

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE SCIENCE OF EDUCATION.

We have received from the managers of the Columbian Reading Union, which is intended to be a useful auxiliary to the Catholic reading public, a list of books for teachers. In glancing over the author's recommended, we are persuaded that the publishers are anxious to please all educators. Whatever importance one may attach to their zeal for the science of education, there can be no doubt as to their belief in the advisability of gathering the dollar. We may be narrow-minded in this; and if so we hasten to tender an apology. However, we are pleased to notice that Fathers Maher and Reckaby are on the list. With these two authors, our teachers are not liable to be allured by the glamour of educational theories that are based on a soulless psychology and godless ethics.

It is but just to say that the publishers were not embarrassed by an abundance of Catholic writings on this subject. Despite the fact that the science of education has come in for a great deal of attention from non-Catholics we have shown no disposition either to emulate or to imitate their example. And so we, that is, English-speaking Catholics, have few works that we can call our own in pedagogy.

THE TEACHER SAINT AND HIS METHODS.

Under this heading T. D. Pepin has an instructive article in Mosher's Magazine for June. There is nothing original in it, but the author shows a commendable spirit of industry in presenting certain facts which are overlooked by present-day educators and are not appreciated at their due value by too many Catholics.

Reading some of the educational addresses which come under our notice does not give one the impression that there is no longer a conspiracy against the truth. It is all very well to talk of increasing toleration and broadening sympathies, but to our mind they are, if not a thin veneer ever unreasoning hostility, but glittering generalities to gild an oration. To begin with, if educators desire to be just, why not give some credit to the Church in the matter of education? Why do they go out of their way to eulogize men whose principles would, if carried into effect, wreck society and others who were personal failures as educators and whose methods would turn the school-room into a bedlam. For instance, we hear of Pestalozzi's influence on education. Learned pundits speak of him with reverence and pile around about him all manner of high-sounding epithets. Fast-writing scribes put these into circulation, and they are quoted and regurgitated till one begins to wonder just "where we are at."

Pestalozzi, we admit, was an enthusiast. But enthusiasm, like general principles, is useful only to those who know how to use it. In Pestalozzi's case it landed him into the kingdom of freakdom. Still he was an honest enthusiast and in this differed from the fakirs who prey upon gullible Anglo-Saxons. But as an educator from any viewpoint he was far from being a success. According to his disciple Rainsauer he got no regular schooling and conducted himself in the classroom like a madman, boxing the boy's ears right and left and running about with no necktie, and without a coat. And this is the individual who is heralded as an exemplar of educational perfection and the father of modern pedagogy. Fortunately, however, there are records which show that this eulogy is unwarranted. And what is surprising is that these records, which are writ large on the pages of history, do not come under the notice of our brethren. Perhaps they do; and if so their orations are but a toll to prejudice and a contribution to the archives of bigotry. We say bigotry, because the individuals who are reticent as to what the Church has done for education, or studiously offensive, are either wedded to preconceived opinions or too cowardly to throw down a gage for the cause of truth.

We have never yet assisted at Commencements of institutions not under Catholic auspices without hearing the same old traditional utterances. Never a word of our educators or of their influence. And yet history proves that modern pedagogy was placed in a scientific basis by St. John De La Salle

long before Pestalozzi was thought of. Our readers are aware that when the Saint began his work he was thwarted by those without the fold and those of the household. But men who hew their way towards the light through the barrier of established customs are looked upon with askance. They are sometimes not suffered to be understood, and their ideas are brushed aside not to die but to blossom forth in blessings for mankind long after their bones have crumbled into dust. But De la Salle was more fortunate. He had the satisfaction of seeing the seed cast into educational furrows yield an abundant harvest. He did his work and that work remains. His methods are in honor the world over. Every normal school is a tribute to his genius. Every teacher should cherish his memory. Before De la Salle's days, says Mr. Pepin the individual method of teaching prevailed; that is every scholar was taught separately. The saint replaced this in all his schools by the simultaneous method by which the instructor addresses himself to a whole class at once.

Professor Seeley says: (1) Education owes to De la Salle three important contributions—the simultaneous method of instruction, whereby a number of children of the same advancement are brought together, (2) the first Normal school, established at Rheims, France, in 1684, thirteen years before Francke organized his teachers' class at Halle and fifty years before Hecker founded the first Prussian school at Heltun; and (3) a dignifying of the teachers profession by setting apart trained persons who should give all their time to the work of teaching.

Again, to quote Bishop Messmer, the Sunday school owes its establishment to De la Salle. In his preface to Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine, he says: "It is commonly claimed that the modern Sunday school owes its origin to Robert Raikes in 1780. But the honor belongs to St. John De la Salle who opened his Ecole Dominicaine at Paris in 1689, almost a hundred years before Raikes."

We have given these facts for the benefit of our readers and with the hope of inducing them to look up our educational record. We insist on this matter and we make no apology for so doing. We have a tendency to forget our past, and to be entrapped by the specious pleading of educational pundits. Hence we must be on guard—equipped with a knowledge of our history. For, despite the fair appearance of liberality, the Church is as much the object of hostility as in the palmiest days of persecution. The method of attack has been but changed. The steel and wild beast are not in fashion; but in their place are even deadlier instruments—the contemptuous disregard for fair play and the insinuation and charge covered over with honied diction. For instance, we are taunted with being out of date because we choose to follow the highway and not the blind alley of educational fads. And if at the behest of experimenters we did desert the system that has not been found wanting during the centuries we should be entitled to every offensive epithet in the vocabulary of our opponents.

To conclude, a Catholic who is acquainted with the educational glories of the Church and her system of education, will be armed against attack; and, moreover, be able to do missionary work among his spineless brethren, who because of the idea of the superiority of non-Catholic institutions, are not afraid to thrust their children into an atmosphere of indifference and to see them develop into either polished imitations of ungodliness or careless Catholics.

A NOVEL THEORY.

One does not credit the Anglo-Saxon with much imagination. He may see visions sometimes, but he does not on facts which stand for conquest and the dollar and for opinions which are profitable. His heroes are the men of blood and iron who unfurl a few yards of bunting in a new territory, or build up a colossal syndicate. Their praises are hymned on all sides. In the daily prints we read their eulogies which tend to foster the idea that the successful and rich man is alone worthy of honor, and that "a brave, honest and loving soul has not higher worth than mountains of gold." But of late the Anglo-Saxon has given evidence of imagination luxuriant enough to make the dreamy Latin sit up and wonder.

However, there is a difference between the two. When the Italian, for

example, gives free rein to his imagination, humanity is generally the richer and better for it. He puts his dreams in a book or embodies them in painting and cathedrals and is content with the gaudiness of the consciousness of having done something to quicken love and faith and hope in the souls of his fellows.

But when the Anglo-Saxon heats up the imaginative faculty there is "something doing" in the way of hard cash or in justifying a few things not exactly in harmony with the Golden Rule.

But last year Dr. Amant, agent of the American Board of Foreign Missions, displayed no mean ability in this respect. When confronted with the charge of looting on the part of the missionaries in China he merely states that it is but justice to them to say that if in the ardor of the desire to provide for the people they did some things that attracted criticism, they did it with the best of intentions. "Best of intentions" is a certainly a delicate touch. It is a genuine of propriety on the collecting of Chinese carpets and bric a brac. Looting, pure and simple, is robbery and altogether reprehensible, but the "best of intentions" metamorphoses it into an action that can be viewed with complacency. One, of course, must have a certain obliquity of vision to see it in this way. But it is a contribution to the things that make life interesting for foreigners.

The "best of intentions" is a memorable phrase, and will, long after its inventor has gone the way of all flesh, be remembered as an indisputable proof that the cold Anglo-Saxon can once in a while give an unique exhibition of fertility of invention and imagination. It covers anything from stealing a sign to capturing a continent, from a sweatshop to the most rapacious form of stock-jobbery.

Just now the theory is being worked over time in the Philippines. Dr. Henry Rowland, a surgeon who knows the country, writes in McClure's Magazine for July on certain occurrences which have been ventilated in United States courts for the benefit of journalists and politicians. He admits that natives have been tortured and put to death without trial. And when we were expecting an arraignment of these methods or a harking back to the palmy days of the Republic, when honor was before trade and virtue before money, he coolly tells us that it was all due to the climate. Hence the soldiers and officers should not be censured. They believe in a dead Filipino, but any device calculated to hurry him into that condition must be ascribed to the influence of the heat and fever. Sundry kinds of weather accounts for the water care and the other arguments by which the ignorant Oriental has been convinced of the superiority of Western civilization. And if they did some things that attracted attention they did it with the best of intentions.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSION.

The Missionary.

Father Xavier Sutton, the indefatigable Passionist missionary, has recently finished non-Catholic missions at Oak Lane, Our Mother of Sorrows, and Visitation Parishes, and Manayunk, in Philadelphia. At Our Mother of Sorrows thirty converts were received, and at the Visitation eighty were knocking at the door for admission, and in Manayunk fifty have been received since the last mission. Father Sutton from Philadelphia went to the heart of New England.

