

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1898.

NO. 1049.

FATHER FABER ON PURGATORY.

By the doctrine of the communion of saints, and of the unity of Christ's mystical body, we have most intimate relations both of duty and affection with the Church Triumphant and Suffering; and Catholic devotion furnishes us with many appointed and approved ways of discharging these duties towards them. Of these I shall speak hereafter. For the present it is enough to say that God has given us such power over the dead that they seem, as I have said before, to depend almost more on earth than on Heaven; and surely that He has given us this power, and supernatural methods of exercising it, is not the least touching proof that His Blessed Majesty has contrived all things for love. Can we not conceive the joy of the Blessed in Heaven, looking down from the bosom of God and the calmness of their eternal repose upon this scene of dimness, disquietude, doubt, and fear, and rejoicing in the plenitude of their charity, in their vast power with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to obtain grace and blessing day and night for the poor dwellers upon earth? It does not distract them from God; it does not interfere with the Vision, or make it waver and grow misty; it does not trouble their glory or their peace. On the contrary, it is with them as with our guardian Angels; the affectionate ministries of their charity increase their own accidental glory. The same joy in its measure may be seen upon earth. If we are fully possessed with this Catholic devotion for the Holy Souls, we shall never be without the grateful consciousness of the immense powers which Jesus has given us on their behalf. We are never so like Him, or so nearly imitate His tender offices, as when we are devoutly exercising these powers. We are humbled excessively by becoming the benefactors of those beautiful souls who are so immeasurably our superiors, as Joseph was said to have learned humility by commanding Jesus. We love Jesus with a love beyond words, a love that almost makes us afraid, yet with what a delightful fear! Because in this devotion it is His hands we are moving, as we would move the unskilful hands of a child. Dearest Lord, that He should let us do these things! That He should let us do with His satisfactions what we will, and sprinkle His Precious Blood as if it were so much water from the nearest well! That we should limit the efficacy of His unbloody sacrifice, and name souls to Him, and expect Him to obey us, and that He should do so! Beautiful was the helplessness of His blessed infancy; beautiful is His helplessness in His most dear sacrament; beautiful is the helplessness in which for the love of us He most willingly to be with regard to His spouses in Purgatory, whose entrance into glory His Heart is so impatiently awaiting! Oh, what thoughts, what feelings, what love should be ours, as we, like choirs of terrestrial angels, gaze down on the wide, silent, sinless kingdom of suffering, and then with our own venturesome touch wave the sceptred hand of Jesus over its broad regions all richly dropping with the balsam of His saving Blood!

There have always been two views of Purgatory prevailing in the Church, not contradictory the one of the other, but rather expressive of the mind and devotion of those who have embraced them. One is the view met with in by far the greater number of the lives and revelations of Italian and Spanish saints, the works of the Germans of the Middle Ages, and the popular delineations of Purgatory in Belgium, Portugal, Brazil, Mexico and elsewhere. The other is the view which has been made popular by St. Francis of Sales, though he drew it originally from his favorite treatise on Purgatory by St. Catherine of Genoa, and it is also borne out by many of the revelations of Sister Francesca of Pampeluna, a Theresian nun, published with a long and able censura by Fra. Giuseppe Bonaventura Ponzio, a Dominican professor at Saragossa. And each of these two views, though neither denies the other, has its own peculiar spirit of devotion.

The first view is embodied in the terrifying sermons of Italian Quaresimali, and in those wayside pictures which so often provoke the fastidiousness of the English traveler. It loves to represent Purgatory simply as a hell which is not eternal. Violence, confusion, wailing, horror, preside over its descriptions. It dwells, and truly, on the terribleness of the pain of sense which the soul is mysteriously permitted to endure. The fire is the same fire as that of hell, created for the single and express purpose of giving torture. Our earthly fire is as painted fire compared to it. Besides this, there is a special and indefinite horror to the unbodded soul in becoming the prey of this material agony. The sense of imprisonment, close and intolerable, and the intense palpable darkness, are additional features in the horror of the scene, which prepare us for that sensible neighborhood to hell, which many saints have spoken of as belonging to Purgatory. Angels are represented as active executioners of God's awful justice. Some have even held that the demons were permitted to touch and harass the spouses of Christ in those ardent fires. Then to this terribleness

of the pain of sense is added the dreadfulness of the pain of loss. The beauty of God remains in itself the same immensely desirable object it ever was. But the soul is changed. All that in life and in the world of sense dulled its desires after God is gone from it, so that it seeks Him with an impetuosity which no imagination can at all conceive. The very burning excess of its love becomes the measure of its intolerable pain. And what love can do even on earth we may learn from examples of Father John Baptist Sanchez, who said he was sure he should die of misery, if any morning when he arose he should know that he was certain not to die that day. To these horrors we might add many more which depict Purgatory simply as a hell which is not eternal.

The spirit of this view is a holy fear of offending God, a desire for bodily austerities, a great value put upon indulgences, an extreme horror of sin, and an habitual trembling before the judgments of God. Those who have led lives of unusual penance, and severe orders in religion, have always been impregnated with this view; and it seems to have been borne out in its minutest details by the conclusions of scholastic theologians, as may be seen at once by referring to Bellarmine, who, in each section of his treatise on Purgatory, compares the revelations of the saints with the consequences of theology. It is remarkable also that when the Blessed Henry Suso, through increased familiarity and love of God, began to think comparatively lightly of the pains of Purgatory, our Lord warned him that this was very displeasing to Him. For what judgment can be light which God has prepared for sin? Many theologians have said, not only that the least pain of Purgatory was greater than the greatest pain of earth, but greater than all the pains of earth put together. This, then, is a true view of Purgatory, but not a complete one. Yet it is not one which we can safely call coarse or grotesque. It is the view of many saints and servants of God; and it is embodied in the popular celebrations of All Souls' Day in several Catholic countries.

The second view of Purgatory does not deny any of the features of the preceding view, but it almost puts them out of sight by the other considerations which it brings more prominently forward. It goes into Purgatory with its eyes fascinated and its spirits sweetly tranquilized by the face of Jesus, its first sight of the Sacred Humanity, at the Particular Judgment which it has undergone. That vision abides with it still and beautifies the uneven terrors of its prison, as if with perpetual silvery showers of moonlight which seem to fall from our Saviour's loving eyes. In the sea of fire it holds fast by that image. The moment that in His sight it perceives its own unworthiness for Heaven, it wings its voluntary flight to Purgatory, like a dove to her proper nest in the shadows of the forest. There need be no angels to convey it thither. It is its own free worship of the purity of God. This is beautifully expressed in a revelation of St. Gertrude, related by Blossius. The saint saw in spirit the soul of a religious who had passed her life in the exercise of the most lofty virtues. She was standing before our Lord clothed and adorned with charity; but she did not dare to lift her eyes to look at Him. She kept them cast down as if she was ashamed to stand in His presence, and showed by some gesture her desire to be far from Him. Gertrude marvelled at this, and ventured to question Him: "Most merciful God! why dost Thou not receive this soul into the arms of Thine infinite charity? And what are these strange gestures of diffidence which I behold in her?" Then our Lord lovingly stretched out His right arm, as if He would draw the soul nearer to Himself; but she, with profound humility and great modesty retired from Him. The saint, lost in still greater wonder, asked why she fled from the embraces of a Spouse so worthy to be loved; and the religious answered her "Because I am not yet perfectly cleansed from the stains which my sins have left behind them; and even if He were to grant me in this state a free entrance into Heaven, I would not accept it; for all splendid as I look in your eyes, I know that I am not yet a fit spouse for my Lord."

In that moment the soul loves God most tenderly, and in return is most tenderly loved by Him. To the eyes of those who take this view, that soul seems most beautiful. How should a dear spouse of God be anything but beautiful? The soul is in union with true; but it is in unbroken union with God. "It has no remembrance," says St. Catherine of Genoa most positively, "no remembrance at all of its past sins, or of earth." Its sweet prison, its holy sepulchre, is in the adorable will of its heavenly Father, and there it abides the term of its purification with the most perfect contentment and the most unutterable love. As it is not teased by any vision of self or sin, so neither is it harassed by any atom of fear, or by a single doubt of its own imperturbable security. It is impeccable; and there was a time on earth when that gift alone seemed as if it would contain all heaven in itself. It cannot commit the slightest imperfection. It cannot have the least move-

ment of impatience. It can do nothing whatever which will in the least degree displease God. It loves God above everything, and it loves Him with a pure and disinterested love. It is constantly consoled by angels, and cannot but rejoice in the confirmed assurance of its own salvation. Nay, its very bitterest agonies are accompanied by a profound, unshaken peace, such as the language of this world has no words to tell. There are revelations, too, which tell of multitudes who are in no local prison, but abide their purification in the air, or by their graves, or near altars where the Blessed Sacrament is, or in the rooms of those who pray for them, or amid the scenes of their former vanity and frivolity. If silent suffering, sweetly, gracefully endured, is a thing so venerable on earth, what must this region of the Church be like? Compared with earth, its trials, doubts, exciting and depressing risks, how much more beautiful, how much more desirable, that still, calm, patient realm over which Mary is crowned as queen, and Michael is the perpetual ambassador of her mercy.

The spirit of this view is love, an extreme desire that God should not be offended, a yearning for the interests of Jesus. It takes its tone from the soul's first voluntary flight into that heritage of suffering. As it took God's part against it in that act, so it is throughout. This view of Purgatory turns on the worship of God's purity and sanctity. It looks at things from God's point of view, and merges its own interests in His. It is just the view we might expect to come from St. Francis of Sales, or the loving St. Catherine of Genoa. And it is the helplessness rather than the wretchedness of the souls detained which moves those who take this view of compassion and devotion; but it is God's glory and the interests of Jesus which influence them most of all.

WHY AM I A CATHOLIC.

Father Elliott to Those Not of Our Faith.

Hartford, Conn., Nov. 5.—A course of lectures to non-Catholics delivered by Fr. Elliott, of the Paulists, has attracted considerable attention. Fr. Elliott's explanations of Catholic doctrine have given many Protestants a true idea of the Church. In his last lecture Fr. Elliott told why he is a Catholic. He said in part:

"The Catholic Church is an international association established by Christ. Its objects are to assemble all men of all nations into a brotherhood, so that they may thereby be an honor to their heavenly Father, be easily saved from sin and hell, and personally filled with the divine spirit. The Catholic or universal Church is thus God's society on earth, Christ's discipline and the holy spirit's household of faith and love. That Christ must have formed such an institution is antecedently probable. And, as a matter of fact, He did organize as well as teach, appointed officers as well as proclaimed salvation. And His apostles did likewise. So that Christianity is a Church, and always has been—Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church.

"But this is the outer side of Christ's religion. I am a Catholic for that reason, indeed, but mainly because the Church gives me God in my interior life. That is why men and women join the Church, or being bred in it, gladly stay—it gives them an overmastering consciousness of God, and makes God supreme in their lives. It gives us God as an inward light. The certain truth as a controlling force is the Catholic faith. The inner voice is strengthened by the returning echo of the outer teaching; or, rather, God's teaching to man is the harmony of external and internal revelation. The Church guarantees the validity of my inward convictions, excludes fanaticism, arouses sluggishness and is a criterion of the validity of my personal faith. Hence St. Paul calls it 'The Church of the living God, the pillar and the ground of the truth.' The unity of belief and the certainty of it is why I am a Catholic.

