

The Catholic Record.

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

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1548

THE DAY OF THE CIRCUS HORSE

I was a fiery circus horse,
That ramped and stamped and neighed
Till every creature in its course
Fled frightened and dismayed.
The chickens on the roadway's edge
Arose and flapped their wings,
And making for the sheltering hedge
Flow of like crazy things.
Nor iron gates nor fences barred
That mottled steel's career,
I galloped right across our yard
And filled us all with fear.
And when I tossed it head and ran
Straight through the heavy door
Cook almost dropped her frying pan
Upon the kitchen floor!
Neighed and pranced and wheeled about
And scamped off, but then
We scarcely saw the creature out
When it was in again.
And so throughout the livelong day,
Through house and yard and street,
That charger held his fearsome way
And only stopped to eat.
But when at dusk a little lame,
I slowly climbed the stairs,
I held a gentle lack,
And made it easy prayers.
Now what a welcome change you see!
I come and take the pony
Here lies, as tame as tame can be,
A little boy who's Catholic Standard and Times.

SOCIALISM AND THE REPUBLIC

MAGNIFICENT ORATION OF HON. W. BOURKE COCHRAN AT NEW YORK'S CENTENARY.

During the recent celebration of the centenary of the Archdiocese of New York, Hon. Wm. Bourke Cochrane delivered the following eloquent oration, on "Socialism and the Republic."

I should hesitate to detain you at this late hour were it not that one important feature of this celebration it seems to me has been overlooked. The increase more than one hundred fold of Catholics in the territory created an Episcopate one hundred years ago—now a province with some eight suffragan Bishops—the churches that have been erected, the religious communities that have been founded, the charitable institutions that have been built and filled, without aid from the State but in the teeth of its indifference and sometimes its opposition, without encouragement from wealth and fashion, but in spite of its frowns, have all been described fittingly and eloquently. But even more imposing than the record of unparalleled success which this Centenary recalls is the still wider success which it foreshadows.

THE CIVIC ASPECT OF THE CENTENARY
When the next Centenary is celebrated, there will be within the same limits more than twenty millions and within the whole country more than one hundred million souls, holding our faith and fashioning their lives under its precepts. This is not an attempt at prophecy, but the result of very close calculation. It assumes but a five fold increase where we have actually seen an increase of one hundred fold during a similar period.

The spiritual features of this memorable event have been made clear by the illustrious prelates and priests who have borne part in this celebration. Be it the layman's task to make clear, if he can, its civic aspect.

How will the evolution of our political system be affected by this vast body of Catholics in our citizenship? To me the answer is obvious.

The political system under which the Church has achieved a growth without parallel since the great schism of the sixteenth century is a system which must be strengthened, confirmed, perpetuated by a further extension of Catholic faith and Catholic influence. The civic lesson of this Centenary is that this Republic of ours will be firmer on its foundations, wiser in its influence, richer in its blessings at the end of the century which is opening than it is now at the end of the century which has just closed.

I am well aware that confidence in the growth or even in the stability of republicanism is not general at this day.

Mr. Bryce, author of *The American Commonwealth*, in an address delivered on Jefferson's birthday, pointed out that while the leaders of thought throughout the world fifty years ago were almost unanimously liberal, now they are almost without exception conservative—by liberal meaning men who favored democratic and by conservative men who favored autocratic or class government. It is undoubtedly true that the democratic tide which during the first half of the nineteenth century seemed to be steadily rising throughout the world, has been steadily ebbing during the latter half until to-day it has wholly disappeared.

THE PROMISE IT EMBODIES
From 1840 to 1890 in every European country a powerful party embracing the most enlightened of the population labored for the establishment of republican government. Now there is no republican party in any European country. The radical movement of this day is not towards republicanism but towards socialism, its exact opposite.

Even in our own country grave doubts are expressed concerning the capacity of our constitutional system to stand the strain of vastly expanding wealth accompanied by unmistakable evidence of growing unrest and widening discontent. Many men are advocating stronger government lest the suffrage be abused through corruption or ignorance of the masses, while others suspect that under the existing system owners of wealth dominate the government, and use their power to oppress and plunder the populace. I do not dispute the existence of these symptoms nor do I belittle their significance. Yet I am not disturbed. My confidence in the future is unshaken. Because against all these portents of gloom, these anticipations of evil, I place this Centenary. The faith which it attests, the achievements it commemorates, every Catholic declares will be to every Catholic decisive proof that republicanism is not a declining but a growing force in the civilization of mankind.

The collapse of the so called republican movement throughout Europe and the undeniable decline of confidence in Democratic government here, spring from failure to appreciate the true sources of democracy.

THE DEMOCRACY OF CHRISTIANITY
I have often pointed out—I have made it the burden of many speeches during the last twenty years—that the essential principles of democracy were not first formulated in our Constitution, nor in the Declaration of Independence, nor in the English Bill of Rights, nor in the Magna Charta, nor in the Institutes of King Alfred, nor in any monument of human genius derived from human experience. They were first revealed by the Divine Author of Christianity when He taught that all men are brothers, children of the same father, equal heirs to the same immortal heritage beyond the grave. As the political institutions under which men live always reflect the religious beliefs they cherish, a government built on the principle that all men are equal in the eyes of the law resulted inevitably from general acceptance of the religious doctrine that all men are equal in the sight of God.

POLITICAL LIBERTY THROUGH CHRISTIANITY
While democracy was the inevitable, it was not the immediate fruit of Christianity. But this only shows that men find it easier to accept a truth than to realize it. It took less than four centuries to convert pagan temples into Christian churches, but it took eighteen centuries for the religious beliefs of Christians to bear fruit in political institutions of freedom. Still from the first hour when the tongues of fire descended upon the heads of the apostles, it was inevitable that if civilization became Christian two results must follow—the substitution of free labor for slave labor in industry, and the erection of free institutions on the ruins of despotic institutions in government. Here on this soil Christianity has finally borne these, its capital and inevitable fruits. Here the spiritual equality of all men taught by Jesus Christ on Lake Galilee is embodied in a government based upon the political equality of all men. Here labor is not a degrading task reluctantly performed under fear of the scourge by a wretched slave who is chattel, but a voluntary enterprise cheerfully undertaken and loyally discharged by the free man who is a sovereign. Never was a system vindicated by results so beneficent and so immediate—peace most profound, abundance and happiness without parallel have blessed the nation which acknowledges no sovereign but the felon.

All these blessings of a constitutional system based on Christianity, the free thinking philosophers attributed entirely to human wisdom. They persuaded themselves that the fruits of Christian revelation could be maintained and even multiplied while the revelation itself was rejected.

The so called republican movement in Europe became distinctly anti-Christian movement, and the Catholic Church, the most uncompromising exponent of the whole Christian Gospel in all its entirety, they honored with a special animosity.

TWO HANDS OF HOLIEST LOVE
In this country no movement directly hostile to Christianity was sanctioned by government, but distrust of Christian influence is plainly discernible in the disposition of the State to take direct control of certain agencies which the Church had established and which had proved a most effective instrument in uplifting human conditions. Of these, two were permanently conspicuous: the family by which the human being is brought into the world and the needs of infancy, physical and spiritual, provided most completely, because they are supplied by the hands of holy love and the school where youth is prepared for the cares, duties and opportunities of life, by illumining his mind with all the discoveries of science and his soul with all the truths of revelation.

THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL
The Christian family rests on the doctrine that matrimony is a sacrament instituted by our Lord Himself, to bless a condition which once assumed by a man and a woman can never be changed except by the act of God. The school was an agency by which the Church re-enforced the ability of the parent—without displacing his authority—to afford the child even in periods of turbulence and violence the rudiments of learning.

The free thinking republicans persuaded themselves they could preserve the family and the school and at the same time reject the spiritual influences of which they are fruits. For the sacrament on which the Church had established the family they substituted a statute. Instead of a condition that once entered could not be changed while life lasted, they declared matrimony a mere civil contract. As a civil contract is necessarily capable of dissolution, it follows inevitably that wherever so-called liberalism was influential, there divorce was introduced. Divorce once introduced soon became frequent. The integrity of the family tie was no longer sacred and as the family tie was relaxed, the foundations of the Christian State were undermined.

The value of education was also conceded, but the free-thinking republicans denied the right of the parents

to select a medium of instruction and asserted that entire control of it should be exercised by the State through its own employees, rigidly excluding all moral elements from its scope.

Reason unaided by divine revelation having impaired the security of the family by denying the sanctity of the marriage tie, and having excluded all moral instruction from its schools, soon began to question the right of individual to own property. If the State be competent to fix the conditions of the marriage relation, and to discharge the delicate but all important task of educating youth to the exclusion of the parent, why is it asked with unerring logic should it not control all the agencies of production. Socialism reveals itself the logical outcome of a system that claims no basis of justification except reason. The free thinking republicans alarmed at the yawning abyss to the edge of which their own system led, have retraced their steps, and are now as Mr. Bryce says, enlisted among the forces of conservatism, advocating strong Government, that is to say autocratic or despotic Government in some form.

The net result of free-thinking republicanism is a rising tide of socialism, the product of godless schools, and a loosened marriage tie, threatening the integrity of republican Government and the existence of organized society. But if this danger cloud the horizon of our republic, this magnificent gathering, the religious ceremonies which have preceded it, the imposing demonstration which will follow it on Saturday, combine to show how these clouds will be dispelled.

The growth of Catholicism which this Centenary makes certain will avert the danger that threatens the republic, cure the evil that all this, extend the benefits that bless it.

SOCIALISM AND DIVORCE
The danger that threatens this nation is socialism: the evil that corrodes it is divorce, which by loosening the marriage tie is undermining the foundations of the Christian State; chief among the benefits that bless it is education: through which the life of the republic must be saved.

As Catholicism grows all danger of Socialism must be defeated; that social leprosy, divorce, will be expelled from our system, the scope of education will be extended until it becomes in very fact the inexhaustible fountain of meritorious citizenship.

The antagonism between Christianity and socialism is inherent, and therefore, irreconcilable. It is not now. It is as old as Christianity itself.

SOCIALISM IS SERVITUDE IN LABOR.
Socialism, however it may be disguised from its own votaries, is an attempt to revive that servitude in labor and despotism in government against which Catholicism has always contended, and after eighteen centuries of strenuous conflict has finally overthrown. Christianity seeks always to improve the moral excellence of the individual; socialism to extend the power of government. Christianity conceals man may sink to degradation; almost inconceivable, but holds that he is also capable of attaining such excellence that God Himself could assume human form and nature without any impairment of his divinity. This mission of redemption entrusted to the Church by the Divine Redeemer was not to affect directly the political institutions of nations or tribes, or communities, but to convert and improve the individual human units that compose them. Not a word was addressed by our Lord, to a ruler, a State, a Government, or a political division. Every word that fell from His divine lips was addressed to the individual, warning him, whether he were slave or emperor, that there was one domain in which his authority was absolute and that was his own conscience. For every exercise of it he must render strict account. Others he was forbidden to judge; himself he was directed to judge rigorously and the rule of life prescribed for him was the next to loving his God above all things he must love his neighbor as himself.

THE GOVERNMENT FOR WHICH WE WOULD DIE
As Christianity spreads and the number of men multiply who were thus bound to love all other men as themselves, there must be less and less occasion for invoking the power of government, at least its coercive power. If all men were obedient followers of Christ none would attempt to injure, oppress or defraud his neighbor. There could be no occasion to enforce justice, where love of justice was the passion of the entire population. The effect of Christianity is, therefore, to narrow the domain of government and enlarge the domain of individual effort. But this is democratic government—the government under which we have lived peacefully, through which we have prospered enormously, for which we would die unanimously.

As the essence of democracy is confidence in human virtue, all other political systems are built on distrust of human virtue. When Christianity was first preached the masses of men were believed to be so depraved and corrupt that if entrusted with control of government they would abuse it, and if left free to dispose of their own labor they would abandon themselves to idleness. Despotism was the sole form of government, because it was believed to be the sole condition of order, and industrial servitude became universal on the assumption that man could be made to work only under fear of the lash.

THE SOCIALIST LIKE THE IMPERIALIST.
The slightest examination of the socialistic programme shows that it is built on the same profound distrust of humanity which has always been the explanation and the excuse of despotism. The socialist, like the old Roman Imperialist, believes that if industry be left to the free exercise of each individual, one element of the community will dominate the other, and abuse its dominance for plunder and oppression. The capitalist, he declares, will exploit and oppress the laborer under a system of free production, while the old Roman believed that if the laborer were left free to dispose of his own labor he would abuse his freedom by declining to work. But both reach the same conclusion. Each insists that the only way to avert the calamity he dreads is by coercion. The socialist will tell you, and it is his chief argument, that strikes, which are the perils of modern industry, would be impossible if the State were the sole employer of labor. In this he is perfectly correct. If the State were to exercise control of the whole machinery of production, it would undoubtedly compel men to work for its enrichment, as it compels men now to fight for its defence. But on forced labor is servitude. Whether the coercion be exercised by the State through its agents, or by individuals through their overseers, does not affect the condition of the men who are coerced. If workers were forced to obey some political appointee in the employment of their energies, despotism, complete, absolute, oppressive, degrading, would be firmly re-established.

HOW THE CHURCH PREVENTS STRIKES
The socialist declares the strikes and lock-outs that interrupt business and plunge communities into civil war, the perils of modern industry, would be impossible if the State were the sole employer of labor. In this he is perfectly correct. If the State were to exercise control of the whole machinery of production, it would undoubtedly compel men to work for its enrichment, as it compels men now to fight for its defence. But on forced labor is servitude. Whether the coercion be exercised by the State through its agents, or by individuals through their overseers, does not affect the condition of the men who are coerced. If workers were forced to obey some political appointee in the employment of their energies, despotism, complete, absolute, oppressive, degrading, would be firmly re-established.

THE CHURCH HAS THE SYMPATHY OF THE COUNTRY.
Because the Church believes that the system of education now furnished by the State is not adequate for proper preparation of youth to discharge the duties of citizenship efficiently, to bear its burdens loyally, and enjoy its fruits wisely, she has been accused of hostility to education. Had she indeed the foe of learning she need not have raised a hand against it, she need not have remained passive, indifferent, and all education would have disappeared. There would have been no schools, no learning, no literature. It was in her monasteries that the lamp of learning was kept alight, while the barbarian hosts that wrecked the Roman Empire trampled under foot the monuments of ancient civilization. The very men who to day charge her with hostility to education, owe the knowledge and instruction which makes their criticism effective to the Church they denounce. The Church has always been the friend of learning, and she is now the advocate of education. But the Church does not believe any system of education is complete and sufficient preparation for the burdens, duties and responsibilities of citizenship, unless it embraces moral as well as secular instruction.

What is this moral instruction on which we Catholics insist? It embraces the same moral law which all Christian sects acknowledge, but in addition it teaches that obedience to the moral law is encouraged by the transcendent merit of sacraments, especially that of penance and the Holy Eucharist, ordained and established by our Lord Himself, the priests of the Church being His agents to administer them.