MISSION AT ARLINGTON, ONE OF BOSTON'S MOST BEAUTIFUL SUBURBS. The Church of St. Agnes, in Arlington, Mass., was the scene of a splendid Catholic mission, held by Rev. Fathers Gregory and Joachim, and attended by immense crowds. As a fitting close to this work came the non-Catholic mission. Rev. Father J. Mulcahy pastor, secured the services of Rev. Xavier Sutton, C. P., to speak to our non-Catholic friends, and if there were any apprehensions as to the feasibility of these lectures, they were quickly scattered when on the first night the church was crowded with a respectfully attentive and appreciative audience of the most refined and cultured class of people in Arlington.

Many of the non-Catholics had never been in a Catholic church before, and the magnificent marble altar on whose chaste white carvings a rose-colored glow was cast by the little electric lights in the arch, the architectural beauty of the church, and the elegance and exquisite taste of its appointments, together with the silence and solemnity which is to be found in all Catholic churches, made a great impression upon them.

With infinite tact and cordiality Father Sutton spoke to the audience on the first night, telling them the object of the lectures, and explaining why the term "non-Catholic" is used instead of "Protestant." "The word Protestant," said he, "as many of you know, comes from the word *protest*. A Protestant

is one who protests against the doctrines of the Catholic Church. But we cannot protest against a doctrine of which we know nothing, and to call the majority of non-Catholics by the name of Protestant, who are so merely by accident of birth, would be unjust and incorrect."

Then he went on to say that the object of the lectures was to promote a kindly, a neighborly and sociable feeling amongst people of all Churches; and if any, seeing the Truth, desired to become members, so much the better. The lecture on the first night was "The Great Question?" (How shall I attain Eternal Life?) and Father Sutton made it clear to all that duty came first, duty to God and to our neighbor, and worldly considerations came as incidents in life and not as the main object. That religion was not intended to serve as a mal balance before men and insure the claim to respectability; but that it was the one aim and object of our lives—religion being our relationship with God.

The second night the church was packed with an immense crowd to hear the lecture on "Purgatory." After the lecture one young lady was heard to remark, "Doesn't it seem as if there ought to be such a place? Doesn't it sound reasonable to believe there should be?" And her companion remarked that she "felt as though it was very probable there was such a state."

The sermons on "Confession," "Charity or Bible," and "Celibacy" were well attended and elicited much favorable comment.

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed one man, "that that's the confession-ally?" "Yes, it is," "It is?" "You don't mean to tell me that the priest sits in there and all the people keep hollering out their sins to him in this bright light?" "Oh dear no," said his friend, going on to explain the situation. "Oh," said the first one, with a sigh of relief; "that's not so bad." Another person was heard to say, "If I had a weight on my mind of sin or trouble I believe I'd rather tell it to a Catholic priest in the confession-ally than anywhere else."

The infidelity of the Pope was a sermon that contained much of interest to non-Catholics. After the lecture an old gentleman was talking it over. "Now to think of it," said he, "as Father Sutton told us, Pope only means Papa—the Father of the people of the Church. Why I used to think he was enchanted—the devil himself. My old grandmother wouldn't say 'Pope' out loud; she used to whisper it. There were three of us boys and we were a bad set—always ready to have a boxing match at bed-time. Well, many a night my grandmother would come upstairs and hustle us back into bed. 'Go to bed!' she'd say. 'And go to sleep this minute, or the Pope'll get you!' Well, I tell you we settled down—that threat was enough to scare all the mischief out of us."

"But," he continued, "of course I've read some since then and begin to think he isn't as bad as his painted." The United States is just full of such ridiculous notions, and it just takes a mission to draw forth the true state of affairs. One old gentleman, highly respected and esteemed in the town, came forward to speak with the lecturer. After telling his great pleasure at hearing the lectures, and speaking with admiration of our Faith, Father Sutton said: "Well, why don't you be a Catholic?" "Oh, I'm too old," he replied. "Change around if you're eighty-eight," said Father Sutton. "You're never too old," said Father Sutton. "I'm eighty-eight." The old man smilingly shook his head; but as his mind is now turned favorably towards the light of Truth, it is hoped he will decide that "it's never too late to mend."

Many of the ministers were in attendance; also members of their families; and many people expressed their satisfaction at having heard the lectures. The newspapers gave generous mention of the mission and did not stint either in space or praise.

Most of the questions bore evidence of the good faith and intention of the writers, but here and there would come questions of a calibere too low to answer. There were but few of this nature, however, and they were not answered, except for the stinging rebuke from Father Sutton at the depravity of the questions. As a rule the questions were an index to an earnest mind, seeking for truth.

Father Mulcahy is held in great respect and esteem in Arlington, and his good judgment and great business ability is always in demand in municipal affairs, and the non-Catholics were always welcome at his church. Yet this mission was the first opportunity they have had of being spoken to directly, and it is more than likely that many of them have changed opinions in regard to the Faith since these lectures. There was no hesitation but rather great eagerness, displayed in going forth to receive the books distributed by Father Sutton, and almost all non-Catholics had a word to say to the lecturer as they came to the railing. There is a promising class of converts under instruction, but at this early date it is impossible to tell just what the results are; but it is safe to predict that there will be many new members of our Faith in Arlington, so beautifully spoken of as "the garden spot of the world."

A number of the clergy came from other parishes to attend the mission, many of whom were desirous of seeing the work continue. Many are a little shy of it at first, thinking it may cause

ill-feeling rather than harmony to appear to be proselytizing their separated brethren; but when they see the success that attends the missions they are eager for the work.

One question was rather odd. The questioner, evidently anticipating a negative reply, asked if the Protestants should hold such a mission in one of their churches, setting forth their belief, would the Catholics be allowed to attend?

But Father Sutton had a surprise for them. "Of course," said he; "and the three priests of this church would go—and we'd give you some questions too!" "But," he continued, "no minister can give the course of lectures such as I do, for none of them dare to say what they believe for fear they'll wake up the next morning and find the creed has been changed, they cannot come out and say, 'We believe thus and so,' for some of the members of the congregation may not believe thus and so, and the minister is not going to offend them by entering into a discussion."

And afterwards one woman remarked: "Well, that's true enough; here I am a Presbyterian, from my ancestors away back, but I don't believe that ridiculous doctrine of salvation by predestination, and I know a lot of Baptists who believe in infant baptism, and a lot more who ain't baptized at all—just let it go, I suppose, because they didn't think it mattered."

It remains to be seen, however, whether any minister will adopt such a course. From previous experience we would say the idea will die a natural death. "Ministers who attempt such things need to be well fortified," said Father Sutton, "and not like a certain 'fortified house' I heard of either." Of course his friends immediately wanted to know "What about that house?" "Well, it was a house in the town of A—, upon a hill. It seems there was a big family of them and the top floor was all in one room, and was used as a sort of general sleeping room. There were six beds in it, all curtained off; and during the winter it was so cold that they had a number of small stoves in the room. As the heating was low, there was no place to accommodate all these stove-pipes, so they used what holes they had, and put the pipes through holes in the wall that their father had cut out; and such as it was, it did first-rate away out in the country. But it happened that there was a war at the time, and the soldiers used to break into any house that came in their path. Well, they were about to make a raid on the house up on the hill, when one of them cried out: 'For heaven's sake, boys, run for your lives! It's a fortified house! The guns are sticking through the walls!' And the poor old stove-pipes saved the house that time. Some of the preachers' fortifications don't amount to much more if they came to be examined."

BISHOP SPALDING'S BRAVE WORDS.

What the Peoria Prelate really said about Women.

You've read the denunciation of Bishop Spalding?

It has been circulated from Maine to California, and it is unjust, unwarranted and untrue.

It is said that the Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding, in an address at Detroit, had asserted that women are responsible for three-fourths of the crime in this country.

The critics leaped upon him like so many hounds, and they said some very unkind things. He did say: "From women we learn our mother's tongue; from them our notions of right and wrong; of propriety and justice. If they were more large-minded, more intelligent, more unselfish, more serious, more loving, three-fourths of the depravity and sin which make life a curse would disappear."

It was a tribute and a fine bit of sentiment. It said that the hope of world and the destiny of humanity is in the hands of women. It was an assertion that they have the power to save, and that by doing more of the very things they are doing; by increasing tenderness and kindness and love; by developing the divine part of their natures, humanity can and will be uplifted.

Don't twist his words. He meant what he said, literally, and the world that lifts its hat in the presence of women will say "Amen" to the words of Bishop John Spalding.

And the things he said about women apply with almost equal force to men. They can do much if they only will.

No apology is needed for quoting still more of Bishop Spalding's wonderful speech. He said: "The most grievous injustice which oppresses us, of which the weak and the poor, the laborers and their wives and children, are the chief victims, has its source in the political corruption which taints our whole public life, and more especially the conduct of our municipal affairs. It not only stamps upon our name a brand of infamy in the eyes of foreign nations; it disheartens the best among us, and makes reform seem impossible. It not only impoverishes the laboring populations of our cities. It is the foe of civilization, of religion, of morality, of God and of man. It thrives in the mephitic air of saloons and brothels and gambling halls. It makes the rich its accomplices, and compels the respectable to connive at its iniquities and infamies. It perverts the public conscience, it destroys the sense of responsibility. It renders efforts at reform abortive. In the presence of this moral plague

even the wisest and the bravest are bewildered and discouraged. No subject is more worthy of the attention of those who are interested in the improvement of social life and conditions. Legislation can accomplish little unless it is supported by a more humane, a more enlightened, a more Christian public opinion. Here again, therefore, we need the assistance of noble-minded and educated women. If in the home, in the school and in the church—where woman's influence is potent—the sentiment that corrupt politicians are more criminal than convicts, be awakened and fostered, good will have been done."

