

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 25 1908

1540

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1908.

M. SABATIER AGAIN.

The Montreal Witness informs us that a very significant lecture was recently delivered before the Pasmore Edwards settlement on the Modernist movement in the Catholic Church. M. Sabatier drew attention to extraordinary conditions within the Church itself and the contrast between the reputation of honest historical enquiry and the approval of behavior such as that of Mgr. Montagnini, whose papers revealed an underhand and misrepresenting correspondence with secret agents throughout France.

We admit that M. Sabatier has a certain reputation in the world of letters, but this should not blind us to the fact that special pleading, resting on no foundation of fact, should not be given access to the editorial space of a reputable newspaper. But of late the Witness editor seems to have lost his judicial calm. Owing to this he is neither accurate in his statements nor fair in his treatment of Rome. When he regains his poise he may see that the Holy Father condemns neither historical enquiry nor favors methods of espionage. And to hasten his return to mental health the Catholic subscribers to the Witness should ask him, with due deference, of course, to leave pre-judiced inspired articles to the scribes who make a specialty of this kind of thing.

WILL NOT BE THANKED.

We do not think the French authorities will thank M. Sabatier for his remarks on the Montagnini episode. They do not wish to remember to what depths of baseness men who quarrel with God can descend. We mind us that they promised to publish a part of the documents found in the Pontifical archives in Paris which would disclose a plot against the Republic. We waited for the information. The correspondents were expectant. The editors who referred to blasphemous as "not very sensible remarks" sat with bodies tense and pen in hand, writers restocked their vocabularies in order to deal with Roman subtlety.

The world implored M. Clemenceau to reveal the dangers that menaced the existence of the Republic. And he, after his blustering and raiding, that was an outrage on international honour, admitted that he could not find a scrap of paper which compromised the Holy See in any way. He was ridiculed for the fiasco, and as Frenchmen, even when dead to all sense of public honour, do not like to be ridiculed, M. Sabatier may, when he encounters Clemenceau, pass a bad quarter of an hour.

DREAMS AND VISIONS.

M. Sabatier affirmed that the Curia was already embarrassed because the lists of those suspected of Modernism had reached a length that was terrifying; that everywhere in the Roman Church there are souls in anguish, longing to prostrate themselves before the Pope, confess their mental troubles and be comforted.

We are not so conversant with the Curia as is M. Sabatier, but we might be if we had his imagination. This writing about the Curia is, to our mind, a waste of ink and paper. That here and there are Modernists we do not deny; but to affirm that their system is far reaching and that souls in anguish refrain from approaching the Pope because he would not understand them, is flustian, rant, in a word, sentimental rubbish. And why, may we ask, this anguish of individuals who are so hard to understand and who take themselves so seriously? Is it because the Holy Father has warned us against those who undermine the divinity of Christ, subvert the divine constitution of the Church and tear the Bible to shreds. If they grieve because the Papal thunderbolt has struck their pride, misused scholarship, we have no sympathy for them; the best we can offer to them is our prayers. Their anguish may possibly be due to nerves or liver, and in this case a physician may stand them in good stead. If, however, a draught of the modern spirit has made them see fantastic visions they should "leave over four anchors from the stern and pray for daylight."

The thoughtful, however, say with Professor Peck, that when doctors of divinity devote their energies to nibbling away the foundations of historic

faith, and when the sharpest weapons of agnosticism are forged on theological anvils, there is something reassuring in the contemplation of the one great Church that does not change from age to age; that stands unshaken on the rock of its convictions and that speaks to the wavering and troubled soul in the serene and lofty accents of divine authority.

THE PLAGUE OF BOOKS.

We think it was Carlyle who spoke of works that bear no stamp of authenticity or permanence of worth more than a day. And after describing how paper, compositors, printers's devils and hawkers pass on these books to oblivion, he says that this kind of literature is for the many who read merely to escape from themselves, with one eye shut and the other not open. Some of these books are the veriest trash. Many of them deal with human nature unhampered by the commandments. Others are in the way of preachments on some thing or other, and these, as a rule, by young men who do not condition themselves by the facts of human nature and by men who are not young in order to gain either the plaudits or the money of the unthinking. Certain it is that if we wish to have a taste for wholesome literature we must bar the door against prurient publications and books which seek to lessen the hold of the Church on the loyalty and love of her children.

THE CONGO AND HYSTERICS.

An exchange informs us that England is at last aroused over the Congo atrocities. The United States and France, also, are both emphatic in condemnation of the horrors that have been revealed.

But let us not wax hysterical on this point. We hold no brief for King Leopold; but we have a suspicion that the speeches and publications of the Congo Reformers are of the literature of Pharisaism. If we long to wage war against abuses we have enough—and these well defined and certain—at home to occupy our attention. Before we echo the cries of capitalists in search of a new market or become the dupes of writers of fiction, we can train our guns against the atrocities within our own gates. We can help the people of the tenements who are harried to death by inhuman landlords. We can help the girls who work for a starvation wage and incidentally save some of them from a fate worse than death. In a word, we can become the exponents of Canadianism that knows no discrimination in civil and political matter on the lines of creed or race, and frown upon the irreligious follies that so often embitter social relations.

But if we must sweep foreign streets why not use our broom in the region in which, according to Herr Dornburg, the German colonial secretary, 75,000 blacks starved to death during the Herero war.

PROOF WANTED.

We are, of course, as willing as our contemporaries to condemn rapine and bloodshed. But we must have something better for our wrath than declamatory utterances on Belgian atrocities. We do not impugn the motives of some of the reformers, but we cannot help smiling when we are told that the agitation is in the interests of humanitarianism. In this prosaic age it is consoling to know that some of us are willing to rescue our black and brown brethren, but it would be far more consoling if we were certain that the agitators are not puppets in the hands of capitalists who are good judges of rubber and who are in quest of a new market for liquor.

WHAT SOME EXPLORERS SAY.

In his book, "The Truth About the Congo," Professor Starr, who writes to do justice, not to a party by which he is bought, but for and in the interests of simple justice, does not bear out the intemperate charges of the Congo Reformers. The motive, he says, underlying attacks upon Leopold and the Free State, which he established, is not humanitarian. The laudable impulses and praiseworthy sympathies of two great people are being used for hidden and sinister ends of politics. The Congo Free State during its twenty years of administration has taken possession of a vast area of land, 800,000 square miles in extent, and dominated it. It has most skillfully developed the waterway. It has put

an end to tribal wars, to execution of slaves at funerals and festival occasions and to cannibalism in all these districts to which its actual authority extends.

He quotes an extract from a lecture given in London, by Dr. A. Henry Savage who gained his knowledge from personal experience to the extent that the Belgium Congo is kept in excellent order; that the natives are quite happy and well cared for. Many of the statements, popular in this country, he said, are grossly exaggerated, if not unfounded altogether.

"THE LORD'S DAY."

VERY EXPLICIT AS TO HOW IT SHOULD BE OBSERVED—THE WHOLE TIME IS GOD'S NOT HALF—CATHOLICS SHOULD FOLLOW THEIR LEADER.

RE. REV. CHARLES H. CALTON, D. D., in Federation Bulletin.

When we consider that there are seven days in the week, and that God asks man to give Him only one of them—we must admire His goodness and generosity, and should show our gratitude by compliance with His wish. God's being contented with so little is a par with the little he exacted from Adam and Eve in paradise, permitting them to eat of the fruit of all the trees but one, and yet the punishment demanded by His infinite justice for their violation of His command should make us fear that He will deal proportionately severe with those who do not keep holy His appointed day.

God's right over man as his Creator demands that He require homage from him. God can not yield this right, and man must satisfy it or in some way pay the penalty. It is inherent in our human nature to give homage to some being that is considered by it as a creator or benefactor of one or other kind, and revelation and reason teach us that man has been created by an all-powerful, all-wise and an infinitely good God, and to Him he should give the homage of his being.

God recognizing this law existing in every human heart, for He placed it there, does not command, but merely appeals to the exercise of it, and says: "Remember thou with what the Sabbath day." Man's proneness to forget to fulfill his duty was often seen by God before He gave the commandments to Moses, and so in the third commandment of the ten He proclaimed He recalls man to a sense of duty, and says: "Remember, keep holy the day which He Himself sanctified by resting on it after creating the world, and which is the new law the Church, inspired of the Holy Ghost, transferred to the first day of the week, and which she called the Lord's Day for that was the day of His triumphant resurrection over sin and death, and on which He was honored by the coming of the Holy Ghost on Pentecost, as promised by our divine Lord.

OUR DUTIES.

We know that it is a man's duty to know the Lord's Day, and we see that those who pretend great love of God are ever faithful in keeping the Sunday holy. But it is not with what the best among our separated brethren do that we are to concern ourselves, apart from admiring them for their noble spirit; but it is with what we Catholics do ourselves to honor the Lord's Day. Holy Church prescribes the duty of hearing Mass on that day as the highest act of worship that can be offered, and this she commands under pain of mortal sin. It is not left to our pleasure or to our convenience to be present or not at the offering of the all holy and all-merciful sacrifice, but it is compulsory, and herein is seen the wisdom of the Church, or the light of the Holy Ghost guiding her. If it would have been left to man's sense of duty to attend Mass, many would fall in this most important obligation toward God, as in other things. Our churches would not be filled several times over, as they are on Sundays, but would be sparsely attended but once or twice a day, as is the case with those outside the fold. But is our duty fulfilled as regards our keeping Sunday holy by satisfying the obligation of attendance at Mass? Scarcely. That, indeed, is the great act of homage; but as the whole day is to be sanctified, the awe, the recollection, the piety, the fervor, the union with God, in a word, which we enjoyed at holy Mass is to remain and to influence our whole day. Here may be said to be the great line of demarcation in the matter of Sunday observance. Some follow up the morning services with attendance at Vespers and Benediction and keep the day in a quiet and decorous manner, which is in accordance with the strict letter of the law as written in the Old Testament, which prescribed a general abstinence from the things done on the other days of the week, resting even the going away from one's home to a short distance, in better to keep the soul pious and prayerful; others pass from the hearing of Mass to make the day one of pastime and pleasure, led to do so largely by the example and influence of many who make no religious observance on Sunday either because they are lax and indifferent Christians, or worse yet, infidels and unbelievers. Sunday is a day of rest and relaxation, to be sure; but it is primarily the day of the soul, when by freedom from earthly things which weigh it down on other days, it may be free to unite itself entirely with God. It was chiefly for this that Sunday was instituted, and Christians should be glad to recognize this and avail them-

selves of the opportunity it offers to do so.

AMENDMENTS ON SUNDAY.

It is surely a great perversion of the day, the passing of most of it in pleasures of an excitable or boisterous character, such as field sports, and it is a desecration of the day to pass it in the saloon or concert hall, which are questionable resorts at all times, but immeasurably so on Sundays. What of the abominable practice in some cities where theatres and opera houses are open on the Lord's day? Catholics ought to denounce it by rigidly staying away on that day. It is a parody on law that permits them; but because it is allowed, it is, nevertheless, unbecoming. It is pandering to the infidel, who is ill at ease because of the day's order and quiet. If he must have it, let him have it all by calling himself a Catholic, and then, as a Christian, much less a Catholic, should help him dishonor the day, by contributing by his presence to make a success of so reprobativ a practice. Because the occasion is there one is not to fall into it. Because temptation is present, one is not to sin.

A thousand times no. Let no one calling himself a Catholic have part in desecrating the Lord's day. There are allowable and even commendable practices that may be enjoyed on Sundays after one has fulfilled the obligation of Mass—such as visits to relatives and friends, or occasionally the taking a quiet stroll in the country, or a sail on the river; but these should be rather short than long, in the spirit of denying something to self that the more may be given to God. The good, thoughtful Catholic, having begun the day with God by attendance at Mass will not break this union with Him, but pass the rest in a creditable manner.

We sometimes hear it said that we should adopt here in America what is called in Europe the continental Sunday, which permits a general opening of places of refreshment and entertainment shortly after the noon hour. What may not be an abuse there, would be one here. Conditions are different. In those older countries people live in the one village or in the one section of the cities, and are under close surveillance and control of their spiritual guides, who there practice religion; but then there are oftentimes abuses from the lax and the unbelieving that go to excess in the liberty allowed them. Our country has been built up on a different basis, and it is better to keep to the ways of the founders. A proposal to let a nation writer remember the remark of his Belgian professor of moral theology, of thirty and more years ago, saying, with all due respect to the customs of Europe, he would always hope that the Sunday in America would be observed as it is to day.

FULL OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY REQUIRED.

