me in my endeavors to keep abreast of modern thought. Last year I followed the course of psychology and ethics in the McGill University. Being an intimate friend of ex-Mayor McShane, of Montreal, my attention was called by

Mr. McShane to the printed syllabus of lectures issued by the Catholic Summer School.

WARMLY WELCOMED.

"I was struck with what seemed a very ambitious course of studies, and resolved to run down to Plattsburg to look in on the school for a day or so and see for myself whether the reality corresponded with the prospectus. After listening to a few of the well-considered and striking lectures of the Rev. Father Doonan, S. J., of Boston College, and of Father Zahn, of Notre Dame University, I made up my mind that I and my family would remain for the entire session. The favorable welcome extended to me by the authorities and students of the school strengthened my resolution."

"What do you think of the actual work of the school?"  
"Although in its infancy, the Catholic Summer School is doing work of a distinctly higher intellectual character than it is attempted in other institutions of a similar nature. Here the work is entirely of a university type, and as you see, Plattsburg has taken on for this summer, at least, the appearance of a university town. I found that the lecturers, especially the Jesuits, were profound thinkers, who had made a thorough study of their respective subjects, and apparently were animated with the single purpose of enlightening their hearers, irrespective of their creed. The subjects were treated in a clear, conversational, yet scholarly manner that proved immensely interesting and caused me often to regret that the lectures could not be extended."

STRONGLY IMPRESSED.

"I was particularly impressed with the very practical treatment of the difficult, and, to my mind, all-important, subject of ethics by Father Halpin, of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. Dismissing for the time being supernatural revelation, he established clearly that man was created for a specific purpose and that happiness on earth could only be obtained by compliance with the laws imposed by the infinite will. He never propounded a difficulty without giving a logical and conclusive solution, and he was always ready to consider and answer the many knotty problems asked him by the students. In many respects he surpassed Professor Clark Murray, of McGill, whom previously I had considered the ablest expounder of philosophy in the English language."

"In listening to Father Zahn's exposition of the relation of science to revealed religion I frequently said to myself that the Messianic period is not only at hand, but we are almost in the midst of it. I could see how critically Father Zahn had examined many of our old Hebrew authorities, especially the Talmudists. So deeply impressed am I with Dr. Zahn's researches that I have been impelled to pay tribute to his erudition by delivering next Saturday in the Plattsburg Synagogue a sermon which I have called 'Dr. Zahn Endorsed.'"

"What impression did such close intercourse with Catholics produce on you?"

Everywhere I was treated as one of their own, and I received every opportunity of getting the information I sought. Although the atmosphere of the school was intensely Catholic, the clerical lecturers always wearing their cassocks and the Sisters of the religious communities their various habits, yet every one was courteous and considerate toward my family and myself. While here I had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Gabriels, a learned and genial gentleman. With the president of the Summer School, the Rev. Dr. Loughlin, Chancellor of Philadelphia, I have had many friendly discussions over the Hebrew texts of the Scriptures. In a word, I found the authorities my Catholic fellow students far more liberal and intolerant than those who travel on a platform of avowed liberalism and professional toleration.

PROTECTOR OF THE JEWS.

"I was not surprised at my treatment, since historically this is what I should look for. In the past the Roman Catholic Church has always been the protector of the Jews. Nowadays it is Protestant Germany and holy Russia that mob and persecute my unfortunate co-religionists."

"How do the views of the congregation you represent coincide with the Catholic teachings of our duties in this world and our destiny in the next?"

"Well, that is a very broad question, and one difficult to answer. With Father Halpin I have very much in common. Death can never be the end to me. Man is under the dominion of law, and the operations of that law are not confined to the material things of this world. I do not believe that there is any death in the spiritual order. With the strong, enduring and never-slumbering desire for life and the irrepresible repugnance to death which all men feel, to say that the grave closes in forever that magnificent thing that we call soul, intelligence, mind, is to utter a sentiment that all that is best within us repudiates. The cry for never-ending life is the cry of universal intelligence, and springs from a desire that is implanted in every breast by the Author of nature; and,

in my judgment, it is a longing which the great Framers of earth and sea and sky is bound to satisfy."

## OUR SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

Western Division.

GENERAL CONVENTION AT LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO, OF THE TEACHING SISTERS OF THE LORETO COMMUNITY—A HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL AFFAIR.

Teachers' Conventions are among the popular events of the time; and it is well that they are, for there is no action by teachers, individual or concerted, that is as professionally serviceable as a well regulated convention. Of this kind was the convention held at the Abbey by the Sisters of Loreto on the 17th and 18th instant. It was not a mere assembly of passive listeners to a series of lectures; but was composed of a body of busy workers, fifty in number, all of whom in one way or another contributed something to the efficacy of the occasion. Nor was it a mere perfunctory effort, such as is seen in an ordinary performance of duty, but a series of exercises conducted with that vigor and thoroughness which enthusiasm alone is capable of putting into operation. The parts consisted of (1) papers on various professional subjects and (2) Practical Teaching Lessons, the latter including all the leading subjects of the school programme. After the usual opening exercises were over, the actual work began with an apt illustration of the Word Method of teaching primary reading on the principle of institutions which made the work simple, attractive and effective. A first lesson in Reduction by the objective method was made so pithy and striking that it required no repetition to make it durable. Then came a short but succinct "Essay on the Teaching of History"—a very debatable question, but in this instance listened to with much interest and profit. Geography for beginners was a lesson highly meritorious and certainly a model for all its grade. The Object Lesson was in itself a reminiscence of the Convention, being delivered, as it should be, in that genial, sprightly, happy manner rightly calculated to make children believe that this is a "world flowing over with joy." The First Lesson in Decimals was also a model—no step in the work being omitted and no act passed over that would serve to give due exercise to both memory and reason. The lesson in Phonics showed that the lady who handled it was far from being a novice at the work, and similarly with an exercise in the teaching of spelling. A paper on Composition next in order must have been warmly received, for its method regular and its matter suitable and well connected. "How to Teach Reading" to senior forms was one of the prominent features of the occasion, being a judicious combination of lecturing, illustration and practical drill in class, so excellently exhibited that it was intensely interesting and as well as to novices. A language lesson on verbal distinctions came next, and was very nicely treated. The expansion of words into phrases and clauses as modifiers of the subject furnished material for a first-class grammar lesson and the lady who dealt with it turned it to the best possible account, winning universal approval. The subject of "School Discipline," frequently discussed but always new, was here examined in all its parts in an essay prolific in valuable ideas and neat expressions that betokened a thoughtful mind and a careful composer. The work of the teachers terminated with what may be safely termed the gem of the convention, viz., an exercise in the Tonic Sol Fa system—not that this is a new thing nowadays, but that the lady to whose share it fell, so skillfully exhibited its characteristic features as to afford infinite pleasure to the audience and show what marvelous results it was capable of producing. During the period of the convention, several excellent musical choruses afforded a pleasing variety to the work. The Reverend Mother Superior was present throughout, thereby largely encouraging the various contributors. The inspector for the district also attended and concluded the proceedings, all of which he had carefully observed, with an expression of his unqualified satisfaction at the successful manner in which the ladies conducted the business of the convention. One of the papers is appended hereto, viz.:

## TEACHING COMPOSITION.

There are two kinds to be taught: oral composition and written composition. As one naturally learns to speak a language before attempting to write it, so "nature's gospel" should be followed in the matter of composition. Oral composition should be cultivated from the beginning of the pupils' school education, and whatever degree of facility he may attain in it will secure his position. Of course, we may have to accept such geniuses as Goldsmith, of whom Johnson asserts that while "he wrote like an angel he spoke like poor Poll." Still the exceptions will be rare, and perhaps even Goldsmith would have acquired conversational facility

had the oracular part of his education been properly developed by much practice in continuous expressions. Now, this last phrase, viz., much practice in continuous expressions, brings us to the teachers' foundation work. Children are apt to give monosyllabic answers or to put the teachers off with the smallest possible number of words, trusting that he will shape their thoughts, and so perceiving are they that unless he be of a firm and exacting temperament they generally succeed. Consequently firmness of character in this particular should be cultivated assiduously and answering in full and complete sentences should be strenuously enforced. In fact this teaching of oracular composition should be a leading motive in each department of study. When a junior pupil is required to put his answers in a sentence form, a habit of full and explicit mode of expression grows upon him, and when he reaches the senior classes he is able to rise to the demand for answers consisting of many sentences or paragraphs. Though it is recommended that a teacher should not give himself to much talking, yet he may induce the best powers of expression by his intercourse with them whether professional or personal, for in his address narrations, explanations, and in his private interviews, he habitually uses that clear, fluent and correct, he takes the most effective means of making them good speakers. Children are naturally imitative, and almost involuntarily they imitate the language of those whom they admire, reverence and love. So much for the teaching of oral composition, which should not only precede the written, but also accompany it to the end. The two fundamental requisites for written composition are the outlined arrangement of ideas and correct expression. Correct writing, like correct speaking, is in the beginning a matter of imitation. The pupil should therefore have good example of composition before him, and to further this end the teacher himself should be constantly engaged in the reading of instructive books beyond those prescribed for class work. And, besides, the pupil should learn by heart selected passages both in prose and verse, so that he may imitate the analysis of both sentences and sense. The former accustom the pupil to all possible forms of expression; the latter exhibit the adaptation of the language to content. The subjects for composition should be familiar and suited to the advancement of the class. At first the information required to be written should be obtained by the exercise of his observation and by conversation at home. At a more advanced period the subjects should be such as to require him to draw his own conclusions and judgment, but still of a familiar sort. It is advisable that the teacher should give some information beforehand either as to the plan on which he desires the exercise to be performed, or as to the topics of information required by the pupil. Exercises whose scope is indefinite and which are beyond the power of the pupil to execute, are to be avoided. And after the composition is written it should be subjected to careful correction, first by the teacher and then by the pupil. Of course, the latter must go without saying, for all know that very few pupils would strive long to do well or better without the stimulus of that experimental knowledge of progress which is gained by the teacher's constant and vigilant corrections.

## HOME RULE.

A special cable to the New York World says: The closure resolution, of which Mr. Gladstone has given notice in connection with the report stage of the Home Rule Bill, was a foregone conclusion. The Unionists determined not to allow the report stage to be concluded except by closure. Their anxiety that it should be compulsorily terminated was quite as keen as that of the Liberals.

When a rumor got abroad Wednesday that the Ministers hoped to bring these debates to a conclusion by the end of the month without applying exceptional measures, Mr. Chamberlain immediately gave an interview to the press in which he declared that the Unionists would fight the bill until Christmas if necessary. His interview seems to have been deliberately intended to provoke closure, as Mr. Chamberlain wants to go to America and wishes the session ended. He cannot leave until the estimates are finished.

There is no doubt that the Ministers will be compelled to create a new precedent in Parliamentary procedure by passing a special resolution later on closing the estimates en bloc. Mr. Gladstone, who has great regard for freedom of debate in Parliament, resorts to these expedients only under the imperative pressure of circumstances. Speaking privately on the subject he said that the Unionists, in their desire to obstruct or defeat Home Rule by any and every means, have dealt this session a blow at the smooth working of Parliamentary institutions from which he sees no hope of their completely recovering. This conviction is widely shared.

The Tories are now making a last desperate stand for their privileges against the will of the people. When the Home Rule Bill is passed they will be confronted with demands for popular legislation, which they will resist in the same way as they have resisted Home Rule.

The belief of those who study current politics in England is that when the Irish question is out of the way there will be a complete upsetting of parties in Great Britain and that a fierce struggle will ensue for the abolishing of the House of Lords and the denuding of the monarchy of the last vestiges of power. It is to postpone this struggle that the Tories are trying to defeat Home Rule.

Bishop Spalding, in the address with which he welcomed the delegates of the Illinois German-American Catholic societies to Peoria where those organizations held their convention, paid a high and well deserved tribute to the German-speaking Catholics of this country by declaring that they have always been in the vanguard in building up and maintaining our system of Catholic schools.

## CATHOLIC PRESS.

Boston Pilot.

G. W. Smealley is beyond doubt the highest priced special correspondent in the world. His master, Whitelaw Reid, is a very rich man who can afford costly luxuries, and G. W. Smealley was one of the costliest, not in a monetary but in a social sense, when Mr. Reid counted him as worth more than the Vice-Presidency of the United States. But for Smealley and his malignant diatribes, the "Irish vote" might possibly have been captured for Harrison and Reid last year. Happily it was not captured; but we wonder if either Mr. Reid or G. W. S. appreciates what a luxury the latter individual is to the paper "founded by Horace Greeley."

Boston Republic.

Sometimes the confidential circulars of the A. P. A. fanatics get into the wrong hands. A case of this kind is reported from Minnesota. A local editor received some literature from the Know-nothing propaganda with a request for its dissemination in the interest of Christian progress. The editor acknowledged the receipt of the matter thus: "Some crank who evidently mistook us for a preacher, judging from the address on the wrapper, has sent us an anti-Catholic circular. Among other absurd things it contained an encyclical purporting to be from the Pope, advising the Catholics in the United States to murder all Protestants next September. Scoundrels, cranks, fools and dupes are not all dead yet by a long way." It would appear from this that the forged encyclical is still one of the chief articles in the stock of these libellers and liars, notwithstanding that it has been utterly repudiated and declared to be a forgery by the most reliable Protestant authority. Lying, forgery, slander are the weapons employed by the A. P. A. agitators to promote the cause of Protestantism and to advance the interests of Christianity. Is it any wonder that the Catholic Church is daily receiving accessions from the ranks of intelligent and self-respecting Protestants?

## A TALENTED FAMILY.

The following is an extract from a letter recently received from Ireland. We doubt not many of our Irish American and Catholic contemporaries will avail themselves of the opportunity to publish letters from Ireland, bright and sparkling as those of the daughters of the late John Banim are known to be:

"You are doubtless familiar with the Tales of the O'Hara Family and other works by the late John Banim. That celebrated writer has left behind him two daughters who inherit all their father's talent, which they utilize in a similar vein in contributions to various magazines. It occurred to me to ask if any of your editors would like to open their pages to the writings of these ladies, who can depict Irish life with accuracy, for they visit various parts of this country for that purpose."

## Let The Dead Rest.

From Once A Week.

It is unfortunate that at a time when Home Rulers should present a bold and unbroken front they are still found fighting among themselves. Can such men be true patriots? Are their own "feelings" of more importance to them than the success of the great measure of Home Rule? These men should remember that Parnell is dead, and that, however much the departed patriot may deserve of his country, no true friend of Ireland should make the name of the regretted leader a stumbling block to success. For Heaven's sake, let Parnell sleep. Let personal "feelings" be ignored, and let each Home Ruler take what he can get now, and stand to the future for more. Gladstone cannot live forever, and should he die before Home Rule becomes an accomplished fact, Irishmen may look for an indefinite postponement of the realization of the great object they have fought for so long.

## A Tie that Cannot be Severed.

When, says Pere Monsabre, standing in front of the altar and under the eyes of the Church, the young persons about to be united give their hands to each other, they are priests, priests like the sublime man whose greatness we lately celebrated, for, like him they make and give a sacred thing. They say: Will you take me, I give myself.—It is the matter of the sacrament. They answer: I receive you for mine.—It is the form of the sacrament. And when the donation and acceptance are joined on both sides, the supernatural tie is made, grace bursts forth, the sacrament is perfected.

This sacrament does not pass away, says a learned theologian; it remains like the ineffable Mystery which we adore on our altars and in our tabernacles. The outward manifestation of the tie which binds Christian husbands and wives remains as the symbol of the indissoluble union between Christ and His Church, which it imitates. This is why St. Paul calls marriage a great sacrament.

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOUND WANTING.

"I know not what I was playing, or what I was dreaming then, but I struck one chord of music, like the sound of a great Amen, it faded the crimson twilight like the close of an angel's psalm. And it lay on my fevered brain, with a touch of infinite calm. It linked all perplexed musings into one of perfect peace. And trembled away into silence, as if it were loath to cease."