WHY THE GOOD CATHOLIC IS A GOOD CITIZEN.
How must acceptance of these mysteries by a citizen of this republic affect the quality of his citizenship? Whatever view a sensible man may hold concerning penance as a sacrament, no one can doubt that every word of advice which drops from the lips of a confessor and every resolve reached by the penitent who kneels before him must operate to strengthen love of justice, hatred of vice and obedience to law. That is the moral law which heaves the confessions must be better fitted to discharge every duty of citizenship than he was before entering it. But the strongest influence for morality and good citizenship is the Holy Eucharist. It justifies the fervor of our Faith and explains its distinctive character.

Every Catholic Church, whether it be a stately cathedral, or a humble tabernacle by the wayside, is erected to enclose a sanctuary, that sanctuary surrounds a tabernacle, that tabernacle contains a Sacred Host, and that Host is Jesus Christ; not a representation or a symbol of Him, but Jesus Christ Himself, Creator of you and of me, of the ground under our feet and the skies over our heads, of the land and the sea, of the fields and the rivers that fertilize the soil as they pass, of the spring tides that surge upon the shore, and the mountains, clouds capped and solemn, of the moon and all the planets in our solar system, of the sun and all the constellations that sweep their silent course through the heavens. The Maker and Lord of all these dwells in that tabernacle, but not permanently. He merely rests there on His journey from heaven to His ultimate destination, and that destination is the breast of a human being. The Catholic man or woman is the living permanent tabernacle of the living God; the tabernacle of marble but His temporary abiding place.

THE TEMPLE OF THE LIVING GOD MUST BE HONEST.
How must this living tabernacle be prepared for its Divine guest? By making the living temple as like Jesus Christ on earth as human nature will allow. Now, my friends, how must that preparation affect the quality of a man's citizenship? Suppose for a moment that we are victims of a delusion. Suppose that Sacred Host which we Catholics revere as God is in fact but the water which it seems to be. The mental preparation for the Holy Eucharist remains the same, and the man leaving the communion rail believing himself to be the living temple of the living God, must be the best and fittest pillar to support a system of government built on the word of God.

What thought inconsistent with the loftiest citizenship can a Catholic harbor in his bosom while approaching the communion rail? What act incongruous with the loftiest public interest could he consider while his mental

attitude remains that in which he receives the Sacred Host. What influence so powerful to maintain security of the laws and the peace which they are intended to preserve, as this preparation of Catholics for the highest exercise of their faith? And the whole purpose of the Church is to make this exalted moral excellence the habitual condition of the man who shall exercise the duties of citizenship, and of the woman who shall bear the future citizens of the Republic.

THE STATE CANNOT TEACH RELIGION
While we insist that no education is complete that does not embrace religious instruction, we are quite free to admit that the State by its own agents cannot furnish this moral teaching without establishing some State religion, and this Catholicism would regard as the greatest calamity that could overtake the country, to be resisted by all the weapons of citizenship. We believe it is of vital importance for the preservation of the State that the citizens who rule it shall be educated. We believe that education should be compulsory on the rich as well as on the poor. The State should prescribe the limits of instruction which it considers essential to its own safety, but parents should always have the right to select the agency by which instruction should be imparted. The State

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF \$1,328,879.51 for mission work have been made in the past year by people of the Catholic faith throughout the world, as against \$1,280,701.72 in the previous year. This is announced in the annual report of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, just issued from Baltimore. France was the largest giver with more than \$500,000, while the United States came second with \$103,054.44.

The medical students of the St. Louis University secured twenty-two out of thirty-two positions at the St. Louis City Hospital in a competitive examination. More than one hundred and fifty graduates of the best medical schools in the Southwest competed for this coveted place. It is five years since this medical school came under the control of the Jesuit Fathers. They will open a law school in October.

The New York Freeman's Journal states that its editor-in-chief, the Rev. Dr. Lambert, is still in the hands of a physician, a second surgical operation having been found necessary, which has left the patient weak and unwell. This prolonged illness of the brilliant New York editor is a source of regret to Catholics everywhere. The Church has no worthier champion in any land than Dr. Lambert.

Priceless ecclesiastical plates and other treasures have been stolen from the Cathedral of St. Etienne in Limoges. The robbery is similar to the notorious thefts attributed to the Thomas brothers. The booty is roughly estimated to be worth \$25,000, apart from the historic value of the articles taken. It includes eleven pieces of famous Limoges enamel of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries and several chalices.

The remains of Queensberry, whose reception into the Church is announced this week, is not the first of his house to return to the old faith. His grandmother was that Marchioness of Queensberry who so bravely befriended the Manchester Martyrs during their imprisonment. His uncle, the brother of the eighth Marquis, is Canon Lord Archibald Douglas, the parish priest of Galston, in Ayrshire. One of his aunts was Lady Florence Dixie, and another, Lady Gertrude Douglas, was also a convert to the Catholic Church.

The funeral of the late Right Rev. Mgr. Patrick J. Garvey, rector of the Philadelphia Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, at Orono, occurred last Friday from the Palladium Cathedral. Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, presided. Mgr. Garvey was a native of Armagh and studied at the diocesan seminary there, and he was one of those who met the Cardinal on his arrival here to attend the New York centenary. He died after only a few days' illness of pneumonia, being attended in his last hours by Archbishop Ryan and Bishop Pendergast.

Right Rev. John Merol, Bishop of Canton, China, has just landed in New York and is the guest of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The main object of his visit is to establish, at the request of His Grace Archbishop Farley, a mission for the Chinese of New York, who number eight thousand. A few weeks ago Bishop Honningham of South Shantung, China, who arrived in New York accompanied by a young Chinese priest, visited the Chinese quarter of that city, but neither he nor even the native Chinese priest could understand a word of the dialect spoken there, it being entirely different from the one of South Shantung.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The missionaries in the South Atlantic with and supported by the Apostolic Mission House have given since last November 50 missions, preaching to 58,935 souls, of whom 23,023 were non-Catholics. They received 70 converts and left 98 under instruction.

Princess Augustine Da Furbiada, grandson of the great liberator of Mexico, heir to a throne, man of the world, highly educated, widely traveled and a member of the jeunesse doree of many European capitals, is said to have forsaken the ways of the fashionable world and joined the Third Order of St. Francis.

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THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER XVII.

Behind the village of St. Cross, at some few bowshots from Bruges, rose a little wood, in summer a favorite Sunday resort of the citizens. The trees were so planted as to afford ample space between them, and a soft turf covered the ground with its flowery carpet. This was the appointed place of rendezvous, and at 2 o'clock in the morning, Breydel was there. The night was impenetrably dark, the moon was hidden behind dense clouds, a gentle wind sighed among the foliage, and the monotonous rustling of the leaves added a mystic terror to the scene.

In the wood itself, at the first glance nothing was discernible; but upon more attentive observation numerous shadowy figures might be perceived, as of men extended side by side upon the ground, each with a strangely glimmering light close to its making the turf look like a faint reflex of the starry heaven above, so thickly was it studded with luminous points; which, in truth, were naught else but the bright blades of the axes, reflecting from their polished steel the few wandering rays which they could gather amid the darkness. More than two thousand butchers lay thus in rows, and file upon the earth; their hearts beat quick, their blood bounded in their veins; for the long yearned-for hour, the hour of vengeance and liberation, was at hand. The deepest silence was maintained by this vast multitude; and all conspired to throw a veil of necromantic horror over the mysterious band.

Breydel himself had his place deep in the interior of the wood; beside him reclined one of his comrades, whom for his well-earned courage he especially affected; and thus in suppressed whispers, the two discoursed together as they lay:

"The French dogs little expect the routing up they will get this morning," began Breydel; "they sleep well; for they have heard consciences—the villains! I am curious to see the faces they'll make when they wake up and see my axe, and their death upon its edge."

"Oh! my axe cuts like a lancet; I whittled it till it took off a hair from my arm; and I mean to blunt it this night, or never to sharpen it again."

"Things have gone too far, Martin. They treat us like so many dumb beasts, and think that we shall crouch beneath their tyranny. They fancy we're all like those accursed Lillards; but they little know us."

"Yes, the villains cry, 'France for ever!' and tawn upon the tyrants; but they shall have something for themselves too. I didn't forget them when I took so much pains about sharpening my axe!"

"Oh, no, Martin; no; no Flemish blood must be shed," Deconinck has strictly forbidden it."

"And John van Gistel, the cowardly traitor! he is to come if not free?"

"John van Gistel is to hang; he must pay for the blood of Deconinck's old friend. But he must be the only one."

"What! and the other false Flemings are to escape scatheless? Master Breydel, Master Breydel, that's too much for me; I cannot away with it."

"They'll have punishment enough; disgrace will be their portion; shame in their hearts, and contempt on the lips and countenances of all good men. Were it nothing, think you, that each corner should throw toward and toward in your face? That's what remains for them."

"Faith, master, you make my blood run cold; a thousand deaths were better than that. What a hell upon earth for them, if only they had one spark of the true Fleming in their souls!"

"They were now silent for a few moments; listening attentively to a sound as of distant footsteps which caught their ears; but it soon died away, and then Breydel resumed:

"The French savages have murdered my poor aged mother. I saw with my own eyes how the sword had pierced her heart through and through—that heart so full of love for me. They had no pity on her, because she had given birth to a right unbending Fleming; and now I will have no pity on them; so I shall avenge my country and my own blood together."

"Shall we give quarter, master? Shall we make prisoners?"

"May I perish, if I make a single prisoner, or grant one single man his life! Do they give quarter? No, they murder for murder's sake, and trample the corpses of our brethren under their horse's hoofs. And think you, Martin, that I, who have the bloody shade of my dear mother ever before my eyes, can so much as look upon a Frenchman without breaking into a fit of downright madness? Oh! I should tear them with my teeth, were my axe to break with the multitude of its victims! But that can never be; my good axe is the long tried friend and faithful partner of my life."

"Listen, master, again there's a noise in the direction of Damme. Wait a moment."

He put his ear to the ground, then raised his head again:

"Master, the weavers are not far off," he said; "may be some four bowshots."

"Come, then, let us up! Do you pass quietly along the ranks, and take care that the men lie still. I will go and meet Deconinck, that he may know what part of the wood is left open for his people."

In a few moments four thousand weavers advanced from different sides of the wood, and immediately lay down upon the ground in silence, according to the orders they had received. The stillness was but little broken by their arrival, and all was soon perfectly quiet again. A few men only might have been seen to pass from company to company, bearing the order to the captains to meet at the eastern end of the wood.

Further, accordingly, they all prepared, and grouped themselves round Deconinck to receive instructions, who proceeded thus to address them:

"My brothers, this day's annals shine upon us as freemen or light us to our graves. Arm yourselves, therefore, with all the courage which the thought of country and liberty can kindle in your bosoms; bethink you that it is for the city in which the bones of our father's rest, for the city in which our own cradles stood, that we are this day in arms. And remember the quarter Kill, in the word; death to every Frenchman who falls into your hands! It is not a root of foreign tares may remain to choke our wheat. We or they must die! Is there one among you that can entertain a spark of compassion for those who have so cruelly murdered our brothers, on the gallows and under the hoofs of their horses? For the traitorous foes who have imprisoned our lawful Count in foul breach of faith and poisoned his innocent child?"

A low, sullen, terrible murmur followed, and seemed to hover for a moment under the over-arching branches.

"They shall die!" was the universal response.

"Well, then," pursued Deconinck, "this day we shall once more be free. But that is not enough; we shall still need stout hearts to make good our freedom; for the French king will soon have a new army in the field against us; of that doubt not."

"So much the better," interrupted Breydel; "there will only be so many more children weeping for their fathers, as I do now for my poor murdered mother. God rest her soul!"

The interruption had broken the flow of Deconinck's harangue; lest, therefore, time might fall him, he proceeded at once to give the necessary instructions:

"Well, then," he said, "now hear what we have to do. As soon as the clock of St. Cross strikes three, you must get your men upon their feet, and bring them into the road in close order; I shall be on before you under the city walls, with a body of my own people. The gates will almost instantly be opened to us by the Clawards inside; do you then march in as quietly as possible, and each of you take the direction I shall now give you. Master Breydel, with the butchers, will occupy the Spy Gate, and then all the streets round about Saggaert's Bridge. Master Lillards, do you take possession of the Clawards Gate, and advance your men into the adjacent streets up to Our Lady's Church. The curriers and shoemakers are to occupy the Giant Gate, and from thence to the Castle. The other guilds, under the Dean of the maons, will hold the Damme Gate, and all the neighbourhood of St. Donats' Church. I, with my two thousand men, will proceed to the Bouverie Gate and cut off the whole quarter from thence to the Asses Gate, including the Great Market place. When once we have surprised all the gates, then each keep your stations as quietly as possible; for we must not wake the French up before all is ready. But as soon as you hear our country's cry—the Lion for Flanders!—let every man repeat it, that you may know one another in the darkness. And then, at them! Break open the doors of all the houses where the French are quartered, and make as short work as you can of them."

"But, master," remarked one of the captains, "we shall not know the French from our own townspeople, finding them, as we shall, almost all in bed and undressed."

"Oh, there is an easy way to avoid all mistakes on that score. Whenever you can't make out at the first glance whether it's a Frenchman or a Fleming make him say, 'Schild en vriend!' (shield and friend). Whoever cannot pronounce those words properly has not a French tongue, and down with him!"

At this moment the clock of St. Cross resounded thrice over the wood.

"One word more," added Deconinck hastily. "Remember, all of you, that Messire de Mortenay's house is under my especial protection, and I charge you to see it most strictly respected; if no one set his foot over the threshold of our noble foe's dwelling. Now to your companies with all the speed you can; give your men the necessary orders, and in all things do exactly as I have told you. Quick! and as little noise as possible, I pray you."

Thereupon the captains returned to their companies, which they immediately led forward in order to the edge of the road, while Deconinck advanced a large body of weavers to within a moderate distance of the city walls. He himself approached till nearer, and endeavored with his eye to penetrate the darkness; a burning portfire, the end of which he concealed in the hollow of his hand, shed its red glow from between his fingers. So he walked on, keeping a sharp look-out, till at last he espied a head peering over the wall; it was that of the clothworker Gerard, whom he had visited the evening before. The Dean now produced a bundle of flax from under his garment, laid it upon the ground, and blew vigorously upon the port fire. Soon a clear flame shot up, and gleamed over the plain, and the head of the clothworker disappeared from the wall. A moment more, and the sentinel who was posted on the rampart fell heavily forward, with a single sharp cry, and lay dead at its foot. Then followed a confused noise behind the gate,—the clash of arms mingled with cries of the dying; and then all was still,—still as the grave.

The gate was opened; in deepest all once the guildsmen defiled into the city; and each captain drew off his company to the station assigned him by Deconinck. A quarter of an hour later all the sentinels on duty at the gates had been surprised and cut off, each guild had taken up its position, and at the door of every house occupied by a Frenchman stood eight Clawards, ready to force an entrance with hammers and axes. Not a single street was unoccupied; each division of the city swarmed with Clawards, eagerly awaiting the signal of attack.