The chief purpose of Sunday is adoration, a day's recollection of the majesty and glory of God. To give Him our full thought, and to make up on that day for the other days of the week, when by the noise, bustle, the din and distraction of the world's affairs, we can not give to God the consideration that is His due. Hence, all things should be secondary to adoration on Sunday, and in no way should this spirit be retarded. God does not deal with us by halves. He loves us in truth and blesses us from the fullness of His bounty. So we should not give Him a half, but a whole day on Sunday. We should have Him in our thoughts, and on our lips as well, telling Him of our love and professing to Him our loyalty. No one should be so cowardly or filled with human respect as to be afraid to acknowledge and confess his God on His own appointed day. It is of such that the Lord expressed his threat when He said: "He who will not confess Me before men, I will not confess him before My Father, Who is in heaven." There are so many who care nothing for God, who deny Him, who hold His name in contempt, who despise His Church, and would, if they could, drive it from the face of the earth, that we who believe ought to be all the more pronounced in our faith and give expression to it by the fervent observance of its services. We should strive to make up to God by extra fervor what He loses from the indifference of others and the indifference of large numbers of professing Christians, among whom they are not a few children of the Church.

FEDERATION SHOULD LEAD.

In all this the members of the Catholic Federation are supposed to be leaders, and when we look over that magnificent body of men we find that they are so. That is the chief reason for the Federation of Catholic Societies, that God be adored and His Church respected as His representative. The efforts made by the individual societies in their respective centres receive a thousandfold strength by their union with kindred societies existing in the country over. To nothing more important can they put forth their efforts than to the preservation and observance of the Lord's day. As God is the centre of all Christian thought and action, Sunday which stands for Him and the honor and homage due Him, must be preserved at every cost. It is for the stronger among us to lead the weaker ones. The member of a Catholic society is looked up to by the whole community in which he lives, and his action will have an influence. If he observes the Sunday will be taken as a standard by all the rest; by those without the fold as well as those within. It is wonderful how much men are unconsciously led and influenced by one another. The good man is the leaven that leavens the whole mass.

"For God and our neighbor" is a grand motto, and your national union to defend gives the members of the Catholic Federation unsurpassed facilities for accomplishing great things for both. What we do for God reacts and does good for our neighbor as well as for ourselves, for men never will do more good to their fellow-men than when they are striving to love and serve God. It is by the sweet influence of the services of the Church on Sundays, or rather, by the union we enjoy with God every time we go to church, through our Lord's presence in the Blessed Sacrament, that we are drawn more and more to Him ourselves and help others to be drawn to Him by our association and influence. Thus strengthened by His blessing we go to the outside world the stronger, to repel its contamination, as regards our own souls; and the sinner is shield and saved us by the force of our example; for let us remember we are our brother's keeper; for it was the Lord Who said: "Let your light so shine that others seeing thee may glorify thy Father Who is in heaven." Long live the Catholic Federation of America!

DEPENDS MEMORY OF NEWMAN.

IMPORTANT LETTER OF POPE PIUS X. TO BISHOP OF LIMERICK.

One of the most important results of the agitation on Modernism following the Pope's encyclical is the letter, just made public, which the Holy Father has written to the Bishop of Limerick, Ireland, in warm approval of an able pamphlet written by the latter to defend the integrity of the faith of Cardinal Newman.

The Pope's letter completely disposes of the efforts of some of the Modernists to identify the learned and illustrious English cardinal with their views and to be welcomed by the thousands of admirers of Dr. Newman as a final quietus on the attempt to dignify with his great name errors which he would be the first to repudiate. The following is a translation of the Papal letter: To our Venerable Brother, Edward Thomas, Bishop of Limerick.

Venerable brother, health and apostolic benediction.

We would have you know that your pamphlet in which you show that the writings of Cardinal Newman, so far from differing from our Encyclical letter Pascendi, are in closest harmony with it, has our strongest approval. You could not indeed have done better service alike to the cause of truth and to the eminent merit of the man. There appears to have been established amongst those whose errors we have condemned by that letter, as it were, a fixed rule that for the very things which they themselves have invented they seek the sanction of the name of the most illustrious man.

Accordingly they freely claim that they have drawn certain fundamental positions from that spring and source, and that, for that reason, we could not condemn the doctrines which are their very own without at the same time, nay, in priority of order, condemning the teaching of so eminent, and so great a man. If one did not know that a power the ferment of a purified spirit has of overwhelming the mind, it would seem incredible that persons should be found who think and proclaim themselves Catholics, while in a matter lying at the very foundation of religious discipline they set the authority of a private teacher, and though an eminent one, above the magistristerium of the Apostolic See.

You expose not only their contumacy but their artifice as well. For if in what he wrote before he professed the Catholic faith there may perchance be found something which bears a certain resemblance to some of the formulas of the Modernists, you justly deny that they are in any way supported thereby; both because the meaning underlying the words is very different and the author himself, on entering the Catholic Church, submitted all his writings to the authority of the Catholic Church herself, assuredly to be corrected if it were necessary.

As for the numerous and important books which he wrote as a Catholic, it is hardly necessary to defend them against the suggestion of kindred with heresy. For amongst the English public, as everybody knows, Henry Newman, in his writings, unceasingly championed the cause of the Catholic faith in such a way that his work was most salutary to his countrymen, and at the same time most highly esteemed by our predecessors. Accordingly he was found worthy to be made a Cardinal by Leo XIII, undoubtedly an acute judge of men and things, and to him therefore throughout all his life he was deservedly most dear.

No doubt in so great an abundance of his works something may be found which may seem to be foreign to the traditional method of the theologians, but nothing which could arouse a suspicion of his faith. And you rightly state that it is not to be wondered at if, at a time when no signs of the new heresy had shown themselves, his mode of expression in some places did not display a special caution; but that the Modernists act wrongly and deceitfully in twisting those words to their own meaning in opposition to the entire context.

We, therefore, congratulate you on vindicating with eminent success, through your knowledge of all his writings, and at the same time and with man; and at the same time on having secured, as far as in you lay, that amongst your people, especially the English, that those who have been accustomed to misuse that name already cease to deceive the unlearned.

And would that they truly followed Newman as a teacher, not in the fashion of those who, given up to preconceived opinions, search his volumes, and with deliberate dishonesty extract from them something from which they contend that their views receive support; but that they might gather his principles pure and unimpaired, and his example and his spirit.

From so great a master they may learn many noble things—in the first place, to hold the magistristerium of the Church sacred, to preserve inviolate the doctrine handed down by the Fathers, and, what is the chief thing for the preservation of Catholic truth, to honor and obey with the utmost fidelity the Successor of the Blessed Peter.

Moreover, venerable brother, we give thanks from our heart to you and to your clergy and people for your faithful zeal in coming to the aid of our poverty by sending the usual donation; and in order to win for you, and for all of yourself in particular, the gifts of the Divine bounty, and also to testify our good will, we most lovingly impart the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 10th day of March, in the year of 1908, the fifth of our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. X.

HOW TAFT REBUKED A BIGOT.

When Secretary Taft was in Philadelphia, some time ago, a dinner was given in his honor, the chairman being a prominent business man who had the usual "Anglo-Saxon" notions about the Philippines and its people. In introducing Mr. Taft, this ill informed gentleman thought to pay the Secretary of War a compliment by saying: "We want Mr. Taft to tell us all about those unfortunate people who know so little of Christianity until recent years—the poor benighted Filipinos." He followed this up with the usual twaddle about Anglo-Saxon civilization and American religious ideas being a great blessing to the unfortunate islanders. When Secretary Taft rose he looked rather amused and said:

Gentlemen, when I look at the card I see I was put down to talk on the Economic Conditions in the Philippines. Now, unless I am mistaken, the chairman desires me to talk on a very different subject. I will address myself to the subject assigned me, but before doing so, I want to make it clear that I don't share the expressed views of your chairman on the subject he alluded to. I hope you will not overlook the fact that Christianity was introduced into these far distant islands about 300 years ago.

And then Secretary Taft went on to thank the Spanish friars for their great work.—Sacred Heart Review.

WHAT BISHOP CANEVIN SAID.

A few weeks ago the Associated Press reported that Bishop Canevin of Pittsburg has issued a pastoral letter in which the following law was promulgated:

"Parents and guardians are forbidden under pain of mortal sin to send their children to any non-Catholic school, and confessors are forbidden to absolve those who do not obey."

We had some doubt about the correctness of the dispatch at the time. It requires that what the Bishop really said was:

"Parents are bound to send their children to a Catholic school, if possible, and to provide for them good books and good companions, guard and defend them from all evil, and to insist that their children be obedient, and punctually perform those duties which the laws of God require from them. Parents sin when they willfully fail in any of these duties; and they sin grievously if they confide their children to schools without religion, to teachers destitute of faith and who are capable of perverting young minds by their false principles of belief and morality, or by their impious example of doubt and indifference."

This, it is needless to remark, applies to other dioceses besides Pittsburg. It is a law of common sense that prudent Catholic parents observe everywhere.—True Voice.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

A few days ago newspapers printed a free-lance, Pa., dispatch stating that Rev. William Healy, assistant to the pastor of St. Ann's Church, at Freeport, was organizing the boys of his parish to fight the cigarette habit. The item caught the eye of President Roosevelt and he so warmly indorsed the movement that he addressed a letter to Father Healy encouraging him in the work and suggesting that an effort be made to permanently extend it.

Pius X. has expressed a desire to meet Prince Egon von Hohenlohe-Schillingfürst, son of the late German chancellor of that name. The prince is at present a student in a seminary in Rome, and upon graduation he will be appointed parish priest somewhere in Transylvania, Hungary. With the addition of Prince Egon to the priesthood, the number of princes and princesses in the Church will be nineteen. They come mostly from German and Austrian families.

It is with regret we chronicle the death of James Jeffrey Roche, which occurred April 3rd at Barne, Switzerland, where he was American Consul. Mr. Roche was one of the most gifted of the later day literateurs of New England. Born in Ireland, he was brought, when a few weeks old, to Prince Edward Island, where he grew to manhood, receiving his education in St. Dunstan Jesuit College.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER VII. CONTINUED.

Soon De Chatillon entered the room, and bent one knee to the ground before the queen. "Messeire de Chatillon," she said, giving him her hand to rise, "it seems that you do not pay much attention to my wishes. Did I not appoint you to come to me long ere this?"

"True, madam; but I was detained by the king my master. Believe, I pray you, my illustrious niece, that I have been upon burning coals, so earnest was my desire to fulfil your royal pleasure."

"I thank you for your good-will, Messeire; and I am desirous this very day of rewarding you for all your faithful services."

"Gracious, princess, it is itself a great boon to me to be permitted to follow and serve your majesty. Only let me always and everywhere accompany you. Let others seek office and power; for me, your presence is my best joy;—I ask for nothing besides."

The queen looked with a contemptuous smile upon the flatterer; for she knew too well how much his heart belied his words. With a peculiar emphasis, therefore, she continued:

"But what if I were to set you over the land of Flanders?"

De Chatillon never had not reckoned on so speedy an attainment of his great object, almost repented of his words; and for the first moment knew not what answer to make. He soon recovered himself, however, and said:

"If it should please your majesty to give me so great a proof of confidence, I should not for a moment venture to oppose myself to your royal will; but should thankfully, and as a good subject, accept the gift, and kiss your gracious hand with love and reverence."

"Listen, Messeire de Chatillon," cried the queen, impatiently; "I did not send for you to hear fine speeches; you will therefore greatly oblige me if you will put all such aside, and tell me without circumlocution, or disguise, what you think of our entry to-day. Has not Bruges given the queen of France and of Navarre a reception beyond all she could have looked or hoped for?"

"I pray you, my illustrious niece, leave those bitter jests for the scorn that has been done you has touched me to the very heart. A vile and contemptible people has defied you to your very face, and your dignity has met with grievous affront. But be not troubled; all is in our power now, and we shall soon find means to tame these insolent subjects, and bring them to their senses."

"Do you know your niece, Messeire de Chatillon? Do you know how jealous is Joanna of Navarre?"

"In truth, madam, with the noblest and most laudable jealousy; for to wear a crown, and not to maintain its dignity, is to deserve to forfeit it. Your princely spirit is the object of universal admiration."

"Do you know, too, that it is no paltry vengeance that satisfies me? The punishment of those that have affronted me must be commensurate with my dignity. Both as a queen and woman I must be revenged; that is enough for you, to whom I am about to commit the government of Flanders, and who will have to execute my will."

"It is needless, madam, for you to trouble yourself further about this matter; be assured that your vengeance shall be complete. Peradventure I shall even exceed your wishes; for I will not only avenge not only the affront to you, but also those which are daily offered to the crown of France by this rebellious and headstrong people."