—Legends and Lyrics.

The Bishop came to give confirmation—not as had been expected, on the 19th (feast of St. Dunstan), but on the last Sunday in that month of May. Hitherto, when the Bishop had made his visitations, the Vicar had contrived so to modify the ritualistic innovations in his services that His Lordship's strictly orthodox eyes, and His Lordship's still more orthodox mind, had not taken offence—at least, not so gravely as to call for a peremptory and public manifestation of his pastoral authority. On this occasion, however, Mr. Vaughan was determined to bring matters to a crisis: the state of things in the parish absolutely demanded it, and the Vicar's conscience would no longer allow him to act a double part.

The Bishop either had authority or he had none. If possessed of it, it was his unquestionable right to regulate the mode of service then in use in the Elvanee parish church—that mode of service being very different from the ordinary service of the Church of England. If, on the other hand, he had no authority so to regulate, in whose person, then, was that authority vested? What was to become of that great fundamental principle—so thought Mr. Vaughan—of an existing Church authority? And, again, if that fell through, how about the validity of orders and Apostolic succession? Another phase of the complicated difficulties relative to his position as a clergyman—or, rather, as he called himself, priest of the Anglican Church—lay in the fact that Mr. Vaughan had reached an important landmark on the road to Rome, where the ultra-extreme sense in which the High Churchmen may with impunity regard the doctrine of the Real Presence in the sacramental species can no longer remain a matter of choice—a faith to be either put in practice or laid aside, as may seem expedient according to the amount of popular prejudice to be encountered. He had come to believe firmly, with all the powers of his soul, in the reality of the doctrine in question; he held an undeniable truth, that to him, in the right of the sacred priesthood, belonged the tremendous power to consecrate the creatures of bread and wine, making them to become the very true body and the very true blood of his Saviour Jesus Christ.

Acting, therefore, on such a belief, Mr. Vaughan had unscrupulously taught the dogma; and had introduced a method of celebrating the Communion service so similar in its ceremonies to the ordinary and canon of the Mass that uninitiated persons, entering St. Dunstan's for the first time, would have found their books of Common Prayer almost useless. The service was in reality no other than the Communion service of the Church of England, which is a section taken from the Mass. Instead, however, of performing this service at the close of Morning Prayer, and then only for the benefit of those who intend to partake of the most comfortable Sacrament, Mr. Vaughan adopted the custom, in use among ultra-Ritualists, of dividing the service in a peculiar fashion. On Sundays the 11 o'clock morning service commenced with a sermon, after which, omitting all the previous portion of prayers and litanies appointed to be read (they having formed a separate service earlier in the day), Mr. Vaughan, assisted by two deacons, who came purposely from Liverpool every week, and all three being vested in sacerdotal robes very similar to those worn by Catholic priests, celebrated the Communion service with most of the ceremonies used in the Canon of the Mass.

Several portions of the Mass—the Gloria, Sanctus, etc.—were beautifully rendered in English words, and sung by Genevieve's choir. At the moment of consecration the bell was rung, exactly as for the elevation of the Host in Catholic churches. By far the greater number of the congregation (though some few still steadfastly set their faces against such innovations) bowed their heads very low, and apparently adored as Catholics do, the Presence of their God upon the altar.

Now the Vicar had determined upon submitting his vaunted "Catholicism" to the final test. In this final test was contained his last overture of peace with the Establishment. He would make it his bounden duty to understand, and that without further dallying, what were the doctrines he might or might not teach from an English Church pulpit. The Bishop was accordingly invited to be present during an extra grand High celebration at St. Dunstan's, and his indignation was on this occasion as undisguised as it was real.

Having previously ordered candlesticks, crucifix, flowers, and all such like remnants of Popish worship to be removed from the altar, His Lordship mounted the pulpit, and, before touching on the subject of confirmation (about which he subsequently preached) he animadverted in very strong terms upon the service he had witnessed (the sermon on account of the confirmation having been put off to the end of the celebration). He moreover expressed his hearty regret at finding

himself, in his capacity of Bishop, thus obliged to oppose the Vicar of the parish, but no private feeling must, he added, deter him from the solemn duty of lifting up his voice, not only against the savourings of Popery, by which, on entering the church, he had found himself surrounded, but also against the erroneous doctrines which had, he had very good reasons to suppose, for some time past been promulgated among the people.

Mr. Vaughan heard the Bishop calmly enough. From his heart an immense weight of care was lifted; and his difficulties would have been increased if the Bishop had thought fit to temporize. As it was, His Lordship had spoken so positively that no doubt as to his own duty could linger in Mr. Vaughan's mind. From that day his nominal allegiance to the Anglican Church as one of her ministers was abandoned. Before the Bishop's departure all was finally settled. Mr. Vaughan tendered his resignation, which was accepted by his ecclesiastical superior.

Mabel's distress on hearing this intelligence was very great—indeed, the whole parish mourned over the impending loss of their Vicar. He had won the affections alike of rich and poor, and though some were inclined to think he had "gone too far" of late, there were none who did not sorrow over his approaching departure. But Hugh was also well known in the parish, and beloved, too, by the more ancient portion of it. They were glad to have him back again, whom they looked upon as their own property, and with few exceptions, they would as easily conform themselves to his method of conducting Divine Service as he had ever done to the Vicar's. A good many, too, had been impressed by the Bishop's discourse upon the dangers into which their children were being led blindfolded, so that Mr. Vaughan's departure did not fill all hearts with such despairing grief as poor Mabel felt. To her the cross was a double cross; for it deprived her not only of the Vicar's care, but tore from her at the same time her dear friend Genevieve.

Next to the love of husband and wife, there is nothing so beautiful on the face of God's earth as a true friendship. Such was the bond which existed, linking together by chains of love the hearts of Genevieve Vaughan and Mabel Forrester. There was no foolish display of sentimentality between them; they loved as Christians ought to love, because their hopes, joys, fears and sorrows were common, and came alike to both from one Father in Heaven. The grief of parting was therefore to both very genuine. So far as either could foresee, the separation was likely to be a long one; their paths in life were about to sever widely—God only knew if ever to meet again!

Mabel passed the whole of the sad last day at the Vicarage. A very melancholy one it was, though Genevieve exerted herself to be cheerful, and to find occupation for herself and Mabel, so as to leave little time for giving way to their grief. But all was done at last—the pretty drawing-room dismantled, the shelves in the Vicar's study dusty and bookless, the vestibule full of boxes and straw and remnants of much packing; while Genevieve's room—well, it went to Mabel's heart to look at it, so desolate, shorn of all that could remind her of bygone, happy hours, passed in its peaceful seclusion.

The Vicar has gone to pay some farewell visits, and the girls find themselves alone at dinner, for which neither has any appetite. They hurry over it as quickly as possible, and then Genevieve proposes a last visit to St. Dunstan's, and Mabel acquiesces, sadly enough, for she feels that it will be the closing scene of what has been undoubtedly the happiest portion of her life.

Both girls are silent, as they walk slowly, arm in arm, along the wooded path leading from the Vicarage to the church. Genevieve is struggling to repress the outward manifestation of her grief, but Mabel's tears flow unrestrainedly. Not a word is spoken till they reach the church, the doors of which stand open, then, pausing on its threshold, the two girls utter simultaneous exclamations of delight. The rich June setting sun is streaming through the western window, bathing choir and chancel in a flood of softest radiance.

"Is it not set to remind us of Heaven?" whispers Genevieve, her eyes overflowing as she withdraws them after a long, steady gaze into the chancel, to fix them upon her companion. "There will be no parting there, Mabel, no sad days such as this has been. Oh! darling, it will be all sunlight and radiance."

"Won't you come up to the altar, Veve?" says Mabel. "Why are we standing here?" Genevieve shudders slightly. "Go you, Mabel—I will come presently." Seeing Mabel's astonished look, she adds instantly, "I told one of the children to come and blow the organ. I want to touch it just once more. I will rejoin you, dear."

Mabel is satisfied, and going up to the altar railings, she kneels down in the midst of the golden radiance; while Genevieve ascends the gallery stairs leading to the organ-loft.

Now Genevieve's one passion is music—organ music she especially excels in. The instrument belonging to St. Dunstan's is a very beautiful one, it has afforded to Genevieve. She feels, in leaving it, that she is bidding farewell to an old friend, and as for the last time she uncovers the ivory

keys, from which her fingers have often called forth such exquisite harmony, she is for a few moments completely overcome. Not for long, however, does she allow herself the luxury of weeping—a few exceeding bitter tears—and then with sudden energy she thrusts back the tide of emotion, and begins to play with thrilling pathos and expression the beautiful anthem from Mendelssohn's Elijah—"Oh rest in the Lord."

The stormy sorrow of Mabel's soul is hushed into a solemn peace while she listens—"a touch of infinite calm is laid upon her troubled spirit," and raising her eyes to the crucifix over the altar, a crimson light falls upon the illuminated scroll which surrounds it, bringing out in bold relief the words she has known so well, but which have never seemed to strike home to her as they do now—"Come unto me all ye that are wearied and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Upon Genevieve there descends, too, the foreshadowing of some quiet joy, an indistinct but certain assurance that her faith has not misled her.

Thus over both young hearts broods the sweet dove of peace. They have sought for rest in the sanctuary to them so sacred, and rest has not been denied to them. Though the real presence of their God is withheld from them, through the errors of their Church's faith, they at least are not to blame. They are seeking for Him whose "delight is to be with the children of men"—seeking for Him—He knows it—truthfully, according to the measure of grace vouchsafed to them; and without being aware of it, they are drawing nearer to the haven where both would so gladly be.

When Genevieve, leaving the organ, rejoins Mabel below, there is an expression of renewed confidence in her eyes. "Mabel," she says, kneeling down on the step of the chancel, "shall we both make a promise here before we say goodbye?" "What is it, Veve?" "We have loved our Church so dearly together, Mabel! Here, where we made our confirmation vows, let us promise to our God to be faithful before all things to the Holy Church, wherever we find her."

Genevieve's peculiar emphasis upon the last part of her sentence does not strike Mabel at the time, but she remembers it afterwards, and understands what might have puzzled her sorely had she noticed it then. As it is, she only lifts her eyes earnestly to the crucifix over the altar, and answers simply. "Yes, Veve, we will be faithful before all things. Let us ask that grace for one another, as well as for ourselves."

"Amen," says Genevieve, quietly. "Remember, Mabel!" "There is a long silent time after that; the girls have both knelt motionless, each buried in her thoughts, until Genevieve at last, with a deep-drawn sigh, raises her head and looks at her watch.

"Come," she whispers, "it is late; we must go, Mabel." The sunlight has entirely disappeared, and twilight soft and grey has closed in upon the valley. Genevieve turns one last lingering look upon the darkened choir, ere she closes the chancel door behind herself and Mabel; then there settles down upon her countenance an expression of profound peace, which does not leave it even at the sad moment of separation.

When the Vicar returns, nearly an hour later, he finds his daughter and Mabel still sitting out under the canopy of starlight in the garden. "We have been waiting for you, father. Shall we both walk home with Mabel?" asks Genevieve, as both girls rise at his approach.

"Not you, Veve," he answers with decision. "Mabel and I will take care of one another; you ought to get some rest, my girl. You know we must be off from this by 4 to-morrow morning."

"Yes, Veve, go to bed," urges Mabel, in a husky tone; and then she hides her face on her friend's shoulder as her lips refused to frame the word "good-bye."

"All right then, darling Mabel," says Genevieve, in a broken whisper. "I suppose for a little time it must be—good-bye! Darling, darling little Mabel, God bless you!" The Vicar draws Mabel's cold hand within his arm, and says abruptly, just because he does not trust himself to speak otherwise, "Come, child, come, it is getting very late. Then he endeavors to talk cheerfully, as Mabel pours out her heart, with all its burden of sorrow, to him, for the last time.

"Won't you write, Mr. Vaughan, won't you write?" Mabel asks him earnestly, when, having reached The Hermitage garden, he stands to say good-bye.

"Mabel, for God's sake, jump at no such conclusions. I only say now to you wait, and be patient."

The Vicar is completely overcome; and Mabel, as he bids her farewell under the shadow of the veranda, is the calmer of the two. She goes in quietly with tears still wet upon her cheeks, and in her heart a fear which she cannot define, but which causes her great uneasiness.

Miss Mackenzie has retired, and Hugh only is in the drawing-room, reading by the light of a green shaded lamp.

"I thought you had gone upstairs long ago, Mabel," he says, looking surprised.

"No, I was at the Vicarage: Mr. Vaughan has just brought me home."

"Then Mabel sits down by a table some way off Hugh, looking listless and dispirited.

"Poor little thing!" he is thinking, "how she must hate the sight of me! I wish I could say something to comfort her."

(Perhaps he would be much surprised if he could but know how much of comfort he really is to Mabel. She is looking straight at him now with those sweet, shy eyes of hers, and somehow she does not feel so very unhappy as she felt a few minutes ago. It will be very nice to have Hugh for a friend, very nice to be a good deal with him, very nice; yes, Mabel, and something more before long, if you are going on at this rate. When two people begin to find it so nice to be in each other's company depend upon it they have further discoveries to make.)

TO BE CONTINUED.

SCOTCH CATHOLIC COLLEGE.

A Reported Move Which Would Benefit Scottish Students.

It is reported, says the Dundee Courier, in St. Andrews that the Marquis of Bute has purchased the priory, with the object of founding a Catholic college, to be affiliated for degrees with St. Andrew's University. Some days ago a statement gained currency that a Catholic nobleman had intimated his readiness to make a donation of £20,000 for this purpose, and although the price of the reported purchase has not been disclosed, both statements are being connected as pointing to the immediate prospect of something definite being done in the direction indicated.

St. Andrews is endeared to Catholics by many associations of the past. In the reign of Alexander I. a priory was founded there. The abbey wall, which is one of the landmarks of the ancient city, measures about 900 yards in length, and encloses an area of twenty acres, on which the entire priory buildings were erected, the intention in raising the wall being to keep the Bishop to his cathedral propriety. For a long period the ground, which is now given to the Exchequer, but it latterly passed into the hands of a Catholic College, on the understanding that the wall would be left intact.

As it was in the beginning, it still remains, having four gateways leading to the grounds. Chief among these is the Pends. An entrance of modern construction adjoining the same admits to the present priory, a very attractive structure, modern in design. In the event of the proposed scheme being carried out, it should place the education of Scottish Catholic students on a much better footing than for centuries.

Hilbert Blair College, Aberdeen, has been found inadequate for the increasing demand upon it, and negotiations are in progress for building a new college there, the cost of the undertaking having been estimated at well-nigh £20,000. Provided the application contemplated can be brought about, there is every reason for believing that the new college at Blair will not be proceeded with.

Praise for Catholic Priests.

Those people who entertain the opinion that the priests of the Catholic Church live only in the past, deal only with traditions, know nothing outside of dogmatic theology and the old schoolmen, are afraid to speak their own minds, cannot get beyond Church Latin, and stand in terror of modern science, progress, thought to pay a visit to the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburgh, says the New York Sun. The lectures of Father Zahm on science and of Father Doonan on logic would have been instructive to Darwin and to Chancellor McCosh, if they had heard them. Dr. Zahm's scientific discourses were as free in their rationality as Dr. Doonan's were rigorous in their ratiocination. These priests do not seem to be afraid of any truth that may be discovered, nor of any of the revelations of nature or of life.

"I'm so nervous"—before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I'm so well"—after taking Hood's. "Be sure to get Hood's."

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but human beings, and that it is necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhoea, etc. It is a sure cure.

The Public should bear in mind that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is a genuine and really efficacious—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why are these disgusting growths on your hands and feet? A sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure?

A CONSECRATED FAMILY.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The day was waning, the sun midning down the western sky tempering the fiercer light of noon, and the blue heavens adopting a deeper hue. A sudden shower of rain burst from the sky, and the few loiterers on the quiet streets began to hurry on to save their Sunday finery from ruin.