Deconinck was standing in the middle of the Friday market-place:

at a moment of deep thought, he pronounced the doom of the French with the words, "The Lion for Flanders! Whoso is French is false; (Wat Walsch is, valsch is) strike home!"

This order, the doom of the alien, was echoed by five thousand voices; and it is easy to imagine the fearful cries, the appalling tumult that followed. The Clawards, thirsting for revenge, rushed into the bed-chambers of the French, and slaughtered all who could not pronounce the fatal words, "Schild en vriend." In many of the houses there were more Frenchmen than could be reached in so short a time, so that many had time to dress themselves hurriedly, and seize their weapons; and this was the case especially in the quarter occupied by De Chastillon and his numerous guards.

In spite of the furious rapidity of Breydel and his comrades, about six hundred Frenchmen had collected in this manner. Many also, although wounded, contrived to escape from the fray; and the number of the fugitives was thus so much increased, that they resolved to stand, and sell their lives as dearly as they could. They stood in a compact mass in front of the houses, and defended themselves against the butchers with the energy of despair. Many of them had cross-bows, with which they shot down some of the Clawards; but the sight of their fallen companions only increased the fury of the survivors. De Chastillon's voice was every where heard, "So much the better, so much the better!" and De Mortenay was especially conspicuous, his long sword gleaming like a lightning flash in the darkness.

Breydel raged like a madman, and dealt his blows right and left among the French. So many of the foe had fallen before him, that he already stood raised some feet above the ground; his sword was flowing in streams between the dead bodies; and the cry, "The Lion for Flanders! strike home!" mixed its terrible sound with the groans of the dying. Jan van Gistel was, of course, amongst the French. As he knew that his death was inevitable if the Flemings gained the victory, he showed incessantly, "France for Flanders!" hoping thus to sustain the courage of his troops.

But Jan Breydel recognized his voice. "Comrades," said he, wild with rage, "I must have the soul of this traitor. Forward! he has lived long enough. Whoso loves me, let him follow me close."

With these words, he threw himself with his axe among the French, and soon struck down every eye within reach of his arm. So furious was their onslaught, that they soon drove the enemy back against the walls of the houses; and five hundred of them fell beneath the axes of the butchers. In this moment of extreme peril, of terrible agony, De Mortenay remembered the word and promise of Deconinck. Rejoicing that he yet had the power to save the governor-general, he cried:

"I am De Mortenay, let me pass." Immediately the Clawards made way for him with every token of respect, and opposed no obstacle to his passage. This way, this way; follow me, comrades!" cried he, to the surviving Frenchmen, hoping thus to rescue them from their fate.

But the Flemings closed in again upon them, and dealt their blows pitilessly around. The number of the fugitives was so small, that, besides De Chastillon, not more than thirty reached De Mortenay's house; and he, resting lay weltering in their blood.

Here and there a Frenchman fled before a Fleming, but only to meet his death, a few steps farther on, from the weapon of another foe.

This scene of vengeance lasted until the sun stood high in the heavens; it shone on the dead bodies, and dried the flowing blood, of five thousand of the French. Yes, in this night five thousand aliens were offered to the shades of the murdered Flemings; it is a bloody page in the chronicles of Flanders, that wherein this number is written.

Before the dwelling of De Mortenay was a strange and appalling sight. A thousand butchers lay spread out on the ground, with their axes in their hands, and threatening, revengeful eyes riveted on the door. Their naked arms and their jerkins were smeared with blood; and around them were piled heaps of uncounted slain. But of all this they took no heed. Here and there amongst the butchers passed guildsmen, seeking amongst the slain for the dead bodies of the Flemings, that they might receive honourable burial.

Although their hearts were full of rage, yet no word of reviling escaped the lips of the butchers. The dwelling of De Mortenay was to them sacred, in virtue of their pledged word. They respected Deconinck's pledge, and, moreover, a great esteem for the governor of the city so they contented themselves with investing the entire quarter, and keeping careful watch.

Messire de Chastillon and Jan van Gistel the Lillard had taken refuge in De Mortenay's house. They were overpowered by an extreme dread; for an inevitable death hovered before

their eyes. De Chastillon was a man of courage, and availed his fate with coolness; but the face of Jan van Gistel was bloodless, and his whole frame quaked with fear. Notwithstanding all his efforts, he was unable to conceal his terror, and excited the pity of the Frenchmen—even of De Chastillon, who was in equal peril. They occupied an upper room, overlooking the street; and from time to time they ventured to the window, and gazed with awe on the butchers, who lay in wait about the door, like a pack of wolves lurking for their prey. Once, as Jan van Gistel bowed himself a moment at the window, Jan Breydel caught sight of him, and threatened him with his axe. An angry, impetuous movement arose amongst the butchers; all raised their axes toward the traitor, whose death they had sworn.

The heart of the Lillard throbbed with anguish, as he saw in the gleam of these thousand axes his doom of death; and, turning to his companions, he said, in a tone of despair:

"We must die, messires; there is no mercy for us, for they thirst for our blood like famished hounds. You will never leave this place. My God, what shall we do?"

"It is a disgrace," replied De Chastillon, "to meet one's death at the hands of this rabble; rather would I be slain sword in hand. But so it must be."

The coolness of De Chastillon distinguished Van Gistel's stiller face. From the midst of the crowd rose a white standard; on the waving folds of which was wrought in blue silk, a lion rampant. It was the great banner of the city of Bruges, which had for so long a time disappeared before the lilies of France. Once more it came forth from its concealment into the light of day; now it waved over the prostrate bodies of its foes; and the reconstruction of this holy standard was greeted with ten thousand shouts of rejoicing.

A man of small stature bore the banner, and with his arms crossed over his breast pressed it to his heart, as though it inspired him with the deepest love. Abundant tears flowed down his cheeks—tears of joy and sadness; and an innumerable expression of happiness beamed from his every feature. He who had shed no tear for his greatest personal misfortunes, now wept when he brought back the Lion to the city of his fathers—to the altar of freedom.

All eyes were turned towards this man; and the cries, "Long live Deconinck! Hail to the Blue Lion!" were echoed and re-echoed ever louder and louder. As the Dean of the Clothworkers drew near to the Friday Market place holding aloft the standard, an inexpressible joy filled the hearts of the butchers; they, too, swelled the exulting shout of victory, and clapped their hands with an impetuous outburst of love. Breydel rushed eagerly to meet the banner and stretched his impatient hands towards the Lion. Deconinck resigned it to him and said:

"There, my friend, this has thou this day won;—the palladium of our freedom. Breydel answered nothing; his heart was too full. Trembling with emotion, he embraced the drapery of the standard and the Blue Lion. He hid his face in the folds of silk, and wept; for a few moments he remained motionless; then the banner fell from his grasp, and he sank exhausted by his transport on Deconinck's breast.

While the two Deans held each other in this warm embrace, the people ceased their shouts; loud exulting cries poured from the lips of all, and their quick and impassioned gestures attested the rapturous gladness of their hearts. The Friday Market place was too small to contain the thronging citizens. In the Stone street far away to S. Salvator's, were clustering swarms of men; the Smiths' street and Bouverie street were crowded with women and with children.

The Dean of the Clothworkers turned himself towards the centre of the market-place, and advanced to the gallows. The bodies of the Flemings who had been hanged had been already taken down and buried; but the eight ropes had been purposely left dangling in the air as signs and memorials of the tyranny which had put them to death. The standard which the Lion of Bruges was planted close to the apparatus of murder, and greeted afresh with cries of joy. After regarding for a few moments in silence the re-echoed banner, Deconinck slowly bent his knee, bowed his head, and prayed with folded hands.

When one throws a stone into still water, the movement spreads in treacherous circles over the entire surface, and awakens the ripples of the whole lake; so the thought and the act of Deconinck communicated themselves to the crowd of citizens, although but few could positively see him. First, those who were immediately near to him knelt silently down; then the movement extended itself further and further amongst the more distant, until every head was bowed in prayer; the voices of those in the centre of the vast circle were first hushed, and so further and further spread the silence, until it pervaded the whole multitude. Eight thousand knees touched the yet bloody earth, eight thousand heads humbled themselves before the God who had created man for freedom. What a harmony must have swelled up to the Throne of the Most High in that moment! How grateful to Him must have been that solemn prayer, which, like a cloud of fragrance, was wafted upwards to His Footstool!

After a short time Deconinck arose, and availed himself of the unbroken stillness to address the following words to his assembled fellow-citizens:

"Brothers! this day the sun shines on us with fairer splendour, the breeze of heaven is purer and more exhilarating in our city; the breath of the foreigner pollutes it no more. The haughty Frenchman seemed that we were their slaves forever; but they have learned, at the price of their lives, that our Lion may indeed slay a bear awhile—die it never can. Again

groom sank with his horse, and was drowned.

The butchers had pursued the flying Frenchmen as far as the gate; but when they saw the enemies they most detested disappear between the trees in the distance, they raged and yelled in blind wrath; for now their revenge seemed to them unattainable. After remaining some moments gazing on the spot where De Chastillon had disappeared from their view, they left the wall and returned to the Friday Market-place. Soon another tumult arrested their attention. From the centre of the city arose a shout of mingled voices, filling the air with prolonged sounds of rejoicing, as though a prince were making his festive entry. For some time the butchers could not distinguish the triumphant crowd, for they came from too great a distance; but by degrees the exulting crowd drew nearer and nearer, and the shouts became intelligible:

"Lo give the Blue Lion! long live our Dean! Flanders is free!"

An innumerable multitude, consisting of all the inhabitants of Bruges, poured itself through the streets in dense throng. The acclamations of the liberated Flemings echoed back from the houses, and filled the city with the booming of thunder. Women and children ran contentedly amongst the armed guildsmen; and the joyous clapping of their hands mingled with and harmonized the uninterrupted shouting "Hail hall to the Blue Lion!"

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have we re-conquered the heritage of our fathers, and washed out in blood the footprints of the alien. But all our enemies are not yet overcome; France will send us yet more savage hireling, of blood demand, armed. That, indeed, is of small moment, for henceforth we are invincible; but, nevertheless, think not that you may sleep after the victory achieved. Keep your hearts firm, bold, quiet; never let the noble fire which at this moment glows in your breasts waver or wane. Let each betake himself to his abode, and rejoice with his family in the victory of this day. Fruit, and drink the wine of gladness; for this is the fairest day of your lives. Those citizens who have no wife may go to the ball; there a measure shall be distributed to each."

The shouts, which gradually became loud and louder, did not permit Deconinck to say more; he made a sign to the surrounding Deans, and went with them up to the Stone street. The crowds reverently made way for him, and on him, above all, were bestowed the gladdest greetings of the happy citizens. Every one now pressed toward the standard which reared itself up by the side of the gallows; each in succession gazed with ecstasy on the Blue Lion, as on a friend who had again returned amongst his brethren after long juretings in strange lands. They stretched out their hands towards it; and were so overpowered with joy, that they almost seemed to have lost cool and dispassionate observer to have lost their senses.

Soon came guildsmen with full cans back to the market-place, and spread the joyful tidings that a measure of wine would be distributed to each. An hour later every citizen had his wine-glass in his hand. And so ended the evening, joy, without confusion and without strife; one and the same feeling quickened every heart—the feeling which fills the heart of the captive when he once more beholds the light of the sun and the wide world is his only prison.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Two years had gone by since the foreigner had set foot in Flanders, and cried: "Bow your heads, ye Flemings! ye sons of the north, yield to the children of the south, or die!" Little thought they that there had been born in Bruges a man endowed with large sagacity and inspired with heroic courage; a man who shone forth as a bright light amongst his contemporaries; and to whom, as to his servant Moses, God had said: "Go and deliver thy brethren, the children of Israel, from the thraldom of Pharaoh."

When the desolating bands of the French first trod the soil of his fatherland, and darkened the horizon with the dust of their march, a secret voice spoke in Deconinck's soul, and said: "Take heed, these are in quest of slaves!"

At its sound, the noble citizens eagerly with anguish and wrath:

"Slaves! we slaves!" groaned he; "forbid it, O Lord our God! The blood of our free-born fathers hath flowed in the dust of their march, they have died on the sands of Arabia, with Thy Holy Name on their lips. O, suffer not their sons to bear the debasing fetters of the alien;—suffer not the temple which they have raised unto Thee to have bondsmen for worshippers!"

Deconinck had breathed this prayer from his deepest soul, and all his heart lay open to his Creator. He found therein all the noble courage and energy wherewith He had endowed the Fleming; and He sent down an answering ray of trust and hope. Instantly filled with a secret strength, Deconinck felt as though all his capacities of thought and actions were doubled in energy, and, impelled by a true inspiration, he cried:

"Yes, Lord, I have felt Thy strong and Thy strengthening hand; yes, I shall ward off this degradation from my fatherland; the grave of Thy servants, my fathers, shall never be trodden down by the foot of the alien. Blessed are Thou, O my God, Who hast called me to this!"

From that moment one only feeling, one only desire yearning thro' Deconinck's heart; his every thought, his every faculty, all were consecrated to the great word—my fatherland! Business, family, repose, all were banished from his ample heart, which held but one, one only affection—his love for the native soil of the Lion. And what man more truly noble than this Fleming, who a hundred times risked life and liberty itself for the freedom of Flanders? what man was ever endowed with more ample sagacity? Alone and unaided, in spite of recreants and Lillards, who would have sold their country's freedom, he it was who built the

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efforts of the King of France—he alone it was who preserved for his brethren a heavy heart even under the chains of slavery, and thus gradually achieved their deliverance.

The French knew this well—they well they knew him who at every moment chartered the wheels of their triumphal chariot. Gladly would they have rid themselves of this troublesome guardian of his country's weal; but with the cunning he combined perfectly the prudence of the serpent. He had raised up for himself a secure rampart; and defence in the love of his brethren; and the stranger well knew that a dire and bloody revenge would follow any attempt upon him. During the time that the French ruled all Flanders with the rod of tyranny, Deconinck lived in entire freedom amongst his townsmen; and he was indeed the master of his rulers, for they feared him much more than he feared them.

And now seven thousand Frenchmen had on one day atoned with their lives for the oppressions of two long years; not a single foreigner breathed within Bruges, the victorious and free; the city echoed the joyous lays wherewith wandering minstrels celebrated this deliverance, and from the water-tower the white flag displayed the Blue Lion on its waving folds. Fine music, which had once swayed from the battlements of Jerusalem, and commemorated so many proud achievements, filled the hearts of the citizens with lofty courage. On that day it seemed impossible that Flanders should again sigh in the chains of captivity; for on that day the people remembered the blood their fathers had shed in behalf of liberty. Tears rolled down their cheeks—those tears which relieve the heart when it is overfull, when it throbs with too strong and sublime an emotion.

