

The Catholic Record.

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

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A MIXED BLESSING.

We often think that the invention of printing was a very mixed blessing. Before Faust and Gutenberg men used their brains; they depended more upon themselves than upon books and they were as a rule good students and able thinkers. They who sat upon heaps of straw in the ill-furnished rooms of the University of Paris listening to the eloquence of famous professors were better prepared for life than the modern graduate. When they stepped out the doors of their Alma Mater they were ready for work. Their intellectual equipment was not extensive, but it was sufficient for their needs. They were able to think for themselves, and were not, as many of our students, "stuffed with knowledge like a turkey is stuffed with chestnuts for a Xmas dinner."

GOSSIP AND GOSSIPERS.

Kathleen O'Meara tells us that Madame Mohe had an abiding horror of praters about nothing. "Why don't they," she used to say, "talk about interesting things? Why don't they use their brains? Everybody but a born idiot has brains enough not to be a fool. Why don't they read? Everybody in this book-making age is given to reading, and yet there is no lack of vapid and useless conversation. The time-honored remarks about the weather and meteorological phenomena are the principal features of our conversational output; and he who would venture to introduce a topic demanding mental effort must have more than an ordinary amount of courage. It would be wearisome indeed, we confess, if men and women confined themselves to the discussion of serious subjects, but even that would be preferable to the inane gossiping that runs away with so much valuable time. Even they from whom we have a right to expect better things join the meddling, chattering band which deals with everything from the sermon on Sunday to the latest transaction of their neighbors. They mean no harm, of course, and have, moreover, a great love for literature. The female who dotes on Boothby or Merriman belongs to a Browning club and has a profound admiration for Dante. She may write about him and impress her sisters with the idea that her leisure hours are devoted to the study of the Florentines; but it is all a sham, a case of nerves and worked-up enthusiasm. Here and there you may find one who has an honest love for something better than the novelties of society; but they are like oases in a desert—jewels in a wilderness of worthless stones.

No constant reader of novels can understand a master of literature. One may talk about him, but to appreciate him, to divine the motive of his productions, to understand why they still make music in the heart of humanity, requires a study and concentration of attention which are beyond the powers of novel readers. They are content with evanescent heroes and heroines, and we have, as a result, an enormous amount of gabble.

A "BENEFACITOR" OF OUR YOUTH.

A certain apoplectic old gentleman who has many schemes for the improvement of mankind is just now very wrathful with the boys.

One of them, it appears, "checked" him the other day and saluted him with a title that jarred somewhat on his super-sensitive organization. And here he is in our sanctum bemoaning the depravity of the young! They are savages, blots on our civilization—in fact he became so voluble and choleric that he ventured to remark that somebody might hear him. That served to quiet him, because he has a wholesome regard for the good opinion of the public.

Time was when he might have been seen behind the counter of a gaily-decorated saloon dealing out drinks to thirsty mortals—the proud proprietor of a hell that dispensed misery and poverty to hundreds of his fellow citizens. But that is all past history. His wife now refers to him as a retired merchant, and the reporter "as a very valuable member of the community." Strange

how gold can make an old saloon-keeper a thing of beauty!

We told him when he had concluded his oration that he might, in his desire to be philanthropic, devote some of his money to the establishment of night-schools for boys. They have had no opportunities to become inoculated with your own enlightened ideas. They have lived all their lives in wretched tenements, broad and butterless oftentimes; and have, through unrefined surroundings and example of drunken parents, whose hard-earned money went to fill the coffers of the rum-keeper, become habituated early in life to grossness and crime, and they are doomed to degradation if the task of rescuing them is not undertaken by gentlemen of education and means. But he will not do it, despite our eloquent appeal. His curse-ladened dollars will form the nucleus of the family fortune, and we may have in after time one of his descendants searching for a heraldic device to be placed on his brougham door.

PROTESTANTISM vs. LIBERTY.

Hallam tells us that Persecution is the deadly original sin of the reformed Churches—that which cools every honest man's zeal for his cause in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive. It is to be regretted that this extensive reading which is calculated to destroy prejudice and to remove all tendencies to dishonest controversial antipathies is not indulged in by more of our separated brethren. A man may, of course, strive to write conscientiously, but conscience is, when under the sway of bigotry, apt to be a very misleading monitor. And this is all the more evident when we consider that while scientific views which received the allegiance of our ancestors have long since been discarded, and creeds held formerly in veneration have undergone revision, the old canons still strut the boards and have to all seeming lost neither their charm nor their influence. True they are not so potent as in days past, but they have still a vitality that passes comprehension. Historical investigation has cast them on the rubbish heap of fallacies, but they who are actuated by a hatred that seems to be incurable pluck them therefrom and exhibit them, as their fathers did, as arguments against Catholicism. One of the favorite themes is their love for liberty. They will draw glowing pictures of the noble Huguenots, of the fearless Covenanters, of the Edict of Nantes, and more, to prove that Protestantism has covered liberty with the aegis of its protection.

That these are facts garnished with creations of sensational novelist and partisan historian, interwoven with intrigues and politics, and discredited as of any force against Catholicism, does not interfere with their volubility.

It is very easy to show that the principles of the Reformers did not include an element that favored liberty; that a Guizot said the Reformation accepted, I shall not say servitude, but the absence of liberty. Prior to the sixteenth century the Catholic Church had safeguarded the liberties of the masses, and had done so despite the threats and opposition of the most powerful monarchs. It was through her exertions that Parliament sprang into being and that Republics such as Genoa and Pisa protected popular liberty. Hers also is the glory of the Magna Charta and trial by jury. The Reformation took no notice of the people. The king or prince was invested with absolute authority and the yearners after the liberty of the Gospel bowed at the knee before them and winked at their most libidinous excesses. The students of the Reformation know this and can call to mind many a quotation which perchance would be offensive to the ears of our separated brethren. We shall content ourselves with referring to a fact that should never be forgotten, namely, the settlement of Maryland by Lord Baltimore. The Catholics who went thither adopted as norm of their conduct the beautiful maxim of Fenelon, "Grant civil liberty to all, not in approving everything as good, not regarding everything as indifferent, but in tolerating with patience whatever God tolerates, and endeavoring to convert men by mild persuasion." Lord Baltimore promoted the interests of the colony by wise and just laws.

The bickerings and witch battling that were daily customs in other parts of the country peopled by Protestants were unknown. Nay, more, he opened his doors to Puritan and Episcopalian, harried by their own "liberty-loving" brethren, and gave them freeholds and electoral rights. This fact is vouchsafed for by Bancroft, who says that Maryland in that day was unsurpassed for happiness and liberty. Conscience was without restraint; a mild and liberal proprietary conceded every measure which the welfare of the colony required; domestic union, a happy concert between all the branches of government, an increasing emigration, a productive commerce, a fertile soil which Heaven had richly favored with rivers and deep bays, united to perfect the scene of colonial felicity and contentment. We shall not go into the details of the dark days that fell upon the erstwhile happy colony. How when Puritan and Episcopalian, having gained the ascendancy, enacted in requital for past favors and protection a series of statutes as base and inhuman as the most fiendish hatred could invent or hope for. Catholicism was prohibited: priests were hunted like wild beasts. The love of liberty, in a word, as understood by Protestants, was written in lurid colors in the pages of the history of the New World.

LITERATURE.

The *literati* whose works are purchased by thousands have certainly no right to utter the time-honored doctrine that literature is a parsimonious mistress.

The critics also give courteous welcome to the historical novels that are scattered broadcast over the country, and to such an extent that we believe those worthy individuals have acquired the habit of praising everything that pleases the popular taste. Old Christopher North and Hazlitt and Jeffreys would rate a book on its merits, but they, unfortunately, have left no descendant, with the exception, perhaps, of Andrew Lang. In reading about the marvellous pecuniary success of such a novel we were reminded of the saying of Ruskin's, "that generally a good, useful work, whether of the hand or head, is either ill paid or not paid at all. None of the best head-work in art, literature or science is ever paid for. How much do you think Homer got for his *Iliad*? or Dante for his *Paradise*? Only bitter bread and salt, and going up and down their people's stairs. Baruch, the scribe, did not get a penny a line for writing Jeremiah's second role *I fancy*; and St. Stephen did not get Bishop's pay for that long sermon of his to the Pharisees—nothing but stones."

The works that are red with the life-blood of a master spirit live always; while the books of the hour give up their quota for our amusement and then pass into oblivion. The world's books are the sceptred kings of thought and art: they are wise counsellors and true friends with sweet voices that bring a wealth of gladness to our leisure hours and consolation and strength when our cheeks are smitten with the driving rain of sorrow. The desultory reader who depends solely on magazines and novels for mental pabulum will never understand them, because his taste has been vitiated and mind undisciplined. He may patronize Shakespeare, but wonder in heart of hearts why he is so esteemed; he may glance at Wordsworth's *Odes* without realizing their truth and beauty, and read Newman without being thrilled by the rhythm and dignity of his classical eloquence. Amusement is undoubtedly laudable and reasonable, but the troubles that it has, judging from the enormous quantity of light literature now in vogue, become an altogether too absorbing pursuit.

Still, if the people must be amused the historical novel serves the purpose better than any other means. It contains some historical facts which may impress themselves upon the minds of the readers. But the most of them, we fear, are interested in the hero who has always vigilant eyes and a wrist of steel and a sharp sword that cuts its way through a score of doublets; who is always base; by enemies but never vanquished; and comes in on the end with his lady-love on his arm to bow a graceful farewell to his admirers.

CATHOLICISM THE ONLY REFUGE.

B. F. De Costa in the New York Journal Religionists in America are now divided into two great camps, the Catholic and non-Catholic. One camp is held by a disciplined arm, the other by discordant cohorts resembling a mob. The situation daily grows in gravity. Few seem to realize the fact, yet we view a situation that never before was witnessed in the history of the world. When too late non-Catholics may realize the solemnity of the present times.

In the meanwhile the example of men like Prof. Giffert and Dr. Hillis in abandoning false associations is significant. It proves that all are not lost to moral considerations; for it is notorious that the honesty that would not do duty in a corrupt political party is ample for membership in not a few sects wherein men remain false to conscience for leaves and fishes. Every departure of men like those mentioned is morally encouraging; but may any other significance be attached to such cases? Is there any sign of a general movement for a revised creed to meet, on a low plane, a falling faith? Yes, says the preacher of Madison square, let us have a new creed composed of a few of the "essentials." A "few" will answer; but on this advice non-Catholics will find the descent to Avernus easy. There is a wild unrest, but a revised creed does not mean unity and peace.

Thus far every attempt at unity has signally failed, notably the Episcopalian Chicago Lambeth plan, rudely repelled by the recognition of the fact that the Episcopal body was simply a part of a house divided against itself and without the right to suggest, much less dictate terms. There are those among non-Catholics who hold that any plan not including Catholics would fail, yet of corporate union there is no hope, since Catholics could offer no compromise, being irrevocably bound by the terms imposed upon them by Christ and the Apostles.

What is the outlook? Will it be guerrilla tactics against an organized army, ambush against an open field? How can divided non-Catholics meet and conquer an undivided Catholic host? The Catholic Church was never so strong, united and well equipped as to day. It is perfectly loyal to its head. But, recognizing his lack of organization, the non-Catholic often claims and frequently undertakes to say that this is "a conflict between Rome and reason," and that reason must avail. That is what the infidel tells the non-Catholic. This play on "Rome and Reason" is only fit to go with the campaign lie, which declares that "Rome is opposed to the Bible." The truth is that Rome is pre-eminently the Church of Reason. Aquinas and all school men and doctors prove that reason is the handmaid of religion. Whereas Luther, the founder of Protestantism, who arrayed religion against reason, bitterly reproached the Catholics for their defense of reason, saying that the Catholic "parsons measure the will and work of God by reason," which can do nothing else than "blaspheme," as "reason is the devil's prostitute."

To day, therefore, as in Luther's time and in the age of Aquinas, Rome is the Church of reason, and with the Church of reason non-Catholics, who intellectually are bankrupt, cannot reckon, being wholly wanting in those mental resources which alone secure the favor of mankind. Non-Catholics simply pamper the pride of men by offering a choice of one hundred and thirty-two creeds while living, and brutally leaving the bulk of mankind to shift for themselves when dead, while the Catholic Church follows them in faith and prayer into the great beyond.

On the other hand, the Catholic Church is steadily growing in favor. As Mr. Mallock and Lord Macaulay show, it is the one permanent thing on this earth.

Rome is the Bible Church and the Church of Reason. Theological Rip Van Winkles must wake up and discover the situation. The "Reformation" is dead, and Henry VIII and Cranmer live only in the three hundred thousand divorces given to America in the last twenty years. In the meanwhile the Catholic Church is the Church of the family and of sacramental marriage. People who want to protect their daughters are educating them under the care of the Blessed Virgin, and thus they will have daughters who will not be married by one judge and unmarried by another.

To day one of the largest and most respectable denominations is wrangling and distressing itself about the eternal perdition of infants and heathens. On the other hand, the Catholic Church stands as ever the Church of Eternal Hope, calmly looking for the largest results from the pain of salvation, in accordance with Aquinas, who holds that every soul born into the world receives grace sufficiently for salvation if not frustrated by opposition to light.

This is the Church that non-Catholics propose to dissipate by grouping together "a few of the essentials" and shooting them up, so much vague sentiment,

in the air. They would win America by divorcing theology from religion, after the manner of the reformed scientist who proposes to cast mathematics out of astronomy and bones out of the human body. But this is of no avail. The melancholy empty benches on Sunday show that non-Catholic thought cannot satisfy minds reaching out after God. At last the people will discover that if they want a religion they must find it in the Catholic. There is no conflict between "Rome and Reason;" it is between the Catholic Church and agnosticism. Non-Catholicism is an anachronism without insight, authority or head. For the noblest purposes of religion it no longer exists. Like the angler's worm chopped in pieces, it can simply wriggle.

WORK FOR ENGLISH-SPEAKING CATHOLICS.

Sacred Heart Review. The letter which Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul recently wrote to the Duke of Norfolk, president of the Catholic Union of Great Britain, urging a united propaganda on the part of English-speaking Catholics, is well worthy of the earnest attention of the faithful in this country. The communication deals at length with the opportunity presented to the Catholic Church in English speaking countries, and it lays special stress upon the way in which the English language is diffused throughout the world. Speaking of the mission of English-speaking Catholics he says:

"That mission is to attune anew the English language to the harmony of Catholic truth which was its charm before the days of the schism of the sixteenth century—the most woful disaster that ever befell Christianity; to make the English language the bearer of Catholic verities to the hundreds of millions who will speak and read it; to build up for the Catholic Church public and social influence in English speaking lands, so that their power, instead of being against her, be for her; to establish her in those lands that she be seen to be, as in fact she is, thoroughly in unison with the political institutions and the social aspirations that dominate these lands; so that the argument for such institutions be an argument, too, for the Church herself—in fine, to so place the Church as to enable her to win over to herself the great English speaking world and turn to her own profit and the profit of Christian civilization the wondrous potencies of that world.

"How Catholics are to do all this, circumstances, as Providence unfolds them, will give indication. Catholics in English speaking countries may be tempted to faint-heartedness by the recollection of their paucity of numbers and their weakness of resources when they compare themselves to the legions of non-Catholics around them. But they should yield to no fear, for the truth and divine power are with them, and in such association they are neither few nor weak."

SHALLOW CATHOLICS.

Intermountain Catholic.

There are certain Catholics who are forever getting worked up and flurried over anything derogatory to the Church. They are so afraid lest the allegation may be true, and want the thing explained, and then grow skeptical over the explanation. Somebody says that this Pope did so and so, and that Pope did something else, and if this be true, why then the Church is all wrong, and my goodness! what will we do?