One of these, a lady richly dressed, and entirely unprotected from the storm, hastily entered the open doorway of a little church. She stood looking at the great rain-drops which came in long, slanting lines, and, at last, tired waiting for the shower to cease, she turned towards the interior of the church, hoping to find something to interest her during her stay.

The altar blazed with a thousand lights, and the perfume of fragrant flowers, mingled with that of some rare, subtle incense was wafted towards the new-comer. A feeling of awe stole over her, a feeling of a new joy and yet a thrill of fear rose in her heart. Was this the sensation she should experience when she stood before the great throne of the Almighty? Indescribable emotions conflicted within her, and she remained motionless.

A priest, robed in surplice and stole, and accompanied by a procession of acolytes, came through a side-door into the sanctuary. He knelt before the altar, and then, ascending the steps, faced the people before him. The kneeling audience sat down, and on the strange lady, still standing near the door, timidly ventured forward and seated herself in an empty pew.

It was the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and this was the day chosen by pastor and people for consecrating the families of the parish to that Adorable Heart. In a few burning words the priest spoke to the assembled multitude of the object of the consecration; and after his discourse was ended, the Sacred Host was exposed in the ostensorium, and priest and faithful pronounced together the words which were to bind them and their families to the Heart of Love. The stranger listened eagerly, like one in a delightful dream, and when the closing words came, her voice, too, rose high and firm among the others: "Be our shelter, and our refuge, and our resting-place; and when, one after the other, we shall have fallen asleep in Thy blessed bosom, oh Jesus, may each of us in Paradise find again all his family unbroken in Thy Sacred Heart."

The echo of the last voice had ceased, and every head was bowed in silent prayer. Anon the great organ pealed forth the beautiful Benediction service, and the blessing of the Unspotted Host descended into the adoring hearts of the devoted worshippers. One after another they rose up and, with a reverent nod, gave a second glance at the lady who still knelt in the pew, her face buried in her hands, and on her heart filled with the light of heaven which flooded its depths as the rising dawn floods the broad expanse of earth. At length she rose and went back to the outer world. The rain was over, and the evening sunset promised a glorious morrow, while a brilliant arch of color athwart the heavens reminded her of the promise of God to His ancient people.

She turned towards the most fashionable quarter of the great city, and, pausing at the door of a handsome residence, rang the bell. A servant answered the summons.

"Mrs. Glennon," she said, "I am so glad you are home. We were all afraid you were caught in the shower, but you don't look wet, ma'am."

"No, Annie, thank you, I was under shelter all the time."

"She hastened to her room to dress for dinner. At half past 6 she repaired to the dining-room.

"Alice, my love," said a stately, white-haired gentleman, coming forward to meet her, "did you get wet?"

"No, papa. I only got the first few drops. I was in the best possible refuge."

"Where was that, dearest?" "Wait till Harry comes in, and then I'll tell you all about it."

"Just then the door-bell rang. "Here he is now, the dear fellow. I hope he did not get wet. Excuse me a moment, papa."

"You didn't tare as well as I, Harry," she said affectionately. "You are quite wet. We'll wait dinner for you till you get on some dry clothes."

"How is it that you kept so dry?" "I was under shelter," she replied. "Hurry down to your dinner like a good boy."

"When they were fairly seated at the table, Alice's father asked: "What is the shelter you have to tell us about, my love?" Alice narrated her afternoon's experience, adding,

"I have so often heard of the Catholic belief in the Real Presence, but I understand it now because I have felt it. And I feel so safe and happy since I have pronounced the words that consecrated my dear family to the Sacred Heart."

placed a small packet in his wife's hands.

"These were my mother's," he said, "she was a Catholic."

Alice opened the parcel. It contained a beautiful photograph picture of the Sacred Heart and a book entitled "The Manual of the Sacred Heart."

"How is it that you are not a Catholic, Harry?" "My mother died when I was very young, and my father was a Protestant. He gave me those when he was dying and told me that I had been baptized in the Catholic Church. I have always had a sort of desire to be a Catholic since I heard that."

"We'll go to Vespers at that little church to-night, Harry, and after Vespers we'll ask the priest to give us some books to read. Then I'll be baptized and we'll make our first Communion together."

"You seem to know all about it, Alice. Who told you so much?" "You know I was educated in a convent and I know a good deal more than you about the Catholic religion. When I was there I never put my foot inside the chapel, though."

"That wasn't your fault, Alice," said her father. "When I placed you there I made that stipulation, but now that you're of age you can do what you like."

"You're very kind, papa. I wish you were coming with us. Never mind, you're consecrated to the Sacred Heart, so you'll join us some day."

Before the end of June, Alice and her children were baptized, and on the following day she and her husband made their first Communion.

"Our European tour this year will be to Rome," said Mrs. Glennon, and accordingly to Rome it was.

While there the Colonel, too, joined the ranks of the Church; and when the pastor of the little chapel Alice had first entered as a stranger, received from an unknown donor a beautiful marble altar simply inscribed, "From a Consecrated Family of the Sacred Heart," he wondered at the richness of the gift, but the three in the secret thought it a small return for the gifts of heaven that had been so abundantly bestowed.

ST. HELEN—AUG. 18.

To St. Helen we owe the recovery of the precious cross on which our Redeemer shed for us His last sigh.

Most writers agree in calling her a native of Britain. Whatever her nationality, she was the mother of Constantine the Great, who was emperor of Rome in the fourth century. Constantine's first act on coming to the throne was to annul the edicts of his predecessors against Christians.

Marching to war against Maxentius, Constantine, whose forces were far inferior in number to those of his rival, recommended himself and his army with great fervor to the only true God. Soon after his prayer he saw in the heavens a cross of light and on it the inscription: "In this sign conquer."

That night he had a vision in which Christ appeared to him, telling him to use a cross similar to the one he had seen as an ensign in battle. Constantine obeyed, and was victorious over his enemies. He and his mother then became Christians.

St. Helen was a model of devotion to the poor and afflicted, and devoted all her time to the care of Christ's little ones. In 326, when Constantine gave orders that a magnificent church was to be erected on Mount Calvary, she went to the spot, hoping to find in the cross whose wood was sanctified by the blood of the Redeemer.

After the statue of Venus had been cast down and the heap of earth, which the pagans had thrown on the place, removed, the ground was dug up and the three crosses found. But the title, which had been affixed to Our Lord's cross was detached, and it could not be distinguished from the other two.

A lady of quality lay ill, and to her house the crosses were carried by the Empress and the Bishop. At the touch of one of them the sick person immediately recovered. Part of the true cross St. Helen gave to the Bishop of Jerusalem, and sent the remainder to her son at Constantinople. The three nails that had affixed the title to the cross she regarded as precious relics. One she put in the bridle of her son's war-horse, another in the imperial diadem, and the third she threw into the Adriatic Sea to quell a great storm which raged there. In the eyes of the sailors the sea was thus sanctified, and they always entered it with prayer and fastings.

In August, 328, the pious empress expired, to the great sorrow of her royal son and of all those who had shared her bounty and experienced her kindness and charity.

"When they were fairly seated at the table, Alice's father asked: "What is the shelter you have to tell us about, my love?" Alice narrated her afternoon's experience, adding,

"I have so often heard of the Catholic belief in the Real Presence, but I understand it now because I have felt it. And I feel so safe and happy since I have pronounced the words that consecrated my dear family to the Sacred Heart."

Her father looked at her, wondering, Harry was looking very grave.

"What do you intend to do, dear?" asked Colonel Templeton.

"Do, papa? There is only one thing to do of course, and that is to become a Catholic."

AT THE WORLD'S

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AUGUST 26, 1893.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Catholic Education Triumphant—Canada to the Front.

Catholic Mirror, Chicago, Aug. 9, 1893.

I have examined Canada's Educational Exhibit. It contains so much of interest to Americans who reside in this glorious Republic that I am constrained to devote a special letter to the theme. It must be admitted that, in some things, England is as mentally broad as the wide expanse of her political possessions. No matter what may be her shortcomings, when education is in question she rises to the full height and extends to the widest range of the subject. After carefully regarding her attitude on the school question in our "Sister Country," I have no hesitancy in pronouncing the talk about annexation that we occasionally hear as the weakest bit of mental milk-pap with which our daily papers, off and on, furnish their readers. You will admit this ere I have done.

In paragraph 141, section II, chapter IV, of the "SCHOOL LAW" (Edition of 1891). I read as follows: "If, in any municipality, the regulations and arrangements made by the school commissioners for the management of any school are not agreeable to any member whatever of the proprietors, occupants, tenants, or rate-payers, professing a religious faith different from that of the majority of the inhabitants of such municipality, such proprietors, occupants, tenants and rate-payers may signify such dissent in writing, to the chairman of the commissioners. The law then reads so as to grant the dissenting minority the right to elect THREE TRUSTEES FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF ITS SCHOOL AFFAIRS."

This is the broadest piece of legislation ever admitted into any code of public instruction! And that's the law in England's Catholic Province of Quebec. Now, as to the application of that law. Judge Scott, in the case of "Cushing vs. The School Trustees of Acton Vale," decided "that each of the different sects forming the minority cannot legally demand a school and board of school trustees of its own." Such an interpretation, made in the Catholic Province of Quebec shows that the judicial mind takes the legislative act to mean simply this:

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS AND THE PROTESTANTS MAY EACH HAVE SCHOOLS OF THEIR OWN.

Thus the tax-money for public instruction, taken from the Roman Catholic tax-payers, is administered by the various Roman Catholic Boards of School Commissioners for the education of Roman Catholic children. Thus the tax money for public instruction, taken from Protestant tax-payers, is administered by the various Protestant boards of school commissioners for the education of Protestant children. The Province of Ontario is Protestant. These Provinces have their exhibits side by side in the gallery of the Liberal Art Building. I would that it were in my power to take every man, woman and child in this glorious Republic through these two exhibits, so that the full force of the detailed completeness of Quebec's superiority could be brought home to their inner hearts by the silent eloquence of every letter, and figure, and stitch, and stroke, in her vast display. Take from the exhibits of the Province of Ontario the work from the Catholic school, and the paucity of what remains will not redound to the honor of any country's educational facilities. Figures will bear me out. There are 5,876 Public (Protestant) schools in the Province of Ontario. This number excludes kindergarten, high schools, collegiate institutions, special schools, etc. In plain language, it represents the schools of the people. There are 289 Roman Catholic Separate schools in the Province of Ontario. In the catalogue of Ontario's educational exhibit I find a detailed specification of the display made by its 5,876 Public (Protestant) schools. The 289 Roman Catholic Separate schools, in that same catalogue, require eight and one-quarter pages for the detailed specification of the exhibit they make. That is to say, the Protestant schools are a little more than twenty times as numerous as the Roman Catholic schools. Yet they require only two and a half times the space to detail the display of their school work. Now let any fair-minded jury in the world decide which of these two classes of schools are really doing the work. But let me go farther. These so-called Public schools have their displays numbered on the catalogue from 275 to 710. The difference—435—represents the detailed total of the separate portions of their exhibit. Take from this sixty photographs of buildings, etc., each appearing in the catalogue with a special number. The remainder, 375, represents the total quantity of the exhibits that have come from the 5,876 Public schools in Ontario.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SEPARATE SCHOOLS

of the same Province are accredited in the same catalogue with exhibits from 709 to 956. The difference, less than 244 as the total quantity of class work material sent to the Exposition. Now, compare: 5,876 Public schools send 275 aggregate exhibits; 289 Roman Catholic Separate schools send 234 aggregate exhibits. This needs no comment. It would be eloquence itself to an African Kaffer, or an Australian Bushman. The De La

Salle Institute, of Toronto, simply distances all competitors in the entire display made by Ontario. The work sent from that institution is superior to any other work in the exhibit of its Province. All the Public schools in the city of Hamilton have not sent up as much material of this one institution displays! As to quality, enough is said when I find at its head the name of a Brother of the Christian Schools, Rev. Brother Odo-Baldwin. With Catholics throughout the country, the name of the Christian Brother is synonymous with all that is excellent in education. Now, let us turn to the Province of Quebec, the city of Montreal has a population which contains about three Catholics to one Protestant. The Protestants are much the wealthier class. Their school tax is equivalent, in the aggregate to the amount coming from the Roman Catholic population. This, at once, gives them an advantage. The Roman Catholics have to care for three times the number of children, yet, have but the same amount of money to do it with. Montreal is, in population, A TYPICAL CATHOLIC CITY.

Now, from the World's Columbian statistics let us compare. Under the control of the Roman Catholic Commissioners of Montreal there are thirty-five schools. These schools are supported by the school tax gathered from the Roman Catholics. Over and above this there are in the city of Montreal, independent Roman Catholic institutions as follows: One university, three seminaries, one normal school, three colleges seven academies, two model schools, one school of art and manufactures, nine grammar schools, five asylum schools, one reform school, one industrial orphanage, one institution for the deaf and dumb, and two kindergarten. This totals thirty-seven educational establishments supported by Catholics over and above the school tax. Here, then, is a city with a population of 216,650 souls. Of this number, 162,984 are Roman Catholics, and 53,666 are Protestants. The Roman Catholics have seventy-two establishments of learning from kindergarten up to a university. The Protestants have not more than twenty schools. Thus, the Roman Catholics, with three times the population, support four times the number of schools. This will give a comprehensive idea of the comparative educational facilities in

THE CATHOLIC PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

I have taken Montreal as a type because I was unable to get the figures of the entire Province. The display made by all the Protestant schools throughout the Province of Quebec is so meagre as to be unworthy of notice. Quebec received 1,700 square feet of floor space. Her Protestant schools do not cover more than 125 square feet. Yet were the proportions as they should be, their display would require about 575 square feet. But her Catholic schools are there. Volumes and volumes of glorious work are heaped up on the counters. The walls are hung with the deft products of pen and pencil, of stub and brush, of the crocheted hook and tatting needle. The floral glories of Canada's glens and heights were gathered in great Herbaria by the Catholic children and are at the World's Fair bespeaking the beauties of the land that bred them. Her rivers and islands, her cities and towns, have been moulded in plaster by Catholic hands, and bespeak the scenic beauties and water wealth of Catholic Canada to the eyes of the nations that have met on a common ground at the World's Fair. Oh! It is another triumph for Catholic education. I would like to go into a detailed account of this exhibit. It is worthy of it. But excellent features are so numerous that I must content myself with referring only to the remarkable ones. In the first place, the exhibit represents work from

SCHOOLS IN CHARGE OF RELIGIOUS AND SECULARS.

About eighteen religious orders have taken part in the display. It is needless to say that the work from their schools is superior to that from the establishments in charge of seculars. It cannot be otherwise. I hold it as a psychological axiom, the soul unfettered by natural affections is best fitted to lift other souls to higher things. Now the secular teacher is weighed down by the cares of life, the love of wife and child. The religious educator is as free as the brown winged lark, that, shaking the dew from her wings, mounts to the sky and sings her matins to God. His one business is education. He does not teach to-day and take a wife to-morrow and go into business the third day. Teaching with him is not as it is with the secular. He teaches for Christ's sake; the secular for Mammon's. If there be an exception to this rule that exception but proves the rule. I appeal again to figures. I find in the report of the schools controlled by the Roman Catholic Board in charge of seculars receive salaries as follows: Principals not less than \$800 nor more than \$1,500 a year; Teachers, not less than \$400 nor more than \$1,000 a year.

In the same report I find in the schools directed by the Christian Brothers that the Brothers, Directors receive \$550 a year, the Brothers and Professors, \$250 a year; and yet these same Christian Brothers that receive a paltry \$250 for their year's service have sent the work that makes the exhibit of the Province of Quebec the magnificent triumph that it is. And these seculars that receive their \$400 to \$1,000 a year have sent work that better had the great mass of it never been

sent at all. It would be a wise thing if the Roman Catholic Board of School Commissioners of the Province of Quebec would, as a body, come to the Fair and see what returns they are getting \$1,000 a year, as contrasted with the work done in the class of a religious teacher, with a paltry salary of \$250 a year. I am certain that 99 per cent. of the work from these secular Catholic schools would be ordered home. And it should be. Catholic pride makes me speak thus. There are schools of this class in the city of Montreal that I am told are regarded with admiration—looked on as the acme of perfection. I saw some of the work they have sent. Thus, I thought to myself, as I looked at it, even in Canada does the fine art, the beautiful property, give a glitter to the shan within. The most notable feature of the Canadian Educational Exhibit is the magnificent pen-work done by the pupils of the Christian Brothers. In their Commercial Academy of Quebec and their boarding-school at St. Louis and Montreal, the writing is raised to the dignity of a fine art.