One would have thought that, now his great work was done, the Dean of the Clothworkers would have occupied himself in the reconstruction of his plundered and desolated home. But to do so he thought neither of the dwelling nor of the wealth of which he had been despoiled; the welfare and the peace of his brethren was his first care. He knew that disorganization might soon follow upon inaction, and therefore, on that very day, he placed at the head of each guild, with the concurrence of the people, an old experienced master. He was not chosen to the presidency of this council, no one devoted any duty on him; but he undertook and accomplished all. No one ventured to do anything without him; his judgment was in everything an injunction; and without issuing a single command, his thought was the absolute rule of right to the republic, so transcendent an all-subduing is the sway of genius.

The French host was indeed destroyed; but it was certain that Philip the Fair would send fresh and more numerous troops to Flanders to avenge the insult put upon him. The greater part of the citizens thought little about this terrible certainty; it was enough for them to enjoy the freedom and the gladness of the moment. But Deconinck did not share the common joy; he had almost forgotten the presence in his schemes for averting future disaster. He well knew that the exhilaration and courage of a people vanish at the approach of danger and endeavored by every means in his power to keep alive a warlike spirit in the city. Every guildsman was provided with a "good day" or "good evening" banner; and he put in order, and the command issued that all should be ready for battle at a moment's notice. The guild of masons began to repair and strengthen the fortifications, and the smiths were forbidden to forge any thing but weapons for the people. The tolls were again imposed, and the city dues collected. By these wise regulations, Deconinck made a fleet of the citizens converge to one object and one aim; and so he warded off from his beloved city the manifold evils which a great insurrection, how noble soever its cause, is apt to inflict on a people. All was as orderly as if the new government had existed for years.

Immediately after the victory, and while the people were drinking in every street the wine of gladness, Deconinck sent a messenger to the encampment at Damesme, to recall the remaining guildsmen, with the women and children, into the city. Matilda had come with them, and had been offered a magnificent dwelling in the Princes' Court; but she preferred the house of Newland, in which she had passed so many hours of sorrow, and with which all her dreams were associated. She found in the excellent sister of Adolf a tender and affectionate friend, into whose heart she could pour all the love and all the grief which overflowed her own. It is, indeed, a consolation for us, when our hearts are pierced with mortal anguish, to find a soul which can understand our sufferings because itself has suffered; a soul that loves those whom we love, and whose walls are the echo of our own. So two tender sapslings interweave their tendrils, and, supported by this mutual embrace, defy the devastating hurricane which bows their frail heads. To us mourning and sorrow are a hurricane, whose icy breath chills the life and wastes the fire of our souls, and brings down our head untimely to the grave, as though each year of unhappiness were reckoned as two.

The sun was rising in glowing splendor for the fourth time over the free city of Bruges. Matilda was sitting in the same room of Adolf von Newland's house which she had formerly occupied. Her faithful bird, the beloved falcon, accompanied her no more—it was dead. Sickness and sorrow had spread their paleness over the soft features of the maiden; her eyes were dimmed, her cheek had lost its fulness, and her whole appearance showed that a deep grief lay, like a gnawing worm, in her heart.

Those who are visited with long and bitter suffering take pleasure in sad and gloomy dreams; and, as if the reality were not painful enough, fashion to themselves phantoms, which appal them yet more; and thus it was with the hapless maiden. She fancied that the secret of her father's liberation had been discovered; she saw in imagination

the warder, bribed by Queen Joanna, mingling poison with his scanty food; and then she would shudder convulsively, and tears of agony would stream down her cheeks. Adolf was dead to her: he had exhaled, with his life, his love and his magnanimity. These heart-rending fancies passed ever anew before Matilda's soul, and ceaselessly tortured the poor maiden.

At this moment her friend Maria entered her room. The smile which passed over Matilda's features as she greeted her friend was like the smile which, after a death of anguish, lingers while on the face of the departed; it expressed more of pain and profound sorrow than the bitterest wailing could have done. She looked at Adolf's sister, and said:

"O! give me some comfort, some alleviation of my suffering!" Maria drew near to the unhappy girl, and pressed her hand in tender sympathy. Her voice took its softest tone, and sank like music into the soul of the sufferer, as she said:

"Your tears flow in stillness, your heart is breaking with anguish and despair; and there is nothing, nothing to lighten your heavy burden! Alas! you are indeed unhappy."

"Unhappy! say you, my friend? Oh, yes! There is a feeling in my heart which fills it to bursting. Can you imagine what hideous fancies are ever floating before my eyes? and can you understand why my tears unceasingly flow? I have seen my father die of poison; I have heard the voice of one dying—a voice that said, 'Farewell, my child; thou whom I have loved.' 'I pray you, maiden,' interposed Maria, 'banish these gloomy shadows of your fancy. You rend my heart with sorrow. Your father is yet alive. You sin grievously in abandoning yourself thus to despair. Forgive me these words of severity.'"

Matilda seized Maria's hand and pressed it gently, as though she would express to her what comfort these words had given her. Nevertheless, she continued her desponding discourse, and seemed even to find a kind of comfort therein. For the wailings of an oppressed soul are, as it were, tears which lighten the burden of the heart. She continued:

"I have seen yet more than this, Maria: I saw the headman of the Inhuman Jauma of France—he swung his axe over the head of your brother, and I saw that head fall on the dungeon floor!"

"O God!" cried Maria, "what horrible fancies!" She trembled, and her eyes glistened with tears.

"And I heard his voice,—a voice that said, 'Farewell! farewell!'"

Overpowered by these hideous thoughts, Maria threw herself into Matilda's arms; her tears fell fast on the heaving breast of her unhappy friend, and the deep sobbing of the two maidens filled the room. After they had held each other in a long and motionless embrace, Matilda asked:

"Do you understand my sufferings now, Maria? Do you understand now why I am slowly wasting away?"

"O, yes," answered Maria, in an accent of despair, "yes, I understand and feel your sufferings. O, my poor brother!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE AMETHYST CROSS.

The sound of the monastery bell ringing through the long corridors brought Pere Antoine suddenly to his feet.

The little cell fronted on the street, and the jingling of sleigh bells from below tempted him to the window. It was the King-ley sleigh and Mr. Kingsley himself was in the rear seat. Pere Antoine hastened down to hear the news which he had expected all day.

He was needed at Hotel Dieu. Reverend Mother had telephoned that the doctor had grave fears for Esther, and wished her father to see her before night. She had been unconscious at times during the day, but had rallied sufficiently to ask that her father bring Father Anthony to the hospital.

The sun was just setting in the late cold afternoon as the sleigh flew over the deep snow, accumulated during a long Quebec winter. Neither of the men spoke for a while, but at length the priest broke the silence.

"There may be hope yet," he said. "Doctors do not always know." "No, no," was the reply. "She can not stay with us much longer. What shall we all do? She was too beautiful, too good to remain here long. The Lord is going to take her, and leave her mother and myself to pine away in our desolate old age."

"And Monsieur, le Corporal," the priest mused, half to himself. "How will it be for him? He grows pale and thin watching at the hospital doors for news of her, whenever he is off duty." "Monsieur le Corporal indeed!" was the reply. "Let him take care of himself. If it had not been for his reckless driving our Esther would not have been injured in a runaway accident; she would have been well and happy to-day instead of waiting for death on a hospital bed."

With these words he buried himself more deeply in his fur coat, and once more there was grim silence.

Father Anthony watched anxiously for the first glimpse of the hospital walls.

At last the journey was at an end, and the Sister portress conducted them to Esther's private room in the accident ward.

The beautiful white face, nestling in a mass of tangled golden hair, looked drawn with pain, but the girl had revived enough during the afternoon to talk a little. She was very weak, however, and it was not long before the appearance of the nurse at the door reminded the visitor that they must go.

"You will come to-morrow?" Esther feebly asked. "Oh, Father Anthony, wait a moment please. I had almost forgotten. How is little Babetto?"

He had told Esther all about her and then whenever he saw Babetto he would tell her about Esther, who was soon to be released from her sufferings. He told her too about the wonderful golden hair that looked like a crown, and the daily visits of the heart-broken French officer. Always upon leaving Babetto he had said to himself: "Babetto will live, but Esther will die." So with the Franciscan as a mutual friend a bond of sympathy had been formed between the two girls, although they had never met.

"She improves slowly, slowly, poor little Babetto," said the priest, in answer to Esther's question.

"Give her this," whispered the girl, when she saw that her father was engaged in conversation with the nurse, and she drew a small jewel-box from beneath her pillow. "Tell her that when she is well she must bring it to a good jeweller and sell it. It is valuable. With the money she will go for it perhaps she can do much for the old grandmother."

Tears came into Father Anthony's eyes as he stored away the little box in his deep pocket.

The Kingsley's sleigh drew up to the entrance of their home on Grand Allee just as the Angelus was ringing clear and sweet over the snow clad roofs.

A few days later, the same bell tolled at solemn intervals while the funeral procession of Esther Kingsley wound its way down the quiet streets.

Next morning a flurry of snowflakes was whirling against the window-pane in one of the poorer dwellings in Lower Town, and whiter even than the snowflakes was the little face that peered out at the storm.

Babetto was so small and frail that she seemed to be only a child, though she was nearly twenty. "It is the day for Father Anthony's visit," she told her mother, "but he will not come in the storm."

Her grandmother was vainly trying to make the fire burn more brightly in the old-fashioned stove and did not hear.

In the midst of the roaring of the wind outside Babetto thought she heard a knock at the door. She listened, and heard it distinctly no.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the old lady at the prospect of a visitor on such a stormy morning, and hurrying to the door she found Father Anthony on the step, shaking the snow from his big coat.

"And how is it with Babetto?" he asked kindly, as he took the thin hand. "You are better, I see my child." "I was afraid you would not come," said the girl. "Surely, you have not been to the Hotel Dieu to-day?"

"No, ah no! I have not been there to-day for Esther is no longer there. They have taken her away—where she will need us no longer."

"She is dead!" exclaimed Babetto, the tears springing in her brown eyes. "Yes, and you must pray for her," said the old priest, gently. "See, she wished me to give you this," and he drew out a jewelled cross from the case, and gave her the rest of Esther's message, that it was to be sold to procure some assistance for her grandmother and herself.

He had finished his speech, with his eyes on the thresbare carpet, and when he raised them he saw that Babetto was crying.

"It is beautiful, beautiful, but O, Esther!" she was saying, "we would rather you had lived to wear it yourself. I shall never sell it, my dear, unless you make me do it," she sobbed.

"You are kind," she murmured, "but I tell you once and for all that I will not sell it. I wish to keep the cross that Esther gave me, and unless grandmother and I are driven to beg I will not part with it."

The officer urged her no farther, but told her where she might find him if she ever changed her mind and wished to dispose of her treasure. On certain nights of the week he was on sentinel duty at the citadel and for a few hours of the day also, but these days were uncertain. She might get word to him in some way, he explained. As he rose to go, Babetto tried to imagine how he would look in his scarlet uniform, and thought to herself that he must look very grand indeed.

When the last traces of snow had melted from the remotest corners and alleys and the long Quebec winter had yielded at last to spring, the little French maiden found herself restored to health, but she was unable to find any work to do. Her grandmother had been ill for several days, and the doctor told her that unless she could have better nourishment and care she might never be well. So Babetto was sadly worried.

The girl would go daily to the furrier who had employed her, but as the busy season was over she could work a few hours now and then. She began to think how selfish she had been not to sell the cross at any price long ago, rather than have her good grandmother want for anything during her illness.

So one evening after she had finished her scanty meal, having seen with dismay that her grandmother seemed weaker ever since morning, she dressed hastily, and that no one might recognize her, threw a black shawl over her head. With the box containing the cross and chain in her pocket she started up the steep hill towards the grass-grown fortifications that crowned the summit. It was a long journey through the steep and crooked streets, and she had to stop many times to get her breath.

The moon was well up in the sky by the time she neared the top of the hill and a chill spring breeze was blowing her dark hair vigorously from beneath the shawl and tingling her cheeks with the tint of a rose.

It was no wonder that many looked after her for she was indeed an attractive picture.

But Babetto saw no one; her eyes were strained towards the enclosure, from whence she heard the measured footfall of the guard passing up and down.

The place was deserted now and the moon threw queer shadows across the sidewalk. She crept towards the embankment that rose like a green wall above the white strip of pavement.

It was his night on duty she was sure, unless, of course, the moon shifted their hours, as was frequently done.

As she drew nearer, to see if she could recognize the sentinel, there was a halt in his step and "Who goes there?" rang out on the clear air. The girl was too frightened to move. Would he shoot her perhaps if she didn't answer? She stood as if turned to stone. The officer seeing that she was frightened came near. O, cest la done, Mlle Babetto Vatel!" was his salutation.

She was too delighted to answer and simply drew out the jewel box. "It is the cross," she whispered. "I have decided to sell it." He pushed it towards her with a swift gesture, as he saw another figure turning the opposite corner. Babetto understood and with a whispered promise that he would call the next day the sentry resumed his military pace, and the girl vanished in the darkness as she had come.

Their interview had lasted only a few moments, but long enough for the soldier to notice that Babetto looked bewitching in the black shawl, with the breeze blowing the color into her cheeks; and long enough also for the girl, though filled with anxiety for her grandmother, to remark to herself upon the corporal's fine appearance in his smart uniform.

The next day the cross passed into its new owner's hands; and Babetto's grief at parting with it was fully compensated by her satisfaction in feeling that she had made this sacrifice for the poor old grandmother.

The French soldier and Babetto met often until they finally discovered that there was no place to enjoy a summer evening like the promenade around Dufrain Terrace, where music floated from the direction of Chateau Frontenac. Here they would sit, when he was not on duty, watching the lights from Levis opposite twinkling out from darkness and throwing long rays across the St. Lawrence far below.

When the maple trees along the broad avenues were beginning to take on their autumn colors Babetto's grandmother went to her long rest and it was then that a great wave of pity rose in the heart of the soldier at the sight of the girl's desolation.

The loss of Esther had wounded him deeply, but now he had begun to feel that if any one could heal the wound it was the girl to whom Esther had been a benefactor.

PROTESTANT REVERENCE FOR PLACES OF WORSHIP.

At times our non-Catholic brethren grow curiously bold enough to visit a Catholic Church during some service. No matter what the occasion, this first visit is usually a strange revelation to them. And the thing which seems to impress them most is the deep reverence which the worshippers display in the home of God.

This is not surprising when one understands the woeful lack of reverence which obtains in their own places of worship. Not long ago a non-Catholic editor in a secular weekly made the matter a subject of criticism. Contrasting the conduct of the Catholic and non-Catholic congregations he severely censured the latter, calling for a halt in its gun chewing, note passing, quiet tittering and continuous undertone talking, which made of the place and of religion a mockery.

The picture he draws quite forcibly suggests one of the potent causes which is producing the disintegration of Protestantism spoken of so much lately in the Protestant pulpits and secular magazine. But the editor above referred to merely complains of a condition. He does not seek the actual cause. He demands the observance of a greater reverence, but fails to indicate what that center of reverence is to be. Religious reverence is not installed by pulpits and pews and preaching alone. That is induced by a strong belief that God is there present in some especial manner. Where this belief is not reverence will not be.