"Another reason is, because the Catholic Church conquers my rebellious passions. It is the world-renowned school of repentance. The Church humbles me in my best moments to the sovereign majesty of God. It was to her ministers of reconciliation that God our Lord first said: 'Whoever sins you forgive, they are forgiven them; whoever sins you shall retain, they are retained.' This has made the consciousness of sin perfect by necessitating confession: it has elevated the offices of friendship to the divine uses of a sacrament, and has given us a method and process for the externalizing of our inner sorrow for sin, thus developing it as a plant is developed by removal to the open sunlight. Confession of sin and absolution from its guilt is, practically, and for the most common run of humanity, a most conclusive argument for the Church's divine institution.

"The unity of Christ's faith in a divine brotherhood, universal and eternal and pre-eminent in the world; the plain outer process of pardon teaching the sincerity of the interior movements of the grace of contrition; the full satisfaction of the soul by entire union with God in the Real Presence—

these are the main reasons why I am a Catholic. Add the Communion of Saints, the doctrine and practice of prayers for the dead, the liberty and equality of the Church's people, the gentle sweetness of the Catholic devotional spirit, the spell of this beautiful religion in art and ceremony and poetry and music, the boundless charity of Catholic men and women in and out of communities, and add many other reasons, all converging to one, and the case is stated. The one great reason is, Catholicity gives me God in His own chosen way, and fullness and fruition."

THE PRIEST.

Ought to be the Last of His Race to be Forgotten of Men.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. Once a year a solemn Requiem Mass is celebrated in the Chicago cathedral for the repose of the souls of the dead priests of the diocese. The ceremony is rendered doubly solemn and impressive by the presence of the Archbishop and nearly all the local priests. This Mass was celebrated last week, and a notable feature of the exercises was the sermon delivered by Rev. John J. Code. We quote some of the striking passages:

"Men are God's instruments. So much of the work only that His endures; the rest, with the workman, disappears. Take the greatest historical fact in the world—Christ's Church, whose power and majesty and charm reach back to the days of Imperial Rome and which alone among the nations remained organically intact amid the social and political revolutions of two thousand years. Popes, Bishops and priests whose number is legion held aloft down the centuries the light that is still the life of the world. With a few exceptions the whole vast army of sainted names is forgotten, and God, who worked through them, alone remains.

"What shall I cry? said the Prophet Isaiah. 'All flesh is grass, and all the glory thereof as the flower of the field.'"

"Our position, our eloquence, our fame, our comforts, all are but a vesture; they shall grow old as a garment, but Thou, O God! art the self-same and Thy years shall not fail. Vanity of vanities! What are men from Archbishop to acolyte but the grass of the field, which to day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven? God alone is great, God alone endures.

VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE
"What is life? Viewed apart from God, it is but a fitful fire upon the hearth. At first a spark, then a flame flaring up around the fagots—emblem of boyhood; then reddening into coals, with intense glow of heat—emblem of manhood. Then comes a whiteness, the heat lessens, the flickering shadows die along the wall, the household hovers over expiring embers—only ashes remain.

"What is life? Tell us, O thou unnumbered host of mitred prelates and white-robed priests whose lives were sacrificial fires that illumined and warmed this earth—but who now are forgotten—who are only ashes.

"If the tomb is the horizon of life, stupid were your sacrifices, vain your zeal, unrequited your labors.

"All nature protests against such a theory. The very stars which led the 'ships of Tarshish' across the Mediterranean are still reflected in those ancient waters and their armor is still as bright as when in Israel's ancient battle Dabbara sang how 'the stars in their courses fought against Sisara.' Is man then alone mortal in the midst of seemingly immortal elements? Across the buried centuries from an opened tomb comes the answer: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life; he who believes in Me, even though he be dead, shall live.'

"God speaks for His saints, and life becomes real and solemn. The grave is not its goal. Death is but the swinging door between time and eternity. Time is a workshop in God's universe, eternally the reward everlasting of the toilers.

"The philosophy of life is all found in the service of these saintly toilers, whose simple lives were part and parcel of God's eternal law:

"Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid, 'Here is my talent in a napkin laid.'"

"We are not born for ourselves, but for our kind, our neighbor, our country, our God. Not to be known, but rather to know God is our destined way; not to be loved, but rather to love; not to be ministered unto, but to minister to; then to die, be forgotten of men in time, be remembered of God in eternity.

TENDER TIES OF PRIEST AND PEOPLE.
"But the priest surely ought to be the last of his race to be forgotten of men. Through his blessed office men are born and bred heirs of Heaven. Priest and people are bound together by the tenderest memories. It was he who inspired us with our first conscious love of Jesus in the banquet of First Communion. It was he who joined the lovers' hands and hearts and steadied and sustained them in the joys and sorrows of many years. His sweet voice stirred the sinner to sorrow and brought solace to the bereaved. Who does not remember that his absolution, his anointing, his whispered message, his last blessing in the death-chamber,

his hopeful prayers at the covered grave dismissed to the bosom of eternal rest the dearest and sweetest of those we have known on earth? Of him truly might it be said, 'The eyes of all hope in thee. Thou openest thy hand and fillest every living creature with thy blessings.'

MEMORY'S TRIBUTE OF PRAYER.
"It is a sad reflection that when those hands of power and blessing in their turn have become powerless in death, few are found so filial as to pay their memory the tribute of a prayer.

"The great Italian bard, journeying through the realms of shade and meeting the instructor of his youth, cried out:

"O never from the memory of my heart
Your dear paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, are yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized.

"To become your father the priest has turned aside from the sweet joys of home, wife and children and consecrated to you the flower of his days, his talents, his labors, his life. If you forget him there are no loved ones to plead for him before Heaven.

"Time wraps all the faults of the dead in ceremonies of charity, saving us only the vision of their virtues. Nature's constant effort is to clothe the repulsive with a raiment of beauty. Break Winter's scarce laid away ere she spins a web of green over every barren waste, embosses the ruined wall with ivy and covers every wreck with a veil of vines. So with memory. She is quick to weave a mantle of virtues to hide from view the stern and sober fact that the priest is human; like his flock must tread the prison of purgation, and therefore stands in need of prayer. The priest is not merely a disciple, but a representative of Christ, a leader of the flock, and his strictest stewardship still leaves unfinished the work of his Divine Master.

THE TRAGEDY OF DEATH.
"His death, like every other, is a sentence pronounced against a sinner. Whither shall I flee to escape this penalty? I ascend the steps of the temple and lo! the dead are there. The heads that towered like Carmel lie low as the clouds of the valley, the voices that uttered wisdom are mute, the instruments of power, of love, of blessing have become as fallen columns. Surely an enemy hath done this! Thou mighty Death! what name have dared thou hast done. Whom all the world has flattered thou hast cast out and despised. Thou hast gathered into one heap the power, genius, valor, beauty and sweetness of this world beside the pride, passion, cruelty and ambition of men, and over all has hewn this narrow epitaph, 'Here lies the remains.'

"Vanity of vanities! Ye pomp and unprofitable splendor of this world—penny prizes for which the madding crowd strive, starve and sin—I scorn ye! Enough for me when laid upon the bier—be it surrounded by the noble and great or shrouded by the midnight gloom, alone and deserted—enough for me if there be deeds of simple lowliness upon which the eye of God may gaze and a memory embalmed in prayer.

SALUTE THE RISEN DEAD.
"Caesar, who are about to die salute thee," was the gladiator's cry, standing in the arena face to face with death. To day the living who are about to die take heart at the memory of those other living whom we call the dead.

"Not they, but rather we who yet remain behind are really dead. Their paternal images appear above the arena of death, not wrapped in gloom, but transfigured with celestial light, and lifting up our fainting hearts and voices we hail them: 'Fathers, we who are about to die salute you.' 'The eternal years of God are thine.' 'Man stricken to earth shall rise again.' Sweet as the songs that soothe our pain is the recollection of these lowly lives whose glorious destiny fills with sudden flood of splendor the dreary path we here are treading.

"Infinite release—Infinite peace be thine!
Unfading fidelity and hope be ours!"

"Now we know that 'we have not here a lasting city, but look for one that is to come.'"

SECRET SOCIETIES.

The dangers that beset the prophet are proverbial; but our favorite prophecy, that Protestantism will survive in Freemasonry, seems already come true. Those of our priests who have had experience in missionary work among non-Catholics agree that while Protestantism is disintegrating and falling away, Masonry still stands as a solid wall. Father Patrick Brannan, an efficient missionary of the diocese of Dallas, gives this testimony in the Missionary:

The great Gibraltar which stands in the path of missions to non-Catholics is secret societies. The whole country, so far as my knowledge goes, is honeycombed with them. They are stepping stones to social, commercial, and political preferment; and militate, more than anything else or all other things put together, against the propagation of Catholic truth in this country. Such, at least, is my firm opinion. The members say they know there is nothing said or done against any Church or creed in their organizations; hence a spirit inimical to the Church is engendered, and they resent what they denounce as a groundless attack upon their societies. Sometimes our own Catholic people are members of these societies, and it is with great difficulty that they can be induced to abandon them, not to speak of Protestants.

The obvious moral is that Catholic societies, with all the good qualities of Masonry and none of its bad ones, are becoming more and more necessary. Such societies already exist in abundance, and it is for the interest of both clergy and laity to encourage them by any means possible.—Ave Maria.

THE TRUTH COMING OUT.

From the Catholic Champion (High Church Episcopal Organ).

The vicious lives of most of the so-called reformers, the grasping covetousness of the Church's goods, the ruthless pillaging of her most sacred shrines under the specious guise of a hatred of idolatry, the spectacle of men and women vowed to God in holy chastity living together before the wondering world under the pretext of being man and wife and the hardly less scandalous act of a great Archbishop, no less a man than the Protestant "Martyr" Crammer, keeping his "wife" hidden away in the Low Countries while he was enjoying the rights and emoluments of a position for the holding of which chastity was a *sine qua non*—these and thousand other things of a similar character have made the "Reformation" a stench in the nostrils of Christendom.

The one great distinguishing characteristic of the whole thing, movement and movers, seems to be a lack of any principle whatever. Lascivious thieves, they broke into and defiled the houses of God and pillaged and ravished the spouses of Christ. Unprincipled and unscrupulous political intriguers were given the supreme rule of the Church of England, and a lay Papacy, acting nominally for the Crown, set about the task of destroying the Catholic religion, for which Christ died.

AT THE TOMB OF AN AMERICAN SAINT.

The belief of the faithful in the sanctity and miraculous power of the holy Bishop Neumann, of Philadelphia, whose process of canonization is now before the regular authorities in Rome, is shown by the crowds daily to be seen around the Bishop's tomb in the basement chapel of old St. Peter's Church in his episcopal city.

It is said by those familiar with the progress of the investigations that the Holy Father is following the numerous and minute details of the Bishop's process with the most watchful interest. Should the promoters of the sainted man's cause be successful in establishing the many indisputable proofs required by the Church before even the first hour of sainthood, the declaration of Venerable, can be pronounced, the Holy Father will be greatly pleased. The elevation of Bishop Neumann to the veneration of the faithful would give him a double pleasure. It is many years since a Bishop has been canonized, and as yet the North American Continent is without a canonized saint. Pope Leo would delight to crown his love for American by raising to the altars the first of her proven saints, and also to present to the Church at large, before the close of his pontificate, another canonized Bishop as a model for the episcopacy of the Church.

