

The Catholic Record.

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

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CATHOLICS IN HIGH PLACES.

In some quarters a layman who steps out of the rut and seeks to make his brethren better Catholics—prouder of their faith, and more anxious to equip themselves to defend and to propagate it—is looked at askance, to say the least. But what nobler cause can enlist one's energy? It stands for all that is helpful to man here and beyond the grave. Hence he who champions it is contributing in efficient manner to good citizenship. By his words and actions he is doing his share to make life purer and saner, to foster the spirit that is antagonistic to the misgivings, in one word, he is giving an object lesson of the vital power of Christianity. But because he is a reproach to the careless and indolent, and believes that social iniquities are but poor things to give much time to, he is regarded as a disturber. He must be snubbed or buried under the weight of the argument similar to those which prevail to-day, existed and were treated with due reverence. This argument is of too delicate a texture to admit of rough handling. But it seems to have an aspect of solidarity to those who view it through the glasses of self-conceit and satisfied ignorance. But the truth is that the earnest Catholic corrects such people of narrow-mindedness, and his life is an eloquent protest against sordid apathy and foolish squandering of time. He talks the language of Faith and not the jargon of the world. He subordinates all things to God. And because he does this he is a good counsellor and friend, warm-hearted and trustful, an upholder of authority, a gentle and manly Christian. Non-Catholics respect him. They may refuse to hear him, but they acknowledge that he is a man, a fighter who sticks by his colors, and they have before them the spectacle of Catholicity that is rendered robust by the sacraments. And the light from a pure heart has been for many the kindly light that guided them to the fold.

THE EARNEST CATHOLIC.

The earnest Catholic is not the enemy of innocent amusements. But he entertains the notion that too much of them is apt to make one soft for the serious business of living. He believes, too, we think, that a generation aspiring to show the world what the Church stands for should not be unduly anxious for what is termed the "social side." And so God-speed the Catholic who is endeavoring to lead us out of the arid waste of the commonplace and to kindle enthusiasm for our own principles and ideals. He may overturn some of our little tin gods and ruffle the souls of the "prudent." He may be dubbed meddlesome by the unthinking and unlock mayhap the flood-gates of ignorant criticism, but the sensible respect and honor him.

THE WONDER OF THE CENTURY.

A correspondent writes us deprecating the tone of a leaderette that appeared in the *Catholic Record* a few weeks ago. He intimates that in his town citizens of creeds live in amity, and that bigotry is a thing of the past. We rejoice to hear of it, and should like to print the name of that town in golden letters as the wonder of the century. But our knowledge of conditions in that particular centre leads us to believe that the beatific picture that pleases our correspondent may disappear at any moment. So long as Catholics remain in the background and have their talking done by others; so long as they who have acquired a competence persist in sending their children to Protestant colleges and patronize the Protestant club for the reason that it makes for refinement, that concord will exist. But it is more of a tribute to our negligence and apathy than to any other cause. When our brethren, however, begin to—as it may happen in business or politics—get in the way of others, and when they manifest a loyalty to their own institutions, that picture may have spots on it. It takes two for competition; but a nerveless, back-boneless Catholic does not count.

OUR POSITION.

With all due respect to our critics we claim what is enjoyed by others, the right to have opinions, and if necessary to defend them. We make no pretensions to anything out of the ordinary, and

they who deem us "bumptious" may be pleased to learn that we are always ready to modify or to change our opinions when we are shown how and wherein they are fallacious. This, by the way, will be done by him who knows "how to accommodate himself to others, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them." But we confess to no admiration of the individual who talks to us in an unpleasant manner and says his "little tin gods" must be treated with due reverence—well because others more learned than ourselves have done so. An argument this of poor quality, but it is a nugget of wisdom to those who take everything on trust.

And so to supplement what we said a few weeks ago, too many of us have been following after strange gods. We have been shouting alien watchwords and have cultivated a condition of spine that makes it difficult for us to stand erect. We have hidden ourselves in our halls, and "resolved." We have fed ourselves on the chaff of novel and newspaper and let the world take the measure of our taste for the things worth while by our delight in social iniquities. For the benefit of those who may be inclined to waste time in futile criticism we quote again the words of Cardinal Newman: "Oblige men to know you," he said, "persuade them, impudently them, shame them into knowing you."

Remember them ye brethren who have an idea that life is too glorious to be given over to small talk and to end less diversion. Is it too much to ask that we take our share in the fashioning of public opinion, in removing prejudice and in vindicating our rights as citizens. Or shall we continue to cling to the "don't wake the baby" air.

POPE LEO XIII. AND THE SCOTTISH PEOPLE.

(From His Letter to the Bishops of Scotland, June 25, 1898.)

Scotland, so dear to the Holy See, and in a special manner to Us, has its place in Our care and solicitude. We have to recall the fact that over twenty years ago the first act of Our Apostolic See was performed in favor of Scotland, for on the second day of Our Pontificate We gave back to the Scottish people their Ecclesiastical Hierarchy. From that day forward, with your efficient co-operation, Venerable Brethren, and that of your clergy, We have constantly sought to promote the welfare of your nation, which is naturally inclined to embrace the truth. And now that We are so far advanced in years that the end cannot be delayed much longer, we have thought it meet to address you, venerable Brethren, and thus give your nation a further proof of Our Apostolic affection.

The terrible storm which swept over the Church in the sixteenth century, deprived the vast majority of the Scottish people, as well as many other peoples of Europe, of that Catholic Faith which they had gloriously held for over one thousand years.

The Pope, after reverting to the great achievements of your forefathers in behalf of Catholicism, continues: "But since then a great change has come to pass, the ancient faith having been extinguished in the minds of the vast majority of your countrymen. Are we to suppose that it will never be restored? There are indeed some signs which lead Us to hope that, by the grace of God, a brighter religious future awaits the Scotch people. We see that Catholics are more liberally and kindly dealt with as time goes on, that Catholic doctrines are no longer publicly held up to scorn, as perhaps formerly, but are, on the contrary, more favorably considered by many, and accepted by not a few. We also perceive that false views and opinions, which effectively prevent the perception of truth, are gradually disappearing. May the search after truth spread more, for there is no doubt that an accurate knowledge of the Catholic Religion, drawn from its own, and not from extraneous sources, will clear away many prejudices.

PRaises the Scottish Nation.

Great praise is due to the Scottish nation, as a whole, that they have always shown reverence and love for the Inspired Writings. They cannot therefore be unwilling to listen to a few words which in Our affection We would address to them on this subject with a view to their eternal welfare; since We find that in revering the Sacred Scriptures, they are in agreement with the Catholic Church. Why, then, should not this be the starting-point for a return to unity? We beg them to remember that they have the Books of the Old Covenant and of the New from the Catholic Church alone. If these Inspired Writings have passed unscathed through the many and dangerous vicissitudes of centuries, such a blessing is to be attributed to her never-failing vigilance and unceasing care.

We know that many of the Scottish people, who do not agree with us in faith, sincerely love the name of Christ, and strive to ascertain His doctrine, and to imitate His most holy example. But how can they obtain what they are striving for, if they do not allow themselves to be taught heavenly things in the way prescribed by Jesus Christ

Himself; if they do not give heed to the Church whose precepts they are commanded to obey by the author of faith as if they were His own: "He who heareth you heareth Me; he who despiseth you despiseth Me;" if they do not seek the nourishment of their souls, and the sustenance of all virtue, from Him whom the Supreme Pastor of souls made his viceregent, to whom He confided the care of the universal Church? In the meantime we are resolved not to fail in doing Our share, and especially to be constant in fervent prayer, that God may move their minds to what is good, and vouchsafe to impart to them the most powerful impulses of His grace. May the power by Us, grant to the Church that supreme consolation of speedily embracing the whole Scottish people, restored to the faith of their forefathers "in spirit and in truth." What incalculable blessings would not accrue to them, if they were once more united to us? Perfect and absolute truth would everywhere shine forth, together with the inestimable gifts which were forfeited by separation.—From "A Little Catholic Honeycomb."

SOCIALISM AND THE CHURCH.

Advocates of Socialism are busy and very active in spreading its teachings. It seeks to make the worst appear the better part and by this programme it seeks to lure the workersman to accept its teachings and to espouse its cause.

Socialism is inimical to society as constituted at the present and in ages past. It would pull down and uproot and build on a new plan. It proposes to cut down the hours of labor to three or four in the twenty-four and to raise the compensation to three or four times the present wages given for from eight to ten hours. Labor is to be almost eliminated and man is not "to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow" when Socialism gets in the saddle.

Private ownership of property is attacked in the Socialistic platform. Men are to contribute to a common fund and share alike allotment for all.

The Socialists would recast the family the church and the state. Some of them will deny this. But Socialism, if ever triumphant, would certainly not favor the anti-social state, church or family.

Archbishop Messner, in a sermon preached some time ago in Milwaukee, denounced some of the dangers of Socialism. He said: "There is great danger in it to the church, the state, morality, the family, the marriage relation and the property owners."

"The private ownership of property is supported by the gospel, apostolic teaching and the rules of the Church and is a divine ordinance not to be changed by the hand of man."

"The most insidious feature of socialism is the distribution of tracts and printed matter, even to expensive volumes, among the people of the land. While the representations made are apparently safe and sound, I maintain that these differ radically from the teaching of religion and the Catholic faith in the following important particulars:

"1. That the Church and occupation must be separated.

"2. That the State shall be deprived of authority.

"3. That the children are the economic base of the state and must be educated through it and not through the parents.

"4. That marriage shall depend on individual relation and last only as long as affection continues, making of it other than a divinely ordained realization for life.

"5. That private ownership of property should be dispensed with.

"A man can't be a Catholic and a socialist. That is plain from the articles I have just specified. Consequently the fight is on and will be continued as long as the Church is a power in the future, as it has been in the past.

"In the teeth of much opposition, consistently held such 'High' doctrine and practiced such 'High' ritual that the Church has become, according to the complaint of the English Churchman, "a very hot-bed of the most extravagant ritualism."

In consequence of this he was refused an assistant and placed under episcopal ban. So successfully, however did he work single-handed that he gathered and kept together a big and enthusiastic congregation. Mr. Schofield is a member of the old Yorkshire family and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. For years past he has been a devoted admirer of the works of his kinsman, Father Faber.—Boston Pilot.

A glass of beer costs a loaf of bread. That is a thought for every father of a family to take with him if he enters a saloon. For the children ought to be fed.—Catholic Columbian.

WHY BROWSON BECAME A CATHOLIC.

H. Morgan in Donahoe's Magazine.

The eminent New England writer, Dr. Brownson, several months before his reception into the Church, wrote: "Our ecclesiastical, theological and philosophical studies have brought us to the full conviction that either the Church in communion with the See of Rome is the one holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church, or the one holy Catholic Apostolic Church does not exist. We have tried every possible way to escape this conclusion, but to escape it we cannot. We must accept it or go back to the no church doctrine." We are thoroughly convinced in mind, heart, and soul that Christ did institute a visible Church; that He founded it upon a rock, that the gates of hell have not prevailed, and cannot prevail against it, and that it is the duty of us all to submit to it, as the representative of the Son of God on earth."

He renounced Protestantism and became a Catholic, October 20, 1844, being then forty-one years of age.

He afterwards compared his experience of different beliefs during the twenty-two years between his profession of Presbyterianism and his conversion to the Catholic faith as that of one stepping on cakes of ice, each cake barely supporting his weight until he could reach the next, until at last he stepped on solid ground. His old associates prophesied his return to Protestantism within six months, but no man ever adhered more firmly to the truth once he had found it.

Never for one moment, whether or not he had erred in his opinions, had his faith in the Church been shaken, or the thought of leaving her been entertained. It was hard for him to conceive how men ever really Catholic faith could be so deluded by pride as to abandon the Church. Brownson had no such pride of intellect or of learning to dominate his loyalty and love for the Church which alone had the words of eternal life. In it he lived and in it he died an edifying death, whilst the prayers for the dying were being recited by his side, on Easter Monday morning, 1866.

IRELAND'S PRIESTHOOD BEFORE AND DURING THE PENAL DAYS.

From a discourse recently delivered in Limerick by Rev. Michael Paelan, S. J.

Let us turn our eyes along the dark avenue of our country's history and read the story of her priesthood. It runs like a golden thread through the web of our national life.

As we take up and unroll the canvas of time, what a varied panorama passes before our gaze! The light of the seventh century is upon us. Europe is in a strange plight. The unwieldy fabric of the Roman Empire has fallen. Naked savages were long looking out from their forests through hungry eyes upon her bloated greatness. They dashed across her frontiers, sweeping like broken toys the proudest monuments of antiquity; ten centuries of civilization ended in wreckage, and the armed barbarian of the North placed his foot in triumph on the fallen majesty of Rome. When the waves swept up with them a sad spectacle did not extinguish, in others the flickering embers alone survived. Ireland never belonged to the Roman Empire, therefore she saved from its corruption and its ruin.

At this very period, too, her fervor versus were hastening youths in ten thousands from every land. A cry for help arose, and all Christendom instinctively turned its eyes toward Ireland. Girded in giant strength, her apostolic armies but waited the trumpet blast. Forth they marched to fan the flames of a dying faith or to kindle it anew. Their conquests over the rude savage, the revived faith and restored sanctuaries, the cathedral domes and monastic schools that quickly dotted the face of Europe, are imperishable monuments of her zeal. England and Scotland, France, Italy and Germany have embalmed the glorious deeds of their apostles, and the canonized names are enshrined in the martyrlogy of every country of Western Europe.

What a saintly drama passes before our enraptured vision! We see Aiden preaching to the Northumbrians, with a king for his interpreter; Virgilius proving to the astonished scholars of Germany the rotundity of the earth and the existence of the antipodes eight centuries before Magellan doubled the cape. We see St. Gall casting the Helvetic idols into the deep lake at Zurich; or Columbanus erecting in every land from Belgium to Central Italy monastic institutions that, in the number of their children and the splendor of their convents, rivaled their efforts for civilization. Finally, we behold Duns Scotus on the steps of the French throne, with a palace for his school and kings for his scholars. Europe for four centuries rang with the fame of Ireland's apostolic sons; their names are the bright spots of our history, and their achievements more impressive than the steeple column or the proudest arch of triumph.

