

The Catholic Record.

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

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OUT OF DATE.

An article in a recent issue of The Christian Guardian warrants us in saying that the individuals who aim at evangelizing the French Canadians are, so far as tactics go, deplorably out of date. As object lessons of forgotten methods of controversy they may serve some useful purpose. The antiquarian may take pleasure in clerical gentlemen brandishing weapons that have been relegated to the museum, but to the average man this display is as meaningless as it is ridiculous.

The article in question is of the warp and woof of assertion, and is so oracular and dogmatic as to startle those who have a hundred and more sects, mutually destructive and hopelessly irreconcilable, and all based on the Bible, awaiting their approbation. The writer points out what his judgment approves as the teachings of Christ, forgetful that other Protestants may not see eye to eye with him. The Presbyterian believes, for instance, that baptism should be given to infants: the Baptist believes that it should not. Men of the Dowie type use the Bible to buttress their theories, and Mrs. Eddy finds in it the justification of Christian Science. Which is the true belief? They certainly do not speak the same thing. "On what point of religion," asks Beza, "are the churches which have declared war against the Pope agreed?" Examine all from beginning to end: you will hardly find one thing affirmed by the one which the other does not directly cry out against as empty. No wonder that the theologian, Delbrück, says that "the Protestant Church taking Scripture alone as doctrinal bases is built on sand."

A VERY OLD ASSUMPTION.

The writer assumes that the individual is the only judge of revealed truth, and then, curiously enough, endeavors to foist his views upon others. Why waste his time to tell us what we should believe, if we also have the right of private interpretation? Why try to stand between us and God? Why make plans and spend money on evangelization when we must solely rely on ourselves in matters of belief? But, as true to-day as when it was uttered, is the dictum of the historian that the Reformation did not know or respect all the rights of human thought: at the very moment it was demanding these rights for itself it was violating them towards others. On the other hand, it was unable to estimate the rights of authority in the matters of reason.

A PRINCIPLE OF DESTRUCTION.

The principle of private interpretation is as destructive of faith as it is of truth. The man who constitutes himself the judge of revealed truth has opinions—in other words, he bows not to authority, but to the interpretation he is pleased to put on the Word of the Lord. He may be mistaken in his opinions. And yet faith cannot exist without infallibility in the teaching authority of the Church. The principle does away with truth, since it justifies contradictory beliefs. It is the open door to doubt and scepticism and we need no greater proof of this than the divisions on the score of faith which are in the world. The absurdity of denouncing the Church and of maintaining that its documents—the Bible—are divinely inspired, has left the non-Catholic world at the mercy of infidelity. The spectacle of men reading into the Bible their whims and caprices, and making it sponsor the wildest theories, made Carlyle cry out that he did not think it possible that educated, honest men could even profess much longer to believe in historical Christianity.

A FACT.

It is a historical fact that the Church existed before the New Testament was written. Christ sent down upon it the Spirit of Truth to abide with it forever, and foretold that the gates of hell would never prevail against it. The true Church, then, was in the world when the advocates of private interpretation appeared, or it was not. If it was not, Christ failed to keep his word. Hence He was not God, and the New Testament is but the history of an impostor who made promises but did not keep them. Of what value in this hypothesis is the New Testament to those who rail against an infallible

Church and refuse to the source and guardian of the Bible the reverence that they grant to theories based on Bible texts?

ANOTHER FACT.

It is also a fact that the Church preserved the Bible, catalogued its books and placed them in the canon. Assuming, as do our friends, that the Church is not infallible, how can we be certain that we have the Bible at all. If fallible she may have erred in her selection of the books of Scripture. She may have made a mistake in placing the gospel by St. Luke, who was not an apostle, and rejecting that of St. Bartholomew, who was an apostle. Some of the Sacred Books indeed state that their writers were animated by the Holy Ghost, but this does not necessarily mean that particular divine influence which goes by the name of inspiration. Even if we admit this, there still remains the question whether these statements themselves were inspired. The only way to avoid a vicious circle is to appeal to some testimony external to the inspired Books. Even if we were to grant that the inspired character of all the books of the Bible was made known at the time of their original publication, we should still require official testimony of this fact. Besides, how could we be sure that the copies which we now possess agree with the originals. Apart from the authority of the Church the common belief in the canon of Holy Scripture and the identity of later copies rests on evidence which is by no means historically conclusive. The non-Catholic may believe in the inspiration of the Bible, but he can give no proof of it. To cite testimony of divines is to cite testimony which is fallible, and besides, divines are not agreed on the number of the books of Scripture.

A WORD TO THE REASONABLE MAN.

But should not a reasonable man expect that if God communicated to the world truths which are above the sphere of reason, he would have provided a competent authority to teach them. To say that this authority is fallible is to say that we have no authority at all in this respect. For if the object of faith and the mode of assent to it are above nature, we must have an authority that cannot err. No wonder that Von Hartmann in his lay sermons cried out:

"If there should really be a Church which leads to salvation, no matter how, then at all events I will search for an immovable sovereign Church and will rather cling to the Rock of Peter than to any of the numberless Protestant sectarian Churches."

THEY LEARN AND FORGET EVERYTHING.

"An infallible Church stands across the pathway of human progress and hinders all advancement." We quote the foregoing as a sample of the perillities which get into the columns of The Christian Guardian. We are not told in what manner an infallible Church hinders advancement. It is curious, however, to hear a man who scowls dogmatism so dogmatic in tone and so insistent in proclamations which may be true or false.

It would be as difficult to show that truth can hinder truth as it would be to prove that the Church, "the pillar and ground of truth," can teach error in regard to the truths of revelation.

AN ANCIENT THEORY.

"An infallible Church is the fruitful source of much error." Another dogma of The Christian Guardian. And yet, the Lord promised His own perpetual presence and that of the Spirit of Truth to the Church. If Christ has failed to keep his word: if the Divine guidance has been withdrawn, then is the Gospel an antiquated delusion and Christ an impostor. Such a supposition is a blasphemy. Christ commanded us to hear the Church under penalty of being ac-

counted as heathens and publicans. Are we to be punished for obeying a Church that is the source of error? The apostles were commanded to "teach all things whatsoever I have commanded you." How are we to know these things? Our friends say that we shall find them in the Bible. But there is nothing in the Bible to support this assertion. It does not say that it contains the whole revelation, nor would such testimony be conclusive. The New Testament did not exist until many years after the death of the apostles. It tells us that our Lord said to His apostles: "I have still many things to say to you, but you are not able to bear them now." We read also: "But there are also many other things which Jesus did, which if they were written, everyone, the world itself, I think, would not contain the books that should have to be written." Where are these things to be found? Not in the Bible as is evident from the words of Scripture. If, therefore, we are commanded to receive Christ's teachings in their entirety we must receive them from the apostles to whom He said: "Go ye and teach, and behold I am with you all days." If we had no teacher to tell us with certainty what truths are in the deposit of faith there could be no obligation to believe. The wonder is that preachers who avow fallibility, who can furnish no proof that the Bible is divinely inspired and whose belief in their own principles is blind and motiveless, have the audacity to ask others to stake their hopes of salvation on the word of man.

ANOTHER GUARDIAN DOGMA.

"The Church is a barrier to progress." The proof according to the writer is: "Witness the stagnation and illiteracy of Catholic countries."

A moss-covered fallacy and a sign withal that logic is not among the weapons of the converters of French Canada. Supposing that we do witness, what inference must be drawn. Protestant countries are prosperous: therefore Protestantism in all its variations is divine? The millionaire who waters stock and fills his coffers by any and every means is basking in the sunshine of truth. But the Catholic who is poor is without the gates in the darkness of error. According to the doctrine of our dogmatical friend the beatitudes up to date are: "Blessed are the rich. Blessed is the nation that does not stagnate. Blessed are the powerful." But we have read that Lazarus the beggar made more progress in life than Dives the wealthy. Nowhere do we find any evidence that Christ promised material prosperity to the nation professing the true faith. He repressed the worldly ambitions of his followers and sent them forth to persecution and death. It is certain that a nation may, though poor in trophies of commerce and conquest, be in a high plane of civilization and that material progress does not necessarily imply true progress. True, again, that the civilization of which we boast was cradled in a stable.

Let us do some questioning.

"If England's wealth to-day comes from the Reformation how shall we account for that of Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. And if the decline of Spain has been brought about by the Catholic faith to what cause shall we assign that of Holland, which in the seventeenth century ruled the seas and did the carrying trade of Europe?"

AN EVERYDAY APOSTOLATE.

In a new church which he is preparing to build in North Denver, the Rev. J. P. Carrigan will fulfill a long cherished plan of holding regular services twice a week for non-Catholics who seek enlightenment on Catholic doctrine.

"A church for my neighbors," is the way Father Carrigan describes his plan. He will also inaugurate a circulating library composed of the books which treat of the Catholic religion. The idea is an altogether new one and came as an inspiration to Father Carrigan, who has made a record for the number of converts he has baptized. The new church will not be commodious, but it will take care of the congregation comfortably. The week-day services for non-Catholics will be open only to those outside the fold of the Church. Earnest Protestants will be given every chance to have their doubts dispelled.

On a recent Sunday evening Father Carrigan received twelve converts into the Church. They included men and women formerly associated with the Baptist, the Methodist and Episcopal churches. On this occasion Father Carrigan spoke feelingly of the work being done for those outside the Church, and explained his new project, which will stand unique in church annals throughout the world.

HONOR INSTEAD OF CONSCIENCE.

CURIOS SUBSTITUTION PROPOSED TO TEACHERS BY DR. STANLEY HALL.

In a sermon at St. Edward's Church last Sunday the Rev. Charles Alfred Martin commented on the startling statement made by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, at a teacher's meeting in this city last week, to the effect that the schools should teach less dependence upon conscience and more upon honor in inculcating morality. "In ages past," said Father Martin, "the universities of a nation were its court of intellectual appeal. Now-a-days the names of the presidents and professors of some of our universities are frequently coupled with opinions which make thoughtful men grieve. When the head of a little New England school of 100 pupils was introduced to the 2,000 members of the Northeastern Ohio Teachers' Association, as a psychologist and educational expert who had won the right to speak with authority on problems of education, doubtless he realized that some message was expected of him. "The burden of his message was 'less dependence upon conscience and more upon honor in the teaching of morals.' 'The element of conscience,' he is reported in the daily press as saying, 'is insufficient alone to guide the child aright. Clearly there is need of a new method of teaching morals, and I have come here to-night to suggest one.' The new method suggested is honor inculcated by a text-book of the world's stories of sublime heroism. This, he says, was the ancient and originally pagan principle of honor; and in France they have obtained the best results from such an ethical bible.

"I ask, was the moral training of the ancient pagans, as depicted in the epic, less than that which we must revert to its method? History tells us that one of the causes of the rapid spread of the Christian religion was the exhaustion and weariness of the pagans with the failure of their morality. Their great philosopher dreamed of the coming of one who would teach men how to live in proper relations with each other and the gods.

"And has this new method succeeded in France? France has banished from her schools the world's one peerless hero, Jesus Christ. I wonder if He finds a place among the 1,200 stories of the new ethical bible. France hories to day the echoes of right-thinking men in every land, denouncing the leaders who control her national education, as exiles of heroes, as persecutors of the Christian Church, as robbers of the patrimony of the poor, of the dead and of God. The patrons, ancient and modern, of the new method are snipulous endorsers.

"It is clearly true, as this educator says, that we need a new method of teaching morals in our public schools. The problem he discusses forces itself upon every large convention of teachers, and his voice swells the chorus of prominent educators who thus confess the failure of our present system to educate in the most important sphere of character. But is conscience the old method which is to be thrown out and supplanted? Have our public schools been teaching morals upon the basis of conscience? Many of the teachers in Friday's audience must have wondered when they heard of the new teaching morals at all? No. Better give conscience a trial before it is condemned! In the nature of things conscience is the only possible basis of morals, as it is the subjective norm of right and wrong.

"The reports do not give our visitor's definition of conscience and perhaps quotes him incorrectly in transcendently defining honor as 'simply the ideal of right conduct at all times.

"Conscience is the voice of reason proclaiming the morality of human actions. It is not a distinct faculty of the soul. It is the intellect judging whether an action be right or wrong. Human actions are morally good or evil, according as they agree or disagree with the law of God. The divine will is the objective norm of right and wrong. So deeply has the Almighty engraven His law upon the human heart that conscience responds to the simple problems of life with the sureness of instinct: and is often beautifully called the divine voice within us. Without conscience there can be no morality; as there can be no moral responsibility where there is no moral judgment.

"Honor is essentially associated with the esteem of others. Without God, honor cannot sustain the onslaught of terrible temptation. The desperate man does not care what the world thinks. The hypocrite boasts that the world will not find out. The interested witness is not deterred from his perjury by the recollection that George Washington never told a lie. The worst temptations of the growing boy are not discussed in the biographies of heroes. Honor with God's esteem as well as man's involves conscience, the knowledge of God and of our own dignity and destiny.

"The conscience or moral judgment may be blunted or it may be developed. In forming habits of virtue, the stories of the heroes may be a splendid aid. As well as the heroes of war and politics and science and art, our Christian schools hold up for the inspiration of their pupils and moral heroes, the men of sanctity, the exemplars of spiritual excellence.

"Teachers, if they are true to their profession, are ever eager for larger

knowledge and wise guidance. But not every man with a theory is a wise guide. If the blind lead the blind both may fall into the ditch. When leaders of education betray at once want of success and of resource, the Catholic public feel that in setting up our Christian school, till such time as we can find an equitable solution of the problem of moral training in our State institution, we have made no mistake. It is good citizenship for all to work honestly and patiently upon this problem. When its solution comes it will be founded neither upon the admitted bankruptcy of Christian morality nor upon a reversion to pagan principles.

PREPARING FOR JOY.

WE MAY DO IT BEST THROUGH SORROW, SAYS FATHER KEATING, S. J.

Rev. John Keating, S. J., preached a beautiful Lenten sermon at the High Mass at St. Ignatius' Church, last Sunday morning. For his text he took the words of St. Paul: "Rejoice and be glad, and again I say, rejoice." In part, he said as follows:

"At this period of Lent the church raises the dark veil wherewith the earth is covered, in order that a glimpse of the coming glory of Easter may strengthen us for the sad days that are before us. For we know that sadness is one of this world's most subtle temptations, and one which the early fathers most deplored. For this reason the church calls on us to-day to rejoice.

"The approaching feast is one of the joys of church life, and this note rang clearly through all the proclamations of early Christianity. St. Paul ever exhorted his disciples to look gladly on the struggles and persecutions that awaited them and, though bound and shackled in the Roman dungeon, he cried out: 'Rejoice and be glad, and again I say, rejoice.' It is in Christianity that we find this joy, for therein man finds a solace for his woes and encouragement in trouble.