First of all, the kind of Catholic who gets agitated over these matters is generally one whose faith is shallow and superficial, and who cherishes a great deal of human respect with a perpetual apology to their non-Catholic friends for being Catholic! Secondly, they are ignorant, about as ignorant as their non-Catholic friends, of the Church, its constitution and its history.

Now, Catholics should at the outset understand that the Church is a divine institution, infallibly guided in its teachings, impregnable by divine promise against the gates of hell. She is therefore indefectible. When, then, anything is alleged against her which would violate her infallibility or indefectibility, Catholics may put it down as a calumny without further concern. But a distinction is to be drawn: in matters not concerning her infallibility or indefectibility, the men charged with her guidance may err, and many times no doubt have erred, as in matters of mere discipline or temporary regulation.

When, then, something is asserted in derogation to the Church, distinguish, if the matter be not of faith and morals or of her prerogative of indefectibility, a mistake is possible. At the same time, it remains to be proved; nine times out of ten critical investigation will show it to be a calumny, for we must not forget that calumny has been the stock in trade of Protestant peoples for three hundred years, with the result that the lie is a thousand times more likely to be alleged against her than the truth to be told.

Death has nothing terrible in it but what life has made so.—Anon.

PROTESTANT FATHER, CATHOLIC SON.

Missionaries in the Same Territory in South Africa.

The death of the Rev. Mr. Frederick Kolbe of South Africa, says the Ave Maria, affords the unique spectacle of a Catholic missionary paying a loving and well-deserved tribute to his father, a Protestant missionary laboring in the same territory as himself. In the South Africa Catholic Magazine, which he edits with singular ability, Father Kolbe describes the gentle and pious life led by his father, for fifty-six years a member of the British Missionary Society in Africa, and a student whose researches in the African dialects have been cordially praised by Max Muller and Prof. Sayce. Out of much that is edifying and enjoyable in Father Kolbe's sketch we choose these lines for quotation:

"No greater proof of his gentleness could be given than the fact that his library contained not a single book of controversy. When I became a Catholic there was, of course, remonstrance and argument; and there was further protest against my becoming a priest—nothing less was to be expected. But once this was over we never clashed. Argument was to him merely the means of shaping the outline of a *modus vivendi*. When one of my sisters became a Catholic, the *modus vivendi* being already reached, there was no argument at all—merely a fatherly warning that she should be very sure of her steps before moving, and never a word after that. To the vulgar forms of Protestant abuse of Catholic life he was an absolute stranger. He was firm on his own ground, but he thought and spoke no evil of others.

When Father Kolbe dies—long life to him! the Ave Maria will have a story to tell about him stranger than any fiction.

A COMPARISON.

Protestants go to church to hear a sermon and incidentally say a few prayers. The preacher occupies the foreground in the services in the churches of the various Protestant sects. His personal qualities generally determine the size of the congregation. If eloquent, he will have a much larger audience than a minister less gifted with the power of oratory.

How different is it in the Catholic Church! The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass fills Catholic churches, and not mere eloquence. The Church does not under-estimate the value of eloquence as a means for winning souls to God, and has always encouraged it, with the result that the greatest pulpit orators in the world have been Catholic priests. But in the Catholic Church the pulpit has never held and can never hold the position that the altar does.

As strictly speaking, there is no altar in the Protestant churches, since there is no sacrifice, the pulpit overshadows everything else. It is just possible that it itself will lose its pre-eminence by being supplanted by the electrophone and the gramophone. Indeed, an experiment has already been made in London in this direction. In one of our exchanges we find the following description of this new experiment:

"The rector of St. Mary-at-Hill Church, London, Rev. W. Carlisle, who first introduced the electrophone at the public Sunday service in his charge, has now installed a large gramophone to be used at all daily functions in the church. By means of the gramophone the congregation will hear brief addresses from the leading dignitaries of the Church and from a number of prominent laymen. Through the medium of the electrophone, which is attached to the pulpit, the rector's topical Sunday evening discourses can be listened to by all telephone subscribers, who can quietly smoke their pipe, sip their tea or quaff other liquors *ad libitum* without giving offense to either shepherd or fold."

If this method of preaching at long range becomes general a time may come when Protestant churches will be completely emptied, the congregations preferring to listen to sermons at home.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

St. Francis of Assisi used to say, "A bare altar will be more agreeable to the Blessed Virgin, if we observe the Gospel, than one enriched with ornaments, if we neglect her Divine Son."

How kind the Blessed Virgin was at the marriage-feast of Cana! She was anxious to help the hosts even in a matter of slight moment. Surely, as Queen of Heaven, she will not refuse to help in graver matters those who turn to her with loving confidence.—Ellis Schreiber.

THE EARTH IS FULL OF HER PRAISE.—During this month of flowers, Mary's praises will be proclaimed throughout the entire Christian world, and in almost every language, so that it may be truly said of her: *Laudis ejus plena est terra*. "The earth is full of her praise."—American Herald.

The Italians have supreme devotion to the Eternal Father, the Divine Creator, who gives the bountiful harvest and the handsome and strong bambinos. In singular evidence of this devotion, you see the traditional artistic representation of God the Father, the Provider, as the emblem on the doorways of life insurance companies.—"New Footstep."

In the early eighties I was a railway postal clerk on one of the principal lines of the South. I was a "helper," and had as "clerk in charge" a man much older than myself. How much older I never knew, for that was one of his tender points. The family Bible and the Blue Book at Washington could give information about his age. However, he was old enough to have received a Yankee ballet square in the face at Chickamauga, and it had left deep scars on his face. He was, and is, one of the few absolutely true men to be met in a lifetime. His name here will be Mark Winston, but my old friend, now in the superintendent's office, signs a different one to the monthly pay roll.

We left our eastern terminus one night with a very light mail. We were running on the through southern fast mail and made few stops, as most of our exchanges were made by the "catcher" service. Our distribution man finished, we lit our pipes, and Mark commenced a war story. That story was never finished, for it was interrupted at the next stop by the entrance of two post office inspectors. We were much surprised at their business when we learned they were going to "block the mails," to test—let us call him—Ben Craig.

Ben was a postal clerk running on a small line connecting our thorough train with another trunk road fifty miles south of us. His point of connection with our line lay some forty miles further on, and he made the trip every night. He handled considerable mail, as this was our outlet for New Orleans.

"Blocking the mails" means the placing of any number of decoy or test letters in the ordinary mail. These letters contain marked money, and have been previously postmarked along the line, from which they are supposed to have originated. Of course, all points of irregularity are carefully covered. The decoys are placed indiscriminately through the mail to the clerk suspected of dishonesty. At the terminus of his run the mail is hastily examined by a post inspector, when the clerk is not present, and if any of the decoy letters are missing the clerk is arrested and searched for the marked money. The word "test" is now used instead of "decoy," but I use the latter word because of universal employment at the time the incident occurred. "Test" is really the better word, for there is no effort made to decoy clerks; but they fall they must, by handling no unaccountably tempting mail. When deceptions occur in the dispatch of any mail, one clerk after another is tested until all employees handling mail have been tried, unless some fell in apprehended before the test completed. It is, therefore, a stoppage, as much to ascertain if a clerk is honest as it is to catch a thief.

We all knew there was much complaint about letters to the Louisiana lottery being rifled. The gambling institution was then running at full blast in the Crescent city, the mails had not yet been denied a means of communication. Every postal car in the South was burdened with letters by the thousands, and ordinary employes had a drop of blood in his veins here was a challenge for it to be made manifest. Mail trains and coming over our heads, it appeared, been made the prey of some dishonest clerk. Only those who have suffered temptation can fully realize the strength of the excuses that may be offered by those who have temporarily fallen, but are anxious to amend their ways. The descent from strict virtue to upright-ness is usually by a grade so gentle as to be unnoticed until exposure and disgrace bring forcibly to view the length of the way. No man or woman properly trained and of good name plunges into vice and wrecks reputation and character in a day. Nor will any man or woman so well trained as to feel disgrace refuse the charitable, kindly efforts of others toward reclamation. Too often, however, they meet only with stern looks and rebukes from Pharisees, and are driven to further wrong-doing, until it becomes too late to save them from a criminal career.

The gravest offenses may be pardoned when followed by sincere repentance and an amended life, yet there is little disposition to excuse venial faults under the same conditions. Many people who should from their training, standing and reputation do otherwise, seem to glow over the disgrace or downfall of others, accept the merest rumor of such a thing as truth, ignore details, help to spread scandal, and by their intolerance make it extremely difficult for their unfortunate and guilty fellow to recover his standing. In contrast with these are good people who charitably seek to suppress scandal, to remove temptations, and help their fellow-men to better lives. They, too, love purity, honesty, justice, but they are charitable in their thoughts and seek to do the deeds of mercy. They are slow to believe wrong of one who has hitherto been of good repute; they are ready to listen to explanations that may help to excuse; they welcome signs of repentance and gladly assist the sinner to recover his good name.

It is needless to argue that they follow the right course. The statement, divorced of personal application, appeals to the heart of right-minded people as that which is dictated by worldly morality as well as religious teaching.—Catholic Columbian.

Life passes, riches fly away, popularity is fickle, the senses decay, the world changes, friends die. One alone is true; One alone can be true; One alone can be all things to us; One alone can supply our needs.—Newman.

AURELIA;

THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

But the gods, as certain friends of the family ingeniously observed, had protected Aurelia. She was remarkable for her splendid beauty, and what is better, for the charms of her intellect, her candor, and those gifts which distinguish superior natures. With exquisite good sense and rare wisdom, she had promptly understood the necessities of the solitary life to which fate had condemned her, and she had provided for them without asking of her father efforts and sacrifices of which she knew him incapable.

Thus, she had availed herself of every opportunity of acquiring instruction; and her education, due only to her own untiring efforts and perseverance, was so complete, for a girl of her humble condition, as to cause astonishment.

To her care were due the comfort of her father's modest household, and the little enjoyments which Aurelia, ever miserly when useful expenses were concerned, and fondly indulgent when he sought to gratify his desires, would have never tasted but for the tender solicitude of the amiable child.

Cecilia's poetical soul found great charm in the graceful fictions of mythology, and she took pleasure in participating in the ceremonies of certain feasts, and in mingling her pure voice with those of the young girls who, clad in white tunics and crowned with flowers, sang sacred hymns in the processions. But she could not understand the aimless indecency of those other ceremonies where all restraint was lost, and the gods were honored by the most licentious revels.

On such occasions she would remain at home, thoughtful and disquieted; and she would frequently be seen, in the neighborhood of the Venne-Libitina temple the quiet happiness in which she had lived was disturbed.

The exigencies of the fiscal office filled by her father were to her a source of constant regret. She mourned over the fate of those poor families pitilessly proscribed for the least delay in the payment of the tax; and although they were Jews—a despised, odious people—she could not frequently refrain from visiting the cabins scattered about the Libitina woods and the vicinity of the Capena gate, to assist the women, children and old men who had been the victims of Cecilia's fiscal rapacity.

"Why did my father accept an office which compels him to make other people unhappy?" she thought, with bitterness, and she tried to persuade him to resign, or at least to deal more gently with the delinquent taxpayers; but, notwithstanding her great influence over Cecilia, the latter, who could not understand that any one should feel an interest in such beggars, was little inclined to give up a salary which was his only means of support, or to stay proceedings out of mere compassion.

The vesper's attentions became a new source of sorrow for Cecilia. Not that she was unwilling to change a condition the duties of which were burdensome. Often, in her girlish dream, she had wished to have some companion, whose life she would embellish with her tender care; more than once she had prayed to her favorite divinities for that unknown being, whom she artlessly hoped to see appear suddenly.

But the much-desired apparition was anything but charming under the coarse features and the morning toga of our friend Gargus. Cecilia, at first, had not taken the slightest notice of the emaciated man, when a voice, half stern and half pleading, asked her to hold a marriage which she deemed impossible.

An incident occurred, meanwhile, which, changing her life, filled her heart with a new direction to the vague thoughts that had so often disturbed her peace of mind.

In one of her rambles in the Jewish quarter, she had met a poor old woman, bed-ridden by disease, and wanting the most common necessities of life. The kind young girl was deeply moved; and, obeying the generous impulses of her heart, she had become a devoted nurse to the old Jewess, bringing her medicine and food, and ministering daily to her wants.

One evening she was seated by the sick woman's bedside, holding her withered hand in hers, and talking hopefully of the improvement she had thought of in condition, when a voice, trembling with emotion, uttered these words close to her ear.

"May Heaven bless you, O gentle maiden, who have taken care of my mother and have relieved her whilst her son was away."

The young girl turned her head. A young man wearing the sagra, or military cloak, with the breastplate, the buckle and shining helmet, was bending over her.

Cecilia started, and could not restrain a cry. She averted her eyes, and stood, blushing, and trying to collect her thoughts. She could not realize the import of the stranger's words.

The old woman had risen from her bed, and clasped the young man in her arms.

"It is my son," she cried; "my son, who has returned to me! Oh! yes, dear Olinthus, will you bless this young girl; for, but for her kindness, you would not have found your mother alive!"

Suddenly, the sound of grave voices, united in a pious chant, filled the room. These voices, coming from under ground, seemed to ascend to heaven.

Olinthus remained thoughtful. A struggle was taking place within him. Turning, at last, to Cecilia—

"Come," he said, "the holy mysteries have begun, and you are worthy of entering in the assembly of the faithful. Mother, I will soon return. I am going to ask God to repay our debt of gratitude to this young girl."

will be directly in their midst. Fear nothing."

Cecilia descended until, at the bottom of the steps, her eyes were suddenly dazzled by a bright light.

She had reached the sacred precinct. It was the crypt of the ancient temple of the Muses, which the Christians had discovered, and in which they assembled to praise God, to listen to the instructions of the priests, and to celebrate the Holy Sacrifices.

By the light of the lamps which hung from the ceiling, Cecilia saw a numerous crowd, kneeling, and singing the hymns she had heard from above.

To the left were the women; Olinthus led Cecilia among them, and crossed over to the right, where the men were praying.

The women gave Cecilia the kiss of peace, and made room for her.

At the further end of the crypt, on a little higher ground, was a table around which stood the pontiffs clad in flowing white garments. Upon the table was a cross, a few candles made of the purest wax, small loaves of bread, and vases containing wine.

The songs ceased, and a deep silence reigned. A venerable old man stepped forward, near the table, and beckoned to the priest. He wore a white garment like the other pontiffs, but with some mark of distinction, to show that he was the first among them.

The old man commenced by inviting the people to elevate their minds towards God, and when the crowd had replied "Amen," he said—

"My brethren, we have received a letter from John, the only one of Christ's apostles who still lives. He advises us to understand the aimless indecency of those other ceremonies where all restraint was lost, and the gods were honored by the most licentious revels."

When her father left the treasury to fill the post of collector of the tax on Jews, and moved into the house rented from Longlamm, the undertaker of funerals, in the neighborhood of Venne-Libitina temple the quiet happiness in which she had lived was disturbed.

The exigencies of the fiscal office filled by her father were to her a source of constant regret. She mourned over the fate of those poor families pitilessly proscribed for the least delay in the payment of the tax; and although they were Jews—a despised, odious people—she could not frequently refrain from visiting the cabins scattered about the Libitina woods and the vicinity of the Capena gate, to assist the women, children and old men who had been the victims of Cecilia's fiscal rapacity.

"Why did my father accept an office which compels him to make other people unhappy?" she thought, with bitterness, and she tried to persuade him to resign, or at least to deal more gently with the delinquent taxpayers; but, notwithstanding her great influence over Cecilia, the latter, who could not understand that any one should feel an interest in such beggars, was little inclined to give up a salary which was his only means of support, or to stay proceedings out of mere compassion.