THE PENAL DAYS.

The scene is changed: Shadows darken the canvas and Tears replace the sunbeams. Tyranny has placed her heel on the neck of a prostrate nation. We are in the years of penal woe. Ireland is in the Catacombs. When the children of Israel wept by the waters of Babylon and mourned the dark years of captivity their bitterest anguish was

the recollection of departed greatness. When they recalled the glories of their holy city and the pride of their ancient temple they struck their harps and every string quivered with the wall of lamentation; and they swore that the angel should forget its cunning. But the children of Juda were saved from despair since a Hand Divine had set the star of hope above the dark sea of sorrow, and the voice of prophecy consoled their hearts.

What a prototype of penal Ireland! The people lifted up their eyes to see the princely castles of their native chiefs either razed to the ground or sheltering the spoiler. The stones of the sanctuary were torn up, and the hideous night-owl sheltering her young in wails for a decade of centuries shadowed students from every clime. The eyes of the people ached with sorrow, and the muffled wail of a trampled nation went sounding like a death-knell over the western waters.

Under such stress of agony what vestige of the race would have survived? That dark tide would have dashed, like alabaster vases, the stoutest hearts to pieces. There was one man—the priest. Denied that education at home that he so freely shared with others, he goes abroad. He is ordained. He turns his face toward Ireland, but he is an outlaw, and the same price offered for his head and the head of a wolf. He could scarcely approach a town without seeing the skeleton of a priest dangling from a gibbet or a grinning skull staring him from the spikes of the city gates. The very dogs were taught to track his blood. But neither gyves nor gibbets will hold him back.

Ireland is in Gethsemane and the comforting angel will fly to her side. He shares the peasant's humble fare, and teaches the catechism by the turf fire, and creeps through the darkness to console the dying. He gathers the people in a sheltered glen, and with the rock-ledge for an altar stone, the canopy of heaven for a roof, and the morning star for a sanctuary lamp, he says Mass. The winds are sobbing "Miserere" of sorrow around. The chalice in his hand is made of wood, but the heart behind is of purest gold. Often, alas! the altar stone on which he offered the Blood of Christ was reddened with his own. When the storm threatened to overwhelm them and quench Hope's faintest ray he hid them look up—

To a land where souls are free.
Where grants'tis saint-like nature's bliss.

He reminded them that the Cross was the dearest keep-sake Christ had for His chosen friends. He taught them to sanctify their suffering and cling closer to God. Under the desolate skies, on the blood-stained sod, with the silent stars witnesses of nuptial rite, in the dark night of penal woe, the hearts of Ireland's priests and people were wedded in everlasting love.

DIGNITY OF THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

Our Lord became Man, took upon Himself our human nature, looked upon men with a human countenance, spoke with a human voice, and loved them with a human heart. He conversed with men that men learning to know Him might through Him know God; and our Lord founded His Holy Church and made us members of His Holy Church, by the regeneration of water and the Holy Ghost, in which we are all adopted as sons and daughters. He born again a second time, in the Sacrament of matrimony, and all those indissoluble bonds by which domestic life is sanctified. The children born in Christian homes are born again and become children of God. The Christian home is like Paradise springing up once more out of the earth. The illumination of true knowledge of God, the love of God, the law of God our duties to God—all these things are to be found in the Christian home, if the fathers and mothers are faithful, and the children are brought up to be the children of God.

Any Catholic father and mother, who for the sake of a better world, shall send a child to a school where the Catholic Faith is not taught, incur before God and man a great responsibility. They go as far as they can to rob their child of the knowledge of God, and therefore of conformity with God. They do all that they can to bring up their children in this world in flesh and blood and without the Holy Ghost.—Cardinal Manning.

THE FIRST ADORERS.

On Calvary was first opened that well head adorer's of the Sacred Heart! Mary the spotless, John the well beloved, Magdalen the loving, and in the person of the Centurion may we not behold the first hard heart softened by devotion to the Sacred Heart—the first of a long line of sinners, who, according to the promise made in days then so close, were to find in that Heart the "source" and "the ocean of infinite mercy."

Truly can we, as we fix our gaze on that open side and lance-riven Heart of the Saviour, exclaim in the prophet's words to all who practice this devotion: "You shall draw waters with joy from the fountain of the living water;" and truly can we kneel before the altar for that Sacred Heart has not been closed, and we too may draw, even more abundantly, waters with joy from this opened fount of the Saviour.—Rev. H. B. McMahon, S. J.

TRUE BASIS OF MORALITY AND GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

Rev. R. A. Higgins, S. J., in St. Xavier Columnar, Cincinnati.

To make a man honest, pure, just and truthful, you must not only convince his intelligence, but also move his heart and penetrate his inmost soul; you must give him a motive and a presence from which he can never escape. Such a motive and such a presence religion alone can supply. Without religion morality can be talked of, praised and recommended. This is what is done in godless schools and societies for ethical culture. But without religious principles and religious motives morality cannot be inculcated and taught with authority and impressed on the heart so as to make men morally good. Take the virtue of honesty. What motive is there, without religion, strong enough to make a man honest when he has the occasion and the violent temptation to be dishonest, with the example of others to encourage him and the persuasion that he can escape discovery? Take away God from the man's life; take away the presence of God, the law of God, the judgment of God; take away heaven and hell, but leave him his passions, avarice, greed, lust, the longing for power, for pleasure, for riches; put within his reach the means of gratifying these passions dishonestly, and what will be the result? More caution and ingenuity in avoiding detection? Yes. A real love of honesty in his heart? No. In view of the deluge of dishonesty flooding this land of godless schools, it is becoming daily, more and more evident even to unbelievers that the Catholic Church is wise in insisting upon religious instruction as the true basis of all morality and good citizenship.

JEWISH ESTIMATE OF POPE PIUS X.

New World.

Anti Jewish prejudices will receive no encouragement from the new Pope, says the Jewish Daily News, of New York. Pius X. has many warm friends among the Hebrew race. He was first brought into contact with the latter when a parish priest at Tombolo, where for three successive summers he was tutor of the boy of a Jewish banker, who had his country place in the neighborhood. When transferred as rector to Salzano he became the most intimate friend of a Jewish manufacturer, Romanin Jacur, and was an almost daily guest at his house. On taking up his residence at Mantua as Bishop, he was delighted to find his friend Jacur established there, and became once more an habitue of his house, and when elected Pope last summer, it was this Jewish friend, now a Senator, who drew the message of congratulation dispatched by the municipal authorities of the city of Mantua to its former Bishop. At Venice, too, when Patriarch there, Pius mingled freely with the Jews, associating many of them in his numerous charitable undertakings, while some of the leading Hebrew bankers of the city did not hesitate to entrust to him the distribution of that part of their wealth which they devoted to good works.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Rev. John B. Delaney, chancellor of the diocese of Manchester, N. H., has been appointed bishop of that See in succession to the late Bishop Bradley.

The Knights of Columbus, Philadelphia, have given to Archbishop Ryan the sum of \$6,000 to establish a mission House of "settlement" in that portion of the city more largely inhabited by Italians.

The Rev. Charles Oppenheim, who has just been appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Terre Haute, Ind., is a convert from the Jewish faith, and was formerly a reporter on an Albany newspaper.

Fifteen hundred persons recently gathered on the picturesque summit of historic Starved Rock, Illinois, and followed the service of Solemn High Mass, celebrated in the open, on the spot where more than two centuries ago, Father Marquette offered up the Divine Sacrifice for the denizens of the surrounding forests.

Sister Mathias, who died suddenly at the Academy of Notre Dame, Santa Clara, Cal., July 17, in her eighty-first year, was born in Belgium, joined the Notre Dame Order in 1853, was missioned to Guatemala, whence she with thirty-nine other Sisters was exiled in 1875, when she came to California.

In the city where he was born, baptized in the Catholic faith, and received his early education, Rt. Rev. Joseph J. Fox was last week consecrated bishop of the diocese of Green Bay, in which he had served continuously as a parish priest and later as vicar general to his predecessor, the Most Rev. S. G. Massey, Archbishop of Milwaukee, and formerly bishop of Green Bay, ever since his ordination to the priesthood.

An Aim of the Masonic Sects.

The Review of Cath. Pedagogy, April '05.

The Masonic Sects instinctively aim to centralize power. . . . Hence they scheme and plot to get into their hands the machinery by which members of public boards are appointed. . . . Whenever Freemasonry is strong, as in the South American Republics, the masses are paupers and slaves. In the name of democracy, freedom and Christianity, let us oppose every effort at centralization and every organization whose policy is to rob the masses of the American people of the rights which the Constitution and the Creator have endowed them.

THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. SABLEIER.

CHAPTER II. THE TWO SCHOOLS.

Next morning when Harry Blake came down stairs, ready for school, his mother, who was busily engaged preparing breakfast, could not help expressing her vexation at sight of the patch which disfigured his handsome face.

"Well, now, isn't it too bad—it's a downright shame, so it is, to see you with that ugly patch over your eye! I wish to goodness, Harry, that you'd try and keep out of these scrapes; what on earth prompts you to go a-fighting as you do?"

"Why, religion, mother, to be sure—don't every one know that?" and Harry laughed in a way that, somehow, his mother didn't like.

"Oh! religion!" said she, "that's the old story, and it goes down very well with your father, but it doesn't at all satisfy me. Does it never come into your head that you'd show more respect for religion by keeping out of brawls, and trying to bear patiently with the troublesome, which, you know, is one of the eight beatitudes—eh, Harry?"

"Nonsense, mother, what have I to do with 'beatitudes'?—a pretty thing it would be for a fellow like me to hear such a nonsensical thing as 'beating the air' and talking about 'the dirty Irish'; and looking at me all the time, as much as to say—you're one of them. I'll be hanged if I stand it."

"Why, Harry," said the mother, "one would almost think you were ashamed of having Irish blood in your veins! I declare you talk very strangely at times!"

Harry only laughed, and asked if the breakfast were nearly ready. "There's Eliza," said he, "I guess she slept too long this morning, and now she's spending so much time at her prayers that she's sure to be late. I wish she'd cut them short for once!"

"It would be well for you," said his mother, sharply, "if you spent a little more time at your prayers—if you did, you wouldn't be so ready to quarrel with your schoolmates."

"Oh! never mind, mother, never mind. I'll get religion some of these days, and leave off my wild tricks. Are those cakes ready yet? Do make haste, or I shall be late for school! Hello! here comes Lizzy. So you have got through with your prayers at last. Ain't you a pretty girl to be praying for 'most half an hour, and it so near school-time? I guess you'll catch it this morning."

"And what if I do?" returned his sister, "you know Father Power tells us not to neglect our morning or evening prayers on any account. I learned my lessons yesterday evening, and I'm all ready for school now, only just to get my breakfast. Can we have it now, mother?"

"Yes, my dear, I'm just a-going to put it on the table. I'm well pleased to see that you're particular about saying your prayers. As for Harry, I don't know what to say to him. I'm afraid that school is making a lad of him!"

"Hush, mother, here's father coming in." And Harry began to place the chairs around the table with a great show of making himself useful.

"Well, Harry," said Miles, as he took his place at the table, "how is the cut this morning? do you feel it much?"

"Yes, father, it feels pretty sore, but it don't amount to much. I guess I gave Sam Herriek the worst of it, and more, if it goes to that. If I didn't give him his own, no confounded Yankee ever got it."

"That's right, Harry, that's right—show them what Irish metal is. Hold your plate for a while, and eat those cakes. What ails you, Eliza, that you look so pale this morning?"

This roused the mother's anxious fears. "Why, then, sure enough, Miles, she does look pale. I was in such a hurry getting the breakfast that I didn't notice her. Are you well enough, Lizzy, dear?"

"Oh, yes, mother, quite well—in-deed I am," and she smiled faintly; "please, father, give me another of those buck-wheat cakes—there's no fear of me being sick while I can eat so heartily," and the affectionate child did force herself to eat some of the cakes, in order to deceive her kind parents as to the real state of her health. Miles and his wife exchanged glances, and the mother sighed deeply, but no more was said upon the subject.

When the young people were gone, Mary went out to her husband, who was tying up some parcels in the store.

"Now, I tell you what it is, Miles, they're killing that child by inches."

"How is that, Mary? who do you mean?"

"Why them teachers that she has. There they have her learning whole pages of books that's of no earthly use to her, and she so delicate as she is, too. Sure it's enough to bother one's brains to hear the poor child rhyming over the long cramp words that's in them books. There she has her trigonometry lesson, and her geometry lesson, and her philosophy lesson, and her rhetoric lesson—whatever lessons they are, I'm sure I don't know; if I was listening for a year I couldn't make head or tail of them; and there she is, day after day, poring over the books till the very flesh is worn off her bones."

"Pooh! pooh! Harry, it isn't that that makes her so thin and pale—you know she's been always sickly."

"And that's the very reason why she shouldn't be made to study too hard. What good, I want to know, is in them lessons that I was speaking of with the hard names?"

"Why, Mary, if we want Eliza to get a good education, we must let her learn such things. Sure everybody learns them here, and we can't have our children behind others."

getting more sturdy and resolute on our hands. Perhaps, after all, we're doing what's wrong in sending the children to that school—eh, Miles?"

Miles laughed at the troubled, anxious, look of his wife, so different from her usual cheerfulness reflected from her mind. "Why, Mary, what maggot has bit you this morning, that you're making such a fuss about schools. Don't you know, woman dear, that most of those same branches that you're talking about are taught in the Catholic schools, and, if they were 'devils,' as you call them, the priests wouldn't have them taught—so make your mind easy about that."

But Mary could not make her mind easy; her maternal anxiety was aroused with regard to Eliza's health, and she was about to make further remonstrance, when a customer coming in put an end to the conversation for that time, and sent Mary back to her kitchen.