"True joy is not what the world calls joy. It does not consist in merriment and loud laughter. It is not the joy of the buffoon, as the book of wisdom tells us. True joy is the joy of an unalloyed conscience, of an upright heart, of the soul trying to be obedient to God; this was the joy of the God-man Himself, even in the midst of sorrow, for in His heart the sorrow of the world had no place.

"The joy of the Christian means more than the world's joy; it means to rejoice in suffering. St. Augustine said that in the better things of life we find the truest joy.

"The pleasures of this life are mingled with sorrow. Many a bright heart and countenance hides an inward sorrow too deep for words. We must remember that these sorrows are sent by an all-knowing and all-loving Father. They are to prepare us for the true happiness to come. He knows what reward those sufferings will bring and the time of Lent He wishes us to find true happiness in the joy of Christ, in which St. Paul and his disciples found an unmingled pleasure and joy."—Baltimore Catholic Mirror.

THE LIE AND THE LIAR.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE EDITORS OF THE ORANGE SENTINEL AND THE PRESBYTERIAN RECORD OF MONTREAL.

Some tell lies for fun and others from a spirit of mischief; some to avoid difficulties and others from a spirit of vanity, and all commit sin. Every lie is displeasing to God. God is truth itself and therefore abhors a liar. Of none did our Lord speak so sharply as of the Pharisees, and they were liars by their actions. He showed His mercy to every class of sinners except to liars. He pardoned Zachaeus, a usurer. He forgave the penitent thief, a murderer and highwayman. He cleansed the soul of Magdalene, a profligate, and absolved the women taken in adultery. He made Saul, who was persecutor of the Church, a vessel of election. To all lands of sinners He was merciful, but not a single instance can we find of His having shown mercy to liars and hypocrites. We frequently see instances of most every punishment meted out to liars: witness Ananias and Sapphira who fell dead at the feet of St. Peter on account of their falsehood, and Gleaz, the servant of Eliaseus, who was struck with leprosy on account of his lies and avarice. "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." The liar forfeits the esteem of his fellowman. No one will believe him even though he speaks the truth. Whatever he says has but little weight because everybody thinks he is lying again. The harm done by the liar is often immeasurable. A harmless little story, after passing the rounds of a clique of liars often becomes the meanest kind of slander. It is but just to expect that liars will spend eternity in company of the father of lies and then they will have plenty of time to reflect upon the harm they have done by their lives.—Ex.

Boy Wonder.

Aldo Sganuel, a Florentine sculptor, who is still in his teens, has created a colossal marble bust of Pope Pius X. that is the marvel of the Italian art world. It stands in the reception room of the Carthusian cloister in Florence and is said to reproduce in striking faithfulness to nature every lineament of the benevolent Pontiff's face, and the expression of the Venetian prelate is in the helmeted mood of His Holiness, when every feature shows the longing for his old parish in the City of Canals.—Providence Visitor.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The most extensive cemetery in the world is that of Rome, in which over 3,000,000 human beings have been buried.

A very interesting monastery of the Cistercian order, sequestered in a valley near Cologne, Germany, is the Altenberg Abbey. The church is of the thirteenth century.

A Catholic Irishman who recently died in Atlantic City, bequeathed a plot of ground and \$10,000 for the erection of a church for the Italian residents of that place.

Six Sisters of Charity rescued sixty infants on Maree 16, at Holyoke, Mass., from a burning building, one of a group which constituted the Brightside Institute, a Catholic orphanage.

Pere Monsabre, the famous French Dominican preacher, one of those who followed Laocordaire in the pulpit of Notre Dame, has just died at Le Havre in his eightieth year.

Notre Dame Ind., March 9.—Miss Katherine Eleanor Conway, editor of the Boston Pilot and poet and essayist of note, today was awarded the Lacretia medal for distinguished service in the cause of the Catholic Church.

Father Corro, the indefatigable worker among the lepers of Japan, has received from the Emperor a special decoration of merit, as a recognition of his efforts to relieve the afflicted people of Kiamamoto.

The Marquis of Barral has just given to the Bishop of Grenoble his splendid castle situated near Voyron in that diocese, to give a home there to the diocesan seminary recently evicted by the French government.

The Felician Sisters, whose mother-house is in Detroit, have completed arrangements to build a \$100,000 orphanage at Milwaukee. The plans for the elegant structure have been drawn and accepted.

Archbishop Blenk, of New Orleans, La., will receive the pallium on April 21. The honor of preaching at the ceremony has been conferred on Archbishop Glennon, the distinguished metropolitan of St. Louis.

Rome, March 14.—Signor Tadolini, the sculptor, says that the monument of Pope Leo XIII. for the Basilica of St. John Lateran will be completed in two or three days. He believes that the body of the late Pontiff will be removed after Easter.

Thieves have carried off \$25,000 worth of valuables from a church at Treves, Rhenish Prussia. One of the articles stolen is a solid silver, gold plated monstrance, two feet, seven and one-half inches in height and studded with jewels. It bears raised figures of angels.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Patrick F. Mooney, D. D., rector of St. Bridget's church, Avenue B and Eighth street, and one of the oldest and most prominent priests of the New York archdiocese, died on Sunday evening, Feb. 24, at his rectory, after an illness of seven months.

Sister Mary Joseph, of Notre Dame Convent, San Jose, Cal., has reproduced the second station of the cross which was destroyed by the earthquake. This beautiful work of art is the admiration of both clergy and laity and has been placed in position at St. Joseph's church.

The beautiful rosary of diamond beads strung on a golden chain which belonged to the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzgerald, together with the mosaic cross set in gold, the gift from Pope Pius X. were given by Bishop Morris to Sister Edward of St. Joseph Infirmary, where the Bishop died. Sister Edward nursed the venerable Bishop through his last illness.

It is not often one hears of an opera composed in the cloister. One such is, however, to be shortly placed before the public. It comes, too, from a monastery hitherto associated in men's minds rather with hardship and privation than the pleasure of worldly melody—namely, the hospital of the great St. Bernard. The author of the opera is one of the hardest-working monks in the Alpine community—Brother J. Gross. He has entitled his work which is in five acts, "The Old Valais."

When the will of the late Coadjutor Archbishop of San Francisco, was filed for probate it was shown just how modest was the estate left by the prelate. Instead of a large fortune, as many looked for, the only property left by Archbishop Montgomery was a collection of personal property valued at \$2,500. The main article in the whole modest estate was the late Archbishop's library. The collection of books, the gathering of which had been the work of a lifetime, together with what other personal effects he possessed, the Archbishop left to Archbishop Patrick William Kiordan.

Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan has presented to the Sisters of Charity of the Good Samaritan Hospital, of Suffern, N. Y., and St. Vincent's Hospital of New York City, in addition to other gifts, the Jacob Wanmaker estate of fifty acres about three miles from Suffern. An old mill and stone castle stand on this picturesque property. The estate is at the foot of the hill on which is Monte Bello, the summer home of the Ryans. The mill and stone castle are more than a hundred years old. Mrs. Ryan personally presented to the Sisters of the Good Samaritan Hospital a finely equipped farm of nineteen acres which has been named Mount Loretta. Vegetables are raised for the hospital by the Sisters and the farm produce is sent to St. Vincent's Hospital in New York City.

fore. She would... No matter... the parish... as her boy, she... his face, and she...

father would be proud man this day, and then starting Mickey off with complete instructions as to how he was to carry the carefully done-up surplice, she busied herself getting ready for Mass. In fifteen minutes she had the head for a moment and sank heavily down to the sidewalk. Mrs. Malone, who was also on her way to church, saw her fall.

"God save us, John," she cried to her husband, "come quick, Mrs. McMullen has got her third stroke." "Get me Father O'Rourke," moaned Mickey's mother, as she opened her eyes, "and my boy."

The priest at St. Aidan's was on fire with suppressed excitement, and almost bursting with coked enthusiasm. As the door leading to the sanctuary opened strains of music came in with the last two acolytes who had been lighting the candles.

The lamented Bishop Stang, of Fall River, Mass., most literally practiced his own preaching in the matter of apostolic poverty. He left nothing but his books and his clothing and two life insurance policies of \$5,000 each, bequeathed to two charitable institutions of his diocese.

NAPOLION THE GREAT.

DR. J. K. FORAN'S INTERESTING LECTURE AT GLOUCESTER ST. CONVENT—CONCLUSION OF HISTORICAL SERIES OF DISCOURSES.

Before one of the largest audiences of the season, consisting of clergymen, senators, members of parliament, French and English-speaking citizens, the pupils of the Normal and other schools, in the Assembly hall of the Gloucester street convent, Dr. J. K. Foran delivered the last—and the grandest—lecture of this winter's series. The subject was most attractive and its treatment was supremely powerful. Napoleon the Great constitutes a sequel to Dr. Foran's well-remembered lecture of last year on Robespierre and The Reign of Terror.

The world is accustomed to think of Napoleon as the great warrior, to associate with his name the names of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the day of his triumph—and those of Leipzig, Ligny and Waterloo—in the hour of his decline. Without stripping him of his military renown, but even in accentuating it, Dr. Foran presented an entirely different Napoleon to his audience. He showed them the legislator, the organizer, the statesman. With the Code in one hand and the Concordat in the other, you saw this mysterious, yet astounding personage, striding down the avenue of one hundred years and around him you felt the influence of his mighty work.

Dr. Foran began by comparing history to a mountain range, reaching from creation down to the present; level plains on either side, then foothills of more or less importance; loftier mountains of individual greatness towering one above the other; here and there sublime peaks that lift their heads high into the heavens and with their crowns of snowy whiteness sparkle in the sunshine of fame; vast abysses, dark gorges that terrify the gaze; finally an occasional extinct volcano, with its parched crater above and its field of desolation below.

Of these mighty upheavals that once belched forth their smoke and fire, that roared with hidden thunders, that rocked the earth, that sent down scoria's streams to overwhelm the most conspicuous, even as the grandest and most destructive, is that of Napoleon the Great.

In the ruins of Pompeii the explorer unearths stately columns, shattered temples, skeletons of slaves and petrified forms of aristocratic Romans; amidst that debris he comes upon most precious mosaics, evidences of the art and refinement of another age. If one digs beneath the lava crust that covers the works of Napoleon, while meeting with much ruin and terrible destruction, one will equally find gems of noble workmanship, mosaics of beautiful design, of bold conception, of priceless value—and no volcanic eruption can ever inter them completely.

Out of the chaotic confusion of the great French revolution a meteor arose and darted across the sky of Europe, captivating and dazzling the world by the splendor of its aberrations. Just as lightning on a summer night, he came forth from the cloud of insignificance that overhangs the Island of Corsica, flashed athwart the firmament of the Old World, and sank into the cloud of obscurity that overhangs the Island of St. Helena.

Dr. Foran described Napoleon's appearance, not as he was in his youth, nor as he was in his declining years, but as he was in 1807—one hundred years ago—when at the zenith of his glory. His face was then a classic profile, his complexion clear, his eyes hands and feet small and finely shaped; his teeth white and sound, his lips beautifully moulded, his eyes grey-blue, his glance steady and penetrating, or deep or intimidating, or again soft, tender, magnetic; his voice strong and sonorous; his height five feet three inches. Careful in personal details; never overacting or underacting a public part, but different in private; indulgent to his friends, pitiless to those he mistrusted; skilled in mathematics and unable to correctly add up a column of figures; an encyclopaedia of literature and not able to write a grammatical sentence or to spell properly.

Before 1812 he looked after all details personally; after that he carried the luxuries of the court into the camp with them carried defeat. Cruelty and kindness, selfishness and generosity, loyalty and treachery, honesty and perfidy, are terms that all must be qualified before any of them can be properly applied to them.

It would be impossible to follow Dr. Foran in his splendid review of European conditions during Napoleon's reign; the leading facts are known to all. From the charity boy at the Brienne school to the lieutenant at Valence; from Toulon to the pyramids, from the consulate to the empire, from Marengo, to Austerlitz, from Jena to Friedland, from Moscow to Elba, from Waterloo to St. Helena. On the morning that Napoleon came on deck, as the vessel carrying him to his last exile, sighted Ushant—the last point of France—and he gazed for five hours at the spot of land as it vanished in the sea, the fallen conqueror knew he was taking his last look at the land of his glory. It was in that dramatic situation that Dr. Foran made the panorama of his life pass, in stately procession, before his eyes.

peror, we must pause to relate the exceptionally interesting account of his work as a legislator and statesman.

THE CODE NAPOLEON. Nothing but memories, said the lecturer, now remain to France and to the world of Jena, Aroca or Wagram; but the work done by Napoleon, while Europe allowed him a few years of peace, will endure for all time. The orderly march of the legions of industry was no less satisfying to him than the march of armies. "I will go down to posterity," he once said, "with the Code in my hand." To realize the magnitude of that undertaking we must bear in mind that, under the old order, there were all sorts of laws and all kinds of courts in France. A citizen familiar with the system in Languedoc would, perhaps, be grossly ignorant of that in Brittany. Roman laws, feudal laws, royal edicts, local customs, edicts, mandates, municipal practices, varied and clashed all over the country. The revolution had prostrated all system and the drawing of order out of chaos was reserved for Napoleon. He called to his aid the best legal talent. Under his direct supervision the huge task was completed. The Civil Code and the Code of Civil Procedure, the Criminal Code and the Code of Criminal Procedure were the four parts of the completed system, which, adopted in France, followed the advance of the empire and still constitutes the law of a large portion of the civilized world, and is especially the basis of the civil law of the province of Quebec in Canada. Every statute passed under Napoleon's reign, he presided at the meetings and one of the codifiers said: "Never did we adjourn without learning something from him that we did not know before."

Another great and distinctive work of the first consul is the Concordat. The Revolution had confiscated the property of the Catholic Church and had fixed certain salaries for those of the clergy who submitted to its supreme dictation. In September, 1794, the convention abolished even these salaries and made a complete separation of Church and State. This was a condition of things that Napoleon did not relish.

He had his own reasons of policy, but no matter what his motives, he certainly rescued France from the iconoclasm of the infidel and the frow of persecution against religion. By this document the Pope had the right to approve of the clerical nominees of the State and the State paid \$10,000,000 per year for clerical salaries. No ruler less strong could have lifted the Church out of the dust into which "The Terror" had plunged her. It is peculiar that one hundred years have just passed between the signing of the Concordat and its abolition by men who to-day seek to revive the spirit of "The Terror." What Corsica holds the Napoleon destined to again bring order out of chaos and re-establish the freedom of religion in France?

THE DEATH SCENE. One of the most pathetic and beautiful passages in the lecture was that in which Dr. Foran described Napoleon's death. It was a solemn moment at St. Helena. The emperor, the man of the years of exile, the slowly sinking emperor during March and April of 1821, the patience in suffering of the great man, the lecturer came to the morning of the eventful 4th May.