IN NO OTHER EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT AT THE FAIR IS IT EVEN EQUALLED. Ten or twelve years ago a number of their old pupils formed themselves into a penmen's club. These gentlemen have displays in Quebec's Educational Department. A Chicago professional penman, I. W. Pearson, 43 McVicker's Theatre, saw the work, and inquiring as to the amount the artist, A. O. Matton, had received, immediately requested to be put in communication with him. The training that developed that artist, and many others, whose works are displayed in this exhibit, is what the Christian Brothers give their pupils in Canada. The same care is noticeable in all their class work—French, English, Mathematics—Drawing from simple linear to freehand, from projection to tinted mechanical and architectural work; in fact, in every branch they teach. Verily, their display is the crowning glory of the schools and colleges for boys in the Catholic Province of Quebec. The congregation of Notre Dame have the grandest display made by the schools for girls. They are workers. I saw a volume of paintings from one of their schools. There are hundreds of pieces displayed in the Fine Art Gallery, not as good as the generality of the sheets in this beautiful volume. They have three cases about 21 feet square, and about 9 feet high, filled with the most beautiful needle work. St. Viator's College, Joliette, St. Lawrence, has a very creditable and comprehensive display of their entire college curriculum, and the papers on philosophy and are the papers on philosophy and zoology. The work from the Grey Nuns, is very interesting. I particularly admired an original lace design, worked out by a blind girl of thirteen. The Sisters of the Holy Cross have sent the most complete Herbarium in the entire exhibit.

THE SISTERS OF ST. ANNE

have some work that is wonderful. For instance, a volume of knitting so well done that passers-by thought it well worth while to steal from it. It has now to be kept under lock and key. The work of their pupils in water-colors and crayon is certainly far above the ordinary. And so I might go on with words of praise for every exhibit from schools in charge of religious teachers. In view of all that I have said, what sane man will believe that a people treated with so much justice will relinquish their liberties to come under a government that will make them pay to support non-sectarian schools to which they prefer not to send their children. Why cannot the school question be settled in this country as it is in Canada? Why cannot the money which Catholics now pay to support State Schools be turned over to a Board of Roman Catholic Commissioners, for the management of their school affairs? It is done in Canada—in the Catholic Province of Quebec—as well as in the Protestant Province of Ontario. It is the simplest solution of the so-called school question. Catholics have no desire to destroy State schools. They are proud of their country, which does so much to advance the intellectual status of her people. Why cannot that be conceded to us, in this country of religious liberty, which is granted to a Government that has an established religion. Statesmen, in the name of justice and honor, consider these little facts!

SUMMER WEAKNESS

And that tired feeling, loss of appetite and nervous prostration are driven away by Hood's Sarsaparilla, like mist before the morning sun. To realize the benefit of this great medicine, give it a trial and you will join the army of enthusiastic admirers of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Sarsaparilla. They should be in every traveller's grip and every family medicine chest. 25c a box. Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints. A Cure for Dyspepsia. Dyspepsia is a prolific cause of such diseases as bad blood, constipation, headache and liver complaint. Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure or relieve dyspepsia if used according to directions. Thousands have tested it with best results. COUGHING LEADS TO COPPER UNLESS STOPPED BY Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, the best cure for coughs, Colds and Lung Troubles. Ask for Minard's and take no other.

NUNS AT THE FAIR.

Practical Good in Various Ways That Will Accrue from Their Visits.

Inez Okey in Catholic Columbian. Chief among the features of the World's Fair that render it especially congenial to the Catholic visitor and serve for the non-Catholic as object lessons in faith must be counted the presence of members of the different religious communities. They are seen in every department of the vast inclosure, white-habited Dominicans, rope-girted Franciscans in brown, Gray Nuns, Sisters of St. Joseph, of Mercy, of Charity; all types of the highest womanhood, all representatives of teaching orders and all leaving the beloved seclusion of their convent homes to listen for a brief space to the beating of this great heart of civilization and to learn for the benefit of those entrusted to their care, the lessons taught by this triumph of human endeavor and achievement.

Their object is fully realized by the great crowds that gather at Lake Michigan through curiosity or for amusement. The earnest, purposeful faces under veil or corsette are those of students and many marks of unobtrusive but respectful consideration are shown their owners. The value of a week's study at the Fair to a teacher cannot be over-estimated. A month's close attendance would not be wasted, but much may be done in a week, with well-trained faculties. After the superior, the member of a community likely to derive the most practical good from her visit would be the directress of studies and this not by confining herself to the study of specific exhibits, such as the educational work, but by the general culture she would receive from a comparative study of the characteristics of different national exhibits, as well as those of the various sections of our own country. Where art, music, kindergarten work or any speciality is given prominence in a school the teacher of that department should be allowed to derive all the advantages she will find at her command in the magnificent art galleries and the ceramic displays, the rendition of the world's masterpieces in music and the lectures and examples of child training.

There is, however, very little question as to the utility of a week or a fortnight's study of the great exhibition. Its advisability for religious communities is the mooted point, and on this ground it is to be considered in a double light—in its effect on the community and in its probable influence on observers. Discussion of the first point, involving as it does a delicate problem in the ethics of religious life and depending somewhat on the peculiarities of the individual community and its rule, is beyond newspaper province, but there can scarcely be two opinions as to the good to be done by the appearance of religious in such an assemblage as the Fair has called together.

The effect of what was accomplished in the way of disarming prejudice and enlightening the people as to the true nature of our sisterhoods by their work during the war is still felt, and in its own degree the World's Fair might perform a similar mission. It is not necessary to face death again on a hundred battlefields, nor to throw open the doors of our hospitals and orphan asylums after the harvest of another bloody war has been reaped, in order to make an impression on the American people. They are already convinced in their heart of hearts that if deeds of heroic and unselfish devotion are to be performed, volunteers for them will be found in the ranks of the Catholic priesthood and the religious communities. It is, however, vitally necessary to awaken in them a strong interest in matters pertaining to Catholic faith if investigation and conversion are to follow.

The caricatures of Brother Jona than's inquisitive traits that English papers are so fond of making are not without a spice of truth, and, like all good caricatures are merely exaggerated likenesses. We are an essentially curious people. True, it is the questioning gaze of a young nation looking across a world of yesterdays, and is in itself neither an entirely unlovely nor unprofitable characteristic; but, whatever its merits, it should not be ignored in efforts for the propagation of the faith.

Our religious communities have nothing to fear from investigation and familiar knowledge, and wherever their gracious influence can reach, whenever the clarion cry of their good deeds can break the numbing spell of indifference that enchains so many noble souls, conversions follow almost as a matter of course. But those who come of their own volition to be edified are the few, and the great mother-heart of the Church yearns for the heedless many. In this eager, instinctive curiosity of the American, his perpetual "I want to know," lies a great opportunity for the Church. A restoration, if it were possible, of certain of the conditions of medieval life, notably an effacement of the lines Paritanism has helped to draw between the religious and the secular life would result in an increase of intelligence and fervor among Catholics and restore thousands of wandering souls to the fold.

There was a time in France, in Italy, or in England in the Middle Ages, the ages of faith, when the great religious orders were at one with the life of the people. Separation was undreamed of. No sketch of that period can be a representative one if it omits this feature. All the clergy and a majority of the religious orders were closely identified with the daily life of

the people. It is impossible to picture a street of Italy at that time without the presence of friars and nuns, teaching, preaching, or passing to and fro on various errands of charity, at all times, and under all circumstances, visible reminders of higher life—visible rebukes of evil.

Some such a condition is approximated in scenes witnessed at the World's Fair. The many-colored stream of humanity drifting through the wonderful maze of buildings, swayed by myriad impulses of wonder and admiration, pleasure and pain, while mingling with the vast concourse, lending a sweet gravity to each brilliant scene, and teaching lessons far more valuable than any they receive—lessons of modesty, simplicity, and single-hearted endeavor; most of all lessons in the beauty of holiness. It is more than a highly privileged season of study for the religious who attends the Fair; it is an outlet for zeal, an opportunity for missionary work.

PRaise FOR SATOLLI.

A Western Journal Finds Him a Broad Gauge Man.

That Monsignor Satolli makes a good impression upon those with whom he comes in contact is evidenced by the following editorial utterances in the Butte Miner, the principal daily paper of that thriving city:

Quiet, thoughtful, unassuming and thoroughly democratic—such is Monsignor Satolli, the Papal legate, who by reason of his position is at the head of the Catholic Church in America. Butte is to be congratulated upon the legate's visit, but now that he has been here and seen this busy city of the mountains and learned that here is one of the largest Catholic parishes in the world, he will have the community in mind in the future. "Monsignor Satolli has seen Butte casually; he has seen something of her hospitality; at the Irish-American Club last evening he caught a glimpse of the life of that portion of the community which enjoys the privileges of club life. All this he has seen, but the spectacle that will greet his gaze this morning when the thousands of his own church and hundreds of the Protestant faith gather in the open air to hear Mass and listen to the sermon by the eloquent Father O'Gorman, will be of more real interest and satisfaction to him than all else combined. He will face a multitude of intelligent, cultured, God-fearing people, who are glad to do him honor, and proud of his presence in the bustling city which is the result of their labor. We believe the legate's visit will prove beneficial to the church in this city, and that means that it will be of great benefit to the city, for the stronger and grander the churches of a community the more prosperous and powerful the community."

THE LAITY IN CHURCH WORK.

Father Smith's Sermon at the Catholic Summer School, Last Sunday.

Rev. P. M. Smith, C. S. P., of New York City, delivered the sermon at the Catholic Summer School, Plattsburg, N. Y., last Sunday. "Lay co-operation in Church Work" was his subject. Father Smith spoke in part as follows: "The very exercise of the ministry to be sufficient, profitable and far-reaching must be helped out by many auxiliary agencies. And to such works more than ever are the laity at present called and fitted. It is by their individual effort, by personal contact, by organized co-operation that material needs are relieved, that much ignorance is so dispelled, the mind refined and enlightened, pleasant and pure surroundings secured, innocent recreation substituted for vulgar and evil communications. "Many efforts have been made to promote these ends of charity, instructions and improvement, and with no little success; but must we not say that they have not received the encouragement, the extension and application they deserve. Look at the mighty efforts put forth, the vast forces engaged in kindred works by non-Catholics—in Christian associations, leagues and guilds, yet, we have the greater needs and the more potent aids to and aimed far less."

Father Smith called particular attention to the necessity of young men's societies and working girls clubs, to the work of the Apostolate of the press in disseminating Catholic literature and to the organization and direction of women's societies as helpers in charitable works.

VOLUMES COULD BE WRITTEN.

filled with the testimony of women who have been made well and strong by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine that's made especially to build up women's strength and to cure women's ailments—an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless. For all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses that afflict womanhood, the "Favorite Prescription" is the only guaranteed remedy. It must have been the medicine for most women, or it couldn't be sold on any such terms. Isn't it likely to be the medicine for you? Sold by druggists everywhere.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.



Mrs. William Lohr

Of Freeport, Ill., began to fall rapidly, lost all appetite and got into a serious condition from Dyspepsia. She could not eat vegetables or meat, and even toast distressed her. Had to give up housework. In a week after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla she felt a little better. Could keep more food on her stomach and grow stronger. She took 23 bottles, has a good appetite, gained 22 lbs., does her work easily, is now in perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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London, Saturday, August 26, 1893.

MR. J. S. EWART, Q. C., ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

J. S. Ewart, Q. C., who was counsel for His Grace Archbishop Tache, in the Manitoba school case, has a masterly article in the *Canadian Magazine* for July on the question in debate.

He commences by pointing out many opinions which have been held by eminent men in all ages, but which were afterwards proven to be wrong, some of which were thought to be certain, being accepted on account of the authority of those who propounded them, and most of which would be now at least tolerated by the public on the principle that "no one nowadays thinks of interfering with opinions."

Hereupon he shows that it is a mistake to suppose that this principle is universally acted upon, and that the spread of education itself has not made men tolerant of the opinions which run counter to their own. An utterance of a well-known Presbyterian divine is adduced as an example to the effect that,

"It should be made an unpleasant thing for a man to call himself an infidel."

From this and other circumstances he infers that "Cocksure and its brood 'with fierce emphasis' are still dragging the world."

He desires that this spirit will "burn itself out;" but he has little hope that it will do so before several centuries more shall have passed. Asperities have indeed been rubbed down, and men are not burning or jailing one another just now as they did in rougher times, yet the "old intolerant spirit is still alive manifesting itself and dominating as far as it can, in strict conformity with the softened manners of the times."

We cannot, indeed, agree with Mr. Ewart in the inference which might be drawn from his expression that "human thought is, even at the best of it, upon social and religious questions, far from being infallible." We must remember that on many religious questions human thought has been directed and enlightened by revelation, and to the extent in which it has been so enlightened the conclusions are infallible. Nevertheless we appreciate and admire the tolerant spirit with which Mr. Ewart writes, and we must be tolerant of the opinions of others who disagree with us, even if they are absolutely certain of the truth. We may use persuasion and argument to convince them; but we are not authorized even to propagate the gospel of Christianity by the force of fire and sword. For still greater reason should we not force our crude opinions upon our fellow-men.

Mr. Ewart enumerates a number of men's pet theories such as Imperial Federation, Militarism, Sabatarianism, the abolition of alcoholism, all of which have strong arguments to support them; but he points out that there are also strong arguments in favor of the opposing views, and he makes a strong appeal that those who embrace contrary opinions on these matters should have liberty. So also in the matter of religious belief the fullest liberty should be accorded. It is indeed a necessity that this should be the case in a community such as we have in Canada where there is so much diversity of belief.

Applying these principles to the question of Education Mr. Ewart says:

"What does the principle of liberty require? This, and nothing more, that parents should not be required to subscribe to the school rates, and at the same time have their children taught some 'ism' that they abhor; and on the other hand, that where the parents of all the children in any school desire that an 'ism' should be taught, taught it ought to be. And I shall add that when I speak of unanimity I mean practical unanimity, and not such as would make it necessary to include all mere eccentric or isolated opinion of every ordinary or extraordinary sort. We can never expect to have theoretical perfection in the application of even undoubted doctrines to all possible conditions and contingencies.

In the community are many people who desire to have par-

ticular isms taught in the schools. Liberty requires that children should not be taught 'isms' to which their parents are opposed. But at the same time liberty does not require that children should be allowed to grow up entirely illiterate. Liberty further requires that where the parents of the children of any one school desire that a particular 'ism' should be taught, taught it ought to be. And it further requires that in arranging the schools reasonable facilities ought, if possible, to be given for the combination of such children in separate schools. It would be the antipodes of liberty that such combination should be prevented in cases in which it did not materially interfere with the efficiency of other schools."

In the case of Ontario, Mr. Ewart draws from his contention the following practical conclusions, the substance of which cannot be reasonably impeached:

"In that case, what does the principle of liberty require? Merely this, that opportunity should be given for the combination of Roman Catholics in certain of the schools, if that can be done without disturbing unduly the efficiency of the other schools. They desire that an 'ism' should be taught to their children. By all means let it be so if it costs nothing or very little to other people. Liberty to them and all others should be accorded, even at some expense to the community, for one of the objects of our institutions is to afford as much individual liberty as possible. The opportunities they desire may, without loss to the community, be given to them in two sets of cases: 1, where the population is dense, and yet mixed. In these cases there will be room for two sets of schools. 2, in districts where the population is sparse, but entirely Roman Catholic. Against the propriety of granting facilities for separate schools in these cases, there can be nothing said without intolerance and the breach of the most cherished principles of liberty."