"But, Messeire de Chatillon, do not, I pray you, lose sight of sound policy. Be not too hasty in drawing the noose fast about their necks; break their spirit rather by gradual humiliation. Above all, fleece them bit by bit of their wealth which supports their obstinacy; and then, when you have them fairly in the harness, press down the yoke so tight upon their necks, that I may be able to feast my eyes upon their slavery. Be in no hurry; I have patience enough, when the end can be more effectually reached thereby. And the better to succeed, it will be advisable to take the first opportunity of removing one Deconinck from his place of Dean of the Clothworkers in this city, and to take care that none but our friends are admitted to offices of power."

De Chatillon listened attentively to the queen's counsel, and secretly admired her skill in the crooked ways of policy; and as his private revenge was equally interested in the establishment of despotism, he was highly delighted at being able to gratify at once his own passions and those of his niece. With evident joy he replied:

"I receive with gratitude the honour which your majesty confers on me, and will spare nothing to carry out the counsels of my sovereign lady, as a true and faithful servant. Have you any further commands for me?"

In putting this question he had the young Matilda in view. De Chatillon well knew that she had drawn upon herself the queen's enmity, and was convinced she would not be long without feeling its effects. Joanna answered:

"I think it might be as well to have away that daughter of Messeire de Bruges into France; she seems full of Flemish pride and obstinacy; and I shall be pleased to have her at my court. Enough said;—you understand me. To-morrow I leave this accursed land; I have had more than enough of their insolence. Raoul de Nesle goes with you; you remain here as Governor-general of Flanders, with full power to rule the land at your discretion, and accountable only to ourselves for your fidelity."

"Say rather at the discretion of my royal niece," interposed De Chatillon, in a tone of flattery.

"Be it so," said Joanna; "I am gratified by your devotedness. Twelve hundred men at arms shall remain with you to support your authority. And now it is time for us both to go to rest."

my fair uncle; so I wish you good night."

"May all good angels watch over your majesty!" said De Chatillon, with a profound bow; and with these words he left the chamber of the evil-minded queen.

CHAPTER VIII.

The city magistrates and their friends the Lilyards had gone to great expense about the ceremonial of the royal entry. The triumphal arches and scaffolding, and the precious stuffs with which they were adorned, had cost large sums of money; besides which a quantity of the best wine had been served out to each of the king's men-at-arms. As all this had been done by order of the magistrates, and consequently had to be paid for out of the common chest, it had been regarded by the citizens with the greatest dissatisfaction.

All the machinery of the pageant had long been removed; De Chatillon was at Courtrai, and the royal visit almost forgotten, when one morning at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, a crier appeared before the town-hall, at the usual place of proclamation, and by sound of trumpet called the people together. As soon as he saw a sufficient number of hearers assembled, he produced a parchment from a case which hung at his side, and began to read aloud:

"It is hereby made known to each and every citizen, that the worshipful magistrates have ordered as follows, that is to say:

"That an extraordinary contribution be levied for covering the expenses of the entry of our gracious prince, king Philip.

"That each and every inhabitant of the city pay thereof the sum of eight groats Flemish, to be paid head by head, without distinction of age.

"That the tax gatherers collect the same on Saturday next, from door to door; and that such as by force or fraud refuse or evade payment of the same be compelled thereto in due course of law.

Those of the citizens who heard this proclamation looked at one another with astonishment, and secretly murmured at so arbitrary an exaction. Among these were several journeymen of the Clothworkers' Company, who, without cause, hastened to make the matter known to their Dean.

Deconinck received the intelligence with extreme displeasure. Such a violent blow struck at the rights and liberties of the commonalty filled him with mistrust as to what might follow, for he saw in it a first step toward the despotism under which, with the aid of France, the nobles were endeavouring to bring the people; and he determined to defeat these first attempts either by force or policy.

Well knew that any opposition might easily be fatal to him, for the foreign armies still occupied Flanders; but no consideration could check his patriotic zeal; he had devoted himself body and soul to the weal of his native city. Sending immediately for the company's badge, he thus commissioned him:

"Go round instantly to all the masters and summon them in my name to meet forthwith at the hall. Let them lay all aside, and delay not a moment, for the matter is urgent."

The Clothworkers' Hall was a spacious building with a round gable, a single large window in front, over which stood the arms of the company, gave light to the great room on the first floor; over the wide doorway stood St. George and the dragon, artistically cut in stone. In all other respects the front was without ornament or pretension; it would have been difficult in fact to guess from its appearance that it was here the wealthiest guild in Flanders held its meetings for it was far excelled in magnificence by many of the houses around it.

Notwithstanding the considerable number of large and small chambers which the building contained, not one of them was empty or unemployed. In a spacious room on the second story were to be seen the master pieces or specimens of work which every one had to show before he could be admitted to the mastership; and also patterns of the most costly stuffs that the looms of Bruges could produce. In an adjoining chamber were exhibited models of all the implements made use of by weavers, fullers, and dyers. In a third apartment were laid away the dresses and arms which were used by the guild on occasions of ceremony.

The principal room, in which the masters held their meetings, lay towards the street. All the operations which the wool had to undergo, from those of the shepherd and shearer to those of the weaver and dyer, and even to the foreign merchant, who came from distant lands to exchange his gold for the stuffs of Flanders, were exhibited upon the walls in well-executed paintings. Several oaken tables and a number of massive seats stood upon the stone floor. Six velvet-covered arm chairs at the farther end indicated the place of the Dean of the guild.

The beadle once despatched, it was not long before a considerable number of master-clothworkers were assembled at the hall, energetically discussing the matter which for the time most occupied them, and overspread every countenance with the deepest gloom. Most of them were violent in their expressions of indignation against the magistrates; nevertheless, there are some who seemed disinclined to take any extreme step. While the assembly was thus each moment increasing, Deconinck entered the room, and passed slowly through the crowd of his fellows up to the great chair where his place was. The Ancients took their seats beside him; the rest mostly remained standing by their seats, the better to catch sight of their Dean's countenance, and read off from his forehead brow the full sense of his weighty and eloquent speech. The whole number present was sixty persons.

As soon as Deconinck saw the attention of his fellows directed upon him,

self, with an emphatic gesture of his hand he thus spoke:

"My brethren! give heed to my words, for the enemies of our freedom, the enemies of our prosperity, are forging letters for our feet! The magistrates and Lilyards have flattered the foreigner who is become our master by receiving him with extraordinary pomp; they have pressed us into their service for the erection of their scaffolding and arches, and now they require that we should make good the cost of their scandalous prodigality from the fruits of our honest labour; a demand which is an affront alike on the liberties of our city and on the rights of our company. Under stand me well, my brethren, and endeavor with me to penetrate the future; if for this once we submit to an arbitrary imposition, our liberty will soon be trampled under foot. This is the first experiment, the first pressure of the yoke that is hereafter to sit heavy upon our necks. The unfaithful Lilyards, who leave their Count, our lawful lord, in a foreign prison, that they may the better be able to gain the mastery over us, have long lapsed upon the sweat of our brows. Long did the people serve them—serve them as beasts of burden, and with sighs and groans. To you, men of Bruges, my fellow-citizens, was it first given to receive the heavenly beam of the light of freedom; you were the first to break the chain of slavery; you rose up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves the right of freedom, to break the chain of slavery, to rise up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the y

DOCTOR THORN.

BY REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER.
Written for the Catholic Standard and Times.

"Please don't!" Sweet and piercing rang the child's voice, but there was such a depth of indignation and horror in the tones that it made the lad pause and stare.

It was in the city of Philadelphia, and at the time when long trains of mules dragged the freight cars through the streets from the depot to the suburbs to meet the locomotive. A long train of these animals had emerged from the wide gateway in Ninth street pulling a train of cars. As the first car appeared, the last mule caught its foot in one of the long chains, and by its frantic struggles threw the whole string of animals into disorder.

Two or three bystanders were delayed at the blocked-up passage, and among them, like a lost white dove, stood a tiny little girl, apparently not much more than six years old.

The mule driver was a tall lad, strong and active. He seemed furious at the accident, and swearing volubly, lashed the mules with a thick whip all along the line, until he came to the poor creature with its foot caught. He dropped the whip and picked up a heavy stick with a nail in it, and with all his strength hurled it at the defenseless animal, which reared and plunged and trembled as the cruel nail tore a track down its flank. A trickling stream of blood began to flow. The older spectators uttered a low murmur of disgust and indignation, but the child, her small arms extended, rushed forward, crying, "How dare you!"

The fellow stared at her. He was not radically bad, but his temper had got the better of him on this as on many other occasions. The mule had extricated its foot, and stood trembling and bleeding. The child's hat had fallen and, quick as thought, she had pulled the dainty white cashmere shawl from her little shoulders, and with flashing eyes was standing almost under the mule's feet, trying to staunch the blood.

"Poor horse!" she panted. "Poor horse!" The driver, with a reddening of his sunburnt face, which was rather handsome and intelligent, picked up the child tenderly, with the blood stained shawl in her little hands, and put her down on the pavement.

Fresh from loving hands, dainty in her white embroidery, her rich brown curls falling on her shoulders, cheeks glowing with excitement, her eyes dilated, her little face a very picture of outraged sensibility, she was like a vision. She did not struggle as he lifted her, but drew back her baby figure like a little queen, and with scorn in every eye, and with indignation in his eyes, and with her childish indignation at him in this phrase: "You are a bad boy! God never bless you! I'd you swear!"

Just then a breathless nursemaid rushed into the little crowd and with a cry, caught up the child in her arms, kissing her.

"O, 'Queenie,' why did you run off? We were all frightened to death." And she bore her off talking all the way.

The mules went on; the cars began to move; the few spectators dispersed. But the driver picked up a little ring, a battered turquoise ring, from the street, looked around to see if anybody noticed him, then kissed it and put it in his pocket, murmuring to himself: "She'll never wear it again; it's smashed up like I or wear it again; 'Queenie,' and I'd blowed if she didn't look like a young queen, that baby!"

All day long the sweet little face, with its moist gray eyes, was before him. All day long he checked the rising oath. He was almost tender to the last mule, for when he looked at the red line on its flank he thought of the words, "God never bless you, and you swear!"

He was not a low-born, common lad, and he was ashamed of himself. Circumstances had forced him into his present occupation. That evening he went to the superintendent's office and gave up his job, saying to himself, "I'll find another and a better one. It would break my dead mother's heart if she knew I drove mules and swore. God 'hit' me to-day, Queenie, but it was with your baby hand."

At the same hour Queenie sat on her papa's knee in her luxurious home and told him how the "poor horse" bled when the bad boy beat it. "And," said she, "papa, I lost my pretty turquoise ring!"

"Well, Queen Ann," he replied, as she pushed back her curls and looked lovingly into the sweet eyes, "you shall have another ring if you promise me you will never run under another mule's feet again. Will you?"

"Queen Ann pucker up her rosy mouth as she shook her curls, and then, with her arms around her loving father's neck, she sealed the promise with that sweetest of all tributes, an innocent heart's kiss."

Twenty-five years pass away. The lad of seventeen is a man with a sprinkling of gray on his head. The baby girl has bloomed into the maturity of a beautiful womanhood. They have never met since.

blue and an old pitcher erected and soiled with putty. A wooden box with two narrow open shelves made a toilet table and towel rack. The remains of three cane seats, chairs with boards over the seats, stood about the room. On one of these was an open valise, out of which peeped embroidery and painting materials of rich quality. There was a grotesque mixture of refined taste and incongruous surroundings, a placing of things for effect which pitifully told that the occupant of the room knew what the elegance of life were and had once enjoyed them.

On this November day when all within was mellow and radiant, the sick girl lay back on her pillow, just where the brightness fell through the little draped window. One hand clasped a crucifix of peculiar design. Its color was yellow, and there were fourteen small, circular insertions of mother of pearl upon it, each marked with the letters "S. M." and a Roman number. The figure of Christ was of silver. It was a precious relic to its possessor, for it was made of olive wood from the garden of Gethsemane, and was enriched with the indulgences of the "Way of the Cross." It was intended for the consolation of the sick, as the good friend said who obtained this treasure for her, and was a relic of spiritual reality. Poor sufferer, it helped her so much to be patient. Just now she looked very peaceful, for the atmosphere of prayer was about her. A face still soft and round, a chin dimpled like a child's, a low, white forehead, blue-gray eyes and a sensitive mouth, ever changing, yet always sweet, such was the aspect of the girl who lay there quite still and all alone. She was accustomed to solitude; there were few who cared for her, because there were few who knew her. Yet that dying girl of seventeen had a mind and heart pure and beautiful and a great soul. A footstep on the stairs outside brought a gleam of brightness to her pale face, and she smiled a greeting to the visitor who entered after an emphatic knock. "I am so glad to see you, doctor," she said, as she held out her hand.