The emperor had received the last sacraments of the Church. A storm was raging over the island; the favorite willow tree which he had planted, was torn up by the roots. "Towards the afternoon," says Montolhon, "delirium set in. Thrice I heard the words, 'France,' 'Arme,' 'Tete d'Arme,' 'Josephine.'" At sunset the last agony came on. It was a fierce sunset; storm clouds had heaped in the track of the fiery orb; it was also the closing of a stormy life. The lips again trembled and her. It is peculiar that he heard—the only name that ever made that wonderful and incomplete heart vibrate with human love. The sun went down, the evening gun boomed from the fort, and, like a caged eagle escaping from captivity, the soul

of Napoleon the Great soared to the foot-stool of Eternal Justice, while its departure was saluted by the cannon of his greatest earthly foe.

THE FUNERAL, 1840. No words can describe the effect of Dr. Foran's account of the great burial of Napoleon, when in 1840 his remains were conveyed from St. Helena to France. Words can picture the scene, but they cannot convey the tone, the gesture, the pauses, the vibrations of voice, the dramatic display of the speaker.

One day, at St. Helena, Sir Hudson Lowe, the jailer of Napoleon, detained a book because it was addressed to "The Emperor." "Who gave you the right to dispute that title?" asked Napoleon. He then added: "In a few years your Castlereagh and all the others, and you, yourself, will be buried in the dust of oblivion, or, if your names are remembered at all, it will be on account of the indignity with which you have treated me." Sir Hudson made answer, "You make me smile, sir." That was in 1820.

Twenty years swept past. France asked and England gave back "The Emperor." The grave at St. Helena was opened; the perfectly preserved features, beautiful in death, were uncovered and the body was taken to be entombed on the banks of the Seine. It was received on board a royal ship by a Bourbon prince of the house of Orleans; yards were squared, flags hoisted, cannons fired, drums beaten, and every note of triumph swelled the pomp of the reception.

King and peasant alike turned out to meet the returning conqueror. He comes to a dominion that no Marmont can betray. Allied kings in vain may league themselves to destroy that way. Nor Talleyrand, nor Fouché, nor Bourmont can display enough treachery to shake that power.

Let Cherbourg's thousand guns salute. Let triumphal arches span the Seine from Havre to Rouen, from Rouen to Paris. Let hill, and slope, and river bank hold their gazing hosts. Let flowers and garlands shower upon his bier from every bridge. Let aged peasants drop on reverend knees, fire the old musket in humble salute, and then cover their weeping faces with trembling hands. Cold is the December day, but winter cannot chill the vast enthusiasm. From the quay, where the funeral barge is moored, to the Church of the Invalides, where the tomb awaits, a million and a half of people throng the route. Streets, avenues, squares, balconies, windows, canons, trees—all are full of people. Cannons, drums, bands, the tramp of men and horses, the glitter of endless lines of soldiers, the songs which rouse the passions and the memories, the shouts of dense crowds, stirred by electric emotions—all these mark that December day as the gorgeous funeral car bears Napoleon to his final rest.

There is the white horse (not Marango, but one like him), and upon the horse are the saddle and bridle that Napoleon used. There are the old marshals, Mosey, Soult and Oudinot; there are Bertrand and Gourand, and Las Cases—the faithful companions of his exile. But above all there are the relics of his ancient wars come to weep around his bier; and there is a remnant of the Old Guard to march with him to the tomb. December air cannot keep down the fervor which makes the great city ring with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"

"The sword of Austerlitz is handed to King Louis Philippe by Soult; the king hands it to the faithful Bertrand; Bertrand lays it on his master's coffin. The awful stillness of the great temple is broken by the sob of gray-haired soldiers. With a grand requiem Mass the funeral ends, but the silent procession of mourners, coming in endless lines to view the coffin, lasts more than a week. Nor has that procession ended yet. Around the great man, lying in his splendid tomb, with his marshals near him and the battle-flags he loved famous drooping about him, still flows the homage of the world.

"On that day Sir Hudson Lowe stood near the Pont de la Concorde and watched that wonderful burial. A soldier of the empire, who had been at St. Helena, touched him on the shoulder and said: 'Sir Hudson, does that demonstration make you smile?'

The impress of Napoleon lies on France forever, in her laws, her institutions, her individual and national life; but his empire does not stop with France; it is cramped by 'no national limits of Rhine and Alps and Pyrenees.' He was the chief usurper of his time, and for the same reasons of genius he is still the chief usurper. In that he strove for himself and his dynasty he failed miserably; so far as he tolled for others, for better laws and conditions, he succeeded. No Leipzig, no Waterloo could destroy that which was best in him. Princes and rulers, and statesmen, and all who mould the destinies of peoples can learn from him that if there is no summit so high to which ambition cannot raise a man there is equally no pinnacle so elevated from which it cannot prostrate him."

The entire lecture was worthy, as an oratorical tribute, of the greatness, the glory and the wonderful characteristics of that enigma of history, Napoleon the Great. Dr. Foran certainly surpassed himself on this occasion.

INCIDENTAL AID. Before the lecture the young ladies of the institution delighted the audience with a splendid musical selection executed in remarkable style on six pianos and six violins. Everyone noted the admirable training that these young ladies must receive. After the lecture Rev. Father Fallon moved, in very expressive terms, a vote of thanks

which was seconded by Mr. Anson Gard in an exceedingly appropriate address. Mr. Gard said that among all his pleasant souvenirs of Canada that he would carry back to the United States he would have to blend one of an unpleasant character. In plain words, he thought it a shame that thousands of Ottawa's citizens would stand out all night in the cold to buy tickets for a hockey match, while such treats as that of the evening were being given. Yet he was happy to see that hall thronged to listen to what he called "the grandest lecture he ever heard, a veritable panorama of glowing pictures beyond the praise of words."

A true Christian should place over his desk or his work room, this motto: "Here I am consumed for God!"



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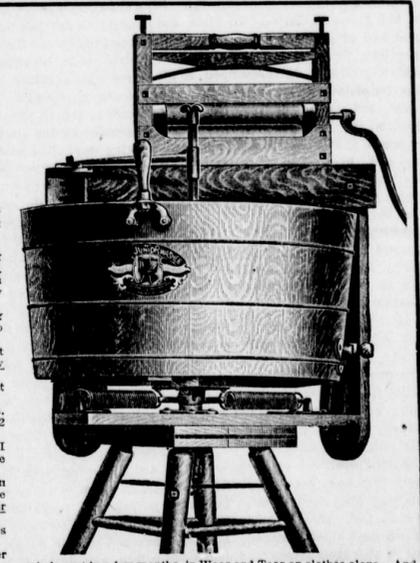
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Every Child Should Have His Own Copy. Little Folks' Annual For 1907 Stories and Pretty Pictures Price 10 Cents Catholic Record, London, Canada

This Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either. So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right." Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't all right and that I might have to exist for my money. I once started with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking. You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Junior" Washer. And, as I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. I sold 200,000 that way already—two million dollars' worth. So, though it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. Now I know what our "1900 Junior" Washer will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine. When I say half the time, I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied. Our "1900 Junior" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And it don't wear the clothes, nor fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a force pump, and washes them clean. If people only knew how much hard work the "1900 Junior" Washer saves every week, for 10 years—and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it. So said I to myself, I'll just do with my "1900 Junior" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold 200,000 Washers. I will send any reliable person, a "1900 Junior" Washer on a full month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Junior" Washer must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened, for Washing Clothes—the quickest, easiest and handsomest Washer on Earth. It will save its



whole cost in a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents a week, over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance. Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyway. I'm willing to do all the risking myself. Drop me a line today and let me send you a book about the "1900 Junior" Washer that washes clothes in 5 minutes. Or, I'll send the machine on to you, a reliable person, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way C.R.B. Bach, Manager "1900" Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. Don't delay, write me a post card now, while you think of it.

The Catholic Record

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 18th, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strongly and bravely defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the souls of many Catholics, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes.

I, therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families.

With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1907.

To 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. FALCONI, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAR. 30, 1907.

THE RESURRECTION.

That which is the key to all Christ's mysteries and the pledge of His gifts to men is the resurrection. His preaching had made His Eternal Father known as never before. His miracles had confirmed His mission. And when, in obedience, He gave Himself up to death, He was fulfilling type of brazen serpent, prophecy of man of sorrows and figure of Jonas. A new light rested upon all these as He rolled, by His power, the stone away, and stood forth the conqueror of death and first fruits of the grave. It was the light of the divinity. God of Abraham and of Isaac, of Moses and Elias—He is ours, the God of the living and not of the dead. Omnipotence, which let death clasp Him and carry Him to the grave, has conquered forevermore. What know we about His power? The great historical fact—that He rose from the dead—we know: but how or with what appearance we know not. Never before, even in the raising of Lazarus, had His power shone forth with half such glory. There was the testimony of hundreds of his death. Many had heard His dying words and watched Him through these three sad hours. They had heard His faint cry, and thought He was calling upon Elias. To see Him start from the tomb, to feel a new thrill in their heart as He chided the disciples' dull faith, to show the impress of wounded hands and feet—all these are the attractions of the heart's adoration and the soul's undoubting faith. What light it throws upon God—the three divine Persons—God's power, His Holiness, His greatness. To think that that same Omnipotence will gird us round and raise up—as it is ever striving even now. Christ rose for our justification. The gift which we call sanctifying grace, which we received in the sacrament of baptism, and which we received again and again in penance, so takes hold of us that that which was dry and withered buds and blossoms with the springs from the risen Saviour. Holiness is it because He is holiness—greatness because God alone is great, and because grace is upon earth His greatest gift. We are so weak—we know naught of power. All that we can do is to lay up the seed within us, to treasure carefully the fruits of Christ's resurrection, to suffer with Him that we may reign, to walk in newness of life, to hope in His mercy when otherwise our own sins would crush us. Our turn will come. Easter morn will dawn for us. The grave will give us up long after it has ground us to dust and the yew tree's fibres have wrapped themselves about our bones. The all-seeing eye will find us, and we shall hear the all-reaching Voice. Omnipotence will clothe us again. And the body that had shared in the justification or the desecration of the soul will live again to share in the

glory of reward or the sanction of punishment. It must be so. Virtue is not its own reward, nor does vice bring in this world its own punishment. We know not the power of God. And here we are so surrounded by death, that the very possibility of a condition where death will no more have dominion, seems too far beyond our reach for us ever to expect it. Only He Who was delivered up for our sins and Who rose for our justification has made it possible, yes, within our grasp. How? We know not. In the twinkling of an eye we shall be changed, and this mortal shall put on immortality. Wretched shall we be on that day if in this life we have followed our own will and self-indulgence. Wretched they shall be who scoffed at religion and who saw no glory in the Cross of Christ. O for the wisdom of the saints! O for humiliation now which shall on that day be exalted! O for the love which shall then be rewarded! May these, good readers, be all ours—and may we, risen from the grave, glory on our Easter Day and in the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour.

RELIGIOUS DEMOCRACY.

The Secretary of the United States Treasury, Mr. Leslie M. Shaw, speaking in Chicago, before a meeting largely composed of Protestant ministers commented in outspoken terms upon some of the features of failure in Protestant churches, which every thoughtful man must note and every candid man acknowledge. Mr. Shaw calls attention first to the fact that these churches have not succeeded in reaching, still less in holding, the poorer classes. The statement is worthy of deep consideration. Perhaps the most practical example of a man outside the Catholic Church reaching the poor is General Booth of the Salvation Army. We do not discuss his doctrine. Nor can we find that his methods contain discipline enough to be stable, or refinement enough to be universal. But General Booth is an enthusiast—whose earnestness we admire and whose success is undoubted. He cannot be imitated. That he should bring many from deep dark temptation, and so stop even one mortal sin—he deserves well, for that is a greater deed than to take a city. Where others have tried his ways on street corners, and with less formality than the ordinary religious services demand—they have won too, but have they held these people? The only way to hold them is to scatter them—to take them away from their old haunts and place them in new surroundings. This is what Gen. Booth has done. It is quite a different thing with children of the Church. Street preaching, a short prayer and hymn-singing form not Catholic devotion; and they are a poor substitute for the great sacrifice and the worship and the deep-toned acknowledgment and the whispered word of pardon. Yet here is democracy—not the poor only nor the rich only—but all kneeling together—one hymn of praise, one voice of prayer—the same teaching for all, the same common table and the same heavenly bread for rich and poor, high and low, repentant sinner, fervent devotee. There is no democracy on all the earth like the hallowed sacramental system of the Catholic Church. Yet this is the very system which Christ Himself established, in order that His graces might be communicated to souls unto the end of time. Let us look at it more closely, that we may call attention to the one thing which reached and held the poor through all the centuries. It is the grace of Christ. To bless the poor and give them of His riches; to translate them from the slavery into the glory of sons, to throw open to all the fountains of life—this was the reach and sweep of the Uncreated Wisdom, the hold He will ever retain by reason of His regeneration and feeding and unction—in a word, by His sacraments. The barrier between God's chosen people and the Gentiles was broken down by Our Blessed Lord. This was His first democratic move. He died for all. Not for Jew only but also for Gentile. And if the Jew might glory in the promises the Gentile might glory still more in their vocation. All must be born again of water and the Holy Ghost. The same transcendent gifts—more precious far than gold or silver, and far more dearly bought, are for all—king and peasant, learned and unlettered, robed priest and layman with head uncovered, rich and poor. No price was ever set upon these gifts. Freely they have been received; freely have they ever been given. The poor know it and nothing helps them so much to bear their burden. The rich know it, and their mercy is touched as of those who need mercy most. All are welcome. There is one sacrament which has much to do with the sanctification of society. It is matrimony. The Catholic Church in rejecting divorce and standing for the unity and indissolubility of the marriage tie dis-

plays a love of justice which must command respect, and protects the weak with a power which forms the sanctity, the equality and democracy of Christian homes. The sacraments show the downward stretch of Christ's grace—just as the water mountain side fructifies the vale below—but there is sacrifice. Then there is the common, supreme act of worship. The favored individual, standing at the altar, offers it; but the people all assist. And when the robed priest bows down and the bell tingles—every heart is silent in adoration; for all alike are poor in that solemn moment. There is no difference there. It is the same in the church of the busy crowded streets where the loving poor have snatched a half-hour to attend holy Mass, as in the up town chapel whose walls wealth has adorned with its generous gifts. All feel at home. A presence is there which makes up in the one case for want of ornamentation, and in the other overshadows with His loving condescension the material surroundings. No wonder the Church is democratic. Nor is the democracy irritating, latent with friction and threatening to one or other class. Acknowledging no caste or class it elevates all whilst it levels all. The poor are blessed; then they ought to be content. The rich are with difficulty saved, then they ought to be charitable. They are all alike—with immortal souls to save—all capable of loving and serving God—all needing God's grace without which they will indeed be poor. This is Christian democracy. And Mr. Shaw has a slight glimpse of the truth. It is found only in the Catholic Church, where all have an equal right, and where sacrifice and sacraments are the common inheritance of rich and poor.