During the past week the daily press gave us two good examples of up-to-date Protestant reverence for the house of the Lord. The first instance was furnished by St. Joseph, Mo. To quote from the dispatch: "Three live, blooded * * * hogs started in crates * * * into the Congregational Church at the annual meeting of the State Association of Congregational Churches created a sensation. * * * The 'porkers' * * * were the gifts of the seventy-five Congregational Churches of Missouri to Rev. Dr. A. K. Wray, * * * Superintendent of the State Home Missionary Society * * * who has decided to retire from active religious work * * * to his farm in Southwest Missouri. At the psychological moment the doors of the church were opened, and down the aisle came men with the three hogs, the animals and their crates both gayly decorated. Dr. Wray was very proud of his gifts, and in his address of acceptance, said: 'To whom it may concern: I now announce that I am established in business.'"

All this in the "House of the Lord." Is there any need of comment upon this display of reverence for such a place?

The second instance was supplied by St. Louis the day following. Again quoting from the local press report: "Arranged in the economical style of his native land, an ebony cannibal, in a costume which would not exhaust the society editor's vocabulary, was led by a chain into the Cote Brillante Presbyterian Church by the Rev. Ralph Alexander, pastor of the Second Christian Church."

The reason of the alien's visit was to demonstrate the greater need of foreign than home missions in a debate between the young people at the Second Christian Church and those of the Hammet Place Church. The former were for the foreign missions and brought the cannibal along as evidence. A member of the Second Church impersonated the "cannibal."

What shameful exhibitions these, in the face of the dictionary reminder that a church is a building for Christian worship. What wonder that Protestantism is showing unmistakable signs of disintegration. And yet if we draw a valuable lesson from the examples of up-to-date Protestant reverence for the "house of the Lord."—Church Progress.

ACKNOWLEDGES NEED OF THE PRESS.

Religious France is coming to see that in her neglect of her press she lent a hand to her enemies, and in a recent letter the Archbishop of Toulouse appeals to the Catholics to build it up.

The lamentable conditions into which we have now been plunged for some years, he says, proceeds directly from the monstrous error of so many Catholics among us, who go to Mass and make their Easter duty, and yet vote without scruple for men who are notoriously enemies of religion, thus trying to reconcile what is most irreconcilable, the Church and the lodges, light and darkness, Belial and the Eternal God. They go to Mass, they plunge themselves on being on good terms with their pastor, they would consider it an insult if they were to be called anti-clerical or Masonic; but, for some material advantages which they reap in hope for, some favors which are as ephemeral as they are also ephemeral, these men vote and try to make others vote for councillors, mayors, deputies, who are ruining France by destroying religion.

Surely there are among these men hypocrites and traitors, but there are also victims and dupes. It is necessary to unmask the one and to instruct the other; to make both these false brethren and these timid ones understand that a man can not make of himself two men; that the Catholic and the citizen can not, in the same individual, be in opposition; that conscience is one; and that the duty, sacred for the Christian, of remaining steadfast to his Faith and of serving the Church, if he desires to save his soul, imposes on him, even though his material interests should suffer thereby, the obligation of refusing his vote to the enemies of religion and to those harmful men who, despite their fine promises, are the authors of all those iniquitous laws of the Catholics are the victims. It is necessary to proclaim aloud his duty; it is necessary to make these truths clearly known to the rank and file of the people; our salvation is to be bought at this price.

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SUMMER SCHOOL

June, July and August leads into our Fall Term without any break. Enter any time. New catalogue free. Write for it to-day. Central Business College, Toronto. The largest, most reliable of its kind. W. H. Shaw, Principal, Yonge & Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

But, in order to accomplish all this, what means shall we take that will be truly efficacious? Shall we proclaim these things from the pulpit? Certainly not; we should be reproached for making personal remarks; we should be accused of putting politics in the place of religion. Some would not understand us; others would take advantage of the situation to represent us as men of a party, priests devoid of prudence and of charity.

How then shall the people be enlightened and instructed as to their duties? By the press, by the good newspaper. . . . Let us recall the words of Pius X. our beloved Pontiff, when employing all his resources to support his journal, the Difesa, at Venice. "If the funds should fail me," he said, "I would sell my pastoral cross rather than allow this necessary work to come to naught."

In connection with this appeal of the Archbishop, the Sacred Heart Review recalls a recent occurrence, which indicates an awakening on the part of our French co-religionists. The proprietor of La Croix, finding himself menaced by one of those iniquitous spoliations, and on the point of being deprived of his property, called upon his readers to come to the rescue and help him to continue his apostolic work.

He asked for 2,000,000 francs as necessary to meet the coming storm. To many of his doubting friends a request for such a prodigious sum seemed folly; nevertheless, within the brief period of a fortnight, the Catholics of France sent him 3,500,000 francs! The money came pouring in in such volume that it became necessary to arrest the subscription, as sufficient had been gathered to redeem the property. This incident is a striking proof of living, active faith, and an evidence that justifies hope in a speedy regeneration of the people, and the final triumph of the Church in that much troubled land.

Is not this gratifying circumstance an object lesson from which we in this country may draw a valuable lesson? Do we Catholic Americans support the Catholic press with such absolute devotion, with such magnificent generosity? Were the most influential and deserving Catholic newspapers in the country to fall into financial difficulties, and make an appeal to its constituency to assist it in tiding over the adverse situation, and to enable it to carry on its sacred mission, would the resulting fund reach such a princely sum as \$600,000, even though the limit were extended to a year, instead of a fortnight?—Catholic Telegraph.

The felt for the hammers in a Gounlay piano is imported at three times the cost of the felt in an ordinary piano. It is that best felt, so firm and lasting in texture, which will keep the tone as good for many years after as when the piano first comes from the maker.

THE SICK MADE WELL WITHOUT MEDICINE

Let us try to be faithful in little things; to be considerate of others; to speak kindly to all; to blame ourselves alone, and not others; to repeat pleasant things, letting unpleasant things die with us.

THE SICK MADE WELL WITHOUT MEDICINE



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Agents for Newfoundland, Mr. James Power of St. John's, and for the district of Nipissing, Mrs. M. Reynolds, New Liskeard.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1908.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

My Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Rennes, Apostolic Delegate, UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1909.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1908.

AN AFFECTIONATE FAREWELL.

On Thursday last, at St. Peter's Cathedral, London, took place a remarkable demonstration on the occasion of the departure of Most Rev. Fergus Patrick McEvay, late Bishop of London, who had been raised to the dignity of Archbishop of Toronto.

THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY.

What is the world coming to? The General Assembly of the Presbyterians maintaining Catholic doctrine and complimenting the Holy Father upon his encyclical against Modernism.

SOCIALISM IN ELECTIONS.

However the late elections may have affected others they were more unpromisingly severe upon the Socialist party. A manifesto issued by the Toronto Socialist Party prior to the elections shows determination without the prospect of success.

It is also in the same trend of thought that the Moderator protests against the shifting basis of truth which should remain unmoved.

ANSWERS.

We have a question set before us as to whether it is right for Catholics to be pall-bearers for a Lutheran or to attend their funeral service.

It may be that the country has hardly arrived at the seeding time of Socialist principles. To reach the harvest will require the patience of a couple of centuries.

THE SECRET BALLOT.

Secrecy in voting has become so completely a canon of faith under democratic institutions that it is seldom called into question or even discussed.

DANGER TO THE REPUBLIC.

We read in the New York Times that Cardinal Logue, Primate of all Ireland, spent a day at West Point Military Academy.

A THOUGHT FOR OUR NON-CATHOLIC NEIGHBORS.

Rev. John Pringle, a Presbyterian minister, has been doing some missionary work for his denomination in the Yukon territory.

moral law — we should have swift and sure punishment for the murderer, the robber, the burglar, the hoodler, the grafter, the libeler and the human brute who scoffs at virtue—but it is not more in accord with the fitness of things that a minister of the gospel should confine his work, as a rule, to precept and example rather than to swinging the baton of the policeman.

BECOMING GENEROSITY.

A very large number of Catholics are employed as editorial writers, reporters and printers on the New York press.

FAREWELL TO ARCHBISHOP McEVAY.

CLERGY AND LAITY CATER TO EX-CELLENCE IN THE DISTINGUISHED PRELATE.

That His Grace the Most Reverend Fergus Patrick McEvay, D. D., who for almost nine years has been Bishop of the London See of the Roman Catholic Church, is most highly esteemed and dearly beloved by his fellow clergy men and the parishioners of all parts of the See, was evidenced Thursday last, when the priests and people of the diocese took leave of His Grace, who left Friday to accept the office of Archbishop of Toronto.

At noon on Thursday His Grace bade farewell to the priests of the diocese at the Sacred Heart Convent. Some sixty-five priests were present from various parts of the diocese. Their farewells were read by the departing prelate, read by Monsignor Meunier, Vicar General of Windsor, who is the Right Reverend Administrator of the diocese, was as follows:

Most Honored and Reverend Prelate: We need not preface our address to you to day with expressions of sorrow at the loss we are about to sustain in your departure. Eight years and a half of association in our midst, of ever deepening cordiality in our relations, have long since revealed to you our admiration for your personal devotion and the freedom of official service to you as the divinely constituted pastor and Bishop of this diocese.

The day has arrived wherein is fulfilled that august decree by which you were eternally pre-empted to the great charge now awaiting you, our administration. In this hour it is meet that we lay aside all private griefs, and, devoting our thoughts to the contemplation of the Divine dispensation, rejoice in the dignities by which the Most High has honored you. It would indeed be most selfish and unjust to the loyalty we profess for you were we not moved to joy when Providence beheads towards you to crown you as archbishop, when His Grace extends her hand to conduct you to the metropolitan throne of Toronto. Those sacred words which we read so often in the breviary seem to have been written especially for you: "Ideo jurjurando fecit illum Dominus crescere in plebem suam." This ecclesiastical elevation is a joy to both clergy and people, and I have the right to call upon all the faithful of the diocese of London to rejoice with great joy in the words of the sacred writer: "Sacerdotes Dei, benedicite Dominum; servi Domini, hymnum dicite Deo."

To you, most revered prelate, whose magnetic personality and brilliant executive gifts have long marked you out for elevation to you has come the divine command, at once a signal of love and of election: "Friend go up higher." Now you leave us to be invested in your new See with the plenitude of archiepiscopal dignity, we cannot feel that your departure means absolute separation. The Kingdom of Christ upon earth, the exercise of your rule in another part, but the Kingdom of God is still the same, and His interests here or there will never be indifferent to you. The mutual claims which we have so long and amicably exercised are in some sense irrevocable, and it shall be hereafter our delight and privilege to maintain inviolate our ties to you.

In your new See you will, doubtless, find a wider field for the exercise of your zeal and activities, a more abundant harvest ripe for your hand to gather. There will be difficulties also; this is inevitable, since the divine institution which you represent must live and operate through human elements, must continually adjust itself with protean facility to the requirements of an age, but infinite variety of races and conditions. But the great soul glories in such struggles as serve to develop and augment its powers and prove its pre-eminence over circumstance and accident. We have seen with what mastery address you have wrestled with and overcome every obstacle which has endeavored to impede your progress in this diocese, and we foresee that any similar opposition which may in future arise will but add to your laurels of victory. Nor do we doubt that the fervent support of the clergy and people of your new flock will be attended with those grand and far-reaching results which cannot fail to issue from harmony of thought and continuity of concerted action; while the charm of your personal influence will speedily make you as beloved and revered by the people of Toronto as you have ever been by those of London.

Your Grace, you are going away, but your work remains to perpetuate your living memory. These forty Separate schools, these new parish schools, these new parishes, these new works of your episcopal zeal—are imperishable monuments, because they are built not of marble or of bronze, which time annihilates, but in immortal souls.

In conclusion we wish to offer you our most ardent gratitude for all the good you have accomplished for us and for our diocese during your sojourn here, by the prudence and zeal of your government, the energy of your self-sacrificing exertions and your tireless solicitude for the interest of our Divine Master. Our constant prayer for you will be that the superabundant benediction of heaven may attend all your apostolic labors, and we fervently beg that you in your goodness will ever reserve a foremost place in your holy prayers and in your paternal affection for your devoted sons.

THE CLERGY OF LONDON DIOCESE. The Archbishop feelingly replied to the above address in the following words: Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers.—Several priests were anxious to make a tangible presentation on this occasion, but you are giving what is much better and more acceptable, namely, your good wishes and your prayers. Besides, you have on former occasions shown how generous you can be, and I consider it unfair to accept any further evidence of your generosity. I will carry with me the beautiful souvenir you presented on the occasion of my silver

jubilee. And while our official relations have ceased, I hope the bonds of friendship and affection will ever continue. In fact, looking back over the past nine years I find that our relations have been friendly rather than official; and, with scarcely an exception, it was only necessary to make suggestions and not to give commands. It is true that on account of the death of several good priests, and the starting of new parishes many important changes became necessary among the members of the clergy, and many were called upon to make sacrifices, and to do hard work in building churches, schools, presbyteries and convents; but to your credit, you were always equal to the occasion, and went to work with a zeal and unselfishness that won the approval and generous assistance of your people, and hence the splendid results that followed.

It was a real pleasure in speaking to the Holy Father to give him a detailed account of your work. He replied: "I was no wonder that I was a happy Bishop, since I had such a zealous body of priests. Every true priest is obedient to the proper authority appointed to govern the diocese, and hence I am sure you will work in harmony with the Right Rev. Administrator, and he will treat you with every kindness and courtesy."

I thank you sincerely for your beautiful address, and for your many acts of kindness and courtesy in the past. Wherever the present Archbishop of Toronto will make his home, ever priest from the diocese of London will receive a hearty welcome. In this world we expect trials and partings; but in the next, if we are faithful, we will enjoy "life everlasting, infinite brightness, steadfast peace and safe repose." May God grant us all these blessings.

LAYING OF CORNER STONE. In the afternoon the corner stone of the new chapel at Mount St. Joseph was laid by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto.

His Grace was assisted in the ceremony by Rev. Mgr. Meunier, of Windsor, the administrator of the Diocese of London; Rev. Father M. Keon, of St. Mary's Church; Rev. Father Alwynd, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral and Rev. Fathers White and Stanley, besides several altar boys from the cathedral.

The ceremony was performed in the presence of about fifteen other priests of the diocese, including Rev. Fathers Buckley, O'Donahue, Beaudouin, Keeley, Valentin, Goetz, Pius oneault, Landreville, Lurion, Scanlan, West, Langlois, Egar, Hanlon, Dunn and Ladoucer and also the Sisters of Mount St. Joseph.

After the laying of the corner stone, lunch was served at the convent by the Sisters.

On Thursday evening St. Peter's Cathedral was crowded to the doors and everyone wore an expression of combined joy and regret, rejoicing at His Grace's elevation to a higher and more responsible office in the Holy Church, and regret at his departure from their midst. Addresses were presented to the Archbishop by the laymen of the congregation and the Separate School Board.