The vesper's attentions became a new source of sorrow for Cecilia. Not that she was unwilling to change a condition the duties of which were burdensome. Often, in her girlish dream, she had wished to have some companion, whose life she would embellish with her tender care; more than once she had prayed to her favorite divinities for that unknown being, whom she artlessly hoped to see appear suddenly.

But the much-desired apparition was anything but charming under the coarse features and the morning toga of our friend Gargus. Cecilia, at first, had not taken the slightest notice of the emaciated man, when a voice, half stern and half pleading, asked her to hold a marriage which she deemed impossible.

An incident occurred, meanwhile, which, changing her life, filled her heart with a new direction to the vague thoughts that had so often disturbed her peace of mind.

In one of her rambles in the Jewish quarter, she had met a poor old woman, bed-ridden by disease, and wanting the most common necessities of life. The kind young girl was deeply moved; and, obeying the generous impulses of her heart, she had become a devoted nurse to the old Jewess, bringing her medicine and food, and ministering daily to her wants.

One evening she was seated by the sick woman's bedside, holding her withered hand in hers, and talking hopefully of the improvement she had thought of in condition, when a voice, trembling with emotion, uttered these words close to her ear.

"May Heaven bless you, O gentle maiden, who have taken care of my mother and have relieved her whilst her son was away."

The young girl turned her head. A young man wearing the sagra, or military cloak, with the breastplate, the buckle and shining helmet, was bending over her.

Cecilia started, and could not restrain a cry. She averted her eyes, and stood, blushing, and trying to collect her thoughts. She could not realize the import of the stranger's words.

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An aged woman then approached Cecilia.

"Child," she said, "you are worthy of knowing the God we serve; He visited you, when he gave you compassion and love for those who suffer. Come with me, I shall teach you His law."

The language of this venerable woman was gentle and caressing; her words went to Cecilia's heart.

The mysterious being over the crowd poor woman, who held her affectionately by the hand. The amiable girl felt as if she were dreaming; she could not fathom the meaning of all she had heard and seen. But her heart was deeply moved, and indeed thought filled her mind.

She seemed to recognize those words of peace, union and love to which she had listened—her truth-seeking soul had leaped then long ago; those sacred songs had for her a meaning; she understood those men and women, now silent and collected, then uniting their voices in prayer; they honored divinity better than all those she had seen daily in the ceremonies of her pagan creed, and in the temples of Rome.

The pontiff, a venerable citizen, that illustrious matron, those two young men, proclaimed Cesars—all those worldly honors despised, and death preferred to life—had filled her soul with admiration and astonishment.

The aged woman reached another part of the crypt and a new spectacle offered itself to Cecilia's eyes.

"Take a seat by me, my dear child," said the aged companion.

Two long tables, placed parallel, ran near the whole length of the subterranean room. They were covered with the simplest articles of food; bread, eggs, milk, a few dishes of meat, and fruit.

The men went to one of the tables, and the women to the other. The aged woman, who had celebrated the mysteries presided, seated on a stool a little higher than the rest.

The old Jewess who accompanied Cecilia, took a similar seat of honor at the head of the women's table.

The pontiff stood up and blessed the food, and all proceeded to eat. The conversation, carried on in a low voice, became general, and characterized by a friendly emotion mingled with respect.

"These are our agnus, or feasts of charity," remarked the woman to Cecilia; "we have them always after the Holy Mysteries, in order to tighten the bonds that unite us, and to remind us that permitted pleasures, or necessary pain, all must be in common between us."

It was, also, with no little astonishment that she saw Flavia Clemens and her two sons waiting humbly on the men, whilst his wife and another matron, whose appearance indicated that they were of noble rank, stood by the women's table.

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"Take a seat by me, my dear child," said the aged companion.

With such teachers, and under the influence of such examples, the pure-minded girl could not be long in renouncing the living fictions which she already secretly despised, and which she now rejected with horror.

In a few months she became truly a Christian in heart, aspiring only to the grace of baptism, and rapt in joys as sweet as they were new to her.

"What a blessing," she would exclaim, "that I should at last see the truth, I who have been so long without knowing it, and who yet sought it with all my soul!"

She had become the darling child of this whole poor tribe of exiles; all knew her, and surrounded her with marks of the liveliest affection.

It seemed as though these poor people lived in repaying in love for the daughter, the miseries and sorrows caused by the father. For Cecilia, who was not aware of the tie existing between his daughter and the Jews, was as pitilessly exacting as ever, and continued to spread desolation and ruin in the poor colony.

Cecilia was deeply moved by the tenderness with which all greeted her. If she understood that Christianity dictated this action, she felt that the injuries caused by her family, she felt still more the power of that charity which inspired love by way of retaliation. She saw that this virtue, completely unknown to those with whom she lived hitherto, was the life-giving principle of the little society into which chance, or rather Divine Providence, had suddenly thrown her.

As Flavia had told her on the occasion of the agnus, joy and sorrow were in common here, these Christians so truly united, so thoroughly imbued with brotherly love. Whatever one of them possessed was the property of all; and however small and insignificant the offering, it was received with gratitude, and the blessing of God was invoked on the giver. These men and women cared not for riches or for the comforts they bring, but despised and rejected them.

Cecilia, the humble girl, soon became the inmate guest of the noble Flavia family. Flavia Domitilla had distinguished her, and had asked Petronilla to confide her to her care. The venerable daughter of the Apostle had the more willingly consented as Cecilia would find in Flavia Domitilla the example of the greatest virtues, and the best school in which she could study a perfect Christian life.

This illustrious matron, whom the Church counts among the most sainted virgins who lived, and whose agency was then leading in Rome, and not far from the imperial palace, a life of admirable charity and self-sacrifice.

Her mother, whose name has not been preserved in history, was a sister of Flavia Clemens. She was nearly related to the Emperor Domitian, for she was the grand-daughter of Sabinus Major, Vespasian's elder brother.

This Sabinus Major was the first who illustrated the Flavia name; whose rank, filled by their necessary agency, never failed according to Suetonius, was an obscure undertaker of public works. He was Prefect of the city when he was killed, during a riot incited by the Vitellian party. Tacitus, who relates his death, says that he had commanded the armies of Rome during thirty-five years, under the emperors Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius and Nero.

The infuriated mob set fire to the Capitol where Sabinus and his family had sought an asylum, and their escape was only effected from this butcherery. This was Flavia Domitilla, who owed her life to the courage and devotion of two Christian slaves, Nereus and Subtilus, who both endured martyrdom, subsequently with their necessary agency, never failed according to Suetonius, was an obscure undertaker of public works. He was Prefect of the city when he was killed, during a riot incited by the Vitellian party. Tacitus, who relates his death, says that he had commanded the armies of Rome during thirty-five years, under the emperors Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius and Nero.

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Olinthus, or to give him up for God, what would you do, my daughter?" Petronilla asked, with still more authority.

"Even if the sacrifice should kill me, O mother, I feel that nothing could ever make me renounce Jesus Christ!"

"Child, your love is permitted, for it is pure and innocent. Let peace descend into your young heart. With us, marriage is holy, and we had already thought of it for Cecilia."

"Can it be true, Petronilla? What, Olinthus . . ."

"Olinthus loves you, and Ettychia wants you to be her daughter. We shall arrange this matter."

"But what, my father say? How can I hope that he will consent?"

"Do you think," said Flavia Domitilla, "that if I undertake to gain his consent, Cecilia will resist long?"

"Child," said Petronilla, "see how gentle and easy to bear is the yoke of the God we have taught you to serve! His His virgins, loved flowers, born of His breath; but near these, in His love, there is a place for the young spouses, for whom He reserves the innocence and purity of His faith. Rise, my daughter, and hope in His infinite goodness!"

Cecilia was radiant. Her tears had ceased to flow, and her heart opened itself to the promised happiness which she could now enjoy without remorse. There could be no great obstacle to her marriage. Why should Cecilia refuse his consent? He had accepted Gargus; Olinthus was certainly an important grade in the Roman army. He was a principalis, and had recently distinguished himself in the war against the Dacians.

He had saved a legion from an ambush where it would have been cut to pieces. Severely wounded in this encounter, he had been able to continue the campaign with Domitian, and had obtained a far from the least honor. He had also been able to continue the campaign with Domitian, and had obtained a far from the least honor. He had also been able to continue the campaign with Domitian, and had obtained a far from the least honor.

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

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success, Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FAALOGIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, May 26, 1900

DEATH OF DEAN MURPHY.

Just as we were going to press on Tuesday morning, the 22nd inst., information reached us of the death, at 2:30 a. m., of the Very Rev. James Murphy, Dean, parish priest of Irish-town. We hope to be able to give a full account of his life-work and the funeral services in our next issue.

ST. PETER IN ROME.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has sent the parish priest of Strathroy an autograph letter thanking him for his "very able thesis on St. Peter in Rome," which appeared for the first time in the CATHOLIC RECORD on April 28th. To the anti Catholic contention that the Bible makes "no explicit reference to St. Peter's residence in Rome," Father McKoon has given one of the very best answers ever published by any theologian whose writings have come to our notice.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

Dr. O'Hagan in his essay on the Catholic Church in Ontario, of which we speak more fully in another column, makes the following reference to Catholic literature in the province:

"Nor has Catholic literary thought and achievement been wanting to those who have tended the altar of faith during the past fifty years in Ontario. Such works as Father Northgraves' 'Mistakes of Modern Infidels,' Rev. Dr. Harris' history of the early missions in Western Canada, and the Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula and the late Rev. Dr. Dawson's 'Life of Pope Pius IX. have a permanent place and value not only in the history of the Catholic Church, but in the history of our country.'"

GRATIFYING INFORMATION.

The report of the Indian Department of Canada makes known the gratifying fact that the Indians of the Maritime Provinces have kept their faith with wonderful tenacity. The Indian population of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island combined is 3,935 persons scattered in small bands over a wide area. Among these there is only one person reported as not being a Catholic. This one is a Protestant living at Sheet Harbor. The rest have all clung to the faith, which was taught them by the French missionaries who in the first place brought their ancestors to a belief in the Christian religion.

"MOUNT ST. JOSEPH"

As the season advances, one cannot help but admire the natural beauty and grandeur of the property recently acquired by the good Sisters of St. Joseph, and consecrated with so much solemnity and pomp by the Apostolic Delegate on Sunday, April 29, under the title of "Mount St. Joseph." The commodious and airy house is being thoroughly renovated and remodeled, and it is expected will shortly be completed, when it will be utilized as a mother-house and novitiate for the Community of St. Joseph. The latest addition to the building, and one which materially enhances its pretty appearance, is a large and substantial Cross erected upon the cupola, which will be lighted with electric lights and can be seen for miles throughout the country, indicative of the Faith of its religious occupants.

We wish the Community of St. Joseph increased prosperity in their new institution, the purchase of which will enlarge their sphere of usefulness, not only to the members themselves but to the people in general.

A NOTEWORTHY CONVERSION.

An interesting fact is announced by the Paris Univers, namely, that Mgr. Boutros (Peter) Sobho, the Syrian Jacobite Archbishop of Hama, Hama and Sadad, has become a Catholic along with many of his clergy and people. It is believed that his example will have great influence toward Catholic unity on the other schismatic and heretical sects of the East, by whom he was regarded with great reverence. The Jacobites date from the sixth century, when a Syrian by name Jacobus James renewed the errors of the Eutychians of the previous century which were condemned by the Council of Chalcedon in 451. They fell into an error of opposite character to that of the Nestorians. The latter maintained that the divine and human natures in Christ were two distinct persons, whereas the Eutychians, Monophysites, and Jacobites maintained that there is but one nature and one person in Christ after His incarnation.

"THE AMERICAN UNION."

The A. P. A. has been practically dead in the United States during the last four years, though some of the arms of the octopus in a few places have manifested a slight vitality. But it is clear that there is still some bigotry to be found among the disorganized membership. It is perfectly recognized that the old Association is gone beyond recovery, and it has abandoned its recovery, but the leading spirits who took a prominent part in that dark lantern society are endeavoring now to start a new and so called "national" organization under the name of "the American Union," the principles of which shall be about the same as those of the A. P. A. The headquarters of the new society are at New York, and it claims to have over 22,000 members, who will make themselves felt at the next Presidential election. This is but an insignificant membership in a country whose population is about 80,000,000, but they hope to exercise an influence by a hypothetical "balance of power." The A. P. A. professed to be able to exercise even greater influence than this at the last presidential election, but it failed egregiously. We are of opinion that the new society will collapse with even a shorter lease of life than had its predecessor the A. P. A.

THE DRIFT TOWARDS LATITUDINARIANISM.

Hitherto the Protestant religious press for the most part has denied strenuously that rank infidelity or the denial of all Christian dogma is the ultimate result of the Protestant system. It has been admitted indeed that many Protestants have reached this goal, as a result of the exercise of private judgment in matters of faith. This much could not, indeed, be denied, for scarcely a week passes during which the world is not astounded by the boldness with which some prominent Protestant divine attacks the very foundations of Christianity. Sometimes the attack is made upon the truth of certain historical narrations found in the Bible. Sometimes whole books of the Bible are cooly set aside as uninspired or untrue; at other times the miraculous narratives only are repudiated as absurd, or are interpreted in a mythical or allegorical sense, which is equivalent to a denial of their authority as the Word of God. But there have always been found other clergymen to take up the sword and buckler on behalf of the old faith as they understand it, and such as the majority of Protestants, not to say of Christians, have believed it to be a revelation from heaven.

Thus the war between orthodoxy and heterodoxy has gone merrily on, and it was often difficult to know which side preponderated.

It was easy enough to see that in Europe Rationalistic Protestantism had long ago gained the sway. French Protestantism actually half a century ago formally denied the divinity of Christ, and the present French Protestant Church, so far as it is Christian at all, was formed by a minority seceding from the main Protestant body. In Germany, the religious universities are just as decisively Rationalistic, and so are all the most prominent and learned divines whom Protestantism has produced. But in America, it must be admitted that so far the supreme legislative bodies of the principal sects have clung with tenacity to those principal truths of revelation which distinguished Christianity from Rationalism, such as Biblical inspiration, the Trinity, the Incarnation and atonement, the Divinity of Christ, the unity of the divine and human natures

into one person of our divine Saviour by the hypostatic union, and the everlasting punishment of the wicked.

Presbyterianism has maintained these doctrines by formally condemning Drs. Briggs, Smith, McGiffert and others. Methodism has also kept down those of its ministers in the United States and Canada who have upheld errors on these points, and even Congregationalism, which is less pronounced and definite in its beliefs than the other sects named above, though proclaiming unrestrained liberty of belief, has from time to time disciplined those who wandered into the paths of heresy in regard to these doctrines. But, in spite of all this, and partly in consequence of the stand taken in defence of the ancient Christian faith, Protestantism as a form of Christianity has lost at least one half of the population of the United States, and a considerable percentage in Canada, who have fallen into practical or actual infidelity.

The fact is that the Unitarians recently, in the report of the status of their sect, while admitting that it had not increased greatly by actual and avowed conversions to their organization, declared nevertheless that the progress of their principles had been phenomenally great, as thousands of members of the so-called orthodox sects now adhere to the distinctive Unitarian doctrines. They have not converted largely the adherents of the other sects, but they have converted the sects themselves to such an indifference to Christian dogmas that it may be said practically that these sects have themselves become sects of Unitarianism—which is only a hidden name for Rationalism or unbelief.