A writer in the Boston Sunday Herald thus describes the scenes around Bishop Neumann's tomb.

"There is no other scene in this diocese like that presented by the pilgrimage of Catholics to this tomb. They arrive at daybreak, when the doors of the chapel are first opened, and at night, when soft lights glow around the tomb, they will still be seen thronging thither. They are of all ages and conditions of life—the maimed hobbling along on crutches, or with their arms in slings; the blind, led by their friends; men and women crippled with age or rheumatism; sufferers unable to walk, who are slowly carried along; victims of every variety of accident; the deformed, and many others, men, women and children, who suffer from no visible affliction, but whose troubles may not, therefore, be less. Down the narrow, railed staircase and through the aisles they go, and press toward the gates of the sanctuary, which are always open.

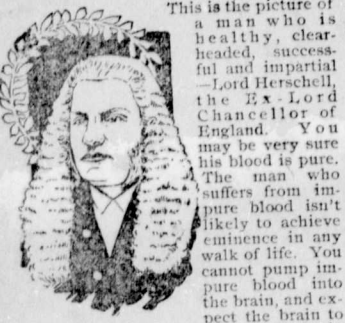
"It is a picture of childlike simplicity and faith quite strange in this work-a-day time and country.—Boston Pilot.

APOLOGIES.

The Duke of Argyll recently said: "Even in the House of Lords I have noticed for many years that the Bishops themselves never employ theological argument on any subject without making some apology for doing so, as if they felt it to some extent out of place." This is precisely the most striking characteristic of the sects; they do not believe in themselves. "Theological argument" is no longer employed, because even the heterogeneous writings that formerly passed for theology among sectarians are now openly scoffed at.—Ave Maria.

It is very important to hold always to the same resolution until you have entirely corrected the fault which you intend to combat, or have acquired the virtue in which you wish to be strengthened.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD



This is the picture of a man who is healthy, clear-headed, successful, and impartial. He is Lord Herschell, the Ex-Lord Chancellor of England. You may be very sure his blood is pure...

SOLITARY ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brother Thomas," "The Water Cure," "His Honor the Mayor," "Saracene," etc.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"Why do you ask that question, Linda?" he said, looking down at her serious face. "I thought, you know—that is, I heard you extol the power of love so often, and, well, the thought doesn't come to me, I mean wouldn't it hurt you a little to give her up?"...

EARLY ACCIDENTS.

Cause Lifelong Suffering. A Case that is Causing Talk.

When a lad about eight years of age I fell into a cellar a distance of ten feet, striking on my head, and causing concussion of the brain. I was taken to a London, Eng., Hospital, and after four days not recovering consciousness, I am now 35 years old from the time of my accident until I began taking Dr. Ward's Pills five months ago I had been subject to fainting spells, never being more than two weeks without an attack of fainting. As I grew older these spells became more frequent, lasted longer, and left me with less vitality. I was weak, had no strength or stamina, always very low-spirited and down-hearted; imagined that everything I did and every person was going against me, and life only had a dark side for me. My appetite was poor most of the time, but I am now happy to say that, since taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, I have been more than twice as energetic, and I would be greatly surprised at a recurrence of these spells. Life is now bright—the constant, morbid, down-hearted feeling is gone, being replaced by a contented, hopeful feeling; that everything I do is successful; my appetite is good, and in every respect I have experienced the health and strength restoring properties of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. They certainly have proved a great blessing to me. Truly, (Signed), Thomas Stanton, Brighton, Ont.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

The Welfare of Children. GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER, 1898. Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart. It is a great act of charity to preach the gospel to heretics and pagans, to convert sinners, to confirm the good in their virtue and lead them gradually to perfection; but it is a greater charity still to work for the welfare of children, and the lasting and far-reaching results of all that is done for them, no work of charity can be more noble, urgent or meritorious.

The care of childhood is one of the special charges of the angels. "Their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father, who is in heaven; and they do not cease to pray for you, and to give thanks for you because of the love which the angels bear towards you."

CHAPTER III.

THE ISLAND.

Squire Pendleton's dwelling stood a mile from the village on the south side of the bay, and was the first object which he saw that afternoon from the little boat in the bay. The mistral had blown down from the north, and her father looked with moist eyes upon her home, was pacing sadly the veranda which ran along the east side of the building; while Florian was listening to the priest's painful remarks about her change of religion.

NOT A PATENT MEDICINE.

Endorsed by Dr. C. A. Harlan of the American Journal of Health.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment. It is a great blessing to me. Truly, (Signed), Thomas Stanton, Brighton, Ont.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

NOVEMBER 27, 1908.

"I have a place for you. I'll be the thorn of those two rascally governments. I'll be lonely, I know, but I'll make up for it by being light. There, there, little girl, just sit down and get sensible again. You don't happen to have a pipe, Florian? This man here don't smoke—not enough fire in him to smoke."

"No, it was never hard. I was kind of broken up and took to it for health's sake; then I stayed in it, and I'm going to stay in it till the end, if I can. Some morning they'll be lookin' for me and they'll find me dead. I'll be tried that, I trust, what the old house stands—unless, he added playfully, 'the angels of the island will bury me quietly themselves, for I love 'em well, as they know.'"

"You are deservin' a has over paid such honor as to nature as you have in this section. I would like to be present when they bury you." "The world doesn't come in to such funerals," Scott answered, laughing. "So you needn't expect any of 'em, but I'll be there."

"I'll never submit! Well, go on." "To the governor, and may be he will accept it, and you will get to go far away and make me alone."

"I think the same," said Florian. "I'll persuade him to give me the authority to treat for him, and you will be kind enough to keep him for a few days until I return."

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REV. GEORGE H. MORTGRAVES, Editor.

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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

London, Saturday, November 26, 1898

SUBSCRIBE NOW.

The CATHOLIC RECORD will be given to new subscribers free to 1st January. They will also be supplied with the RECORD of the 19th inst., which contains the beginning of a very interesting story, "Solitary Island."

A MESSAGE OF PEACE.

Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, in a circular addressed to the clergy of the Archdiocese, expresses a fervent hope that peace may be preserved between Great Britain and France, for the reason that no one can measure the extent or gravity of the calamity which would befall Christendom and the salvation of souls were war to break out between these two countries.

BISHOP DOANE ON DIVORCE.

Bishop Doane of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States has issued an address to his clergy (diocese of Albany, N. Y.), wherein he declares that the action of the recent Protestant Episcopal Church Convention, held in Washington, in reference to divorce, has not been generally understood by the public.

A NEW MISSION FIELD.

It is worthy of remark that the over-zealous Protestant Mission Boards of the United States are not satisfied with the determination they have arrived at to send their missionaries to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, where the gospel has been preached already by zealous Catholic priests, and the natives are already Christians, with the exception of a small percentage of the Filipinos who are still Pagans or Mahometans.

dions whether it would not be more desirable to restore Protestant Christianity to the New England and some of the Southern States, than to confuse the minds of Norwegian and Swedish Lutherans by introducing among them the contradictory doctrines of the Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists and other American sects.

A QUEER COMBINATION.

A curious agglomeration of sectaries assisted at the consecration of the Church of the Saviour at Jerusalem, when it was opened by the Emperor William. The Bishop of Salisbury, England, represented Anglicanism, and the Nestorians, Eutychians, Monophysites, Monothelites, and other Eastern heretics had their representatives present also, as well as the Oriental Orthodox Church. The Catholic Church was the only one in the city which was not represented.

HIGH AND LOW CHURCHISM.

The Rev. H. C. Dixon of Ottawa preached in St. John's church of that city on the 10th inst., on "Jesus Weeping over Jerusalem." The sermon was partly moral, inculcating love for Christ, who so loved the world as to die on the cross for sinners, and thus to redeem mankind.

The principal purpose of the preacher was, however, found in the latter part of his discourse, in which he wailed over the doctrines which are being taught by Ritualistic clergyman of the Church of England even in the city of Ottawa.

Notwithstanding that we may presume that this reverend gentleman has had some kind of a theological training, it is evident he has a very confused conception of the nature of the doctrines taught by Christ to His Apostles, commanding them to teach the same to all nations.

Over eighteen centuries ago St. Paul praised the "Romans" and gave thanks to God because their faith was "spoken of in the whole world." (Rom. 1, 8.) There is, therefore, nothing worthy of reproach in that an Ottawa Church should teach the faith of the Romans, and Mr. Dixon's language is simply an absurd appeal to English pride and prejudice not to accept even the truth when it comes from the "Romans."

Where is Holy Scripture will the rev. gentleman find that England is the centre of the true Catholic faith and of Christian Unity? If no text to this effect is to be found, he is guilty of gross inconsistency in maintaining that it is to England alone that we are to look for true Christian teaching, for even the Church of England's articles of faith, to which he professes to adhere, and by which he declares positively that he "will stand," warn us not to accept any article of faith which cannot "be proved by Holy Scripture."

Again: "If people in the Church of England want Popery, they should go to the Church of Rome. The prayer-book is dear to all Churchmen."

We will not speak of Mr. Dixon's boorishness and incivility in using nicknames when referring to the Catholic Church, from which even Low Churchmen pretend to derive the supposed Apostolicity of their establishment. We propose to speak merely of the matter of his discourse, and not of the insulting language in which it is couched.

Mr. Dixon is evidently not aware of everything which is contained in the prayer book to which he professes to cling so tenaciously. In the order for the visitation of the sick we find:

"Here shall the sick person be moved to make a special Confession of his sins, if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter. After which Confession, the priest shall absolve him (if he humbly and heartily desire it) after this sort."

Here follows the form of absolution in the same words as are used by Catholic priests in giving absolution. It appears, then, that the doctrine of the Confessional is found in the prayer-book by which Mr. Dixon professes to stand, and it is he, and not his Ritualistic colleagues, who has abandoned his English standard of faith.

Mr. Dixon states that "there are in England no less than 5,000 (Anglican) churches in which Mass is celebrated."

The actual number of parish churches in England which are "more or less Ritualistic" is stated by Dr. Taylor, Archdeacon of Liverpool, to be 8,183, or more than one-half of the total number of parishes. The Archdeacon adds that the Bishops and clergy who are connected with the Ritualistic movement probably number 12,000, being about one-half. When it is borne in mind that the rest of the clergy are not all Low Church adherents, but that many belong to the Erastian and Latitudinarian or Broad Church parties, it will be seen that the stand taken by the Rev. Mr. Dixon, that we must look to English teaching as the standard of Christian truth, is a very precarious stand for his ultra Low Churchism.

We do not by any means take position in the ranks of English or Canadian Ritualists, for we are aware that Christ has established but one true Church, which is the Catholic Church, acknowledging the Pope as its supreme head, and St. Peter's successor. We are aware also that the ministers of the Church of England have no valid order of priesthood, and that, therefore, the so-called Mass which they profess to celebrate is but a sham and a fallacy.

The Rev. Mr. Dixon's sermon will not turn back the catarrh. It will serve merely to show the inextricable confusion in which Anglicanism is involved between High and Low Churchism and other isms, and, in the absence of any authority to pronounce upon these conflicting views, the Babel must continue until it results probably in the disruption of the Church, or until the various parties find other affinities more congenial to their divergent views.