His Grace replied briefly, expressing his gratitude for their kindness and co-operation in the past and his trust that they would ever be supported by the blessed Lord until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes. The altar was beautifully and profusely decorated for the occasion with flowers and candles, and the stately Cathedral looked its best. In the course of the service, His Grace Archbishop McEvay gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament for the last time assisted by Rev. Father P. McKeon, as deacon, and Rev. Father O'Neill as sub-deacon.

The address from the Separate School Board, read by the chairman, Mr. Frank Forristal was as follows: Most Reverend Fergus Patrick McEvay, Archbishop of Toronto:

Your Grace, the members of the Roman Catholic Separate School Board of the city of London wish to offer their sincere and hearty congratulations upon your elevation to the high position of Archbishop of Toronto. While doing so we may be permitted to refer to the great work you have accomplished in educational matters since you came to London. New schools have been built and every school has been added to and equipped and made modern in every particular. The revenues during your administration have almost doubled and school sites and buildings are a credit not only to our people but to the city.

Through your inspiration a great impetus has been given to higher education, as proven by the large number of our former pupils who have graduated from and are now attending Assumption College of Sandwich, St. Michael's College of Toronto; the Grand Seminary of Montreal, and various other institutions of learning.

No request of ours for advice or financial assistance was ever denied, but, on the contrary, every proposal for improvement to schools met with your hearty co-operation and assistance. While we congratulate the city of Toronto upon the choice the Holy Father has made in selecting you as spiritual head of the archdiocese, we sincerely regret your removal from our midst. That your Grace may be long spared to exert your great influence on behalf of Catholic education is the earnest prayer of the Separate School Board of the city of London.

Signed: on behalf of the Board, Frank Forristal, (chairman), B. C. McCann, (trustee) M. O'Sullivan, (secretary).

Mr. T. J. Murphy read the address from the laity of the congregation, to which was affixed the signature of the Hon. Thomas Coffey. The address was as follows: Most Reverend Fergus Patrick McEvay, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto. May it please Your Grace,—So far as words may give expression to our senti-

ments, it is with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that we presume to address you on the eve of your departure from amongst us. We rejoice that your administrative talent, executive ability, and zeal for Holy Church have won for you the recognition of our Holy Father, as proved by your elevation to the Archiepiscopal See and diocese of Toronto. We rejoice, also, and feel justly proud that so distinguished an honor has been conferred upon one who has been for nearly nine years our chief pastor and spiritual guide, and we deeply regret that the diocese which as Archbishop you have so faithfully, lovingly and wisely ruled with a master mind and hand, is now left without your wise guidance and loving care.

The announcement of your departure has created a sense of loss in the whole community, and a feeling of sorrow and regret among the subjects of your episcopal jurisdiction. Your example and precept have promoted charity, temperance, sobriety and right living. Your altruism and energetic endeavor to create and foster harmony, peace and good will among all classes have endeared you to all.

Provision for the Christian education of the children of our flock has, from the view point of Catholic laymen, been your greatest achievement, as evidenced by the half hundred schools established during your administration, where thousands of children are taught to love God and honor the King, besides attaining the highest efficiency in school learning. The number of new churches and parochial residences, a loyal, faithful and devoted priesthood and laity further attest the bountiful results of your beneficent rule.

The Religious, the laity, the children and the poor all regret exceedingly your leave-taking. Their fervent prayers will follow you Grace with the hope that God will abundantly bless your labors in that larger field of activity to which He has called you, and that in the end we all may meet where sorrow and parting are unknown, HIS GRACE'S REPLY.

The Archbishop's reply to his people of London was listened to with rapt attention by the vast assemblage. It was as follows:

My Dear Brethren,—In your beautiful address you speak of the occasion as one of joy and sorrow—joy at the promotion of your former bishop and sorrow at the parting. It was ever thus in this world and so it shall be. Even the members of the Holy Family had their full share of joy and sorrow. There was joy at the birth of the infant King and sorrow at the slaughter of the holy innocents; joy at the adoration of the Magi and sorrow at the flight into Egypt; joy at Nazareth and sorrow at Calvary; sorrow at the tomb of the Saviour and joy and glory at the resurrection; so that joy and sorrow are the portion of the children of God on earth, and we must accept both and ever bless His Holy name.

I am very grateful to the Catholics of London for all the kindness and co-operation received since I was sent to be the Bishop of this See. You have worked in harmony with the zealous priests, who labor, in season and out of season, for your welfare and the welfare of your children. Your churches and schools are institutions are a credit to the Catholics of this diocese and an ornament to this prosperous and beautiful city—a city that is without a rival for comfortable homes for working people. You live in peace and harmony with your neighbors, respecting their rights and expecting that they treat you in the same way, for God is the God of love and peace and not of hatred and strife.

As to the members of the Separate School Board, I appreciate their zeal and devotion to duty in looking after the interests of the Catholic schools; and considering the harmony existing between the board and the clergy and the earnest teachers and the parents, my share of work was always easy and pleasant.

Trustees are chosen by the Catholic ratepayers to help the Catholic Church to put into practice the great work of Catholic education. The Divine Master told the Church to "go and teach," and the trustees share in that glorious work, which prepares the little ones for time and eternity. One thing is wanting in this parish, namely a proper hall in which to assemble the children, and that is now being started, and I am sure every Catholic man and woman in this congregation will generously help the zealous Rector in building a hall in keeping with the rest of the magnificent church property on this block. I am aware that several members of the congregation desired to give the new Archbishop a purse on this occasion, but in view of your generosity in the past, I did not accept. However, I have no objection to your adding that amount to your subscription for the parish hall.

I desire to thank the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society for the charitable work they do, and the C. M. B. A. and the C. O. F. All Catholic societies should remember that the most perfect society on earth is the Catholic Church, and it follows that the closer the societies keep to that Church the more perfect they will be, and the farther away they get the more imperfect they become. Here, I am glad to-day, these societies keep the rules of the Church and their own constitutions, and while they do so, they may expect God to bless them and to make them prosperous.

I take this occasion also to thank the citizens of London and all the non-Catholics in this diocese for many acts of courtesy on several occasions, and I wish to express my gratitude to the press in all parts of the diocese for as a rule the newspaper men treated me with the respect and the honor due to the office of a Bishop. In a word, my life in London diocese has been a pleasant one, and I am thankful for it, and cannot do better than close with the beautiful prayer of Cardinal Newman, who wrote:

"May He (our Blessed Lord) support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening come, and

the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. "Then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last. Amen."

COSTLY CONSOLATION

In a recent issue the Literary Digest, quoting from Catholic sources, presented to its readers an incomplete summary of late deserters from the Protestant Episcopal Church who had embraced Catholicity. But if the statement was incomplete, it was nevertheless quite specific. It impartially presented the situation, in its last issue the Digest quotes from a writer in a Protestant Episcopal journal, who insists that "if there be a highway to Rome, there is certainly a good, broad track back again."

Underneath the title of "The Truth, however, the Digest's long quotation in no particular demonstrates the fact, unless we accept general statements for conclusive evidence. The opening sentences of the writer confess that he has no statistics on the subject of his own. Yet he has found some which satisfy his desire for a fact.

The English Church Review of 1890 has discovered "gives the names of twenty-one priests who had formerly been priests of the Church of Rome. In 1895-96 the Church of England received eight priests from our Latin rite. In 1896 the Church in the United States received thirty-eight ministers of other communions, of which number several were Roman priests, and in 1897 we received twenty-one ministers, of whom two were from the Pope's obedience." Thereupon, the writer concludes, "I doubt if there has been a year since in which we have not gained an even larger number from our foreign sister." And then adds, "within the past year Bishop Potter has received four or five Roman clergymen."

The Protestant Episcopal heart may find great satisfaction in such an array of figures. Unfortunately, however, the confidence which they inspire is based upon error as fatal as the conclusions of the individual who uses them. Because even if individual names could be supplied in place of the above generalities, it is not a question of what happened ten, fifteen or eighteen years ago, but what is happening now that is of interest and importance. This applies to the past year and affords the opportunity to deny positively that within that period four or five priests were received into the Protestant Episcopal Church.

True, our Episcopalian brethren may have taken over a few alleged priests like Lagan, who absconded from a city with something around \$6,000, accumulated under Episcopalian patronage. It is extremely unfortunate, the policy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, that it should include the eager adoption of every clerical appearing impostor whose best recommendation is his lying claim to former priestly position in the Catholic Church and present ability to vilify her and her members. It is equally unfortunate for the statistics under consideration, because they are made up in this class of individuals.

Quoting, in conclusion, from an editorial of eleven years ago, in another Anglican journal, the writer professes the advice that we ought to cease heralding from the houseposts those desertions from Anglicanism and look to our own straying tens of thousands as a goodly portion of whom find rest at last for their souls in the Anglican household." The advice is useless, the conclusion again untrue. The fact is, Catholics have given up the practice of their religion rarely become affiliated with any form of sectarianism. Our Anglican brethren may console themselves for their present heavy losses with such statistics if they choose, but they are harboring a vain hope and an empty delusion. The consolation is costly.—Church Progress.

THE DOGMATIC CHURCH.

In the late issues of "The Hibbert Journal," and more especially in the January number, have appeared several articles dealing with the Catholic Church. In the current issue for April the Catholic point of view itself is represented by no less distinguished a contributor than Right Rev. Mgr. John S. Canon Vaughan, who emphasizes both the unity of the Catholic Church as a efficient organization for the promulgation of Christian doctrine and the infallibility of the Pope in pronouncing ex cathedra Christ's teachings and divine truth. Of the Church organization he writes as follows:

"To assert that Christ, who knows the weakness of man's nature and his tendency to differ upon every point, would command unity, and yet make no adequate provision to secure and to maintain it, is to attribute foolishness to the All-wise.

"Where shall we find this assembly or society of men, gathered from all nations, yet united in one faith? No where except in that world-wide Church whose centre is indeed, in Rome, but whose circumference is everywhere. Further, where shall we find a Church in full possession of a thoroughly adequate principle of unity, simple, practical, of easy application, and in full working order? again we reply, in the Catholic Church, in communion with Rome."

"As a mere pressure on the button will send electric fluid coursing from end to end of the most complicated electric system, so a mere command from the Vicar of Christ will send a decree or a definition into the ears and hearts of every Catholic from end to end of the entire world. All assent, because all acknowledge his right to decide.

"Christianity promises compensation for suffering and redress for wrongs in a future world; and, for such as are happy enough to believe in these promises, no better consolation, nor none in this world, may be equal to it, can be offered. This essay is not addressed to those who are cheerful souls. Rather it appeals to those who, having no positive faith in

personal immortality, and believing that such a faith too often results in a patient, even cowardly, acquiescence in this world's injustices, are passionately seeking for consolation from such other sources as may exist."

HEROINES OF THE WAR.

TOUCHING MEMORIAL DAY SERVICE AT GRAVES OF SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Probably one of the most touching of the memorial services held last Saturday in this State was that which took place in the little burying ground back of the St. Joseph's Convent at Delhi. Here lie some of the real heroes of the civil conflict—Sisters of Charity who endured the hardships of war and risked their lives in order to care for the wounded and dying soldiers on the field of battle. A large company of veterans of the N. Y. M. A. of the Grand Army of the Republic, headed by Commander T. H. Forster, climbed the long hill up to the Mother House to decorate the Sisters' graves.

Eleven war nurses are buried there, among whom is Sister Anthony, whose work on the battle field of Shiloh will never be forgotten. Others are Sisters Alphonsa, Mary, Clotilda, Magdalen, Camilla, Seraphina, Agnes, Basilis, Stanislaus, Gonzaga and Gabriela. Three living Sisters, who also served as nurses during the Civil War, took part in the service.—Cleveland Catholic Universe.

IRISH UNIVERSITY BILL.

The same thought which filled the mind of Macaulay when he was speaking in favor of the Maynooth Bill, now fills the mind of Chief Secretary Birrell. In closing the debate on the second reading of the Irish University Bill, he said:

"I cannot pretend to say what the future of these universities will be, but really some people talk as if Catholics had nothing to do with learning, and as if a learned Catholic hardly ever existed. We Protestants have succeeded to Catholic institutions. For long centuries we have enjoyed our education in the colleges founded by the Williams of Wykeham, the Lady Margaret, and other Catholics. For long we banged the doors of those places in the face of people who belonged to the same faith as the founders. We benefited by the education provided by Catholics; we enjoyed their literature; and many of us are still brought up in some subjects under their influences. And yet some of us have the audacity to pretend that education will be endangered and that a university will not be a true seat of learning if Catholics have a predominant influence on the governing body. I repeat that from the bottom of my heart."—The Casket.

POPE ADMIRE PRESIDENT.

ADDRESS OF PIUS X. TO AMERICAN PILGRIMS URGES CURBING OF GREED FOR GOLD.

In addressing one hundred pilgrims from Brooklyn on May 29, the Holy Father said:

"I admire your President Roosevelt for his fight against those who are seeking to amass wealth regardless of the means employed. I admire him also for his deeply respectful attitude toward the Catholic Church.

"I have always been deeply impressed by the industry, intelligence, power and faith of Americans. It seems to me that Americans are consumed by a double fever—the love of gold and devotion to religion.

"You should try to curb your passion for gold so that it will not lead you into immoderate desires. There is such a thing as the righteous, honest wish to gain wealth that you may provide your families with the comforts of life and that you yourselves may accomplish much in the divine task of charity.

"I trust God will keep alive your devotion to religion. I trust the Catholic religion of America will continue to refine your sentiments and purify your souls. Religion is a good guide in all steps of life, whether it be in business, society or politics."

Character begins in the cradle. Where love is we forget labor.

EAT ORANGES

IF YOU WANT TO KEEP WELLS

Careful tests have proved beyond question that orange juice has clearly defined medicinal virtues. Those who suffer with indigestion—are compelled "to diet"—find that after eating oranges regularly for breakfast there is no distress, no palpitation.

Where there was a tendency towards constipation, the eating of oranges regulated the bowels.

In skin troubles, those who began the morning meal with an orange were noticeably improved.

There is, however, a quicker way to get better results. This is to take one or two "Fruit-a-lives" tablets at bedtime in addition to the juice of an orange before breakfast the next morning. "Fruit-a-lives" are the juices of oranges, apples, figs and prunes, in which the medicinal action is many times intensified by the special way of combining them. Valuable tonics are then added.

Take the juice of an orange before breakfast—take "Fruit-a-lives" at night—and you will quickly be rid of indigestion, stomach troubles, constipation and biliousness. "Fruit-a-lives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box—4 for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price by "Fruit-a-lives," Limited, Ottawa.

COMING INTO THE FOLD.

Every mission and practically every parish notes an increase in the number of non-Catholics making inquiries as to the doctrines of the Church. More converts are being received than ever before, and the classes for instruction are large. Most of the clergy have individuals and groups under instruction. Many denominations and classes are represented.