Brave words and true! Speed the day when woman will thoroughly awaken to the mighty responsibility that rests upon her shoulders!—Cincinnati Post.

THE POSITION OF CATHOLICS.

In his address at Powers' Theatre a week ago last Sunday, Mr. Minahan, president of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, said some things that should be remembered. The Catholic Church, he said, and the Protestant Church must not be enemies; and Catholics should remember that they have nothing to be ashamed of in their Catholicity. Education and consolidation of interests have now made it impossible for the American nation ever again to be broken into factions by religious differences. So long as the various sects assert the right to interpret the Bible for themselves, so long will there be differences of opinion on religious subjects, differences of creeds and of churches. Those differences may arouse dislikes on the part of some; but the whole spirit of the times is against allowing the dislikes to become a factor in breaking up the unity of the people. The desire seems to be universal to preserve and strengthen this unity and amity; and with this desire there will naturally come the determination to observe faithfully the constitutional restrictions forbidding differences. But while the Catholic Church and the Protestant Church must not be enemies in this country, yet Catholics should be proud of the faith that is in them. Viewing the matter from a human standpoint, no Church in the world has such a history as has the Catholic Church. It is the historical Church of the civilized world. Moreover, it is the only Church that has a definite creed to believe in. There is a great deal of talk now about the Church of the future, the Church that shall be without creed or ceremonial or special ministers the Church that shall be in the strictest sense humanitarian, the Church, in other words, that shall be of this world only. If men in the future shall have no souls to save, then this Church of the future will be suitable for them. But men are made up of something more than clay; they have minds that think immaterial truths, and therefore must have in them immaterial souls. The Catholic Church has a very definite message for those immaterial souls. To save them it has laid down the rules of faith that are commonly called dogmas. The object of the Church is not only to make men happy and comfortable while they are living here on earth; it is also to make them live so that they may attain the real life that will come after their bodies are dead.—New World, Chicago.

"LIBERAL" CATHOLICS.

If there are any persons in this world who are to be pitied, when they are also to be despised, they are the so-called "liberal" Catholics, who do not half know their religion, but who are quite positive that in many points it is too strict, too imperious and too exclusive. They are always in the attitude of apology for the Church. They are ready to admit that it is opposed to progress, civilization and enlightenment. They think that it ought not to be severe toward the Protestant sects, and that really, after all, it doesn't matter so much what a man believes so long as he does what's right.

These people have really not got a fair hold of the Catholic religion at all. They do not perceive that it is a divine institution. They do not realize that it possesses the means to enable its members to lead a divine life—in union with God through Christ, through the grace of the Holy Ghost.

They have never read the history of the Church. They have never studied the origin of the great political revolt called the Protestant Reformation. They have never investigated the destructive consequences of its principles on civil and religious liberty, on education, on art, on morality, on literature and on the other high interests of mankind.

These jelly-fish Catholics, ignorant, a prey to human respect, worshipping temporal prosperity as if it were a spiritual good, have no use for the Catholic press, never read a Catholic book, seldom approach the sacraments, belong to no church societies and keep aloof from their pastors. They are a bad breed. Their gross ignorance of what they criticize is only surpassed by their vanity over their own supposed "broad-mindedness." If they understood their religion better and practiced it more, they would soon see it far less to find fault with and much more to approve. Alas, it has to apologize for them, not they for it!—Catholic Columbian.

Do what you can, give what you have. Only stop not with feelings; carry your charity into deeds; do and give what costs you something.

WHAT THINK YE OF MARY?

Whose Mother is She?

A picture in a window attracted me. I turned with my friend to look at it. Said I: "I must have that; it takes my fancy more than anything I've seen yet."

"So in we went, and I bought the picture. It was a Madonna and Child, at least to the keeper of the shop. My friend, too, was much struck with it; so when we came out, we remarked: "I acknowledge the poetry of that devotion, and of your religion generally; and can easily understand what a hold it must have on a person of your temperament."

"Yes," I replied; "but, for me, poetry has to be truth. Beauty is the splendor of truth; and where there is no truth there is no beauty—there is a sham and a mockery instead. If, then, this devotion were not true, it would have no charm for my philosophy."

"But isn't that begging the question?" "Not at all. We ask you to prove before you praise. A Catholic's faith is no tissue of fancies, no system of opinions."

"Then come," said he, "since you are so certain that you are right, show me, if you can, how it is true, how it is scriptural, how it is not idolatrous, how it is not—I will even say—blasphemous, to call the Virgin Mary 'the Mother of God,' and to give her divine honors?"

"You mean religious honors, I presume?" "Why, what's the difference?" "I thought as much. But let me answer one charge at a time. However, as the street is not the place for such discussion, do me the favor to come home with me; and then we will have a conversation at leisure."

Arrived at the house, I produced the purchased picture; and, placing it before us, began my lecture. "Now then," said I, pointing to the Divine Infant, "Who is this?" "Well," he answered hesitatingly, "I suppose you mean to say God?" "Why, of course I do. Don't you believe Him to be God?"

"Yes; but man too." "Well, wait a moment about that. This Child is Almighty God. Very good, then, who is that?" (pointing to the Blessed Virgin). "Ah! yes," finding himself caught; "you mean me to say God's Mother."

"Exactly. Admit that Child to be God, and you have to admit that woman to be God's Mother." "Christ being man as well as God, and having derived His manhood only from the Virgin, how can you say that she is anything more than the mother of His human nature? Whereas, to call her 'Mother of God' makes her the source of His divine nature—which was eternally begotten of the Father."

"Does it, indeed? You exhibit, my dear friend, a singular misapprehension of the mystery of the Incarnation. The mystery of the Incarnation consists in this, that in Christ two natures are united in one person. Wherefore, with regard to the maternity of Mary, the question is not of natures, but of persons. Deny that she is the mother of a Divine Person, and you make her a rational nature, and cannot exist without a person to support it. Assert, with the old Nestorian heresy, that Mary is the Mother of a human person, and you vitiate the atonement instantly; for if it was not a Divine Person that suffered for us in a human nature, not only were His merits not infinite, but the Incarnation was utterly aimless."

"Here I paused, to see if my friend would answer. But his silence, and the look of bewilderment on his face, told me more plainly than words that this was the first time the Incarnation had before felt encouraged to proceed. "You doubtless remember those words of St. Paul, 'God forbid His Son made of a woman'; and those of St. John, 'The Word was made flesh'?"

"Expressions so strong that they must needs startle your ear. I think, every time you hear them. Now, how was the Son of God 'made of a woman'? By becoming her son—was it not? And how was 'the Word made flesh'? By being conceived of a virgin. Although, then, He could not derive His divine nature from his own creature, yet He was personally derived from her as man. But His person could not become divided—half to remain with His divinity and half to assume His humanity. He therefore united His humanity with His divine nature 'hypostatically' in His undivided person. 'Hypostatically' means 'in hypostasis' or 'essentially'; the natures remaining perfectly distinct and yet equally supported by his single and undivided person."

"Now, some are ready enough to admit that the Son of Mary was God; but shrink from saying, 'God became the Son of Mary; for that would be the same as saying that 'Mary became the Mother of God.' But I have proved to you that God did become her Son; and that therefore she became, God's Mother. And not alone became, but is His Mother; stands in that most intimate of relations to Him at this day and forever. As surely as Mary has a Son, so surely has God a Mother."

"You astonish me!" he exclaimed. "I really cannot answer you. You certainly have proved your thesis, if it can be proved. In short, you have shown me (what I had no idea of before) that a realization of the divine maternity of Mary is inseparable from a right belief in the Incarnation; that since if the person born of Mary was not God in human nature, there was no Incarnation at all."

"It's my turn to be astonished," said I, "to hear you express yourself so clearly already. But I see you were in good faith; and grace has not failed to enlighten you by means of my feeble words."

"But it is an awful mystery!" "I grant you; the greatest mystery in the faith. It is, of course, impossible to comprehend it. We can only show that it is not contrary to reason, and none of our opponents can show that it

is. But now let me answer your second charge, since you allow that I have disposed of the first. Let me speak of the veneration we pay to the Mother of God, and also of that personal devotion to her which enters into the life of every true Catholic."

"If you please, I'm all attention." "Well, then, in the first place, persons are honored and venerated according to their dignity and the esteem we have for them. Since, then, the dignity of being God's Mother is the very highest possible for any purely human being, therefore the Catholic Church ascribes to the Blessed Virgin the highest veneration that a creature can receive; immeasurably higher than that which she pays to the other saints, and, at the same time, infinitely inferior to that which she pays to Almighty God."