But we were treated a few days ago to a scene in New York which proves to us not merely that Protestantism is rapidly evolving into Rationalism, but that it has as a system already completed this evolution, and that it is in reality no longer a form of Christianity. This scene was nothing short of a so-called "Ecumenical Missionary Conference." This Conference lasted nearly three weeks. It consisted of about 2800 delegates representing 150 Protestant missionary societies of 40 different Protestant sects from over 60 different countries, and there was a daily average attendance of curiosity-seekers at its meetings to the extent of 15,000 members of the various Protestant denominations. This was the most representative Protestant body which ever met, and its proceedings were highly interesting inasmuch as it gives us a fair idea of what the Protestantism of the world is now like.

Nevertheless even as a Protestant gathering it was a failure, as admittedly the most prominent English speaking Protestant denomination was practically not represented at it. There were, it is true, a few representatives of Anglican Low-Churchism present as individuals, but these did not at all represent their denomination, and the Living Church, the American High Church Protestant Episcopal organ, says:

"We do not desire to attack any one. But as our opinion of this Ecumenical Conference, was asked we give it. We regard the name Ecumenical as used in this connection as abused. That word has a definite historical meaning which is utterly inapplicable to this gathering. We are glad to have missionary problems discussed, and missionary information disseminated; but we are truly sorry that Churchmen have identified themselves with it, and thus have confused the minds of many. We hope nothing of the kind will occur again."

The Churchman, however, a Low Church organ, asserts that a precedent for this Conference "was made by the Good Samaritan." This would be an amusing comparison if it were not on so sacred a subject, on which it would be rather profane to make jocose remarks; but we cannot conceive that the "Good Samaritan," who really typifies our Lord Himself, was the dominating authority in an assembly which applauded loudly such sentiments as were uttered by Dr. Bahrends of Brooklyn, who said: "What is most needed for us is the power to put all creeds in a pile and set fire to them and burn up the dross."

Christ undoubtedly revealed a creed which He commanded His Apostles to preach to all nations, and which, therefore, the nations were bound to accept. It was of this creed that He said: "He that believeth not shall be condemned." (St. Mark, xvi, 16.)

The following explanation written by an Anglican, and which appeared in the New York Sun of April 26, shows how far short of ecumenicity a Missionary assembly this Conference fell.

There is not a single representative present of the Roman Catholic Church or of any of the great Eastern Churches. There is not a single representative present of the venerable Anglican society for the Propagation of the Gospel which has on its rolls the names of men like John Coleridge Patterson, the

martyr Bishop of Malacca. Nor is there a single representative of those university missions of Oxford and Cambridge which have recently given a Bishop to Madras and another to Labors.

These so-called ecumenical conferences assembled from time to time and ignore completely the work of the venerable society for the propagation of the gospel in Foreign parts which two hundred years ago gave the first impetus to missionary enterprise.

Not alone are the Anglican missionary efforts ignored by this ecumenical council, but this Anglican writer seems to have overlooked the fact that the Church which has a line of two hundred and sixty-two Pontiffs from St. Peter is the only one which has ever converted a nation to Christianity. It is the one which sent a St. Patrick to Ireland, a Fulgentius and an Augustine to England, a St. Francis Xavier to Madagascar, India and Japan, and equally zealous missionaries to other nations; yet its labors have been entirely overlooked, and were not even spoken of at the Ecumenical Conference. Thirteen fifteenths of the Christian world were entirely ignored in the calling of this Conference which is called Ecumenical.

But we commenced this article with the intention of showing what the Conference did towards exhibiting the true character of Protestantism. We have already quoted the words of Dr. Bahrends of Brooklyn, which were loudly applauded. Other speakers followed in the same strain, and it is because they uprooted and tore down the landmarks of Christianity that this applause was given; that is to say, Protestantism as a whole has gone over to Latitudinarianism. This is admitted by all the religious journals which have spoken in praise of the gathering, and with hope for future good fruit to be derived from it. The Presbyterian Evangelist has this to say on the subject:

"The unfounded impression that what are known as liberal (that is Unitarian or Latitudinarian) views in theology would decrease interest in missions is dissipated by the evidence furnished by the present Missionary Conference. This evidence is overwhelming and irrefragable."

That is to say, at last the prognostications of Catholics have been verified that Protestantism would end in Deism or Atheism, as its general tendency is in this direction, but we are happy to be able to modify this statement by saying that this tendency has also produced a reaction, and a certain proportion of Protestants, horrified at this unexpected result of free individual interpretation, have gravitated in an opposite direction towards the Catholic Church. We hope that this good effect may more than counter-balance the evil.

There is another remarkable feature of this conference, that it was not characterized by the abuse of the Catholic Church which has hitherto marked all such gatherings. We should be glad if this greater apparent charity arose out of a drift toward truth, but we fear, indeed we are certain, that this is not the case. It rather indicates a total indifference to truth and error, and even a state of mind which is likely to have worse consequences than would arise from a little touch of bigotry.

SHOULD HAVE BEEN STOPPED LONG AGO.

Senator Dandurand has inaugurated a movement to put a stop to the lottery plague which is still infesting our large cities and even the country districts. Since the suppression of the Louisiana lottery, which was carried out on a gigantic scale, Ontario has not been infested with this evil so extensively as formerly, but we learn that other lotteries are carried on to an alarming extent in the province of Quebec, and especially in Montreal, where ticket-vendors are found everywhere, especially in the saloons and workshops, the dupes being found chiefly among the working classes who can ill afford the money they throw away to enrich the shareholders in the lottery companies. Even from Hamburg, Germany, such tickets are sent to Canada extensively. We have many times explained in our columns that only a small proportion of the money received is put upon the tickets as prizes, and it is folly for ticket-buyers to expect to make money by investing their earnings in the purchase of lottery tickets. We wish success to Hon. M. Dandurand in his crusade against these fraudulent schemes. In thus condemning lotteries, we do not include those drawings or lotteries which are known to be undertaken in aid of benevolent or religious works. They are a means of obtaining contributions for a deserving purpose, and there is in them no fraud or false pretence; yet it is desirable that funds should even in such cases be obtained by other means which will not give people the habit of expecting to profit by investing their money in lottery frauds.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD AND SYMPATHY FOR THE LIVING.

We have received letters from various quarters in reference to a communication which appeared in our issue of April 28th, over the signature "De Profundis," and which mildly condemned the passing and publication of resolutions of condolence by Catholic societies, while perhaps the spiritual welfare of the departed is neglected, no provision being made to have prayers and Masses offered for the repose of their souls.

It is beyond dispute that the prayers and Masses which are offered for departed souls benefit them more than society resolutions, and if there is really a neglect of the greater good for the purpose of ostentation, we must join in the condemnation of that neglect. But we are not of the opinion which "De Profundis" seems to entertain that Catholics generally are neglectful in this regard, or that the passing of resolutions of condolence tends to make them neglectful. Indeed many of our Catholic societies make it a point to ensure the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for every deceased member, and the members are usually expected to assist at such Mass if possible. This is an excellent practice and great work of charity toward the souls who may be, perhaps, suffering in Purgatory, but we do not think that it is therefore wrong or un-Catholic to express sympathy with those who survive when they lose by death one who has been near and dear to them. Such expressions of sympathy may be couched as being, to use the words of one of our correspondents, "among the amenities of civilized life which go far toward brightening our existence on earth." The same correspondent adds: "When this custom is the outcome of foolish pride, or the cause of lavish or extravagant expenditure, it is undoubtedly more honored in the breach than in the observance." As, however, such matters are usually left to the discretion of the spiritual advisers, there is no likelihood of any objectionable or excessive observance of any practice not in accordance with Catholic teaching or propriety." In the case, however, which frequently occurs, when society branches provide for the proper remembrance of their deceased members by having the holy sacrifice of the Mass offered for them, the chief ground of objection by "De Profundis" does not exist.

One of the letters received on this subject, written by a medical student in a Catholic University, informs us that in the case of a death in the family of one of the students, each student quietly deposits in a collection-box, not more than 10 cents as an honorarium for Masses for the deceased, and an assembly is held at which resolutions of sympathy are passed, which are sent to the bereaved family, but are not published in the newspapers. This is a practical method of showing sympathy which is always appreciated, yet we do not condemn other methods of showing sympathy, which may be in vogue in some Catholic societies. The sympathy, however, which manifests itself in praying for the dead is certainly more practical than mere talk.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ONTARIO.

In the January number of the Catholic Quarterly Review of Philadelphia there appears an historical essay from the pen of Dr. Thomas O'Hagan on the Catholic Church in Ontario, which though brief gives many interesting details of the progress of the Catholic religion in the premier province of the Dominion of Canada.

We deem it right to preface our remarks on this instructive paper with a few words on a period which the learned essayist has left untouched. So early as in 1535 when Jacques Cartier went up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, then called Hochelaga, the Catholic faith was introduced into Canada. Cartier himself was a man of piety and he distributed to the Indians rosary beads, and explained their mystery of redemption and read to them pliously the passion of Christ from the gospels. The priests also who were with him on his expedition celebrated Mass regularly and instructed the natives. But not until 1615 was a permanent mission established. In 1632, as we learn from the Relations des Jesuites, there were prosperous missions in the wilds of Canada for the conversion of the aborigines, and in Quebec, then called by its euphonious Indian name Stadacona, not only was there a prosperous

mission, but in 1639 a hospital for the sick was endowed by the Duchess d'Anguillon, niece of Cardinal Richelieu, and this institution was in full operation in 1642 under the management of Madame de la Peltrie, Marie Guyart, whose conventual name or name in religion was Marie de l'Incarnation, and other French nuns. Indian schools were also established in which the children were taught the truths of the Christian religion. Thus while there were yet but a few white settlers beyond the French garrison, the Catholic faith was firmly planted on the soil of Canada.

So early as 1626 the faith was preached among the Huron Indians, and a mission established by Father Jean de Breboul on the shores of the Georgian Bay in Ontario, and this zealous Jesuit Father, together with his companion, Father Gabriel Lallemand, were savagely burned in 1649 by the Iroquois victors after they had gained a decisive battle over the Hurons. Father Daniels, of the same missionary band, had been killed under somewhat similar circumstances in the previous year. Many other Jesuit Fathers gained the crown of martyrdom, or that of confessors of the faith in both provinces which are now named Quebec and Ontario. There was, in fact, by this time, a mission established, and the name of a Christian saint given to it in almost every Huron town, and in the northern half of the county of Simcoe alone there were at least twenty such missions.

Dr. O'Hagan, however, begins his historical sketch with the first two white Catholic settlements in Ontario, at Sandwich, with which he connects that of Malden, now Amherstburg, and St. Raphael's in the county of Glen-garry. The settlements of Sandwich and Malden were French, and were offshoots of the Detroit mission established by the Jesuits in the beginning of the eighteenth century. That of St. Raphael's was made up of Scotch Highlanders, many of whom were descendants of the clans who escaped the terrible massacre of Glencoe, perpetrated by order of King William III. in 1692. These clansmen were settled in Orange (Albany) and came to Canada in and after 1776 in order to live under the flag of Great Britain, to which they were intensely loyal, the British colonies south of us having revolted and declared their independence, under the title of the United States of America.

By the year 1816, as Dr. O'Hagan informs us, the number of priests in Ontario had increased to six. The first Catholic church in Toronto was St. Paul's, erected in 1826, and in 1833 and 1834 seven new parishes were established, among them being St. Thomas and London, of both of which towns Father Daniel Downie was the first pastor.

A life-like pen picture is given by Dr. O'Hagan of Bishop Alexander MacDonell, who was consecrated Vicar Apostolic of Upper Canada in 1819. In 1820 he became Bishop of Kingston, that See being the first diocese established in a British colony since the so-called Reformation. Graphic descriptions are also given of several pioneer priests who are well known throughout Ontario as having taken a prominent part in planting and spreading the faith in the province. Among these are Father John Macdonald of Perth, the Very Rev. Angus Macdonald of Kingston, Rev. Michael Brennan of Belleville, the Very Rev. Edward Gordon of Hamilton, Monsignore J. B. Proulx of Penetanguishene, afterwards of Toronto. The history of the Church under the successive Bishops of the province is also sketched in an interesting manner down to the present day.

The diocese of Toronto was formed in 1841, Bishop Power being its first chief pastor. He died in 1847, a martyr to his sacred duty, through contracting the deadly typhus fever while ministering to a poor woman who died in one of the sheds erected at that time to receive the Irish immigrants who during that year fled from famine at home to succumb in a strange land to a fate no less horrible than death by starvation. The after incumbents of the See of Toronto were Bishop Charbonnel, Bishop Lynch, under whom Toronto was made in 1870 an Archdiocese, and Archbishops John Walsh, and Denis O'Connor, who is the present Metropolitan. In 1856 the dioceses of London and Hamilton were made by dividing the diocese of Toronto. These dioceses, together with the Archdioceses of Ottawa and Kingston, and the dioceses of Peterborough, Pembroke and Alexandria, constitute the present ecclesiastical divisions of the Province, the dioceses of Ottawa and Pembroke being partly in

Ontario and partly in Quebec.

Dr. O'Hagan says: "Fifty years ago it (the Church) was a mustard seed; to-day it is a great oak of Lebanon. Fifty years ago there were more than sixty priests scattered through the province from Sandwich to Ottawa, from Lake Erie to the Manitoulin Island; minister to the spiritual needs of about a hundred and thirty thousand Catholics; day there are four hundred and fifty priests who have spiritual charge of four hundred thousand Catholics; yet these facts constitute but a segment in the great circle of progress which marks the history of the Catholic Church in Ontario during the past years. What shall be said of the multitude of churches, colleges, of convent hospitals, which tell of Catholic fertility of soul, Catholic generosity?"

Dr. O'Hagan is a pleasing writer and his essay, of which we have spoken, will afford gratification and instruction to those of our readers who will have the opportunity to read

MRS. GOULD'S SISTER.

She is Going to Nurse the Leprosy in China—Strange Contrast in the Lives of Katherine and Ella Clemmons.

Blood may be thicker than water, but there are two sisters with the ties of this continent between them, and as strangers to each other. Apart, indeed, are they that the tinct might be the world itself yet not make their separation hopeless in its completeness. The sisters are Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Overacker.

One of them is known throughout America and pretty thoroughly throughout the European continent, the beautiful Katherine Clemmons, actress, for whom, as everybody remembers, young Gould was willing to forfeit \$5,000,000 of good Gould that he might marry her. The other is known to a few here and there in California as May Clemmons, who has recently summed her girlhood name and gone to the depths of San Francisco's town to teach Christianity to Chinese.

Never did fate draw sharper contrast between the destinies of sisters than now divide the Catholic women. Never were lines so distinctly antipodal as these.

One is the richest of the rich. One is the poorest of the poor. In New York city Mrs. Gould passed the Lenten season in the luxurious retirement, amid surroundings that a princess of royal might might envy. She has youth, love, money, health and the things that sometimes comes with the sign of this rare combination of things.

In San Francisco the sister Gould dwelt during the days of direct poverty, unrelieved things more cheering than the grays in a small, bare, comfortable room.

IN THE HEART OF THE CHINESE, to which no breath of pure air came over blocks of rickety but swarming with Asiatic hum. The blessings of life are not her joy. Her time has been away from the four wall Chinatown tenement, between Church and teaching God's the pagans around her.

Katherine Clemmons is a queen. Ella May Clemmons is a recluse. The one sister dines at the House on the daintiest food that can provide. She is courted as only the wife of an American millionaire can be, and her jealous envious despair of women tuncate.

The other dines frantically in the Chinatown attic. She, though, there is a loaf of bread no butter, on the rough floor. She is alone always, and well-gotten by the small world known her. Her jewels have been pawnshops, and her sole is a small silver cross.

Ella May Clemmons was once Her home in Niles, after her to Charles Overacker, was a tree, and herself the best groomed woman in that paraded county. She was ex in her expenditures, and led knew no ambition beyond meral pleasures of society.