POPE OF LUTHERANISM.

It appears that it was no mere matter of imagination that one of the objects intended to be attained by the Emperor William of Germany on the occasion of his visit to the Holy Land, was that he might be proclaimed in that sacred spot the *Summus Episcopus* or Chief Bishop of all the Protestant Churches of Germany. The Latin title was selected to be his designation, on account of its resemblance to the title *Summus Pontifex*, applied to the Pope, and the purpose was to make the Emperor as decisively the Supreme Head and ruler of the Protestant, or at least the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches, as the Pope is of the Catholic Church, spread throughout all the nations.

The Established Church of Prussia, called the Evangelical Church, was formed, as it now exists, by the union of the Lutherans and Calvinists into one body in 1817, notwithstanding the serious doctrinal differences which had hitherto kept them asunder, as they adhered with more or less tenacity to the distinctive doctrines of their respective founders from whom they derived their names. These doctrines were compromised when the union took place, with the agreement that the very substantial difference of belief

regarding the Real Presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper should be left to the individual conscience, while the Calvinistic form of administering it with ordinary bread should be adopted in order to ensure an outward uniformity in the public worship.

The king of Prussia was declared to be the Chief Bishop of the Church thus constituted, but the Lutheran Churches of the other German States never recognized the king's headship, and even when the king became Emperor of the entire German Confederacy, the headship of the local Churches was not granted to him.

It certainly required no small amount of cheek and self-conceit for this venerable gentleman to speak not only of the government of the day, but of the whole Episcopate of his own Church, with the single exception, we presume, of his own Bishop, as signoramus.

The Archdeacon was very careful not to mention distinctly that there had been disturbances in Liverpool itself, as well as in London churches, yet no further back than the previous Sunday, one of the disgraceful scenes, of which he practically approved, had taken place in St. Thomas' church in his own city, and on the very day when he delivered this violent address a similar disturbance occurred in St. Catharine's church, Liverpool, which was participated in by a crowd of four thousand people who hustled and ill-treated with fists and sticks two clergymen, one of whom was the rector of the church, whose hat was battered, and nose made to bleed by the violence with which he was treated till he made his escape in a cab.

AN ABORTIVE CRUSADE.

Mr. John Kensit's crusade against the Ritualists of England is not meeting with that amount of success which was hoped for by the Low Church party generally. From the pulpit and in the press which is favorable to Low Churchism, much encouragement was given to him in the beginning, for it was hoped that, as argument had been unsuccessful in repressing High Churchism, violence might succeed. In the matter of argument, the Ritualists had undoubtedly the best of it, for they could prove that while symbolical ceremonies are suited to impress religious truth upon the human mind, they have also the approbation of Almighty God, who ordered them to be used under the Old Law, and of Christ, who frequently employed symbolism in order that His miraculous works might make more impression on the people.

Archdeacon Taylor of Liverpool was one of the most strenuous supporters of the simultaneous anti-Ritualistic demonstration which was attempted to be organized by Mr. Kensit. He did not, indeed, openly express adhesion to the plan of creating disturbances all over the kingdom on one appointed Sunday, but from the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, Liverpool, he denounced the Ritualists Sunday after Sunday while the Kensit movement was in progress, and expressed approval of the adoption of the most vigorous measures to suppress Ritualism, appealing even to the zeal displayed one hundred years ago by Englishmen to keep down Romanism, and exhorting his congregation to show equal zeal in suppressing Ritualism now.

He undoubtedly referred to the so-called "No Popery riots" of June 2-9th, 1780, when Lord George Gordon assembled from forty to eighty thousand persons in St. George's Fields, London, to carry a petition to Parliament for the repeal of certain Acts which relieved Catholics from some of the persecutions to which they had been subjected under the most savage penal code ever invented for the purpose of destroying all liberty of conscience.

AN INSTRUCTIVE DISCOVERY.

An interesting discovery has been made in the St. Mary's parish church of Citheroe, England, which was one of the churches appropriated to the new religion when Anglicanism was introduced as the State Church. A large slab has been found in the pavement on which there are still three of the five crosses visible which were cut into it for the purpose of consecrating it as an altar stone, and as the stone is a large one, it was undoubtedly, originally, the altar stone of the main altar in the church, but was degraded to a place in the pavement when the altars of the churches were thrown down.

Mr. W. S. Weeks, a correspondent of the Citheroe Times, writes to that journal in reference to the discovery, and makes mention of the fact that many Anglicans of the present day desire to make it appear that Anglicanism, when instituted, did not purpose to change the doctrines of the Catholic Church, but only to free the Church from the Pope's usurped supremacy, and that the Church of England is thus the same Catholic Church which existed in pre-Reformation times, and

lawlessness, anarchy, and self-will. The people are at length alarmed, and having looked in vain to the authorities for redress, are beginning to take the law into their own hands. Disturbances had taken place in London and elsewhere, and the matter had forced itself on the attention of Parliament. The chief members of the Government, and most of the Bishops, described the movement as the action of only a few extreme men whose zeal had slipped into a few irregularities. Either they are very ignorant of the real state of the case, or they have a different standard with which to measure Ritualism from that used by the great bulk of the people.

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Archdeacon Taylor must have been acquainted with the facts of the previous Sunday, and was probably aware that they were being repeated at the very moment when he was expressing his approbation of such proceedings, and declaiming against the "lawlessness and anarchy" of the Ritualistic clergy, as if the Evangelical disturbers of public worship were the most law-abiding people in the world, and their disgraceful proceedings most praise-worthy, and an acceptable mode of sanctifying the Lord's Day!

It will be some satisfaction to the much abused Ritualists that Mr. Kensit's great plot, which was intended to have been the sensation of the age in the history of the English Church, has turned out to be a tempest in a tea pot, and nothing more.

Even the London Daily Chronicle, which has hitherto been friendly to Mr. Kensit, the chief plotter, and which encouraged the anti-Ritualistic demonstrations, has recently expressed its disgust that a seller of obscene books should be the leader of a great religious crusade. It takes this stand in consequence of Mr. Labouchere's expose of Mr. Kensit in his journal, the London Truth, and says that Mr. Labouchere, at all events, is not "a Jesuit in disguise," as the Bishop of Liverpool declared many of the Anglican clergy to be.

The Daily Chronicle says that if Mr. Labouchere's charges are true, Mr. Kensit is not a fit person to act the part of a religious reformer; but if they are not true, Mr. Kensit should sue Mr. Labouchere for libel, and he would "be sure to get damages ample enough to secure him a modest fortune."

There is no likelihood that Mr. Kensit will act on this very sensible suggestion, and the reason why is readily divined.

THE POPE'S FINANCIAL CONDITION.

The Italian Government recently turned into the Public Treasury the sum of 13,200,000 francs, due to the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. under the law of 1871, whereby 2,640,000 francs were to be given annually to the Pope for his support; all the sources of revenue to the Holy Father having been seized upon by the Government when it took possession of Rome in September, 1870.

The law provides that if the sum be not drawn, it shall be put to the credit of the Treasury after the lapse of every five years, and as the Holy Father has never drawn a solo of the amount thus allotted to him, every five years the Italian Government has appropriated the total of about 70,000,000 francs since it took final possession of the States of the Church and the city of Rome.

The Pope's pension is not regarded by the Government as a debt or a compensation for having taken possession of all the property of the Church, the Government maintaining that there is nothing actually due to the Holy Father, as he is to be regarded as a vanquished Prince to whom the victor owes nothing. The State simply regards the pension in the light of a grant for the support of a dethroned Prince to whom it succeeds, and for whose support it makes a sufficiently generous provision. The Holy Father has never accepted this money, because it has been considered that to do so would be an acknowledgment that all claims to the independence of the Holy See were thus relinquished, and that it accepted the situation of subservience to the usurping civil power; and if Pope Leo XIII. were to accept the pension it would be difficult or morally impossible for his successors afterward to reject it.

the Anglican ministry a continuation of the Catholic priesthood, properly ordained by bishops who obtained their Apostolic succession through valid orders received by consecration at the hands of Catholic Bishops.

The discovery of the Citheroe altar-stone is a new and irrefragable proof of the falsity of all such pretences, and a new justification of Pope Leo XIII's pronouncement of the invalidity of Anglican orders.

It was the custom of the English Reformers to destroy the altars of the churches when they appropriated them to Anglican uses. In 1550, on 24th Nov., an order of Council was issued to Bishop Ridley of London to have all altars taken down from the churches, and tables substituted for them. At the same time it was decreed that discreet preachers should be sent to explain to the people why altars should not be allowed to remain in the churches, in order that their removal might not be opposed with violence.

The stone altars were everywhere removed, and the slabs were either broken or placed in the pavements, as in the Citheroe case, or were put to some other disrespectful use. An altar is essentially for sacrifice, and a table for a feast. Thus it was indicated that the Church of England has no use for a sacrificing priesthood, and Pope Leo decided very properly that it does not possess such a priesthood. The puzzle is that there are still some Anglican clergy who think, or pretend to think, that Anglicanism does possess a priesthood. The discovery at Citheroe may open the eyes of some Anglicans to the fact that the Church of England has no more Apostolic succession than such other sects as Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists and Presbyterians.

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SPIRITUAL LIFE.

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OWING TO THE recent D. Shoff, Licence Inspector Middlesex, it will devolve Ontario Government to ap cessor to that gentlemen, ce those who might be elig position, Mr. L. C. McInt ish, West Williams, h doubt, the strongest cla been always held in high r ability, and was a candid limentary honors short, federation. He has been Reformer, and has given ard money in advocacy of cause, and has contribut ward the successes of the l in that riding. He is Licence Commissioner for and well acquainted with the Licence Inspector's off There are but few Cat the Licence Inspectors of as Mr. L. C. McIntyre is qualified for the positio ment is expected

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so, that is, by legal enactments. But as long as the States of the Church were ruled by the Popes, the revenues derived therefrom sufficed to maintain the Papal dignity, and to enable them to administer the affairs of the Church, so that there was not any regular donation of Peter's pence from any nation. But now that all the temporal territory of the Pope has been taken away, the Holy Father has absolutely no revenue except what the faithful spontaneously send him. For this reason it is greatly to be desired that a regular system of Peter's pence should be established, and no doubt this will be the case unless the independence of the Pope be again established by restoring to him the temporal power over a sufficiently large territory.

OWING TO the recent death of Mr. D. Shoff, Licence Inspector for North Middlesex, it will devolve upon the Ontario Government to appoint a successor to that gentleman. Among those who might be eligible for the position, Mr. L. C. McIntyre of Borish, West Williams, has, without doubt, the strongest claim. He has been always held in high repute for his ability, and was a candidate for Parliamentary honors shortly after Confederation. He has been a life-long Reformer, and has given much time and money in advocacy of the Reform cause, and has contributed much toward the successes of the Reform party in that riding. He is at present Licence Commissioner for the riding, and well acquainted with the duties of the Licence Inspector's office.

There are but few Catholics among the Licence Inspectors of Ontario, and as Mr. L. C. McIntyre is so eminently qualified for the position his appointment is expected.