Let us now follow Harry Blake to school, just to see how it fared with him on that particular morning. The teacher, Mr. Simpson, was a very smooth, sleek-faced man, with long, fair hair, carefully brushed back, so as to show off the intellectual conformation, of which Mr. Simpson was not a little vain. He had a pair of small gray eyes, that were continually glancing round from one object to another, in a queer, restless way, probably the effect of long years of "watching the boys."

No one had ever seen Mr. Simpson in a shabby-looking coat, such as teachers usually wear in school-hours; he was always seen, like the Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, in

—new, and smooth, and glossy as Mr. Simpson himself, head teacher of the Fifth Ward School—a gentleman whose dexterity in "handling" the faith of young Papists was well known equal to that of our friend Pat, of Donnybrook notoriety, in handling "his sprig of Shillelah."

This smooth-spoken gentleman had no particular love for Harry Blake, who was, as his mother expressed it for the "too sturdy and resolute" for the refined notions of Mr. Simpson, and gave that personage more trouble than all the other boys put together. But Mr. Simpson knew better than to make a display of his aversion—if aversion it could be called—indeed, it was quite contrary to his principles to have an aversion for any Catholic boy; to them he was even smoother and more oily than to any one else.

Accordingly, Mr. Simpson chose to take no notice of Harry's entrance that morning, because the bell had rung some ten minutes before. So Harry stepped softly to his seat, much relieved, though still troubled with certain misgivings as to the effect of his disfigurement, in connection with the combat of the previous evening. His next neighbor, Hugh Dillon, was a Catholic, but the boy had been going to the Common School ever since he was five years old, and now, at fourteen, he was a Catholic in name, nothing more.

In fact, he began, of late, rather to take sides against Harry in his polemic-pugnacious campaigns, on the ground that fighting for religion was "too Irish like," and only fit for "bad Irish boys." Harry used to retort with Harry's ire, and he would retort with Harry's ire, and he would retort with Harry's ire, and he would retort with Harry's ire, and he would retort with Harry's ire.

"Then what do you want, fighting for the Irish and their religion, if you ain't Irish yourself?" "Well, now, if you ain't a queer one! I ain't your father and mother Irish and Catholic as well as mine?" "Why, yes, I guess they are, but that is no rule for me. I'm an American born, and as for religion, I have as much right to choose for myself as any one else. If I were you I wouldn't fight for the name of a country you never saw, or for any religion in particular; just wait till you choose one for yourself, as a free-born American ought to do."

So this was the precocious "native" who sat next to our friend, Harry, on the morning of his first day at school. He was, of course, for a long time, a great deal of the talk of the school. He was, of course, for a long time, a great deal of the talk of the school.

"Master Henry Blake!" said Mr. Simpson, from his place behind his desk, "come here. I want to speak with you."

Harry instantly obeyed. "May I ask you come by that patch over your eye-brow?" He knew well enough, but thought it prudent to make a show of ignorance.

"It was Sam Herriek, sir, that gave me a blow of a stick."

"Master Herriek—come here, sir!" Master Herriek went accordingly.

"How did you come to strike Master Blake with a stick? what sort of conduct is this?"

"It was all his own fault, sir, I assure you. He would insist on it that I had insulted him because I happened to say that St. Peter was an old fisherman, for all Papists make so much to do about him."

"Yes, and did you not say that the Pope was anti-Christ?" put in Harry; "you needn't try to get out of it."

"Have patience, my good boy, let us hear him out," said Mr. Simpson. "Go on, Master Herriek."

"And so, sir, he called me some ugly names, and finally gave me a push that sent me reeling against the wall."

"Yes, but didn't you say that all the Irish were low mean people, the nearest set in all the world?" And Harry unconsciously imitated Herriek's peculiar accent to such perfection that the boys within hearing all laughed, to Sam's great mortification.

"And what if I did—ain't it true what I said!—you can't deny it, do as you will."

Harry was about to make an angry response when the master interposed,

and his tones were so mellifluous, so full of unctious, that no angry passion could have withstood it.

"My good boys," said he, "you are both wrong—yes, both wrong. The boys looked at each other in the school-room, and in the vicinity of the school-room, religion is a forbidden theme; in fact, it is always wrong, and everywhere wrong, for boys to quarrel about religion, as religion is only for men—full grown men. At your age, religion is wholly unnecessary—it will be time enough for each of you to take your stand on that question when you have come to the age of maturity. The Great Creator of all things left man to his own free will, in order that he might choose a religion for himself, but he is not in a condition to choose until he reaches man's estate. Behold now, my dear pupils, how silly a thing it is to fight about religion, before you can know what religion really is. Samuel Herriek, go to your seat, and I trust I shall never again hear of you inveighing against any form of worship. Even the Roman Church, though corrupt and far behind the age, has still some grains of the Gospel seed. She is not wholly idolatrous, I believe, but still professes to worship the true God. Those who belong to her communion, my dear Master Herriek, are rather to be pitied than condemned. I beg, therefore, that, for the future, you will never again take upon you to fight for a religion which you do not understand." Here he made his bow, and retired to his seat; but Harry felt so indignant that he could not refrain from saying, "Sir, my religion is the best; I don't care what any one says, and I'll stand up for it as long as I'm able." Another titter from the boys.

"Your religion, Master Blake?" said Mr. Simpson, mildly. "I don't understand you having a religion; it is not your own, you must keep it to yourself; no religion is best or worst here, for we have nothing to do with any."

"But, sir, you spoke against my religion," persisted Harry, "and it ain't fair—you didn't say anything bad about Sam Herriek's, and mine's better than his any day."

"And do you not see the reason, my good boy?" said Simpson, "I said nothing about Sam Herriek's religion, because he does not profess to have any."

"No!" said Sam manfully, from his seat, "I ain't got any."

"There, you see," resumed the master, "you are almost the only boy in the school who makes a fuss about religion, and as you thereby act contrary to the spirit, I will, in consequence of your regulations, send you, once for all, to the office. Here you are all on the same footing—at home with your parents, you may, of course, be whatever you like, whatever they wish you to be; but here, mark me, you have only to mind your lessons—leave religion out of doors. See, there is your neighbor, Master Dillon; his parents are, I believe, attached to the Roman superstition—I beg pardon, yet he is as orderly and well-conducted as any boy in the school. You never hear him brawling or fighting about religion. In the words of the sacred text, I tell you, my dear young friend, 'I go thou and do likewise.'" Mr. Trimble (to his assistant), call up the first class for mathematics."

So Harry had to take his place in the first class for mathematics, and soon forgot his honest indignation in the all-important struggle to keep his place, and get a higher one, if possible.

Leaving Harry intent on his parallel-grams and conic sections, let us just step into St. Peter's school, to see how the young Flanagans are "getting on" under the tuition of their old-fashioned Catholic teacher, Mr. Lanigan.

Mr. Lanigan, a man of precise and dignified manner, and, unlike our acquaintance of the Ward school, his ordinary habits were rather shabby, for, so long as Mr. Lanigan could make a respectable appearance on Sunday in his pew in St. Peter's, he cared little about dress on week days, when nobody saw him but the boys.

Like most Catholic teachers of the stamp, worthy Mr. Lanigan was far more anxious for the improvement of his pupils than his own personal adornment, and, it truth must be told, he was more akin to Dominic Sampson than to the polished, well-dressed, unctious, Mr. Simpson, the beau-ideal of district-school teachers. The boys were all afraid of Mr. Lanigan, for he held them in strict subjection, and was a sort of autocrat in his way. He was, as we have seen, a very old man, and his hair was like the old oak, and his eyes were like the old sea.

And it is possible, that had he to himself, with a heavy sigh, "that half county is gone by since I was like them?" What a strange thing is this life of ours, and how imperceptible the transition from youth to age! Well! it is a melancholy thing to feel ourselves growing old, yet, thanks to our divine faith, we are still on the same level. Here an old man of sixty, looking forward to the celebration of St. Patrick's Day with as much eagerness as his name, but it has the magical power on our Irish hearts!"

So saying, Mr. Lanigan carefully closed the doors, and took the well-known way to his own domicile.

When evening came the old man paid his promised visit to Tim Flanagan, whom he found seated in the midst of a joyful, noisy group. The room in which they sat, half kitchen, half sitting-room, had no pretensions to either luxury or ostentation; it was the room of the household, where the family was wont to assemble at meal-times, and in the evenings, when the day's work was over. Tim had the youngest girl on his knee when Mr. Lanigan entered, but no sooner did Susan perceive the "master" than she jumped down and ran to "climb his knee," as the saying is, at the same time, the performance of a certain promise made some time before.

"Well, Susan, I really forgot all about that picture-book, but you'll see I'll have it the next time I come."

Susan began to pout, and would keep talking about the picture-book, till at last her mother was forced to take her away, under pretence of having her

wind up her ball of yarn, ravelled by a mischievous kitten, who was gambolling about the room.

The boys got into a corner, rather behind Mr. Lanigan's chair. "If he was after giving Susan one of his 'dressings,' whispered Edward to his brothers, "I guess she wouldn't take to him so!"

"I guess not," said Thomas, "but then he never gives 'a dressing' to any of us that don't deserve it. None of us has ever had one yet."

"And I hope we'll be so," responded Ned; "hush! hush! he'll hear you. Listen to what father and he are saying."

"Well, I'm heart sorry for Miles," observed Tim, "but, after all, Mr. Lanigan, it's his own fault, sir. If he's sending his children head foremost into the pit with his eye open, he has nobody to blame but himself. Even his wife—she's my born sister, sir—is as much against the thing as I am, only she doesn't like, you see, to interfere between him and the young ones. For my part, I think the man's bewitched."

"Bewitched!" said Mr. Lanigan, laughing, "yes, he is bewitched by the spirit of worldly wisdom. He thinks, in common with many others, that the temporal interest of his children is best promoted by sending them to Protestant or mixed schools. The poor man is welcome to his own opinion. Time will show him its fallacy, better than any human reasoning."

"God grant that the knowledge may not come too late!" said Mrs. Flanagan, with a heavy sigh. "Poor Harry, our girl Eliza! may the holy Mother of God protect them!"

"Can Father Power do nothing with Miles?" inquired Mr. Lanigan. "Surely he wouldn't stand against his advice?"

"Well, I don't know as to that, sir," said Tim hesitatingly. "I have heard Father Power reasoning cases with him, and he'd always manage to get out of some loop-hole or another. Of course, his reverence never laid his commands on him, for he doesn't like to go so far if he can help it, but he said enough to make him ashamed of himself, if he had any shame in him. Nelly, you didn't ask Mr. Lanigan if he'd take a glass of punch. You'll be the better of something to warm you, sir, the night is cold and raw."

"Well, I don't care if I do avail myself of your kind offer. I'll take a little gin and water, if you please, Mrs. Flanagan, just to 'drown my shamrock' for to-morrow. You'll walk, of course, Mr. Flanagan?"

"Oh, then, to be sure I will! It would be a bad day if I didn't. You know I belong to the old Hibernian. Here's your health, Mr. Lanigan—may you live to see many returns of the great anniversary."

"Many thanks to you, Mr. Flanagan! I wish you the same! and allow me to add another good wish: may you never have a son a worse Catholic or a worse Irishman than yourself!—Don't you take anything yourself, Mrs. Flanagan?"

"No, sir, thank you, I never take anything stronger than tea or coffee. Children, I think it's time for you to go to bed. Mr. Lanigan 'good night'!"

The children obeyed, and after some further conversation on indifferent topics, Mr. Lanigan returned to his home, his head full of the approaching festival.

"Oh, I never fear, sir, never fear!" was the quick response, and away went the boys to their several homes, to communicate the glad tidings. Very few of the youngsters forgot the old man's injunction to go home quietly, and if any of the lesser ones did seem disposed to forget it, some older one would call him to order with, "Hold on, there, Patrick," or "Michael" (or whatever the name might be) "didn't we all promise Mr. Lanigan to go home quietly, and not giving us the holiday, to-morrow. How do you know but it's looking after us he is?"

And so he was looking after them, exulting in the happiness he had himself created, and thinking, as N. P. Willis has since written:

"I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play;
And to persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet grey."
For it sits the boy in an old man's veins,
And he is his father's eye."
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a mirthful eye."

"And it is possible, that had he to himself, with a heavy sigh, 'that half county is gone by since I was like them?'" What a strange thing is this life of ours, and how imperceptible the transition from youth to age! Well! it is a melancholy thing to feel ourselves growing old, yet, thanks to our divine faith, we are still on the same level. Here an old man of sixty, looking forward to the celebration of St. Patrick's Day with as much eagerness as his name, but it has the magical power on our Irish hearts!"

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TO BE CONTINUED.

THE KING FISHER'S DAUGHTER.

The deep blue-green of Lake Michigan washed itself into white foam as it rolled in against the breakwater and broke into a thousand shattered rainbows in the morning sun. Lower down on the shore it spread its great waves over a long, wide stretch of sandy beach, and with gurgling laughter sported with the strong men, the timid women, the venturesome young folk and merry children who swam, floated, dived and waded in its cooling depths. Out across the expanse of surging, restless water was dimly outlined a fast-disappearing steamer. There, a little nearer, the glass revealed one or two private yachts; still nearer, and visible to the naked eye, were smaller craft and vessels, looking like butterflies soaring against the blue; there, a tug-boat puffed out a long plume of trailing smoke as it steered shoreward with its burden. Over on yonder pier, abandoned by the larger vessels for the more pretentious one on the wharf above, sat silent fishermen with their baskets, nets and tackle; some few were near in, close hugging the old pier and moored securely to it, rested a typical, queer-looking houseboat. That some pretensions were made toward gentility by its occupants was evident from the freshly painted doors and windows and the presence of two or three potted geniums that stood about on the one deck, and the songs of a canary singing in his cage, telling in his way, perhaps of his captor's life in this drifting home.

The general silence on the farther end of the pier was broken when Old Bailey hailed in his lines and drew a catch the size of which made less successful ones envious, placed it in his big fish basket, and, after arranging the great, red handkerchiefs about his neck, started landward with his load along the center of the pier.