"Alone again. Always alone. This is outrageous!" And the physician, his clean-cut features darkened by a frown, drew one of the chairs to the side of the bed and carefully sat down. There was a breadth of forehead in the man's face that told of thought, a firmness in the square chin that told of will, and a kindness in the brown eyes that told of heart. His face relaxed into a smile at the evident pleasure of his patient in his presence.

"I don't feel lonely, doctor," said the cripple. "I've just finished my Stations."

"Finished your what?" asked the doctor, with wide opened eyes.

"My Stations. See this crucifix, and—"

"Oh-h-h!" said the physician, with a shrug of impatience. "You Roman Catholics have such a lot of praying arrangements that one must be always prepared for the unexpected. But, my child," he added seeing the pained look on the girl's face, "if all Catholics pray as you do, on their crosses and strings of beads, I'd take my chances for 'kingdom come' with them. But they don't, half of them, until they come to die, and then they do the whole business up in a hurry; that is, if they get the time. Pray ahead, Mary, and put me in the prayers, too; I haven't time to pray. You are better to-day. Keep on with the nourishment and don't take any medicine unless the pain returns. I'll give them a raking down-stairs for leaving you alone so much."

"Please don't, doctor; they are all so busy. They come up whenever they can. Don't say a word, doctor," pleaded the cripple. "It does me so much good to see you, doctor; you are so very kind to me. May God bless you," and her eyes moistened.

"Pshaw!" said the doctor, twisting his watch-chain between his fingers. "I don't see how you can lie here for months, in such a place, and never get lonely. You won't let me fix it up, either. Such a rickety-looking place as it is!"

"It's good enough, doctor. You know I won't be here long, and what is the use of wasting money? I'm comfortable and very happy. My religion makes up for everything."

The doctor looked around the little attic, then at the sweet, pale face, whistled softly, and said: "Well, as I said before, you're a queer set, and if I had time I would be a Roman Catholic myself. There is always something pulling me in that direction, whatever it is. Now, don't begin to preach," he added, as he saw the girl's face glow and her lips unclose eagerly.

"I must be going; I stay here longer than anywhere else. But what are you looking at? He had seen her eyes following his fingers twisting his watch-chain. "Ah! you are looking at this battered little baby ring," he continued. "Well the next time I come I'll tell you all about it, for it has a history."

"Perhaps," said the invalid, "it will be painful. I always fancied that ring belonged to your little daughter. I often wished to ask you about it, but I feared to sadden you."

A merry laugh sounded through the room. "Bless your heart, no. I am an old bachelor. But that baby ring has my life-romance in it. It happened twenty-five years ago, when I was your age. Wait till I come again. Good-bye."

And he was gone—the bright, kind man who had done so much to alleviate her sufferings, who had come week after week, and paid her rent and brought her medicines, and procured her light work, and had treated her with such fatherly care that her heart overflowed with gratitude and sent up to heaven daily petitions that the light of faith might be given to him. And as her rosary beads slipped through her thin fingers, from which the brush and embroidery needle had long since dropped, she prayed to our Lady that this manly soul might not perish.

III.

Mary Thurston was an orphan; a girl finely educated and bred, but reduced to poverty by one of those reverses that are of such common occurrence in the world. She had influential friends in England, her mother had told her, but of them she knew nothing. Only a year ago Doctor Thorn had been called to her widowed mother's bedside, and had seen her die, with a heart breaking look fixed on this lonely girl. A kind hearted man (although people who did not know him said his name suited him), he pitied the desolate child, and did not lose sight of her, for his practiced eye saw signs of the paralysis that threatened her. When it came he did his best for her, but he knew she would soon follow her mother.

Doctor Thorn's interest in his patient never relaxed, and now every day he ran in for a moment or two to brighten the little attic with pleasant words that few others suspected he could use; wondering why she never complained, why she never frowned, never expressed any longing to live, never seemed to be lonely, although, after the kind, poor people down stairs had attended to her simple wants, she was left alone hour after hour. The kind hearted doctor did not know that a Divine Visitation sometimes came to that little home in the early morning and left his peace in that pure young heart and made it happy. Though not a Catholic, Dr. Thorn had little respect for any other creed. He thought religion was not a necessity for him, because "he had not time," but as he told Mary something was pulling him in that direction, whatever that something was.

This and much more did Mary tell the dear Sister of Mercy who often called to see her, and who cheered her solitude and helped her to pray. At every visit of the nun, when the usual prayers were over, Mary would whisper: "Now, the 'Salve Regina' for Doctor Thorn's conversion," and Sister Hilda would utter the beautiful prayer aloud and feel herself strangely moved to pray for this good man whom she had never seen, and whose kindness to a lonely sick girl was the only claim to her interest; and in the convent chapel Doctor Thorn's name was mentioned many a time in fervent petition.

About a month after the day we have mentioned Doctor Thorn had time to tell the story of the battered little ring to the invalid, whose changing face and breathless interest betrayed her emotion. Of course, Doctor Thorn was the lad who drove the mules twenty-five years before at the Ninth street depot in the distant city. He it was who picked up the little turquoise ring that Queenie had dropped and bore it as a talisman through his life. The vision of that white-robed child and the amazed look of those shocked day eyes were in his dreams constantly and the clear, bell-like voice, with its quaint, childish reproach, rang with an undying echo in his memory.

He told Mary how he had given up his situation on that very evening; how he left the city; how he struggled against rebuffs and disappointments; how he was employed in a medical college, where his early education was renewed; how, at last, he began to study medicine, and after much patience and untold difficulties took his diploma and began to practice; how he steadily gained ground, made himself a name, and now he is above want and far up in his profession. "And if I am alone in the world," said he, "it is, first, because when I began I had not the means to support a wife, and secondly, because it seems to me that some other chapter in my life is to come first, whatever it is."

And then Dr. Thorn laughed, and pushed back the iron gray hair from his handsome brow and stood up to go. He had told the story in just ten minutes, and had told it in a way so people would have called blunt; but Mary knew his great heart and valued his confidence. She looked up to him with filial reverence and deep devotion, and loved him as she might have loved the father she had lost before she was old enough to understand. Doctor Thorn knew this and valued her appreciation more than he was conscious of. As he bent to shake hands with her, the little ring hung close to her eyes. She smiled.

"What became of little Queenie?" "I never saw her again, and never expect to. I left her hundreds of miles away from here. But what would make it easy for me to believe in images, relics and such Catholic things is the way I feel about that little ring. Good-bye."

Mary lay quite still, thinking. Was it not strange that such a little thing should have made such a grand man as Doctor Thorn? She was somewhat disappointed, too. This was not the early life she had pictured for her hero. But then she reflected: "The end crowns the work." The real nobility of the man was there all the time, waiting to be called forth. She tried to picture how sweet and beautiful little Queenie must have looked in her impulsive rashness, as she rushed forward, pleading for the poor mule. Then she thought of Doctor Thorn as he described himself at the moment, and she began to pray that she might find Queenie, and together they would wrestle for this noble soul and bring it into the fold. And when, from utter weariness, she slept, when she opened her eyes two Sisters of Mercy were in the room, and from the light she knew it was about sundown. She seemed so well and talked so brightly that Sister Hilda said:

"Why, Mary, you must have taken a new lease of life." And then Mary told the nun the doctor's story. As she told what the invalid's broken voice, a delicate flush crept into Sister Hilda's face, and its expression was one of far away thought. As Mary closed she looked up to hear the admiration she expected her dear Sister to express, but the latter was silent. When she did speak, it was in a hushed voice, as if she had been disturbed at prayer.

"It is strange," Mary said, Sister Hilda, "how many ways God takes to bring souls to Him. Let us keep on praying for that good doctor. And now it is getting late, dear, so good by till to-morrow."

And before Mary had realized it, she had pressed her hand and noiselessly passed out of the door. Mary was disappointed, nay, astonished. Why had her dear Sister been so abrupt? She pondered over it, but could not solve the problem.

Night fell, and a wretched night it was for the poor sufferer. Her brightness during the afternoon was the flickering brightness of a lamp that is going out. At sunrise the next morning, when they came to minister to her wants, they found her so much worse that they thought she was dying. Quickly the priest was sent for, and her god friend, Doctor Thorn. When the latter arrived, he knew at once the end was near. Mary smiled feebly as he entered.

"It has come at last, doctor," she whispered. "Won't you stay with me till I die?" The doctor nodded his head. Somehow, this poor, lonely girl seemed very dear to him. He cared for very, very few, and he would miss her out of his own lonely life.

The priest knew her well. Her preparation for death had begun long ago. Holy Viaticum was received. Extreme Unction and the last absolution given. Doctor Thorn watched the whole proceedings. He saw the lines of pain in the white face settle into a peace which even physical agony could not efface.

Then the priest said he would send the Sisters to her bedside. Mary's eyes told her gratitude. She was not able to speak. Doctor Thorn sat beside her, his finger on her pulse, his fine face grave and very pale. The silence was broken only by the labored breathing of the sufferer and the subdued movements of the few neighbors who were there to show charitable sympathy for the poor, dying girl.

Then the Sisters came. One glance was enough. Softly moving to the head of the bed, Sister Hilda detached poor Mary's cherished crucifix from its nail and laid it in the cold hand. Taking a blessed candle from the little table, she lighted it; then, sprinkling holy water on the pillow, she signed the cold forehead with the cross, and kneeling, began to read the beautiful prayers for the dying. When the clear, sweet, bell-like voice rose softly on the hush of the death chamber, Doctor Thorn raised his head with a startled expression. The nun's face, framed in its close, black bonnet, was turned full towards him; every line of it absorbed in the solemn and holy duty of the moment. The gray eyes were never lifted.

The Sister prayed and Dr. Thorn listened. What was it in that voice and in those prayers? He had never felt like this before. God was surely there. There was a faith that held out its arms and drew him to its heart. He felt the touch of grace, and, bowing his head, he murmured "Credo!"

Suddenly there was silence. Mary's eyes opened. She tried to smile; then her lips moved. Dr. Thorn bent to catch the words, very low and broken: "Doctor—I would—be glad—to die if you could try—to believe my faith—Sister and I—have prayed—so long. Won't you?"

"I'll try, Mary," was the husky answer. And in his heart he said, "A second time led by a child." A radiant look lit up the thin face, then a mute glance toward the

enclosed Sister, as if she transferred the trust to her; and then a little quiver passed through her frame. Again the voice of prayer began, in plaintive, hushed tones. A few more sighs, a long, long breath; another, then stillness.

"All this over," said the doctor, as he rose and abruptly left the room. "Eternal rest grant to her, O Lord." The old, sweet petitions for the dead fell on the awed stillness, and when the last Amen was said all arose to gaze at the marble face with its closed eyes. Each felt it was well with the child and none would dare to wish her back. Doctor Thorn assumed the responsibility of the funeral. When it was over he lingered a moment at the lonely grave, then bent his steps towards the city and wooded his way to the convent. He had thought much since that deathbed scene, and thought with him was the herald of prompt action. But first he must verify his almost positive certainty. He came in sight of the tall building. He knew it well for he had passed it frequently, although he had never entered its doors. Nor was his name unknown to the Sisters, for they had heard of his goodness and kindness from the poor they visited. He entered and sent up his card, asking to see the Sister who assisted at Mary Thurston's deathbed.

In a few moments a tall, queenly nun entered with quiet step. The sweet serenity and peace of the beautiful face touched him, and the subdued light of the gray eyes flashed conviction on him. He rose.

"I have called, Sister," he said, with respectful dignity, "to tell the friend of the poor child we buried to-day that I intend to keep the promise I made at her bedside in your presence. I do believe in her faith and yours, and I am resolved this very night to take steps towards professing it. But I beg you not to deem me impertinent if I ask a question that will throw light on a starting point in my life, which hitherto has been like a faith of its own. Did poor Mary ever speak of me to you?"

"She did, doctor," said the nun gently, and I have helped her to pray for you for a long time past, I thank God that a noble mind like yours will at last be safely anchored where alone it will find peace."

"But the question, Sister. It is this: I owe the development of all that is good in me to an incident that happened twenty-five years ago in a distant city, and of which poor Mary has surely told you."

Sister Hilda bowed her head, and her eye rested for a moment on the worn little turquoise ring that hung at the doctor's watch-chain. The doctor followed her look, smiled slightly and then resumed gravely:

"It seemed to me when I saw you, Sister, at the dear child's deathbed, and heard your voice, I knew you. Those twenty-five years rolled back, and that incident was present and living, and you were the angel of the scene. Am I wrong?"

The nun smiled. "Twenty-five years ago, doctor, I was a willful little child, much too small to do good to any one."

"But your name," persisted doctor Thorn; "your first name only?"

"My name was Annie," said the nun, hesitatingly, "but at home those who loved me called me 'Queenie.'"

Educational.