Mr. Ewart speaks, of course, as a Protestant, who has not himself the conviction that Catholic teaching is based upon the divine command of Christ to His apostles to teach His truth to all nations. We maintain that the divine commission makes it obligatory on pastors and parents to co-operate in affording a religious education to the rising generation. The principles of liberty laid down by Mr. Ewart make it incumbent on the majority to leave us free to do so whenever and wherever we are conscious that we can do it without interfering with the liberty of our Protestant neighbors to do likewise, if they will.

Applying these same principles to the case of the Catholics of Manitoba, Mr. Ewart quotes the Rev. Dr. Bryce, a prominent Presbyterian clergyman who is bitterly opposed to Catholic education. The doctor said recently:

"Out of seven hundred and nineteen districts in Manitoba, when the Act of 1890 was passed, ninety-one were Catholic. Of these, all but a very small percentage are in localities almost entirely French."

The fact is that in four only of these ninety-one districts is the population considerably mixed of Protestants and Catholics. Why, then, should Catholics be debarred from teaching religion to their children, if the just requirements of the State, that the children shall be fairly educated in secular branches, be observed?

Only intolerance can throw an obstacle in the way; and this is what the Greenway legislation has done.

Mr. Ewart remarks that large numbers of really believing Protestants in Manitoba would be glad to accord liberty to the Catholics if they could but get a little of it for themselves. He attributes the persecution to which the Manitoba Catholics have been subjected mainly to the intolerance of those who most loudly proclaim their love of universal toleration—those who "deem religion not to be of the highest importance," that is, those who either avow that they are sceptics, or are really dominated by scepticism, though they repudiate it in public.

It is a fact that sceptics are generally intolerant of religion, just as "Rousseau required all his citizens to be tolerant, having first directed to be exiled or executed all who would not subscribe and live up to his profession of faith."

It will be readily understood from this that the Manitoba Catholics who are now struggling for the maintenance of their schools are the true friends of liberty, while those who have imposed upon them the Greenway restrictions are really intolerant and intolerant oppressors, notwithstanding their professions that they are the friends of freedom, civil and religious.

Luther's mother was born a Catholic, lived and died a Catholic; so also did the mother of Melancthon, Luther's most intimate friend. And now it is said that the last lineal descendant of Luther has returned to the Catholic Church.

#### OLD OR NEW.

The *Church Chronicle* of Hamilton renews the oft-explored theory that the Church of England of today is one with the Church of England of pre-Reformation days. It asserts that—

"The Church of England was always known as the Catholic Church—that is, it was a portion of the entire Catholic Church of Christendom; but there was never a Roman Catholic Church in England until the reign of Elizabeth, when the Pope of Rome commanded his sympathizers to separate and form a schism. The Pope never exercised supremacy in England before the Reformation. He only exercised spiritual jurisdiction, with the consent of the crown. No new Church was founded in England at the Reformation. There was, therefore, no transfer of Church property from the Roman Church of England at that period; because there has never been a Roman Church of England."

Every reader of history, even to the most cursory degree, knows the absurdity of these claims, which we have from time to time refuted at some length, making it unnecessary to enter upon a full exposition of the state of the case at present.

It is a matter well known to all readers that towards the close of the second century the British Church was established in England by missionaries from Pope Eleutherius, and that the claim of ecclesiastical jurisdiction was frequently made by their successors as being derived in this way from the Pope. All this we are told by Bede.

Afterwards the British Church was in communion with the universal Church, which, it is universally acknowledged, submitted to and recognized the authority of the See of Rome. This recognition was made at the Councils of Arles, Sardica and Rimini, as usual British Bishops being among those present.

It is also well known that St. Augustine established the Church among the Saxon conquerors of Britain under authority from Pope St. Gregory the Great.

Council after council of the old Church of England declared its firm adherence to the Roman Pontiff as the centre of Catholic unity. In this sense, that the Church of England adhered to and was part of the Catholic Church, that is, the universal Church, it was Catholic also; but the universal Church recognized the Pope's supremacy.

It is true that sometimes the English monarchs endeavored to lessen the influence, and defied the authority of, the Pope, but the Church at all times resisted these royal encroachments; and it was for this resistance that St. Thomas of Canterbury became a martyr.

As one of many examples of the authority exercised by the Popes we may here mention the single fact that the preamble of the Acts of the Council of Cloveshoe declares that it was held (A. D. 747) by command of Pope Zachary "in the exercise of his apostolic authority," to correct the corrupt practices of the age.

This Council declared also that having consulted the homilies of Blessed Gregory, and the canonical decrees of the Holy Fathers, they had resolved "that Bishops should not exercise any secular office, but should confine themselves to their pastoral duties, instructing and correcting by words and works the people committed to their charge." (First Canon of Cloveshoe.) This is the language of a Council which some modern Anglicans pretend declared itself independent of the Pope.

So much for the *Chronicle's* pretence that the Pope's authority was exercised only through consent of the kings. It is something novel in the history of Christianity that "Apostolic authority" should need the king's sanction before it could be lawfully exercised.

The *Chronicle* further tells us, "Henry VIII. was a Roman Catholic who merely quarrelled with the Pope about his divorce and repudiated his supremacy as a political ruler," and "The real Reformation was made by the Church itself, and chiefly during the reign of Queen Elizabeth." He infers that "the Church of England was never a creature of Parliament, for it existed before there was a Parliament."

Good! but cannot the reader see that it was the Church of England in communion with the Holy and Apostolic See of Rome which existed before there was a Parliament? The modern Church of England was a new creation. It had a new and unheard-of head, new doctrines, a new worship, a new and bogus episcopate and ministry—everything new. It was no longer the old Church which was adorned by a Venerable Bede, a St.

Anselm, a Lanfranc, but an entirely new creation—differing from the Church of St. Augustine in everything which is essential to the Church of Christ. We are told it was not made by Henry VIII. Our contemporary desires to throw off the paternity of the Blue Beard King. But Henry VIII. was the prime cause of the new creation, which was afterwards remodelled by Edward VI. and Elizabeth. The Royal Supremacy, the chief feature of the Church of England, was entirely Henry VIII.'s idea. It was a feat which alone sufficed to make the new Church a new thing, for it was alien to the very nature of the Church of Christ and a complete change of its fundamental character.

As regards the taking of Church property by the new Church of England it was simply a wholesale robbery effected by the might of the secular arm.

#### RE-UNION CONFERENCE.

Last summer a number of gentlemen, lay and clerical, but chiefly clerical, held a convention at Grindelwald, Switzerland, under the name of a "Re-union Conference" for the purpose of taking steps for the re-union of Christendom.

The meeting, of course, had no result from a religious point of view, for, in the first place, the sharers in it had no representative character, not being delegated by their respective sects. The opinions expressed were simply individual opinions; and it is not difficult to find individuals of almost any imaginable shade of doctrine. Thus there is nothing surprising in the fact that having agreed to meet for the purpose of furthering a union, all the talk should have been in the direction of union. There were Anglicans, and even some American Episcopalians, present, who assured the convention that they were willing to throw Episcopalism overboard if thereby a union could be effected. They declared that an Episcopate is not essential to religion, though they were perfectly aware that their Church maintains its necessity and will not allow any one to exercise ministerial functions without having Episcopal ordination.

On the other hand, several of those who belong to non-Episcopal bodies declared that they had no objection to appoint Bishops if by so doing they would facilitate the desired union. There was no disposition to recognize that Anglican or American Bishops have any real character which makes them higher than other ministers, so they could see no incongruity in the creation of an Episcopal order. Bishops may thus be made simply by calling their ministers by this name; yet they would not so demean themselves or their denomination as to acknowledge any superiority of order in the Anglican Episcopate. Hence the proposal that they should nominate certain prominent clergymen of their respective denominations who would be made Bishops by the laying on of hands of the Anglican Bishops, and should in turn lay hands on their own ministers, to make them real priests according to the Anglican conception, was received with great disfavor. This would be an acknowledgment that they have never had a validly constituted ministry among them, and such an acknowledgment they would never make. Bishops by appointment, however, they were quite willing to make, as this would not imply so humiliating a confession.

On the matter of doctrine there was more prospect of a compromise, as it was generally agreed that there could be no practical basis except that every one should be allowed to believe as much or as little as he pleased.

This year a similar conference has just taken place at Lucerne. We are not yet aware what conclusion has been arrived at, but we presume that, at least, the self-constituted delegates will have a happy time in congratulating each other, and in scaling the Swiss mountains.

It is a noticeable fact that in all such gatherings for the re-union of Christendom, any idea of having the Catholic Church taken into the general plan of re-union is scouted as impracticable. It will be a strange re-union of Christendom without the great majority of Christians. It will be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Of course, the reason for this is that the Catholic Church, holding that she teaches and has always taught the truth of God, cannot compromise her doctrines. This firmness is regarded as something which makes Catholicism worthy only of reprobation.

Indeed one of the participants in the

re-union declared that "English Protestants must wake up to the necessity of finally abandoning the hope of effecting unity on Papal principles; yet the same gentleman said that he 'entertains the hope that the Divine Spirit may convince them all of the beauty of courtesy and mutual concession—and indeed of the absolute necessity of these conditions.'"

In this spirit he makes the suggestion whether "hypothetically or somehow, all ministers in charge of congregations ought not to place themselves on a brotherly footing of equality in that matter." (He here speaks of Episcopal ordination.)

On that matter the Church of England has already pronounced very explicitly that it will not fraternize with any denomination whose clergy shall not have such ordination. However, we presume that the Church would not find it very difficult to recede from its present position in this regard. The articles of belief have already undergone several important changes; and what is to prevent them from being changed again?

Yet we are not of opinion that any serious result will come out of the Lucerne Conference.

#### HERESY IN MISSIONARIES.

A new heresy case, or rather the revival of a case of some years' standing, is troubling the Board of Foreign Missions of Massachusetts.

A clerical student named Mr. Noyes was desirous of being sent to Japan as a missionary, but doubts were cast upon his orthodoxy, and when questioned by the Board it was discovered that he does not believe that the heathen who have not heard the gospel will be damned.

The Board informed Mr. Noyes that they believe that unless the heathen hear of the Saviour and accept the gospel they must perish eternally; and that it is for this reason they equip and send out missionaries at great cost of time and labor to convert them. They asked Mr. Noyes what benefit his preaching would be if his views are correct, as the heathen will be, or may be, saved without his preaching. They inform him also that it is with great difficulty that they raise money enough to support their missions, and the money is given on account of the general belief of contributors that the heathen must know Christianity in order that they may be saved. If, therefore, they once proclaim that this knowledge is not necessary their task of collecting money for missions will be rendered much more difficult. They add that there is no good reason for sending the Bible to people whom God will save even though they do not read and learn His word. They, therefore, rejected Mr. Noyes' application.

It appears not to strike the gentlemen who constitute the Mission Board, that it is worth while to preach the truth to the heathen, for truth's sake, and because Christianity affords means of grace which will increase the opportunities leading to salvation, even though it were strictly true that salvation were absolutely possible for them.

The Board accepts without question the Calvinistic doctrine that the heathen who know nothing of God's attributes of mercy will be condemned to all the horrors of everlasting fire. They are, according to this doctrine, responsible for an ignorance which they could by no means avoid.

On the other hand, a Boston Church furnished Mr. Noyes with the necessary equipment, and sent him out for a year on the mission he desired to undertake, and a movement was begun to change the complexion of the Board so that Mr. Noyes' services might be accepted.

As usual, there are on the Board two parties, one of which is in favor of Mr. Noyes' views, so that the change of a few votes would be enough to sustain him. But so far the "orthodox" view has prevailed, and a few days ago, the question being again before them, Mr. Noyes' offer was again rejected. It is believed, however, that the Boston Church which sent him on his mission will continue to uphold him until his supporters may be able to control the Mission Board. For the present, however, the Calvinistic view is predominant, and an effort is being made to bring the managing elders of the Boston Church to trial on a charge of favoring heresy, and probably even of being actually heretical in belief.

The whole question is being keenly discussed, and it will depend upon the majority vote of a confessedly fallible tribunal, whether or not those who

have favored Mr. Noyes' mission are to be found guilty or not guilty. It would be interesting to know what kind of Christians the heathen converts are who are taught the diversities of doctrine which their missionaries bring to them, calling them Christian truths.

#### A CASE IN POINT.

One of the most virulent among the opponents of Home Rule for Ireland is the Duke of Devonshire, and he exhibits the keenest possible interest in Irish affairs, always to discover some pretext for the denial of Ireland's just demands. *Reynold's London News*, paper in a recent issue gives some interesting facts which throw light upon the substantial reasons which the Duke has for his determined opposition to the cause of Ireland, and it is clear from them that he is not animated by pure patriotism, nor even by political considerations.

From certain Irish estates which were in former days confiscated from Catholic Irishmen he derives £30,000 yearly in rents. Of this territory 42,000 acres were confiscated from the Earl of Desmond because the latter espoused the cause of the Irish people. This, and thousands of acres of bog and mountain, were given to Sir Walter Raleigh in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and, when in prison, Sir Walter sold the whole property to one Richard Boyle for £5,000.

Boyle was an ex-clerk to an English Judge, and a notorious swindler, having been convicted of forgery and horse-stealing, and he succeeded in evading payment of any more than £500; however, he was afterwards made Earl of Cork by James I. and received a patent of right over all the land thus acquired.

One of Boyle's children afterwards married into an English noble family, from which the Duke of Devonshire derives the property by descent; and the present Duke is landlord over all the estates which were thus confiscated.

Many English lords and nobles who are extensive Irish landlords hold their property by similar tenure, and they not unnaturally imagine that when an Irish parliament will sit in Dublin their titles to their immense holdings will be enquired into; and, not unnaturally, they fear, not indeed total confiscation, but such legislation as will transfer to the Irish people some right to the soil which in past ages belonged to their ancestors. Facts like these should be sufficient to show that the great English lords, who are at the same time Irish landlords, are not so much in dread that the Empire will be dismembered by the passage of a Home Rule Bill as that they will themselves lose some of their incomes by the measure. They are fighting for the retention of their unjustly acquired sources of revenue; and they are supported by English landlords through fear that a precedent may be made the result of which will be the cutting down of their own incomes; for many of their titles would as little stand the test of investigation as that of the Earl of Devonshire.

Pure patriotism has little to do with the opposition which the Lords are showing to Irish Home Rule. The true motive of it is selfishness, with probably a touch of fellow feeling for those of their own rank whose incomes they do not wish to see cut down.

A rigorous investigation into the claims of many of the nobility would undoubtedly show that their titles are founded upon injustices equally glaring with that of the Duke of Devonshire, though as some palliation it may be said that the present generation is not responsible for them, and that it would be too revolutionary a remedy to confiscate now all the estates which arise out of unjust confiscations or other misdeeds which were perpetrated centuries ago, or even some few generations since.

To this we answer that the Irish Nationalists have not, and never had, any thought of remedying the grievances of Ireland by such a measure. Yet it is a fact that the people of Ireland, the poorest of all civilized countries in the world, have been impoverished by just these causes, and that it would be too revolutionary a remedy to be attributed directly to these sources arises out of causes which are of more recent date, absentee landlordism, exorbitant rents, increased charges on account of improvements made by the tenantry themselves, neglect of legislation for the benefit of Ireland by the Westminster Parliament, which either was too much occupied with legislating for Imperial and English interests to pay attention to the needs Ireland or was

disinclined to take the trouble of considering the necessities of the case should be otherwise.

It could scarcely be the case should be otherwise, but whose interests are different from those of Ireland? It is hardly to be expected to have interests much at heart, they must necessarily conflict with those of England to time, just as those of our country will frequently run counter to other sectional interests. Ireland was inevitably the sacrifice. Home Rule is the only way in which all equity bound to apply in spite of the protestation from interested Lords in Chamber.