Thirty-one colored converts have been received at St. Peter Claver's in the past five months, and several are yet under instruction.

Nine converts were received as a result of the recent mission at the Church of the Holy Spirit, Sharon Hill. Two of these were converts from Judaism. Five hundred Catholics approached the sacraments at this mission.

About forty former members of St. Elizabeth's Protestant Episcopal congregation are under instruction in various parishes. Some of these have already been received into the Church, and ten of them will approach First Holy Communion at the Epiphany this Sunday. Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE KAISER AND THE NUN.

The special correspondent of the "Neus Wiener Tagblatt" at Corfu relates the following interesting incident:

"The German Emperor, since he came to Corfu, has visited various ancient churches and monasteries to inspect old church paintings. He visited also 'Death Island,' where an ancient nunnery exists. The Royal visitors, arriving unexpectedly, found the superior cleaning the church lamps and two nuns scouring the floor. The Kaiser entered into conversation with one nun, while King George acted as interpreter. The Kaiser asked the nun, who is thirty-five years old, how long she had been in the nunnery. She replied, 'About twenty years.' The Kaiser remarked that she must have commenced her novitiate very early. She said, 'at sixteen.'

"His Majesty then asked, 'What caused you, when so young, almost a child, to renounce the world and its pleasures? Some great misfortune?' She answered, 'No: only love for God. And you, who have remained in the world, what pleasure do you find in it?' The Kaiser, without replying, asked, 'Did it cause you no sorrow to sacrifice your youth?' She said, 'What is youth? a dewdrop in the field, which Nature gives in the night and which disappears with the first rays of the morning sun.'

"After this the Kaiser left her shaking his head."

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Sunday Within the Octave of Corpus Christi.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

"I Jesus said to them: I am the Bread of Life, he that believeth in Me shall never thirst." (St. John vi, 35)

My dear brethren: There are many profound thinkers... history, no less than physical conditions, presents the same panorama.

During the time of our Lord's public life He performed many astounding miracles which proved His dominion over the forces of nature...

The mysterious life that our Lord has chosen in the Blessed Sacrament is the greatest of all miracles...

MODERNISM

Rev. J. R. Tuffy, LL. D., in the Canadian Magazine.

In introducing our article we have not the least intention of being controversial in our treatment of the subject...

history, no less than physical conditions, presents the same panorama. A point which yesterday was invisible...

Other philosophical theories, chiefly Kantian, were drafted into service for the purpose of adapting Catholic doctrine to the sceptical and agnostic tendencies of the age.

The second distinction to which allusion is made is that between theoretical and practical reason. By the former no reality can objectively be attained.

It is not merely that their philosophy is leavened with principles impossible to be reconciled with Catholic truth, their religious explanations are also absolutely untenable by any member of the Church.

lial decision of the Church. This is evident since the issuing of the Encyclical. As the whole Christendom is paramount in theory and truth is relative...

It is not merely that their philosophy is leavened with principles impossible to be reconciled with Catholic truth, their religious explanations are also absolutely untenable by any member of the Church.

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the world for nineteen hundred years - and upon it the Church has ever had its seal fixed. To explain away the Incarnation, to eliminate the Divine and Supernatural from the Gospel...

The lowering of Christ to created level, so that He is held to be a mere man, involved another collision with the magistracy of the Church. Modernism framed an evolutionary concept of Christ - that He did not possess from the beginning the consciousness of His Sonship...

ONE YEAR IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Henry C. Granger, formerly pastor of a leading Protestant church in Evansville, Ind., contributes the following to the Record:

In view of the sacrifices made in order to enter the Catholic Church it is perhaps natural at the close of one year in the same to ask oneself this question: "What has been gained by reason of the change?"

There has been a positive gain. In what direction does this lie? Certainly no money value can be placed upon much that has been acquired.

Another gain has been a growing appreciation of what our Lord intended His church to be the visible abode - on earth - of His Real Presence.

Another gain has been in the line of coming to see the various devotions of the Church in their right proportions. These "outside" make so much and wrongly of the honors paid to saints, martyrs, angels, the Blessed Virgin Mary.

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Catholic Record, London, Canada. London Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Canada. Assets \$847,449.88. Liabilities \$24,000.00.

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COFFEY'S MALT. MENEELY & CO. WATERLOO, ONT. (West Toronto). The Old Reliable Meneely Foundry, CHURCH, CHIME, SCHOOL BELLERS.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Little Sermon on Saving. Most young men are ambitious enough and sensible enough to want to have some money laid by for emergencies, but a great many of them find the saving of small sums so tedious and discouraging that they either never begin to save, or having begun, do not keep it up for any length of time.

"No matter how little it may be, make a start to save. Begin to live on less than you make; begin to put by capital which will one day mean freedom and opportunity."

"When you do get a little money together, put it in the bank. Don't be led into schemes. Don't buy anybody's watered stock. Let no trust mining scheme or other large hearted swindle lure you. If these things ever sway, they shake out the little men first."

"Get enough money to free you from worry and don't let anybody get it away from you. Don't put it into any scheme. Let it simply enable you to change your employment, if you see a better chance. Let it make you secure against poverty in old age."

"You will never know what real independence is until you are independent of any man's pocket book save your own."

We are exhorted by Christ to lay up our treasures in heaven, and if we fail to do this, the most important duty of all—our saving, all our scheming and planning, all our possessions of earthly riches, are of no avail. But our nature is two-fold. Our life on earth has two sides, and the laying up of treasures in heaven does not preclude the wise forethought and thrift which bids us lay up some of this world's treasure for a rainy day.

The maiden had steadily grown worse, until now the crisis seemed to be at hand, the long dreaded moment, when the Angel of Death should pluck this pure white lily from this humble earth of ours, had come. But as the sickness had increased so had a little sister's devotion grown more zealous, more earnest, and more fervent. She had mournfully traveled the long dreary path to the Church of God, every morning and there amidst all the sacred solemnity of the holy Mass, she had uplifted her little soul, and drawn back the curtains of her heart, that the Sacred Heart might abide therein.

Had she done this for many mornings, and now when the crisis was at hand, she wept and thought and deeply contemplated within herself, why the Sacred Heart remained so inexorable, for has not Christ said: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." (Matt. 7, 7)

Had she not knocked and it had not been opened unto her, and now, as she knelt there before the beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, brightly illumined with waxen candles and decked with sweet smelling roses, that freighted the air with their rich perfume, she thought, perhaps the Sacred Heart wished her to make some offering to Him, and she thought and wondered how she had been so careless and so selfish to have forgotten it. But what could she give, she could pluck no flowers that would in any way compare with those He already had, and she looked upon the beautiful features of Him Who had worked multitudes of miracles, and seemed not to work one for her, and they seemed to relax into a pitying smile at the idea of such a thing. But then as by inspiration, her face was lit up into a radiant smile, and the effulgent sun came out stronger and more cheerful, shining in the old church, on the old walls that had stood the test of time, and been hallowed by resounded many eloquent sermons of many priests, long since laid in the silent "City of Death," and now she too was happy.

facilities and improvements which we now have, without the struggling with poverty, long? What was it she had promised Him? Something very simple. Nothing but what any one could do, nothing more than the simple promise to Him Who had wrought thousands upon thousands of miracles—that if He would remove her loving sister from the grasp of death, she would in return let the world know of His wonder. And thus I am but adding one more deed upon the already long flaming list of wonders that have been wrought by the Sacred Heart, and I repeat more firmly: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." (Matt. 7, 7)—The Christian Family.

IRISH EMIGRATION. THE SADDEST PHASE OF MODERN IRISH LIFE.

One of the saddest phases of modern Irish life is the continued depopulation of the little green isle. In recent times about 49,000 people annually have left the Irish shores for foreign lands. The majority of these emigrants are young men and women. This is a serious state of affairs. Emigration from Ireland today is nothing less than a drain of the very life blood of the country. There are now only a little over 4,000,000 of people in Ireland. Take from this the aged, infirm and feeble, the poor, and the children, and what are left? Not enough of strong young men and women so necessary to the existence of Ireland as a nation.

Heroic efforts are being made in Ireland to stop the drain of emigration, the best work being done by the Gaelic League, which has now done so much during the past ten years to uplift Ireland. The Bishops and clergy are also using their powerful influence towards the same end. Yet every ship that leaves the Irish harbors for other countries carries away a band of young men and women who have caught the fever of emigration. This feverish longing to leave their own romantic and beautiful homeland has found its way into the very heart of the Irish people. Go into any school in Ireland, approach a class of bright looking boys and girls, and ask them, "What are you boys and girls going to do when you grow up?" The usual answer will be, "We're going to America, sir." That great unknown world beyond the seas, unknown to these young, innocent Irish lives.

It is, however, the future to which the young people of Ireland are looking forward to. They count the days and months and years until they can leave their sweet, little Irish homes and villages, and board the great big liners at Queenstown for New York or Boston. What a thrill is there not in this passing out of the Gael. Who can tell of the disappointed hearts that look back with yearning from foreign shores to the peaceful villages and happy homes, where Irish mothers and Irish fathers pine and pray for the absent boy or the absent girl. Every home in Ireland has a vacant corner. The young people are going, and going in Ireland know what they are doing, what battles they are fighting, what struggles they are enduring, or what may be their lonely longings. Only a letter now and again comes to those deserted Irish homes, bearing a strange, foreign stamp, with a word of comfort for anxious hearts at home, and perhaps a little gift of hard earned money.

The lamented Eibha Carbery has well described the passing of the Gael in the following tender lines: "They are going, going, going from the valleys and the hills, They are leaving far behind them heathery moor and mountain ris, All the wealth of lawharu hedges, where the brown rush sways and trills."

They are going, shy-eyed colleens, and lads so straight and tall, From the purple peaks of Kerry, from the crags of wild Limerick, From the greening plains of Mayo, and the glens of Donegal.

Some must wander to the East, and some must wander West, Some to the white wastes of the North, and some a Southern rest, Yet never shall they sleep as sweet as on your mother's breast.

Within the city streets, hoh, hurried, full of care, A sudden dream shall bring them a whiff of Irish air, A cool air faintly scented, blown soft from elsewhere.

They may win a golden store, sure the whites were golden too, And no foreign skies hold beauty like the rainy skies they know, Nor any night wind cool the brow as did the foggy dew.

so suddenly? Why was it, that the Sacred Heart had promised, still to Him? What was it she had promised Him? Something very simple. Nothing but what any one could do, nothing more than the simple promise to Him Who had wrought thousands upon thousands of miracles—that if He would remove her loving sister from the grasp of death, she would in return let the world know of His wonder. And thus I am but adding one more deed upon the already long flaming list of wonders that have been wrought by the Sacred Heart, and I repeat more firmly: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." (Matt. 7, 7)—The Christian Family.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A PRAYER ANSWERED.

It was a beautiful day. The innocent sun was slowly rising over the distant hills, shedding its rays, like so many little golden arrows, kissing the dew dropped flowers. The brook rehearsed, in gentle murmurs, a new song, as it dashed over pebbles and stones, and reflected on its clear placid surface the slowly sailing clouds above it. The birds in the tree-tops were lifting their melodious voices, that trembled, like intangible sun flecks, upon the clear summer atmosphere.

Indeed, all the world seemed to be happy on this transcendental summer day, but alas! it was not so. For barred from all nature's beauties and wonders lay a mother's girl, writhing in bitter agony under the pangs and torments of the demon "Typhoid."

What bitter pangs must that send in to the inmost recesses of the human heart. To see a rose blighted by death, to see a girl beautiful to look upon, endowed with intellectual talents, and with a soul that was as pure as a lily, struck down by death, causes these sad words to rise in the mind:

There is a reaper whose name is Death, And with his sickle keeps reaping, He reaps the budding grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow between.

Was God, the omnipotent to stand by, with His almighty arms outstretched and see a dear old mother's heart broken by the death of one, whom she had watched and guided with matronly love, even from the time she had sung the lullaby to a sleeping babe in its cradle, until the beautiful in all her adolescences, a full blushing rose in plate with love of God, chastity, and virtue.

The maiden had steadily grown worse, until now the crisis seemed to be at hand, the long dreaded moment, when the Angel of Death should pluck this pure white lily from this humble earth of ours, had come. But as the sickness had increased so had a little sister's devotion grown more zealous, more earnest, and more fervent. She had mournfully traveled the long dreary path to the Church of God, every morning and there amidst all the sacred solemnity of the holy Mass, she had uplifted her little soul, and drawn back the curtains of her heart, that the Sacred Heart might abide therein.

Had she done this for many mornings, and now when the crisis was at hand, she wept and thought and deeply contemplated within herself, why the Sacred Heart remained so inexorable, for has not Christ said: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." (Matt. 7, 7)

Had she not knocked and it had not been opened unto her, and now, as she knelt there before the beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, brightly illumined with waxen candles and decked with sweet smelling roses, that freighted the air with their rich perfume, she thought, perhaps the Sacred Heart wished her to make some offering to Him, and she thought and wondered how she had been so careless and so selfish to have forgotten it. But what could she give, she could pluck no flowers that would in any way compare with those He already had, and she looked upon the beautiful features of Him Who had worked multitudes of miracles, and seemed not to work one for her, and they seemed to relax into a pitying smile at the idea of such a thing. But then as by inspiration, her face was lit up into a radiant smile, and the effulgent sun came out stronger and more cheerful, shining in the old church, on the old walls that had stood the test of time, and been hallowed by resounded many eloquent sermons of many priests, long since laid in the silent "City of Death," and now she too was happy.

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FRENCH FAITH MANIFEST DURING HOLY WEEK.

French papers at hand contain references to the extraordinary devotion shown by French Catholics during Holy Week, which indicates that the spirit of Catholicity is by no means dead in France. A writer in Figaro says: "We have only to stroll about, in Paris, a little, to be struck by the multitude of people who crowd into the churches. Never have the touching ceremonies of Holy Week brought together a more compact or more fervent throng. One would like to know what M. Combes thinks of it, he who has so seriously announced in an Austrian journal the progressive disappearance of the Faith and the impending ruin of Catholicism in France."

It is a strange illusion to believe in the action of anti-religious laws on the souls. Nothing is easier than to push an anti-religious measure through the members; nothing more simple than to oppress the priests and the faithful. But nothing is more futile! And the religious sentiment, which has such deep roots in the mystery of souls, resists all brutalities and never yields to force. Very much to the contrary, persecution only results in increasing the energy of religion, just as a violent wind lights up the fire that seemed to be dead. Under the Revolution the churches were disaffected in a body, and the priests were hunted, banished, guillotined. This great endeavor of free thought ended not only in a religious renaissance, to which the "Genius of Christianity" bears a splendid testimony in literary history; but it led also to the signing of the Concordat, which was one of the most important acts of the First Consul. See, now, what a religious persecution succeeded in accomplishing: it inspired masterpieces in writers like Chateaubriand, and it raised up a Bonaparte. Who is the man who will give to us a new Concordat?