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In Chinatown it was that Journal representative for other day. It was a strain which to seek for the sister money king.

On the floor in a corner on a candle box a coal oil chair, a small table, an ink a few worn books, a curtain. On the walls and about the articles of religious significance, portraits of Catholics, and gaily-colored lit Mrs. Howard Gould in various costumes hung side by side. "My work among Chinese said Miss Clemmons in an inquiry, "must of necessity. Owing to my inability apartments suitable for school. What teaching I do in homes of my pupils with books of the gospels in which they can comprehend

Ontario and partly in Quebec.

Dr. O'Hagan says: "Fifty years ago it (the Church) was but a mustard seed; to-day it is a great cedar of Lebanon. Fifty years ago there were not more than sixty priests scattered throughout the province from Sandwich to Ottawa, and from Lake Erie to the Manitoulin Islands...

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The sisters are Mrs. Howard Gould and Mrs. Overacker. One of them is known throughout America and pretty thoroughly throughout the European continent as the beautiful Katherine Clemmons, actress, for whom, as everybody remembers, young Gould was willing to forfeit \$5,000,000 of good Gould gold that he might marry her.

The other is known to a few people here and there in California as Ella May Clemmons, who has recently resumed her girlhood name and gone in to the depths of San Francisco's Chinatown to teach Christianity to the Chinese.

Never did fate draw sharper lines of contrast between the destinies of two sisters than now divide the California women. Never were lines so directly antipodal as these.

One is the richest of the rich. One is the poorest of the poor. In New York city Mrs. Gould has passed the Lenten season in the most luxurious retirement, amid surroundings that a princess of royal wealth might envy. She has youth, talent, love, money, health and the happiness that sometimes comes with the possession of this rare combination of blessings.

In San Francisco the sister of Mrs. Gould dwelt during the days of Lent in direct poverty, unrelieved by anything more cheering than met her gaze in a small, bare, comfortable attic room.

IN THE HEART OF THE CHINESE QUARTER, to which no breath of pure air could come over blocks of rickety buildings swarming with Asiatic humanity. The blessings of life are not hers to enjoy. Her time has been divided, when away from the four walls of this Chinatown tenement, between worship at Church and teaching God's word to the pagans around her.

Katherine Clemmons is a society queen. Ella May Clemmons is a religious recluse. The one sister dines at the Holland House on the daintiest food that money can provide. She is courted and feted as only the wife of an American multimillionaire can be, and her jewels are the envious despair of women less fortunate.

The other dines frequently if at all in the Chinatown attic. Sometimes, though, there is a loaf of bread, with no butter, on the rough board table. She is alone always, and well-nigh forgotten by the small world that once knew her. Her jewels have gone to the pawnshops, and her sole ornament is a small silver cross.

Ella May Clemmons was once a belle. Her home in Niles, after her marriage to Charles Overacker, was a social centre, and herself the best gowned, best groomed woman in that part of Alameda county. She was extravagant in her expenditures, and led a life that knew no ambition beyond the ephemeral pleasures of society. After some years there was whispering of a mutual arrangement whereby two lives that began at the altar were to diverge. And eventually it was announced that Chinatown had a new missionary, a zealous convert to Catholicism, who had been received into the Church by the Paulist fathers.

She was known as Ella May Clemmons. Mrs. Overacker of Niles had burned her bridges. In Chinatown it was that a Sunday Journal representative found her the other day. It was a strange place in which to seek for the sister in law of a money king.

On the floor in a corner was a pallet; on a candle box a coal oil burner; a chair, a small table, an inkwell, pens, a few worn books, a curtainless window. On the walls and about the room were articles of religious significance; newspapers, portraits of Catholic dignitaries, and gaily-colored lithographs of Mrs. Howard Gould in various theatrical costumes hung side by side.

interpret for them into their own language. I have been studying Chinese for some time with a view to fitting myself for this work. Pictures I find of great help, and I use them profusely."

Miss Clemmons then exhibited some fine specimens of religious art, purchased at her own expense. "I give them the best," she continued, "and I find these little brown sisters of ours very bright. They take kindly to Catholicism, their ideas of religion in this country having been derived for the most part from the Salvation Army, Holiness Bands and such organizations as have appeared in their quarter."

WHY SHE BECAME A CATHOLIC "I became a convert to the faith when I felt that all outside it was dross and delusion. I knew that to take this step was to separate myself, because of religious differences, from my family, but I was convinced that I must become of practical value to others, so I set to work in a systematic way to train myself for teaching."

"And are you maintained by teaching?" "No. I have not received one cent as yet. However, I have consecrated my life to the work, and some means of maintenance will be given me. You see, if I belonged to one of our religious orders the matter of support would be settled; but being married I am barred from being a nun, hence my work must be entirely independent and self-sustaining."

"Meanwhile you have had to live?" "Yes, and to do so I have parted with every article of value which I possessed. Plate, furs, draperies, pictures, vehicles, furniture, jewelry, all have been sold, little by little. My only ornament now is the crucifix of gray metal."

"And do you not regret them?" "Not for a moment," was the eager answer, "since by such small sacrifices I have gained eternal life."

"Now that the plate, the pictures, the jewels are gone, what then?" "I have offered my services to Father Conrardy of Oregon as nurse and teacher, to accompany him."

TO A COLONY OF LEPEERS situated in the central part of China, where fifty thousand souls suffer from that dread disease. Father Conrardy has accepted my offer and arrangements for the journey will be completed in a few days.

"But do you realize what is in store for you in choosing such a lot? You cannot hope to escape the disease. Remember Father Damien's lot."

"No, and it is in his footsteps that I wish to follow. Father Conrardy was Father Damien's assistant during his last years at Molokai."

"Your sister—Mrs. Gould—does she sanction this plan?" "At mention of that name the eyes of the missionary filled."

"My dear sister, does not communicate with me, nor will she permit my name to be spoken in her presence."

"Have you offended her?" "Yes, grievously, by adopting my religious faith. She used to call me her dear little sister, and oh, how kind she was! How I worshipped her! Whenever I now read in the news papers of her charities I say: 'That is just like my noble sister.' She can never be anything to me but great and good. I am so glad she is rich. I pray God she may always be happy. You see, she does not understand that the Church cannot care for the physical needs of all its converts. Once, when I was ill and behind in my rent, and nearly starving, as I had eaten almost nothing for two days, I wrote to my sister, explaining the situation and begging her to help me just a little for the sake of old times when we were children. My letter had to be forwarded, as Katherine was away from her home with her husband. When she received it she did not wait to write send her answer by the slow mails but cabled immediately."

HER SISTER'S MESSAGE. "And she cabled money enough to drive all the hungry wolves from your door?" "No. Here is the message: 'If you are sick why don't you go to a hospital?'"

From the leper colony in central China to the palace of the Goulds in New York is a far cry. And blood is not always thicker than water. The leper colony in Asia to which Ella Clemmons is going is said to be the most unspeakably horrible place on earth. The leper colony of Hawaii, where Father Damien died, had the picturesque settings of tropical foliage and was swept by the cooling health of the sea and mountain breezes. But this Asiatic colony is in a desert region, with wretched huts of mud and straw, in which its tens of thousands of wretched inhabitants give themselves up to slow death.

Yet for Christianity's sake this is the lot which Mrs. Howard Gould's sister has chosen.

would not see. That should be plain enough. Then the assertion that the Bishop gave orders to the parish priest to have the disturbances at the Moody meetings stopped is very diaphanous. The Review admits that it does not believe it. And as we have been for some time making a collection of curious ecclesiastical documents, we are willing to pay at least \$50 for the order mentioned. Such orders are not private. Some of them ought to be in existence, if ever they were issued. But Bishops have more important matters to attend to than giving such orders, and we again assert that we do not believe any such were issued by Bishop Duggan.

WAS MR. MOODY DEFINITELY INVITED TO ENTER THE CHURCH?

"Few persons are aware that a definite proposition was once made to Mr. Moody to enter the Catholic denomination."

The above mention in the Herald of the new biography of Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, written by his son, is so worded as to give the average reader the impression that nothing less than a General Council of the Church, or the Supreme Pontiff himself, after mature deliberation, approached the late Mr. Moody, and formally and solemnly invited him to enter the Catholic Church.

As a matter of fact, the biography makes no such assertion, neither does it imply that any such "definite proposition" ever was made. Its account of the occurrence wherein the Herald finds ground for making its exaggerations, if not absurd, statement is as follows, and it is apocryphal enough, as we will show, without having erroneous conclusions drawn therefrom:

"A source of very great annoyance to Mr. Moody in pioneer Sunday-school work at this time was the frequent disturbances which came from the lower class of the Roman Catholic element. Many of the boys would try to interfere with the meetings, broken windows and such disturbances being not the least troublesome expression of their disapproval. At last he felt that extreme measures must be taken, and he called on Bishop Duggan, who was prelate of the diocese. It was not an easy matter to gain access to so high a Church dignitary, and a meeting was arranged for the purpose of not ready to promise him the audience he requested. Bishop Duggan, he was told, was busy and could not be seen, but young Moody had taken the precaution to step over the threshold and was not so easily thwarted. 'Well, never mind,' he said, 'I will remain until he is at leisure, and without waiting for further invitation quietly passed into the hallway.'

"The maid was not sure that the Bishop would care to be interviewed by the self-constituted missionary, but it was useless to attempt to dissuade him. He had come to see the Bishop, and would wait, if necessary, for the remainder of the day, or until the Bishop could find it convenient to give him a hearing. When at length the Bishop appeared in the hall, the young man very briefly related his mission, and said that he was engaged in a work for children in a part of the city that was neglected by everybody else. It was therefore a pity, he said, that he should not be allowed to continue the work unimpeded, and he requested the Bishop to give orders to the parish priests to prevent all future interference."

"Bishop Duggan refused to believe that any of his people were to blame for the disturbances, to which Moody answered that his only reason for believing that the boys were there to effect, Bishop Duggan then replied that they represented the worst element in the Church and that he had no control over them. 'Your zeal and devotion are most commendable in behalf of these people, however,' he added, 'and all you need to make you a great power for good is to come within the fold of the true Church.'

"But," replied the young missionary, whatever advantage that would give me, among your people would be offset by the fact that I could no longer work among the Protestants."

"Why, certainly you could still work, among the Protestants," was the reply. "But surely you would not let me pray with a Protestant, if it became a Roman Catholic?"

"Yes," replied the Bishop, "you could pray with Protestants as much as ever."

"Bishop Duggan," said the young man, "I would you, Bishop, pray with a Protestant?"

"Well, then," replied Mr. Moody, "I wish you would pray for me now, that I may be led aright in this matter," and forthwith knelt where they had been standing in the hall. The Bishop and Mr. Moody both prayed.

THE RESULT OF THAT SHORT CONFERENCE was a cessation of all further annoyance from the Roman Catholic element of the city, and a life-long friendship between the two men."

WHAT IS A DEFINITE PROPOSITION? Now, we have carefully read and re-read the foregoing passage from the biography under discussion, and we fail to see why the remark made by Bishop Duggan to Mr. Moody (granting that the story is true, which we very much doubt) should receive the importance which the Herald gives it in calling it a "definite proposition."

It is, in fact, no more deserving of the title, "definite proposition," than if it had been made by the humblest layman in the country. Propositions, of that kind are made by Catholics to Protestants and unbelievers every day in the year. Few are the good-living Protestants with any extended Catholic acquaintance who have not been told at some period of their lives, "You ought to be a Catholic."

THE FACT IS, THAT THE STORY WAS WRITTEN in order to show off Mr. Moody's determination and zeal in bringing the light of the Gospel even to such a high Catholic dignitary as the Bishop of Chicago, and with little regard to the facts of the case. No doubt, Mr. Moody had an interview with the Bishop; but we would like to have the Bishop's side of the story. Bishop Duggan, of course, being dead, and Mr. Moody, also, the real truth will probably never be known, but even the casual reader will recognize on the part of the author of the biography an attempt to so color the incident as to show up Mr. Moody in the best possible light, and to try to have it understood that, like Bishop Duggan, Catholic authorities have the power, if they so exerted it, to put a stop to all the disturbances that "evangelists" themselves invite by the sensational methods they adopt in preaching the Gospel. While we have, however, no means of knowing just exactly what the Bishop said to Mr. Moody, we do know what we ourselves would say, and what others have had occasion to say to such pious, well-meaning, but very much misinformed messengers as Mr. Moody. The reply in substance would be as follows: "My dear sir, you have my sympathy in your troubles. I regret very much the annoyance these boys cause you. They may or may not be Catholics, but obviously you come to the wrong person for protection. It is the business of the police, not mine, to give you the protection you seek. Good day, sir."

There is scarcely a statement in the whole story that does not breathe a spirit of improbability, but to us the most impossible as well as ludicrous incident in the whole affair is that which represents the Bishop on bended knees, at Mr. Moody's invitation, praying for the very "fresh" young evangelist.—Sacred Heart Review.

A WONDERFUL RECOVERY.

Youth Marvelously Regains Use of Speech, Sight and Hearing.

Some excitement has been caused in the South Side of Glasgow, Scotland, by the wonderful and sudden recovery of a boy who had lost his speech, his hearing and his sight, says the Catholic Herald of Manchester, England.

The following facts in connection with the case have been elicited: The lad's name is Edward John Jordan, twelve years of age, who resides at 158 Rutherglen Road, in St. Francis' parish. In February last his sufferings were accentuated by the loss of the power of his left arm. He was given up by the doctor, and all hope of life disappeared. Daring his illness one of the Fathers from St. Francis' parish attended the lad, and when the doctor pronounced the case hopeless, the Father attending the patient commenced a novena in honor of the venerable St. Sotus.

After praying for about a fortnight the answer came to the glory of God and the honor of the holy Franciscan Doctor. On the day of his cure the little boy was much worse than before. He was seized by one of his usual violent fits, and in the middle of it he suddenly regained his lost faculties. His first word was a request for the Father who had been attending him. The moment the priest heard what had happened he knew his prayers were answered, but till he had seen the boy he thought it might have been but a lucid moment he had received in his sufferings before death. At 6 o'clock the same evening strength suddenly returned to the withering arm.

On Saturday the doctor examined the boy, and declared the cure a marvelous one. The little ever since his cure has not had a pain or ache of any kind. His appetite is good, and he is now able to partake of meat. When we sought permission to publish the facts of the miracle—for such it appears to be—we were warned to add to the statement that in accordance with the decrees of Pope Urban the Eighth and the Congregation of the Sacred Inquisition, no trust is to be placed in this cure except in so far as human judgment and authority, both liable to err, allow, and that we were to speak of the wonderful fact in the broad sense of a miracle, and not in the strictness which the Church uses.

JESUS AND MARY.

I will assert that never is our love for Jesus so feelingly excited as when we contemplate Him in conjunction with His Blessed Mother. Never has the eye of art seen Him so amiable, never do our hearts so warm to Him, and feel so familiarized with Him, as when He is represented to us as a loverly infant reposing in the arms of His Virgin Mother. Never do we so feel what He underwent, how He bled, how He died for our redemption, as when we gaze upon His pale and bloodless corpse, laid upon the lap of his heart-broken Mother, and read in her countenance a grief such as all the world else could not contain.—Cardinal Wiseman.

THINKS MIRACLES POSSIBLE.

Rev. E. J. Gleeson, S. J., Preaches at Holy Family Church.