CALUMNY IN DISGUISE.

Novels are expected to be poetical. We do not look for much realism, whether historical or theoretical, in the pages of a romance whose virtuous plot is the play of the imagination rather than the work of the reason. Still less if the novel, either from its title or its source of publication, bears suspicion should we look for religious truth. But even here the law against calumny is just as binding as in the more open pamphlet and the journal which is less churchly. A novel is better for being ethical: in which case it should elevate and not degrade, depict and not caricature, teach and not falsify. When not striving to be ethical its artistic colorings should be in touch with the harmony of nature. It should not offend even the merest chance reader. The impressions which it makes upon its ordinary readers should not be marked with prejudice. Its aims and purposes must be higher, or else it will sink beneath the typical dime novel whose glaring pictures are an immoral snare to the young and unwary. A case in point. The Presbyterian, a semi-official organ of the Kirk, has running through its numbers a romance entitled "The Woman of Babylon." It was this which first attracted our attention. We had not read it from the beginning. In fact it had passed the thirtieth chapter before it had caught our eye. It tells of a young girl, ensnared into a convent. Her novitiate is over and she has taken her vows. Then, a day or two after, the poor young nun is called to the parlor where a priest and a lawyer meet her. She is called upon to sign a paper renouncing all right to any property. She who thought herself poor cannot understand it. But the dictatorial tone of the priest and the appeal to her religious duty soon produce the result. The next day another paper is to be signed which the nun refuses to do before reading it. Maintaining this stand in spite of remonstrance, she is sent away to another convent—on the ground of her mind giving way. She no doubt escapes, for there is a rich brewer's son around and in the plot. Thus we have what claims to be the terrible dangers of convent life and the grasping selfishness of the Church typified in the priest. And all this with thirty chapters back of it, and most likely thirty more to come—dished up to young Presbyterians to poison them against the whole system for the rest of their lives. We do not like secular teaching: we are always inveighing against its irreligious tone. But what are secular, evolutionary lessons compared to this insidious poison? With the license of a poet the author calls our Church the Woman of Babylon, casts slurs upon her methods and belies her priesthood. Under the guise of a romance the Presbyterian perpetuates prejudice, calumniate its neighbor and corrupts its own readers. Maria Monk is dead. And even long before her death she was proven to have falsified everything which she should have held most sacred. The spirit of Maria Monk still hovers around the Kirk, and parades a fiendish form under another name. Let it not be claimed that this novel is not meant for Catholics but for Protestants. We

do not suppose it is intended for Catholics. We should be really sorry if it were so. We should be sorrier still, if reversing the shield, any Catholic would write such stuff about Protestants. And our sorrow would be severest if we saw such a diatribe in the columns of any respectable Catholic journal. Our contention goes another step. It is important—a matter of justice—that the Catholic Church or her methods should not be falsified before any Protestant generation. This is what the Presbyterian is doing in the name of religion and under the guise of innocent romance. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." The wolf is about in sheep's clothing.

At a St. Patrick's day demonstration in Wolverhampton, England, a speech was made by John Redmond, a passage in which is fraught with cause for thoughtfulness by all Irishmen. He asked the "young men to sit at the feet of Generals Botha and De La Rey. He said the South African premier had conquered the conquerors. Botha was now a minister of the Crown (being premier and minister of native affairs of the Transvaal) and Irishmen might see the time when John Redmond was the Premier of Ireland. He said that he believed that in the victory of the Boers the Irish policy had been vindicated." Home Rule is coming and coming in the near future, the "West Britons" and the followers of William of Orange, who hold nearly all the public offices in the country, and who would, in the event of a change, have to accustom themselves to a policy of fair play, to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE BATTLE WITH THE FRENCH INFIDELS.

The French Republic has been for years remarkable for the suddenness of the changes which take place in the personnel of its rulers and the consequent changes of the policy which is pursued in regard to any single question relating to internal matters. But the most remarkable changes of its policy have undoubtedly been on the question of the Government's attitude toward the Church. Nevertheless the trend of that attitude in all its changes has been for years towards a more marked hostility to religion, and this has been effected chiefly by the driving of religious teaching from the schools. So far Atheism has triumphed, but that triumph has been attained at the cost of the morality of the nation.

We have noticed several times in our columns the growing prevalence of divorce in France since the laws have made divorces so easily procurable. But recently a new feature in the progress of the country has been brought to light, and that is the prevalence of crimes of every description, and especially of crimes accompanied by violence. M. Clemenceau was recently sharply questioned in the Chamber of Deputies in regard to the number of robberies and assassinations, which are reported as increasing rapidly in all parts of the country. M. Georges Berry, who represents one of the Arrondissements of the Seine, stated recently in the Chamber that in two months there have been in Paris alone eighty-eight assassinations or attempts at assassination, many of which crimes were committed in open day, while M. Henri Cochin, of the Arrondissement of Dunkirk, declared that the gendarmes in the Department of the North, instead of attending to their duties of preserving the peace, are employed as messenger boys to carry the letters of the high Government officials from one place to another, while criminals of every degree are allowed to run riot at their pleasure.

It is needless to say what every one can see at a glance, that this state of affairs is the direct consequence of the war waged by the Government against religion; for where there is no religion there must be anarchy and immorality of every kind. It was foretold by the Catholics in the Chamber that the results of the war waged against religion would be exactly what they have proved to be, while Messrs. Jaure and his followers, and the friends of the Government, jeered at these predictions. It is to be hoped, however, that the Catholic Deputies will keep the facts of the case prominently before the public, for if the truth be forced upon the attention of the French people, they will soon wreak their vengeance upon the Government which has been the direct cause of these evils.

The attention of the Government was also called months ago to the fact that in a year the number of deaths exceeded that of births throughout France by ten thousand and eighty-seven. This cannot be accounted for by any other cause than the facilities given to the procuring of divorce decrees, and to crimes against nature committed by married persons. All these matters are the direct consequence of the war waged by the Government against religion.

The sooner these things are made known clearly to the people of France the better will it be for the nation, for they will be roused to indignation against the Government to which such a state of affairs is directly attributable.

The negotiations for the restoration of the churches to the Church have been now suspended for several weeks, but the edicts are still used illegally by the parish priests. This state of affairs cannot last, and the public must soon become tired therewith. We may, therefore, look forward to another change of government before long, and any change which may occur can scarcely be for the worse. Let us hope, at all events, that it will be for the better.

THE PROSPECT OF HOME RULE.

The news comes to us from London, England, that certain residents of Ulster, some fifty in number, headed by the Duke of Abercorn and Lord Lansdowne, waited upon Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Leader of the Opposition in the British House of Commons, to request him to take active steps to begin a propaganda against the granting of Home Rule to Ireland, according to the programme which was recently announced by the Liberal Government of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, and which has been accepted as satisfactory at the present moment to the Irish Nationalist Party.

The Government Bill by which it is proposed to give a large measure of self-government to Ireland is promised to be brought before Parliament after Easter, and nothing else was to be expected from the false patriotism of the Tory peerage and their obsequious followers, than that they should oppose tooth and nail the partial measure of justice which the Government has promised to Ireland. It is, however, from Ulster alone of the four provinces of Ireland that this unpatriotic opposition proceeds.

But it cannot be said that Ulster is opposed to Home Rule, for even the Ulster members of Parliament have been for many years as equally divided as it was possible to be on this question, there being at one time a majority of one for, and at another a like majority against the granting of a reasonable Home Rule measure.

The British colonies, where whites predominate, have now all been granted Home Rule, and even in the Transvaal the Boer General Botha who, five years ago, was waging war with the British Empire to secure independence for his country, is now premier of that same country, with the good-will of the British Government and people, and proclaims his loyalty to the British flag. In fact, there is not a British colony of whites to-day which would remain loyal for a week if it were deprived of Home Rule; and yet Lords Abercorn and Lansdowne desire to prevent Home Rule from being given to Ireland, though Ireland demands it almost to a man. The reason for this is clear: alien rule means the oppression of the majority by an insignificant minority which now enjoys ascendancy in its worst form.

Of course the Ulster Orangemen are the men who will back up the demands of the fifty delegates from Ulster who have asked Mr. Balfour to begin his agitation for the continuance of their ascendancy, which means, even under a Liberal Government like the present, that nearly all the officials of the country shall continue to be chosen from the minority, which is but one fourth of the whole population.

The principle laid down by the Ulster Unionists is that, because they are Protestants, they must continue to have the lion's share of all Government pickings, and nearly all Government posts must be filled by them. Such a policy as this is selfish, unpatriotic, and intolerant; and yet Mr. Balfour assured the deputation that every Unionist member of Parliament is pledged to oppose Home Rule, and maintain the policy of ascendancy which has hitherto been the watchword of his party. [We cannot believe that, after the utter rout of the Unionist party at the last elections, the people of the three kingdoms will now become so reactionary as to refuse to sustain the Government in granting a long delayed act of justice, while they sympathize with every other nationality that is seeking for autonomy, whether within or without the bounds of the British Empire.

A SPECIAL despatch to the Ottawa Free Press of the 18th, from Winnipeg, contains the gratifying intelligence that on St. Patrick's day, at St. Mary's church, in that city, forty-three converts from Protestantism were received into the Church by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Boniface. These good people will not hereafter be cast about by every wind of doctrine. May they prove worthy the grace vouchsafed them.

THE LAW AND MARRIAGES.

An article in a recent issue of the London Express gives much useful advice to young women of England in regard to marriage with European foreigners who have not become British subjects. In such cases besides the laws which govern marriage within the British dominions, the laws of the country of the intended foreign husband or wife should be taken into account, as if this be neglected, the marriage will be held as null by civil law in that foreign country. These advices are equally applicable to young men and women in all parts of the British Empire, and apply, therefore, with full force to Canada.

In Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Russia and Greece, it is the law that the subjects of those countries must have the notices of their intended marriages published in the countries to which they respectively belong. If the foreigner be a soldier, he must also have the consent of the military authorities of his country to his marriage in another country. There is, however, an agreement on the part of the British Government with the Government of France and Belgium, that on application to the French Ambassador or the Belgian Minister by a subject of either of these two countries who intends to marry a British subject, said Ambassador or Minister will ascertain whether the laws of those countries have been complied with, and if so, will issue a certificate to that effect. In the case of marriages to be contracted in Canada, the Consuls of the two foreign countries named will fulfil the duty thus assigned to the Ambassador minister.

The consent of the parents is requisite for the foreigner who is a minor and who intends to contract a marriage with a British subject, or a person of any other nation. The age when a person ceases to be a minor differs in the different countries named. In Austria, it is twenty-four years; in Belgium, twenty-one; in Denmark, twenty-five; in France, twenty-five; in Germany, for a man twenty-five; and for a woman twenty-four; in Italy for a man twenty-five, for a woman twenty-one; in the Netherlands, twenty-one for both sexes. In Spain the consent of the parents is required for a man up to the age of twenty-three; and for a woman to twenty-five; in Sweden and Norway it is required up to twenty-one years for both sexes.

In all these countries the consent of the legal guardian is requisite if the parents are dead. There are other conditions laid down in some of the countries named. Thus, in Belgium, between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five a man or woman must make a formal and respectful request for the advice of his parents before contracting marriage, and if the parents object they may bring to the court of law in their district their grounds of refusal, and if the court upholds them, the marriage is barred. In France this same request must be made, and this must be repeated three times at intervals of one month, and another month must be allowed to give the parents an opportunity to apply to the courts to prohibit the marriage. Should the objections of the parents not be sustained, the young man may legally marry.

In the Netherlands the same respectful petition for the advice of parents must be made as in Belgium, and the marriage will be barred under similar conditions.

The laws of Russia and Greece render the marriages of subjects of these countries more difficult still, and the best advice we can give to Canadian girls is not to marry natives of these countries unless they become British subjects.

To these rules we would add as our own well-grounded advice, applicable to both sexes who are Catholics: Do not marry persons of a different religion from the Catholic Church. Such marriages as these are strongly repugnant to the wish of the Church, which in discouraging such marriages seeks the best interests of intending husbands and wives, and their families. It is well-known to all that a difference of religion between husband and wife is the most fruitful cause of dissensions, not only between these two, but also between them and their children when the latter have reached the age of discretion and understanding.

If a mixed marriage is to take place with the assent of the Church, the non-Catholic party is required by the laws of the Church to promise solemnly that the children shall be reared in the Catholic faith, and that the Catholic party shall have complete liberty to practice the duties required by the laws of the Catholic Church. But it is well known by sad experience that it frequently happens that the non-Catholic party violates these sacred promises,

DEDICATION OF...

of such violation of dissension in the children require care of both parents properly trained to their duties to Church, and their parents not have this constant parents are Catholic requisite for their life that both parties should be Catholics pen that when the tion between a dif young woman of dif that is needed in party to propose to that he or she sho olic, and consent to In this case the dif diminished, and m the non-Catholic pains to study ca religion before th the return to the a be a step in the da with a full knowl she is doing. But if there the non-Catholic Catholic, it is far such a marriage sh

DEDICATION OF...

"D. W.," of... enquires what art blessing or conse Church.

Answer.—There one of which is c Benediction in w priest delegated i or chants a num David besides ot directed by the C the occasion. Ho and with it w both within and tions of the chur with holy water, previously bless form prescribed book to be used i water for use eve congregational M the blessing of t the symbol of w salt remains per and is used for i incorrupt and pu The use of hol monies of the C in the blessing of derived from its God under the C of holy water is 17; viii. 7. In t called "the wat The use of wat of the Old Law tioned in (Lev. ii "Whosoever t thou shalt sever in all thy obla salt."

See also Num. In the rite churches which of chrisim is pre walls of the ch This chrisim is, sweet scented be We read in G Jacob poured o which he was re God made the p him and in bl (Christ) all the should be bless was made holy a God. The nam the anointed, o to God by con oil. Thus we c Old Law was gi was in use for t sons and object This use of pressed through Leviticus, and anointing of pri Oil is signific used for the st before their c also as a food, ates, it expres therefore, apti tion of church are strengthen to resist tempt with the vivifi truth.

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MARRIAGES.

and such violation is a constant cause of dissension in the families. The children require the watchful care of both parents that they may be properly trained to the fulfillment of their duties to God, the Catholic Church, and their parents. They can not have this constant care unless both parents are Catholics, and thus it is requisite for their mutual happiness in life that both parties to the marriage should be Catholics. Yet it may happen that when there is a strong affection between a young man and a young woman of different faiths that all that is needed is for the Catholic party to propose to the non-Catholic that he or she should become a Catholic, and consent to do so will be given. In this case the difficulty will be much diminished, and may cease entirely if the non-Catholic is willing to take pains to study carefully the Catholic religion before the marriage, so that the return to the ancient faith may not be a step in the dark, but may be made with a full knowledge of what he or she is doing. But if there be no prospect of the non-Catholic party becoming a Catholic, it is far better for both that such a marriage should not take place.