We have said that the Duke does not ask the British grant redress by revolutionary means, but an Irish Parliament easily find means to do the duty of every Government though often neglected influence, to govern for the best of the whole people.

Without dispossessing proprietors of Ireland, the whole population will be benefited by the recognizing of the people to the soil and to improvements of making. Facilities must be made for small farmers to become owners, and other measures to secure the welfare of the residents in preference to absentee landlords. This has been created by the will thus be corrected rapidly enough to give

It will not be denied that the claims of the present holders; but it is necessary should be done for the whole people. Besides

in reality, nothing different in principle in vogue under the present arrangements in the world, the taxation of the most valuable properties for the welfare. The largest burden of good government falls upon those who can afford it, and who do benefit from a proper of the laws, because the Government for the law are the greater in the amount of wealth to be protected. In this principle is all that is able, on account of the claim on which so aristocracy hold their

#### A PARENTAL

We have had occasion to see the parents of their children. Negligent, fathers and mothers in, and example, a love for its goods into their children never yet gave pure, women to the Church what we need at the

We have no use for whose brains have been sensational newspaper men of "liberal" views they have the privilege their opinion on matters and forget thereby that not their but God's, have no rights but to protect it. We need careful parents have silence and retirement virtues of the Mother men who have been upon their spiritual representatives and world the only sermon to—the sermon of a life.

Parents are guilty breach of their duty, in doing often irreflexively their children, when exercise a careful reading of the book that have no right, but to exist, are in the hands and daughters; and anxiety. "It does they say; and yet it that bad books have women. Yes, old and a woman, sheltered of a brothel, and degraded and changed self that even his recognize him, over the book that include "would do them no" will they come to obligations? It may some, this outcry

disinclined to take the trouble of considering the necessities of Ireland.

It could scarcely be expected that the case should be otherwise. A parliament whose interests are so totally different from those of Ireland could hardly be expected to have Ireland's interests much at heart, especially as they must necessarily conflict more or less with those of England from time to time, just as those of one section of country will frequently run counter to other sectional interests. Then Ireland was inevitably the sufferer.

Home Rule is the only remedy which can be applied to such a state of things; and we maintain that England, being the cause of the evils we deplore, is in all equity bound to apply the remedy in spite of the protestations which come from interested Lords in the Upper Chamber.

We have said that the Nationalists do not ask the British Parliament to grant redress by revolutionary measures, but an Irish Parliament will easily find means to do what is the duty of every Government in the world, though often neglected through class influence, to govern for the best interests of the whole people.

Without dispossessing the large land proprietors of Ireland, the interests of the whole population will be looked to by the recognizing of a real right of the people to the soil they cultivate, and to improvements of their own making. Facilities must also be given to small farmers to become real owners, and other measures must be taken to secure the welfare of the actual residents in preference to that of the absentee landlords. The evil which has been created by bad legislation will thus be corrected by degrees, yet rapidly enough to give satisfaction.

It will not be denied that these measures will diminish the value of the claims of the present large landholders; but it is necessary that this should be done for the benefit of the whole people. Besides, this will be, in reality, nothing different from the principle in vogue under all the Governments in the world, the greater taxation of the most extensive and valuable properties for the general welfare. The largest share in the burden of good government properly falls upon those who are best able to afford it, and who derive the most benefit from a proper administration of the laws, because their demands on the Government for protection from the law are the greater in proportion to the amount of wealth they require to be protected. In the case of Ireland this principle is all the more applicable, on account of the dubiousness of the claim on which so many of the aristocracy hold their large estates.

A PARENTAL DUTY.

We have had occasion to warn parents of their duties towards their children. Negligent, vanity-loving fathers and mothers instilling, by word and example, a love for the world and its goods into their children's hearts, never yet gave pure, strong men and women to the Church. And this is what we need at the present day. We have no use for the women whose brains have been fed upon the sensational newspaper and novel; or the men of "liberal" views, who imagine they have the privilege of shaping their opinion on matters ecclesiastical, and forget thereby that their faith is not theirs but God's, and that they have no rights but to preserve and to protect it. We need the women whom careful parents have trained to love silence and retirement, to imitate the virtues of the Mother of God; and the men who have been educated to look upon their spiritual guides as God's representatives and to preach to the world the only sermon it ever hearkens to—the sermon of a noble, practical life.

Parents are guilty of a flagrant breach of their duty, are instrumental in doing often irreparable injury to their children, when they neglect to exercise a careful supervision over the reading of the household. Books that have no right, human or divine, to exist, are in the hands of their sons and daughters; and they have no anxiety. "It does them no harm," they say; and yet it is an old story that bad books have ruined men and women. Yes, old and true; for many a woman, sheltered now by the walls of a brothel, and many a man degraded and changed so from his former self that even his mother would not recognize him, owe their downfall to the book that indulgent parents said "would do them no harm." When will they come to view aright their obligations? It may seem sentimental to some, this outcry against pernicious

literature, and unnecessary. Would that we also could think that, but hard facts warrant the assertion that the greatest curse of Canada is the bad book and newspaper. The circulating libraries with their array of trashy novels, the bookseller's shelves loaded with books that portray vice in most fascinating and dazzling colors, under the pretext of exposing the social evil, and the young boy and girl make a very happy combination. Youth, of course, cannot be constrained to the exclusive study of scientific or religious works, but it can be taught to discriminate between good and bad reading, and be educated to appreciate writers who speak purely and seriously. Parents are bound by every law to guard their children against this terrible scourge.

ST. ANNE.

On Wednesday, the 26th ult., was the feast of St. Anne, for whom French-Canadians entertain special devotion, as was testified by the presence of thousands of devout suppliants who presented themselves at her shrine in Beaufort, not only on that day but for many days previous to the solemn celebration of her festival.

During the summer many excursion trains and steamers brought thousands of visitors to the world-renowned spot, not merely through the comparatively idle purpose of seeing and enjoying the beauties of nature, but with the more solid and devotional object of seeking the intercession of the mother of the Blessed Virgin, and therefore the grandmother of our Blessed Lord, that they might be ever good Christians, and be preserved from the dangers that beset mankind during life and draw them from the paths of rectitude.

The visitors came from all quarters where French-Canadians are to be found in the United States and Canada, from Vermont, Massachusetts, and other New England States, from Michigan and the far West; and goodly numbers also from the county of Essex in our own diocese. Many were afflicted with various ailments from which they hoped through the intercession of the saint to be delivered; and, as is the case every year, many cures were actually effected on those afflicted who venerated the sacred relics of St. Anne which are kept in the altar specially dedicated to her honor. The great majority of the visitors, however, were the robust and strong who did not need the intervention of St. Anne for their relief, but these doubtless had some petition to offer either for themselves or for friends, which they might procure through her intercession before the throne of grace and mercy.

We are aware that several of our non-Catholic contemporaries are accustomed to regard this confidence in God's saints as superstitious. They ridicule it as the placing of our trust "in dead men's bones," because the relics of St. Anne and of other saints are usually portions of their bones, which are the only mementoes of them which remain so many centuries after their death.

It is certainly no more unreasonable to believe that God honors the memory of His saints by this manifestation of His power than to believe that diseases were healed by means of handkerchiefs and aprons which had merely touched the body of St. Paul; (Acts xix, 11, 12); or that the dead man who was cast into the sepulchre of the prophet Elisha (Elisha) came to life. (4 Kings xiii, 21, P. Bible, 2 Ki.) We by no means maintain that God is bound to work miracles by means of the relics of the saints; but it is a well authenticated fact that He frequently does so, and that the devout reverence paid to the relics of St. Anne has been sanctioned by this manifestation of God's regard for the intercession of saints.

There is also in New York now a shrine of St. Anne which has been marked by miraculous manifestations similar to those of Beaufort.

In the fall of 1892 some of the clergy of St. Anne of Beaufort passed through New York with the relic of St. Anne which had been procured from Rome, and being the guests of the pastor of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, at his solicitation they consented to allow the relic to be exhibited to the public for some days in the parish church. Many thousands visited the church, amongst whom were many diseased who were rewarded by being permanently cured of their ailments.

Later the pastor of that church succeeded in obtaining a relic of St. Anne, and a handsome shrine has been erected to receive it. The devotion to the saint manifested by the parishion-

ers there now bids fair to rival that shown by those of St. Anne of Beaufort, and this year there have been special devotions, including a novena ending on St. Anne's day, in the Church in honor of St. Anne. A number of miraculous cures are reported to have occurred here also, the evidence of which cannot be reasonably questioned.

It is an assumption without foundation to assert that the age of miracles is passed. It is true that as a matter of fact they are not witnessed so frequently as they were in the first ages of Christianity when they were necessary in order to found Christ's Church among the different peoples to whom the Apostles preached; but Christ made the promise to His Apostles without limit of time that they who believed in Him would perform miracles even more wonderful than He did Himself. "And these signs shall follow them that believe in My name; they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they shall drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. They shall lay their hands upon the sick and they shall recover." (St. Mark, xvi, 17, 18.)

Again: "Amen, amen I say to you, he that believeth in me, the works that I do, he also shall do, and greater than these shall he do." (St. John xiv, 12.)

That our blessed Lord kept His promise to His missionaries is attested in St. Mark xvi, 20, and elsewhere in the New Testament: "But they going forth preached everywhere, the Lord working withal, and confirming the word with signs that followed."

Christ appealed to His works and the signs which He did as a testimony to His divine office. They are necessarily the work of Almighty God, who alone could suspend the laws of nature. The miracles performed at the shrines of saints are also the work of God, and they are the divine sanction to the Catholic practice of honoring the saints and asking their intercession with God for the attainment of His graces and blessings.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Prentice Boys had a celebration in Belleville on the 15th; and as such celebrations have a tendency to create ill-will between neighbors, the Boys would be much better employed if they pursued their usual daily avocations. The Boys are not so much to blame, however, as the clergymen who roared and ranted and misrepresented the Catholic faith on this occasion. It may be said that Rev. W. D. P. Wilson, Rev. Mr. Cameron and Rev. Mr. Hall surpassed themselves in wild and foundationless utterances concerning the Catholic Church; and were slanderers punished as they deserve in this Canada of ours, these three reverend gentlemen would now give behind prison bars. We will give just one nugget from Rev. Mr. Cameron's storehouse. "The Roman Catholic religion dishonored the Bible. It was a law of their Church that the Bible should be closed unless the permission of the priest was secured." In every Catholic Bible appears a letter from Pope Pius VI. in which he states that "the people should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, for these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one to draw from their purity of morals and of doctrine, and to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times." We might also inform Rev. Mr. Cameron that we keep a book-store and that our sale of bibles to our Catholic people is greater than that of any other book. Mr. Cameron may feel happy while receiving the plaudits of the uneducated rabble to whom he caters, but intelligent and truth-loving men must surely hold him in contempt.

It is stated that as one of the results of the opening the Vatican Library to students of history, documents have been discovered which put beyond doubt that long before the discovery of America by Columbus this continent had been visited by explorers from Greenland. The proofs of this are to be laid before the Geographical Congress at the World's Fair. Among them there are said to be letters from Catholic Bishops whose dioceses were in Greenland, and who speak of unexplored regions lying to the South, which were inhabited by savages. It is, moreover, said that in 1007 and in 1010 one Thorinn, with his wife Gudrid, visited Vinland, which is understood to be the island now called Martha's Vineyard, and afterwards visited Rome, where they were well received and gave an account of their

journey which is preserved in the Vatican Library. It may be supposed that Columbus heard in Rome of these testimonies to the existence of land to the West of Europe, and that this was one of the considerations in the mass of evidence gathered by him which led to his discoveries in 1492. It must be remarked that if such a previous discovery of America actually took place, the glory of Columbus is not diminished, as for all practical purposes America was entirely an unknown land in his time, and he deserves all the credit which is given to him for having accumulated the evidence which led to his successful expedition, and for having drawn correct conclusions from it, which led to practical results. It is even said that in 1112, Vinland was named among the territories over which Pope Paschal II. gave Episcopal jurisdiction to the Bishop of Greenland.

One of the questions to be discussed at the Baptist Congress which will meet in Augusta, Georgia, is, "What constitutes valid baptism?" Is it possible that the Baptists are in doubt on this subject after maintaining for a couple of centuries that true Christians must be dipped? But many Baptists have caught the spirit of the age and are now imbued with the new belief so much in vogue that creeds are only an obstacle to real Christianity. If that be so, why should they not now admit that any kind of a baptism is valid? If they arrive at this conclusion, it may well be asked, What reason then is there for the existence of their sect?

One of the most saddening spectacles possible is that of a young man neglecting the performance of his religious duties. Death in any form is terrible. What more awful than the death of our immortal soul, ransomed at a great price and warmed into life by the breath of the Almighty. They tell you they have lost the faith. Yes, they have sucked magazines and fed upon utterances which they regard as infallible; but all this has not made them remiss in their obligations to their Creator. It is, says Cardinal Newman, the highest wisdom to accept truth of whatever kind, wherever it is clearly ascertained to be such, though there be difficulty with other known truth. They have not found any truth save that indulgence in sin that wreck their manhood is not conducive to a love of God. In nine cases out of ten the true cause of a Catholic's negligence is some hidden sin that is corroding the very essence of his spiritual nature and making him heedless of all that does not gratify the senses.

Nowhere, perhaps, save in London, do poverty and riches touch each other so closely as in New York. Hard by the millionaire's mansion stands the wretched tenement. Here may be seen the signs of a refined luxury, and there are visible the signs of a miserable pauperism. And the saddest feature of it all is that the poor are not befriended by those endowed with the world's goods. True there are charitable societies, but too often the words of the poet may be applied to them. "The organized charity, scrippled and tied, In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ."

What the poor want is sympathy. It is a need of their being, and history proves that when once they are deprived of it they become the most dangerous class of society. "The meaning of life to some is to banter and buy, and the strongest and shrewdest are masters of time." "Beware with your classes Men are men, and a cry in the night is a fearful teacher. When it reaches the hearts of the masses, Then they heed but a sword for a judge and a preacher."

At a banquet given by Lord Mayor Sir Stewart Knill, who, as our readers are aware, is a Catholic, to the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England, and clergy of other churches, the Bishop of London (England) had the bad taste to make a speech against the disestablishment of the Church. He made the extravagant assertion that the opponents of the Establishment are "endeavoring to tear up by its roots an institution which was part of the constitution of England long before Parliament existed, and before the Saxon Heptarchy became united as one kingdom." The Bishop has brought upon himself much ridicule from non-Conformists for making so absurd a claim. They point out, what every one knows who is in the least degree conversant with history, that it was the Lord Mayor's grand old Church which dated back to these remote ages, whereas the present Establishment is the more recent creation of

Henry VIII., his son Edward and his daughter Elizabeth. The Bishop seems to have relied more upon the ignorance of the assembled guests than he was justified in doing, considering that there were present some of the most prominent non-Conformist clergy of London, as well as the Chief Jewish Rabbi, all of whom knew better, though through politeness they let the statement pass without contradiction.

The New York Sun recently published a sensational account of a supposed insubordination on the part of Archbishop Corrigan to the order of Mgr. Satolli in reference to the restoration of Dr. Burtzell to his former parish of the Epiphany; but the publication of Mgr. Satolli's letter shows that no such order was given. The letter merely requested the Archbishop to consider whether or not he could conscientiously accede to the petition of those who requested Dr. Burtzell's restoration to his old parish. Other reports equally strange were published in the same journal concerning an irreconcilable quarrel between the same two dignitaries. Archbishop Corrigan has treated these rumors with silent contempt; yet the fact that Mgr. Satolli is to be Archbishop Corrigan's honored guest in New York is a satisfactory refutation of the statements which have been so pertinaciously published.

Some time since strange tablets of stone were found at La Harpe, Ill., and upon them could be discerned lettering and figures. Various theories are invented to explain them. The most plausible one is that the tablets are a farewell to La Salle from a hand that had revolved against him.