VERY TRUE

We are very fond of holding up the Spaniards as barbarous because they patronize and encourage bull fights, but our so-called Anglo-Saxon brethren will follow a poor fox with horse and hounds all day long, and do him to death without remorse. And they not only kill poor Keynard, but they needlessly endanger their own lives and those of their high mettled steeds as well. Now we are no lovers or encouragers of bull fights, but it seems to us that when the Anglo-Saxon fox hunter points the finger of scorn at the bull-fighting Spaniards he is like the proverbial pot when it calls the proverbial kettle black.—Sacred Heart Review.

SPIRITUAL LIFE

The prosperity of the Church depends upon the intensity of the spiritual life of its members. Where this declines, apostasies, scandals, heresies, schisms, and all other ills, speedily arise, like maggots in a decaying carcass. The Universal Church is indefectible, by the corporate indwelling of the Holy Spirit, but individuals and local Churches may cease, by their own fault, to be partakers of that Divine life, and then they become dead branches, fit only for the burning and speedily fall away from the Living Vine.—Church Progress.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

The Holy Scriptures are the foundation of the literary culture of an enlightened Christian; the dogmas of faith are the foundation of his science; the Sacred Mysteries are the foundation of the spiritual life; the liturgy, ritual and offices of the Church are the foundation of his prayer and worship; the visible and ornate side of religion is the foundation of his esthetic culture; and "psalms, hymns and canticles," of which the Gregorian chant is the worthiest vehicle, are the normal expressions of his predominant emotions. These, then, are the leading features in a truly Christian education.—Church Progress.

UNNATURAL RELIGION

There never has been, is not, and never will be, a member of the human race living on this planet in a state of mere nature. Neither has there ever existed, or can there exist, a "natural religion." Man was created in the supernatural order, and when he fell from that order he retained the tradition of supernatural truth, and continued to receive supernatural assistance, so far, at least, as he was willing to correspond to the Divine grace. Those, therefore, who deliberately reject the supernatural—the Divine plan of the uplifting of the creation into union with the Creator by, in, and through Jesus Christ—thereby reject the natural also. What purports to be "natural religion" is really "unnatural" religion. Man having been created for a supernatural end the substitution of any lower end is abnormal and monstrous.—Church Progress.

AUTHORITY

The supernatural presupposes the natural order. It is no wonder men refuse to submit to the authority of God and His Holy Church, and to reverence the sacred priesthood, when they do not even recognize the authority of their natural superiors in the political, social, intellectual, esthetic and econ-

omic orders, and pay them the reverence that is their due. The very brute beasts put to shame the man who claims that he is "just as good as anybody else" and fails to observe the proprieties of his state of life and fulfill its duties. Such a person is as much an anarchist as was the murderer of the Empress Elizabeth; he is simply an inconsistent anarchist, or an anarchist without the courage of his convictions.—Church Progress.

CONVERSIONS IN ENGLAND

The faint hearted who feared, and the bitter ones who hoped, that Pope Leo's Encyclical against the validity of Anglican Orders would check the movement on the part of members of the Establishment into the Catholic fold, should note the effect of that memorable document upon the minds of the English people, ever since its issuance. Despite the affected indifference of the flippant, and the plausible arguments of many prominent Englishmen, Mr. Gladstone among the number, against the powerful arraignment of the Holy Father, his Encyclical has had the result of doubling the conversions from Anglicanism. In the Diocese of Westminster alone, since the publication of the decision which swept away for good and all the Anglican claims, the number of converts has risen to between ten and twelve thousand annually. At this rate it is easy to forecast the religious faith of the English people in the not remote future.—Boston Pilot.

DOGMA WITHOUT AUTHORITY

The dissensions in the Anglican body have gone further in England than here. The members of the Church established in that country have appealed to the people, and to the press, from the doctrines, decisions and practices of their bishops and priests, and are forcing their highest spiritual authorities to come out clearly as to what they believe and what they deny about the Sacraments of the Holy Eucharist, Penance and Matrimony, prayers for the dead, the invocation of saints, the use of images and of ceremonies. As usual the bishops and ministers are of different minds, and, in due order, Her Majesty, or Parliament should decide the dispute, though the Times and other newspapers, with the usual arrogance of great newspapers, seem willing to forestall their action. No matter who should decide the points at issue, the Church of England has at last reached the stage in which it must make dogmas, but what will that avail without divine authority to impose them on reason and conscience?—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

TWO KINDS OF PAGANISM

The literal meaning of the words "paganism" and "heathenism," is "backwoodsism." There are two kinds of Paganism. One kind of Paganism is the sectarianism of the nations, that fell away from the Catholic religion in prehistoric times. This is also called Gentilism. As the Gentiles fell away by a gradual corruption of the deposit of Divine tradition, and a gradual alienation from the fellowship of the servants of God, instead of by a deliberate secession from the primeval Church, they usually retain nearly all the elements and principles of natural and supernatural religion in a perverted form. But the other kind of Paganism, usually called in these days infidelity (since it is the most extreme form of unfaithfulness to God and right reason and the universal tradition of the race), explicitly rejects, in most cases, all religion and all order, natural as well as supernatural. It represents, therefore, the lowest degradation that the mind of man has ever undergone in any age or land. Both kinds of Paganism are anarchisms. There is no man so far "behind the times" as the infidel.—Church Progress.

FIGHTING AGAINST ODDS

Bishop Doane, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, deserves the gratitude and the prayers of every true man and woman for his stand against divorce in the late General Convention of that Church. Catholics especially will appreciate his earnest efforts in behalf of the marriage tie, and will forgive and forget his occasional sharp utterances against themselves. To judge how disinterested and courageous an Episcopalian Bishop must be to plead for the indissolubility of marriage, and to denounce divorce from its bond, one should read the editorial paragraph of the New York Herald for October 11, which plainly commends Bishop Potter, of New York, "in charge of the largest, most influential, richest and most worldly diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America," for arguing that to withhold all sanction from divorce would be "contrary to common sense, human nature, conscience and Christianity" for the simple reason that "any change now in Church law would cast a slur upon those divorced persons who have been re-married with the sanction of the Church, and continue in good standing in the Church, would obviously bring that holy institution into disrepute, etc." Very true, but is there no disrepute in tolerating an evil about which the same Herald has the shameful audacity to say in its editorial of October 17, "It is evidently high time for one denunciation at least to step in and call a halt on this wholesale dissolution of the holy bonds of matrimony. The Episcopal Church has acted brave-

ly in confronting such an evil and wisely in following Bishop Potter's lead to repeal it."—American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE BIBLE REJECTED

Rev. Lyman Abbot has now a formidable rival in the Rev. Minot Savage, who is styled pastor of the Church of the Messiah. While Mr. Abbot is satisfied with demolishing the Bible piecemeal, Mr. Savage destroys its value at one fell swoop. Last Sunday he preached on "The Word of God," and denied that the Bible had any claim whatever to be so described. He declared it to be "a book full of errors and inconsistencies, and that it would be impeaching the character of God to call the work His word." Colonel Ingersoll could not go a step farther than this. But here is the puzzle. How can a man have a church named after the Messiah or claim to be a representative of Christianity if he deny the authority for the belief in the Messiah? What does Mr. Savage and his like represent anyhow? Is it not mere destruction and a relapse into moral chaos? Truly we are living in strange times when so-called Protestants get magnificent salaries for cutting away the only foundation of what they call their creed.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

PLENTY OF WORK AT HOME

George T. Angell, the venerable editor of Our Dumb Animals, the organ of the American Humane Education Society, and a non-Catholic, writes as follows in the November issue of his journal: Meeting a distinguished Protestant religious worker some time since, we said to him, "We see that Rev. Mr. — has been finding a good deal of fault with you for helping the little Roman Catholic church in your town to buy an organ." "Oh," replied the gentleman, "when we have converted all the Protestants, then we will convert the Catholics, but it will take three or four days more to convert the Protestants." We think the same thought is worthy the consideration of those who are so anxious to convert the millions of Malays in the Philippine Islands. When we have converted the millions in our own country who attend no church or Sunday school and have made them good humane Christians, then we can set an example to the world which will do more to convert the Malays than any number of missionaries we may now be able to send them.

AN ASTONISHING IMPOSTURE

Most of the leading secular papers comment pointedly on the strange case of Harold Frederic and the Christian Scientist humbug. As most of these papers are edited by non-Catholics, we are not surprised at the fact that their comments are for the most part couched in a spirit of rationalism and with a regard to the legal aspects of the case rather than reverence for the religious problems which it naturally suggests. Perhaps the most sensible thing is said by the New York Tribune: "Christian Science, whatever it be, is certainly neither Christian or scientific, thereby resembling the exploded description of the crab as 'a red fish that swims backward.' As the scientific professor objected that the crab was not red, was not a fish, and did not swim backward, so the inquiry into Mr. Frederic's and other cases proved that the so-called Christian Scientists were ignorant of any science save that of wheedling gullible dupes out of their money. Another paper—the New York Sun—refers to the subject in a way which its previous attitude on Catholic subjects makes incomprehensible: "As to the cures worked by highly-wrought religious feeling, the annals of Lourdes, making every allowance for exaggeration, contain too many of them to be disregarded."

Bearing in mind the fact that there is a corps of the best medical men in the world watching the cures at Lourdes, and that they are unable to account for many of them save on the thesis of supernatural power, we are astonished that such a paper as the Sun should for a moment place such cases on a level with any alleged instances of faith cure which are claimed as the results of "Christian Science." In all the world there is but one Church in which God manifests His power through miracles, and the Sun cannot be ignorant of that fact. Yet no one can point to that Church as encouraging any one to rely upon its ministers as instruments for the procurement of miraculous aid. The power claimed by those irresponsible "Christian Scientists," on the other hand, is not inferior to that exerted by our Divine Lord Himself, since the woman Mills, the principal in this Frederic case, declared it was not necessary that she should see patients, only get their names, in order that the process of cure by faith should begin. No system of imposture, ancient or modern, ever approached this in audacious blasphemy.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

We shall be tried by that which we have known and done; and we shall be compelled to lay our hand upon our mouth and to confess that in all our life we never did evil, in thought, word, or deed, but we might have refrained from doing it, and might have done good instead if we had had the will; that every act of evil was a free act, and an irrational and immoral abuse of our will.—Manning.

THE LAST ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER

BY THE VERY REV. F. FELIX, O. S. B.

It is related that the illustrious John Fecknam, the last Abbot of Westminster, was engaged in planting elm-trees when he was handed the message which, by an Act of Parliament, dissolved his monastery and expelled the monks. The bearer remarked, with a significant smile, that he had planted those trees in vain; for neither he nor his monks would enjoy them. "Not in vain," answered the saintly Abbot. "Those who come after me may, perhaps, be scholars and lovers of retirement; and whilst walking under the shade of these trees they may sometimes think of the olden religion of England and the last Abbot of this place." And he went on with his planting.

Not only the elm-trees which once surrounded London's famous Abbey, but every stone in the massive structure, every inscription, monument, and chapel, serves as a reminder of the glorious history of the Church in England and her noble men. And not by the trees but by the immortal grandeur of Westminster is preserved the name and memory of the last of the long line of abbots—he who was a confessor of the faith during the reign of Elizabeth, a perfect example of a dispossessed monk—the invincible John Fecknam. John Baptist Fecknam was born in the district of Fecknam, Worcestershire, in 1515,—a few years before the accession of Henry VIII. to the throne of England. Although his family name was Howman, it is by the name of his birthplace that he is known to history. His parents were of the yeoman class and in comfortable circumstances. He received the elements of his education from the parish priest; but as Evesham Abbey was the nearest to his home, we may suppose that in due time he pursued his studies at this cloister school, subsequently becoming a monk. At eighteen, it is definitely stated, he was sent to Gloucester Hall, Oxford; hence, as the monks were not allowed to be professed until twenty, it is possible he went to take the degree in arts as a Benedictine student. Three years later he received the habit; and shortly after, on June 11, 1539, he received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. He then began to instruct the junior monks at Evesham, and was thus engaged when the suppression of that Abbey took place.