Another writer in the same paper says: "Decidedly, the lights that a State official who was a little too ambitious, flattered himself on having extinguished in heaven, are more resplendent than ever. We are a nation, chattered, above all things else, with liberty; even the appearance of wishing to attack one's beliefs is enough to make people who are usually not the most practical of believers manifest their religious sentiments. There was, then, in the golden glory that surrounded the ceremonies of Holy Week, this year, a very direct relation to the events of our times; it answered to a need of affirming that the Law of Separation had only made the duties of Christians towards the Church more sacred."

Christmas and Easter are the most popular feasts of the Church; and it is in days like these that one perceives the foolishness of a war, and especially a petty war, against beliefs that are most anciently and most solidly anchored. Not by decrees or legal proceedings can be destroyed feelings which take their rise in the human conscience, and which have survived and will survive all State ministries—yes, and all Governmental regimes.—Sacred Heart Review.

LOSS OF RELIGION MEANS RACIAL DECAY.—VAUGHAN.

It is impossible, on reading Father Vaughan's "Sins of Society," not to see that his animadversions upon what is termed in London The Smart Set, applies just as well to the corresponding coteries in other capitals of the world, and as much to New York as to any other. The first and worst evil to be noted, says the English Jesuit, is the steadily-decreasing birth rate. History has ever proved that a dwindling birth-rate is a symptom of national decrepitude, and a high infant mortality is a prodigious waste of national resources.

The Roman Empire perished for want of men, and all nations whose inhabitants persist for a large part in profaning the sanctity of wedded life by refusing to do their duty to God and country, must follow the same course. Yet seldom, says the Jesuit, do we find a nation that has once taken to this vicious habit, come to repent of it. On the contrary, all sorts of arguments are sought for in order to justify and defend its course.

Another symptom of national decadence is the greed for gold. Make haste to get rich is the cry all along the line. Hence the rush for quick returns, for dividends, for ready money. Nobody wants to "labor and to wait." All want to cry off work and get to play. And this is due to the crass materialism that sways the age we live in. The churches have lost their hold upon the educated classes. The modern men and women do not believe in God, or in Heaven, or in hell. The articles of their creed, like their articles of dress, change with their environment, or with the social functions in which they happen to find themselves. Christianity has become to them nothing more than a name, a mere badge of respectability. It has ceased to be an influence; it bores them. Modern thought has robbed men of their religion, and given them nothing in exchange. A word for those Catholics who have allowed themselves to be infected by the prevailing worldliness, who have forgotten what their fathers told them, the wonderful works of God in their days and in the days of old. How wanting do many Catholics appear in character, and how careless of their grand inheritance? Who can believe that they are the sons and daughters of men and women who felt there was nothing to be proud of but their religion, who would part with anything or everything but their religion, who for their religion suffered and bled and died? We are too much in the world; we want nobody to realize that we are Catholics; in a word, we have ceased to be proud of our religion; we are half-ashamed of it. As for us Catholics, our duty is clear. We belong to the old tradition; we know that we are as intimately under the guiding hand of God to-day as the Church was in the Apostolic age; that Pope Pius X. is our actual infallible Teacher in matters of faith and morals, and that so long as we are trying to bring our practice up to the level of our belief, we, too, are making the very best of ourselves both for God and the Nation. Finally Father Vaughan reminds all who claim to be followers of Christ to bear in mind that among a practical people which tests the worth of a religion by its action on daily life, they will do far more for the regeneration and reformation of society by distributing copies of it; that by becoming themselves less frivolous and more industrious, less philosophical and more religious, less controversial and more prayerful, they will be rendering the highest services to God and the nation.—New York Freeman's Journal.

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SOCIALISM AND THE REPUBLIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

should have the right to inspect the schools selected by the parents and ascertain for itself that its requirements are fully observed. With that power of inspection is linked the obligation of support by the State. Wherever instruction is afforded boys and girls in those branches which the State prescribes as necessary to its citizenship, the State should pay for it. In addition to this curriculum which the State prescribes, instruction is afforded in other branches, in music, in fencing, in dancing, or in religion, that is something with which the State should not concern itself. It should not pay for them. Neither should it penalize an educational establishment which imparts them by exclusion from the scope of public inspection and the benefits of contributions from the public funds.

No one will deny that the religious instruction given in Catholic schools redounds to the benefit of the State, yet to deny the Catholic is penalized. He is compelled by the State to support a system of education which he considers inadequate, and by his conscience to support another which he considers essential to prepare his child for manhood and citizenship.

It is said that the existing system is non-sectarian, and that we who would overthrow it, aim at sectarian education. I deny it. Were the actual system truly non-sectarian we would be its chief supporters. It is not non-sectarian. It is agnostic. I defy any one seeking to establish an agnostic system of education to change in one particular the system maintained by the State now. We are the non-sectarians. We ask for ourselves nothing that we would not extend to all others. We believe that Catholics should be left free to select Catholic instructors for their children, and the Jews to select Jewish instructors, and the Presbyterians to select Presbyterian instructors, and the Methodists to select Methodist instructors, and the Episcopalians to select Episcopalians instructors. Agnostics should have the same right as others if the existing system were not godless enough to satisfy them. We are willing that the agnostic shall have the school fund, but we are not willing to give him exclusive right to the whole of it.

While we hold that the existing school system is sectarian, inequitable and inadequate, yet we can avoid its worst features by assuming special burdens and until the sense of justice among the American people relieves us from this injustice we shall bear it cheerfully. The Church here discharges the role that she has always filled since the establishment of modern civilization.

THE CHURCH ALWAYS THE POOR MAN'S REFUGE.

Where there was no refuge for weakness against ruthless power, she opened to the fugitive her sanctuary where neither the power of the baron nor the writ of the king dared pursue him. During the rude ages when society valued no quality but physical strength; where those unable to bear arms were turned out on the highway to die, the Church received the sick and the infirm in her monasteries, not with the condescension of munificence but with the welcome of tender love. And so she will continue to furnish from her own resources the complete education which the State fails to supply, confident that the sense of justice in the American people will finally take this oppressive burden from the shoulders of the Catholics, realizing that the moral instruction upon which they insist and which the Church herself will insist is not a questionable element to be penalized, but a valuable contribution to be accepted gladly, as it is offered, freely and gratuitously.

And this time is coming. More in going than the monuments of piety which Catholics have erected is the acquiescence of public opinion which they have effected. Even twenty years ago many Americans, probably the majority of them, looked upon the Church as an institution essentially alien if not hostile to our institutions. To-day she is recognized as a bulwark of order, a rampart of liberty, and a light of progress. An expression of opinion by one of her prelates on matters of public interest no longer provokes instinctive distrust, but compels respectful attention. Twenty years ago to mention the attitude of the Church on education was not to raise discussion but to provoke profanity. It was not a subject of argument but an occasion for screams. Now, more and more, we examine it candidly, and this means justice will soon be done. For truth is so excellent that she reveals herself inevitably to whosoever seeks her honestly.

"GOD BLESS OUR LAND!"

The cordial sympathy with which our non-Catholic fellow citizens have greeted this celebration is then one of the most inspiring results of the Centenary, and a strong assurance that republican institutions are secure. The Christian sects no longer quarrel violently over every point of difference between them. They are more disposed to rejoice over every feature of the faith they hold in common. Well may we rejoice that every man to whatever sect he may belong joins in one prayer. It is repeated in every edifice dedicated to religious worship and at every fair, side where a family gathers for devotion. It is uttered in the Hebrew Synagogue, and in the Baptist meeting house as well as in the Catholic Church. It is a feature of the Episcopalian ritual and of the extemporaneous exhortation of the Methodist minister. It rises before the Catholic altar, and with the hymns sung by Presbyterian congregations. It is said with fervor by the mother over her babe at dawn. It has a place in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It mingles with the petition which the Catholic maiden breathes to the Blessed Virgin at nightfall; and what prayer is "God bless, prosper and protect this land of ours."

The universality of the prayer attests the patriotism of our citizens and the virtue on which it rests justify con-

science in republican institutions. We Catholics know our Government cannot perish because we have the promise of Almighty God that against the sword on which it is built the gates of hell shall never prevail.

THE REPUBLIC WILL PROSPER WITH THE CHURCH.

Who then looking over this land, recalling the events of the last few days and the marvellous progress of Catholicism they review, can doubt for a moment the future of this republic, built on God's word, sustained and supported by an ever growing tide of Catholicism.

What if the skies over our heads be clouded by doubts and fears! What if unrest makes itself manifest on every side in strikes, disturbances, riots and exploding bombs! The heavens are not as dark now as they were when the Word in which we believe was finally spoken. And its divine Author, hanging on the cross, while the tender skies blackened at mid-day, said: "It is consummated," while the mocking rabble shrank affrighted away, and the walls of the rocky temple were rent asunder, and the shuddering earth gave up the dead bodies of men who had cultivated it, before receiving into its bosom the dead body of the God Who had created it. We know that dreadful darkness was dispelled forever when on the third day afterwards the empty sepulchre was found by the disciples and holy women, resplendent with dazzling light, the stone rolled away from its opening, and the risen triumphant Lord standing near it, recognised by Mary Magdalene at the sound of his voice, was hailed with the word "Rabboni," "Master." That light has enlivened the world. Before it despotism has fallen, slavery disappeared, liberty has been quickened to life. Here it shines in the columns. The Catholic public as real as any of these, though of a different kind. The Catholic paper is the priest in the household. And we trust that the day is near at hand when it will be as intimately and as formally a part of the Church's many-sided activities as her churches, schools and institutes of charity. Meantime, the true Catholic paper is doing a duty towards the Catholic public as real as any of these, though of a different kind. The Catholic paper is the priest in the household. And we trust that the day is near at hand when it will be as intimately and as formally a part of the Church's many-sided activities as her churches, schools and institutes of charity.

This Centenary and the Immense spread of faith which it celebrates, foreshadows conveys an unanswerable assurance to the American people that the growth of Catholicism being inevitable the foundations of this republic are immovable, and the splendor of its prospects immovable.

THE "DREAMERS."

A special correspondent of the Montreal Star, writing from Medicine Hat, Alberta, speaks of the "Dreamers" as having "created a regular reign of terror by a fanaticism which recalls the darkest days of the Middle Ages." There was considerable fanaticism in the Middle Ages, but we suspect this is not what the correspondent had in mind. Tanchelin of Antwerp and Kado de Stalle, in the twelfth century, both called themselves the Son of God, both raised armed bands and plundered churches and monasteries. The Petrobrusians, in the South of France, had likewise to be suppressed by the civil authority about the same time. The Flagellants at first seemed to hurt no one but themselves, but they gradually drifted into robbery and all manner of vices. The Albigenses in France, the Lollards in England, and the Hussites in Bohemia, our school children are taught to believe, were excellent early Protestants persecuted by cruel Popes. The fact is that the Albigenses overran and pillaged the country, massacred their wives and daughters, and plundered and burnt the churches and monasteries. The Lollards were moving in the same direction when Henry V. suppressed them. The Hussites murdered priests and monks, and burned convents and churches. But we do not believe that the writer from Medicine Hat was thinking of any of these—Casket.

CHILD-MURDER.

To the Editor of the Montreal Star:

Sir,—In reference to a resolution concerning child-murder passed lately by certain Ontario physicians, will you allow me to make a few remarks which may serve to elucidate more fully the point at issue? Those medical men hold that it is murder to kill an infant, unless it be to save the mother's life. Now, it is difficult to understand why it is not likewise murder to kill a child even to save the mother's life, unless one admit the immoral principle that "the end justifies the means." Surely this child can not be considered an unjust aggressor whom it would be lawful to kill in self-defence; he merely stays in his natural abode where his parents deliberately placed him. Neither should he be treated like a diseased member, which may be amputated to save the rest of the body, because he is a distinct and complete human being with an undoubted right to existence. He has, to say the least, as much right to live, as his parents, seeing that he did not choose to be where he is, whilst his parents of set purpose laid him in the maternal womb, as in his own natural living cradle. Of a truth, those scientists possess an ethical code which is sadly at variance with God's law, as we learn from Exodus xxiii., 7: "The innocent and righteous slay thou not."

CATHOLIC THEOLOGIAN.

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Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Ointment for Piles, including a testimonial and contact information.

Advertisement for Purity Flour, featuring an image of a flour barrel and text describing its quality and availability from Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

The editor of the New Zealand Tablet, who is a priest, writes: "Unless the clergy had the science of angels and the voice of the last trumpet, they could not overtake the harm that is done in homes by the exclusive perusal of secular news sheets and by the false conceptions regarding Catholic faith and practice that from time to time are printed—not necessarily with any intent to mislead—in their columns. The Catholic paper is the priest in the household. And we trust that the day is near at hand when it will be as intimately and as formally a part of the Church's many-sided activities as her churches, schools and institutes of charity. Meantime, the true Catholic paper is doing a duty towards the Catholic public as real as any of these, though of a different kind. The Catholic paper is the priest in the household. And we trust that the day is near at hand when it will be as intimately and as formally a part of the Church's many-sided activities as her churches, schools and institutes of charity."

DIocese of London.

THE NEW ASSUMPTION COLLEGE CHAPEL. The new Assumption College Chapel will be dedicated on June 18. The dedication services commenced at 10:30 a. m. (eastern standard time) at the Assumption College Chapel, presided over by Rev. P. Corcoran, Sacerdot, Oat., President of the Assumption Association, will celebrate the Solemn Mass during the ceremony. The Mass will be celebrated in the choir under the direction of Rev. J. C. O'Connell, C. S. B. After the Mass a banquet will be tendered the following Old Boys. On the evening of June 15, the College Chapel will be the scene of a distribution of prizes will take place in the College Hall.

As to Catholic Advertisers. Dear Sir—An article in the CATHOLIC RECORD recently struck me as being very timely. I had reference to advertising in Catholic papers by Catholic advertisers, rather than the appearance of such advertisements in Catholic papers. To me this seems very strange. From day to day we are besieged with printed matter of one kind or another from Catholic houses which is almost invariably consigned to the waste basket. Sometimes we need some special article from Catholic houses and we look in vain in the Catholic papers for information concerning it. If such announcements were made in the CATHOLIC RECORD, The Casket, The Boston Pilot and other Catholic journals, doubtless Catholic supply houses would find the investment profitable.

Rev. T. H. TRAYNOR, Casket by June 6, 1908.

Advertisement for First Communion Prayer Books, listing various titles and prices, and providing contact information for The Catholic Record in London, Ont.

NEW BOOKS.

"The Church of the Fathers," by John Henry Cardinal Newman. Published by Longmans, Green and Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4. Price 9s. 6d.

DIED.

PHILLIPS—At his late residence, 192 Murray St., Ottawa, on Monday May 25th, Mr. Charles E. Phillips, aged forty years. May his soul rest in peace!

MARRIAGE.

FISCHER-KUNTZ—At Berlin, Ont., on Monday, June 15th, Dr. Wm. J. Fischer to Miss Carolyn Kuntz.

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