The Philadelphia Catholic Times scores G. W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, and says that the Tribune owners ought to muzzle Smalley or cable his discharge. Smalley is like the class described by Dumas that has claws only to destroy those who have wings. His utterance on Irish affairs manifests his intense hatred and prejudice and proves what a marvellous capacity he has for misrepresentation.

We witnessed the other day a beautiful scene. On one of our streets, about the hour when it is thronged with fashionables and business men, we saw an old man very much intoxicated. Some looked at him with disgust and others sneered and laughed, but not one ventured to assist the miserable specimen of humanity. At last a young man, honest featured, with kindly blue eyes, took the old man's arm and guided him homewards. We do not know him, but for his manly, charitable deed we say, "God bless him." That act of virtue broadened that human nature and sowed the seeds that will ripen into a harvest of benediction. He did more than ever will they who are fond of giving exhibitions of philanthropical fireworks.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris administered a sharp rebuke to an estimable lady who asked his permission to organize a band of persons for the purpose of raising money in some questionable way. "If the money," he says, "spent upon balls and pleasure parties were given integrally to the poor, there would be avoidance of sin, honor given to God, real help to the suffering and far less scandal given to our poorer neighbors who find it difficult to distinguish the benevolent intention in the zeal for pleasure that persuades Catholics to dance for the relief of victims made by the most appalling catastrophes."

The University of Oxford gave the world an object lesson in bigotry by erecting a memorial to Shelley, the atheist, and refusing to allow a statue of Newman to be placed within its precincts. One was a man who lived for himself, and the other lived for his fellows—but he was a Catholic.

Some ministers, if we may judge from their actions, have a very vague idea of the sanctity of the marriage bond. They regard it as a mere money transaction. So long as impersonators of feminine and masculine stand before them they proceed with the ceremony. Not long ago in New York a youth permitted a school girl to enter into wedlock with him. When the couple reached the chancel of the church the young girl, dazed at the situation, all but lost consciousness, and, despite the fact that her responses were not heard by the clergyman, the marriage was performed. This contempt and neglect called forth indig-

nant remonstrances and petitions to have the ecclesiastical culprit punished. Ministers of this class, says a contemporary, should not be left to the uncertainties of ecclesiastical discipline. A few exemplary heavy fines would have a very wholesome effect, and the ministers, thus utilized as a warning to the others of their class, might well be thankful to get off without a still severer punishment. There are many prisoners in our jails to-day whose offenses against society are less serious.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

ARCHDEACON KELLY.

His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Cleary has conferred upon his Secretary, Rev. Thomas Kelly, the title of Archdeacon. Though the dignity of Archdeacon brings with it no worldly emoluments it is none the less valuable as indicating that he upon whom it has been bestowed has earned the approbation of his superior and has been faithful in the discharge of his priestly duties. Archdeacon Kelly is a native of Waterford, Ireland, and came to this city with His Grace the Archbishop when the latter was first appointed Bishop of Kingston. Since that time he has acted as Secretary to His Grace the Archbishop and has filled various offices in connection with the Church in Kingston. He is a man of keen observation, a wise counsellor, a faithful and trusty friend. Being of studious habits, he possesses an immense store of miscellaneous knowledge which he uses with splendid advantage. He is a close observer of men and events, and though habitually calm, his discretion can at all times be relied upon. As a speaker Archdeacon Kelly has few equals in the diocese. His language is well chosen, his thought excellent and his delivery pleasing, yet forcible. He takes a deep and lively interest in Catholic affairs and in the general welfare of the Catholic people. The Archdeacon has also been chairman of the Separate School Board for some years. The news of his appointment as Archdeacon will be a source of joy to his many friends in Kingston.

VERY REV. DEAN MASTERSON.

In his list of honors His Grace has not forgotten a well-tried and faithful servant to the Church in the person of that good priest, Rev. Father Masterston, of Prescott, upon whom has been bestowed the dignity of Dean. Although distant from his city who will join with us in congratulating him upon this especial mark of favor. Religious honors come to those only who have earned them, and Dean Masterston has certainly merited his. He has been in all respects a model priest, obtaining the confidence and esteem of rich and poor alike. He is a man of sterling personal qualities, an efficient and careful administrator, and a fluent speaker. Wherever he has been stationed he has done credit to himself and to the office he fills. A man of good deeds and kind actions, his promotion will give universal satisfaction. —Freeman.

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ALTAR BOY, THEN PRIEST.

A Development That is not at all Rare in Occurrence.

The childhood shows the man As the morning shows the day.

A familiar exemplification of this early foreshadowing of a future career is afforded by that not always insignificant if occasionally diminutive member of every Catholic parish, the altar boy. If the child is father of the man, the server of the Mass is father of the celebrant. Not that every altar boy inevitably enters the priesthood; but the priest is almost invariably a development of the altar boy.

The good boy of the parish. It should be premised at the outset that the typical altar boy is prominently the good boy of the parish. This statement does not at all imply that he is a goodly little prig, with downcast eyes and a countenance perpetually demure, or that mischievous tricks and pranks do not appeal to his sympathies with a force not always resistible. To be "on the altar" is, indeed, a distinction which every Catholic boy rightly prizes as the equivalent of an exceptionally good certificate of character, and a privilege of which misconduct would certainly deprive him, so that his office proves not only a strong deterrent from the practice of boyish vices, but a potent incentive to the cultivation of exemplary habits.

The decade and a half of years that usually intervenes between the happy day when the young Catholic first serves Mass and the incomparably happier one when he first celebrates that adorable sacrifice is divided into three distinct eras: his boyhood, spent at home; his adolescence, spent in the seminary; and his young manhood, in the world.

For months he is a spectator of the different ceremonies and functions rather than an active participant therein—his duties consisting mainly in wearing his little red cassock and white surplice with becoming gravity; in standing, kneeling, and bowing, if not with notable grace, at least with occasional awkwardness; and in occasionally ringing the bell, holding the basin while the priest is washing his fingers or carrying to and from the sanctuary a candlestick considerably taller than himself.

Rapidly mastering the details of the acolyte's various movements and more gradually accomplishing the laborious task of learning by heart the Latin responses, he finally hazards the opinion that he is competent to serve Low Mass alone; and, being allowed to try, he goes through the ordeal triumphantly, and is henceforth a full-fledged altar boy. True, there may still be some drawback to his perfect happiness. For instance, his inches may be too few and his lifting power too limited to warrant his attempting to move the missal from one side to the other. There used to be, in the "old chapel" down in St. George, N. B., about a quarter of a century ago, a missal stand and missal against which the writer remembers having had, during his early days an altar boy, a distinct grievance. In the first place, the altar was a pretty high one, and he had to wait a good many months after his installation in the sanctuary before growing tall enough, even by standing on his tiptoes, to take a good hold of the stand. When that desirable consummation was at last achieved he discovered that, while by exerting all his strength, he could raise stand and book from the altar, it would be a perilous undertaking to try to carry such a load even for a dozen steps. That missal must have weighed more than Webster's International Dictionary, and whether the massive square stand was made of mahogany or ebony, it seemed to have acquired the specific gravity of lead. It was a red-letter day in that altar boy's career when he carried the mighty load all around the sanctuary to demonstrate his ability thereafter to "change the book."

Until his fourteenth or fifteenth year there is little in the life of the future priest to distinguish it from that of the ordinary schoolboy. Apart from his habitual presence at daily Mass, his more frequent intercourse with the pastor (whom he occasionally accompanies to some country mission) his greater regularity in the reception of the sacraments, and his more punctilious attendance at school and catechism class—our altar boy is much the same as other light-hearted, fun-loving lads of his age. What he will be when he

grows up is a matter to which, in all probability, he has not given very much of even such immature consideration as is possible to his boyish mind. It is a question too far removed as yet from the domain of the practical to occasion him "anxious days and sleepless nights," or even a passing hour's care.

An unconscious actor on the principle that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," he is far more taken up with the contest for school prizes, or the prospects of his base ball nine, than with remote contingencies regarding his career in manhood. His constant association with his pastor and the frequent part he takes in all the services of the Church can hardly fail in time to suggest to him the priesthood as the goal of his ambition. The idea first comes to him in the guise of a vague day dream, a castle in the air rather than a real possible or genuine hope, and it is probably scouted as preposterous on the ground that he is not good enough to be a priest.

A COLLEGE STUDENT. When from fourteen to sixteen years of age the altar boy usually enters upon a new phase of his development. Recognizing the more than ordinary brilliancy of his parts, his teachers and pastor advise his parents to give him the benefit of a complete course of studies; and the schoolboy becomes a college student. As knowledge and piety, according to St. Francis de Sales, are the two eyes of the perfect ecclesiastic, so talent and virtue are two requisites essential to the youth predestinated to the priestly dignity; and, in point of fact, our typical altar boy is not more surely the good boy of the parish than he is the smart boy of the school. The change from home to college is, in many respects, a revolutionary one.

Our grown-up altar boy begins the third and last stage of his development—he enters the seminary. The most important epochs in the seminarian's career are his half-yearly examination and his "call" for orders, or his receiving notice that he is to advance another grade at the Christmas or Trinity ordination. The branches of ecclesiastical science are sufficiently numerous and difficult to warrant his feeling somewhat nervous at the approach of the examination. Not until he has pored in turn over Holy Scriptures, dogmatic and moral theology, canon law, ecclesiastical history, the councils, sacred eloquence, the liturgy and rubrics, and reviewed them all with unflagging industry, can he face the ordeal without fear or apprehension. His "calls," on the contrary, are joyous events, fit subjects for the congratulations of friends and his own acts of thanksgiving. His promotion to the sub-deaconship is the real climacteric of his career, for the reception of that sacred order sets him apart from the world and its business, consecrating him for life to the service of God and His altar.

Deaconship follows, with fuller powers and higher privileges, and finally dawns the day of days when the long-tried aspirant receives the plenitude of Holy Orders. With impressive solemnity the ordination rite proceeds, until at length the bishop pronounces these words of tremendous import: "Receive power to offer sacrifice to God and to celebrate Mass, as well for the living as the dead. Amen."—and our altar boy is a priest forever. It is an exaggeration to say that words are inadequate to describe the varying emotions that thrill his soul as he fully realizes the exaltedness of his office, and the incomprehensible mercy and goodness of God in endowing him therewith.

Instead of attempting an analysis of his sentiments, let us rather accompany him to his home, where, on the following Sunday, in the old familiar parish church, he for the first time offers up the unbloody sacrifice of the spotless Lamb, and let us take our leave of him as, turning to the people with right hand raised in benediction, his eyes involuntarily rest on one countenance radiant among all the throng, with the transfiguring glory of ineffable gratitude and joy. Two glances flash a message of earth's most perfect love, and surely the Seraphim might envy the ecstasy of that moment when first from the altar of his boyhood's service the new priest's blessing falls upon his mother.—Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., in Donahoe's Magazine.

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MEETING IN THE FOREST.

A Chapter From Conan Doyle's Thrilling Story of the Refugees.

The following extract is taken from the current installment of Dr. A. Conan Doyle's new story, "The Refugees," in Harper's Monthly Magazine: THE HAIRLESS MAN. All day they pushed on through the woodlands, walking in single file, Amos Green first, then the seaman, then the lady, and De Catinat bringing up the rear. The young woodsman advanced cautiously, seeing and hearing much that was lost to his companions stopping continually and examining the signs of leaf and moss and twig. So all day they journeyed amid great forests, with never a hint or token of their fellow-man.

But if man were absent, there was at least no want of life. It buzzed and chirped and chattered all around them, from marsh and stream and brushwood.

That night they slept in the woods, Amos Green lighting a dry wood fire in a thick copse where a dozen pines stood. He had shot a wild goose, and he had baked a couple of his biscuits, served them both for supper and for breakfast. Late in the afternoon, Amos halted suddenly in the heart of a thick grove and raised his hand to his ear.

"Listen!" he cried. "I hear nothing," said Ephraim. "Nor I," added De Catinat. "Ah, but I do!" cried Adele, gleefully. "It's a bell, and at the very time of day when the bells all sound in Paris."

"You are right, madame. It is what they call the Angelus. It is the school bell, I hear it now!" cried De Catinat. "It was drowned by the chirping of the birds. But whence comes a bell in the heart of a Canadian forest?"

"We are near the settlements on the Richelieu. It must be the bell of the chapel in the fort."

"Fort St. Louis! Ah, then we are no great way from my friend's seignury."

"Then we may sleep there to-night, if you think that he is indeed to be trusted."

"Yes. He is a strange man, with ways of his own, but I would trust him with my life."

"Very good. We shall keep to the south of the fort, and make for his house. But something is putting up the birds over yonder. Ah! I hear the sound of steps. Crouch down here among the smac, until we see who it is who walks so boldly through the woods."

A moment later a man pushed his way into the open, whose appearance was so strange and so ill-suited to the spot that even Amos gazed upon him with amazement.

He was a very small man, so dark and weather-stained that he might have passed for an Indian were it not that he walked and was clad as no Indian had ever been. He wore a broad-rimmed hat, frayed at the edges, and so discolored that it was hard to say what its original tint had been. His dress was of skins rudely cut and dangling loosely from his body, and he wore the high boots of a dragoon, as tattered and stained as the rest of his raiment. On his back he bore a huge bundle of canvas, with two long sticks projecting from it, and under each a large square painting.

"He's no Injun," whispered Amos. "And he's no woodman, either. Blessed if I ever saw the match of him!"

"Seems to me to have a jury-mast rigged upon his back, and fore and main stay-sails set under each of his arms," said Captain Ephraim. "Well, he seems to have no consorts, so we may hail him without fear.

They rose from their ambush, and as they did so the stranger caught sight of them. Instead of showing the uneasiness which any man might be expected to feel at suddenly finding himself in the presence of strangers in such a country he promptly altered his course and came toward them. As he crossed the glade, however, the sounds of the distant bell fell upon his ears, and he instantly whipped off his hat and sunk his head in prayer. A cry of horror rose from every one of the party, at the sight which met their eyes.

so noble in the carriage of the man, in the pose of his head, and in the expression of his distorted features, that even the blunt Puritan seaman was awed by it.

"Good-evening, my children," said the stranger, picking up his pictures again and advancing towards them, "I presume that you are from the fort."

"We are going to the manor-house of Charles de la Noue, at Ste. Marie," said De Catinat, "and we hope soon to be in a place of safety. But I grieve, sir, to see how terribly you have been mishandled."

"Ah, you have observed my little injuries, then! They know no better, poor souls! They are but mischievous children—merry-hearted, but mischievous. Tut! tut! It is laughable indeed that a man's vile body should ever clog his spirit, and yet here am I full of the will to push forward, and I must even seat myself on this log and rest myself, for the rogues have blown the calves of my legs off."

"My God! Blown them off! The devil's!"

"No, no; but they are not to be blamed. No, no; it would be uncharitable to blame them. They are ignorant poor folk, and the prince of darkness is behind them to urge them on. They sunk little charges of powder into my legs and then exploded them, which makes me a slower walker than ever, though I was never very brisk."

"Who are you, then, sir; and who is it who has used you so shamefully?" asked De Catinat.

"Oh, I am a very humble person. I am Ignatius Morat, of the society of Jesus. And as to the people who have used me a little roughly why, if you are sent on the Iroquois mission, of course you know what to expect. I have nothing at all to complain of. Why, they have used me very much better than they did Father Jogues, Father Brebeuf, and a good many others whom I could mention. There were times, it is true, when I was quite hopeful of martyrdom, especially when they thought that my tonsure was too small, which was their merry way of putting it. But I suppose that I was not worthy of it—indeed, I know that I was not—so it only ended in just a little roughness."

"Where are you going, then?" asked Amos, who had listened in amazement to the man's words.

"I am going to Quebec. You see, I am such a useless person that until I have seen the Bishop I can really do no good at all."

"You mean that you will resign your missions into the Bishop's hands?" said De Catinat.