"Now we are charged by some with giving divine honors to creatures. Would they say to us if we accused them, in turn, of giving the Bible divine honors? Yet they give it religious honors, don't they? The principal of all religious honor is the same, and so is its end the same namely, God, whether directly or indirectly. The homage which is paid directly to God has in Him its beginning and its end; and so the religious veneration paid to creatures—being relative, or given with reference to God. You honor the Bible as God's word, don't you? So do we honor the saints as God's saints, and the angels as God's angels, and the Virgin Mother as God's Mother. So that, you see, my dear friend, your quarrel lies with God, and not with us. You want to know what business God has with angels and saints and a mother. Yes, you do. For, if He has them, we are bound to honor them. And, after all, what is the honor we pay them compared with that which He has paid and still pays them? He has given them miraculous graces, and crowns and thrones and sceptres. We can only recognize this fact; can only invoke these 'friends at court' to His aid, and ask them to use for us their influence with the King, and the power which he has bestowed upon them. I say, then, your quarrel lies with God, and not with us."

I paused again. A melancholy motion of the head mutely requested me to continue. "It remains, then, to speak of the personal devotion which all true Catholics have for the Blessed Virgin, and which enters, as I said, into their daily life."

"Now, this is not only because of her peerless virtues and unspeakable loveliness every way; nor only because, by her free consent and obedience to the will of God, she co-operated with Him to accomplish the Incarnation, and to bestow on us all the graces that event brought with it; nor, again, is it only because she is the true Eve, the true 'Mother of all living'—the body of Christ; nor only because she is our advocate with her Son—the mother of the sinner as well as of the Saviour; not only, I say, for these reasons;—will least of which, rightly understood, will be found to necessitate our devotion to her; but especially because our Lord Himself, Who is our model in all things, has set us an example He expects us to follow, of the most tender affection for her."

"You stare. Exactly. You and I find a very different story in the Gospel respecting the conduct of our Lord to His Mother. You see only in which two or three passages our Lord rebukes her; and you are ready to slight our Lord's Mother, and to act as if He wished to guard against the future devotion He foresees would be paid to her. The Catholic, on the other hand, reads in these passages quite another lesson from that. Having before his eyes the great fact of what Mary is, and in what relation to her Son, and must ever stand to each other. He knows that these words of our Lord to His Mother cannot set aside that fact, and are therefore meant to teach us that when we are 'about our Father's business' we must be, as it were, dead to all earthly ties, however intimate and dear to us."

"But who does not see a wonderful significance in the fact that our Lord lived in voluntary subjection to His Mother for thirty out of thirty-three years? He left the temple and the company of the doctors, and postponed His public ministry to live in private with His Mother. And it is nothing to us? Was it but a meaningless delay, a waste of time? Or does it not show the very great importance which our Saviour attached to this devotion three years enough for the work of His public ministry, and thirty years scarcely enough for His hidden life with Mary? I say 'scarcely' enough because of the reluctance with which He began His public life when His Mother asked Him to work His first miracle at the marriage-feast of Cana. Note this incident as it deserves. He began His miracles at her request, and sooner than He had wished to do so. 'Mine hour is not yet come,' He said; and yet He performed the miracle, showing us thereby that He had made His Mother's will a law to Him, and could refuse her nothing, and as to the words 'Woman,' and 'What have I to do with thee?' every Greek scholar knows perfectly well the meaning of those every-day Eastern phrases; how, in the Greek plays, even a king addresses his mother or his queen in public by the title of *Gonai*—queen in public by the title of *Gonai*—'Lady' is rendered 'Woman,' and how *Ti esti kai soi*—literally, 'What is it to me and to thee?'—meant nothing."

"Again, while our Lord was walking with His disciples, during the time of His three years' ministry, the Holy Virgin of course did not go round with Him in public. She followed Him in private, and ministered to Him, but her share in His apostolic work was prayer—the prayer of retirement answering then to the prayer of the cloister now. And therefore as Gospel narrative deals almost exclusively with our Lord's public life, it would have been out of place and out of keeping with the modesty of Mary's character, to bring her forward more than was necessary in the story of that life."

"And yet once more: Our Lord's three years' ministry is not the only fact in the world's redemption. Besides this there are three facts: His Incarnation, His Birth, and His Death—the mysteries of Nazareth, Bethlehem, and Calvary; and when we seek Him at either of these chief fountains of grace and of doctrine we find Him with Mary His mother. As to the first, we doubtless owe our very knowledge of it to her; for St. Luke must have received the account from her—unless you gratuitously suppose it revealed to him by the Holy Ghost. Then for the virginal birth of the Divine Infant, His mother and St. Joseph were its only human witnesses; and when the shepherds and the Magi came to adore the Saviour, it was Mary who showed them the Blessed Fruit of her womb. So too on Calvary we find the Mother partaking in the Passion of the Son. She stands by his Cross, with the sword thrusting her soul, and this with no mere accident, no mere force of human affections, but as holding her proper place in the economy of the redemption as Simeon had prophesied. Accordingly, our Lord points her out to us as the Mother and Lady of the Church, when he commands St. John to follow her to St. John with, 'Behold thy mother!' and her to St. John with, 'Behold thy mother!' for St. John was not standing there by accident either; but as being at once an apostle and disciple of the whole Church—both the Church teaching the Church learning."

"Wherefore, my dear friend, not to detain you longer, I think I have proved to you—briefly yet fully (while volumes would not exhaust the subject)—that in the simple 'Madonna and Child' you behold an epitome of the Christian revelation—of 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'"

"Indeed you have!" was the welcome reply. "I am silenced for a moment by your concluding remark, I may say you have proved the whole Catholic religion. For although, of course, I have everything to learn regarding its other doctrines, which I can see clearly have been wholly misunderstood by me; yet your teacher, observing him from the porch of the school-room, being right in this, is likely to be right in this, is likely to be right in all—since this is at once the centre and the circumference. While, again, it is equally obvious that the very worst error is the one which strikes at the root of Christianity, in Holy Mother of God." Pamphlet Catholic Truth Society.

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The boy had listened attentively to the teacher's instructions, and had gradually come to know a great deal about the doctrines of the Church. "They are taught," he would further soliloquize, "that if they come to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament with all their troubles and trials, He will help them and comfort them and show them what to do. If they are glad, He will rejoice with them; if they are sad, He will console them. Why, then, do they remain away?"

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And at length there came a day when the plenitude of faith descended upon the child, and he cried out in the joy of his heart: "Truly Our Lord said: 'Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.' And again: 'This My Body, this is My Blood; do this in remembrance of Me.' O my Lord and Saviour, I, too, believe as the Catholics believe!"

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An Irish Jesuit Linguist. An Irish Jesuit Father Carroll, whose remarkable linguistic acquisitions were noticed in the current issue of the Irish Monthly, spoke German, French, Italian and Spanish so perfectly that leading professors of these languages, including Max Muller, expressed their surprise at the priest's fluency in each. He was master of fourteen foreign languages, could converse in eight others, and had some acquaintance with nine more. He had mastered Irish, Portuguese, Russian, Polish, leading Danish, Norwegian, Serbian, Rumanian, Hungarian, and it goes without saying that he knew English, Latin and Greek.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART. The Heart of Christ hungers for the love that we in our coldness and blindness deny. The love of the Sacred Heart for sinners is beyond the comprehension of our little minds. Day after day we spend in utter forgetfulness of that Divine Heart Which follows us even in the paths of sin, and urges us to Him Who is our Friend, unchanging and unchangeable.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart is by the very nature of the motives which constitute it, the investment that yields the largest interest. First of all it is a question of habitual grace. We necessarily acquire it in giving ourselves up to the devotion to the Sacred Heart, since the fundamental practice of this devotion is an act of the love of God, and such an act draws grace into the soul which produces it. The love of God is the life of the soul; its maladies and death come from the diminution and disappearance of this love, just as we give life to a person asphyxiated, by re-establishing the play of his respiratory organs, so the devotion to the Sacred Heart gives life to the soul, by re-establishing in it all the motive power of the love of God; it can rightly promise pardon to sinners who adopt it. It is not all to live the life of grace. This life, like all life, needs to grow and expand. Now the devotion to the Sacred Heart assures our supernatural grace a marvelous growth and surprising fertility. The devotion assures souls to grow by love, habituating them in the best disposition, the disposition which merits the most graces.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS. Come as a Message of Hope to all Tired and Worried Mothers. In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used cross and fretful children are unknown. The little ones are so happy because they are getting and these Tablets are a most effective medicine in the world for colic, bowels and teething troubles. They will make your baby well and keep it well, and they are guaranteed to contain no ingredients that can harm the smallest, weakest infant. Mothers everywhere give these Tablets the highest praise. Mrs. H. McMaster, Cookstown, Ont., says:—"My baby was much troubled with constipation and indigestion, and was very restless and peevish at night. I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and she is now regular and rests well. I also find that the Tablets are a great help during the teething period."

Children take these Tablets just as readily as candy and crushed to a powder they can be given to the youngest, feeblest infant with none but good results. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

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ANOTHER CURE AT LOURDES.

Translated for the Freeman's Journal from "Le Nouvelliste de Lyon," by Rev. Mgr. J. S. M. Lynch, D. D., L. L., D. of Udea, N. Y.

Our readers are aware that one of our townspeople has just been marvelously cured at Lourdes of a malady which never spares its victims.

It was interesting to hear from the very lips of Miss Mary Louise Bailly the authentic account of her cure, one of the most striking that has ever taken place.

It was also necessary to make an investigation ourselves of the exact condition of this young woman.

It is for this reason that we have waited several days to assure ourselves of the completeness of the cure.

Yesterday we visited the hospital of St. Foy, near Lyons, where Miss Bailly is spending her convalescence.