DEDICATION AND CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

"D. W." of Ronney, Minnesota, enquires what articles are used in the blessing or consecration of a Catholic Church.

Answer.—There are two forms in use, one of which is called the Blessing or Benediction in which the Bishop, or a priest delegated by the Bishop recites or chants a number of the psalms of David besides other prayers which are directed by the Church to be used for the occasion. Holy water is also used, and with it the walls are sprinkled, both within and without. The foundations of the church are also sprinkled with holy water. This holy water is previously blessed according to the form prescribed in the missal or Mass-book to be used in the blessing of holy water for use every Sunday before the congregational Mass. Salt is used in the blessing of this holy water, being the symbol of wisdom and purity, as salt remains permanently incorrupt, and is used for keeping articles of food incorrupt and pure.

The use of holy water in the ceremonies of the Church, and especially in the blessing of persons and things is derived from its use as commanded by God under the Old Law, thus, the use of holy water is prescribed in Num. v. 17; viii. 7. In the latter passage it is called "the water of purification."

The use of salt in the ceremonies of the Old Law may be found mentioned in (Lev. ii. 13)

"Whatever sacrifice thou offerest, thou shalt season it with salt . . . in all thy oblations thou shalt offer salt."

See also Num. xviii. 19.

In the rite of consecration of churches which is more solemn, the use of oil is prescribed wherewith the walls of the churches are anointed. This chrism is made of olive oil and sweet scented balsam.

We read in Genesis xviii. 18, that Jacob poured oil upon the stone on which he was reposing when Almighty God made the promise to him that in him and in his seed (which refers to Christ) all the tribes of the earth should be blessed. Thus this stone was made holy and was consecrated to God. The name Christ also signifies the anointed, or the one made sacred to God by consecration with blessed oil. Thus we see that even before the Old Law was given through Moses, oil was in use for the consecration of persons and objects to God.

This use of oil is also plainly expressed throughout the 14th chapter of Leviticus, and oil was used both in the anointing of priests and kings.

Oil is significant of strength, being used for the strengthening of athletes before their combats, and being used also as a food, especially in warm climates, it expresses nourishment. It is, therefore, aptly used in the consecration of churches in which the faithful are strengthened by the grace of God to resist temptation, and are nourished with the vivifying doctrines of divine truth.

Balsam or balm has medicinal qualities, and thus, allegorically, it is fitly used with the holy oils to signify the healing from the wounds of sin, which takes place by the operation of God's grace.

Our correspondent further asks us what should be done with the consecrated spot when the church is removed to another place. As the building is the object consecrated, and its purpose is that God should be adored therein, when the building is removed, the place being no longer set apart for its original purpose, loses its consecration.

Ashes are also used in the consecration of churches. This reminds us of our last end, and, therefore, of our duty to seek heaven by serving God. Our

last end is implied thereby because we shall all be reduced at death to dust or ashes. See Genesis xviii. 27: "And Abraham said, 'I am but dust and ashes.'"

But the ashes are likewise used wherewith to form across the church diagonally the Greek and Latin letters constituting the alphabets of these two languages. This is to signify that the Church of Christ, whose missionaries were originally authorized to preach the faith of Christ to the Hebrews, was commissioned also to bring the faith to all nations. The Greek and Latin languages were the prevalent languages of civilized nations in the days of Christ, and they are thus typical of the whole Gentile world.

Besides, the East and the West formed from the beginning of Christianity the two portions of the Church which were its leading sections, and the Church is distinguished thus to the present day. The Greek and Latin languages are the principal languages of the Church still, and, notwithstanding the fact that most of the Greeks have become schismatics, this solemn ceremony is a reminder even to the Eastern Schismatics that they should come back to the one fold and the unity of faith from which they strayed, and that on their return they will be received with the same joy with which the kind father mentioned in the gospel welcomed his prodigal child. This is emphasized the more strikingly by the fact that the two alphabets cross each and thus form one cross of Christ, and likewise make the Greek letter X. (Chi) which is the initial letter in the name of Christ, and has always been regarded as symbolical of our Divine Saviour.

ATHEISM AND DEISM.

Wonder is often expressed that at the present day so many men who have acquired a smattering of learning so readily declare themselves to be Agnosts or Deists. In the 13th Psalm we have an explanation of this:

"The fool hath said in his heart: there is no God. They are corrupt, and are become abominable in their ways. . . . They are all gone aside, they are become unprofitable together. Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they acted deceitfully. The poison of asps is under their lips. Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood. Destruction and unquietness in their ways, and the way of peace they have not known: there is no fear of God before their eyes."

From this we learn the chief cause of boasted unbelief, it is because of the immorality of the unbeliever. He gives himself up to the worst passions. His ways have become corrupt and abominable, he is a deceiver, a detractor, a calumniator and it is his wish that there is no God to punish his iniquities. His reason is not convinced that such is the case, for the wonderful evidences of design in creation show beyond the possibility of intellectual doubt that there is a Creator, infinite in power, wisdom and goodness, who is likewise a rewarder of the good and a punisher of the wicked. But the fool, by which expression is here meant in reality the wicked person, hath said in his heart, not in his intelligence, "There is no God."

This is true even of the Deist equally with the Atheist: for the Deist of the present day is practically identical with the Atheist because it professes to believe in a God who has never revealed Himself to man, and who takes no interest in the affairs of men. To Him, therefore, man is not responsible for his acts, and we may live as if there were no God.

A recent issue of the American Israelite hits the nail on the head also in describing one of the causes of Atheism and Deism as stinginess, or too much devotion to money-making. This is by no means inconsistent with what we have said, but bears it out fully, for this is one of the ways in which the corrupt heart makes itself manifest. It is bent upon self-indulgence and will not take its part in making the sacrifices which are demanded by true religion and the law of God. This law requires that we should assist our neighbors in their spiritual and corporal necessities—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, providing homes for the destitute, caring for orphans and the infirm, etc., in all of which things true religion interests itself; and religion itself must be maintained and supported that it may do all these things.

The American Israelite puts the matter thus:

"One of the principal recommendations of agnosticism and even theism to a certain class of men is their cheapness. They cost nothing. Affiliation with a Church means not only to contribute to the support of the congregation, but also of the charities, educational institutions, and other beneficial activities that have their roots in the religious organization. The unaffiliated escape bearing their share in the common burden. All organized altruistic work is done by the churches. The uninitiated are, in the main, men of too cheap a kind to be united in any movement that has not money-making for its sole object."

THE EASTERN ONTARIO ORANGE GRAND LODGE.

The Orange Grand Lodge of Ontario East held its annual convention in Brockville last week.

With the business transacted at such a meeting the public would have little concern if it confined itself to its own matters, but when this body, or its authorized officials, take up the affairs of the Province, as if such concerns should be dealt with from the Orange standpoint, we may very reasonably be amazed at their unparalleled effrontery.

Lieut.-Col. J. Earl Halliwell, of Stirling, is Grand Master of this Orange Grand Lodge, and, in his address opening the convention, he mentioned the fact as an "inspiring recollection" that they were meeting at the birthplace of the Orange Association of British America, for the Brockville Lodge was the first Lodge instituted in this country by Ogle R. Gowan, the Father of American Orangemen.

Mr. Halliwell must be very easily inspired if the early recollections of Canadian Orangemen and its founder fill him with inspiration, for we well remember reading that in 1836, when the Orange plot, to set aside Queen Victoria from the throne, was investigated before the British Parliament, one of the high officials of the Irish Grand Lodge—the secretary we believe it was—gave testimony that the Irish Orange Order would not recognize or have anything to do with Canadian Orangemen, because its founder and Grand Master was "a man of bad character" and had been expelled from the order in Ireland for disreputable conduct.

But we may pass to the present date. Grand Master Halliwell takes it upon himself to criticize the Ontario Government, or, perhaps we should rather say Mr. Whitney, for having appointed Dr. Coughlin, a Catholic, to the presidency of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville, and this objection he admits is founded merely on the fact that Dr. Coughlin is a Catholic. Mr. Halliwell admits Dr. Coughlin's fitness for the position. He says:

"I must say that all I have heard of Dr. Coughlin since his appointment has been in his favor. He had a hard place to fill. He succeeded a man who spent the better part of his life in the position, whose place it was considered almost impossible to fill. Notwithstanding all this, I am told that Dr. Coughlin has in the short time since his appointment kept up the efficiency of the administration of the Institute, and in some cases improved it. I say I have heard told this by people who see testimony I consider reliable, and I have heard nothing to the contrary. Neither has the Orange Association. But I consider that his appointment to that particular position was a great injustice to him as well as an undeserved offence to us. It is quite probable that he does not even understand why we should object to his appointment, but I do think that we have a serious ground of complaint against the Premier; first, for not consulting his colleagues of the Orange Association before making an appointment of this nature; and, secondly, having learned from them the strong objection on principle that we must have to the appointment, for not satisfying himself by sure information that we had no reasonable grounds for our objections before making the appointment."

There was, indeed, a time in the history of Ontario, when the province was known as Upper Canada, and when Orangemen was so rampant that it might be said to rule the Province, but Lieut. Col. Halliwell should know that this time has passed. It is no longer permissible that the provincial authorities should consult the Orange Lodges in regard to the manner in which public matters should be conducted. We all know what the result would be if this were done. Catholics would not be tolerated in the province, and there is scarcely a Government position, even of the lowest grade, which would be given a Catholic, as is evident from the speech of Mr. Halliwell, and from that of Dr. Sproule, at the recent meeting of the Grand Lodge of British North America to the same purpose.

It is enough that Dr. Coughlin is a gentleman of the highest ability, and that he has already proved himself eminently fitted for the position to which he has been appointed, to justify the appointment, and his religion should be no obstacle to this. The battle for religious liberty has been fought out in this province, and has been won. The Orange Grand Lodges are much astray if they imagine that they can now undermine the principles for which the whole province has so recently contended with success.

Let us now for a moment consider by what right the Orange Association assumes to dictate to the Government the ostracism of Catholics in any department under its jurisdiction. The Orangemen of Ontario are not a majority of the people of this province, and they have not, therefore, even the right to speak as if they were predominant here. Their own annual report, as read by Grand Secretary

Clarke, at the recent convention, states that the Eastern Grand Lodge has under its jurisdiction 13,010 members. Let us admit that this statement is correct. It is but a small percentage of the adult male population, and is not authorized in any sense to speak for the people of the Province, nor even for any considerable proportion of the population, nor can it even claim to be a majority of the Protestants.

The population of Ontario in 1901 was 2,182,947. Assuming that one fourth of these are adult males, we shall have 545,737 adult males in the province, which is probably very near the mark. It will be seen from this that the number of Orangemen is too insignificantly small that they should presume to claim any ascendancy, and their pronouncements deserve but contempt. They are somewhat in the position of the Tooley street tailors, who began their petition to Parliament with "We, the people of England."

CATHOLIC BIBLE IN A PROTESTANT CATHEDRAL.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S PURCHASE AND GIFT—THE IRONY OF FATE—HISTORY JUSTIFYING ITSELF.

From the Morning Star. Lately the Associated Press announced as an important piece of news that the multi-millionaire, J. Pierpont Morgan, had purchased a magnificent illuminated Bible, the work of the Monks of Cluny in the twelfth century, and presented it to the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of New York. Mr. Morgan paid \$25,000 for the Bible at public auction, outbidding King Edward, who had long desired such an ancient edition of the Bible for presentation to the once Catholic, now Protestant, Westminster Abbey. This immense sum of \$4,000 was exacted as duty on the Bible though the Custom House officials explained to Mr. Morgan that if intended as an art treasure for its own private collection the duty would be reduced in accordance with the law that applied to art collections. But Mr. Morgan desired to present the book as a Bible, as its proper valuation to the New York cathedral, and paid the duty without demur.

And now, after a lapse of eight centuries, and passing through what vicissitudes only its ancient pages might tell, this old Bible, in the hands of the offering of love and devotion to their Master, finds its way into a Protestant cathedral, and will be there treasured, as the despatches tell us, as one of its most priceless gifts.

Surely this is the very irony of fate, history justifying itself, for this is the old Catholic Bible, the word of God undivided, the Latin Vulgate, rejected by Henry VIII. at his infamous tool, Cranmer, when he founded the Church of England, spit upon and torn and burnt by the followers of Elizabeth, the subject of countless controversies from the days of Luther until now, the canonical scriptures, the Gospel first promulgated by the Son of God with his own mouth, and who afterwards commanded His apostles to preach the same to all nations as the source of every saving truth, as the decrees of the Council of Trent declares. And further, the decree adds, "he who does not hold them sacred and canonical let him be anathema."

It is indeed a good thing that Mr. Morgan, who is one of the leading members of the Protestant Episcopal congregation of New York, happily decided not to place this Bible among his art treasures, but in the cathedral, for there it will stand as a living, breathing refutation of the oft-repeated falsehood that the Catholic Church kept the Bible from her children, a perpetual protest against the interpolated word of God as every week announced from his Protestant pulpit, a constant reminder to the Episcopal clergymen who officiate there of that act of passion, tyranny and oppression in which their Church was born and which sought to rob the true Church, the Church of Jesus Christ Himself, of that which she had so jealously guarded, and will continue to guard through all the ages, with so much reverence and care—the revealed word of God, as found in the Holy Scriptures. And this suggests the reflection, where would the Protestant Church be if the Catholic Church had not preserved the Bible, for it is to flaunt continually before the face of its most sacred preservers? The Church and its patient, tireless workers preserved this priceless heritage amid the wreck of ages and the ruin of worlds. Even the most bigoted mind must acknowledge this, and that this act of the Church alone is one of the most stupendous miracles of all history. The Church founded upon a rock, by the Light of ages itself—the Church born in the Augustinian age, one of the brightest periods of history, and preceded by others which had brought literature, the arts and philosophy to perfection—the Church guided by her Divine Founder, knew the value of the great gifts of which she was made the depository. When all Europe was over-run by hordes of barbarians, who would with their vandalism have destroyed all art and extinguished knowledge itself, the Church stood in the vanguard, and while her warriors were fighting for the preservation of civilization and home, her priests and monks in their abbeys and monasteries were patiently copying and transcribing and illuminating not only the ancient works of literature, but the word of God undivided. Long before the art of printing was invented the hand that transcribed this same ancient Bible that Pierpont Morgan has just purchased lay still in death. But the work of education and civilization went on, and when the Church had civilized and assimilated all these barbarians, had uplifted Europe and beyond, and seeking to

armed barrier against new invasion from without. She established her schools and universities and sought to give to the world an empire of peace and love, founded upon intelligent minds, guided in all knowledge and truth by Jesus Christ Himself.