Clement Lichfield, a man of sterling virtues and exalted character, was John Fecknam's first abbot. When the official appointed to bring about the surrender of Evesham arrived, and interviewed the administrator of its affairs, he realized that a man of his calibre would never relinquish the venerable cloister; so the only policy to be adopted was to secure his resignation. Letters from Cromwell entrusted to the agent were the means which effected this end; and the Abbot, knowing before the inevitable, left the monastery. He was succeeded by Philip Harford, who surrendered the Abbey to the King on January 27, 1540.

When the religious disbanded, John Fecknam returned to Gloucester Hall, to resume his course of studies. Only a brief interval had elapsed, however, when the Bishop of Worcester, John Bell, invited him to become his chaplain, which office he retained until the resignation of the Bishop in 1543. Later Fecknam joined Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London; and during this period received the living of Solihull. The oratorical powers which made him famous were now developing. No threat, no punishment, could restrain his keen intellect or check his public utterance; and no doubt it was an offence of this nature which committed him to imprisonment in the Tower in the year 1549.

During the term of his confinement, to use Fecknam's own words, he was frequently "borrowed out of prison" to confer with learned men upon matters of religion or upon vexed questions of controversy; and on as many as seven occasions he distinguished himself as an eloquent disputant. Stevens' "Addition to the Monasticon" records the conferences Fecknam held at Westminster in the house of the Earl of Bedford, Sir William Cecil, afterward the famous secretary of state; and again at White Friars, in the residence of the Greek scholar, Sir John Cheke, the young King's tutor.

Imprisonment had not robbed Abbot Fecknam of the living of Solihull; therefore he was still a beneficed clergyman when taken to the diocese of Worcester to be confronted by Hooper in four disputations; in the last of which he had also for an opponent John Jewel, afterward Bishop of Salisbury. Failing to convince the minds of the controversialists, he was sent back to the Tower. There he stayed till Sept. 5, 1559, when, with the rest of the prisoners, he was released for conscience' sake by the new Queen. The 24th of the same month he was again in the pulpit; later he returned to Bonner as chaplain, and was made a prebendary of St. Paul's in 1554. Soon after he was nominated rector of Finchley, then transferred to the better living of Greenford Magna, resigning that of Solihull. Queen Mary meanwhile chose him for her confessor and also named him one of her chaplains, which offices he held for some time in conjunction with the deanship of St. Paul's.

Preferment so exalted afforded ample opportunity for further exercise of his oratorical powers, which he employed in disputations against the influence of Cramer, Latimer, and Ridley. Fecknam abhorred force in

propagating Catholicity. He believed that gentle and eloquent appeals were more successful in securing the reconciliation of persons estranged from the Church. His influence with the Queen enabled him to obtain clemency where she sought to condemn, and he employed it in behalf of the unfortunate Lady Jane Dudley, not deserting her even when death paid the penalty of her imprudence. To his exertions, likewise, must be ascribed the liberation, after two months' imprisonment, of the Queen's sister, Princess Elizabeth.

The wish dearest to Mary's heart was the restoration of the Catholic Church. In this Fecknam and other Benedictines rendered the greatest assistance. Bishop Thornton, once a monk of Christ's Church, succeeded in having the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass once more celebrated in Canterbury Cathedral, at which revival six Benedictine Bishops assisted. This step satisfied the Queen partially; her next attempt was to restore some of the houses to the monks.

Fecknam, together with sixteen brother religious, resumed the habit, although as yet there was no monastery. But, through her Majesty's indomitable energy, the abbey lands vested in the Crown were renounced, in spite of the opposition of her husband and the reluctance of Parliament. A deed signed by Philip and Mary at Croxford, September 7, 1556, approved of the restoration; and Fecknam, the most prominent member of the English branch of the Order, was to be consecrated Abbot of Westminster. An immense concourse assembled; and perhaps the great chasm between centuries is not so vast as to prevent us of the twentieth epoch from appreciating and realizing the feelings of those devout religious once again, after years of deprivation, entering a home truly belonging to God. "The Lord Cardinal, many Bishops, the Lord Treasurer, and a great company" were present, we are told; also that "the Lord Chancellor sang Mass and the Abbot made the sermon."

Fecknam immediately vindicated the privileges of the venerable Church and set his house in order. After a short time the Queen came in person to visit the monks and was received in state by the entire community, numbering twenty-eight members. The Abbot's next step was to restore the shrine of St. Edward, which had been despoiled at the time of the suppression of the monastery,— ornamenting it with jewels which the Queen had sent for that purpose.

The records of this period of John Fecknam's life make special mention of the lavish hospitality which characterized his administration. As a mitred Abbot, he was obliged to attend Parliament. Westminster was restored, therefore the religious delighted in the anticipation of re-opening the other houses. Measures were taken for the refounding of Canterbury, and there was no more zealous worker for this end than Abbot Fecknam. St. Alban's also was to be restored. The zealous Abbot had obtained the necessary permission; but before arrangements could be further perfected Mary died, November 17, 1558; and on the same day Cardinal Pole breathed his last. Thus did the Benedictines lose their two most powerful supporters.

From the beginning, Elizabeth adopted a hostile course toward the Order. Taking offence at some remarks in the sermon delivered by the Bishop of Winchester at Mary's obsequies, she ordered the prelate to be confined to his house. Previous to the opening of Parliament, conforming to the custom, the Queen attended the Mass of the Holy Ghost in Westminster Abbey. On her arrival she was received by the Abbot and a procession of monks, each bearing a lighted torch. When Elizabeth saw the religious carrying these tapers, she exclaimed: "Away with those torches! We see very well!" And a second step was the abolition of the Mass.

The new Queen was not averse to confiscating Westminster, if it could find a place in her wily schemes. At an early date she solicited an interview with the Abbot; and, as an inducement to win him to her way of thinking, offered him the Archbishopric of Canterbury. But this appointment was declined.

In the Parliament held close upon Elizabeth's accession, Fecknam strenuously opposed any changes in religion, and rigorously denounced the bills for the supremacy and restoration to the Crown of the first fruits. He also refused to assist at a disputation held under the presidency of Sir Francis Bacon. In spite of the opposition of the Bishops, however, the Act of Royal Supremacy became a law. Later, Parliament enacted the suppression of the religious houses, and ordered the expulsion of the inmates. Those who were willing to abjure their profession, take the oath against Pontifical authority, and approve the new laws, were awarded with a pension. Agents were appointed to receive these pledges of fealty; and by the end of the year the oath had been formally proposed to all the Bishops, who, with a single exception, refused to take it.

While these stormy scenes were being enacted, the Abbot of Westminster pursued the even tenor of his way, knowing full well the evil that must soon befall him in consequence of the course he had taken. In time the oath was again proposed to him, and again he absolutely refused to take it—the result being deprivation of monastic revenues and property. Thus the end came. On the 24th of July, 1559, the Abbot and monks were turned out, and Westminster knew the Benedictines no more. "We have no knowledge of what became of the religious immedi-

ately after their ejection; but it is supposed their dwelling places were appointed, as were those of the Bishops.

Abbot Fecknam persistently refused to countenance the State worship, absenting himself from the Easter service—an offence punishable with excommunication and imprisonment. This defiance of the majesty of the law opened the way for a riddance of the "injurious Abbot;" hence he was relegated to the Tower. Life in this dungeon would have been insupportable to any one but a martyr. The cell was damp and unhealthy, and "liberty" was a word never whispered in those gruesome walls. Small concessions were made in favor of the prisoners when, by leave of the council, they were permitted to dine together.

After a time a dreadful plague ravaged the city. The prisoners were removed from the Tower and placed in the custody of the new bishops. Fecknam was first sent to his old home at Westminster, under the care of Goodman, the new dean. Later the Abbot was transferred to Horne, Bishop of Winchester. Horne had boasted that he could prevail over the prisoner's constancy; but Fecknam's pen was ever ready to serve the place of speech and to aver what he had often preached. He was always willing to listen, and able to prove to his opponents that conscience was the sole power which forced refusal of submission to the royal supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs.

Finding arguments useless and threats unavailing, Horne detained the Abbot prisoner for over six weeks; and finally, after subjecting the holy man to painful indignities and humiliations, procured his return to the Tower. There he remained; but we have no record of his life during this period of imprisonment, nor is the date known when he was removed to Marshalsea. Protestants themselves had complained of the inhumane treatment of the Abbot; and through the intervention of the council, bail was accepted, obtaining his release on parole. He then retired to Holborn, where he expended his income in works of benevolence. Beggars crowded around him; he relieved the suffering of the sick and the poor, assumed charge of the orphans, and built an aqueduct for the use of the inhabitants.

The rigors of a long imprisonment had undermined the Abbot's constitution and exhausted his vitality. He fell ill; and the council ordered him as a reward for his good behavior to repair to the Baths. During his sojourn there he built a hospice for the poor, thus giving them also an opportunity to derive benefit from the health-giving waters. While he was enjoying this freedom, calumnious reports reached the council that he and a few others were inciting ill-disposed subjects to plot against the person of the Queen, and disturbing the public peace by their obstinacy in refusing to attend service. The council was requested to place the troublesome individuals in the custody of the court bishop.

Accordingly in July 1577, Cox the Bishop of Ely, was ordered to receive the Abbot. Here, deprived of liberty, companionship, and the consolations of religion; harassed daily by the introduction of vexatious topics, his life became unbearable. In 1580 Cox himself petitioned for the removal of John Fecknam, ostensibly because of illness, but in truth because the Anglican bishops were much humiliated by this indomitable spirit. However, the brave Abbot intrenched himself behind the barriers of conscience, and thus was impregnable to the attacks of his enemies.

The council granting Cox's request, the aged man was removed to Wisbeach Castle, a ruined house, the property of the Bishop of Ely. This place was dreary beyond description. Nature appeared to have exhausted her munificence before reaching this spot; the very earth seemed to mourn and its desolation chilled the heart. Wisbeach was a prison common to all thieves and criminals, and Fecknam suffered the rigorous treatment meted out to notorious offenders against the law. But, with saint-like charity, he forgave his enemies, and rendered good for evil on all occasions.

Twenty three years of confinement had shattered the health of the venerable Abbot, and the end was now at hand. He died a martyr to the faith on October 16, 1581, and was buried in an unknown grave at Wisbeach. To the period of his imprisonment are ascribed his beautiful commentary on the Psalms of David and other manuscripts.

Such, then, is the closing scene in the life of the last Abbot of Westminster—a man humble in affluence, patient under restraint, poor in the midst of wealth, a strong defender of the faith, and a true son of St. Benedict. Westminster still is mighty and grand. The countenance of kings and holy men carved in stone remain within the venerable pile; but the last Abbot sleeps in a nameless tomb beside the dark waters, o'er whose wave the consoling peal of a monastery bell never sounds.