"Somethin' wrong when Old Bailey quits this time o' day," said one fisherman to another.

"Thinks he'll get a 'corner' on fish, maybe," said a second voice.

"He don't mind what ye fellers say," said a third. "That gal o' his has a birthday to-day, and he has promised her something, and it would take a typhoon to stop him from gettin' it."

"Birthday? How does he know when her birthday is? He picked her up on this very pier when her mother had left her to the tender mercies of his world; while she searched for a better one by skinnin' herself under the blue," said the first speaker.

"It was this way," was the reply of the third. There was a tag on her, tied round neck; her father dead and mother wantin' to be; would be by

the time the baby was found; maybe the one who found her could be better to her than her poor, sick mother, who could not work to support her. And when—

"I remember the very day," broke in the second speaker. "Old Bailey had been on a terrible bender; hadn't been sober for a week and was sleeping it off here. Nobody thought much of Old Bailey then days. We didn't call him King Fisher then, I'm here to tell you. He wasn't aristocratic enough to own a houseboat, although I guess he had seen better days, for when he was sober he could tell about places he had been and wind off stories a yard long that he'd read out o' books."

"And when, as I was tellin' ye," said the third voice again, "when he found her just took that day for her birthday. The gal's happy."

"And," said the second voice, "it's been ten years, and King Fisher hasn't touched a drop of liquor since that little brat toddled over to where he was asleep and—asleep—kept pullin' his hair and patten' his face, sayin' in her baby way, 'Det up, det up!' until the old man did get up and come to himself just to find he was owner o' a baby with no place to keep it. But he kept it, he did. He's stubborn as a mule, and when I told him to put it in an orphan asylum he looked at me like thunder and told me to mind my own business. So I let him dead-end one ever since, though I ain't got nuthin' agin him."

"An' kept her well, too," continued the third voice again. "I'd like to know what he'll bring her. She's powerful on books an' readin' an' pictures ever since he sent her to school in the city, an' she has mighty purty ways for havin' no mother. An' as to the housekeepin', them two rooms look like parlors. Old Bailey has learned her how, an' she can fry fish and make coffee good as anybody."

"Hey! Here, you fellows! What's the matter with that line out there? Pulls like a sea monster, by jing!"

And all eyes were turned toward the dancing line, and the King Fisher and his adopted daughter were forgotten.

Shortly before the noon hour a young girl appeared at the door of the houseboat and looked eagerly and thoughtfully toward the busy city. Not seeing the object of her search, she went in, and in a few minutes re-appeared wearing a muslin hat half shielding her olive-brown face from the sun's glare. Dark eyes glanced again along the pier, then turning, she went to the aft of the boat and proceeded to feed and water some chickens that were kept in an enclosure.

"Ecco, you're greedy; let Biddy have a little," to the great yellow rooster as he helped himself somewhat too liberally to the rations to suit his young mistress. "Daddy will put you in a pen by yourself if you don't be careful. Be good and I'll tell you a secret. Now, listen. I baked a cake—my own birthday cake—and daddy doesn't know it. Won't he be surprised when he comes from market? And there are twelve red candy drops on it, for I am twelve years old, and I'll soon be a woman. Daddy says I am getting big too fast, but he has gone to get me a present and we are going to have a celebration."

She didn't finish her tale to the chickens, for a stout man with a smooth sun tanned, wind-browned face and blue eyes was coming down the steps from the pier, carrying a wonderful parcel. "Daddy! daddy!" cried the girl running to him, throwing her arms around his neck and giving him two resounding smacks.

"Easy, easy, my cherub, or you'll snap the boat rope, upset the Ark and give us a ducking. I'll untie this in a minute; better lay it on your bed. I reckon, where it will be safe. I'll take a look at it and then I'll tell you its story."

Very carefully were the outside wrappings removed, showing a long green cloth bag.

"Oh, daddy! a mandolin!" cried Dot excitedly, and dancing around for joy.

"No, guess again, my cherub, my child!"

Dot clenched her hands as the cover came off the snapping of a fastening disclosed to view a fine old violin. Tenderly as he had handled Dot in her baby days, did the old man lift it from the case and bend lovingly over it as he drew the bow across the strings and the old air of "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt" floated through the little boat-house and over the water. Dot sat transfixed, unable to speak, delirious in the future that in that moment she had mapped out before her. She pictured herself a great musician who could tell again in concert halls, through speaking strings, the song of the waves she knew so well. Daddy could teach her. But how did daddy know? Again she became conscious of her surroundings, and there was daddy, who seemed to have forgotten her, playing on and on, with a mist in his eyes.

"Stop! stop daddy! I cannot bear it. You make me cry."

He laid down the violin and took a sobbing child in his arms. They were quiet for a while and then the rebounding nature in youth spoke out.

"Oh, thank you! I thank you! And I shall be a great player and make money for us both; and you can teach me—but, daddy, how did you know?"

"How did I know?" said the King Fisher, reflectively. "Well, I played that was before things went wrong, cherub; things I don't even now care to tell you, though you might know. So I threw up the sponge, as they say, and drifted up here; went to the bad generally until I felt your tiny arms around my neck one day, as I have told you. But you anchored me, Dot, and I've tried to be good to you. It isn't much I've done. I want you to live better, to be educated, and live as you deserve to live. Music will aid you and you love it. So I decided to buy back the old violin I had pawned once with the promise that the man would not sell it without giving me notice. She's a fine one, and I have saved little by little until I could bring her to my cherub as the best gift I had to offer. If the season is good and I an lucky you can take lessons this winter from a professor in the

city, and then can do. But wolf. Let's we will play these arms a few finer for when that was passed a moment—when that know your man's life, my child, my

"We are Mrs. James the flowers comfortable the white of But Professors engage this muscle an before the promises us, perhaps ing patient of orchestra? "I am so joy seeing never tire o boxes," was Myone.

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city, and then we will know what Dot can do. But come, I am as hungry as a wolf. Let's have our dinner, and then we will play the rest of the day, for some time you will be slipping out of these arms and leaving your plain old dad for finer folk, and, I suspect, in time slip into some good, elegant clothes.

"We are disagreeable early," said Mrs. James Potter, as she arranged the flowers she held and made herself comfortable while her escort slipped the white opera cloak from her shoulders. But Professor Von Bleim wanted me to engage this young violinist for my coming before the performance to-night. He promises us something extraordinary; so, perhaps, it will repay us for listening patiently to the agonizing process of orchestral tuning."

"I am so unsophisticated that I enjoy seeing the audience assemble. I never tire of a study of people from the boxes," was the response of Gerald Le Moyne.

"Nor they of us, I fancy," Mrs. Potter smiled.

"They would not always envy us our opportunities if they understood some of the difficulties that."

"Difficulties?" interrupted Mrs. Potter, "that word is a keynote. For instance as regarding a drawing card for my musicale, first I sought Herr Helwig, but he was engaged; then an opera singer, but without avail; then I supplanted petitions before Mme Villiard, but, alas! we could not agree on the numbers or on the remuneration. And so on until I actually thought it meant postponement, but happily this new star whom Professor von Bleim presents as a soloist to-night is both reasonable and personally charming, and—as regards her talents of that we may judge a little later. Ah, the first number."

The applause following it was dying away when Mrs. Potter raised her lorgnette to the opposite box, which a man occupied alone. "Evidently a stranger," was her comment.

"He seems somewhat uncomfortable. I should say he was a man of the plains, taking his first lesson in Wagner. One with more money than he knows how to spend," was the reply.

"D. Katherine Bailey, violinist," was the next on the programme, and the audience awaited with an expectant hush, as a girlish figure in white appeared and moved with easy grace to the center of the stage, where the conductor took her hand as she stepped upon the raised dais. It was notable that but one appearance was scheduled; therefore the more important.

With a grave face, but with eyes that shone like stars, the girl saw the sea of faces before her, paused a moment, then with a sudden lifting of the long lashes to a box on the right, she raised the violin and touched its vibrant strings with its bow.

When Musical Director Von Bleim announced a rare treat in connection with his orchestra no one ever thought of doubting his statement, but at the first note there arose a soft murmur of suppressed approval, and then the hush of a great audience fell.

Not a fan stirred; not a sigh or whisper. Caught in the flight of imaginative inspiration they moved from bird song and forest song to the song of the waves as they broke low and sweet or came as the moaning cry of a lone soul in jocular frenzy, speaking in mad delight over a fallen foe or besting in an angry wail against a forlorn vessel; and now, in reverberatory echo, they seemed to hear the long low wail of the water as it rolled itself in and out over a deserted pier, and slowly died away.

The man in the box, forgetting of his being, had risen. It was a signal for an outburst of the pent-up enthusiasm of the hundreds, who rose on mass, waving their hats, handkerchiefs and fans amid a deafening applause; flowers were taken from the hair and corsage and thrown upon the stage at the feet of a girl, who, while smiling acknowledgment, seemed half frightened by the furor, and almost hastily retreated from the shower of floral petals.

The audience sat down, but applauded wildly for another sight of the slender figure. Even that was not enough. Professor Von Bleim entered in vain for silence until he led D. Katherine Bailey to the footlights again and she stood touching the violin to her delicate chin, the strings responsive to her magic touch. Again the deafening applause; twice was not sufficient—nay, thrice. Would the audience never be satisfied? Professor Von Bleim, elated as he was by the triumphant success, was almost impatient. This was positively the last. And this last? It was the simple strain of "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt," with a hundred variations that none had heard or dreamed of before. Men fell strange lumps in their throats, women cried silently or sobbed outright, and one man in a box on the right bowed his head forward on the railing and dreamed of life past, present, life future: and one thing he wished was that when death came to him he asked nothing better than to pass to the Great Divine listening to his cherub, his Dot, playing this last strain now ringing in his ears.—Orlando Burdy in Men and Women.

Sued for Pew Rent.
James H. Deehan, a contractor, of 811 North Sixteenth street, was sued in Philadelphia on Tuesday last for \$833, representing pew rent claimed to be due for eight years in the Jesuit Church of the Gesù. Deehan, it was asserted, on June 1, 1895, rented the first pew in the middle aisle of the church at \$100 per annum. From then until last October, when he gave up the pew, it is alleged he never paid for its use. It will be seen from this that the law may be invoked to obtain justice as well in ecclesiastical as in secular matters.

SAINT LOUIS, KING OF FRANCE.

FEAST, AUGUST 25.
The name of the great Saint Louis the Ninth, King of France, is so gloriously interwoven with the accomplishment of valiant deeds whose influence extends even to our own time, that we may profitably review the brief story of the life of this Christian man, loyal knight and warrior King.

Louis, son of Louis the Eighth and Blanche of Castile, was born at Poissy, in 1215. Impressed at an early age by his pious mother, she would rather see him dead than commit one mortal sin; the boy conceived a deep horror for all that would offend God. Responsive to the careful guidance of his devoted mother, in Louis was developed a purity of heart, a sweetness and gentleness that won the unbounded love of the people. Combined with these qualities was an innate love of justice and a firmness of will which rendered him inflexible in decision when right and duty were contended by wrong-doing or vacillating hypocrisy.

Brave and fearless, faithful to his lofty ideals of gallant knightliness, to the service of Christ by purity of life and readiness of sword in defence of justice and truth—Louis the Ninth became the exemplar of all that was best in his age.

During the minority of her son Blanche of Castile defied his inheritance against the attempts of Henry the Third, in 1229, to regain French English possessions in France. When Henry again invaded France, in 1240, he found in Louis a champion leader in the art of war. To his able generalship in the battles of Taillebourg and Saintes may be attributed the defeat of the English forces and the renunciation by Henry the Third of his claims to possessions in France.

In 1244, the year in which the Chouaremsians were storming the City of Jerusalem, the king fell dangerously ill—so ill that his life hung in the balance for days. Suddenly awakened from a heavy trance he called for a crucifix and vowed himself to God in His services for the recovery of Jerusalem. Upon regaining his strength Louis placed himself at the head of fifty thousand Crusaders, including two thousand eight hundred knights. He arrived in Cyprus, where he received a royal welcome from the King, Henry of Lusignan.

In May following, the royal fleet, consisting of eighteen hundred ships, sailed for Egypt; nine hundred of these were scattered by a storm, the remainder, with King Louis, reached Damietta in safety. The Saracens, upon the landing of the Christian forces, fled in terror. When the rest of the fleet was gathered, King Louis, in conjunction with the English Crusaders, under William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, determined to set out for Cairo. An impetuous attack upon Mansurah was followed by disaster.

Robert of Artois, brother of Louis, with his troops, and William of Salisbury, with nearly all of the English, were slain. Cut off from the van of the army by the rising Nile, the Crusaders, ten thousand in number, were surrounded by Mamelukes and forced into Moslem captivity. The king and his nobles were ransomed for one hundred thousand livres, upon condition that Damietta should be evacuated.

The ransom was paid in 1250 to the Mameluke rulers, who succeeded to power after the death, in battle, of the last Sultan of the house of Saladin. The King, with the remnants of his army, sailed to Syria. Caesarea, Sidon, and Jaffa experienced the beneficence of Saint Louis. The cities were rebuilt, prisoners released, children freed from captivity, and local institutions advantageous to the Christians were established. Having made a pilgrimage to Nazareth the king was called to France to mourn the death of his saintly mother, the great Blanche of Castile.

Indefatigable in his enterprise for the good of his people, Louis the Ninth exerted an enlightened prudent policy in all that concerned the administration of internal affairs. Towns flourished in industrial pursuits, cities were benefited by the abolition of the right of private feuds and judicial combats, and new paths were opened for a popular and perfect legislation in an improved system of administrative justice.

The king was the recognized arbiter of cities; his institutions partook of the character of his political, religious and social virtues. "His reputation for impartiality, his love of peace and justice made Louis the Ninth the first prince in Christendom, the peacemaker in every European quarrel, and renowned in France in his day as the chief power in Europe."