Rev. E. J. Gleeson, S. J., delivered a lecture Sunday evening at the Holy Family Church, upholding the possibility of miracles. He said in part: "I recently read in one of the leading Catholic magazines this sentence: 'There are few in this age of enlightenment so simple minded as to believe in miracles.' This is a specimen of the stereotyped expression in which assumption of superiority passes for argument and imposes on the unreflecting reader. How would this do in answer: 'There are few in this age of enlightenment so ignorant as to deny miracles,' or this: 'There are few in this age of honest inquiry and generous acknowledgment of established truth so narrow minded and bigoted as to dispose with a sneer of a truth which has been acknowledged in every age by the most enlightened minds and substantiated by arguments that have never been answered.'

Catholics offend less against reason by credulity than scoffers do by skepticism. Some blasphemous infidels have challenged God to work a miracle that they might subject it to scientific scrutiny. But they will receive only the answer which Carist gave to the licentious Herod when asked for a miracle for the entertainment of his menial court.

"What is a miracle? An effect, manifest to the senses, contrary to what would occur according to the laws of nature, beyond the power of any created cause, produced therefore by the direct intervention of Him who is Lord and Master of nature, whose can ever rule it."

"Are miracles possible? He who believes in the existence of God, in His infinite power, in His supreme dominion, needs no further proof. What can reason advance against their possibility? Will some pretend that it conflicts with the unchangeableness of God? In the same eternal decree which determined the order of nature were contained the exceptions we call miracles. Does it imply that God did not build wisely at first and must correct His errors? No. God made no mistakes in creation. The purpose of miracles is to remind man occasionally in a striking manner of what he is so inclined to forget, that there is a power above nature, a Providence overruling all, to reward His faithful servants, to make an example of the wicked, especially to furnish incontestable testimonials to His messengers—in a word, to promote man's spiritual welfare."

"Miracles, they say, would change the physical order of nature. Suppose they did. The physical laws are not absolutely unchangeable like the moral laws. The latter regulate the essential relations of intelligent beings to one another, while the former affect only the contingent relations of material things. If the librarian can change the order of books why cannot the Creator do so to the order of the universe if He will?"

"But, further, the miracle does not change the physical order. The preservation of the three Hebrew children in the Babylonian furnace did not change the nature of fire, for it burned their executioners and has been burning things ever since. A miracle but makes an individual exception, suspends the law in a particular case. This does not change the physical order any more than the occasional and temporary removal of a book from the shelf changes the order of a library."

"But, then, miracles would destroy all certainty of human knowledge which depends on the uniformity and constancy of the laws of nature, for we would never know when the miraculous exception would occur. There is no danger. When miracles happen within our own sphere of observation we shall know it; when they are told us by others only the strongest of proof can convince us. They do not occur so often as to shake our confidence in the uniformity and constancy of nature's laws."

"Reason can offer no solid argument against their possibility."

"Next month there will be an eclipse of the sun. Suppose a skeptic about eclipses should try to disprove it. He might have recourse to ridicule and call the observers credulous dupes. If urged for reasons he would claim that an eclipse is a violation of the laws of nature which make the sun shine. You could answer that an eclipse does not consist in extinguishing its light, but in obscuring it by the interposition of the moon. It is absurd, he would say, that comparatively small body like the moon could obscure so immense an orb as the sun. He would have to abandon that assertion if you could induce him to hold a nickel half an inch from his eye and try to see the balling across the street. But, he would argue, it would imply a miscalculation on the part of the Creator to allow such a disturbance of the order of nature. In reply you could ask, how has the order of nature been disturbed? Things go on as before. Should he deny that we could know the fact even if it did happen, you could ask him why not? Those who were within the belt of shadow had eyes to see, and those without could learn it from the testimony of the millions of observers. Can we not trust our senses and the word of others? Could not the disk shaped shadow of the moon be distinguished from a cloud?"

"Now, why is it, my dear friends, that such reasoning and skepticism sounds so absurd when applied to eclipses or other natural phenomena, and not when used against miracles and other religious truths? It is, perhaps, because the admission of religious truth entails practical consequences

which the truths of natural science do not?"

"For the admission of a miracle two things must be established: the occurrence of the fact and its miraculous character. If the fact is plain, public and striking, witnessed by many, what is to prevent our certain knowledge of its occurrence? Those who are present can perceive it by their own senses, others can know it from testimony of reliable witnesses. To question it skeptics are driven to the absurdity of denying the reliability of our senses and of human testimony, and to the inconsistency of admitting it, at least in practice, for all purposes but those of religion."

"To be certain of the miraculous nature of the occurrence we must be sure that it cannot be accounted for either by fraud or by the forces of nature or by the power of the evil spirit. Now, there are cases in which this is plainly manifest. Take, for instance, the raising of a dead man to life, the restoration of a limb completely severed from the body, the instantaneous cure of one really and dangerously sick. Such marvels can be accounted for only by the direct intervention of the power of God."

"Fraud cannot counterfeit them. Forces of nature, either known or secret, cannot explain them, for they are contrary to nature, and occur not uniformly or under given natural conditions, but independently of such conditions in obedience to the word of God's servants: neither can the power of the evil spirit accomplish them, for they exceed his power. He, like every created cause, can produce effects, not by the mere command or effluvia of will, but only by the use of means. And there are no means, no matter how skillfully used, that will effect these results."—New York Freeman's Journal.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

The most important news of the past week from the seat of war in the republic of Mafeking, announced by Lord Roberts some time ago to the people of the beleaguered town, which might expect relief if his plans should not miscarry, yet the doubt which must always exist as to the result of future operations, has now been removed by the prediction until it was actually accomplished.

So far there is no official announcement from General Roberts himself of the fact of relief, as the obtaining of certain news from Mafeking is difficult for him, because it has to be brought a long distance by runners; nevertheless it has been officially announced by the Pretoria Government, that the British force from the South has taken possession. Further, Col. Baden-Powell's brother who is in the town, has sent a telegram from a friend in Pretoria to the same effect, so that there can hardly be now any doubt that the news is true. It is stated so despatches from Lord Roberts to the same effect.

In London and throughout England, Ireland and Scotland and indeed in Canada, and all parts of the British Empire, the news was received with the wildest excitement and enthusiasm.

The sufferings of the beleaguered garrison and population was intense, especially during the last part of the seven months of investment, but it was borne with a fortitude which cannot be too highly admired. Col. Baden-Powell, to whom the successful resistance against the besiegers, from the 14th of October last, is due, is the lion of the hour, and his manifestations of joy in London, England, were probably never so enthusiastic as when it was announced first from the town, and then from the beleaguered garrison, and citizens had been rescued from their distressed position.

The Lord Mayor of London, who is believed to be Col. Baden-Powell, has written to Lord Roberts asking what money is wanted for the needs of the garrison and inhabitants after long privations. The city was absolutely wild with delight when the welcome news was made public. Particulars of the loss in the battle which followed the relief of Mafeking are not yet given, but it is stated that the German corps fighting for the Boers lost 87 killed.

The foreign brigades in the Boer service have suffered especially during the whole of this war, having lost many officers of note and during the recent operations, the heavy loss of German just mentioned, the American scouts numbering 100, have lost 37 men, wounded, and prisoners. The Irish brigade under Col. Blake, 400 strong, was also badly cut up during the battles before Mafeking, and most of the survivors were captured when the city was taken.

The main body of General Lord Roberts was held in Kromaat, but the advance forces were pushing forward vigorously, and General French is now in the position of a large Boer force of 50 miles north of Kromaat. General Buller, who is now in command of the Boers at this point, and it is expected that there will be a battle between the two forces.

General Buller is engaged in clearing the eastern district of the Orange Free State of Boers, and in this he is meeting with great success. The country in which he is operating is described as being alive with cattle, sheep, and horses, and will be a source of supplies for the British. Among the prizes captured here are mentioned 10,000 bags of corn.

Lord Roberts is advancing steadily on the north side of the river Vaal to meet General Roberts' force at the point where the Transvaal territory is to be entered by Lord Roberts' army. General Hunter who has been operating within the western Transvaal territory, has hoisted the British flag at Kromaat, which is in the Transvaal Republic. It is believed that the next vigorous resistance of the Boers will be at Johannesburg. The British are now only 50 miles distant. Johannesburg is 25 miles from Pretoria, and in view of the non-aggression of the Boers, the British capital, preparations have been made to remove the capital to Lydenburg in the mountainous country to the north. President Kruger proclaims his intention to make his final stand there.

General Buller has met with great success in driving the Boers out of Natal. Moving northward, he successively occupied Gineco and Dundee after several brief engagements. Thence he went forward to Newcastle which he also occupied, the Boers retreating before him. The number of Boers in the retreating army is announced to be 7000.

Buller's expectation is to join his forces with those of General Roberts, and to take part in the advance to Pretoria.

It was General Buller's intention to enter the Transvaal by Ling's Nek, which place has been reached already by the brigade under General Dundonald, but the tunnel at this point, which is 225 feet long, has been blown up by the Boers with dynamite, and is now a complete wreck. The explosion was terrific, and the tunnel is choked from end to end with huge masses of earth and rock which will require months of hard labor and great engineering skill to remove them. Notwithstanding that the difficulty of entering the Transvaal by this way will be greatly increased by the destruction of the only railway communication, the attempt to effect a passage will be made. The Boers express confidence that they can repel any attempt of this kind. It is now stated by the London Daily Express that President Kruger has telegraphed to Lord Salisbury personally, proposing terms of peace. The war office has not made any such proposal public, but it is not supposed that any other answer will be returned except that "unconditional surrender" is required. It is asserted also that at Kromaat General Buller offered the submission of the Boers on condition that they should not be sent to Capetown or St. Helena. Lord Roberts refused the conditions, saying he must first submit, and he would then learn the disposition that would be made of himself and his men.

The most intelligent is that Lindley, which was before mentioned as being the place to which the Free Staters had removed their capital, has been taken by General Buller. The capital, however, was not established at Lindley but at Heilbron. Vrede has now been proclaimed the capital. As this town is not far from Ling's Nek, where General Buller's forces are now, it is probable that another removal will have to take place very soon, and that by that time there will be no point left to the Free Staters to which they can remove.

NON-CATHOLICS AND THE MONTH OF MARY.

Some kind friend has sent an extract from a book styled "The Women of the Bible." It is a startling illustration of the impossibility of the Protestant mind to understand the devotion of Catholics to the Blessed Mother of God during the month of May. In it occurs this astounding sentence: "By a vast section of Christendom the Blessed Virgin has been, and is adored, and that in the highest sense of the word, as an object of Divine worship."

words that must fill every true Catholic's heart with horror. The writer, however, adds: "And though we may not approve of this"—a sufficient mild way of putting it—"still we can hardly wonder that this admiration has

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

LXXXVI.

We have seen that in France, during the latter part of the reign of Henry II., and during the reigns of his three sons, Francis I., Charles IX., and Henry III., a space of about thirty-five years, not only Civil war between the two religions, but assassination and massacre, were the order of the day. We have seen that the Catholics, being something more than three times as numerous as the Protestants, appear, — on Dr. Fisher's estimate — to have massacred about 35,000 Huguenots, while the Protestants appear to have massacred about 8,000 Catholics. This hideous emulation, therefore, turns out thus far unfavorably for the Catholics, by about 11,000 victims. If anybody says 14,000, I will not reclaim. On the other hand, during this time the Catholic massacres were massacres simply, attended by no protracted tortments. It was not so with the Protestant massacres of Catholics. The Calvinists seldom, if ever, to have tortured the lay Catholics whom they murdered, but there seems to have been no limit to their cruelties towards priests and monks. Read Cardinal Bellarmine's complaints, and the ghastly instances that he adduces. Cardinal Guise, at the Council of Trent, some nine years before St. Bartholomew's, stated that the Protestants of France, within a few years before, had done to death, by protracted tortures, three thousand monks and secular priests, because they would not abandon their religion. As this accusation was raised in the face of all Europe, and does not appear to have been contradicted, and as Cardinal Bellarmine's allegations, which he gives only as instances that had come to his particular knowledge, fully agree with it, I judge that we are not at liberty to reject it.

I think it will hardly be disputed that the instincts of humanity are more outraged by the murder of one man in slow agony than by the butchery of ten men in hot blood. If this is so, the Catholics, notwithstanding their eleven thousand victims in excess, are likely to fall short of the palm of infernal cruelty. It passes rather to the Calvinists. The present writer is a Calvinist, and a decided Calvinist but he is very thankful that he was not a French Calvinist of those days, for what reason has he to suppose that he should have done differently from his brethren? I do not know that we can accuse the Lutherans, for although I believe there was even then a certain number of Lutherans in northeastern France, I do not learn that they were much infected with the fierce fanaticism of the Huguenots. I judge them to have partaken rather of the more moderate temper of their German brethren.

The sect of St. Bartholomew's was planted in the massacre of Vassy, ten years earlier. Johnson's Cyclopaedia says that the Duke of Guise recommended the civil war against the Protestants in this massacre. This is not Guise's statement, nor Froude's. Guise's wavers, but Froude, who certainly will not be suspected of favoring the Catholics overmuch, puts the blame explicitly on the Calvinists, although they were the victims. Froude is very poor evidence against the Catholics, but for that very reason excellent evidence for them. I will give his statement.

The great Duke of Guise, in whose character, remarks Guizot, as in that of all the other great Frenchmen of that time, of both religions, good had to contend strongly with evil, without being finally overcome by it, was passing, on March 1, 1562, between Paris and his province. As it was a festival day, he stopped at Vassy, not far from Paris, to hear the Mass. The Calvinists had built their temple right alongside of the church, doubtless, says Froude, to plague the Papists. They too, had a service then, and were singing Marot's psalms at their loudest so that nothing could be heard in the church. The Duke at length sent a courteous message, begging that they would suspend their psalmody for a quarter of an hour, by which time the Mass would be over. Thereupon, says Froude, they began belting louder than ever. Some lads of the Duke's train strove over to the open doors of the temple, and began making faces at the people, for which they were pushed and thumped by big boys of the Huguenot congregation. They raised a cry, and, before the Duke could learn anything of it, some forty or fifty of the unarmed Protestants had been cut down by the Duke's men-at-arms. Learning what was passing, Guise rushed out of the church and stopped the massacre, but the flame of excitement spared throughout France, and the war recommenced.

Ranke's narrative, as I understand it (and I was surprised to see this view taken by the great Protestant writer) represent the Huguenots, through all this time, as peculiarly disposed to sudden rebellion. Froude makes them out at least equally inflammable with their rivals. Guizot, although, as a French Protestant, he does not, like Ranke, emphasize the provocations given by the Huguenots, says nothing much at variance with Ranke. It is not strange if the Protestants at that time were peculiarly seditious. They were led by the discontented part of the nobility, and these again by the mutinous branch of the royal house. They accept of toleration as a mere makeshift, but their hope was to force their religion on the whole nation at the point of the sword. Un-

less they could do this speedily, while zeal was yet fresh and flaming, there was small chance that they would ever be able to do it at all. Without, therefore, assuming the French Protestants to have been in themselves any more disposed to rebellion than the Catholics, we can easily see how they were more inclined to rebel against a king of the hostile religion than the Catholics against the king of their own religion, and how they should be more impatient, in the uncertainty of their new enterprise, than the Catholics, for whom patience was the most effectual weapon.

The next step towards St. Bartholomew's was the murder of the Duke of Guise, not the cause, but the innocent occasion, of the bloodshed of Vassy. As the Huguenots were determined to suffer no Catholicism in France, so the League, of which Guise was the head, was equally determined to suffer no Protestantism. Between these two extremes lay the great body of the indifferents, and of the moderate Catholics, of which last the illustrious Chancellor Hospital was the representative. Guise, although the head of the League, was too great a man to be the slave of his feelings. He could see plainly that the extermination of Calvinism from France was virtually impossible. If the Protestants would accept a regulated freedom of worship, and eligibility to civil trusts; would consent that the Huguenot heir should become a Catholic; and would definitely abandon all thoughts of suppressing the Church, I can hardly suppose but that Guise, in his large statesmanship, would have consented, although perhaps his party would have been too strong for him. Be this as it may, he was the head of the League, and therefore, in the eyes of the Calvinists, was the incarnation of everything which they hated. They thirsted for his blood, and they soon had it. His assassination is the second step towards the great massacre.