New Term

from Jan. 2nd. Enter any day for long or short course. New Catalogue ready. Write for it if you have any idea of a college course. Address W. H. SHAW, Principal, Central Business College, Toronto.

St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, CANADA

Commercial course—latest business college features. High School course—preparation for matriculation and professional studies. College or Arts course—preparation for degrees and seminaries. Natural Science course—thoroughly equipped experimental laboratories. Critical English Literature receives special attention. First-class band and orchestra only \$15.00 per annum. Send for catalogue giving full particulars. REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R. PRES.

HOLY NAME MEN SAVE MEMBER'S LIFE.

THIRTY GIVE STRIPS OF THEIR SKIN FOR GRAFTING OPERATION, WHICH WAS SUCCESSFUL. Monitor, Newark, N. J.

Frank Waters, a member of the Holy Name Society of St. Lucy's Church, Jersey City, had a joyful Christmas which was shared by thirty fellow-members who had allowed physicians to cut healthy skin from their arms to heal the frightful burns on the young man's body.

The display of fraternal devotion is a topic of conversation on all sides, and not a more pleased person concerned in the affair can be seen than Father H. J. Watterson, director of the society.

Waters was burned last 4th of July by a premature explosion of fireworks. Up to a few weeks ago there appeared little hope for the young man. Then there was a decided improvement in his condition and the physicians told the Rev. H. J. Watterson, first assistant pastor of St. Lucy's Church, that they would probably be able to make him whole by the skin grafting process.

Such a vast amount of healthy tissue was required, however, to cover the burned area that they hesitated to undertake the contract of getting a sufficient supply.

At the next meeting of the Holy Name Society Father Watterson told about four hundred and fifty men who were present about the condition of their fellow-member and asked how many would be willing to part with some skin to help Waters to recovery.

To the delight of the priest, every person in the room volunteered to bare his arm to the surgeon's knife and permit them to help themselves to all the cuticle they wanted.

Send \$1—receive 5 wool remnants suitable for Boys' Knee Pants up to 11 Years. Give size and we will cut out pants free. Add 25c. for postage. N. Southwick & Co., 4 Coote Block, London, Canada.

Advertisement for CURZON SUITS. Text: "EVERY LINER CARRIES 'CURZON' SUITS". Includes an illustration of a man in a suit and a ship. Text continues: "Industry and thrift go hand-in-hand, and the man who wants to prosper must practise both. There's neither sense nor reason in paying twice over for anything. Money saved is money earned, and if you save 50 cents in the dollar you are doubling your spending capacity or increasing your bank balance. There's not a Liner crossing the Atlantic to-day which does not carry our Suits. Our system is perfection itself, and thousands of those residing overseas are availing themselves of the opportunity afforded by us to secure their clothing from the old country. Our Catalogue-Booklet describing our business is worth getting, and the perusal of same will at once convince that we are a 'live,' 'up-to-date' firm with brains and straight business principles. Our method of Mail Order Tailoring is simple, and you can rely on obtaining the latest styles, either Home Fashions or American cut, correct and unequalled finish, at prices miles in front of any demanded in Canada for much inferior goods. The process is simple. Merely fill in a postcard and address same to our Distributing Agents for Canada—The Night Directories Ltd.—asking for our selection of materials. By return you will receive our latest assortment of patterns, together with latest London and New York fashion plates, instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, All free and Carriage Paid. To measure yourself is so simple that we guarantee—an official form of guarantee is enclosed with each Booklet—to refund your money in full if the goods do not fit and are not to your thorough satisfaction. We dispatch your order within 7 days from receipt, and if you don't approve return the goods, and we will refund your money."

OUR GUARANTEE: Clothing at half Usual Cost.



(Dept. 58 B), 60 E2 CITY ROAD, FINSBURY, LONDON, ENGLAND. Address for Patterns: CURZON BROS., c/o Night Directories Ltd. (Dept. 58 B), 74-76 Church Street, TORONTO, ONTARIO. Please mention this paper.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum. THOS. COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher. Advertisement for teachers situations want...

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability...

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published...

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1908.

THE CHURCH AND INDIVIDUALISM.

Amongst the many charges brought by outsiders against the Church is the unfounded allegation that she is opposed to individuality. In few respects is her spirit less understood...

From an historical standpoint we judge the very opposite to be the case. No teaching academy, no system of philosophy has been so unrestricted in investigations as the Catholic Church...

MIXED MARRIAGES.

The Rev. J. G. Inkster, Minister of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, preached lately upon mixed marriages—a subject not often treated in non-Catholic pulpits. Much more rarely is it treated so fairly and prudently...

leanings towards Calvinism as a Presbyterian minister would likely lead him. Where mutual love is wanting, or afterwards found to be wanting, marriage should cease, and divorce would be legitimate...

A SOCIALIST'S CRITICISM OF A PRIEST'S ADVICE.

Calgary was lately the scene of a controversy brief in detail but indicative of consequences which should be noted and laid to heart. It seems that the esteemed Superior of the Olate Fathers at Calgary, Father Jan, in a letter to the Morning Albertan...

ANSWERS.

The following has been sent us: "If a couple are married before the judge without being married before the Church, and after that separate again, is there any contract before God or only in the eyes of the law?"

town lot where there ought to be room for discontented, unpatriotic Socialism.

AN ITALIAN ROMANCE.

The Church continues to afford inexhaustible material to the writers of romance. From the harmless story whose pages are adorned with history and gently colored with mild sentiment to the prejudiced tale whose plot is laid in scandal and whose development is selfish for morbid curiosity...

DEATH OF FATHER HEENAN.

The news of the death of the good Vicar-General of Hamilton diocese, Rev. Father Heenan, will be read with the utmost regret by many priests and people, not alone of Hamilton diocese, but of the entire province of Ontario...

meed to remain "with head erect and looking towards the sacred species during the entire consecration, from the first stroke of the bell, to the last ringing, when the priest genuflects after replacing the chalice upon the altar, instead of bowing in adoration."

IS HOME RULE SET BACK AGAIN?

Speaking at a meeting of the United Irish League, on the 15th, Mr. John E. Redmond, the Irish Parliamentary leader, said the changes in the Ministry resulting from the assumption of the Premiership by Mr. Asquith had involved an alteration of the attitude of Ireland toward the Liberal party...

HEEDLESS OF THE DAY OF RECKONING.

A lady correspondent draws our attention to deplorable conditions which exist in her neighborhood. She states that many fathers of families are not only addicted to the drink habit, but that they bring whiskey into their homes and drink it immoderately in the presence of their children...

MORE TIME TO THE STUDY OF RELIGION.

In the course of a vigorous pastoral letter on "Modernism," Bishop Hedley of Newport, Wales, urges the faithful to give more time and thought to the study of religion. It is a rare thing, says the Bishop, to find Catholics in these days who have any grasp of the length and breadth of their own religion...

IS HOME RULE SET BACK AGAIN?

Speaking at a meeting of the United Irish League, on the 15th, Mr. John E. Redmond, the Irish Parliamentary leader, said the changes in the Ministry resulting from the assumption of the Premiership by Mr. Asquith had involved an alteration of the attitude of Ireland toward the Liberal party...

HEEDLESS OF THE DAY OF RECKONING.

A lady correspondent draws our attention to deplorable conditions which exist in her neighborhood. She states that many fathers of families are not only addicted to the drink habit, but that they bring whiskey into their homes and drink it immoderately in the presence of their children...

MORE TIME TO THE STUDY OF RELIGION.

In the course of a vigorous pastoral letter on "Modernism," Bishop Hedley of Newport, Wales, urges the faithful to give more time and thought to the study of religion. It is a rare thing, says the Bishop, to find Catholics in these days who have any grasp of the length and breadth of their own religion...

WRITTEN FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

And now we come to holy Mass itself and some of the accessories and ceremonies used in the worship of God. The doctrine of the sacraments involved there. Not of the doctrines involved there. Not of the doctrines involved there.

Why, he asks me, are altar candles lighted, and even in broad daylight? They are reminders of heaven and its worship which the Church constantly places before the eyes of her children.

Under these circumstances the use of lights became a necessity, and in common with everything else pertaining to worship, easily lent themselves to symbolical uses, many of which are most striking, beautiful and suggestive of important truths.

Send for this now. Get the free book that tells you how to get the most out of your money. LEE-HODGINS CO., Limited 355 Pender Street, P.E.M.B.R.O.K.E., ONT.

LUTHER'S "DISCOVERY."

Mr. Editor—"A Protestant friend of mine the other day in conversation said the Bible was an unknown book until Martin Luther published his German translation in 1530. He quoted the historian D'Aubigne as authority for his statement. Is he not mistaken?"

Your friend is correct in saying that D'Aubigne made the statement. In telling how Luther discovered the Bible on the unknown shelves of a dark room, D'Aubigne adds: "A rare book, unknown at that time."

The statement is absurd and glaringly mendacious, and has been thoroughly refuted by Protestant writers themselves. The Rev. S. R. Maitland, a Church of England clergyman, and librarian to the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, published among many other works, a book entitled "The Dark Ages."

He writes: "We know of at least twenty different editions of the whole Latin Bible printed in Germany only, before Luther was born. These had been issued from Angsburg, Strasbourg, Cologne, Ulm, Mentz (now Basle) and Nuremberg (see) and were dispersed through Germany, I repeat, before Luther was born; and I may remark that before that event there was a printing press at work in this very town."

It is not only true, where more than twenty years after he is said to have made his discovery. Some may ask what the Pope was about all this time? Truly, one would think he must have been off his guard; but as to those German performances, he might have found employment nearer home, if he had looked for it.

After the priest reads the gospel at Mass he kisses the book. Why? As the Abbe Durand puts it: "We cover the letter of a father who is gone with kisses and tears, and the gospel remains with us as a legacy of God to His children."

Why does the celebrant wash his hands just before the most solemn part of the Mass? When our Lord was about to institute His holy sacrament He first washed the apostles' feet to show with what humility and purity they should approach the heavenly banquet.

Under these circumstances the use of lights became a necessity, and in common with everything else pertaining to worship, easily lent themselves to symbolical uses, many of which are most striking, beautiful and suggestive of important truths.

Under these circumstances the use of lights became a necessity, and in common with everything else pertaining to worship, easily lent themselves to symbolical uses, many of which are most striking, beautiful and suggestive of important truths.

Under these circumstances the use of lights became a necessity, and in common with everything else pertaining to worship, easily lent themselves to symbolical uses, many of which are most striking, beautiful and suggestive of important truths.

Under these circumstances the use of lights became a necessity, and in common with everything else pertaining to worship, easily lent themselves to symbolical uses, many of which are most striking, beautiful and suggestive of important truths.

Under these circumstances the use of lights became a necessity, and in common with everything else pertaining to worship, easily lent themselves to symbolical uses, many of which are most striking, beautiful and suggestive of important truths.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS. BISHOP McPAUL FORCEFULLY URGES ITS SUPPORT. The vigorous Bishop of Trenton, N. J., Right Rev. James A. McPaul, can never be accused of dryness in his pastorals or his addresses.

It is to these people a standing factor for good or evil; and America publishes some excellent secular newspapers, which may be safely introduced into the family.

Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions of the multitude.

Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions of the multitude.

Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions of the multitude.

Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions of the multitude.

Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions of the multitude.

Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions of the multitude.

Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions of the multitude.

Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions of the multitude.

Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions of the multitude.

Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions of the multitude.

Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions of the multitude.

Every one will admit that some of our newspapers are a disgrace. It is shocking to witness the harm which these disreputable journals do by pandering to the lower passions of the multitude.

NEW WAY TO BE WELL

Healthfulness of Oranges. The one lesson which most people never seem to learn is, how to guard their health. We have been eating oranges since time immemorial, yet how many of us know that orange juice contains a medicinal principle which has a marked action on the stomach, bowels, kidneys and skin.

The cure will be greatly assisted and hastened by taking "Fruit-a-tives" in conjunction with the orange juice. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the medicinal principle of oranges, apples, figs and prunes are many times increased by the special way in which they are combined.

The cure will be greatly assisted and hastened by taking "Fruit-a-tives" in conjunction with the orange juice. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the medicinal principle of oranges, apples, figs and prunes are many times increased by the special way in which they are combined.

The cure will be greatly assisted and hastened by taking "Fruit-a-tives" in conjunction with the orange juice. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the medicinal principle of oranges, apples, figs and prunes are many times increased by the special way in which they are combined.

The cure will be greatly assisted and hastened by taking "Fruit-a-tives" in conjunction with the orange juice. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the medicinal principle of oranges, apples, figs and prunes are many times increased by the special way in which they are combined.

The cure will be greatly assisted and hastened by taking "Fruit-a-tives" in conjunction with the orange juice. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the medicinal principle of oranges, apples, figs and prunes are many times increased by the special way in which they are combined.