ST. FOY'S HOSPITAL.

This hospital, a real sanitarium, which we all remember, has celebrated brilliant festivals ever since its opening, it situated at twenty minutes' walk from the church, a little further from the cemetery.

This privileged asylum of suffering sheltered for four years the martyr of her cell, whom the good Sisters called "Poor Mary."

Poor Mary was attacked six years ago with pleurisy. Despite all the care which her mother lavished upon her the unfortunate young woman of eighteen years did not improve.

In fact, symptoms of pulmonary tuberculosis began to show themselves. Two years later the sick girl had the misfortune to lose her mother, Mrs. Bailly. This trouble aggravated the condition of the girl. Her father having died when she was very young, she was now a full orphan without father or mother.

Mr. Goree Bailly, her brother-in-law, who then took charge of the sick girl, placed her with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul of St. Foy, near Lyons.

In spite of the devoted care of these Sisters and the good country air the disease continued its ravages.

After a year the young woman could not walk a step and was obliged to keep her bed, waiting for the moment of death, she thought the pious girls, thought that God was pleased to afflict Miss Mary Louise Bailly with maladies more clearly mortal in order to render the more striking a cure which was more impossible by natural helps alone.

Tubercular peritonitis suddenly developed ten months ago. An operation was deemed necessary by Dr. Roy, the physician of St. Foy.

Miss Mary Louise Bailly was sent in great haste to St. Joseph's hospital.

Following a very serious consultation the council of physicians were of one mind—that it would be cruel to make the unfortunate young woman suffer more, as she had only a few more days to live. So she returned to St. Foy. Her sufferings were then frightful.

The unfortunate girl could not take the least nourishment, and the slightest movement caused her to cry with pain. When she was at her worst the last pilgrimage to Lourdes was being organized. She announced that she would go on it any cost. Neither the advice of her family, of her physician, or of the Sisters could prevail against the fixed determination of the sick girl.

"I feel that I shall be cured," she said.

Nobody felt like any longer opposing what seemed to be the last wish of a dying girl.

THE ACCOUNT OF MISS BAILLY.

Yesterday at my request, one of the Sisters brought Miss Mary Louise Bailly to the parlor of the sanitarium. I could not bring myself to think that she was "Poor Mary" whom disease held so tightly in its grasp for four years at the hospital.

The young girl that was presented to me had the natural color of a person who had not been sick in many long years. She did not appear to be of a very strong constitution, it is true, but she advanced toward me with a firm step and there was no sensation of fever in the hand she extended. Her breathing was free, and her clear voice came from a chest which it would seem never had been impaired. A little timid at first, she became more at ease when she was told the object of my visit.

"Oh! sir, how happy I am," said she, "to be able to bear witness to the all-powers of Our Lady at Lourdes. This is my duty and I thank you for giving me an occasion to discharge it."

"I want to first describe to the dreadful condition in which I was at the time of the departure of the pilgrimage that you may see how utterly impossible it was for me to be cured by the remedies of the doctors."

And, smilingly, she depicted the various phases of her diverse maladies.

"But, while I suffered in this way, I never gave way to despair. I invoked Our Lady of the Seven Dolours, as I felt confident that she would bring back my health to me soon in some wonderful manner. The more I was given up by the doctors the more faith I had. The Blessed Virgin has granted me this grace, because she knew well that my cure would help toward the conversion of a person whose infidelity makes me suffer more than my maladies."

"You see how determined I was to go on the pilgrimage to Lourdes. I was informed that the doctors would not allow me to undertake the journey. But Our Lady assisted me. I overcame the opposition of the good Sisters and the physicians. I was allowed to go."

A difficulty arose at the station. If the physician of the train had had the time he would have forbidden me the journey. I prayed very hard that some good person would be sent by God.

Miss Gabrielle Goirand appeared. I must beg pardon for shocking her modesty by mentioning her name, but gratitude forces me. It is to her, after the Blessed Virgin, that I owe my life.

Miss Goirand had me surreptitiously placed in one of the railway carriages.

It was only after the start that Dr. Carrill of Lyons, who accompanied the party, became aware of my presence. He examined me and then he did not attempt to conceal his displeasure.

"It is imprudent," said he, "to allow a sick person in this condition to travel. This person is in real danger of death."

"The doctor never left me after that, curious to know what would be the result in my case, the sickest of all the pilgrims making the journey in such a state. Besides, I assure you, I needed his assistance."

"During the entire trip I seemed as if in a trance. Several times the doctor thought I was dead. He was obliged to give me injections of morphine to try to keep me alive until we arrived at Lourdes. The only sign of life in me was a feeble movement of my lips, which never ceased to repeat the name of the Mother of God."

"For four days I had not taken any nourishment, and I had arrived at that point that I no longer felt my sufferings."

"Finally I arrived in Lourdes as in a dream. I do not remember having been carried to the hospital, because I had by that time completely swooned away. I have no recollection of anything that happened until the evening, although the train arrived at Lourdes at 1 o'clock in the afternoon."

"All night I never ceased to pray. In the morning I begged to be carried to the bath house at the grotto. The doctor of the hospital objected, declaring that I might die on the way."

"Miss Goirand then offered to write to my family. But I was so fully convinced that I would be cured that I refused the offer."

"I have promised not to write until I am cured," I replied.

"At 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon I begged the doctor to allow me to be carried to the bath house. He objected again."

"I pleaded. He was inflexible. But Miss Goirand replied that I had not been brought this far just to let me die in a bed in a hospital."

"I shift the whole responsibility upon you, Miss," said the doctor at last to Miss Goirand.

"Happy, like one who had a presentiment that a miracle was going to take place, she hastened to find the litter-bearers."

"At the cost of a thousand sufferings I allowed myself to be stretched on the litter. My case was so desperate that a doctor insisted on following me."

"She was obliged several times to administer cordials. He believed that I was in my agony."

"I did not realize that I was put into the bath. But an unbearable suffering took me out of my swoon. One of the infirmarians applied a lotion to me from the water of the bath."

"I understood then that the doctor was unwilling that I should be immersed. Moved by my cries, which the pain wrung from me, the infirmarian stopped the lotions. I rested a little, but soon I begged the infirmarian to continue the lotions again."

THE CURE AT LOURDES.

"She consented. It was then that I felt that a miracle was being wrought in me. As much as the first lotion burned me, so was the second sweet."

"My chest before had heaved with great difficulty—now prolonged breathings came forth. According to the testimony of a bystander, I looked like one that was drowned and who had recovered his breath."

"All the people present came near me. Nobody could believe his eyes. Dr. Carril assisted, amazed at the flight of the disease."

"He took notes on his cuffs. At the third lotion, the excessive swelling of my abdomen had gone down considerably."

"I raised myself on the litter, and asked to be carried to the Church of the Rosary."

"Outside, the pilgrims informed of my cure, surrounded me, singing hymns."

"Everybody was filled with joy. I was taken to the bureau for the investigation of cures when several physicians who were present subjected me to a very minute examination, at the end of which they declared that I was in a good way of being cured."

"I was taken to the hospital, where I was able to sit up in my bed. The day after, I was dressed. But no longer on a litter was I carried to the grotto. I was able, without any pain, to take a seat in a carriage. At the grotto I heard Mass, and I went to the bath-house to take a regular bath."

"Coming out from the bath I did not experience the least pain."

"The physicians of the bureau for the investigation of cures were satisfied that I was entirely cured, and proceeded to prepare their report."

"When the pilgrimage was leaving I got into the train without feeling any pain. Dr. Carril said to me at that time, 'It is extraordinary that you are better, but I fear for you during the journey.'"

"However, it turned out just the contrary, as I notably improved on the train. My strength returned hour by hour, so that in getting off at Lyons I walked even without the help of an arm, all through the Hall of the Lost Steps of the station."

"I took the tramway which caused no fatigue, and ran crying to throw myself into the arms of my friends, who scarcely recognized me."

"The next day I went back to the good Sisters who had cared for me with such devotion. This time again I made part of the journey on foot."

"At present I am very well. The doctors whom I have seen declare that I have not the least trace of tuberculosis."

"In fact I no longer take any treatment. I do not find the ordinary regulations of the hospital fatiguing, as I rise without suffering at half past five. Ah, sir, speak loudly of all the gratitude that I feel for the Holy Virgin as for the persons who took care of me on that perilous journey!"

With these words I left Miss Mary Louise Bailly, profoundly moved by this simple story told in an accent at once touching and sincere. The cure of this young girl is complete, and took place under such conditions that it is impossible to find a natural explanation for it.

INTERVIEW WITH DR. CARRELL.

As there are some people that will be sure to cast a doubt on the authentic-

ity of this cure, we have thought best to have it confirmed from the very lips of Dr. Carrel, who accompanied the pilgrimage party of the 26th of May and visited Miss Mary Louise Bailly during the journey.

Dr. Carrel received with most cordially and related the facts, which do not differ at all from the account of the convalescent girl.

"I examined Miss Bailly on the train," said he; "I diagnosed the same as the doctors who had already seen her as one affected with peritonitis. She was extremely sick. I feared that she could not stand the journey. To-day she is cured—radically cured."

"I can give you no assurance, as you well know, that a relapse is not possible, but one fact remains—Miss Bailly went sick, she returned cured."