In answer to the appeals of the Pope in behalf of the Christians of Jaffa, Antioch and other places in the East, Louis the Ninth undertook a second expedition to the Holy Land. In 1270 he set out with his son Philip, the kings of Navarre and Flanders, and a great many barons who had made extensive preparations for the recovery of the Christian cities. The fleet was carried by a storm to the shores of Sardinia. The Crusaders, hoping much from the conversion to Christianity of the King of Tunis, and relying upon the promised assistance of the King of Sicily, Charles of Anjou and brother of Louis, decided to sail directly to Tunis. After sixteen days the fleet anchored in the harbor of Tunis. After a stubborn encounter with the Saracens, who were compelled to flee to the neighboring mountains, the French encamped upon the site of the ancient Carthage to await the arrival of reinforcements.

The intolerable heat of the climate, the lack of pure water and proper food brought on an epidemic that carried off half of the King's army. Louis himself fell a victim to the deadly disease. Realizing that recovery was impossible, the holy king prepared his duties and having discharged his duties to his son and successor, Philip, Louis received the last Sacraments on Sunday, August 24, 1270. As he lay upon his couch of ashes, the words, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem," were often murmured. Towards morning he was

heard praying for France and for his people. "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my soul" were the final words of this august monarch whose brief earthly career was marked by valorous deeds in defence of truth and justice. After the death of the King the contemplated attack upon Tunis was abandoned. Victorious in two battles the re-inforced Crusaders concluded a ten-years' truce, secured the liberation of many Christian captives and returned to Europe. Thus ended the eighth and last European expedition for the recovery of the City of Jerusalem—expedition marked by the sacrifice of noble lives in a holy cause, in which the figure of the great King, Louis the Ninth, stands as the embodiment of all that is noble in Christian chivalry.—Dominicana.

NUSSHELL-IDEA OF SOCIALISM.

Father Yorke in The Leader.
By Socialism we mean that doctrine properly so-called which has for its aim the betterment of society by:

- 1. The abolition of private property
- 2. The suppression of the family
- 3. The destruction of all individual enterprise.

The end of Socialism is a legitimate end, namely, the improvement of social conditions for that end all governments, all parties, are supposed to strive. The means which Socialism proposes to that end, namely, the abolition of private property, family life and individual effort are not only illegitimate, but are opposed to the very nature of things. It is these means which make Socialism as a doctrine repugnant to the Christian Revelation and to the dictates of common sense. It is for these reasons that the Pope has again and again written against it.

There are two ideas that stand over one against the other in irreconcilable antagonism—the Christian idea of man and the Socialist idea of man. According to Christ, man is a creature whose chief value lies in his soul. That soul was made for another life, and his here on earth to save his soul. He has temporal and social interests, but he has them only as helps to the great end of his existence.

The Socialist idea of man is entirely the opposite of that. It is a creature whose chief value lies in his body. That soul was made for another life, and his here on earth to save his soul. He has temporal and social interests, but he has them only as helps to the great end of his existence.

It is this fundamental idea of man, whose chief value lies in his soul, that is the basis of all Christian ethics. The fact of the matter is that Socialism is the irreducible dream of men who do not consider themselves by the facts of human nature. It is more a religion than a political system, but neither as a religion nor as a political system has it any place in Labor Unions.

AT A LAKESIDE RESORT.

Register, Sandusky, August 1.
Rev. Father Schoendorf celebrated High Mass in the parlors of Hotel Victory Sunday morning with a congregation of about five hundred Knights of Columbus and their families.

An impressive service and Father Schoendorf delivered a fine address, in which he said:

My Friends—You have probably observed some plain, blunt people coming up the stairs of this hotel this morning. They are mostly Catholic islanders who are here to assist at Mass. It will interest you to learn that the church fares on an island. About a dozen Catholic families worship in the little chapel you noticed below the hill. Our Sunday school counts twenty children. During the winter months no services are held here, yet at 10 a. m. on Sundays the little bell sends its call over the island and these children assemble at church to say their Mass prayers, sing hymns and attend the Sunday school.

Each year we hold a course of lectures to the non-Catholics of these islands. We have a library of Catholic literature. I make mention of these things to show you how the church prospers under unfavorable circumstances.

Now a few words as to the occasion of the day. About twenty conventions are held at this hotel each season, yet this is the only one which cannot get along without an act of religious profession.

To my mind this fact speaks volumes for the Knights of Columbus. You are closing a social, I might call it a family, gathering with the highest religious service. You set an example, a touchstone worthy of your name and your founder. You might have left yesterday, and come and gone like any other convention.

I would not assert that the Knights of Columbus are perfect, for they know too well they are human beings and I am aware of the fact also, for I have been here during five outings.

History relates that some years ago a Scotch Presbyterian with serious religious difficulties, an doubts, came to a then well-known priest. In the course of the interview he asked to be informed as to what his position would be should the result of his inquiries lead him to join the Church.

Among us, he said, I know exactly the status and rights of the laity and should like to know what is the exact position of a layman in the Church of Rome.

Your question, replied the priest, is easily answered. The position of a layman in our Church is two-fold. He kneels before the altar, that is one position, and he sits before the pulpit and that is the other. There is no possible other position.

This brief statement cannot, of course, be taken as an illustration of the status of the Catholic layman of the present day in America. To begin with, he always invited to assume another, and as things go in this country a most important one, namely, that of putting his hands into his pocket to reach for the wherewithal. Yet this is not sufficient nowadays. He is to give above all his heart to the cause.

There are still other and grander opportunities before our Catholic laymen of the present day. It has been stated that the Knights of Columbus have been organized to meet them. Therefore, the clergy is extending a hearty welcome to them.

Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis has lately declared that there are two distinct factors within the Church. The static and the dynamic.

Now we hope that the Knights of Columbus belongs to the latter. I need not explain dynamics to you, for you well know the word means life, energy, extension of forces, power, strength, even fearlessness.

When you get home and have more

leisure to think, let each one of the men locking into his conscience ask himself: "Have I helped any Catholic social enterprise? How have the members of our council assisted the clergy in the cause of religion? Have the more intelligent members contributed anything to the press for the cause of religion? How many are teaching in the Sunday schools? How many of our men deliver addresses before our Catholic reading circles and literary societies? Does each one subscribe for a Catholic journal? How many are circulating Catholic books and pamphlets among their non-Catholic neighbors? Who is on the alert as to what books are put on the shelves of our public libraries? Where are the K. of C.'s who look after our people in the county and state institutions?"

The general on the field of battle is helpless and discouraged when his officers show indifference and apathy. Let the whole responsibility of the campaign rest solely on his shoulders with no one to help him and behold him lacking enthusiasm.

But let the rank and file and its leaders be united and confident in the justice of their cause, then may we see another grand army of Napoleon's foot of the pyramids filled with high ambitions, conscious of the fact that not only its generals but the whole world is looking forward to them and expecting great things from them.

And indeed, so the Church and Society is expecting your assistance. Yours cannot be a selfish end. No knightly priest would be the founder of a selfish organization. May the Lord bless you on your journey homeward!

A QUESTION OF SIMPLE JUSTICE, NOT ALMSGIVING.

Financial support of religion is implied in the first and greatest commandment. God is to be adored by sacrificial worship as well as by faith and prayer. The discharge of this fundamental duty naturally involves every thing essential to the appropriate expression of becoming sacrifice. This Divine injunction, therefore, carries with it the imperative necessity of supplying suitable places of worship and of maintaining a divinely appointed priesthood. To keep holy God's day and name, to respect the rights of parents and others, are Divine commands that the claims of the Church are as positive and as pressing as other obligations; that these claims are to be paid not merely from the ample means of the rich, but also from the slender incomes of the struggling. God should not always be the defered creditor.

He ought to be the preferred creditor. The support of the Church is a duty of simple justice.—Baltimore Mirror.

WHAT THE DOCTOR DOES.

The first thing the doctor does when he is called to see a fretting, worrying baby is to give it a medicine to move the bowels and sweeten the stomach. The doctor knows that nine tenths of the troubles affecting babies and young children are due to irritation of the stomach and bowels, and that when the cause is removed the child is well and happy. Baby's Own Tablets are an always-at-hand doctor, and promptly cure all the minor ills of little ones. They contain no poisonous "soothing" stuff, and may be given with safety to the tenderest infant, or to every growing child.

Mrs. J. Overland, Hepworth Street, Ont., says: "My little one was much troubled with indigestion, and Baby's Own Tablets gave immediate relief. I have found the Tablets the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used for children." Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 20, 1904.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. W. M. of Chatham, N. B., asks:

Please give a short account of the origin of language: also of the ceremony of the laying and blessing of the corner-stone of a church.

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE. In regard to the origin of language, we learn from the account of the creation of our first parents given in the Book of Genesis, chapters I. to III.

being having the use of language, which is a necessity of the state of reason; and reason and revelation unite in proving that he could use both reason and speech from his first creation.

And what was the original language which man's first parents spoke? From the eleventh chapter of Genesis we learn that before the attempt of man to build a tower which should "reach to heaven," "the earth was of one tongue and of one speech."

From this we must conclude that the language of Noah and his family was still spoken at the time of this attempt, since all men then living were the descendants of Noah.

THE BLESSING OF A CORNER-STONE. The corner stone of a building is the most important of its stones because the building rests and is dependent upon it more than on any other stone.

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the blessing of water, mixed with salt was ordered by Pope Alexander I, who sat in the Chair of Peter from A. D. 108 to 117. This Pope declared: "We bless for the use of the people water mixed with salt, that they may be purified and sanctified by sprinkling themselves therewith. We recommend all priests to do the same. If formerly the ashes of a heifer, mingled with blood purified the Hebrews, much more will water mixed with salt, and consecrated by sacerdotal prayers, have a like efficacy. Divine prayers have the power to bring a blessing upon human things, to purify us from corruption, to increase our true goods, to preserve us from the snares of the devil, and protect us from his dangerous deceits."

PASSIVE RESISTANCE. "The 'Passive Resistors' who a little more than a year ago gave promise of carrying on a vigorous war against the English Educational Bills which were introduced by the Government to correct certain anomalies in the school laws which have been in operation during the last thirty-four years, seem now to have reached the limit of their tether.

The Rev. Dr. John Clifford, who has been the head and front of the Passive Resistance movement, relied much on the opposition of the Liberal Party to the Government in order to kill the two Bills which were intended for the kingdom, and the city of London respectively. He expected that the Liberals would take advantage of the Passive Resistance movement to show how unpopular were the Educational Bills, and to work for the defeat of the Government. But now the Rev. Dr. is complaining bitterly that the Liberals have no sympathy with the Resistors and refuse to support them.

It is admitted that the Passive Resistors are sincere, but it is evident that they overestimated their power to influence the electors, for they are, after all, but an inconsiderable fraction of the English electorate.

It has been asserted indeed that the number of Passive Resistors has reached 70,000; that is to say, 70,000 have refused the payment of school taxes under the new law. The pretence is that the law imposes upon them the payment of taxes for the teaching of systems of religion in which they do not believe, and as a matter of course, the fact that Catholics received a modicum of justice under these Education Acts, was made a strong reason for opposing them, and the basis of many a virulent appeal to popular bigotry.

The persecution of Passive Resistors at Tunbridge Wells Police Court last year affords a sample out of many of these appeals to prejudice. The Rev. James Mountain, pastor of St. John's Free Church, being summoned for refusing to pay the education rate, conducted his own defence and said the rate he was summoned for was imposed two months prior to the operation of the Education Act, and at all events he conscientiously refused to pay for education which favored Popery.

At Wirksworth, Mr. Benjamin Clayton, a Primitive Methodist, declared that the rate was a gross injustice because "it imposed religious tests, and excluded from a large number of headships, excellent and highly qualified teachers because they were not confirmed members of the Church of England! It also lent encouragement and support to Popery, it had been passed without consulting the wishes of the people, and was a violation of the constitutional principle of direct representation accompanying taxation."

The fallacy of this reasoning is clear when it is considered that Denominational Schools, equally with the secular Board Schools, give a secular education, to which religious teaching is superadded. Justice demands that they should be supported under this aspect and for this work, equally with the purely secular schools. This religious education was not, however, forced upon those who did not want it. But those who believe that education ought to be founded upon religion, should not be excluded for this reason from the benefits of the educational laws.

The "Holy War" carried on by the Passive Resistors is, in reality, an effort to force a large majority of the people to give up religious education in their schools, and conform themselves to the non-religious system of education which the minority preferred to maintain.

It is surely a tyranny sufficiently oppressive to oblige a respectable and large minority to adopt the views of a majority when the latter insist upon abolishing religious teaching or upon taxing the minority for schools to which they cannot conscientiously send their children, owing to the fact that religious education has been entirely eliminated from the school programme. We hold that at least where the parents are sufficiently numerous and willing to maintain schools which give the religious teaching with which they agree,

they should be exempt from the support of purely secular schools. On this principle the school laws of Ontario and Quebec are based, but the United States so far have not acted upon it, and Catholics as well as Lutherans are forced to pay a Public School tax, notwithstanding that they send their children to parochial schools which teach the faith of their parents. This is a gross injustice.

In England the first efficient school system was established by the Churches. In the maintenance of a Christian system of education the Church of England was the most forward Church, for the reason that it has the greatest number of adherents. But Catholics and Methodists generally also maintained their own schools.

Mr. Wm. Gladstone's School Bill of 1870 established Board schools which taught no religion. He, perhaps, did not intend to inflict an injustice, but as a matter of fact he did so, and subsequent legislation had in view to remedy this grievance.

The Rev. Dr. Clifford, who has been already mentioned in this article, puts his case thus: "We contend that no tax-payer should be obliged to support schools in which dogmatic and ecclesiastical instruction contrary to his belief is taught, nor to help pay teachers who must undergo a denominational religious test before they are allowed to practice their profession. It is precisely the same spirit which caused the Pilgrims to emigrate to America in 1620, for just as the Government was trying to force a state religion upon the people, then, so it is trying to strengthen that religion now by proselytizing the children of Nonconformist parents."