"It came," as the great Lacordaire has said, "the age which the Church had prepared, and Knowledge, like an ungrateful and unnatural daughter, scarcely fallen from our hands into their, raised herself up and denounced her who had labored for fifteen centuries for her." Like an ungrateful child, she accused her mother of depriving her of food. They took this Bible, this precious treasure which she had so carefully guarded, and, first in the hands of Luther, and then in the hands of Cranmer, than whom the Protestant historian, Macaulay, declares Henry VIII. could not have selected a more unscrupulous man to found the constitution of a church, which would suit the conscience of a king, they sought to turn this very word of God which she had given them against her.

But they ignored the fact that the Church is founded upon a rock, and that the gates of hell shall never prevail against it. With that patient wisdom which characterizes all her proceedings, the Church worked on while she waited, placing the infallible seal of her authority upon the true version of the Bible—the eye, the very one which is now to be guarded in the Protestant cathedral of New York. She has lived to see all the ecclesiastical establishments which have grown out of private interpretations of the Bible torn with dissensions within and without, and those Scriptures which were once their proudest boast, and declaring that they are not the inspired word of God at all, but that they find their counterpart in the sayings of Buddha, Confucius and other Eastern teachers. All have changed, but the unchangeable Church is still here, as young and vigorous as when first her martyrs and saints purified the Roman arena with their life's blood. It has been said that never did the Church so resemble the Ark of the covenant as in those dark ages when gathering in all that was truest and best in literature, art, science and knowledge, she preserved them strong and glorious for future generations. It may be said with equal truth that never does the Church so resemble the Ark of the Covenant as now, in this boasted age of education and power, yet an age of unrest, of false philosophy, of breaking away from old ideals and traditions and seeking after things strange and new.

Calmly and evenly she pursues her way, with the Bible in one hand and the cross of Christ in the other, calling to the tired and world-worn, the dissatisfied philosopher and scientist, the unbridled theologian and soul rent atheist and materialist, as well as to the poor and simple and outcast, "Come to me and I will refresh you."

CONDEMNNS "YELLOW JOURNALS"

CARDINAL GIBBONS SAYS READING HAS A POWERFUL INFLUENCE FOR GOOD OR ILL—LITERATURE TO AVOID.

Cardinal Gibbons in his sermon at the Baltimore Cathedral recently commended good reading, especially the reading of the Bible, by the laity and warned all against the immoral and sensational literature of the day. The Cardinal said: "A good spiritual book, especially the Holy Scripture, is your most powerful armor in time of war—that is, in moments of temptation. Our whole life is a series of temptations. 'The life of man upon earth,' says Job, 'is a warfare.' You have enemies without and within the camp. 'The devil goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' The world is constantly setting its snares to entrap you. Your own passions are so many domestic foes struggling against your better nature.

"To fight successfully against this triple enemy you have need of strong religious discipline. Now, what a manual of military tactics is to the soldier, the manual of prayer is to the soldier of Christ. The Sacred Volume will instruct you as to fight and when you are prudently to decline a battle by avoiding the occasions of sin.

"The Holy Scripture is not only your weapon in time of war, but also your companion in time of peace. Few things are more enjoyable than the companionship and conversation of a devoted friend. And yet have you not learned from experience that these conversations sometimes leave a sting behind them? You have inadvertently said something to wound your friend. You have used a bantering word which has cut him to the quick. Or he has made some remark which has irritated and annoyed you, or perhaps you both indulged in injurious language against an absent friend. You part from your friend with a clouded brow and a troubled conscience. Hence a great pagan philosopher, Seneca, has said in one of his epistles that he never left the company of men without feeling less a man.

"On the contrary, you never quit the company of God without feeling more a man. After listening to His still small voice, without noise of words, in the Holy Scripture, you feel more humble, more chastened and subdued, more patient and charitable, more devout and religious. Conference with God in the Sacred Volume diffuses around you a heavenly and delicious fragrance.

"The Holy Scripture is a mirror in which we see vividly reflected the exalted virtues of some and the moral deformities of others. The admirable conduct of the saints inspires us to imitate their virtues while the crimes of those who have fallen serve as beacon lights, warning us to shun the rocks on which they have split.

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Fruit-a-tives

OR (FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.) 55

Sufferers consenting to be deprived of liberty, reputation and of life itself rather than defile their souls we cherish more than ever the excellence of a chaste life.

"When we read the Epistles of St. Paul and contemplate all his trials, dangers and persecutions as they pass in panoramic view before us, when we see him braving the most violent storms without and temptations within, and then when we see ourselves so timid and so vacillating and sheltering ourselves from the feeblest wind of adversity, ashamed of our degenerate nature, we resolve to shake off our lethargy and to become more like the great model before us.

"On the other hand, when you read of men who were once distinguished for their sanctity, once elevated on the pinnacle of perfection, falling at last into the depth of sin; when you read of a Samson, a David, a Solomon—those towering oaks of the forest who had resisted many a violent storm and afterward overthrown by a single blast of temptation—you are warned by their example to be always vigilant and prudent and never confide in your past virtue, for you are not stronger than Samson, nor holier than David, nor wiser than Solomon.

IRISH SERVANT GIRL LED MISTRESS TO CLOISTER.

DEATH OF AGED GOOD SHEPHERD NUN BRINGS OUT INTERESTING STORY OF CONVERSION.

The death, the other day, of Sister Mary of St. Jane de Chantal, in the Good Shepherd Convent at Detroit, brought to light a history of conversion which not only furnishes striking proof of the immeasurable force of good example, but also shows what humble means are sometimes used to accomplish the designs of Divine Providence. The facts in this case are well authenticated.

Sister Jane de Chantal was born in Scotland and reared a Presbyterian. When she wedded, it was to one of her own faith. In their home as a servant was an Irish girl, a Catholic, who through her Mrs. Downie was converted. So enthusiastic was she in her new faith that she brought about the conversion of her husband before his death in Scotland.

In 1872, with her four children, Mrs. Downie, then a widow, came to America, and in that year opened a small drygoods store in Detroit. Twenty-five years ago one of her daughters took the veil, and is now known in the cloister as Sister Mary of St. Marguerite, located in St. Magdalen's Asylum for Colored Girls, Germantown, Philadelphia.

Seven years after the daughter became a nun Mrs. Downie decided to follow her child's footsteps, and, after entering the order, a strange coincidence caused her to be assigned to the institution in Kansas City, Mo., where the daughter was in charge as Mother Superior. Later Mrs. Downie was stationed at another house of the order, and finally at Detroit, where she died at the age of eighty-five years.

ANGLICANISM SURRENDERS.

FOUR PROMINENT PERSONS TO RANKS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

According to the English press Anglicanism has just surrendered four prominent persons to the ranks of the Catholic Church. They are three ministers and a member of the nobility.

The clerical converts are Rev. C. Haslewood Richardson, formerly curate of St. John the Baptist's Anglican Church, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester; Rev. R. G. P. Lilly, curate of Goring-on-Thames, Oxen and Rev. J. H. La Breton Girdlestone, M. A., late vicar of St. Andrew's Worthing. The last named was received at Lourdes by the Bishop of Tarbes.

The Hon. Mary Thesiger, who has been received into the Church, is the youngest daughter of the first Lord Chelmsford, Lord Chancellor in the Earl of Derby's administrations of 1858 and 1866. The fact is all the more interesting from the circumstance that her father's advocacy helped materially to unseat Daniel O'Connell after his election for Dublin city in 1835, at a time when his laurels as "Liberator" were still fresh upon his brow.

No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and self-denial.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS. Easter Sunday.

THE JOY OF PENANCE. I wish all of you, my brethren, the joys of this day. It is the day of our Lord's victory over death and hell. Many of you have received Him in Holy Communion either this morning or during the preceding week. To such He has found a way to communicate something of the vast ocean of love and joy which inundates His own soul. A good Communion, following a humble confession of sin, is indeed the nearest way to that tomb, riven and empty, and streaming with the light of heavenly joy, about which the Church gathers her children this morning. How well chosen is Easter-time for the annual Communion of all good Christians. "I have seen the tomb of Christ, who has risen from the dead," may we well say with Mary and Magdalen. God grant that not one of you all may pass beyond Trinity Sunday without attending to what is so appropriately called the Easter duty.

There is room within the Holy Sepulchre for the priest and the server only. Those in the outer chapel can get only a glimpse of the priest, to the extent of about two feet from the floor of the Holy Sepulchre. We felt while reading the gospel that we were not far away from the first Easter and the scenes that preceded and followed that festival. How striking and impressive were the words of St. Mark: "And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalen and Mary the mother of James and Salome brought sweet spices, that coming they might anoint Jesus. And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came to the sepulchre, the sun being now risen. And they said one to another, who shall roll us back the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And looking they saw the stone rolled back. For it was very great. And entering into the sepulchre, they saw young man sitting on the right side, clothed with a white robe, and they were astonished. Who said to them: 'Be not afraid. He is risen; He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him.'"

THE MIRACLE OF EASTER.

Wonderful as is the mystery of the incarnation, it is eclipsed in its significance to the world by the crowning miracle of the Resurrection. When Mary Magdalen told the disciples, "I have seen the Lord, and these things He said to me," she announced the beginning of the Church. For it is on the fact of the Resurrection that the great Universal Church rests. Without that miracle the Church could not have sprung into being, and the work of redemption would have been incomplete. We know from the solemn record of the Scripture, describing the passion of our Lord, that at one time it seemed doubtful whether that work would have been completed, for, as we read the awesome passages, we perceive that the task was too great even for the strength of Christ. "My soul is sorrowful, even unto death," He complained to the disciples, and three times did He implore the Father that the bitter chalice might not be pressed to His lips. Who can dwell upon that scene without a shudder of horror? What mind is capable of grasping the intensity of an anguish which caused even the Divinity to grow faint and to cry out almost in the agony of despair? This was the price of our redemption—this and the awful physical suffering which was to follow hot-foot upon the exquisite mortal torture of the passion in the garden. On two occasions the salvation of the whole human race hung upon the issue of the acceptance or rejection of God's message to Mary, and on the election or rejection of the ordeal decreed for Christ by His Almighty Father. Can any one contemplate without a gasp of terror the awful possibilities which then trembled in the balance? None, indeed, can be so callous or indifferent as to dwell upon the story of the passion, as illustrated in the sorrowful ceremonies of the week now closing, without being sensible of the value which God attaches to the souls He has created, as shown by the greatness of the ransom. And if the heart of Christ was crushed by the agony of the burden of sin placed on His innocent shoulders, what must have been the sufferings of that loving Father, as He beheld the dreadful collapse of the well-beloved Son—what the anguish of the Holy Spirit? These are questions which the Christian may properly consider before proceeding to contemplate the manner in which the foundations of the Church, which was to obviate the necessity for any other atonement in the future, were being laid.

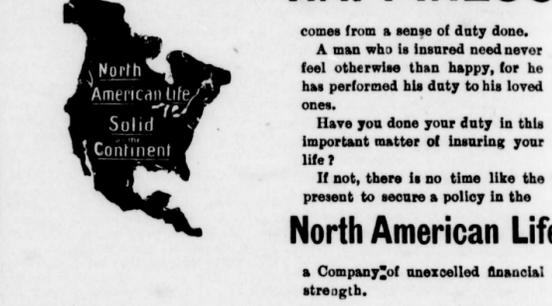
PROFESSOR BRIGGS ON THE PAPACY.

The article written by Professor C. A. Briggs, D. D., for the North American Review on "The Real and the Ideal in the Papacy" is noteworthy for the concessions made by the author to the Papal claims of divine authority, as well as for his ideal of a Papacy "so transformed as to make it the executive head of a universal Church." In discussing the scriptural passages bearing upon the prerogatives of St. Peter and of his successors the Protestant professor makes admissions that lead the reader to wonder what may be his excuse for not becoming a Catholic. His strictures, on the other hand, show misconceptions which should not pass without comment. The early schisms of the Church were not caused, as he says they were, by the "unrighteous and intolerable tyranny of the Popes," but by their inflexible fidelity to the sacred trust committed to them. Had the Popes yielded, doctrines which Professor Briggs himself would admit to be heretical, would have found place in the Church. So, too, in the case of the Protestant Reformation. The "interference of the Popes in civil affairs has always been action primarily in defense of the rights of the Church or of weak and oppressed peoples. In the middle ages the Papacy was often the only protector of the people against the tyranny and injustice of king or baron. Professor Briggs' statement that the French Government is now "defending itself against Papal interference" is as baseless as it is surprising. A constitution to define and limit the jurisdiction of the Pope seems to our critic eminently desirable. He forgets two points, the first, that our Lord in giving His Vicar power to "feed My lambs, feed My sheep," and promising him divine assistance, conferred an absolute and not a limited or constitutional power upon the Pope; the second point is that, nevertheless, the Pope is practically restricted in the exercise of his powers, first, by the deposit of faith; secondly, by the definitions and canons of councils, and thirdly, by the acts of his predecessors in the See of Rome. Moreover, the Pope never does what first comes into his head, so to speak; he always consults with the experts who form his congregations, even leaving many questions entirely to them, and on important questions affecting the welfare of the whole Church, he submits the matter to the Bishops of the world, either privately or assembled in general council. Finally, the need of increased participation of the laity in the work of the Church is recognized by the clergy themselves and need not be pressed upon us. The recent action of our own Synod in arranging for boards of trustees to assist pastors in the temporal affairs of their parishes is indication enough that when conditions warrant such cooperation the Church is by no means opposed to it.—New World.



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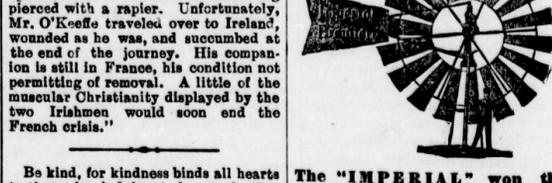
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TALKS ON RELIGION.

THE RESURRECTION.—EASTER. The gospel of the resurrection is read in Masses celebrated in the Holy Sepulchre. There is no other place in the wide world where the impressiveness and sweetness of that gospel is so much felt. No other gospel is read in the Masses celebrated in the Holy Sepulchre. The mystery and the triumph are there perpetually commemorated. The shadows from Calvary near by are gradually lifted by the rays of the joyous Easter tidings: "He is risen; He is not here." We rejoiced exceedingly when our petition to celebrate Mass in the Holy Sepulchre during Easter week of 1898 had been granted. Only three Masses each day are permitted to be celebrated there by the priests of the Latin Rite. So we considered ourselves very fortunate.

Our Lord gives us to understand that the charity which His disciples should have for each other would be one of the most powerful motives to induce the world to believe in Him: "That they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." (St. John xvii. 21.)