"That is all that we need to know. As for the incredulous—there will always be such, even among those who believe to the very letter. I would present to them the facts of a cure in the following case."

"Take a sick woman afflicted with peritonitis, and given up by all the physicians. Place her in conditions most deplorable from a hygienic point of view—for example, put her on a train, let her take by choice a third class carriage on a day when the passengers are very numerous, and in this way let her make a journey of 800 kilometers (500 miles)."

"Arrived at a certain place let her be carried on a litter several times and then taken into a grotto; then let her be plunged into the cold water."

"Her cure is effected by this means, which would be likely to give peritonitis to any one who had not the slightest symptom of this disease."

"Unless they admit a strange bad faith, the incredulous will be obliged to acknowledge that this phenomenon of a cure is a miracle. I might be permitted to add to this long account that an American priest was in Lourdes on the day on which this miracle took place."

I refer to Rev. George F. Brown of the diocese of Newark, N. J., and formerly vice-president of Seton Hall College.

"In a letter to a friend, he speaks of three miracles that occurred on that day, including the one above described."

"One he saw with his own eyes. A woman was afflicted with heart disease and a complication of other troubles. The doctors had forbidden her to go the afternoon procession; but she went in spite of them, and so they decided to go with her. She was in such a critical state that they were obliged to give her several injections of morphine. As soon as she was blessed with the Sacred Host, she jumped up with a loud cry, took her rosary and went to take the beads, perfectly cured."

"She had been a helpless invalid for five years."

SOME FRUITS OF THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

The other day it was announced that a Protestant Church in an Indiana town was to be connected by telephone with the residences of the parishioners, who would be thus enabled to hear sermons on Sundays without leaving their homes. As the sermon is the principal feature of a Protestant church service, church members can, through the telephone system, enjoy their ease at home and at the same time discharge the religious obligations which formerly required their personal attendance at church. This twentieth century sort of Protestantism, in so far as it renders the discharge of religious duties easy, will undoubtedly prove popular.

With the decline of faith in the Protestant churches, a need of making religion attractive has arisen. The higher criticism has made obsolete the old-fashioned sermons, based as they were on the Bible. Some substitutes for them must be found which will attract and hold Protestant congregations. It has been suggested that a species of "continuous vaudeville" be resorted to. The New York Times, in referring to this suggestion, says of it:

"The prediction lately made by a minister in one of the Western cities, Chicago, we believe—to the effect that the only way in which it would soon be possible to maintain an interest in Church work would be by means of 'the continuous vaudeville,' startled a great many conservative churchgoers, and possibly shocked some of them. However, the stream of tendency seems to have set rather strongly in the direction of a fulfillment of this prophecy. The underlying idea seems to be to make the Church an attractive social club, and thus bring within its sphere of influence many who value a Church connection at the outset chiefly for the social opportunities it offers."

Observant persons long ago noted this tendency of Protestant Churches to become mere social clubs. As one after another Protestant tenets fell into "innocuous desuetude," it became apparent that old methods must give way to new ones. At first sensational preaching was tried, but the school of which Henry Ward Beecher and De Witt Talmage may be considered the founders, has had its day and now must give place to something else. The "continuous vaudeville" may be next tried. Indeed, experiments in it have already been made in many Protestant churches, which have ceased to be churches in the true sense of the word, and have degenerated into mere social clubs, membership in which is sought with an eye to social rather than spiritual betterment.

This transformation in the character of many Protestant churches was what was to be expected from the inroads upon that have been made in recent years. With the Bible, the Protestant rule of faith discarded it is only natural that what

is tantamount to a revolution should ensue in the Protestant churches. The order passeth, giving way to the new, in which "continuous vaudeville" promises to hold a conspicuous place.—New York Freeman's Journal.

THE MISSIONARY OUTLOOK.

A letter has just been received in the office of the Catholic Missionary Union, from Bishop Conaty, the Rector of the Catholic University, which makes it possible to begin the Apostolic Mission House, for the training of missionaries to non-Catholics in the Fall, on the grounds of the University.

This arrangement has many advantages. It brings the Missionary College into a great educational centre. There is also an interdiocesan spirit about the University. It is, moreover, in proximity to the South, which is our great missionary field.

One of the most eminent professors in one of the religious colleges attached to the University, talking about the religious conditions apropos of the inauguration of the "Apostolic Mission House," said the other day:

"The religious condition of the world to-day is of more absorbing interest, is laboring with graver crisis, is undergoing more variations than probably at any time since the world began. The Caucasian race has largely thrown off religion in revelation, and nevertheless is a hunger for a laden tables it has left. Naturally Christian, the heart of the wanderers is in torture from its unnatural divorce from God. Read the works of biblical critics and of scientists, and you see Christianity driven, like Hagar from the hearth. Read the poets, the sociologists and even speculative philosophers, and you hear the wailing of an exiled people longing for the waters of Babylon for the meadows and hills of Israel. Religion is not dead among them; it never was more pathetically manifest. But what they have conceived revelation to be, that certainly is dead. Now they have conceived revelation to consist either in the hideous heterogeneity of sectarian dissensions, or in certain notions associated with Christianity from the credulity and controversy of past ages which science has proved untenable, but which in no manner pertain to Christ's religion at all, for example the damnation of infants and barbarians. How many has that furious vagary of John Calvin driven into unbelief? 'If this be gospel religion I will have none of it,' they say, and who can blame them. But the point to remember is that souls crave religion; they cry aloud for God, and if a religion were displayed before them which satisfied the rigid demands of reason, and gave consolation to their hearts, they would rush out to embrace it. There can hardly be a doubt of three propositions. (1) The American people are largely becoming non-church-goers. (2) They nevertheless have a strong religious sense. (3) They are waiting and ready for a consistent scheme of faith."

What these remarks are in opposition to, is the notion that Americans do not attend church because they are materialistic or immoral. As a general law, that is false. No country has a deeper spiritual character than ours. It is throwing off a grotesque, but is ready for a true Christianity. And among such a people, can any vocation be so great, any so urgent, any so bright with promise as the public proof and defense of Catholicity? They still have puerile prejudices against the Catholic Church; but these are dying fast, and when our fellow-Americans see in the old faith the one grand unified body of Christ the Saviour's doctrine, the one glorious source of sacramental sustenance, the one creed which can stand the scrutiny of science, common sense and history, their own hearts will second our hope, and our battle cry, "America for the Church of God."

One of our missionaries, who has been giving missions to non-Catholics during the past year, received into the Church three hundred and forty-five converts.

REV. A. P. DOYLE, PAULIST.

THE RENASCENCE AND TRADES UNIONS.

The guild was the first trades union. Its name comes from the coin paid for membership. Under the protection of the Church the trades union was developed. Fundamentally it was religious. Prior to guild organization all labor not intellectual was servile. The craftsman was a serf. He could not move from village to village without the consent of a petty lord. He had no rights which power outside the Church felt bound to respect. The protection of his wife and children he owed chiefly to the Church. The privilege of fellowship with other craftsmen for mutual benefit or common advancement political power denied. The first trades union was formed for a church building. It was composed of men with the spade, men with the trowel, men with the axe and plane, men with the pencil, men with the chisel and men with the brush. Laborers, engineers, architects, sculptors, painters, mental workers and carpenters served apprenticeship in a common start in the guild school. According to the trend of natural gifts the apprentices were gradually classified. In the guild school all the apprentices acquired the same religious, literary and commercial instruction. According to their talents their technical training was then specialized. It was the Catholic Church in the middle ages which struck the fetter of serfdom from the wrist of toil. As soon as the craftsman had passed through the various grades of schooling into a mastership of craft, he was denominated free. All men engaged in constructive work were known as masons, literally wall-raisers, or as we would say now, masons. The graduate masons were liberi muratores, free masons, the origin of the name in modern times diverted to a wholly different institution. The term free meant that he who bore it had the right to go whither he pleased subject only to reasonable regulations of order and the laws of morality. All the great buildings, ecclesiastical, civil and do-

mestic of centuries were reared by the trades union of the builders. They went from city to city, from country to country, generally under the direction of the church during the era which adorned Europe with its monumental fanes.

During the renaissance the guilds were numerous, efficient and pious. Their immediate objects were mainly secular, but religious and charitable foundations were usually associated with them. Every guild had its chapel and as a rule also its own church or chapel. Hence comes the "chapel" which still exists but in a different sense in the printers' union. The rules required a strict observance of sacramental duties. Each guild had its patron saint. Fraternal branches sprang from the guild trees. Each guild had its own hospital. Their brotherhood extended into every phase of misfortune and frequently included pensions for the aged and infirm. Devotion to art was universally characteristic of the guilds during the renaissance. The guild buildings were often designed by the most eminent architects and embellished by the most famous painters. There is scarcely a name of luster in the annals of renaissance art which is not associated with the guilds. It was a favorite practice among the guilds to give orders to great artists. The guild processions were frequent and brilliant and many of the most beautiful pictures of the renaissance were painted to be guild banners.

The original guild of builders was the parent of a progeny as numerous as artisan employment. During the renaissance the recorded guilds included the sailors, the farmers, goldsmiths, tanners, husbandmen, millers, cooper, iron-workers, bricklayers, wool merchants, money changers, shoemakers, barbers, physicians and apothecaries. Accessory to the artist were the workers in stone, earth and wood.