Westminster, then art still a glorious instrument, even though mute and discordant! Ignorant and unskilful hands have played upon thee till thou art broken in a thousand parts! But, though disfigured and disarranged, let the master arise who can revive the Catholic chord, and thou wilt again vibrate with the sweet harmonies of faith which broke thy silence in the days of the Benedictines.—Ave Maria.

Silence is as strong as the soul; and there is no tempest so wild with blasts but has a wilder lull.—"Reveries of a Bachelor."

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

First Sunday of Advent.

THE DELAY OF REPENTANCE, THE GREATEST MISFORTUNE.

Brethren, it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep. (Rom. 13, 11.) The holy season of Advent has come again—that season of penance and worthy preparation for the great feast of the Nativity of our Lord—a feast during which God showers His graces upon us in abundance, if we are properly disposed to receive them. During these four weeks the good Christian rejoices in showing his love for his Saviour and his obedience to the Church, by mortification and self-denial, thus securing an abundance of graces and blessings.

The lukewarm Christian, however, what cares he for Advent? What significance has the word penance for him? His mind contemplates neither change of heart, nor the curbing of his passions. For him there is in the far future sufficient time to prepare for death and judgment. A young person argues, "When I have grown older, when I have achieved my aim, then I will change my mode of life." Having arrived at a maturer age, the same person will say: "In course of time a better opportunity for penance and the reception of the sacraments will, undoubtedly, present itself; at present, the turmoil of business gives me no leisure to commune with God and to think of the salvation of my soul." When the same person arrives at the sunset of life he still hesitates, putting off his conversion to the vain delusion of being able to rectify on his deathbed, all the errors of his life, and, like a blind man, the poor stoner staggers through years, perhaps through life, in the darkness of sin, risking the wear or woe of a whole eternity upon a delusive, "perhaps." What is the cause of such indifference, my dear Christian? Whence this inexplicable blindness and presumption in our times? The principal reason is this, because so many never think, aye, never wish to know, what a terrible misfortune it is to live in the state of mortal sin. For were you, O sinner, to consider this seriously, you would never be able to exist a single day without the friendship of God. Not to speak of the diabolical wickedness against God, consider, at least, O sinner, the cruel effect your impentence has on your immortal soul. It is a doctrine of the Church that all the good works, even the most noble and exalted performed in mortal sin, are without merit for heaven. Pray, therefore, O sinner, as long as you live, assist at the holy sacrifice of the Mass as often as you wish, scourge your body unto blood, fast as did the anchorites of old, suffer more than the patient servant of God, holy Job, aye, even more than Mary, the dolorous Mother of God, labor for the salvation of souls, with greater zeal than all the apostles have done, it will avail you naught for eternity. All is vain, unless, without merit for heaven. What an irreparable error. Does this not touch your heart? If you meet with any temporal loss or misfortune, you cease not to lament, and is it possible, you consider as nothing the merit of so many good works which are utterly destroyed by mortal sin? In such a case you can remain cold and indifferent? Yes, you laugh and rejoice, when in all reason you should weep and lament! Consider the impending eternity. Should not your hair stand erect when you realize the danger of being eternally lost? Are you certain that the shades of the coming night will find you living? You know not, but you do know that if death should overtake you in the state in which your soul now is, you would be forever a reproach in hell. Yet you risk so terrible a fate by not fearing the certain, and yet, so uncertain hour of death: with such temerity you say: "later, later, to-morrow, to-morrow I will repent." Pope St. Gregory says "whom the devil desires to cast into hell, he strikes with blindness and deludes with the hope that he has ample time for repentance."

My poor erring brother, listen to the voice of grace, turn back from your evil ways, and return to your merciful Father. If you have sinned, I call you with God's own words (Ecc. 5, 8-9): "Delay not to be converted to the Lord, and defer it not from day to day, for His wrath shall come on a sudden, and in the time of vengeance He will destroy thee."

Hesitate no longer, for it is certain that you must die, but you know not how, when, nor where, but this you know, if you die with one mortal sin on your soul you are lost, and lost for all eternity, whereas, if you die in the state of grace you are saved for heaven and saved for all eternity.

Now, brethren, as true children of the Church of Christ, let us spend the solemn time of Advent, this time of penance and grace, in the spirit in which the Church has instituted it. Let us earnestly strive to combat the flesh, to cast off the old garment of sin, and to don the glorious one of grace and innocence, which delights both God and the angels.

If we do this faithfully we may approach confidently and expect to receive into our hearts the God of mercy who will come on the glorious feast to the Nativity to bring peace and happiness to men of good will. Amen.

Asthma Cures. The wheezing and strangling of those who are victims of Asthma are promptly relieved by a few doses of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail. DYSPEPSIA is the cause of untold suffering. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla the digestive organs are toned and dyspepsia IS CURED.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Kinds That Are Wanted.

Wanted—a boy that is manly and just, One that you feel you can honor and trust, Who cheerfully shoulders what life to him brings, His sunshine and pleasure or troublesome things; Whose eyes meet your own with no shadow of fear; No wile on the face that is open and clear; Straightforward in purpose, and ready to rush; For "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" Who scornfully turns from a something to gain; If it bring to another a sorrow or pain; Who is willing to hold what is right over dear; And is patient, unheeding the scoff or the jeer; Who does all he can with a heart that's elite, He is wanted, that boy, whatsoever his state.

Wanted—a girl, not a butterfly gay, Who is gentle and sweet in a womanly way; No beautiful picture so languid and fair, That always seem labelled, "Please handle with care;" But one in whose heart there is hidden true worth, Who faithfully follows her mission on earth, Hopeful and earnest in helping and giving, Find plenty to do in the life she is living; Filling its duties with quiet content, Whether her address or pleasant, just as they present; In the garb of a queen, or in homespun arrayed; Whatever her station—is needed that maid.

Legend of Blessed Bernard. Bernard, a pious Dominican friar, dwelt in his convent of Santarem, in Portugal, and his duty was to attend to the sacristy. Now it happened that he had charge of two little boys from the neighborhood, whom he taught to serve the priests of the Order at Holy Mass. As they were too young to be received into the convent, they went home to their parents at night, but during the day they rarely quitted the monastery. Bernard had the tenderest affection for the children, and, as a reward for their good conduct, he bought them not only the catechism, but also the first rudiments of grammar; moreover, he brought them up very piously, instilling into their tender minds a great love for the Blessed Sacrament and for the Mother of God. Each morning the boys used to bring with them a little refreshment, consisting of bread and fruit, which, Holy Mass being ended, they took in a little side chapel. In this chapel there was an image of the Blessed Virgin with the Divine Infant in her arms. Now, the little boys never omitted to greet the Infant Jesus with a salutation, and, at last, one day, the Divine Child, whose delight it is to dwell amongst the lilies, condescended to come down from His Mother's arms, and to ask them to give Him some of their food. With joy they invited the fair Child to join their meal, who henceforth was their frequent companion. After some time the children resolved to make known the thing to Brother Bernard. "Father," said they, "the Holy Child who rests in the arms of the Mother of God eats daily with us, but never does He bring anything to give us; what shall we do?" Bernard, who listened with astonishment to this recital of the children, gave them the following instruction: "Children," said he, "when the Holy Child again comes and asks for anything, say you fearlessly, Lord, Thou dost daily partake of our food, but we receive nothing at Thy hand; invite us, we pray Thee, and our Father Bernard to dine with Thee in Thy Father's House."

The children failed not to do as their teacher had said. The following morning, when the Child Jesus took His place between them in order to share their meal, they offered Him their petition, begging Him earnestly to invite them and their dear teacher to dine with Him in His Father's House. The fair Child heard them with joy, saying: "You could not give Me a greater pleasure than to make such a request. Yes; I do indeed invite you as you desire. Tell your master to prepare himself by the Feast of the Ascension; on that day, as you wish it, I will entertain you all three." Greatly delighted, the dear children hurried away and informed the good brother of the invitation they had received. The man of God, convinced of the reality of this revelation, prepared himself with the greatest piety for the Feast of which Jesus said to His disciples: "I dispose to you, as my Father hath disposed to Me, a kingdom, that ye may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom" (Luke xxii, 29-30).

On the Feast of the Ascension he prayed with more than usual fervor, and then, his face shining like that of an angel, with the boys at his side, he went up to the altar to say Mass; when the Holy Mysteries were ended, Bernard prostrated himself on the steps of the altar, signing to the two boys to do in like manner. As they tarried long in deep prayer a sweet sleep overcame them, and so they went to the feast of Eternal Life. This happened in the year 1265.

When the brethren, according to custom, went into the choir, they found the three bodies prostrated upon the steps of the altar, the priest in his vestments, the boys in their white surplices, and their faces shining with heavenly beauty. At first it was thought that they were indeed dead. Upon this, the confessor of Bernard was commanded to give, as far as he could, some account of so extraordinary a passing away; and, in presence of the whole community, he related what had happened to the children, and what the Lord had promised them. This recital filled them all with great joy and thanksgiving, and the bodies of Bernard and the two boys were laid in one and the same grave.

The account of this event, with all the circumstances attending it, was engraved upon the stone which was placed over their grave. The following prayer, with its indulgence, is also a memorial of the same.

INDULGENCE PRAYER. Lord, who through the precious death of Blessed Bernard and his companions hast manifested to us the value of a perfect faith with innocence of life, grant us, by their intercession, the grace always to persevere the integrity of the faith and purity of heart. Amen. (An Indulgence of one hundred days to all who shall recite this prayer, and three hundred and sixty-five of a Pater, an Ave, and a Gloria be added)—The Homeless Child.

CHATTS WITH YOUNG MEN.

In actual life a point is soon reached when one must depend almost entirely on himself for guidance. The path is full of stones, rut, pitfalls, and mud. Briars beset it; diverging paths perplex one; precipices and cliffs confront one unexpectedly, and well beaten roads, which lead through fields of daisies and the other pretty but worthless weeds, tempt the weak and the weak. Then there are the marshes and the forests where there are no paths at all, and where insects or wild beasts harass the struggler and make progress difficult and dangerous. Sooner or later in his progress through life, every man must face a determined resistance. Whether he can overcome it or not no one can decide but himself.—P. T. Austen.

The Best Possession.

A noble manhood, nobly consecrated to man, never dies, and character is the best possession any young man can have.—Wm. McKinley.

We Reap What We Sow.

Thackeray sagaciously hints that there is a law of spiritual harvest: we sow a thought and reap an act; sow an act and reap a habit; sow a character and reap a destiny.

The Workers in a Society.

The history of every young men's society for the coming year will be what a few men in each organization make it. What a responsibility comes upon them! What an opportunity for influence and leadership! They do not live their own lives alone; but at their disposal, in fact, are the futures of the young men of a city, a railroad, or a college. Young men rally around a leader and will volunteer to serve in any cause a strong leader will espouse. They will train with him, work with him, do his will and become leaders themselves when they learn the source of his inspiration. Can't you take a place among the workers who shape the destiny of your society?

Keep Your Temper.

A little tact and ingenuity is much more effectual than punishment in many cases, and a great saving of temper. There are times no doubt in every family when a fault and its consequences must be emphasized by some sort of punishment. But don't point your moral with a slipper. Let the punishment come as nearly in line with the fault. Make it a logical consequence, not an arbitrary act, for these little people reason quite as clearly as we do from cause to effect, and appreciate quite as readily the force of a striking argument. After all, it is not rules and regulations, which develop the character of the child; it is the mental and moral atmosphere in which he lives. To rule one's household wisely is not an art that comes by intuition; it demands serious thought and our best energies.