ONE LIFE SACRIFICED.

IT WAS AN IRISHMAN WHO RECEIVED HIS DEATH WOUND AT EXPULSION OF CARDINAL RICHARD. In the cabled reports of the expulsion of the venerable Cardinal Richard from his residence in Paris there was no mention of violence. It appears, however, from a statement appearing in the Catholic Young Man, a magazine published in Ireland, that the occasion was marked by at least one serious collision between Catholics and supporters of the infidel government, and that a tragedy resulted therefrom. The Catholic Young Man says: "We are proud to have to record that the Irish nation has given one life to the cause of Catholic defense in France. The late Mr. O'Keefe, of Belfast, received his death wound on the occasion of the expulsion of Cardinal Richard from his palace. While the venerable Archbishop was being escorted from his palace to his new residence an anti-clerical made an insulting remark. Before the words were well out of his mouth he was felled to the ground by the young Irishman. The Frenchmen might sing hymns but the Irishman had a quicker way of shutting up the blasphemer. If the Catholic crowd was any use they would have torn the ruffian and his companions asunder. But no. Though attacked by about a dozen of the anti-

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Easter has come again. The awakening spring, arising out of the torpor of winter, symbolizes the renewal of life.

So when the God-man resolved to conquer death, after apparently being conquered by it and lying, cold and wan and rigid, in a tomb for three days, his soul, that from Friday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon until dawn on Sunday, had been in Limbo, if not also in other places, glided back into his corpse.

Similarly young men, who now make their Easter duty, recall their souls from death. Physically they have been alive, but spiritually they have been dead.

What then? Shall they now return to their old ways? Shall they yet avoid the occasions of sin? Shall they tempt God to let them fall again?

And how long shall they go on in this way—spending fifty one weeks in the service of the devil and one week in the service of God?

If the Prodigal Son, after returning to his father, had resolved to go away again as soon as he got rested and refreshed, and had returned to his prodigal life, what would have been thought of him?

But if you do intend to sin no more and have at least atonement for your past offenses, go, in God's name, and go soon.

How shall you persevere in virtue and keep from relapsing? 1. By an iron will to give yourself irrevocably to God, to do His will, to follow His ways, to persevere in His service.

2. By a cheerfulness of soul that is conscious that it serves a noble Master, who is quite able to overcome the adversary, and that remembers daily that heaven is a mighty nice place in which to spend eternity.

3. By living the day at a time—yes, one hour at a time. The adversary tries to discourage the saints by whispering to them: "You can't keep this up all your life. Think of the long years before you. You can't go on making sacrifices for ever."

4. By kneeling down every morning at our bedside and consecrating the day to God with prayer.

5. By spending one quarter of an hour every night reading some pious book like the New Testament, The Following of Christ, Christian Perfection, Growth in Holiness, Think Well On't, or the Lives of the Saints.

6. By avoiding the occasions of sin—the persons, the places, the actions, etc., that made us easy victims of sin.

7. By joining a Catholic society and attending its meetings regularly.

8. By frequenting the company of good practical Catholics.

9. By learning a half dozen indulgenced ejaculations like "My Jesus, mercy; We adore Thee, O most blessed Lord Jesus Christ, we bless Thee, because by Thy holy cross Thou hast redeemed the world."

10. By turning the mind away to thoughts of the weather or of some news of the day, when it is inclined to be tempted towards impurity.

11. By practicing some little act of mortification every day, for the sake of Christ crucified, if it is only the denial of a second spoonful of sugar in the coffee—any trifle, done cheerfully, that may grow and grow until it develops into heroic virtue.

12. By going to Mass every morning if reasonably convenient.

13. By receiving the sacraments once a month.

14. By having no friends among young women except those whose motto is "Hands off!" and who promptly resent any impropriety in speech or manner.

15. By getting married as soon as that is properly possible.

With such principles, a young man will be good and stay good. He will arise from the deadness of sin. The springtime of his heart will come again, and the Lord will have a new Easter in his soul.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

AN EASTER INCIDENT—A CRIPPLED LAD'S BEAUTIFUL VOICE.

BY MARION THORNE.

Choir practice to-night at St. Paul's. The light falling on the stained glass windows gives to passers-by no hint of the beautiful colors that charm the eye when the light is outside instead of in.

The clock points to 7 as a tall, slender boy comes hurriedly down the aisle, and the frown fades from the brow of the little professor.

"Ah, at last!" he exclaimed; "one moment more and you would have been late, Morrell."

It is not often that a choir boy is late at St. Paul's. It is too difficult to get into the leading choir of the city for any boy to risk a dismissal.

In fact, Dwight Morrell is the only one of the twenty who would dare come so near as this to being late; but Morrell has the finest voice of them all—and is perfectly well aware of that fact.

He glances at the clock with a care-free smile that exaggerates the fiery little director, who calls out, sharply: "We will begin at once." The rehearsal goes on, but it is not satisfactory to the professor. He glances impatiently once or twice at Morrell. Finally he raps angrily on the table with his baton.

"Stop! stop! That will not do, Morrell. You are not singing well to-night." The hot color flushes the boy's face. A quick retort trembles on his tongue, but he does not dare to utter it.

He does not realize how clearly his feeling is written on his face. The professor understands as well as if he had spoken.

"If you are not willing to practice, Mr. Morrell, I can find some one who will," he says, brusquely.

Morrell started angrily and bit his lip. He had been so long the leading singer of St. Paul's choir that it had never occurred to him that he could be dispensed with.

That the professor must have some one else in view, or he would never have ventured such a reproach, seemed to him certain. He choked down his furious anger, and said, coldly:

"Can we try that passage again, sir?" This time there were no false notes, and the professor's brow cleared.

"That is better," he said, heartily, as the last sweet notes died away.

The rehearsal over, the boys quickly disappeared. Half a dozen of them left the church together, Dwight Morrell among them.

"What ailed the professor to-night, anyhow?" he began, then—"Get out of the way, you little beggar!" he burst out, angrily, to a pale-faced little fellow who was leaning on his crutch, in the vestibule.

As he spoke, his foot hit the crutch, which went flying down the steps, while the boy, with a sharp cry, fell heavily to the stone floor.

Morrell half started, as if to help the boy up, but another was before him—a bright-faced lad, who sprang forward and, lifting the little fellow to his feet, held him till another boy handed up the crutch.

"If you meant to do that, Dwight Morrell, it was a mean, cowardly trick!" exclaimed the bright-faced boy, his blue eyes blazing with honest indignation as they looked straight into Morrell's back ones.

Morrell shrugged his shoulders. "Much ado about nothing," he quoted, slyly, and went down the steps without a backward glance.

"What was that little wretch doing there, anyhow?" he said to his chum, Dick Wilson, who had stood silently by during this little episode, and now walked on with him. Dick was Morrell's ardent admirer; he could see no fault in his friend.

"He's Matthew's nephew, I believe," he said; "came to live with him lately. Matthews is down with chills 'n' fever, 'n' that little chap is doing his work at the church."

"Humph!" growled Morrell. "Pretty looking seton he is—for St. Paul's. But say, Dick, what did all the professor to-night? He never dared come down on me like that before."

"He was mighty peppery to-night—that's a fact," said Dick. Then, with a side glance at his friend, he added, hesitatingly: "His son is back from Germany. They say he's no end of a singer."

Morrell was silent for a moment. His heart beat quickly, and the blood rushed to his head. "So that's what it means," he said, presently. "The professor wants to pick a quarrel with me, so's to have an excuse for turning me off 'n' putting his son in my place."

"Looks kinder that way," assented Dick; "but you needn't ter bother. I don't believe he c'n sing any better 'n you can."

Morrell raised his head proudly. His belief in his own musical ability was unlimited. He made up his mind that at the next rehearsal he would astonish the professor a little.

Whether or no the professor was astonished, certainly he was well pleased with the next rehearsal. His face

beamed with satisfaction as he listened to Morrell's fine rendering of the solo which he was to sing on Easter morning when the great church would be thronged with the strangers who would come to hear St. Paul's choir.

"Very well—very well," Mr. Morrell, he said. "If you sing as well as that next Sunday I shall have no fault to find. You have all done well this evening," and he dismissed them with a gracious smile.

Two persons were sitting near the door at the back of the church as the boys passed out. One was the little pale-faced cripple with his crutch at his side. He loved to sit in the semi-darkness and listen to the sweet music that made him happier than anything else in the world. The other was a tall, slender lad with very dark eyes and hair.

"The professor's son," whispered Dick, in Morrell's ear.

Morrell scowled at both the occupants of the back pew as he passed. "Choice company he keeps," he said, half aloud to Dick.

"What makes you hate that little kid so?" Dick asked, curiously, as they walked on together.

"Oh, he makes me sick. Cripples and hunchbacks ought to be shut up for life, like lunatics and murderers," said Morrell, roughly. "I'd as soon see a snake as a cripple any time."

"Pretty hard on cripples," Dick remarked. "I reckon you wouldn't be so likely to like 'em if they could help it."

"Probably not," said Morrell, carelessly; "but come, let's talk of something pleasanter."

The next rehearsal was the last before Easter. Morrell was there; but he looked pale and ill, and asked to be excused from singing. "I've taken a heavy cold," he said, untruthfully, and I guess I'll have to save myself up for Sunday. I'll be all right by that time, I'm sure."

The professor readily excused him, but shook his head as he looked after him. "I doubt if he's all right by Sunday," he said to himself; "he looks to me as if he were in for a fit of sickness."

The professor had taken a fancy to Matthew's little nephew, and often sent him on errands, for which he paid him well. He sent him the day after this rehearsal to inquire how Morrell was. The servant who answered the bell took the boy upstairs to see Mrs. Morrell. He could hear her talking to her son in the next room.

"But Dwight," she was saying

"what is the use? You might just as well send the professor word that you can't sing next Sunday. You know that the doctor will not hear of your going out so soon."

And then Morrell's voice, so thick and hoarse that the boy in the next room would not have recognized it, answered, fretfully:

"I must be well. I must sing Easter. If I don't I'll lose my place. They say the professor's son has a splendid voice, and if he sings Easter in my place—he'll have it for good—that's all. Oh, if I only knew somebody who would sing for me just this once, and not try to get my place!" he groaned.

A little pale face—a slight twisted body appeared in the doorway. Morrell's face was covered with his hands. He looked up quickly as a clear voice spoke beside his bed.

"Mr. Morrell, if the professor will let me, I think I can sing the solo for you, Easter."

"You mean?" said Morrell; "what do you mean?"

"Of course, I can't sing it half as well as you can," said the little fellow, modestly; "but you know I've been there at all the choir practices, and the part you sing is the most beautiful of all. I couldn't help learning it, and I've sung it pretty often at home. I'll sing it for you now, 'n' you can see if I'll do—if the professor will let me," he added shyly.

"Sing! sing!" said Morrell, with feverish eagerness. And standing there in his shabby clothes, leaning on his crutch, the child sang in a voice as sweet and thrilling as any meadow lark's—the beautiful Easter music. He looked anxiously at the sick boy as he finished.

"Will it do?" he said; "the going would cover this, you know"—touching his crutch. "I'd be so glad to do it for you if I c'd do it well enough, 'n' you wouldn't be afraid 't I'd try to get your place, you know."

Morrell had covered his face again now, and tears were running down his flushed cheeks.

"Do!" he said, when he could speak; "you sing it better than I ever did!"—he said, and, "—he held out his hand to the little lad. "I've acted like a brute to you, but honestly, I didn't mean to kick your crutch that night, in the vestibule."

"Oh, that's all right," said the little lad, cheerfully. "Course I knew you didn't. A fellow that can sing as you can couldn't be so mean as that. I'll

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Includes illustration of a woman washing clothes and the text: 'Makes Child's Play of Wash Day', 'A PURE HARD SOAP'.

go and ask the professor," and he hurried away as fast as he could limp. Some who listened to the Easter music at St. Paul's were disappointed because Dwight Morrell did not sing; but the clear child-like voice that sang the solo in his stead sent to many a heart a strangely sweet thrill that lived in the memory long after that Easter service was forgotten.

And the little lad from that time on lived no more with Matthews, the janitor, for the professor took him into his own home and trained his voice so well that in the years that followed many a one would have been willing to see a crutch as he did if also he might have had a voice that could so move human hearts.

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THE SECOND EVE.

BY REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

"Holiness beats Thy house, O Lord." These last words of the ninety-second psalm, which is repeated in the Divine Office almost every day of the year, refer in their primary meaning to the temple of God in Jerusalem; but in a higher, mystic sense they are applicable to the Blessed Virgin Mary. For Mary is pre-eminently the house of God. We are all of us indeed God's temples; but in a special and transcendent sense our Blessed Lady is the tabernacle of God with man, the shrine wherein God's glory dwelt. In the incarnation, the Divinity wedded itself to our humanity, and this union was accomplished in the womb of Mary Immaculate. To no closer relations with the Infinite Creator could any creature possibly be raised than this relationship of Mother to the Man God. Not by a mere figure or metaphor, not by adoption or any external title, but in literal truth and reality, Mary is Mother of the Incarnate God, of her own and certain for whom, according to His own word, a body was fitted—corpus aptatum mihi—out of her substance, and who drew from her veins that blood which was to wash away the sins of the whole world.

But her own soul, more perfect than all others, was the first to be bathed in that cleansing tide. As fountains, mindful of their source, will strive to spring upward to the height from which they have come, even thus (says the great Bossuet) the river of the Precious Blood has sent its divine efficacy back to its source, the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Immaculate Conception, therefore, is no limitation set to the conquests of the Precious Blood, but it is its earliest and completest and most glorious triumph. It is no encroachment on the empire bought by the blood of the Lamb that, by promise and acceptance, was slain from the beginning of the world. It is no exception to the universality of Christ's "plenteous redemption," it is but the first and fairest and richest of the fruits of that redemption. For the mystery of the Incarnation almost began to be virtually accomplished at the moment of the Immaculate Conception—the first instant that a human heart was beating which from its earliest throbs was unutterably dear to the Son of God as the Heart of His Mother.

From its very first throbs. Never for one instant did the serpent triumph over this Second Eve, this true Mother of all the living. Never for one instant was she alien to God and enslaved to sin. God could not suffer that even for a single instant, even for the swiftest lightning flash of time, His all-pure eyes should be offended with the presence of sin of any kind, or any form, in that soul for which He had waited so long, the object of His divine predilection from eternity. No, it bosomed the dignity of such a Son and of such a Mother that from the first instant of her being, the soul of the Blessed Virgin should be enriched and beautified with all graces, and preserved from the original stain by the special privilege of God's omnipotent mercy, through the merits of her Divine Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. "Fear not, Queen Esther: this law of death is not for thee but for all others."