This is not a fair statement of the case, for under the Education Acts, no child is compelled to receive religious instruction to which its parents object, though where the people are nearly all Anglicans, and the Nonconformist children are very few in number, the Anglicans are given the opportunity of having such religious instruction as they desire. This is but right. Neither can it be said that the Nonconformists are paying for such denominational instruction, for the denomination to which the school belongs chiefly pays for the denominational instruction by its voluntary contributions. This is especially true of the Catholic schools. Thus in a lecture delivered by the Rev. Jesuit Father Charles Coupe at Wigan, the Father said:

"The Nonconformists do not pay for the teaching of our religion. We pay our share of the rates as they pay theirs, and our share supports our own children as their share supports theirs. A casual and uninformed listener to the Clifford-Horton eloquence might gather that Catholics and Anglicans pay nothing at all, and that Nonconformists paid not only for their own children, but also for ours. Not one single penny of non-Conformist money goes to the teaching of the Catholic religion. We Catholics pay every farthing of it ourselves. Nay, we far more than pay for it, for our private contributions far more than cover the cost of the daily half-hour of religious teaching. We voluntaries more than pay for the teaching of our religion out of our private pockets, by building, equipping, and maintaining our schools—14,409 of them."

Finally, Father Coupe declares that "the Catholics of England will never again endure that a system of Board schools giving religious instruction to please Baptists and Presbyterians only, shall be the only schools supported by local taxation."

greatest social movement New York has ever known. It is a movement every one of you must take into account if you would save the Republic. I wish, therefore, every success to this movement."

In conclusion, the doxology was sung to show more decisively the religious character which its promoters proclaim to be found in the enterprise.

We do not doubt the honorable intentions of the social reformers who have undertaken this enterprise, but we certainly do think that they have made an egregious mistake in the method they have adopted to effect a reform in the saloon business, and Bishop Potter has made an equally great mistake in giving his solemn sanction to the new fad as a religious or semi-religious institution.

The insidiousness of the drink habit is so well known that while we believe that it is a work of benevolence to furnish food at the lowest prices, as the Subway is to do, we have not the same belief in regard to the benefit of the furnishing of intoxicating drinks on the same scale. This will, in our opinion, increase the consumption of these beverages, and drunkenness will be encouraged to the same degree, and we believe our readers will agree with us in this opinion.

For a time, it may be, that this new saloon may be conducted in a more orderly manner than other saloons, but we believe that the same germ of evil will be nurtured in the new saloon as in other saloons, and it will soon degenerate to the same level with them. The quasi-religious ceremonies with which this saloon has been opened appear to us, therefore, to be a desecration, and it is to be regretted that a clergyman of any denomination should give a solemn religious sanction to the novel establishment.

A PAN-BAPTIST CONGRESS.

It is announced that the Baptist Union of Great Britain will convene a Congress of representatives of all the Evangelical Baptist Unions throughout the world to be held in 1905, and probably in June or July, in the London City Temple.

Hitherto the Baptists of Great Britain and America have been shy of admitting what has been known to be the truth, that the Anabaptists of Germany are the parent stock of the Baptist Church.

The founders of the Anabaptist had so eccentric and dubious a reputation that the English speaking Baptists did not wish to claim any connection with Messrs. Storck and Munzer, but claimed to be of much earlier date than all German Protestantism. But now the question is to make it appear that the Baptists are a very widely extended sect, and fraternity and unity are being claimed by the Anabaptists so as to make the Baptist denomination a worldwide organization, and the Anabaptists will come in very handy for this purpose, so the fraternity is now being very strongly insisted on.

It is often strange how circumstances change cases; but in the matter of religion, such changes prove only that the Church which undergoes them is not the Church of all ages, which the true Church of Christ must be, as Christ promised to be with His Church to the consummation of the world or the end of time.

The relation of Baptism to Church membership is also a much discussed question with the Baptists, and has led to the distinction between close and open communion Baptists. As this division permeates the Baptist denomination, it has been decided that there shall be no discussion raised on this point in the coming Congress. It is evident, therefore, that the Pan-Baptist Congress will be no more authoritative than have been the Pan-Anglican and Pan-Presbyterian Councils which have been held during recent years. That is to say it will have no authority at all, and its result religiously will be nil. It will be merely a social gathering.

MISSIONARIES SLAUGHTERED IN CHINA.

A recent despatch from Shanghai, which was received from the Belgian consul at Hankou, states that the Catholic Bishop Verhaegen, and his brother, a missionary of the Belgian missions in the province of Hupe, and Father Robbrecht of the same mission were killed near Chennan, China. They were killed by rioters, supposed to be Boxers. Bishop Verhaegen was a distinguished scholar, and was beloved by both Europeans and Chinese for his devotedness to his people and benevolence for all classes, pagans as well as Christians.

It is remarkable that as soon as the facts were made known, Mr. Delcasse, as The Foreign Minister of France, demanded an explanation from the Chinese Government, and full reparation for the murder. This demand was made in virtue of France's ecclesiastical protectorate of Christians in the East,

though the slaughtered missionaries were not French.

It is an anomalous state of affairs that France should be persecuting the Church at home, while being so jealous of its interests in foreign countries. The anxiety of the French Government to retain the ecclesiastical protectorate is evident from the haste with which it took up the case of these murdered missionaries; but it is not at all improbable that the protectorate will be handed over by the Pope to some nation which can be better relied on for the protection of Christian interests. The Emperor of Germany is very anxious that this protectorate should be transferred to himself, and he would certainly be less unreliable than Premier Combes. If the protectorate is allowed to remain still with France it will be because the Holy Father looks forward to a not distant change in the person of the French Government.

In connection with this matter it is worth while to note that M. Constant, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, speaking recently at a banquet on one of the ships of the French squadron of the East, said that as an old Freemason he would not be suspected of clericalism, but since he has been in the East, he has gone to Mass, followed religious processions and had members of the religious orders at his table, and he has assured M. Combes that without the Religious orders French influence in the East would be lost.

DEATH OF M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU.

Pierre Marie Ernest Waldeck-Rousseau, who was Premier of France before M. Combes assumed the office, died on Wednesday, August, 10th, at his country residence at Corbeil, eighteen miles from Paris.

M. de Waldeck-Rousseau and several near relatives and friends were present at the time of his death. A priest of Paris was telegraphed for to give him the last rites of the Catholic Church, but arrived too late.

Premier Combes and the members of the Government met as soon as possible after the death and decided to give deceased a public national funeral, but Madame Waldeck-Rousseau declined this honor, and it was decided that the funeral should take place to the Church of St. Clotilde in Paris.

Ex-Premier Waldeck-Rousseau was born at Nantes, France, in 1846. He was the son of Rene Waldeck-Rousseau, a prominent member of the Chamber of Deputies. The deceased studied law, and stood high in the profession. He was elected deputy for Rennes in 1873, and was regarded as one of the foremost orators among the deputies. So early as 1881, when he was only thirty-five years of age, he became a member of M. Gabetto's cabinet, which was short-lived, and lasted only a little more than a year. He then entered the Cabinet of Jules Grevy, which remained in office till 1885.

He became Premier in 1890 which office he retained till 1902, which is the longest period for any French Government to have retained office since the establishment of the Republic.

He inaugurated the anti-Catholic policy of the French Government, and under his rule the Associations Law was passed under which all the religious orders were expelled from France under the rule of M. Combes. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, however, never intended this law to be so rigorously interpreted, and he vigorously opposed the final policy which M. Combes carried out in the expulsion of these orders from France.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau was a man of rare genius and varied capabilities and remarkable for coolness, and firmness in critical times. Such a time arose when the Dreyfus case was retried, but whatever peril threatens the country on this occasion was ably warded off by M. Waldeck-Rousseau's coolness and determination.

In the Fashoda trouble with Great Britain, their was also a grave peril lost France should be plunged into a most serious war, but the danger was again averted by M. Waldeck-Rousseau's able diplomacy.

The responsibilities of his office, however, weighed heavily upon him, and, compelled by his growing weakness, he resigned, and it was believed that his resignation would be but temporary; but death has intervened to prevent his return to his former position.

It will be remarked that notwithstanding M. Waldeck-Rousseau's anti-Catholic policy while he was Premier, it is stated in the despatches that the funeral will go to the church. We have not direct information that he repented for what he had done against religion, but it may well be that during the two years which have elapsed since his resignation of office he gave satisfactory proofs of penitence, and in this case, however grievous his sins may have been, the Church, which is a kind mother, would gladly accept his promise of amendment.

had not actually professed by visible or outward means would be sufficient for the closure regarding him as moment of death, Christian burial.

RELIGION. The Italian census which has been so interesting to the religion of the Catholic population, 31,539,000, of whom under fifteen years 600 over that age number 65,695, under fifteen.

Among the many thousands of cans, and English large staff of maintained there, and British mission are also many thou or Vaudois, a sect the year 1170, w rich merchant of and gave them to went forth as a poverty.

The doctrine tans had no con Protestantism wh Luther's preaching the sixteenth centu anism was starte almost disappear were to be found bers in the valley ally Piedmont, an deputation to the and Switzerland soon after which enses became abso movement of Prot In 1886 there were densian Churches ers, 4,005 Churc children in the S ing to the officia 37 preachers t agents under the and teachers. D tianity in 1901 members at 15,0 30,000, a total of, notably an exagger

Allowing for the number of foreign Protestants, the reader that the missionary societies tion of Protestants borne much fruit. The number down at 35,617, number, consid been in the coun gaining of the C long before thi declared that th 794,000 refused to be of any arises from the which the counte rned during the

AN OBJECTION.

Rev. George... "Mass, inde say, "Why charge against always going... call them; genu ing, getting up forming these ing, noon and us, to impose ceremonies imp parity of heav same thing over about the seri make clean the of the dish, br rapine and unce 25."

Well, no des Pharisees desc Lord; and al Catholics eith But please to just two ver "We to you hypocrisies; be unise and cur weightier thi and mercy, a you ought to leave those u

Notice, I s outward obser proved by our deemed was but the omis more interio excused him latter for non duties enjo would have b A father w to respect h also wishes spect from h the exterior plished by t torior is no produce the So our D us that to our worship inward. And fill this dou sible, he ce neglects the to the outwa sidered so, v with us. N tends to the

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCCXIV.

What I have said, going to show that the Jesuits have very little responsibility for Voltaire's frivolous, deistic and blasphemous attack on Christ, has the more force from the fact that the main editor of the Encyclopedie was Bayle a Protestant, less truculent in temper than Voltaire, but of the same tenor of opinion.

As much may be said, in a general way, of the other two instances which the Witness brings up, namely, Joseph McCabe and Ernest Renan.

As concerns McCabe, whose book I have read from beginning to end (and the Witness says, is a very good illustration of a class of Protestant writers much more respectable and less virulent than such people as Lansing, but of no great depth of research, and of censurable slouchiness in the application of the facts which they do pick up.

After mentioning that McCabe, having been a Franciscan, has become an atheist, a disciple of Haeckel, the Witness proceeds to Romanism in its continental form, where all sorts of superstition are developed, is apt to drive the intelligent into the dark abysses of infidelity, as in France and Italy.

The natural meaning of this is that McCabe, having been brought up under "continental Romanism," has been driven by its superstitious unreasonableness into atheism, and his monastic life has been chiefly spent in Ireland and England. He nowhere intimates that his few years in Belgium had any particular effect on either his character or opinions, although he plainly thinks that his Belgian brethren are rather a stupid set. As to the English Franciscans, he thinks they are very much like so many Churches of England clergymen, some admirably good, and highly intellectual, some very far from good; the bulk reputable and sincere, but not remarkable either in character or life, as the bulk of no human brotherhood can easily be. He thinks the monastic training of priests (except the Jesuit) rather behind the times, but he nowhere represents his own defection from God as due to any resentment over an inadequate or a superstitious education.

Of the Jesuits he has nothing disparaging to say, although he thinks it might be better if they were not quite so hard to train into line with the secular and the other regulars. However he does take it rather ill that the Jesuits believe that, as salvation consists in union with God, he who does not believe in God, the personal God, is not on the way to heaven.

McCabe's infidelity seems to be nothing different from infidelity in general, his choice, and he nowhere lays any part of it on "Romanism," continental or insular, Irish or English.

The same thing is true of Renan, except that he is much warmer in the affectionateness of his testimony to the admirable worth of his teachers, and of the priesthood generally. "I have never," says he, "known a bad priest."

What George Saint Clare says of the men who taught her, that they were the incarnation of everything that is excellent in religion, Renan seems inclined to apply to the universal priesthood, at least the priesthood of France, to which Pithagoras, in a letter to me, seems disposed to add that of Ireland.

Possibly his anti-patriotism may make him hesitate to add the Austrian, who, in point of moral blamelessness and pastoral attentiveness stands on a level with any of the Spectator, discussing the "Los von Rom" movement, doubts whether it can make much headway among a people that has priests so above scandal as the Austrian.

Both McCabe and Renan, although themselves unbelievers, think it by no means impossible, nor even improbable, that Christianity, which has already suffered at least two dangerous assaults from atheism, one in Dante's time, and one at the Renaissance, but which, overcome both, will overcome the present, determined as it is, and as the positivist Bartlemy-St. Hilaire predicts, will take possession of the planet.

In that event these gentlemen seem to think that at least the leading church, if not the only one, is the Roman Catholic.

Renan, remarks some one, though not unfriendly to Protestantism, seems to view it as a little bit "of color."

His way of thinking and speaking, as well as McCabe's, seems by no means to imply the feeling of a man, who, having once deeply and effectively believed in God and Christ, has been driven to revolt from them by the harsh rigor of the Catholic scheme.

True, Renan says that, as concerns inspiration, the little finger of Rome is thicker than the loins of Protestantism; but his defection from Christianity appears to have rested on far deeper grounds than that.