Golden Silence.

Did you ever try to keep silence while a volley of angry words was being fired at you? Ah! then, you know it is not an easy thing to do, and you have also learned that there is a great satisfaction in being able, at such a moment, to control that spirit of self-justification that will arise in each one of us, but which often urges us to say more than is wise. It is easy, indeed, to attempt to vindicate oneself, but it is not so easy to recall the bitter words that are almost sure to escape us.

There is scarcely a victory so well worth the winning as a perfect control over the tongue. First, because the struggle within us is so great that we may be rightly proud when we have conquered, and again, because of the fruits of victory. The momentary triumph of having met one's enemy with his own weapons is not worth putting up against the sweet satisfaction this bit of self-control will give. The first is transient, the second is eternal. Our silence is a sword-thrust that never misses the mark, and its work is most effective when the one at whom it is aimed has become calm and begun to wonder what weapon has so seriously wounded. No matter what the offence, remember that words spoken in anger will never mend a cause. Wait until the heat of resentment is spent; then rebuke, if necessary; you will do it more effectively thus than with a host of angry words. It is by silence, or the "mild answer" which "turneth away wrath" that one commands the greatest respect and obedience.

Value of Personal Service.

The best good in the world has always been done by personal service, and beyond all doubt poor men have been greater benefactors of the world than the wealthy. Run over the names of all the world's greatest benefactors, reformers, poets, artists, writers, philanthropists—scarcely one among them all has been rich. Were the apostles

rich? What was the monetary value of St. Paul's cloak and parchments, which were all he had to leave? How much would anyone have given for the sheepskin coat of St. Anthony, or for the brown serge of St. Vincent de Paul? "I have no time to get rich," said Faraday and Agassiz. The Charity of Giotto's picture gives corn and flowers, and receives from heaven a human hand; but she tramples on bags of gold. Most of the great heroes of antiquity also were poor. More to mankind is one page of the monk's "Imitation of Christ" than all the banks of the Rothschilds.

"I Don't Feel Like Exercising."

One should not go by his feelings entirely, in the matter of exercise. He should have a regular hour for it each day and take his exercise then, as he does his meals, when the hours for eating come around. He does not say, "I don't feel like eating, so I guess I won't eat any dinner or supper to-day." No! If he finds "he's off his feed" he takes something instead of doing something to get back his boy-like appetite. It would be a wise thing never to eat at mealtimes unless one is hungry, but it is not often a wise thing to neglect daily exercise because you do not feel like it. A healthy person craves bodily exercise as naturally as he craves food at regular stated times. If he finds that he does not desire to exercise he will soon lose his appetite and eventually his health. Hunger is the best sauce, and if you do not feel hungry for exercise as well as food every day and you are physically degenerating and you must watch out or you will become a diseased man. Exercise and obedience to the other laws of health will build you over into a new man. An ounce of prevention is worth tons of cure to you.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred exercise that is just the time that he needs it the most. Don't trust your feelings in this vital matter of daily light exercise. In very few cases are they trustworthy. If you think so, go to the medical director; tell him that you don't feel like exercising and tell him also just what kind of mental or physical work you have been doing during the day and follow out his advice.

Hints for Home Students.

There is no royal road to learning. Money cannot buy an education. The boy on the farm in the backwoods has an equal chance with the boy born in the city mansion. The largest benefit comes from the surmounting of difficulties. We learn to climb mountains only by climbing them. Every educated man is, in some sense, self-educated. The boy who has a love for study will die an educated man, no matter what the obstacles in his way. Read the life of Franklin, or of Webster or of Lincoln, or of Garfield. These men were great in spite of earthly difficulties, and they owe their greatness largely to the fact that they had the snap and persistence and ambition to succeed. Almost any young man can do as much if he will add to his brain the necessary grit and perseverance.

Educated labor is always in demand. The men who are doing the longest day's work for the smallest daily wages who are the slaves of their employers, are the uneducated. Uneducated labor is to a certain extent always a form of slavery. The educated mechanic is the master mechanic. Did you ever stop to consider why it is that the foreman in your shop gets a heavier envelope than you do on pay day? Simply because he knows more. No other reason.

The home student has limited time and must use every moment to the best advantage. The man whose education must be a partial one at best should aim to make it embrace such subjects as will be of the largest value to him. We study because learning and the intellectual culture which it brings have a market value; because educated men can make money more readily and more surely than uneducated men can; because education opens up more agreeable pursuits than untaught men can follow. Never, however, lose sight of the higher purpose of all education, which is nothing short of the development of character—the growth of God in man.

THE POPE'S MEMORY.

The other day a French prelate had an audience with the Pope, during which Leo XIII. referred to the sensational stories that are being told about him. "People are saying and writing," he remarked with a smile, "that I am weak, that I have frequent fainting fits; that I have actually lost my memory. Now listen!" And he recited a whole page of the Aeneid.

Satisfactory Results.

So says Dr. Corlett, an old and honored practitioner, in Belleville, Ontario, who writes: "For Wasting Diseases and Scrofula I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results." EXCELLENT REASONS exist why Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reason is, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

A most instructive study of Catholic co-operation with Protestants in charitable work is reprinted in the Charities Review. The writer, Mr. Thomas Mulry, pleads for a closer union between our charitable organization and those of the sects, offering his own experience as an argument. Some years ago the St. Vincent de Paul Society of New York learned that large numbers of Catholic children were attending various Protestant missions. Mr. Mulry was appointed to make an investigation, which resulted in an understanding with the Charity Organization Society of the metropolis, whose object is to bring its various charities into closer touch with one another. Let us quote Mr. Mulry's words: "When we first started in this work of co-operation, people were found willing to sell themselves and their children to any religious sect that would pay the price. This traffic has been almost entirely stopped; and if the abuse exists in any shape at all, it is because of our neglect, as Catholics, to enter the field in larger numbers to guard the interest of our children. With our associates on the various district committees of the Charity Organization Society we compare notes, find those of our own people who are attending other churches, report to presbyter parties, have them turned over to us, and in this way bring them to the notice of the various pastors and charitable societies. When we make our report or notify the proper parties that the people they are assisting belong to us, they at once take their hands off."

People who are in earnest about charitable work are hardly ever bigots; and the evils of proselytism, which often evoke such bitter complaints, are largely the result of the exclusiveness or shyness of Catholics themselves. It would do our people no harm to meet their Protestant fellow-citizens half-way on any errand of mercy; and surely it would be a wholesome experience for our separated brethren to be brought into closer touch with the men who compose our St. Vincent de Paul societies.—Ave Maria.

HOW TO GET MARRIED.

A new departure in university education is, so it is announced, to be inaugurated at the Northwestern University, the Methodist Episcopal institution which is located at Evanston, Ill. The students of that school will have themselves to blame if, when the time comes for them to get married, they do not know how to go through the ceremony in the latest approved style. For one of the courses of the university hereafter will be a matrimonial one. That is to say, a class is to be formed in which future brides and bridegrooms, with their attendant maids and men, will be taught just what they should do when they are called upon to act in those capacities.

A very popular course in all probability will this new departure prove. It is not a very difficult thing to get married, but it is not so easy a matter to go through the ceremony in a dignified and collected way. Brides are apt to become nervous when they are given away and grooms have been known to lose their heads and grow terribly confused when asked to produce the ring. Bridesmaids and groomsmen often get mixed up in the bidden to take their places, and there are lots of other things connected with the ceremony wherein practice will tend to impart skill, if not perfection.

What special capabilities the professor who is to have charge of this course possesses for his studies is not stated. Possibly he has spent years of his life in studying up the etiquette of the marriage ceremony, or perhaps he has been through the ceremony so frequently himself—that is one of the gains of the divorce system—that he has its finer points on his finger-tips. It will be very interesting to outsiders to watch the results of this new departure in university extension.—Catholic Columbian.

Look not upon the past, its sorrows, its cares, its failure, and its sin, with that paralyzing regret that darkens the eye to the new and glorious possibilities of the future. Accept the past as a finality that no years of agonized sorrow can change, but see in the failure the revelation of the true way in which to walk. See rising from the disobedience the resurrection of the law you may obey—the new light of higher wisdom. Know that the life without regret is the life without gain.

Adversity is the only balance to weigh friends; prosperity is no just scale.—Henry Saso.

Success comes to those who persevere. If you take Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and persistently, you will surely be benefited.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. It is safe, sure and effectual.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease from the body. Mr. D. Carwell, Carwell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

TOUCHING SCENE AT DR. MULLER'S DEATHBED.

Dr. Hermann Muller, the second victim of the plague in Vienna, was a nephew of Professor Max Muller. The priest who attended him was not allowed to enter the room, and describes the scene as follows: "I stood at a closed window, near which was placed the bed of the dying man. We saw each other eye to eye, and my voice reached his ear. The patient was well-disposed for abolition, and one of the Sisters of Mercy at his bedside carried to him the Host on the corporal, which I had laid upon the window sill of a neighboring room, and he swallowed it before my eyes. As I was not permitted to enter the chamber of death, it was not possible to me to administer the sacred oil." Similar precautions were observed at the funeral, and the priest who gave his blessing, as well as all the mourners who attended, were obliged to remain at a distance of twenty paces from the grave side, while the ropes used to lower down the coffin were left with it.

A HAMILTON CASE

HOW MR. JOSEPH RICHARDS WON HIS FREEDOM.

Bright's Disease Held Him in a Deadly Grip Which Nothing Could Loosen till He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills—They Cured Him.

Hamilton, Nov. 21.—The Ambitious City is never behind her rival, Toronto, in any enterprise, commercial or otherwise, and recently, would seem to have made fair progress towards outstripping her neighbor in one respect, viz.: the number of cures of Kidney Diseases effected here by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Hardly a day passes without recording a cure by means of this famous and wonderful medicine. Interest just now is centred in the case of Mr. Joseph Richards, of 134 Emerald street. Hundreds of Hamiltonians know that Mr. Richards suffered for more than six years, with that terrible complaint, Bright's Disease. Hundreds know also, that he engaged the best medical assistance he could secure, but without receiving either cure or relief.

Mr. Richards is now hale and hearty, healthy and happy, and his deliverance is due entirely to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Writing of his case, he says: "I used many remedies that were advertised to cure Bright's Disease, but none of them gave me even temporary relief. I cannot describe the severity of my sufferings. They were terrible. I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I am thankful that I took that advice. I used only four boxes, but they drove every vestige of Bright's Disease from my system and made a man of me."

A statement like this cannot be lightly passed by. It carries a message of hope, and freedom from disease, of health and happiness, to every sufferer in Canada. Dodd's Kidney Pills should be in every home in the land. Kidney Diseases cannot exist where Dodd's Kidney Pills are used.

BABY'S Terrible ECZEMA
My baby suffered from terrible Eczema. Doctor after doctor remedy tried, to no account. He cried all the time and his face was like raw meat. I had to carry him on a pillow, and was fairly discouraged. I used half a box of CUTICURA (ointment and Cuticura Soap), and in one week my baby was entirely cured. Today his skin is as smooth as silk. Mrs. J. C. FRENCH, 308 S. 1st St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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