Kin to the guilds were the numerous renaissance confraternities. Care for the poor, for the sick and prisoners was among the first objects of the confraternities. Every confraternity had its patron saint and chapel. The contributions of the members were devoted to the deserving poor. They were also employed for the erection or embellishment of churches, for the instruction of the ignorant, and the reformation of the depraved. Many of the most admirable works of art in painting, sculpture, and architecture were commissioned by the confraternities. One of the most sumptuous examples of architecture in Venice was a confraternity house which Tintoretto decorated with colossal biblical scenes. There is scarcely a city in Europe which does not bear witness in surviving works to the taste, the piety and the munificence of the trades unions and confraternities of the renaissance. In Rome the guild organization attained its greatest dimensions. There were guilds of bakers, cooks, saddlers, gold and silver-smiths, weavers, gardeners, fruiterers, as well as the more numerous bread-winning occupations. The bakers' church erected during the splendid reign of Julius II. was designed by Sangallo. In Rome the various resident foreign nationalities had their own organization including their religious societies and their hospitals.

The guilds of the renaissance not only promoted their own arts and crafts, but their compact aid in the general development of arts and science. Poetry and music are deeply indebted to their co-operation. Many of the religious and popular compositions originated among them. At evening angelus many of the guilds assembled after their day's work either in their chapels or at the street corners to pray and sing. A singers' guild had existed from the twelfth century. The craftsmen sang with full hearts as well as with sonorous voices and sometimes spontaneously adapted secular airs to the religious words, and no one was denied because of the sincerity and piety of the singers. In processions and pilgrimages as well as in the churches and schools the guild music was an impressive feature.

The guilds participated in the dramatic entertainments under the auspices of the church directly or indirectly through the confraternities. The Italian mystery plays were frequent in the northern districts of the papal state.

It was in a secluded vale of Rieti Saint Francis of Assisi had made the first manager of Bethlehem for the instruction of the shepherds and their families. During the renaissance the guild spirit carried into religious festivals the spirit of St. Francis which comprehend all the beautiful and useful in art. Sometimes the religious festivals thus enlivened and embellished were within sacred precincts, and sometimes in the open air. The dramas performed with superb costuming and elaborate appointments were on subjects taken from Scripture or sacred legends and were inspiring and picturesque. Mechanism was employed to the uttermost of its resources. The equipment of the guild theatrical productions included parachutes from which angelic messengers floated to earth and flying machines were employed to waft the glorified heavenward. The greatest artists contributed in rendering the representations thrilling through the manipulation of dazzling effects of light. A profound spirit of faith was manifested throughout these guild dramas which flowered into a copious lyric and dramatic literature. There were Madonna plays of singular beauty which moved even the obdurate to tears. The Roman passion play was frequently played during the renaissance. What was considered the noblest theater in the world was employed about the time of the discovery of America by the guilds and confraternities of Rome for the productions of religious plays.

A Kempis No Protestant.

The Rev. Canon Bigg, in the preface to his new translation of the "Imitation of Christ," has to own that the author, A Kempis, was a believer in "Indulgences, transubstantiation, Masses for the dead, lay Communion in one kind, and arduous confession."

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY A PRIEST'S INVENTION.

The following translation made from a New York Italian paper by a local priest must prove very interesting at this time. It serves to show that there is nothing new under the sun, and again gives evidence of the debt due to the Catholic priesthood for discoveries in the realms of science. The translator states also that he has a distinct recollection of reading of the discovery before leaving Italy, which was previous to 1899, in a newspaper, L'Uita Cattolica or L'Armonia.

The article as translated is as follows: "The mayor of San Remo received from Ninove, Belgium, a letter accompanied by important documents which would prove that Father Bobone, at San Remo, had discovered about thirty-three years ago a system of wireless telegraphy. The letter quotes this correspondence from the issue of January 17, 1899, of L'Etoile Belge, of Brussels: 'There is in Rome, a canon of San Remo, a certain Adrea Bobone, who asserted that he found a system of telegraph minus the wires. He has offered to sell the secret to the Pontifical government and at the same time he asked that the Pope approve and bless it.'

"In regard to this the following anecdote is told: The Pope answered Canon Bobone: 'Dear Canon—there are many in Paris who try to restrict the field of my infallibility, and you wish to extend it to applied mathematics. In the Vatican we have Father Sechi, who is most competent in such matters; go to him and discuss it together.'

"Following this correspondence diligent searches were made, and these led to the discovery of manuscripts and drawings describing Father Bobone's system of wireless telegraphy dating back as far as 1847."

THE HEROIC PRIEST OF MORNE ROUGE.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Morne Rouge, in Martinique, July 8, tells the story of a man who stood by his guns, yet he was a man of peace, the cure of the parish of Morne Rouge, just under the great volcano. He was celebrating Mass when the first fierce eruption and gave the Communion that morning to thirty of his little flock. He saw it all, but he stayed and kept his people, one hundred and fifty of them with him, ministering to them, feeding them and bidding them to be calm. There the correspondent found him, after travelling over mountain roads filled with cinders and dust. We walked, he says, into his open door. There was his library, a single book-case. There was his table, big enough to seat a dozen persons, there was his sideboard—wine and fruit upon it in plain invitation. In the churchyard there was volcano dust a foot deep, which had been shovelled away from the doors like snow on a New England farm, but the church was intact, its bells were pealing solemnly. Up the road came a procession. It turned in by the church gate. Some black girls marched in front, some black nuns followed, then some white women, after them the cure under the canopy. It was a Corpus Christi procession. After the service they went to the refectory, the priest came in, heard appeals and reports, welcomed his guests, brought them half a bottle of old wine, saved for his friends, he said, and when they asked where they might lodge, they found his house-keeper had already prepared rooms for them. Then, as a final token of hospitality, the kind old man hunted through a closet and brought out one cigarette that some traveller had left there. It was the best that he had that he gave. Was it true, they asked, that the only survivor of St. Pierre had been a priest? "Yes," he said. He was now in that very curate's hospital, and last Thursday he had come to his first Communion. Much he told them of others, but little of himself. His farewell was most characteristic. "In the morning," he said, "you will find coffee in the refectory. I shall be at Mass, and afterward I shall be busy about the parish. Good night." "Do you know what Pore Marye is?" said my comrade, as we turned in, "he's a brick."

ONE REMEDY FOR SOCIALISM.

It is not possible, and it may not be so necessary in the United States as it is in France, Belgium, Austria and Italy, to gather together bodies of workmen to make retreats in houses specially founded for this purpose. The evils of socialism in these countries make it imperative that the clergy should withdraw the workmen entirely from its atmosphere, or go into their shops and meeting rooms in order to meet and convince them of its dangers and of the need of religion as a true remedy for the disorders its leaders magnify and deplore. Usually in our churches employer and employee meet together for the same services, though in some parts of our own country pastors would need to meet the men in their shops and lodge rooms, as they rarely come to church or receive the instruction they most need. One thing, however, can and should be done everywhere. In the missions and retreats which are preached publicly in all our churches from time to time, it is important to dwell upon the Christian principles which should regulate a life of labor—submission to God's will, patience, industry, honesty, sobriety and a true spirit of brotherly love. These are the conditions without which the solution of labor or any other problem is impossible; they are the virtues which compel legislator and capitalist to respect the proper demands of the employed. The commendation which Leo XIII. has lately given to the work of special retreats for workmen in France and Belgium, should prompt our pastors and missionaries to provide for their spiritual needs in our own country, and they can perhaps do so more effectively, since they have the opportunity of addressing all concerned at one and the same time, workman, legislator and employer.—Messenger Sacred Heart.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CLXXXVIII.

I am afraid I have given Professor Frank H. Foster more credit as a theologian than he deserves. Where facts and doctrines lie on the surface, sharply defined and perfectly ascertained, he picks them up and reproduces them with uncommon accuracy. As I have said, I have examined almost all his Roman Catholic articles in the cyclopaedia issued by the Christian Literature Company, and have not found a mistake. So also the later chapters of his book, so far as I have yet looked over them, seem to be decently accurate, because they mostly turn on clearly defined doctrines of the Catholic Church, which give little room for blundering. How far they will endure a close examination remains to be seen, but I am sure that they will not show him, and the Presbyterian Church with him, falling into the usual traps of unintelligence and misinterpretation as in this third chapter.

ate of Protestant Churches, the Church of England. Yet he did not dare to suggest that any of the Catholics then living could be saved. He only suggested that here and there one of these Catholic ancestors, who would probably have accepted the Reformation had it dawned earlier, might possibly have slipped into the kingdom of heaven. Even this little glimpse of allowance greatly displeased his brethren. However, their sulks relaxed somewhat when he promised them that all the Lutherans should be damned as well as all the Papists then living. Says he, even the Papists of to-day are not as far from the Gospel as the Lutherans. Such auspicious prospects of pardon for almost all Europe seemed to them worth a little fantasia about the possibilities of grace for here and there a hypothetical great-grandfather. The Primate, to whom the matter was referred, would say nothing but that the Papists were not to be put quite on a level with the Jews.