The cure will be greatly assisted and hastened by taking "Fruit-a-tives" in conjunction with the orange juice. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the medicinal principle of oranges, apples, figs and prunes are many times increased by the special way in which they are combined.

The cure will be greatly assisted and hastened by taking "Fruit-a-tives" in conjunction with the orange juice. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the medicinal principle of oranges, apples, figs and prunes are many times increased by the special way in which they are combined.

The cure will be greatly assisted and hastened by taking "Fruit-a-tives" in conjunction with the orange juice. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the medicinal principle of oranges, apples, figs and prunes are many times increased by the special way in which they are combined.

The cure will be greatly assisted and hastened by taking "Fruit-a-tives" in conjunction with the orange juice. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the medicinal principle of oranges, apples, figs and prunes are many times increased by the special way in which they are combined.

The cure will be greatly assisted and hastened by taking "Fruit-a-tives" in conjunction with the orange juice. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the medicinal principle of oranges, apples, figs and prunes are many times increased by the special way in which they are combined.

The cure will be greatly assisted and hastened by taking "Fruit-a-tives" in conjunction with the orange juice. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the medicinal principle of oranges, apples, figs and prunes are many times increased by the special way in which they are combined.

The cure will be greatly assisted and hastened by taking "Fruit-a-tives" in conjunction with the orange juice. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the medicinal principle of oranges, apples, figs and prunes are many times increased by the special way in which they are combined.

The cure will be greatly assisted and hastened by taking "Fruit-a-tives" in conjunction with the orange juice. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in which the medicinal principle of oranges, apples, figs and prunes are many times increased by the special way in which they are combined.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND CIVILIZATION.

By a Protestant Bishop. Addressing a recent interdenominational convention on "The Problem of the City," Bishop Walton of Oakland paid the following remarkable tribute to the Catholic Church:

"I want to ask you how we could take care of the millions of foreign born who come to our cities, how our police forces could handle them and control them, were it not for the conservative influence of the Roman Catholic Church? It is to these people a standing factor. In itself it is a great police power."

"I don't want to challenge you Protestants, but isn't it a fact that the Roman Catholic Church holds its children closer than any other? And so long as this is so its influence is most important in dealing with the problem of the cities."

A brave admission this, before an interdenominational assembly, says The New World, Chicago. We are so accustomed to calumny and misrepresentation on the part of Protestant ministers that the Bishop's generous tribute comes to us in the nature of a surprise.

The assembled ministers of the gospel it must have proved a bolt from the blue heaven, for Protestantism considers the immigrant classes, especially those from Catholic countries, as its portages par excellence. Reference has been made in The New World to the immense influence for civic good exercised by the Catholic Church in our large cities.

Unlike the Protestant sects she has the power of adapting herself to the most divergent needs of her immigrant children. They are out of touch with American institutions, they are ignorant of its language and its customs, and instinctively rely upon the authority and guidance of the Catholic Church which is of necessity the same to them here that it was in their native lands.

She it is who little by little, step by step, develops them along lines which ultimately lead to the noblest in American citizenship. Under her fostering care they preserve their own language and their own customs, and still further develop the qualities that make not only for practical Catholics but for useful membership in society.

Reference was made some time ago to an incident which occurred on the occasion of the recent visit of the Mosely Commission to America. One of the Commissioners learning of the work being done in a certain Polish parish, and after inspecting its parochial school, in which over four thousand children of foreign born parents were being educated, exclaimed:

"Is your money earning all it should for you?" Frequently complaint is made that Catholics are not a reading people. There is some truth in this, if we limit our consideration to distinctively Catholic literature: our religious newspapers, books and periodicals. They are not found on our news-stands, nor in all our public libraries. We have made inquiry into the reason of this neglect, and have been informed that Catholics themselves are responsible; that they do not ask for Catholic newspapers, books and periodicals.

No better example of the power and influence of the press can be given than the results achieved in Germany. It was due to public opinion, created by the Catholic press, that the center party remained undivided and steadfast, triumphed over Kulturkampf, sent Bismarck to Canossa, and organized the Catholics of Germany so that they presented an unbroken front to their enemies.

Listen to the eloquent words of Dr. Barth spoken at the Catholic Congress of Ratisbon: "The Catholic Germans have behind them a gift inspired by heaven, which was granted to the Catholic people of Germany as an auspicious sign of better days, through their firm and faithful union among themselves, and their unwavering constancy in the conflict for the defence of the highest welfare of the people and of humanity. Such a gift was the vigorous, able, aggressive Catholic press. In quality and quantity it developed into a power that could not be ignored in public life. Among

its enemies and among the Catholics of other countries, although enjoying far better circumstances, it excited admiration and envy.

In the course of fifty years, the number of newspapers, resolutely Catholic, increased from five or six to nearly three hundred and thirty. The subscriptions, which down to 1850 were not more than fifty or sixty thousand, and were distributed among about twenty newspapers, have since increased to hundreds of thousands, even to millions.

The Catholic press suffered and fought, ever increasing in number, always with more ardent zeal, with an inflexible and untiring spirit of sacrifice for the rights of Catholics. It sustained a mortal combat with Bismarck, the powerful Goliath, who nevertheless was a champion that feared the pen; it rendered fruitless and harmless the weight of his words; it frightened and drove out of their dark hiding places the disreputable sheets of the reptiles, and impressed indelibly upon their foliowers the ruinous brand of Cain.

FREE THINKER FINDS THE TRUTH WHILE WRITING A BOOK DEFAMING THE CHURCH.

A correspondent of the Catholic Standard and Times, writing from Washington under date of March 30, tells of the notable conversion of Rolla T. Marshall, a pronounced free-thinker, who was received into the Catholic Church on his deathbed. Mr. Marshall, who is a ripe scholar and a man of marked talent, had been writing a book the sole object of which was the defamation of the Catholic Church in general and an attempt to prove by the Old Testament that the Pope is anti-Christ.

Tuesday last, while in apparently robust health, Mr. Marshall informed Mrs. Riley, who is a devout Catholic and an employee of the government, that he would become a Catholic ere long. Two days later, when he was stricken with paralysis, he requested Mrs. Riley to send him a priest, whereupon she telephoned for Rev. Father Finerney, of St. Dominick's Church, who immediately responded and received into the one true Church a man who throughout his long life — he was seventy five years old — was an intense hater of everything Catholic.

After being baptized and given the last rites of the Church, Mr. Marshall was removed to the Garfield Hospital, where he now lies in a critical condition. Mr. Marshall for the past year boarded with an Irish Catholic family, and also roomed with a Catholic one, that of John A. Crowley, with whom he often engaged in religious controversies, and it is more than likely that what he saw and heard in his recent environments dispelled the prejudice that had controlled him throughout his long life and enabled him to recognize the truth and holiness of the teachings of the Church of God, as reflected in the lives of her faithful children.

If a man lacks self-control, the very backbone, pith and nerve of character are lacking also.

Is your money earning all it should for you? If your money is not earning more than three per cent. it is not earning what it should and still be safe.

We know of sound, safe securities which pay all the way from four to seven per cent. And to-day is the time to buy them—perhaps never before could they be had for so little money.

We would like to give you the particulars of some of these securities—what they will cost and how much they will earn for you.

We have been in this business for nearly 40 years. Much of our business is done by correspondence. We are always glad to answer letters of enquiry.

John Stark & Co. Stock Brokers and Investment Agents

Members of the Toronto Stock Exchange 26 Toronto Street Toronto

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Low Sunday.

FAITH.

"Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God." (1st John 5:5).

The first lesson which we learned, my dear brethren, from the life of our Blessed Lord on Easter Day was a lesson of peace. To-day we are concerned with another lesson. It is the lesson of faith, and to them that learn well this lesson our Lord promises His special blessing.

What, then, is faith? "Now, faith is the substance of things to be hoped for; the evidence of things that appear not." It is an evidence; a certitude higher than any evidence or certitude of the senses. St. Louis de France so well appreciated this that, when some one constrained him to see a miraculous appearance of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament to confirm his faith, he said that his faith was stronger without the miracle than with it, and he refused to see the miracle.

Faith, then, gives to the man that has it a certitude of all things higher than any other certitude we can have in this life. Human reason assures us of certain facts, of certain existences, but divine faith leads us on above human reason to the author of the facts, to the Creator and Preserver and Lawgiver of those existences. So that the man who has the gift of divine faith knows more certainly facts and existences than he who has not, because by this gift he refers them all to the Absolute, they being all only relative.

The gift of faith, as every Catholic knows, is given in baptism. Now, what is there in the gift of baptism which constitutes the baptized man a new creature in the sight of God, considering that the natural man is one who is wounded by original sin in his intellect, will, and affections? Considering this, if I say, we ask how can this soul be born into the world under this sad condition, be recreated? Christ, speaking to Nicodemus, gives us the answer: "Except man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." To-day it will concern us to consider only one of these gifts, the gift of the intellect.

By baptism man is given, as we said, the gift of faith. Now, faith is the act of the recreated intellect, and only of the recreated intellect. It is a divinely inspired gift by which the baptized man is enabled to apprehend the acts of God and believe them as true. It is a divinely inspired gift by which not only can he penetrate the unseen, by which the visible things of this world become clearer and more visible, because we begin to see them in the light in which God sees them. Therefore, why does the Church sing every Sunday in the Mass, "I believe in all things visible and invisible."

So, then, the gift of faith puts into the soul of every baptized man a capacity for receiving the truth and nothing but the truth. Such is the advantage the Christian has over the unbaptized man. He has a quality which enables him to reach the grand end for which God in the beginning created him. By means of the gift of faith, then, man passes to union with God. By use of the divine gift man becomes, as it were, filled with God and sharer of the divine beatitude. It is a gift which, used rightly, makes him apprehend truth in matters of faith and morals, so that it needs but the special action of the Holy Spirit in the case of the Pope to make him the infallible exponent of the Church in these matters.

Every baptized person has the capacity, but not all do, will, or can use it. The most that many a man can do is to recognize the truth when he hears it as truth, but not to find it out. This, then, is a gift, or, if you will, a divine inspiration, left to the sons and daughters of the Church for their own special heritage. It divides them from those without by a chasm as wide as that between Dives and Lazarus, and which nothing but the very gift itself can cause to cross the gulf.

Such is the reason why men who wander in error so often come at last to the end, and become good Catholics. Because they have perceived that to the mind of the baptized, God and devout Catholic, there is a certainty in all things, both visible and invisible, which science, false philosophy, and the world never could attain to. Guard, then, and keep alive and burning the gift of faith and the earnest and constant use of the sacraments, that is; may the said of you at the last: "Blessed be the Father, though he saw not, yet he believed."

A FUNERAL SERMON.

They had laid the dead man ready to be lowered into the grave. The speaker approached the tomb and addressed the mourners in these words: "Whatever be the social task that we have accomplished; whether we have experienced the cruel gnawing of misery; or enjoyed the sweet caresses of wealth; whether we have lived in soft ease or struggled with hard toil, we all fall one after another at the fixed hour into the material nothing to which Death leads us. Whatever be the philosophic or religious path that our thought has traveled, the matter of our body, in dissolving reabsorbs and destroys forever, our consciousness." The country was France. The dead man was a school teacher. The orator was the local deputy. Could any scene come fearfully poor as the official program which is blighting the hopes and ideals of a once noble people? That such a scene should be possible shows how completely many Frenchmen have broken with Christianity. The very teachers of little children no longer believe in God. Man is animated matter in life; in death inanimated matter; that is all! Let those who trifle with the school system yet existing in Great Britain ask themselves whether the people of this country will permit their children to be taught that men are matter with warm breath in it, nothing more? Yet that is the aim of secular education. — Liverpool Times.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. A LESSON FROM THE FOREST.

By D'E. To my mind rivals fair Killarney, 'Bantou Nature' certainly has bestowed some of her choice gifts in all parts of this lovely Newfoundland draught.

A stroll over its tranquil surface in the summer months is a pleasure many places cannot give and few can excel. On all sides there is something to charm, in every direction nature's gospel unfolds a sublime text.

If the bay in general be beautiful, Conne River, its conflux point, is magnificent. The individual traits of the draught's ports seem gathered there, like a glorious chivalry at a national pageant—the scene is gorgeous and brilliant to behold. The virginal forest gives forth the sweet odor of its untainted depths, the giant trees rear on high and send their aerial shadows to delightfully blend with the horizon's blue, the waterfalls prismatically accept and varicolored omit the rays of the mid-day sun, the rival with childlike glee greets mother ocean, the swift ebbing tide embraces a gentle breeze and produces a chord just as sweet as the aolian—the birds become the voice of the aggregate and sing a hymn of praise and gratitude to the beneficent Giver of all gifts.