"Oh, no. That would be quite the sort of thing which I should do if I were left to myself, for it is incredible how cowardly I am. You would not think it possible that a priest of God could be so frightened as I am sometimes. The mere sight of a fire makes me shrink all into myself ever since I went through the ordeal of the lighted pine splinters, which have left all these ugly stains upon my face. But then, of course, there is the order to be thought of, and members of the order do not leave their posts for trifling causes. But it is against the rules of Holy Church that a maimed man should perform the rites, and so until I have seen the Bishop, and had his dispensation, I shall be even more useless than ever."

"What will you do then?"

"Oh, then, of course, I will go back to my flock."

"To the Iroquois?"

"That is where I am stationed."

and a smile upon his face. In the second, a similar smile was screaming at the pitch of his lungs, while half a dozen black creatures were battering him with poles and prodding him with lances.

"It's a damned soul and a saved soul," said Father Ignatius Morat, looking at his pictures with some satisfaction. "These are clouds upon which the blessed spirit reclines, basking in all the joys of paradise. It is well done this picture, but it has had no good effect, because there are no beaver in it, and they have not a little reason, these poor folk, and so we have to teach them as best we can through their eyes and their foolish senses. This other is better. It has converted several squaws and more than one Indian. I shall not bring back the saved soul when I come in the spring, but I shall bring five damned souls, which will be one for each nation. We must fight Satan with such weapons as we can get, you see. And now, my children, if you must go, let me first call down a blessing upon you."

And then occurred a strange thing, for as he raised his hand to bless them, he saw that some Protestant kness to the earth, and even old Ephraim found himself with a softened heart and a bent head listening to the half-understood words of this crippled, blinded, little stranger.

"Farewell, then," said he, when they had arisen.

And so they left him, a grotesque and yet heroic figure, staring along through the woods with his tent, his pictures, and his mutilation. If the Church of Rome should ever be wrecked, it may come from her weakness in high places, but assuredly it will never be through the fault of her rank and file, for never upon earth have men and women spent themselves more lavishly and more splendidly than in her service. \* \* \*

MONSIGNOR SATOLLI ON SUICIDE.

Monsignor Satolli, the apostolic legate, and who is at the head of the Catholic Church in this country, without any hesitation declared that suicide is criminal under all circumstances, says the San Francisco Examiner.

"Suicide is always a crime," was his response to the question. "No possible conditions can make it otherwise. There are circumstances when a man may rightly sacrifice his life, but he can do so only for two causes, the good of his country and the upholding of his religious faith, his duty to God and his country being at all times paramount. We have instances of these cases, though they may not in a strict sense be called suicide, where a man does voluntarily battle for his principles of religion."

"Even when a man takes his own life in order to relieve his beloved family from the sufferings of poverty which his life has been insured, the criminality of the act is in no wise mitigated; his duty to God is higher than that to his family. Life is a God-given gift, and He alone, except where the law declares it forfeited, has the right to take it. The Catholic Church doctrine on this point is clear and unalterable, and will remain so until the Almighty rescinds the commandment: 'Thou shalt not kill.' This the Church interprets to mean the murder of another or one's self."

"As many countries have no laws penalizing suicide, as did the old English laws the Church has adopted a policy which is believed to be an important deterrent to self-destruction; it does not permit the burial of the suicide in consecrated ground, as it holds that by this he has voluntarily excommunicated himself."

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Lung Tro

"For more than twenty years I have been long troubled with coughing so severe at times, hemorrhaging the prostrating my body, and I have tried every remedy, but I have not been able to get any relief. I procured a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after a few days I was able to get up, and no longer had it than relief followed. I could not believe the effect would be so rapid. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

But the fruit of the spirit is charity. (Epistle of the Sunday.)

Mark these words, brethren; for they describe the Christian religion, at least as far as its practical effects are concerned. The presence of the Holy Ghost is known by a kindly disposition, a friendly feeling towards others, a longing to make others happy, an affectionate sympathy for their sufferings; and all this for the love of God. So St. John says: "We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren." The necessary result of sanctifying grace is a deep attachment to our friends and a loving forgiveness towards our enemies.

"I give you a new commandment," said our Lord to His disciples, "that you love one another; as I have loved you, that you love one another." Again: "By this shall men know that you are My disciples if you have love for one another." He thus tells us what His law is—fraternal charity; that is the newness of life man got from heaven above; that is the torrent of heavenly influence rushing down upon us and bearing us away upon its billows; and that is the mark set upon us by which we know ourselves, and others may know us, to be the fruit of the Holy Spirit.

But somebody might say, How about the love of God? Is not the love of God the end of all religion? Is it not our first duty to love God so strongly that we prefer Him to all things else, even our nearest relatives? Is not the love of God the one absorbing duty of our lives? In answer, my brethren, I have only to say that that is but another way of looking at the same thing; for since the coming of our Lord among us God has become man, and we are born in holy baptism, "not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." When our Lord, true God as He was, took human nature, He took our poor nature just as it is, saving its sinfulness; and it is His blessed will that one by one every man, woman and child in the world should personally be joined to His divine nature by baptism, and, as St. Peter says, be made partakers of the divinity He possesses. And even the poor, unbaptized heathen, they are to be gifted with this divine privilege by our love for them and our loving efforts to give it to them. Now do you not see why our Lord, His Apostles and His Church made so much of the love of one's neighbor? And do you not see that, whether you begin to love with God or with man, if you do it along with Jesus Christ, you do it with the God-man, and therefore always in God and never out of man?

Yet another might say, But, Father, what about the sacraments, and what about the practice of prayer, and what about the laws of the Church? I answer by a comparison: Why do we plant and then reap a field of wheat? That they may in due time get the grain, make bread of part themselves and families, and sell the rest to their neighbors. Now, some may use the very old-fashioned way of thrashing it out by the beating of the flax, and others by the great, roaring thrashing-machine. The last way is the quickest and cleanest and best. So our Lord, when He became man, instituted the sacraments. He established His Church as the new and best way of obtaining the ripe fruit of the Holy Spirit, and that way He commands us to use. So the man who really loves his neighbor as himself learns to do it by using our Lord's methods, the sacraments; and he cannot get along without them.

So, brethren, cultivate more and more this sweet Christian virtue of fraternal love; and especially in your families. When the children cry, when they are sickly and peevish, when others are cross and exacting, when some are dull and stupid, when the meals are too late or the food is not cooked right, when the thousand and one annoyances of living with others vex and harass you, remember that you are a Christian, and that loving patience, great good nature, fondness for friends—to say nothing of zeal for the conversion of poor sinners—are virtues that will win you the kingdom of heaven.

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A CHILD OF THE FLOODS.

By MAURICE F. EGAN, LL. D.

III.

Helena's father had bought a plot of ground near the river. He was very well content with the profit it yielded him. Accustomed in his native country—where land is dear—to make, by constant industry, every inch of earth bear something useful, he farmed his small lot as if it were a garden. He raised vegetables and took them to market himself. His neighbors were astonished at the prices he got for his potatoes, cabbages and tomatoes.

"How do you do it?" they often asked. "Hard work and care do it," he would answer, with a laugh. Every Sunday and on the first Friday of every month, the family were seen at early Mass. And Casper never went to bed without saying the rosary, in the presence of his wife and children. The boys were as hard-working as their father. Casper always said that the reason he saved money was because his boys worked for him, while the sons of neighbors went into the city to seek places in offices.

Casper's house was comfortable and warm and clean. Helena was permitted to put her statue of the Blessed Virgin in a niche in the room prepared for her, and to surround it with candles and flowers. Helena was treated like a little lady for the first week. Then she went to work, and she found plenty to do. There were chickens to feed, potatoes to be washed—for Casper always sent his vegetables to market nicely cleaned and arranged in neat baskets—many things to be done. Helena was just the little maid to do all this. While her grandmother knitted endless stockings, sometimes sighing a little for the old home, Helena bustled about like a happy bee.

All went well. Casper built a big greenhouse, and his grapes were beautiful to behold. At Christmas Casper thinned them out somewhat, and so pleased was he with the amount he received for them, that he built more green-houses and spent all the money he had saved, in stocking them with rare varieties of grapes. The green-houses were delightful in the winter days. Leaves and tendrils hid the frosty landscape without from view.

Casper said that Frau Ida and Helena brought him good luck. And Frau Ida always replied that whatever God sends is good. February came. Constant rain fell. Heavy mists veiled the earth. The sunsets presaged damp weather. Gleanings of sunshine were once or twice reflected in the clouds; but they seemed to be rapidly quenched by the mist and rain.

The river began to rise; Casper laughed at the neighbors who said that if the rains continued, there would be a flood. Things had gone so well with him that he feared no evil. He smoked his pipe and went about his work as good-humoredly as usual. Frau Ida put on her spectacles, looked at the falling rain and misty river, and shook her head.

"We have no floods at home," she said, "when the snow melts under late winter rain, because we have the forests; but where are your forests?" For the first time Casper looked seriously at the river. It had risen much; there was no doubt of that. Farmer Brown dropped in to tell him that there was great alarm in the city, and that many people had deserted their houses and gone to higher ground. If the rain kept up, he said, there would be awful times, for the flood would be worse than even last year's.

The last year's flood had not hurt Casper, so he was still indifferent. But that night, sitting beside his hearth and smoking his pipe, he was more silent than usual. The rain fell drip, drip, drip on the roof. The river's flow made an ominous and unusual sound. What if the flood should rise? Casper knew that if it once reached the level of the terrace on which his lot was situated it would cover all he possessed. He thought of the heavy bunches of grapes in the green-house for which an owner of one of the city hotels had promised to pay him a snug sum. Suppose the flood should come and the result of his labor be swept away.

Frau Ida read her son's thoughts. "What God sends," she said, "is well sent, my son." Casper tried to say the rosary with a tranquil mind. The next day dawned through mist and rain. The water still continued to rise. Boats began to move over farms, and here and there a chimney, a telegraph pole, or the top of a high tree showing above the water, bore testimony that the river had swept far beyond its banks. The family gathered together their household goods. To-morrow, if the rain did not cease, they would move to higher ground, and take lodging with Farmer Brown.

That night was an anxious one. But Casper's family were all too industrious during the day to keep awake long at night. About twelve o'clock there was a loud crash against the walls of the house. And then the glass of Frau Ida's window was broken violently.

"If you don't want to be drowned in your beds," said Farmer Brown, "come out at once." Farmer Brown sat in a boat about a foot below the sill of the window of the second story. He held a lantern high above his head.

"You'll have to come quick, too," he cried, "for the floating timber will dash me to pieces if I stay here!"

Another crash. A huge tree, torn up by the flood had struck the corner of the house. Casper and his sons dressed hastily. The women of the family had not changed their clothes. They quickly seized such bundles of necessary articles as they could get, and then they were huddled into the boat. It almost broke Frau Ida's heart to have to leave her old carved chest in the house, but of course Farmer Brown would not take it.

The scene, with the house and greenhouse half buried in the flood, was a strange one. It was dark, but here and there, from passing boats, flashed lights. A tall pear broke the quiet of the night. To step into the boat from the window required unusual courage on the part of Helena. All was dark below her. As she dropped into the boat, it seemed as if she were to fall into a black pit. Helena saw her grandmother and mother get into the boat. The boys were already at the oars. The father stood, with his arms upraised, to catch her when she jumped. She hesitated.

"Come!" cried her father. There was a sudden blast of wind; a louder roar of waters. Farmer Brown lost his grasp on the wall of the house, his lantern fell into the water, and Helena jumped.

At that instant the boat was wheeled away in a huge mass of drift-wood, and Helena fell into the rushing stream. When she came to the surface, darkness and cold were around her. She kept her hand under water, and saw at a glance that she was not far from the lighted window of her father's house. She could not reach it; it was too far away. She was not frightened. How troubled they would all feel about her, she thought. And then, if her mother could never find her body!

Then the weight of her clothes seemed to drag her down again. She grasped the little medal of Lourdes that hung around her neck, and bouded the Act of Contrition—

"O my God, I am heartily sorry for all my sins—" And she went down. Before she had quite realized it, she found herself tightly grasping the window-sill of her father's house. Helena had strong arms. In an instant she had drawn herself up and climbed in through the open window. Once in, she faintly. She was almost frozen when she recovered. It did not take her long to get warm clothes on. It happened that the only change of clothes she had was the gala costume she had worn on the Feast of the Church in her native village. She knelt before the image of the Help of Christians, who had saved her when death seemed to be near; her best friends had been carried away with the flood, but her Mother was always near. Helena thanked the dear Child Jesus for giving her such a mother.

Until daylight the storm raged and the flood rose. Helena was driven up into the attic. There, like an imprisoned dove, she sat on the wide window-seat watching the flood beneath her, and praying that the dear ones might be safe.

When daylight came, Helena saw strange objects float past; a baby's cradle empty, a horse struggling with the flood, a raft with a whole family upon it, and lastly a table turned upside down was pushed against the house and jammed there by drift-wood. And in this table, wrapped in a shawl, was a little child. Helena bent out at the window and seized it with both hands. The little waif, quite warm in its wrap, smiled and caught Helena around the neck.

Helena recognized at once the shawl upon this little child. It was the one her grandmother had given to Mrs. Schwartz at Castle Garden. Helena hugged the little creature very tight, and prayed now that somebody might come to save her and her charge. The little girl was the same blue-eyed, golden-haired little creature, and she seemed to know Helena.

"Ach, mein Liechen!" It was Frau Ida who spoke. Helena and the baby were kissed and embraced by about a hundred people, grouped in Farmer Brown's high and dry barn.

The boat had been unable to approach the house during the hours of darkness, on account of the rushing drift and the need of rescuing others, who, like Casper's family, had been surprised by the flood. But at last it had reached the house. Shall I tell you how happy Casper was when he saw Helena's face at the window? Shall I tell you how the boys yelled? Shall I tell you how the mother and grandmother wept and thanked God? But I cannot. Put yourself in Helena's place and fancy it all.

So far, the mother of the little baby has not yet appeared to claim it. If she is dead, Helena will take care of it. She asked her father if she might, and he said "Yes." I can tell you, however, that when the flood went down Casper had much to be thankful for. Some of his green-houses, built on a high knoll, had not been touched by the rising water. The grapes were safe, although the green-house near the dwelling was destroyed. Kind people helped him; and, with strong hands and willing hearts and trust in God, they are getting ready to build up all that the flood tore down.

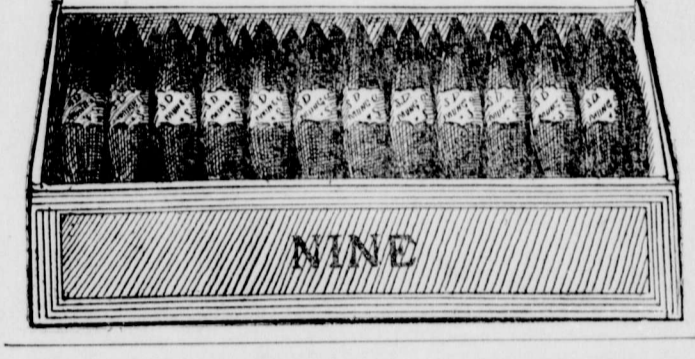
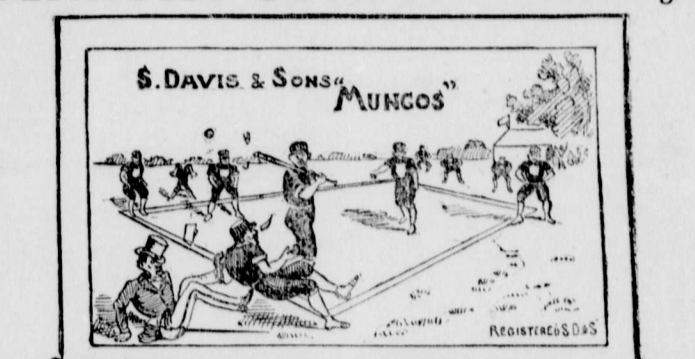
As for Helena, she grasps tight her "child of the flood." It is due to the Mother who saved her that she should be a mother to this little one. And her father, poor as he is, says she is right.

THE END

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