One thing is true. If a Protestant minister, in some denominations, especially in the Church of England, loses faith in the Gospel, it is not so hard for him to cover his unbelief with a conventional disguise, and to continue his functions. If this does not suit, he can become a Unitarian, Unitarianism is largely hospitable, alike to those who, with Stamford Brooke, though they have departed from the orthodox theology, remain firmly convinced that God is centrally revealed in Christ, and to those who, with President Andrew D. White, declare their firm belief in the existence of God, but explain this to mean that there is a moral order of the universe, contemptuously styling the further requirements of Unitarian shibboleths, "as if any part of the Christian world, from the beginning, would ever

have been content with this Fichtean formula.

But: Unitarianism is more largely liberal still. If a man says outright that he does not believe in God, Unitarianism shakes its head over him in a friendly way, but hardly repels him from its pulpits, at least in the West. It sympathizes more or less with that Socinian elder in Ulster, who could hardly believe that his brethren could be so inconsiderate as to turn away a popular preacher for such a trifle as his not believing in God.

Now it must be owned that the Catholic Church is much more rigorous than this. If a priest comes to deny God and Christ she repels him from her altars and pulpits. Then, as on the continent he does not easily find such alternatives as an English or American Protestant, he naturally breaks with the Church. This seems hardly to furnish a very grave indictment against the Apostolic See. Not that I deny that there are many sad superstitions current in Italy and Spain, but I do not think that those priests and clerics who have gained note as enemies of the Gospel usually come from there.

The Witness ends up thus: "In Christ alone we have the fullness of the Godhead bodily." Unquestionably. And in what respect does Rome differ here from Geneva, Wittenberg, Lambeth, or Edinburgh, at least as these originally taught? What Geneva and Wittenberg teach now may be not very certain. Is it not true, as Luther says, after all his years of conflict with Rome: "Many and mighty saints have remained under the Pope. The Papists have the authentic Creed, the authentic Sacraments, the authentic Christianity? Then what does the Witness mean, except to insinuate, what it dares not declare, that to be in the communion of Rome is to be out of the communion of Christ, and to support this insinuation by various misinterpreted and misapplied facts?"

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

*Are there many sad superstitions current in Italy and Spain? For which the Church of these countries may be held fairly responsible? We know that such a charge is untrue and incapable of proof. At the same time we acknowledge that it is hopeless to expect Protestants to agree with us. Protestants describe the worship we pay to Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist as idolatry; the wearing of the scapular, the veneration of the clients of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, is superstition; the saying of the Rosary every day is evidence of mental weakness, of a pagan disposition, and of a sad and urgent need of evangelization. The fact that every priest and Bishop in the United States may say the Rosary daily, and wear the scapular constantly, and that even a Leo XIII, with the beads in his hands, dieg wearing Mary's badge, does not weigh a feather with all superstition; this is the verdict of the man whose higher knowledge of Christianity gives them a right to say what superstition is.

The Schaff Herzog "Encyclopedia of Religions Knowledge" (Protestant of course) says: "Superstition is always a false and erring faith. . . . The belief in pilgrimages, the venerated cure of Lourdes (even though verified by the most distinguished Protestant or infidel physicians in the world), the efficacy of the blood of St. Januarius, are all superstitions." McClintock and Strong's "Encyclopedia," another superior brand of Christianity, give us a more enlightening definition or description of superstition in these words: "The dependence placed by many on baptism, the Lord's Supper and other ceremonies." So much to indicate the gulf that separates Protestants and Catholics on this subject.

Superstition may be defined as "the worship of a false divinity, or the false worship of the true God." The very nature of the Church, her laws, her methods, her constant teaching, the close and personal intercourse between her priests and people in their homes, in church, but especially in the tribunal of Penance, reduce to the minimum the danger of a Catholic people falling into superstition. There is, however, a strange disposition among all classes of people, learned as well as unlearned, to become victims of some one of the myriad kinds of superstition in vogue, at one time or another, in all countries. Catholics, as well as others, are exposed to this danger, and not infrequently become the victims of various religious delusions. But again this danger usually has thousands and one protecting influences, as indicated above, of which Protestants are deprived. The groundless claim of superior intelligence which Protestants sometimes make is a chimera evidenced to the world every day by a thousand facts. Spiritualism, Christian Science, Dowisim, and no end of other religious whims, which successfully appeal for support to the most intelligent Protestants, reap their richest harvest in Protestant countries—a fact that should debar forever the superior-intelligence claim. Protestant superstition—ingrained, deeply rooted and wide-spread—is the rich soil from which all these "isms" draw their life, strength, and vigorous activity. Italy and Spain furnish no recruits to these anti-Christian superstitions. (Until quite recently the Irish usually furnished, to the ordinary Protestant, examples of superstition, but our friend, the Rev. Mr. Starbuck, is always partial to the Irish. Is it because he has a strain of Irish blood? No; we remember now, his Irish-Catholic nurse made him a friend of Irishmen, and almost a Catholic, we believe. Our reverent friend, of course, remembers how Buckle in his "History of Civilization in England" makes the Scotch out to be the most superstitious people in Europe.) He says: "Scotland is a grossly superstitious country. . . . the people tremble like sheep before their pastors, and yield assent to every absurdity they hear, provided their Church has sanctioned it." Ed.

Mary leads us to the feet of her Divine Son. No one can be a friend of hers who is not a friend of Jesus.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Thirteenth Sunday After Pentecost. THANKSGIVING.

Where are the nine? (St. Luke xviii, 11)

Of the ten lepers whose cure is related in this day's Gospel, only one returned to give thanks, and he was a Samaritan; the others went their way; they were cured indeed of their dreadful disease, but disgraced by our Lord's sad question, Where are the nine?

Thanksgiving, brethren, should follow after God's mercies to us, not only as a matter of justice, but in order to secure the effect of those mercies themselves. Just as, in our bodily life, in order to get the benefit of fresh air, breathing in must be followed by breathing out, so the giving of thanks must follow the reception of all divine favors. The grace of God is to the soul what the breath is to the body; and the body, to live, must not only draw the air from God, but give it forth again to make room for new and fresher air. So in the life of our souls we breathe in God's grace and we breathe out thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving is, furthermore, a matter of justice. The holiest debt we owe to God or man is the debt of thanks. Every honest man gives thanks for favors received from other men, and every upright soul gives thanks to God. It is the most indispensable of all our obligations, because it is the least that we can do. In all our traffic with heaven, gratitude is the only coin we can mint ourselves. Thanksgiving is that part of our sanctification necessarily our own. Well, brethren, if this be really true—and who can deny it?

—then a great many of us are not our debtors of the worst kind. Now you hear it said sometimes that the man who does not pay his debts is as bad as a thief, and in many cases this is perfectly true. So the difference between an open sinner and a thankless Christian is that between a thief and a man who by his own fault does not pay his debts. Indeed, we sometimes feel as if God ought to thank us for the favor we do Him by condescending to us, His Confession, forgiveness of injuries and resisting temptations so puff us up with conceit that we are apt to blame God because in view of our holiness He does not exempt us from the ordinary ills of life!

As a matter of fact it is with God and us with a storekeeper and his customer. You know why a man cannot get trust at a store: it is because he has trusted before and didn't pay his debts. Now pretty nearly all the pay that God asks for His favors is that we shall give Him thanks, and if we will not do that much He can hardly think us worthy of His further bounty. If we do give thanks He multiplies His favors; for He is determined to keep us in His debt, and as fast as we return thanks so much the faster does He lavish His love upon us.

So when we ask why we suffer this miserable stagnation in our spiritual career, perhaps the true answer would be that we are members of a big multitude of that original thankless nine.

Oh! let us thank God that we have the blessings of the true religion, that He is our Father, Jesus Christ our Redeemer, and the Blessed Virgin Mary our Mother. Let us thank Him for His gracious promise of the everlasting joys of Paradise. For these unspeakable favors our thanks should be ceaseless. Let us give thanks, too, in our fervent morning prayers that we have escaped the dangers of the night, and in our night prayers that we have been saved from the noon-day demon. When we arise from our meals let us offer a word of thanks, making at least the sign of the cross, blessing God for the health he gives us and our family. Let us thank him for our afflictions—yes, even for temptations; for the pains we suffer thereby are the growing-pains of the soul. Especially after receiving Holy Communion let us give love and heartfelt thanks for all God's dealing with us; for we have then received the greatest of all His gifts, His only-begotten Son.

IMITATION OF CHRIST. THAT ALL GRIEVOUS THINGS ARE TO BE ENDURED FOR LIFE EVERLASTING. Be not dismayed son, with the labours which thou hast undertaken for Me, neither let the tribulations which befall thee quite cast thee down; but let my promise strengthen and comfort thee in all events.

Mind what thou art about; labour faithfully in my vineyard; I will be thy reward. Write, read, sing, keep silence, pray, bear thy crosses manfully, eternal life is worthy of all these and greater combats.

Utilizing Grace. Do not grow weary of well-doing. All the associates of the League should avail themselves of every opportunity of fasting and prayer to improve their spiritual condition. They should enter into the spirit of the season fully, and utilize each means of grace offered by the Church. If they do they will be strengthened in body and soul for the never-ending combat which they must go through.

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THE OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.

It is strange how many of our Protestant brethren will cling to the Puritan idea of the observance of Sunday. We must close stores of every description, refrain from all kinds of amusement, almost do without the necessities of life, if we have failed to procure them on Saturday, and make a heroic struggle to keep holy on the Lord's day.

The motive which prompts such a strict interpretation of the Third Commandment is a good one. It is not our intention to find fault with every description, or to go on an excursion, or play cards, or have music in our homes. Again, recreation if done with the proper motives may be the best way of keeping holy on Sunday.

St. Ignatius was playing checkers one evening in recreation when his brother religious began to talk about what would be the wisest thing to do if an angel should suddenly announce to them that each would die at the end of the next week. The angel would fall on his knees and begin to pray immediately. Another declared he would go to the chapel. A third thought that he would ask God for strength in the death struggle. Finally the religious all turned to Ignatius and asked what he would do if the revelation were made to him.

Forthwith he replied that he would keep on playing checkers. For, said he, since I have offered to God all my actions of to-day as a prayer, and since the rules of our order require us to take recreation until an hour hence, and I am doing my duty and God's will in remaining here, why should I break my rule and offend God by going away to pray? His brethren were all edified at his answer, manifesting, as it did, the saint's purity of soul and his beautiful way of looking upon God as a good, kind Father.

St. Ignatius, therefore, considered recreation no less a prayer than retiring to his room and giving himself up to meditation.

Hence, spending Sunday in innocent recreation is not forbidden by the third commandment. On the contrary if the recreation be spent with the intention of glorifying God it becomes a prayer and is a means of actually fulfilling the precept of keeping holy the Sunday.

Away, therefore, with the blue Sunday. Get out of our houses into the bright sunshine where we can refresh our minds and bodies and praise God at the same time.—Providence Visitor.

The Nine First Fridays. Question. Can you inform a subscriber whether there has been any decree of the S. Congregation definitely deciding that the series of nine consecutive Communions received on first Friday of the nine months is not broken when one of these first Fridays happens to be Good Friday?

Response. The devout practice of communicating on nine successive first Fridays of the month is a private exercise of piety to which particular indulgence. Hence it is not to be assumed that there is any decree regulating it.

There is, however, a Plenary Indulgence for every first Friday of the month. As this, implies the reception of Holy Communion, which cannot be done on Good Friday, the question of gaining the special indulgence for that answers itself.—The Dolphin.

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CHATS WITH YOU. If there is one thing men are excessively fond of they squander years in that they value life, so many of the moments composed? Let the respondent consider what affected thereby?

Putting Time to Use. After the business Council the other night fell to talking about the use of odd moments.

Then, as if Providence had intervened, he was reminded toward him, in time and his fidelity to position as foreign correspondent, he mastered the same temptations, and the knowledge opening up, related learning, he bled with those languages.

Just then the young man had a certain farm plowed, and he said to do the work.

Question Box. Owing to the increased cost of production, the publishers have been forced to advance the price of this book.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

If there is one thing of which young men are excessively lavish, it is time. They squander years in the minutes that they uselessly fritter away. How can they value time, since they waste so many of the moments of which it is composed? Let the readers of this department consider what follows and be affected thereby:

Putting Time to Use.

After the business meeting of the Council the other night, the members fell to talking about time—especially the use of odd moments.

One young fellow complained that he couldn't "find time" to fulfil his social duties.

An elderly member replied: "I can always have time to do what I'm determined to do."

So it looks as if here, too, where there's a will there's a way.

Then this short but most instructive story was told:

Four years ago a young business man who lives in the suburbs of a city, noted that it took him about half an hour to get from the house to the store in the morning, and another half hour to get home again in the evening.

"I am going to utilize that hour a day," said he.

So he bought a book giving lessons in German and began to study that language. It was dull and tedious work at first and he was tempted to throw it up. But at the end of a month he began to feel really interested and to be amused to realize how many German words and phrases he had mastered. So he studied harder and faster, and presently he could read some simple stories understanding all with interest. Then he went on until he could speak the noble tongue with fair fluency—but, it must be confessed, with too "recherché" a manner—and could read its best productions with delight.

His success with German made him take up Spanish and French, and, with the same temptations to quit, the same persistence, and the same flashes of knowledge opening up vistas of appreciated learning, he became conversant with those languages.

Then, as if Providence had determined to reward him for his good use of time and his fidelity to his resolution, a position as foreign correspondent for a large importing house was offered to him and accepted. He now gets \$30 a week and has splendid prospects of advancement.

This story brought out others, and the librarian recalled the fact that Cardinal Wiseman had written that brilliant and scholarly story of Fabiola at odd times—on trains, in coaches, on scraps of paper, on the backs of envelopes, at home and away from home, whenever he had five minutes to spare at one time from his many clerical duties.

Then the secretary related the case of a country lad, who while working on the farm, resolved to fit himself for a business career in town. He thought that, to help him get a start, he'd study shorthand. So he bought a text-book of stenography, and, in a few leisure moments, he mastered the elementary principles of the sounds and the characters. Then he practiced on the lines and curves and angles, hooks and loops and dashes, abbreviations, shadings and what not, until he had them well in mind. Next he came to a long list of hieroglyphics called logograms or word-signs—abbreviations which stand for whole words and sometimes for entire phrases. There were hundreds of them, and the system that the lad pursued called for the memorizing of them all.