The first feeling that the contemplation of this mystery ought to excite in our hearts is an unselfish joy. We ought to rejoice with God that there is one perfect trophy of His redeeming grace: one utter and absolute triumph over sin and hell; one human soul, in which the Enemy of God may never for one moment have any part so as to be able to boast that the Mother of Our Lord, the Daughter of the Eternal Father, the Spouse of the Holy Ghost, had ever been in any sense his slave; that there should be one soul at least on which the eyes of God, for whom there is no past or future, might rest forever with complacency as perfectly pure and spotless.

And for Mary herself, the Queen of Heaven, must not her joy of joys and her glory of glories be this perfect sinlessness, purer than Alpine snows, purer than the stars of night, than the light of day? All others that have gone up from this earth to fill the vacant thrones of heaven have been at some time, in some degree, under the ban of God's displeasure; to her alone has He at all times said: "Thou art all fair, O my beloved, and spot there is not in thee!"

We ourselves, sinners though we be, can perceive dimly from afar how rapturous must be the glory and the ecstasy of this absolute freedom from sin. To have sinned even once is forever to have sinned. God Himself in His almighty mercy can not undo that. To have been for even the briefest term under the blight of sin is forever to have been in time past under that deadly blight. God can forgive but He can not forget. Blessed be His mercy and His power, that He has preserved one from the sad need of forgiveness—one on whom for all eternity He shall be able to look without being (in our human language) reminded of bygone miseries, from which only His mercy could have snatched her! To be thus reminded of His mercy serves indeed to endear us poor sinners to Him; but a greater stretch of His mercy saved her who was to be the Mother of His Son from being ever plunged into that horrible sea of ruin wherein all other human creatures are well-nigh lost. For this greater mercy shown to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and for all the other special and singular graces reserved for her, let our souls also be reminded of the Lord, and let our spirits rejoice with her in God, her Saviour.

With this joy, however, is there not mingled a certain lurking jealousy, a selfish fear and sadness, as if all these great things which the Almighty has done for His Handmaid raised her higher and higher above us and removed her farther out of our sight? How can she, the pure and stainless Virgin, look with love and interest on us, who are so sinful? But she can. The tenderest and most compassionate heart of all is His Who is Immaculate and impeccable, not by grace only but

by nature; and next to the Heart of Jesus the kindest and tenderest and most merciful of hearts is the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

In one of the exquisitely beautiful "Discourses to mixed Congregations" which was John Newman's first publication, after his reception into the Church, these words occur: "It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste; and why is this," he asks, "but because she gives us Jesus for our food and Mary for our nursing Mother?" Not by the young heart alone are these purifying influences needed. Hearts may remain youthful to the end in many things good as well as evil; and hearts both young and old require to be screened against the glare of temptation and against the bewitchment of vanity—screened by the very thought of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by her prayers and patronage, and by the holy moonlight of her smile.

There was a good French boy many years ago, Albert de Dainville, who received as a birthday present a handsomely illustrated volume. His mother and he, turning over the pages, found that many of the pictures were unfit for Christian eyes, and they determined to destroy the book, gorgeous as was its exterior. That night after they had retired to their rooms, the lady heard her son calling her to his bedside. "These horrid pictures are haunting me still, mother. Sit here beside me and let me hold you by the hand till I fall asleep." Every careful and pious mother like this resembles in her measure the Mother who was bequeathed to all from the Cross; and so this simple incident has its counterpart in the life of many a child of Mary. Just in the same manner when assailed by temptations and by evil memories, or by any of the perils of life, we must summon the Blessed Virgin to our aid, imploring her to stay with us and to hold us by the hand, and not to let us part from her till all danger is past; and that shall not be till she has watched over us to the end, and we fall asleep in peace, to wake up with joy at the feet of our Immaculate Mother in heaven.

FATHER VAUGHAN ON "DOGGY" WOMEN.

BELIEVES THE PRACTICE OF LAVISHING ON BRUTES AFFECTION THAT SHOULD BE RESERVED FOR HUSBAND AND CHILDREN WILL BRING A CURSE.

Father Vaughan's sermon on March 17th pitilessly lashed women for their sins and foibles. He cited dog worship as one of the evils of the hour, and asks, "Will not the practice of lavishing upon brutes love which should be bestowed upon a husband and child bring some horrible curse with it?" "During the past week," said the priest, "as a woman was taking her pet dog to a dog party she began to talk to the little beast in her arms in French. When asked why she did so she answered: "This darling little child of mine understands every word I say when I speak my native tongue, and I should not like him to grow vain like Bertha." "Yet this woman, who was wearing on her hat a plume torn from a living bird of paradise, did not realize that she was making a disgusting exhibition of herself.

"While this degrading practice is on the increase the birth rate is on the decrease, and infant mortality has already reached one-fourth of the total number of deaths.

"If drinking has decreased among men it has been made up for by the increase among women. Mental deficiency is growing among them. Now blindness and skin, bone and nervous diseases like locomotor ataxia are becoming more prevalent."

A HINT FOR PARENTS.

In a recent address before the Catholic Club, New York, Archbishop Farley, spoke as follows, concerning the sending of young men to non-Catholic colleges:

"I feel that I am speaking to men who, if they thought that their sons could be better educated by going to great hearts would be bowed down with bitter disappointment. How are you going to bring up your sons? This question raises the subject of Catholic education. There is a strong tendency on the part of some of our Catholic men who have attained a standing of wealth and position to send their sons to non-Catholic colleges. This is something, I am sure, that many of you are well aware of, and this is what I wish to call your attention to particularly. I consider the sending of your sons to non-Catholic colleges as much an act of treason as it would be for me to neglect to make provisions for the future welfare of the Church in this archdiocese. I hold that a man who has been brought up in a Catholic atmosphere and who feels that he is not bound to give his sons the same religious education that he had is a renegade.

"Why do not our wealthy Catholics send their sons to Catholic colleges? Perhaps it is a desire for social advancement. I make bold to say, and I say it advisedly, that young Catholic men who go into non-Catholic colleges with the desire to be elevated socially come out very much humiliated and in the same social status as when they went in. Another reason is that perhaps they get better equipment or that the discipline of the Catholic college is too severe for them. It should be borne in mind that this period of a young man's life, the period of formation, is the most important of his life. It is a period of formation and information. There is a difference between information and formation. Information can be had at any college, but formation can be had only in its best form in our Catholic colleges. Any person who gives his son the right to choose his own college because he expects social advantage or superior equipment will live to see, but will not be able to remedy, the wrong that he has done. I will give one example of what I have said. I knew of an excellent young fellow, seventeen or eighteen years of age, the son of good Catholic parents,

who was sent to a non-Catholic college. When he came home after his first year his father, a man of education, discovered that the son had lost faith in the Bible, and had no more regard for it than he had for his Homer or Virgil. This was the result of one year's stay in a non-Catholic college. He finished the remaining few years, and he lived to break his father's heart and to bring disgrace upon his family. If you wish to go down to your graves in peace, don't think of sending your son to an institution where he will live in an atmosphere of tolerance, but send him where he can hold up his head and feel that he is amongst his equals, and following the faith for which his forefathers suffered."

A TEN MINUTES MEDITATION.

From the March (1897) number of LeMessurier Canadian du Sacre Cœur. For THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Before you enter upon this meditation, ask the Blessed Virgin, your good mother, to obtain for you that most precious grace an intelligent love of Holy Communion and say one "Hail Mary."

THE GREAT NECESSITY OF FREQUENT AND DAILY COMMUNION.

Our Holy Father Pius X. proclaims it in these words: "Jesus Christ and His Holy Church desire that all the faithful should each day approach the Holy Table, and the chief reason aimed at is that they may derive therefrom strength to overcome cupidity and to avoid those grievous sins to which human weakness is liable. . . . This was well understood by the early Christians, who flocked daily to this source of life and strength."

The first end to be attained, therefore, is, not the respect due to the sacred body of Jesus Christ, still less the rewarding of the virtues of the communicant; no, it is to maintain the soul in the state of grace.

What is the Christian who does not live in the state of grace? A dead branch on the vine! Jesus Himself has said it: without the state of grace there is no possibility of merit!

The first duty of a Christian then is to preserve the life of grace in his soul.

Man cannot tamper with the life of his body; God alone is its master. Suicide is itself an enormous crime.

At baptism God gave to our souls divine life, the character and quality of his adopted children. Now mortal sin destroys that life; it is the suicide of the soul, a more atrocious crime than that of taking the bodily life, for it is the destruction of the spiritual life of the soul.

Now our divine life is assailed by a multitude of violent passions: the love of money and worldly goods, sloth, pride, and above all luxury and the craving for sensual pleasures. The enemy of our souls, in order to accomplish our ruin, stimulates all the evil inclinations of our fallen nature, and tempts us with the bad example of those who give way to their passions without restraint. There is but one means for us to overcome these assaults, the grace of God.

Now where is that grace more abundantly infused into our souls than in Holy Communion: it augments the divine life within us and imparts to us the strength of resistance of Jesus Himself. There it is that we find, as the Council of Trent has declared, the preservative against mortal sin.

Thus, there is no Christian life without the state of grace; no state of grace, at least habitual, without communion. What a powerful motive to make us have recourse to it as often as possible!

"A Christian should always hold himself prepared for death and for Communion." (Pere Olivant, S. J.)

THE "SNOWBALL PRAYER" SUPERSTITION.

BY F. M. DE ZULUETA, S. J. To the great prejudice of genuine Catholic piety, a silly and mischievous superstition called "The Endless Prayer Chain" is still to be found in circulation amongst certain Catholics, who, one would imagine, must be very scantily imbued with the spirit of their faith. Of recent years warnings against this shameless fraud have been delivered both from the Catholic pulpit and in the Catholic press, but apparently without lasting results.

This superstitious devotion consists of a written prayer beginning, "Oh! Lord Jesus Christ, we implore Thee to have mercy upon all mankind," etc., or similar words. In the written copies meets with differ verbally. To the prayer itself—as a private devotion—there can be no possible objection. The superstition lies in the "directions for use," the promise of infallibility and the threats of impending calamity against those who neglect the document which is sent them anonymously through the post. The defenseless receiver is required by the middlemost sender to copy out the said prayer nine times, and to send a copy with like directions to nine different persons on each of nine consecutive days. And each of those recipients is required in turn to keep up this game of praying snowball. In many copies lying about, episcopal authority is dishonored by being quoted as sanctioning and encouraging the practice. e. g., "The Bishop of St. Laurence" or "of Laurence" or some other Bishop is named, or "Bishops" are referred to in general. Now, not one of the various Bishops cited by name is to be found in the authentic list of Archbishops and Bishops of the whole Catholic Church, published in Rome. They have, in fact, no more real existence in the ecclesiastical hierarchy than Sairey Gamp's fabulous gossip, "Missus 'Arris," with whom Charles Dickens has familiarized us.

Perhaps the most objectionable feature of this pious (?) fraud is that it claims to place the happiness of people at the mercy of any deluded busybody who may choose to send this precious production to them by post. For in many samples of this superstition seen by the writer the hapless receiver is told pleasantly that he will be visited

with some calamity or "bad accident" if he should fail to do honor to the anonymous missive! We have heard of the poison that must be shaken before taken. Here, however, it is the patient himself who will be shaken if he does not take it. Moreover, in some copies the devotion claims to have been inspired by heaven "in Jerusalem during Mass," or according to another variant "at the Holy Feast." Surely common sense alone should suffice to convince any sane person that God has not put it into the power of all and sundry to bring down calamities upon their neighbors merely because the latter use their undoubted liberty to choose their own devotions. Copies of this prayer usually contain the caution: "Please don't break the chain!" Certainly any one who will break the chain and encourage victims of this unblushing hoax to do the like may consider that he has done a good deed in the cause of the faith.

No small discredit is cast upon the Catholic religion in the eyes of a Protestant public by such senseless impleties. The proper destination for trash of this kind is the fire-grate or the waste paper basket. It is not an amazing thing that, while the Church affords us such a rich supply of solid prayers and forms of devotion, children of hers should pass them all by in order to search the refuse heap for spurious concoctions savoring far more of the Tibetan prayer wheel and praying stone than of genuine Catholic piety? A useful precaution against being misled by false devotions would be to adopt as a rule that cannot show the imprimatur of ascertained ecclesiastical authority or do not evidently enjoy its approval.

DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS, MISS ELIZABETH W. MORLEY.

At the Monastery of St. Clara, Evansville, Indiana, died on the 9th day of March, 1907, in the sixty-second year of her age, Sister Mary Joseph, known in the world as Miss Elizabeth W. Morley.

Deceased was a daughter of the late Richard Morley, a prominent manufacturer of Nottingham, England. Sister Mary Joseph came out to this country in 1832, settling first in St. John, New Brunswick, where she conducted a academy for young ladies with much success. She opened a college also in Huntsville, Ontario. Moving to Toronto in 1839, it was in that year that she was received into the Catholic Church. In reward for her prompt correspondence to the grace of conversion, God called Sister Mary Joseph to a higher state, that of a religious. The last few years of her life were spent as a humble religious, professed in a convent of poor Clares. May her soul rest in peace!

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VOLUME The Catholic LONDON, SATURDAY AN OLD S If worldly greatness of life the Christian God cant with propriety tion" of Catholic kingd ever, Christ's kingd world, the praise of proof of orthodoxy is of the fundamental pr tianity. Our readers that we pointed out the perity has never b nations professing the assert the contrary i teachings of the Gos is not a moral code pl ing factory. A nat oceans of the world w and exit in its mate yet may be far from progress. Productiv necessarily a sign near to Him Who is o and Rome were, deso on the battle field an art, far inferior to t connotes true civiliz this principle of "st nations of to-day we helps the Christian for instance, is a fu of the council of a pagan. If you point Church as the cause of a country, how can fact that in Catholi more individual pro other country? Ho many, the Centre, t is so united and po stagnation in the C Rhine, Westphalia a In Canada we fail devoted members Church are inferior neighbors in all that moral and intellect the country. Quo "reactionary." W word may mean here but we need not tell see, that they who being unprogressive words that have no wonder is that preachers do not cl of evangelization wi seemly than the rap vituperation. SHOULD RE It is strange that laid the very founda lization. The asse clam hinders all ad festation of ignoran die who has read or Milman, and wh of the land where and a Veda sung. If it be true, as that the Catholi C human enlightenm of social progress, v when she exercised retard philosophy Speaking of the erte Harrison tells of the thirteenth co refute the groundle ignorance and t among ourselves, h advance in their against the Catho century was an Northern Europe definite establish self-governing man flourishing era of city leagues and establishment of a north of the M inter-provincial ar saw the birth of feature of modern of political powe assemblies. THE W Dilating on the the social elements in harmony, he giv of the deeds of th fallible Church. still sufficed to insp thought, the mo widest culture, t age; it filled a scholars with ent ated society arou reverence and wo No reasonable t that Newman, M would desert Pr scribe to the C