To be in such a place and not feel elated is indeed difficult. To gaze upon this must elicit from any soul a question—and an answer may not be given. Words surely coalesce with thoughts—for words and thought are but aspects of a unity. What thought is adequate to measure the loveliness of this spot? What word can portray the still superior loveliness of the scene of which it is but the effect? If the effect be dazzling, the cause must be blinding; if the handwork be twilight, how glorious is the artisan the composer of meridian splendor! No answer can be forthcoming; the finite cannot comprehend the infinite—though it yearns to do so. Alas! how seldom does man, the noblest of all creation, pause to reflect—that alone amongst created, he remains ingrate and joins not the universe's mighty voice which goes to Heaven and thanks the bountiful Creator. Lower creations are grateful for only a passing blessing whilst man essays no thanks for the temporal he has, nor for the Eternal that awaits him. What base ingratitude!

The ordinary visitor to Conne would be apt to exclaim with the poet: "Here every thing is noble and only man is vile." and yet not even so. The inhabitant here by his pure life and good deeds supplies an exception to the common human herd.

For this beauty spot is the camping ground of a large tribe of the Micmacs, who migrated thither from Canadian woods. They are indeed true children of the forest and yet their characters would shame the white man. The latter, much more than they, are savage, for the man whose spirit is dead to God is truly a savage and a mere animal. So out it happens that the self-deceived white who calls the Indian a savage receives a rebound and well defines himself. The Indians are a branch of the Canadian tribe and the chief is a tributary, and subject to the jurisdiction of Cape Breton. Once they had a wigwag settlement, but good wooden houses have now replaced the bivouac. The mode of livelihood is the produce of the chase. Spring and autumn they go to the woods and seek the valuable furs that there abound. The women and children at home are ever at work, and well-tilled gardens will tell a tale of industry. The Micmacs are all Catholics, and not merely in name. Good, fervent and sagacious must have been the devoted sacrifice of the missionaries who taught them to follow "Christ and Him crucified." The Irish Gael proudly and justly boasts of his tenacity to Holy Church, but, lo! the Micmacs may be a winning rival. They have kept the faith, they know the salient points of doctrine, they have an sagacious reverence when the Holy Sacrifice is offered; they revere the bodies of their dead; they never forget that the soul returns not to dust. The dear departed are ever in their minds and beget many a "holy and wholesome thought."

Every Sunday they gather in their little chapel and sing in their own tongue the "Kyrie," "Credo," "Agnus Dei," to the soul-stirring strain of the Gregorian, the Chief gives an instruction, corrects their faults and urges them to take a pride in the traditions of the tribe and practically honor the "faith of their fathers." Formerly the priest could but visit Conne twice a year and that visit was replete with many a consolation. As the boat approached the banks, men, women and children would throng to greet him. What a whole souled welcome they gave and how glad they were when his hand was raised to bless them.

Padios is the Indian synonym of saggarth, and no Irishman loves his saggarth better than the Indian his Padios. The priest finds them good and docile and could weave from their noble lives a crown of virtue which would startle self-complacent Christians and make them hide their heads in shame. Thanks to the ever watchful solicitude of our dear and holy Bishop a priest has been sent to a nearby settlement and the Indians are jubilant and not ungrateful. At the suggestion of His Lordship an Indian girl has been trained as teacher by the gentle Sisters of St. Georges, and the children of the tribe will have an advantage that their fathers could not have.

We are told, and it is historically doubtless, that the early Christian mode of living was an emanation of the "greater precept." Leading a simple life, they left the administration of their worldly affairs to some trusted doacons. Alas! the world to-day presents a sad, sad contradiction and the Socialist finds vigorous that true Christianity should never tolerate. At Conne River the charity of the early Christians is re-enacted. They set no value on earthly things; they esteem as valuable only the eternal; they recognize they "have not here a last-

ing city." Living a community life, bearing and forbearing, the fortune shares with the unfortunate and selfishness finds no place in their dealings. What lessons these poor people teach the world which is content in self and the Severn, especially as a stretch of coast-line three miles long would intervene between the mouths of the two rivers.

A glance at the northern coast line of Greater Matchedash Bay makes Mr. Hunter's self evident proposition, if possible, still more untenable. The trend of the extreme south west shore of Baxter Towash, beginning just out side the bay at Port Severn, from Moresau Rock to the extremity of Moore Point, let us say, according to Government charts is within eight degrees, of north west. A line drawn, on Ducreux's map, tangent to the forelands, at the east and west of his coast line which begins just outside the bay at Chionkiara, takes within a few degrees the same trend. Therefore the bay where Chionkiara is marked is the mouth of the Severn. Again, if the river whose mouth is at Chionkiara is the North River, and if the Severn is "several miles further east" as Mr. Hunter claims (Relation of Cleve Island (ed. Vol. 20, p. 305) where he is to find place for the bay which exists at the Severn, seeing that there is no coastline further east?

THE NEW JESUIT SHRINE.

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE OF APRIL 18.

No, Mr. Editor, the small lake mentioned by Champlain was not Bass Lake but Lake Couchiching. The town that stood in the vicinity of Bass Lake, and probably at one time, where O'Kill now stands, was Contarea (more correctly Kuntareis), a town quite distinct from Chahague, otherwise St. Jean Baptiste, and to which the missionaries never had access. (Hist. 1614, p. 69, cols. 1, 2, and Hist. 1650, p. 10, col. 1) and so could not have been Contarea, as Mr. Hunter surmises, with the region surrounding Bass Lake.

A "COMPETENT PERSON" COULD NOT STOMACH MR. HUNTER'S "EVIDENCE."

General John S. Clark, who holds a certificate of competency from Mr. Andrew Hunter, and who moreover and much more to the point, as a military man, has necessarily received special training in the proper reading and interpretation of maps though sketched hurriedly, and defective in design, in that same letter of May 18, 1903, writes as follows concerning Ducreux's map: "An idea has been advanced that Bass Lake is represented and Lake Couchiching omitted. I think this is certainly an error." But previously on Nov. 4, 1886, he had already expressed the same opinion: "Mr. Hunter takes a ground, I see, that the small lake represented near Lake Simcoe is Bass Lake. This is most extraordinary."

HOW TO IDENTIFY RIVERS. Rivers coursing through the same region may be distinguished one from the other, if there be any doubt about their individuality: (a) by their general trend and more marked sinuosities or deviations; (b) by their volume, when the flow is not too irregular; (c) by the curves or windings of the coast line near their mouths, and (d) by the nature of the country where they rise, or by the form, position and size of the lakes where they take their source.

THESE COURSES.

(a) The direction in the flow of the North and of the Severn Rivers is very much alike. There is a marked sameness in their principal bends; so that roughly speaking, they lie parallel on the map. At first they both take a northerly direction, then deviate towards the west, and near their mouths both turn abruptly southwards. But here I may say all resemblance ends.

(b) The Severn has a far greater body of water, judging by the way it is set down, on all modern maps, than the North River. And while the latter is indicated by a single line, quite in the same way as Hogg, Sturgeon and the Coldwater, the former's width is marked by a double line, and this extends to the very intake of the lake which it drains.

On Ducreux's map all these peculiarities are reproduced, the only difference being that the Greater Matchedash Bay (Lesser Matchedash Bay), narrowed indeed from the mouth, extends further inland. This mode of tracing the river, namely, with a double line, should also be enough to convince one that Ducreux, or his Cartographer, intended to delineate the Severn and not the more diminutive North River.

BAYS AT THE MOUTH OF RIVER.

(c) But when we come to consider the bays at the mouth of rivers, near the mouth of the Coldwater and the Severn, there can be no further room for doubt. In the first place, the North River, in the reality and as mapped, empties, as does the Coldwater also, into Coldwater Bay. That is, there are no two bays at the outflow of these two streams, but both discharge their waters into one and the same bay, which opens at Waubashene into the Greater Matchedash Bay (owing to lack of uniformity among chorographers I must needs make use of this term to designate the whole inlet lying east of Giant's Tomb Island).

This special feature is laid down on every modern map and very distinctly. While, on every modern map also, the Severn, at Port Severn, empties into a bay, forming the mouth of the river, and one which is exclusively its own, and which there is no possibility of mistaking for the Lesser Matchedash, otherwise, Coldwater Bay, seeing that it is situated some three miles north of Waubashene.

Turning now to Ducreux's map, and counting the rivers east of the Wye, as heretofore, taking Hogg as the first, nobody, not even Mr. Hunter, I presume, recognizes in the third any other than the Coldwater. If this be so, it is into the bay of this latter river that the North River should empty, but as no other stream is marked as so doing, it necessarily follows that it is the North River, and not the Severn which is omitted on Ducreux's map.

Furthermore the river on Ducreux's map, which Mr. Hunter holds to be the North River, has for outlet a very distinct bay of its own, placed approximately at the same distance from the third stream (the Coldwater), as the latter is from the Sturgeon, and the Sturgeon from Hogg River, all of which tracings agree fairly well with the traces on our modern maps. But as the Black River has no bay distinct from that of the Coldwater, what Ducreux has set down, with a separate bay of its own, cannot be the North River.

COAST LINES NEAR MOUTH.

Considering now the coast line, we see that the bay, which Mr. Hunter takes for the outlet of the North River lies about three miles north of what he accepts as the opening of the bay into which the Coldwater River flows, and that the correct tracing on modern maps places the mouth of the Severn due

north also of the mouth of the Coldwater, while the North River is correctly made to flow into Coldwater Bay. From this it follows the river which Mr. Hunter contends is the North River, is not that river but the Severn, especially as a stretch of coast-line three miles long would intervene between the mouths of the two rivers.

A glance at the northern coast line of Greater Matchedash Bay makes Mr. Hunter's self evident proposition, if possible, still more untenable. The trend of the extreme south west shore of Baxter Towash, beginning just outside the bay at Port Severn, from Moresau Rock to the extremity of Moore Point, let us say, according to Government charts is within eight degrees, of north west. A line drawn, on Ducreux's map, tangent to the forelands, at the east and west of his coast line which begins just outside the bay at Chionkiara, takes within a few degrees the same trend. Therefore the bay where Chionkiara is marked is the mouth of the Severn. Again, if the river whose mouth is at Chionkiara is the North River, and if the Severn is "several miles further east" as Mr. Hunter claims (Relation of Cleve Island (ed. Vol. 20, p. 305) where he is to find place for the bay which exists at the Severn, seeing that there is no coastline further east?

To put it in another way: The only bays, east of the Wye, in all the Greater Matchedash Inlet, into which rivers empty as traced on modern maps are the bays, Victoria-Harbour Bay, Sturgeon Bay, Sturgeon Bay, Coldwater Bay (receiving the waters of that river and the North) and the bay at the mouth of the Severn. There is not another to be found. On Ducreux's map, in the inlet corresponding to the Greater Matchedash there are also four bays east of the Wye, and four only. The first three, as all acknowledge, correspond to Victoria-Harbour Bay, Sturgeon Bay and Coldwater Bay. If this be so to what bay on the modern map does Ducreux's fourth bay correspond? Momentous question? One would think that any mortal, or child of mortal capable of understanding the query, could manage to find no other answer save the correct one. But Mr. Andrew Hunter's answer is: "It corresponds to the bay at the mouth of the North River."

THE LAKES AT THEIR SOURCE.

(d) And here again Mr. Andrew Hunter's "evidence" runs counter to the reality. If the river whose mouth is at Chionkiara is the North River, according to Mr. Hunter's conception, he maintains also, as is natural, that the lake lying on Ducreux's map north-east of St. Jean Baptiste is Bass Lake. In fact this was his original and principal contention, the North River the very being but a consequence.

That "Lacus Ontarioensis" is Lake Simcoe, he, with all others, finds no difficulty in admitting. Now the position of the lake in dispute occupies the exact relative position to Lake Simcoe as does Lake Couchiching. Its southern extremity faces the most northern extremity of the greater lake precisely as Lake Couchiching does on modern maps relative to Lake Simcoe. Were it intended to represent Bass Lake it should be five miles west of that extremity of the greater lake. It lies so far east as to preclude all possibility of questioning, as it were any other lake further inland that direction, which by means of a stream (at the Narrows) could receive the outflow of the greater lake; and this more especially on account of the abrupt veering southwards of the east shore of the greater lake. Moreover, when we consider all this eastern portion of Ducreux's map we cannot fail to be struck with the exact resemblance in outline which it bears to Rama Township and the northern part of Mara. Add to this that the greater axis of Bass Lake runs east and west, while that of Ducreux's lake is north and south inclining to the north-east, as is the case with Lake Couchiching.

RELATIVE SIZE. As for size, the lake Mr. Hunter claims to be Bass Lake would be out of all proportion to it. On modern maps Bass Lake is given about the same area as Cranberry Lake, the latter being the "Lacus Anasauites" of Ducreux. Compare this with the lake of the same map, lying north or north-east of "S. I. Baptiste" and the disproportion becomes apparent.