The third step was the accusation raised, and firmly believed, by the younger Guise and his house, and by the League, that the assassination of the great Duke was plotted by Coligni, the head of the Protestant interest while Henry Bourbon was young. Coligni protested, and I think with truth, that he had known nothing of the plot of the assassin Poltrot, who, from a fanatical Catholic had become an equally fanatical Protestant, and who waylaid and shot the great Duke. Yet, as it was shown that Poltrot had spread everywhere among the Protestants the rumor of his intended deed, as it was acknowledged that Coligni had used him as a spy, and had furnished him with the money and the horse which enabled him to commit the murder, it is not strange that the Admiral was accused before the fact. Coligni seemed determined that they should believe this, for he openly declared to them that he viewed the murder of Guise as an unspeakable benefit to religion, and exulted in it, passing by the immediate instrument, as a wonderful interposition of God in favor of the true faith.

What did the Huguenots generally say? CHARLES C. STARBUCK, 12 Meacham street, North Cambridge, Mass.

FAMILY PRAYERS.

A Pious Custom Which Should be General Among Catholics. Formerly the pious custom of saying the daily prayers together was very generally observed in families; but in proportion as people are growing worldly-minded, these good old Catholic customs are disappearing. A serious effort, however, should be made to keep up the practice of family prayer, for it is really one of the most efficacious means to preserve the spirit of piety, to keep faith alive, and even to preserve the spirit of union in the home circle. The labors and cares of the day are at an end; the shades of night surround the earth and invite repose; the hour is favorable for the Christian family to join in prayer. What a charming spectacle to behold the whole family united in this action! We can see them in imagination, kneeling before the crucifix and an image of Our Lady, the father and mother, the venerable grandparents, the children and servants. The father or mother says the prayers aloud, the other answer, thus imitating the choirs of blessed spirits; and their prayers are escorted up by the angels as a sweet incense to the Lord. Then, having made a commemoration of all the faithful departed, especially of those of their own family circle, all retire in silence to take that repose which seldom falls to visit refreshingly the peaceful conscience.

This simple and brief outline of what family prayers mean will suggest to the pious reader some of the beneficial results that are calculated to flow from the practice. Prayer made in common reminds a person of his principal duty here below, that of adoring God. Solitary prayer, when often made with less care and earnestness; sometimes it is hurried over or shortened; occasionally it is quite forgotten. When the whole family are accustomed to join regularly in this devotion, such faults are in a great measure, if not altogether, removed. There is in this union of the members of a family, at the feet of a crucifix or a picture, a persuasive eloquence which speaks to each one of his duties towards God, his neighbor, and himself. And this gathering together for a common purpose each evening is calculated to have the most happy effects on the family itself. When the father and mother are thus exercising a species of priesthood in the midst of their children,

does it not inspire feelings of greater respect? If some have been grieved and vexed during the day by any of those thousand and one little miseries that may disturb peace and harmony anywhere, will they not be disposed to forgive and forget when, at the foot of the crucifix, they repeat: "Forgive us our trespasss, as we forgive those that trespass against us?" He that has fallen into sin, will he not be disposed to repent of it when he makes his short examination of conscience at night, and joins in the Confiteor and the Act of Contrition?

Fathers and mothers, and other heads of houses, will be doing much for their own souls and for the souls of those under their care by introducing and maintaining the custom of family prayers. It is generally difficult, often impossible, for the family to meet for morning prayers; but in the evening there is seldom any difficulty. All that is required is the good will of the father or the mother. If the family cannot be assembled immediately before the hour of retiring, let the prayers be said just after supper, or at any other convenient time. It is not necessary that the prayers should be long; let them consist simply of the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," the "Credo," a short examination of conscience, the "Confiteor," the "Acts," and the prayer of St. Bernard to the Blessed Virgin. These prayers will not take ten minutes, and when said with devotion and attention, they will be more readily and more abundantly heard by God for being offered in common. "If two of you shall consent upon earth, concerning anything whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them by Father who is in heaven. For where they are two or three gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them." (St. Matt., xviii., 19, 20.)—Catholic Columbian.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Sixth Sunday After Easter.

"OUR TESTIMONY FOR CHRIST."

"And you shall give testimony." (John iii., 32.) That which our Divine Saviour foretold to the apostles in these words: "And you shall give testimony" was afterwards fulfilled in a most glorious manner. In obedience to the divine command, the apostles went out into the whole world, and gave testimony of their Lord and Master—testimony in words, by the preaching of the gospel, testimony in acts, by their angelic life, testimony in suffering by the sacrifices they made for Christ, testimony in death by their bloody martyrdom. In a similar manner, we must also show ourselves as true disciples, by giving testimony of Christ in words and deeds and sufferings.

We must give testimony of Christ in words. You may not be called, like Saints Peter and John, to take the staff in your hands, and in apostolic missions, to traverse foreign countries and preach the gospel to pagan nations, nevertheless there are many opportunities for instructing the ignorant, admonishing the sinner, comforting the sorrowful and leading the stray sheep back to the fold of the Divine Shepherd. You will find these opportunities in your surroundings, among your friends, and in your families. Do not neglect these occasions, but try when it is possible, to gain souls for Heaven. "This is the most divine of all divine works," says Pope St. Gregory, "to co-operate in the salvation of souls." To do this, means to rejoice our Lord and His angels, to give great happiness to our souls, and to be a true servant of God. We should, especially, give testimony of Christ in words, by joyfully and courageously professing our faith in, and our adherence to the one True, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. Whenever an occasion demands, we should unhesitatingly and fearlessly guard and defend the honor of our holy Church. To remain a Christian and to be a coward, to belong to Christ and to hide the light of faith under a measure, are contradictions. Our Lord distinctly tells us: "He that is not with me, is against me." (Luke, xi., 23.) and "he that shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, the Son of man also will be ashamed of him when he shall come in the glory of His Father and His holy angels." (Mark, 8, 38.)

Not only in words, however, must we give testimony of Christ, but also in works, by leading an exemplary life. What St. Paul in the name of all the apostles, said of himself, should also be said of every God-loving Christian: "And I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal., 2, 20.) Christ must live in us, by our unflinching adherence to His teachings, and following His example. We must imitate Christ in our thoughts, in our words, in our actions, and in our whole life. Christ must live in us, by our conscientiously avoiding sin and the proximate occasions of sin, by faithfully performing the duties of our state of life, and of our holy religion. Christ must live in us, by our imitating the divine virtues, in our being meek and humble of heart, in our being obedient and peace-loving, in our being chaste and pure of heart. Christ must live in us, by our entertaining true sentiments of Christian charity towards our neighbors, by our offending none, angering none, insulting none, reviling none, cursing none, hating none, working none evil, but wishing all good, and doing good to all, whenever we can. If we thus fulfill Christ's commandments in all things, then, and then only, shall we give testimony of Him

THE PRIEST AT THE DEATH-BED.

Colonel Hughes, C. B., read a paper on "Definiteness as Regards the Faith," before a meeting of the English Church Union, recently, an extract from which we here append, feeling assured that this Protestant testimony to the comforting effects of the last sacraments upon the dying will be appreciated by our readers. Colonel Hughes is speaking, heretofore, of his own personal experience in the British army. We believe that it was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes who gave similar testimony, once, to the resignation which marked the dying Catholic, as compared with the person of any other or of no creed. Here are Colonel Hughes' words on this point: "The military medical officers have often asked me the question: 'Why is it when a soldier is in hospital and at the point of death, that he always finds that the visit of the Roman (sic) priest has, medically speaking, been of benefit to the patient, whilst that of the Church of England chaplain nearly always has the contrary effect?' The explanation is a very simple one. Whatever we may think of the Roman system, it yet has this great merit, that the members of that communion have a definite belief in grace through the sacraments, and so when the priest has to apply the sacraments to the dying soldier, the man receives them naturally as the expected remedies for the needs of his soul. So the priest's visit leaves him calm, and expecting the great change with a quiet confidence. This the doctor recognizes by a quiet pulse and lowered temperature. But the Church of England soldier, probably so were generally than his Roman Catholic comrade, has generally made little, if any, use of the means of grace offered him by his Church; has not troubled himself to think of sin as something to be confessed and atoned for, and has seldom used the sacraments or thought of their definite meaning for himself. The man is filled with fear about the unknown, and anxiety whether in the short time of life that remains there is hope of grace through the ill understood and unaccustomed means of confession and Communion. No wonder the doctor finds him feverish, and worse rather than better in health."

The difference between the true Church, which is the Catholic Church, and all other "sects," "congregations," and "communities," is that, while they are fine, easy churches to live in, the Catholic Church is the only one in which there is found consolation and happiness in the dread hour of death. The quiet which descends upon the sufferer after the priest has been with him is only the reaction upon the body of the peace of mind and soul which the worthy reception of the last sacrament induces. The Anglican Protestant Church, which imitates the Catholic Church somewhat closely, and which, in fact, calls itself the Anglican "Catholic" Church, can give to its "priests" that power to soothe and quiet the dying sinner that even the medical attendants are sensible of some change which, if they themselves are not Catholics, they find it impossible to account for. Only the real Catholic Church possesses that power. Only she received it from Christ Himself.—Sacred Heart Review.

A SPLENDID GIFT.

Michael Cudahy of Chicago has subscribed \$50,000 to the Catholic University of America, which is established in Washington, D. C. The tender of the gift was made to Archbishop Keane, who was appointed by the Pope to raise funds for that institution.

No Disappointment. Disappointments of one kind and another crop up all along life's pathway, for unfortunately it is the unexpected that always happens. The most common article of complaint is that never disappoints. Putnam's Painless Corn Extract is sure to remove the worst corns in a few days, and as it gives no pain, it will cure anything else, it cannot disappoint. If you have hard or soft corns just try it. Beware of the article just as good. N. O. Putnam & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

Let it, then, be our chief study to meditate on the life of Jesus Christ. The doctrine of Christ surpasseth all the doctrines of the Saints; and whoever hath His spirit will find therein a hidden manna. But it happeneth that many, by the frequent hearing of the Gospel, are very little affected; because they have not the spirit of Christ. He, however, who would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ, must study to make his whole life conformable to that of Christ. 1. He, that followeth me, walketh not in darkness, saith our Lord (John, viii., 12.) These are the words of Christ, by which we are admonished that we must imitate His life and manners, if we would be truly enlightened and delivered from all blindness of heart. Let it, then, be our chief study to meditate on the life of Jesus Christ. 2. The doctrine of Christ surpasseth all the doctrines of the Saints; and whoever hath His spirit will find therein a hidden manna. But it happeneth that many, by the frequent hearing of the Gospel, are very little affected; because they have not the spirit of Christ. He, however, who would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ, must study to make his whole life conformable to that of Christ. 3. What doth it avail thee to discourse profoundly of the Trinity, if thou be void of humility, and consequently displeasing to the Trinity? In truth, sublime words make not a man holy and just; but a virtuous life maketh him dear to God. I had rather feel compunction, than know its definition. If thou didst know the whole Bible by heart and the sayings of all the philosophers, what would it profit thee without the love of God and His grace? Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, besides loving God and serving Him alone. This is the highest wisdom; by despising the world to tend to heavenly kingdoms. 4. It is vanity therefore to seek after riches which must perish, and to trust in them. It is vanity also to be ambitious of honors, and to raise one's self to a high station. It is vanity to follow the desires of the flesh, and to desire that for which thou must afterwards be grievously punished. It is vanity to wish for a long life, and to take little care of leading a good life. It is vanity to mind only this present life, and not to look forward to those things which are to come. It is vanity to love that which passeth with all speed, and not to hasten thither where everlasting joy remains. 5. Often remember the proverb: Nor is the ear filled with hearing.—Eccles., i., 8. Study therefore to withdraw thy heart from the love of visible things, and to turn thyself to things invisible. For they, who follow their sensuality, defile their conscience and lose the grace of God.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

When I Was a Boy.

Up in the attic where I slept, When I was a boy, a little boy, I thought the lattice moonlight creep, Bringing a tide of dreams that swept Over a low, red, trundle bed, Bathing the tangled, curly head, While the moonbeams played at hide and seek, With the dimples on the sun-browned cheeks, When I was a boy, a little boy!

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—EUGENE FIELD.

How Butterflies Sleep. Walking through a field some evening you may notice the butterfly sleeping on the long blades of grass. Thus dozens of these dainty creatures slumber until sunrise announces it is time to awaken.

One cannot but marvel at the instinct which guides the frail butterfly to a safe and comfortable a sleeping place for should a storm arise the slender grasses bend in the gale, and the butterfly is rocked as if in aerial cradle. If the butterfly rested on shrubs or trees, a blow from a leaf flapping, and fro in the wind might injure it very seriously.

It is also interesting to know when they settle down for a nap butterflies fold their wings tightly together that the bright colors may not attract the attention of some lumbering bird with a weakness for butterfly supper.

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Always have two mirrors on a toilet, and see that with proper you dress both mind and body them daily.

Preparing a Speech. Though it is true, as the poet says, that "the poet is born, not made," it is also true that the great poet is both born and made. A boasted poet of his he could always find those lines which wrote the truth from those which had been elaborated. Being asked to illustrate his disadoption, he quoted a line; which the poet remarked: "I smoked a dozen pipes of opium before I gave it its form."

As with poetry, so with oratory speech that influences public opinion is not only an inspiration, but a fact is illustrated by a certain report to Mrs. Claflin's "The Old Edms." She says that she remembers a delightful visit to Summer, when he spent most of time describing President Thiers of entertaining his guests. Summer told every smallest arrangement of the table were the guests; how they were how Madame Thiers conversed how courteous her husband was towards her; and how dependent at the close of the dinner his guests around him as he reposed in the salon, and how speech he was to make the in the French Assembly.

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A Lady of Quality

Knows real value and genuine merit and will use SURPRISE Soap for this reason. QUALITY is the essential element in the make up of SURPRISE Soap. QUALITY is the secret of the great success of SURPRISE Soap. QUALITY means pure hard soap with remarkable and peculiar qualities for washing clothes.

Preserve Your Teeth

And teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. They have the largest sale of any Dentifrices AVOID IMITATIONS, which are NUMEROUS & UNRELIABLE. F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER



O'KEEFE'S

Liquid Extract of Malt Is made by a Canadian House from Canadian Barley Malt, for Canadians. It is the best Liquid Extract of Malt made, and all leading Doctors in Canada will tell you so. W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

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ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHE, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME, PERRY DAVIS & SON.

LITTLE FOLKS' ANNUAL, 1900.

Price Five Cents. This beautiful and attractive Little Annual for Our Boys and Girls has just appeared for 1900, and is even more charming than the previous numbers. The frontispiece is "Hitchhiker"—a delightful story from the pen of Sara Traister Smith—the last one written by this gifted authoress before her death in May last—entitled "Old Jack's Elderly Boy" (illustrated); "Jesus Subject to His Parents" (illustrated); "The Rose of the Valley" (illustrated); "The Little Doll" (illustrated); Humorous paragraphs for the little folk, as well as a large number of illustrated games, tricks and puzzles contribute to make this little book the best and cheapest we have ever had. Address: Theo. Coffey, London, Ont.

FATHER DAMEN, S. J.