Just then the youth's father decided to have a certain large field on the farm plowed, and he directed our hero to do the work.

"I'll know every one of those signs," said the lad, "by the time I've finished that plowing."

So, every night he copied on to a slip of paper a long list of those logograms and their meaning. Then, all the next day, with that paper pinned to his shirt, he tramped after the horses and plow, and at the end of every row he would study a sign or two, and go on. When the field was done, he knew them all by heart.

Then he practiced at night, having his sister read out to him, and before long, he could take dictation with rapidity and correctness.

So he won his position. And when he came to town he entered a night school, studied bookkeeping, typewriting and telegraphy, and now has three strings to his bow.

"That reminds me of my college chum," chimed in the treasurer, at this point. "While we were going through the last year of school he got interested in electricity and gave to it all his spare moments, studying and experimenting. He got so interested that, after his graduation he entered the Stevens Institute, and is now an electrical engineer, contractor and I don't know what all, in business for himself, and doing mighty well."

"And don't you remember Will Murray," said the president, "who, while he was teaching school, studied law, and when the P. A. movement knocked him out of a job, got admitted to the bar, hung out his shingle, and is making almost as many thousands of dollars now as he was making hundreds before?"

And so the talk went on. Almost everyone present could recall some instance of an acquaintance who had utilized his spare time to good advantage. In these actual experiences is proof of the facts that a great deal of time is wasted and that much can be accomplished by the persistent and systematic use of odd moments.

A Few Resolutions.

"Start right, and right away."

"There's something better than making a living—making a life."

"Don't wait for opportunity—make it."

"Stick to your aim. The mongrel's tail will slip, but only crows are loose the bulldog's grip."

"Lend a hand. The best way to help yourself is to help your neighbor."

"Promise little and do more."

"Be king of yourself and you will con-

quer the world."

"The world makes way for a determined man."

"Be brief. Your time and the other man's is precious."

"Character is the poor man's capital."

"To smile in victory is easy—in defeat, heroic."

Archbishop Ireland to Boys.

Avoid as you advance in years, the special temptations that come to young men. I am not going to mention all of them, only one—intemperance. As you go through the world and watch your fellow-men, you find the majority of failures in life due to intemperance. The vice of intemperance attacks the weak and the strong, the educated and the ignorant. It is generous, open-hearted men that are the most exposed to this terrible curse. Determine, then, to avoid that temptation. I would advise every man to forth armed stop at once. Pledge total abstinence. A man is absolutely secure with it; without it there is danger. It is all very well for a young man to say, "I'll only take one glass," but will he stop at one? Pledge total abstinence; for there is in it discipline, and discipline makes character. The underlying principle of character is self-control. If we practice this self-control on one point we surely shall practice in everything.

On Reaching a Decision.

The man who decides quickly can afford to make mistakes; for no matter how many he makes he will get on faster than he who is timid, vacillating and so afraid of taking a wrong course that he dares not start out to do anything. Those who wait for certainties, or stand on the brink of the stream waiting for somebody to push them in, never reach the other shore.—O. S. Marden in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

By LOUISE EMILY DOBBEE.

The Assumption of Our Blessed Lady into Heaven.

LUCEY'S OFFERING.

"Of course, if you really want me to, Mary, I will," said Lucey in a grudging tone. "But, you know, mother really prefers having you with her, you have so many more conversations than I have, and—"

"That is nonsense, Lucey. I think mother is a little hurt sometimes at your not going in to her as often as she would like," said Mary shyly, for she was very blind to the faults of others, and not fond of setting people to rights about what she did notice.

"Now, Mary, that is too bad. Whenever I want to go she is either going to sleep or can't bear light, so that one has to sit doing nothing but talk to her, or listen, and she likes your reading much better than mine, and she chooses such dry things. I don't care a bit for the books she likes."

"Isn't it better to try and find out when she wants one?" said Mary. "I think when people are ill it is best to try and see what they want one to do. Mother suffers so and bears it all so patiently, and really, after all, it isn't very much that we can do for her. And one reads to her to please her and not oneself!"

"Yes, I suppose she does suffer a lot," said Lucey, and then Anne's words of the morning, until then completely forgotten, returned uncomfortably to her mind.

"Mary," she said, "Anne was croaking this morning about mother. I think she did it just to frighten me, as I had not got up in time. I suppose it's not anything very bad—you know Anne always takes the most gloomy view of everything," she continued. "She must get better soon."

"Do you mean about mother's illness," said Mary, looking rather alarmed. "Oh, I hope not! I don't know at all. I must ask father; when I have asked him lately he has turned the subject so quickly. What did Anne say?"

Lucey repeated the words, and tears rose to Mary's eyes. "Oh, it can't be true, it can't! I thought if mother had escaped the cold, and was not allowed to exert herself in any way, that she would be quite well soon. I shall certainly ask father, for, of course, we can't ask her," said Mary.

"Yes, do; we can after dinner, when Jane has gone out of the room. Well, I hope it's all right," said Lucey, who, in spite of her carelessness, loved her mother very much. "Now I must go."

Mr. Charney was more than usually grave all through dinner, and the girls had no need to begin the subject uppermost in Mary's mind, for he told them he wished to speak to them. Mary had graduated he entered the Stevens Institute, and is now an electrical engineer, contractor and I don't know what all, in business for himself, and doing mighty well."

"And don't you remember Will Murray," said the president, "who, while he was teaching school, studied law, and when the P. A. movement knocked him out of a job, got admitted to the bar, hung out his shingle, and is making almost as many thousands of dollars now as he was making hundreds before?"

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doctor had spoken seriously of her case, and the girl learned from her father that Anne's melancholy forebodings had some foundation.

Lucey felt rather bewildered by the turn things had taken, and while her heart was sad at the thought of her mother's departure and separation from her beloved twin, yet she felt a little important at being left in charge of the house, and more than relieved when her mother said Mrs. Weston, a widowed sister of hers who used to pay them long visits, could not possibly come then.

The night before they sailed, Lucey's usually cheerful face was extremely grave, and she and her mother had a long talk together while Mr. Charney was shut up with Mary in his study, giving her various directions, and unconsciously making Mary feel rather nervous at the responsibility laid upon her. She knew quite well that though her uncle and his wife would be on board, that it was to her her mother would turn, and on her lean, as she had unconsciously learnt to do during the year past. However, this timidity was mingled with a great content at not being parted from her mother, and being able to devote herself to her, and Mr. Charney, who was ever slow to words to Mary about her faithful acceptance of all her home duties, which had involved so much denial of her tastes and check to her aspirations, which gave her a glow of pleasure. Mary was too humble to be hurt by praise; and the words were bracing and encouraging.

Mrs. Charney felt her task difficult that night. She was fully aware of the serious state of her health, for she had asked and been told the truth, and, as she sat in the freight—for it was a chilly evening—with her little daughter, she prayed very earnestly, that this, which might be the last task they ever had together, might leave an impression which would not fade away. But Lucey was in a contrary mood, apparently determined to turn aside any attempts to talk of anything beyond her mother's plans, and all she herself had to do during her absence, and whenever Mrs. Charney approached the subject nearest her heart, and expressed in her thoughts, Lucey contrived to divert her attention.

Mrs. Charney never felt Lucey was as accessible as Mary, who responded quickly to any conversation on religious matters, and who talked openly to her mother on many subjects which Lucey would never mention to her. As it happened, all that Mrs. Charney had prepared to say never got said, as Mr. Charney came with a telegram he had received about the morning's journey, and the next day there was time only for a hurried parting, when Mrs. Charney was too much moved and upset to do more than strain her child to her heart, and to her face of our Lord and His Blessed Mother.

The return home was very trying to Lucey, though she tried to throw off all appearance of caring. There was the drawing-room, with the empty sofa, and it was strange to think that his frequent occupant would soon be so far away. Books lately in use on the other side of the room all seemed drooping of her mother, and when she ran up to the latter's bedroom and found Jane putting it in order, it seemed as if her mother were dead.

She went to the dining-room, and finding it apparently empty she sat down by the fire, and before she knew she was listening, she overheard Phil and Dora talking in the morning-room, which opened with folding doors off it.

"I wish it had been Mary who had been left at home," said Dora in a dismal voice.

"So do I. I shall hate my lessons with Lucey, and I am very glad not to do any with her. Father is going to send me to read with Fred Darton's tutor, you know."

"Yes; you are lucky."

"It will be hateful not having Mary at home. She never thinks of herself, and she's always ready to help a fellow, and Lucey never seems to care and is always doing only what interests herself."

"She never plays with me," said Dora. "She's ever so bothered if I ask her to, and—"

However, as Lucey's memory here reminded her of the proverb about listeners not hearing good of themselves, she arose, crossed her arms, and, as if by accident, she was very much more complicated than it ever had been before, during her mother's absence. She put aside the unpleasant query as to whether there was or was not any truth in the words unintentionally overheard. All the importance she had felt at the time being left in charge of the house vanished instantly, and was replaced with a good deal more to do than she had expected, and not to be at all as welcome as Mary's substitute as she would have liked.

At the foot of the stairs she met Anne, who eyes were suspiciously red and tone gruff, as it usually was when she was a good deal moved.

"So you're the young missus now," said Anne, with an attempt to cheerfulness. "Well, you've got your hands full, for Miss Mary—"

TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC CHINAMAN.

FIRST CONVERT BURIED IN CATHOLIC CEMETERY, MONTREAL, BY THE CHURCH.

Montreal, Aug. 8.—A remarkably impressive funeral was held yesterday from the hospital of Notre Dame to the Catholic cemetery. It was that of a young Chinaman, aged only twenty years, who died in the hospital of typhoid fever, after an illness only lasting four days. His remains were followed to the grave by sixty other Chinamen, relatives and friends. What made it the more remarkable was that this is the first time a Chinese has been buried in a Catholic cemetery in Canada.

The young fellow was baptized by Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, of St. Patrick's, about two months ago, and the funeral service was conducted by Rev.

Father Martin Callaghan and Rev. Father Hornby, S. J., who has lately arrived from China to take charge of the Catholic Chinamen in the city. A Mass will be held for them every Sunday morning, in the Christian Brothers' chapel.

The procession of Chinamen on their way to the cemetery attracted much attention. The service was conducted entirely in accordance with the customs of the Catholic Church, with none of the rites peculiar to the Chinese. The first clod of earth was thrown upon the coffin by Rev. Father Callaghan. Rev. Father Hornby then threw a handful of earth, and was followed by the four cousins of the deceased, who did the same. The leading Chinamen of the city were present.

As the grave was being filled, a prominent Irishman, from St. Antoine street who stood near, said that the parish of St. Patrick's should build a chapel for these new converts, and if this were agreed to he would give a subscription himself of \$100. It is probable that more will be heard of the matter, as the Catholic Chinese are peculiarly under the protection of St. Patrick's.

"THE NEW HELL."

George T. Knight, professor of Christian theology in Tuft's College, called attention in the July number of the North American Review to what he calls "The New Hell." He argues that there has been a great change in the doctrinal teaching concerning hell, on the part of the Protestant Churches. He intimates that there has been a change in the Catholic theology on the same subject. In this the professor is entirely mistaken. He says:

"The number of the lost is being still further reduced by both Roman Catholics and Protestants. Certain of the former have pointed out that the doctrine of 'no salvation out of the Church' has been overstated. To begin with, the Church has made no such authoritative declaration as that salvation is limited to its own members. On the contrary, it has taught doctrines that seem to imply the salvation of great multitudes of non-Catholics."

The Church maintains that non-Catholics to be saved must "belong to the soul of the Church." There are many Christians and who were baptized Christians and who profess their belief in good faith in the denominations to which they belong. They are of "good will" and of innocent lives and do not protest against the Catholic Church as the Church of Christ, and being invincibly ignorant concerning the claims of the Church, live along in good faith. Such persons belong to "the soul of the Church," and, dying, are saved as members of the Church.

Professor Knight should not twist this stand of the Church, which is not a new stand, to change of doctrine concerning hell.

Mr. Knight appears determined to make the Catholic Church get into line on the "new theology," because he states that she "teaches that the essence of eternal punishment is the loss of the Beatific Vision of God."

Catholic theologians do teach that the "pain of loss" is one of the greatest torments of hell. But this is no new doctrine or declaration, nor does it modify the teaching of the pain of sense in hell or its eternal duration.

Men's speculations concerning hell will not change the fact of hell nor that it is a place of eternal punishment for the conscious, malicious and persistent enemies of God.

The "pain of loss" and "the pain of sense" are clearly pointed out in the Scriptures. "I have dealt with them according to their uncleanness and wickedness and hid My Face from them." "For He will give fire and worms into their flesh that they may burn and may feel forever." "A fire is kindled in My wrath and shall burn even to the lowest hell."

Professor Knight is somewhat doubtful about the efficacy of "the new hell."

He says, as quoted in the Literary Digest:

"The new hell is often made so pleasant that it is liable to be chosen by bad men as a place of residence." "The thing to be desired as a remedy for the backboneless condition of some modern theology is not unlike the good old orthodox doctrine of fear and the sense of justice excited—lest hell become like some of our 'reform prisons,' which, by unintelligent zeal in goodness, are made so comfortable and honorable as to fall in the purpose of prison. Perhaps, indeed, there is evidence that the limits of excess are already reached."

Professor Knight and the ministers and others should know that the doctrine of hell and other eternal truths are not subjects to be modified or changed by phobias or straw votes. The Catholic Church is after all the last resort as the supreme tribunal on earth to interpret the law of God and the Holy Scripture. "He that hears you hears Me" is her commission.

Protestantism, with its private judgment, is removing the safeguards to true religion and seeking to nullify God's decrees and to make a mockery of His eternal justice.

As the criminal makes the jail, the sinner may be said to create hell.—Catholic Universe.

I know nothing that demonstrates the emptiness of life better than the death of great men and the facility with which the foolish world gets along without them.

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