From all these reasons the conclusion to be drawn is that not only the small lake is not "evidently that now called Bass Lake," but that the evidence is all the other way. That "the small lake mentioned in Champlain's maps, as lying near Chahague (nine miles from it)" also becomes identical with Bass Lake" has been shown already to be utterly at variance with Champlain's formal statement which I quoted in full.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO BE CONTINUED.

St. George's Baking Powder. "I can take you to a hundred homes, right around my store, in which St. George's is used." "You can ask those, who do the baking, what they think of."



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

NO sound-producing machine is so perfect as the one which Mr. Edison has made. None renders such good music without any of that mechanical sound which is so annoying in the cheaper type of talking machines. The Edison Phonograph and the new Records will give you the best that you can secure anywhere—in the theatre, in the concert hall and on the stage—and all in your own home where your family can enjoy it, and at small cost.

Why You Should Insure in the North American Life. Because of its unexcelled financial position which affords the best security to policy-holders. Because it is essentially a policy-holder's company, and will neither a mutual nor stock company, it possesses all the advantages and reflects the best points of both.

North American Life Assurance Company HOME OFFICE - TORONTO

ENCYCICAL LETTER ("Pascendi Gregis") Of Our Most Holy Lord PIUS X. By Divine Providence Pope ON THE DOCTRINES OF THE MODERNISTS Price 25c. Post-paid The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

COFFEY'S MALT EXTRACT OF MALT TORONTO, CAN.

THE London Mutual Fire INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. ESTABLISHED 1859. Assets \$1,400,000. Liabilities (including re-insurance) \$38,650,000. Reserve \$311,000,250. Surplus \$48,810,000. Security for Policy holders \$52,000,000.

\$15 WOMAN'S SUITS, \$6.50 Tailored to order. Suits to \$18. Send for free cloth samples, and full style book. — SOUTHGATE SUIT CO., LONDON, ONT.

Church Bells Memorial Bells a Specialty. The Old Reliable MENEELY & CO. WATERLOO, (West Troy), N.Y. CHURCH, CHIME, SCHOOL & OTHER BELLS

Archbishop O'Brien. (Man and Statesman) We have now on sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD office, this most interesting life of a great Canadian churchman, written by Miss Katherine Hughes. Price, postage prepaid, cloth \$1.00, paper 65c.

BACK TO ROME.

How rapidly and surely time is avenging the past! The changes in religious views and religious practices, the gradual return to the Roman Liturgy, or the established form of worship of the Catholic Church, among the dissenting religious bodies and the reaction of the sects from the dry and cold formalism of Puritanism, Calvinism and Socialism are indeed noteworthy signs of the times.

The innocent instrument was eyed askance as an invention of the evil one to rob worship of its simplicity, and the good people of the Presbyterian churches would have nothing to do with the diabolical machine. In many of the eastern churches the organ and anti-organ factions came to blows, and the feeling ran so high that bitter divisions were created which led to the establishment of separate churches.

In our own memory, every minister wore a white coat, or "white choker," as it was called by the profane; now 50 per cent. of the denominational preachers wear a Roman collar or an M. B. (Mark of the Beast) vest. Thirty years since, a clean-shaven minister was a rarity, and now a bearded minister in our large cities is an anomaly.

Forty years ago a Roman cross on the spire of a Presbyterian or any Protestant church was strangely out of place and a curiosity, if not an abomination. We have in memory an instance where a conscientious minister of a Protestant Episcopal church, in a country town, had at his own expense, a simple and unpretentious little cross placed on the steeple of the sacred building.

A young and eloquent pastor of a Presbyterian church in Cleveland, thirty years ago, thought it would be the proper thing to have a little service on the first Good Friday of his pastorate, and made the announcement on Sunday from his pulpit. When he reached the church on Friday morning he found the doors securely locked and barred against him.

The sentiment with reference to services and the manner of holding them has entirely changed among the Presbyterians in the past few years. In fact, in all the Protestant churches there has been at work a process of evolution which is bringing them nearer to Rome and to an ornate ceremonial. The Presbyterian church, having altered its creed by expurgating the infant damnation clause and altering that on predestination, has now introduced a liturgy closely approaching that of the Protestant Episcopal church, whose liturgy is taken from the Roman Catholic Church.

A JESUIT AMONG UNITARIANS.

A few days ago the Rev. W. O'Brien Pardow, S. J., of New York, said: "I do not like the word medieval as used by Ruskin. There is a sort of slur on being medieval. And to illustrate that I will give you an experience of mine: I had the very great honor to be invited to address a club of Unitarian ladies. I rather shivered at the invitation to address these ladies, but I arrived, and am here to tell the tale. There were not more than forty of them, and when I asked the manager what was to be my subject I was amazed when she said: 'Your subject is to be 'Why Are You a Catholic.'"

"What a change has come over the people when they invite a live Jesuit into a Unitarian parlor and ask him to explain why he is a Catholic!" It was a plain sign of the time and I was greatly encouraged. But here is the point I want to make: That, whereas the manager told me my subject was to be 'Why Are You a Catholic?' when I entered one lady asked me if I had seen the program. I said I had not, and she brought it to me and the title of my address on the program was 'Medievalism,' but I declined to speak on that subject and spoke on the topic originally given me. I spoke for an hour, and afterwards answered questions for three-quarters of an hour longer.

"One lady said to me: 'If I was convinced that I had an immortal soul I would accept a good deal of what you say.' 'Madame, I said, 'this is really beginning at the foundation.' 'We know,' the lady said, 'an immortal soul is quite hard to get hold of.' 'Another lady said: 'Well, if I could be convinced of a personal God I would accept a good deal of what you say.' And another said: 'Well, now, the Catholic Church is very consolating. I believe that fully. If it only could believe, I would accept all you teach.' I made me sad, and I came away a wiser man, and I considered the advantages that we Catholics have, that the children in our schools are innocent of almost all the objections of these refined, educated ladies."

A Devout Catholic Artist.

It is said that J. James Tissot, during the many years of his pilgrimage in Palestine, never failed in his devout daily worship at the historic monasteries of that Holy Land.

Mr. W. E. Dyer, 114 King street west, Toronto, general manager for Canada of the American Tissot Society, has recently issued a beautiful catalogue containing two reproductions in original colors of the Tissot paintings,

PURITY FLOUR advertisement featuring a flour bag illustration and text: 'A NAME THAT MEANS SOMETHING. A flour of the finest quality which the choicest Manitoba Hard Wheat and the most expert milling can make; a flour that never fails to give satisfaction; a flour that enjoys the confidence of those who have tried it—that's PURETY FLOUR.'

THIS IS THE LABEL. See that it is on every bag or barrel you buy. WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO. MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GOERBICH AND BRANDON.

DIocese of London.

A FINE PAROCHIAL RESIDENCE. The new parochial residence for St. Mary's parish in the city, which has been in course of construction for the past year, is now completed. About ten years ago this parish, so far as numbers were concerned, was of very modest proportions. The splendid new church erected during the pastorate of Father Trehan gave a fresh impetus to Catholicity in the east end. On the death of that holy and energetic priest, Rev. Father McKean was appointed to take charge of the parish, and the splendid work begun by Father Trehan was continued with an apostolic zeal which was admired by all. Priests and people were imbued with one purpose—a unity of action in advancing the interests of both.

Cure Yourself Without Drugs!

Oxydonor appeals to you because it makes you master of your own health, makes you master of your family, without drugs or medicine. Oxydonor has cured scores of cases of Rheumatism, Nervous Prostration, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Stomach Trouble, Indigestion, Erysipelas, Dysentery, Lung Trouble, Bronchitis, Blood Poison, Dropsy, Abscesses, Ulcers, Tumors, Spinal Disease, Pneumonia, La Grippe, Gout, Diphtheria, Liver, kidney and Bladder Troubles and Paralysis.

RED DEER, A CATHOLIC CENTRE IN ALBERTA.

Rev. Father H. Voisin, Superior of the R. A. F. Fathers House, who has been in charge of the Red Deer parish during the illness of Rev. Father Connolly, was on the 14th inst. presented with the Catholic Centre in Red Deer by the members of that congregation. The address was read by Mr. M. Comiskey and the presentation was made by Rev. Father Trehan, which was a very complimentary character. It was signed by Messrs. Thos. Hennessy, M. Dwyer, W. Gaylor, Thos. Clear and J. Earhart. Father Hogan thanked the donors heartily for the kindness done him and said he would always be a member with gratitude his congregation.

RECENT CURES BY D.D.D. IN CANADA.

Mrs. Sarah E. Hollingsworth, Pictou, Ont., writes: 'I had been suffering from facial eczema for a long time, but D.D.D. cured me completely. It also cured a friend of mine who suffered untold agony before using it.' Mrs. Henry Harvey, Black Lake, P. Q., Canada, writes: 'I had been a sufferer from facial eczema for several years, and was treated unsuccessfully by several doctors and finally advertised. I at once decided to give it a trial and sent for a sample bottle. D.D.D. cured me in a couple of weeks, and I have never had it since. It has been a godsend to me as well as many others.' Mrs. Wm. Knox, King St., Pictou, Ont., writes: 'I have used the D.D.D. Prescription and find it a most reliable remedy for all skin sufferers as a fine medicine. I suffered so long with facial eczema that I knew of D.D.D. that I feel more than grateful for what it has done for me. Send the coupon and let us send you the simple booklet then you will know why others are so grateful.'

ECZEMA! The Cure At Last. Skin Sufferers, Read This: The great remedy from the States that disease is now offered to Canadian sufferers. Read the offer of a FREE TRIAL BOTTLE. D.D.D. COMPANY, 29 Wellington St., Dept. B4 Toronto, Ont.

Home Bank of Canada advertisement: 'We solicit the acquaintance of the young man who has a dollar to set aside towards a savings account. He is a welcome customer here and we are pleased to extend him every encouragement. The small savers of to-day will be the wealthy men of the future.'

Rev. Father Voisin will be pleased to answer any inquiry for more particulars about this matter. To newcomers he will willingly give every possible assistance by way of information and direction. Address letters to Rev. Father Voisin, R. C. Mission, Red Deer, Alta.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night, My friends would look upon my quiet face Before they laid it in its resting place. And deem that death had left it almost fair; And laying snow-white flowers against my grave.

NEW BOOKS.

'A Turn Scrap Book' Talks and tales illustrative of the 'Our Father.' By Genevieve Lyons, with preface by Rev. R. Hugh Benson. Published by Longmans, Green, & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London E.C. Price 75c.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

TRACHERS WANTED.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE R. C. S. parochial school, Garrison, immediately. One speaking German preferred. Male or female. Salary and qualifications. Apply 'M.' CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1530-2.

SALESMEN WANTED.

SALESMAN WANTED FOR 'AUTO SPRAY' Best Hand Sprayer made. Compressed Air. Automatic. Liberal Terms. Cavers B. Os. Gall.

OPENING FOR TAILOR.

THERE IS A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR A tailor in Cobden, Ont. The population of the place is about one thousand. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing the postmaster. 1540-2.

VESTMENTS CANDELABRA CANDLES ORDO.

ORDER EARLY. Send for my prices before buying elsewhere. J. J. M. LANDY 416 Queen St. west TORONTO, Ont.

MEN WANTED AT ONCE.

One good man in each locality, with rig or capable of handling stock and poultry specialties. No experience necessary. We lay out your work for you, for week and expenses. Position permanent with W. A. JENKINS Manufacturing Co., London, Ont.

NEW BOOKS.

Modernism—What it is and why it is condemned. By C. S. B. Price, 15 Cents.

Saint Patrick—A Monograph in paragraphs.

By HUBERT M. SKINNER, Ph. D. Introduction by Rev. FRANCIS CASSILLY, S. J. Price, 25 Cents.

Ancient Catholic Homes of Scotland.

By DOM. ODO. BLUNDELL, O. S. B. Introduction by Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL SCOTT, of Abbotsford. Price \$1.25.

The Lord of the World.

By ROBERT HUGH BENSON. Price \$1.50.

The Catholic Record.

LONDON, CANADA. Beautiful Illustrations. 25th Year — JUST READY — 25th Year.

Catholic Home Annual For 1908.

Charming Frontispiece in Colors and a Profusion of other Illustrations. PRICE 25 CENTS. Free by Mail. Dozen, \$2.00.

Little Folks' Annual For 1908.

Stories and Pretty Pictures for the Young. 10 cents a copy. The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA.

C. M. B. A., Branch No. 4, London.

Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock, at their hall, in Albion Block, Richmond street. Thomas F. Gould, President; JAMES S. McDONALD, Secretary.