Church, whose very name stands for burning love for Jesus Christ—the seraphic St. Francis. The Portuñcula—or little portion—was originally a small chapel belonging to the Benedictines, and dedicated to Our Lady of the Angels. In St. Francis' time it had fallen into disuse and decay. The Benedictines, had left it for larger quarters. Answering his first call to God's service, Francis had it repaired. Besides working at it with his own hands, he begged help for it from passers by, until it was perfectly restored. Two other disused sanctuaries in Assisi were in the same manner repaired by St. Francis, his assistance thus given physically typifying the spiritual aid rendered by him and his Order to God's Church in need.

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FIVE-MINUTES SERMON. The Eleventh Sunday After Pentecost. BACKBITING.

"And he spake rightly." (St. Mark vii., 26). The Gospel tells us, dear brethren, that no sooner had our Lord touched the tongue of the dumb man than he began to speak rightly. How often he has touched our tongues by coming to us in Communion, and yet how far we are from speaking rightly! It may be that we need healing more than the man of whom the Gospel tells. He had not the use of his tongue, and consequently could not employ it in the service of sin; we are blessed with his use and yet, perhaps, we do not sufficiently realize that God wants us always to speak rightly.

The tongue wrongly used is capable of effecting a great deal of evil. St. James calls an evil tongue a "world of iniquity." Calumny, slander and backbiting are but a few of the many sins of which it is the cause. Whence, indeed, come so many disputes, quarrels, and as a consequence so much animosity between those who were formerly, or who ought to be, on terms of intimacy? Ask your own experience if charity is ever wounded while you guarded against idle conversation, vain disputes and unkind remarks. You may be certain that if the tongue be carefully watched over, sins against charity will be fewer.

I am far from thinking that such faults are to be found only or indeed generally among habitual or hardened sinners. Some persons who consider themselves very pious and nearly perfect, who find it hard to collect sufficient matter for confession, do not always shun uncharitable conversations. Let them remember what St. James says: "He who offends not with his tongue is a perfect man." No piety is solid and genuine unless it be founded upon charity, which is the queen of virtues. We deceive ourselves in supposing that we are perfect, or even really pious, if we continue to gossip about our neighbor.

Sins of the tongue are often most grievous, and are often likewise irreparable in their consequences. Let us dwell upon a few such sins as offend God by reason of the injury which they do to our brother who is made according to His image. To speak badly of a person against whom we entertain an unkind feeling may seem to some people trifling or at most only venial. This is a great mistake if what we say does notable harm to him. It is no less grievous to injure our neighbor in his good name than in his property. To restore his goods is not very difficult; we still possess them and from the means of procuring others of the same value. But when there is question of repairing the injury which we have done by speaking falsely about him, then the task assumes a much greater difficulty. It is about as possible to stay the progress of a forest-fire as to prevent the fire of an evil tongue from spreading in all directions. Nevertheless, we are bound to make every effort in our power to repair the injury. We need not hope that God will pardon us unless we are so disposed.

But some one will say: "I do not belong to the class that you here described. I never say anything that is untrue of my neighbor, but simply mention to others those faults of which he is guilty." To this I answer: "If you do so in a grave matter, without necessity, and to those who are not concerned about the welfare of the person in question, you are guilty of the sin of slander. By whom have you been authorized to make known his failings? Are you perfect in virtue? Would it please you if some one were to make your faults public? Do not then treat others in this way, since you are unwilling to suffer it yourself.

If you have been thoughtless in the past, let the future be a kind, charitable disposition towards all, even those who offend you. Weigh your words with care, think of your own sins, avoid idle conversations and gossip.

A BOY CONFESSOR. Interesting and Curious Anecdote Told by an English Priest.

An interesting and very curious anecdote is told by good Father Robert Plowden, who was for many years priest of Bristol, England. A certain young midshipman, who belonged to the ancient faith, when making a voyage, contracted a strong friendship with a Protestant boy in the same service. Our nautical "Damon and Pythias" were each about fourteen years of age and for prudent reasons the former had not made known his creed to the latter. When far away on the high seas, the Catholic lad fell dangerously ill and was sedulously waited upon by his mate, the Protestant "middy," all medical skill proving of no avail, the poor boy was rapidly approaching death's door when he drew nearer to him his faithful friend, in whom there seems to have been apparent a simple piety in which he could confide. Accordingly, he bravely told him that he was a Catholic and that the nearer death approached the firmer he clung to his faith. He must have deeply astonished his mate by the startling news that, as no priest, or even Catholic, was at hand, he wished to make his confession to him. Then by an effort, unusual and heroic, the poor lad poured his tale into the ear of his friend, but he told him, however, to repeat the full confession of sins he had made to him to good Father Plowden as soon as ever the ship should reach Bristol. Then giving him the priest's address, he bade him a long adieu and breathed his last.

THE PORTUÑCULA.

The Great Garden of Saint Francis of Assisi at it Came Down Through Seven Centuries. FROM 3 P. M. OF AUGUST 1 TILL SUN-DOWN OF AUGUST 2. N. Y. Freeman's Journal. Several miles out from Rome to the northeast rise the Umbrian hills, beyond which again tower the Apennines. On the sunny side of one of these Umbrian hills, called Mount Subasio, nestles the little town of Assisi, the delight of artists for its picturesque situation and quaint, unconventional streets, and the joy of devout souls for the thousand holy associations that make it a veritable gem in the Christian world since St. Francis exalted "Holy Poverty" there nearly seven hundred years ago. It is a little town of hardly six thousand people, but the visitors to its many shrines of St. Francis and St. Clare often greatly outnumber its regular inhabitants. Especially is this true on one day in every year, without fail, since A. D. 1223, August 2 (or more properly speaking from 3 p. m. of August 1 until sundown August 2) the day of the Great Pardon of St. Francis. People from all the surrounding country, and from remote parts of Europe, fill the church and the surrounding streets of Our Lady of the Angels to obtain the plenary indulgence so singularly won for them by that simple man, the founder, after Jesus Christ, of the most numerous body of Religious in the

How far the Protestants, in the previous century, were from standing where Foster imagines them to have stood, we may see from Hooker's case, Richard Hooker was one of the most moderate of divines of the most moder-

Tobacco and Liquor Habits. Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few weeks. A vegetable medicine, and one which does not cause any inconvenience. Price \$2. Simply marvelous results are the result of taking his remedy for your tobacco habit. Is a safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address or consult Dr. McTAGGART, 75 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Death of Archbishop Feehan.

Chicago, July 12.—The Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, for twenty-two years Archbishop of Chicago, died at 3 p. m. to-day after a long illness.

Some time ago, for the purpose of relieving him of the onerous duties of his office, Father J. J. Muldoon was appointed auxiliary Bishop of Chicago.

He had been Archbishop of Chicago since September 10, 1852. He succeeded Bishop Foley here.

Twenty-four Coffins at Altar Rail.

Johnstown, Pa., July 13.—The funerals of forty-four of the victims of the Cambria Hill mine disaster took place to-day.

Several of the funeral processions contained long lines of marching men. Two bands, composed entirely of foreigners, played dirges on the way to the cemetery.

THE POPE'S SUMMER HOME.

Change of Scene, but no Cessation of Work.

When summer began this year Pope Leo, according to custom, left his apartments in the Vatican and went to the quaint old building which is known as "Leo the Fourth's Tower," and which has long been a favorite summer residence of the successors of St. Peter.

This tower was constructed in the fifteenth century, and is situated on the northern side of the Vatican hill.

It is said the Holy Father has not suffered at all from the labors attendant upon his jubilee year.

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ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

REV. FATHER McPHAIL AT ST. MALACHI'S OF MARY.

On Sunday morning, June 29th, after High Mass a very memorable mission was opened at St. Malachi's church at Mayo, by Rev. Father McPhail.

By the fruits of his mission he said the Saviour of His followers, when He wished to give them the joy of distinguishing the true from the false and the good from the evil.

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OBITUARY.

PATRICK MATTHEWS, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. Mr. P. Matthews, one of the best known citizens of Niagara Falls, died at his residence on Queen street on the 18th inst.

Mr. Matthews had an attack of appendicitis which several operations were performed upon him, but without success.

He was a member of the St. Ignace Society and was a very active worker in the same.

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CATECHISM CLASS, CHESTERVILLE 1902.

Prizes were distributed to the children attending catechism on Sunday, July 20th, by the pastor, Father Quinn.

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J. A. NELLES, Secretary.

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TEACHER WANTED FOR JUNIOR DEPARTMENT OF S. S. No. 1, Rochester, N. Y.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SCHOOL, Section 1, Detroit.

WANTED FOR S. S. No. 6, RALPH A. F. E. male teacher for the balance of the year.

FOR R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL, No. 12, Kildare Station, Hagerly, Kenton county, Ky.

WANTED FOR FORM II NORTH BAY Separate School, a female teacher with 2nd class Ontario certificate.

TEACHER, HOLDING SECOND OR THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATE, for S. S. No. 10, Carleton Place, Ontario.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE POSITION of Principal of Boy's School, Lindsay, Ontario.

WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR the R. C. Separate School for Senior Department, Carleton Place, Ontario.

WANTED - TWO TEACHERS FOR THE W. W. Walcott Roman Catholic Separate School, Carleton Place, Ontario.

TEACHER, HOLDING SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE, for S. S. No. 1, Carleton Place, Ontario.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL, for remainder of year.

TEACHER, HOLDING SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE, for S. S. No. 1, Carleton Place, Ontario.

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