One of the Most Instructive and Useful Pamphlets Extant. Is the Lecture of Father Damen. They comprise five of the most celebrated ones delivered by that renowned Jesuit Father, namely: "The Private Interpretation of the Bible," "The Catholic Church the Only True Church of God," "Confession," "The Real Presence," and "Popular Objections Against the Catholic Church." The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 1s. in stamps. Orders may be sent to THOMAS COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, O.

THE NEW TESTAMENT—25c.

For Sale at the Catholic Record Office. WE HAVE JUST PURCHASED A LARGE supply of The New Testament, neatly bound with cloth limp cover—price 25 cents each. Translated from the Latin Vulgate, diligently compared with the original Greek and first published by the English College at Rheims, A. D. 1582. With annotations, references, and an historical and chronological index. Bearing the imprimatur of Cardinal Vaughan. Printed on good paper, with clear type. Theo. Coffey, London, Ont.

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An Emperor Who Wished to be a Monk. A beautiful story is told of St. Henry of Germany. Being desirous to lead a more pious life than he conceived possible amid the distraction of a court, he resolved, like many another great Catholic king and some Sovereign Pontiffs, to leave his throne and bury himself in a monastery.

Costly Apron Worked by Mary, Queen of Scots, While Awaiting her Doom at the Block. There has recently come to light an apron—probably the most exquisite example of needlework extant—that belied the fingers of the hapless Mary, Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment, and served to divert her mind from her impending doom at the block.

Red Haired Girls. The geographical distribution of red-headed girls is, fortunately, wide. They can be found in every inhabited quarter of the world.

Be Content. Long, long ago a robin and a butterfly talked over their troubles one day. "How much nicer it would be to live in a house, as men do," said the robin.

Miss Butterfly was quick-witted. "Why not go to live in that house now? The window's open." And she flew in at once. The robin was more cautious. He looked on the window-sill, and peered around. "I don't see any place for a nest."

Master Robin's brains were wide awake now. He spoke quickly: "That man's an en—ento—well I can't say it, but he's crazy on insects, and he'll stick a pin through you, my lady. And that girl thinks she'll put me in a cage! I guess not! Let's fly!"

Out they flew just as the little maid's hand touched the sash. They heard her cry of disappointment as they dashed by her.

"Oh, papa! they just went out like a flash, and they're both gone!" But Master Robin and Miss Butterfly laughed heartily to be out again in the free air.

"Better be content where our Maker meant us to live," said Miss Butterfly. A wise afterthought of the highly-talented little creature.—Sunbeam.

If we work upon marble, it will perish: if upon brass, time will efface our labor; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with right principles, with the fear of God and the love of mankind, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.—Anon.

Stick to It and Succeed. Set a stout heart to a stiff hill, and a wagon will get up to the top of it. There's nothing so hard but a harder thing will get through it; a strong job can be managed by a strong resolution.

Advice to New Wheelmen. Assist your machine when going over bad roads. For instance, if it gets into a rut, help the steerer by throwing all your weight on the back wheel and lifting the handles.

Keep Away From Crowds. There are better ways for enjoying a holiday than to get into a crowd. The most empty, blasted and shoddy busk of pleasure is found at the "popular summer resort."

Athletic Hints. Always remember one thing. If your breath comes fast and your heart begins to hammer before your muscles are tired, you have begun to burn your body up, and instead of getting exercise you are wasting strength at an alarming rate.

Young Men Wanted. The last report of Boston's Central Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul makes this statement: "It is particularly to be regretted that of the many young Catholics of superior education, so very few seem called upon to join our society."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The young man who is making his way through the world, depending upon his energy, industry and intelligence to lift him higher, must not neglect to cultivate the study of mankind. No matter how efficient he may be in other qualities, if he is not a judge of men he is doomed to failure.

Dress Well. We have always been told that we must not measure a man by his dress, but the world still goes on judging people by their external appearance, and it seems natural that it should do so.

Your Resolutions. How did last Year's resolutions hold out? We hope you kept them, each and every one. Yet we reiterate that even if a resolve is broken you are better for having made an effort, however futile.

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"A young man so wandered in the paths of sin that he crept into his mother's chamber and while she slept stabbed her through the heart. Then his conscience upbraided him, and wishing for some moment, something to cherish of his mother's, he cut from the warm body her heart and fled. As he hastened he heard footsteps in pursuit. In his agitation of flight he stumbled and the bleeding heart of his mother cried out: "Oh, my poor boy, did it hurt you?"

The effect of this simple, yet powerful little tale upon the young priest's auditors was beyond description. This story is the subject of a famous French song that is in the repertoire of Paris's most popular music hall singer. It shows how unselfish and deathless is a mother's love.

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LABATT'S ALE & PORTER

Used Medicinally: Have the recommendation of nearly all physicians. Reports of 4 chemists furnished on application. Used Dietetically: Stimulate the appetite, improve digestion, promote sleep. NECESSARY with cheese—VALUABLE with soup and meat—ENJOYABLE with oysters. As Beverages: Pure and wholesome. Ask for "LABATT'S" when ordering.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF PRACTICAL ZEAL.

It has been a source of not a little gratification to us to note the enthusiasm with which many of our friends have gone into the mission work for non-Catholics. In our own eagerness for the work at times we have wondered whether we were not running too far ahead. The palmist says "It is vain to rise before the light," and in leading great movements it is often a fatal error to get so absorbed in the love for the work, and the desire for its speedy accomplishment, as to inaugurate movements that are so far ahead of public sentiment that they do not get the all sufficient support that is necessary for their successful accomplishment. The result of this method of procedure is only discouragement and failure.

The enthusiasm of others is not only sustaining, but stimulating to greater effort. For this reason there is no more pleasing thing than to read the reports of work done, or to get a letter from some one in the field who is brimming over with zeal. Such a one has the enthusiasm of a sportsman who, with gun on his shoulder, is in eager pursuit of game. There is no enthusiasm so contagious as this. Akin to this is the devotion of the layman, who while he cannot go into the pulpits himself, yet through his generous benefactions to the work renders it possible for some missionary to do so.

Among the patrons of the missionary work are found some of the noblest and most devoted Catholic laymen in the country. These men stand for all that is highest and best in our religious life. They are the ones who with keen insight have looked over the whole field of the Church in America, and have made up their minds that the work of extending the borders of the Church in this country is the one that is conducive to the best interests of both Church and State.

It may be invidious for us to mention any one of these many patrons in preference to others, for they all stand together a solid phalanx as the best defenders of the Church's interests. But there are special reasons, both from the nature of the gift as well as from the sacrifices made in the giving, which induce us at this time to make special mention of the gift of Mr. John K. Skelley, of McKeesport. Less than thirty years ago Mr. Skelley was a news-boy selling papers on the streets. Later on he was a printer's devil at a salary of \$1.50 per week, and again he went back to the papers. The habits of industry, alertness, and thrift which he learned in this hard school became his capital in trade. Well, to make a long story short, he saved enough money to go into the dry goods business. To-day he is the principal owner of the largest department store of West Pennsylvania outside of Pittsburgh.

The success that he has achieved has been the result of his own assiduity, and as such he has valued it at its real worth. It has not turned his head nor made him proud, but he has been ready to give to the Lord as the Lord has given to him.

In seeking for this latter opportunity he has surveyed the field, and has settled on The Catholic Missionary Union as the best outlet, so he has made the offer to give \$250.00 a year for four years. He looks on the offer as a species of life insurance, in which the policy is payable in the next world and the premiums accrue to the gain of advantage of the Church in the gain of souls in this. We have thought Mr. John Skelley's example too good to go unrecorded, and we hope he will forgive us for letting his left hand know what his right hand doeth.—The Missionary.

"A Penny Saved is a Penny Earned." Economy is the lesson taught by the saying. It is true economy to take Hood's Pills, saparilla at this season because it purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood and thus prevents sickness and puts the whole system in a state of health for the coming season. Every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses—positive proof that it is economy to take only Hood's.

Constitution is cured by Hood's Pills. 25c. A Pleasant Medicine.—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to begot painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

When you are feeling tired and out of sorts you will find Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good. Be sure to GET HOOD'S.

You need not enough all night and disturb your friends: there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting influenza, pneumonia, or other ailments, while you are in a state of health for the coming season. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

These two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother's Worm Expeller. Children like it. When all other worm preparations fail, try Holloway's Worm Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

CARLING

When Ale is thoroughly matured it is not only palatable, but wholesome. Carling's Ale is always fully aged before it is put on the market. Both in wood and in casks it is mellowed by the touch of time before it reaches the public.

People who wish to use the best Ale should see to it that they receive Carling's. Its easy enough to get it, as nearly every dealer in Canada sells Carling's Ale and Porter.

CARLING LONDON. "IRELAND IN PICTURES."

A Year's Subscription to The Catholic Record and this Beautiful Work of Art for \$6.00.

The gem of the ocean. The scenic treasure of the world. IRELAND IN PICTURES is the most beautiful historic art work ever published. Containing four hundred magnificent photographic views of everything of interest in the four provinces, with written sketches by Hon. Jas. F. Finerty, of Chicago. This charming work IRELAND IN PICTURES is now ready. It is an interesting, instructive and educational photographic panorama of Ireland as it is. Produced at a cost of over \$100,000. The size of this grand work is 11x14 inches. This anniversary edition is printed on fine art paper and contains views of the cities, towns and villages, rivers, lochs and streams, mountains, hills and valleys, cathedrals, chapels and churches, crumbling monasteries, and round towers, Celtic crosses and cemeteries, monuments to Irish heroes, battle fields, evictment scenes and rural landscapes. Every home should contain this book. No library is complete without it. Send for it and be entertained, educated, instructed, and pleased. Bound in fine grained cloth, embossed gold stamped side and back, gilt edges, silk top bands, elaborately indexed with colored map of Ireland. This beautiful book is sold in the United States at \$6.00. On receipt of this amount we will forward it to any address charges for carriage prepaid—and also give credit for one year's subscription to THE CATHOLIC RECORD. Cash must in every case accompany order. Address: THOS. COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ont.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

Beautifully Illustrated Catholic Family Bible and a Year's Subscription for \$7.

The Holy Bible containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the Decree of the Council of Trent, translated from the Latin Vulgate, and compared with the Hebrew, Greek and other editions in divers languages. The Old Testament first published by the King's College, at Donsy, A. D. 1669. The New Testament by the English College at Rheims, A. D. 1582. With useful notes by the late Dean of Ely, Geo. Haydock, from the original of Rev. F. C. Henschen, D. D., V. G. To which is added an illustrated and instructive Dictionary, based on the works of Calmet, Dixon, and other Catholic authors, and adapted to the English Version first published by the King's College, at Donsy, A. D. 1669. This edition has a space for Marriage Certificates, Births, Deaths and other Memoranda, as well as for Family Portraits.

FOR THE SUM OF SEVEN DOLLARS we should be pleased to express a copy of this beautiful book and pray for a year's subscription (paid or not) to THE CATHOLIC RECORD. It is a good book well bound, gilt edges, weight about thirteen pounds, is about five inches thick, eleven inches long, twelve inches wide. Cash must in every case accompany order. Address: THOS. COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ontario.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS High-Class Church & Cathedral Windows Request to any English or American work. HOBBS MFG. COMPANY, Ont.

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DR. STEVENSON, 391 DUNDAS ST. W. London, Specialty—Anesthetics. Phone 510.

DR. W. WAUGH, 87 TALBOT ST., LONDON, Ont. Specialty—Nervous Diseases.

DR. WOODRUFF, No. 185 Queen's Avenue, Detective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrhs and troubles through throat, Ears, Eyes, Glasses adjusted. Hours: 12 to 4.

LOVE & DIGNAN, BARRISTERS, ETC. 145 Talbot St., London. Private funds on hand. REID'S HARDWARE For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Sincere, the latest Fringers, Manages, Cutlery, etc. 118 Dundas St. (North) London, Ont.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

There was a collection taken... The last meeting of the League of the Sacred Heart in Kingston was held on the 22nd inst.

HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE LITERATURE.

The Destruction of Sennacherib. INTRODUCTION.—Asyria was an ancient country of Asia, lying upon both banks of the Tigris, the seat of one of the greatest monarchs of antiquity.

FATHER LENNON TENDERED AN AFFECTIONATE FAREWELL.

Brantford Examiner, May 11. Father Lennon had a couple of pleasant surprises Sunday. Since the announcement of his departure...

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VOLUME XXII. The Catholic Record London, Saturday, June 2, 1906. HOME RULE.

Lord Salisbury has ruled despite the day dreams of those who imagine that a new day was dawning in Ireland. "Home Rule is dead," says, "and there is no possibility of its revival."

SHORT-SIGHTED POLICY. An article on India by Mr. S. Lander in the North American Review furnishes some unpleasant reading for Britishers. It appears that the young civil officials are in the habit of civilizing the natives with a whip across the face for no plausible reason, and treating them on all occasions as "dirty niggers."

SUCH IS LIFE. In this world every rise means somewhere and then a descent. mean valleys between: contrasts where. One thing enhanced presence of its opposite—shadings of sunshine interlaced: serving each for the other.

THE PEACE IN THE WARM. The peace in the warm is lessened by the narrowness of the broad horizon of the mountain. The eyes are wearied sunshine which is so refreshing rest of the body: the shadow whilst soothing the tired eyes, a balancing of accounts. The depths mean the hope of the greatest height measured: a dread of a fall—always the step up, and down to the broad, plane of eternity.

CATHOLIC COLLEGES IN IOR. The passage at arms Father Bronsahan and President may destroy the opinion that still in the minds of some of our colleges are inferior under Protestant auspices. one of them can train and develop in the way that it is doubtless the humblest Catholic college. Catholic colleges are in a great measure superior in wealth and equipment, but in the heart and mind—in every respect—distinctly inferior. Education yields no allegiance admit that despite the warnings of friend testimonies of those without there are parents who believe Catholic institutions are better times and are consequently able of educating their They have eyes and they they are on their foolish, work before the score-crow educational fields by departing.

A REPLY DEMAND. Harvard authorities, while giving great contempt for Father's brochure, do not altogether ignore its statements. So cadences a pamphlet like upon with suspicion and attention; but times have come when who do not weigh scales of bigotry regard as eminently readable, as answered.

It is of no use for the Harvard to talk in their tents. We would know what they really

MY NEW CURATE. A Story Gathered from the Stray Leaves of an Old Diary by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P., Doncaster (diocese of Cloyne), author of "The Triumph of St. Ignace," "The Triumph of Faith," etc. By mail free on receipt of price, \$1.50.

PRAYER BOOKS FOR SALE. We have a new stock of Catholic Prayer Books ranging in price from 10c to \$2.50. Subscribers wishing to procure one or more of these prayer books should send their order to the publisher, who will send them by mail free of postage. Address: Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record, London, Ont.

CATHOLIC HOME AND LITTLE FOLK'S ANNUALS. We have a new issue of Benziger's Catholic Home and Little Folk's Annual, and should be pleased to mail same to any of our readers, for the sum of 25 cents in stamps. The boys and girls who have purchased copies of this little Annual are delighted with it, and we are sure that all who purchase it will be equally so. The illustrations are numerous and pretty. Address: Thos. Coffey, London, Ont.

WOMEN'S ART CLUB. Exhibition of Perry Pictures in the Studio of Women's Art Club, Free Library, May 25 to June 2. Admission 10c. Free. Pictures for sale.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, 180 King Street, The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers in the City of Toronto, Telephone—Houses 871; Factory 864.

MARKET REPORTS. LONDON. London, May 23.—Wheat—Wheat \$1.15 to \$1.20; oats, 80c to \$1.00; barley, \$1.10; beans, per bushel, \$1.25 to \$1.40; peas, \$1.30; corn, \$1.10 to \$1.20.

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