

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

NO. 995.

## THOSE PRELIMINARIES.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.  
As we have seen in last week's Freeman, Dr. McAllister takes issue with the Pope as to the meaning of the phrase "Apostolic See." The Pope quotes the phrase as referring to the Roman See. The doctor objects, and says that this is not St. Augustine's meaning; that the Saint uses the phrase in a collective sense, meaning other Apostolic Sees as well as the Roman See. Here the issue is clearly made, and the Pope or his critic must be wrong.

The doctor, in proof of his claim, quotes another passage from St. Augustine, wherein the saint uses the phrase, "Sedes Apostolorum"—Sees of the Apostles. But this is not to the purpose; for the question is not what the saint meant by "Sees of the Apostles" in the passage quoted by Dr. McAllister, but what he meant by the "Apostolic See"—*Apostolica Sede*, as quoted by the Pope.

We gave last week some passages from St. Augustine wherein he clearly uses the phrase "Apostolic See" in reference to the Roman See, and to no other. We will now give some other passages which show that when he spoke of the Apostolic See and Apostolic chair he invariably meant the Roman See.

St. Augustine, writing to Pope Innocent I., in his own behalf, and in conjunction with the Fathers of the Council of Carthage, in the year 416, in reference to their condemnation of Pelagianism, says:

"Lord and holy brother, we have deemed it right to communicate this transaction to you, in order that we may have our weak decrees strengthened by the authority of the Apostolic See—for the purpose of insuring the salvation of many and correcting the weakness of certain individuals." Immediately after he again writes: "Although it seems meet to Your Holiness that Pelagius should be absolved after his misdeeds, which are said to be terminated in the East, yet his heresy and the impiety that sprang from it, which have many daring supporters scattered far and wide, should be anathematized by the authority of the Apostolic Chair." (Augustine, Tom 2, Epistle 90, ad Innocentium Primum Pagan.)

Again, writing to the same Pope, Innocent I., in conjunction with the Fathers of the Council of Milevis, Augustine says: "As our Lord, by a gift of His special grace, hath placed you in the Apostolic Chair and bestowed on the present age one adorned with such qualities, that it would be criminal neglect on our part to conceal from Your Holiness whatever is necessary to be suggested for the Church's interest, as it would be impossible you could receive such information fastidiously, or having received it, that you could treat it with negligence. Dignify, then, we beseech thee, to apply thy pastoral care to the great dangers of the infirm members of Christ. For a new heresy, a most dangerous tempter of the enemies of the grace of Christ, hath begun to rage." (Aug. Tom 2, Epistle 92.)

These passages show that St. Augustine means by Apostolic See and Apostolic Chair the Roman See. It is strange that while Dr. McAllister was hunting for ammunition against the Encyclical he did not stumble on these passages. They show that his interpretation of St. Augustine's meaning is not reliable. They prove him clearly wrong on a point which he selected to make a direct issue with the Encyclical. As a consequence, the presumption must always be against him when he contradicts any statement of the Pope in the Encyclical.

But we are not done with this point. We will now give some other ancient authority to show that the "Apostolic See or Chair" was invariably used to designate the Roman See. St. Jerome, contemporary of St. Augustine, writing to Pope Damasus about the year 380, says: "Seeking Christ before all things, I am associated with your Holiness, that is, with the Chair of Peter—upon which Rock I know the Church is built. Whosoever eateth the lamb out of this house is a profane man. Whosoever is not within the ark of Noah shall perish amidst the deluge."

St. Optatus, Bishop of Milevis, in Nubia, in 365, was a contemporary of St. Augustine. He wrote thus to Parmenianus on the science of the Donatists: "You cannot deny that you know that the Episcopal chair was first established in the City of Rome by Peter; that in it he sat as head of all the Apostles—whom he was also called Cephas—that by means of this one chair unity was to be preserved amongst all, so that he would now be a schismatic and a sinner who would set up any other chair in opposition to the Chair of Unity. Peter, therefore, was the first who sat in the Chair of Unity, which is the highest of honors. To him succeeded Linus." After enumerating the successors of Peter in the Chair, Optatus concludes in these words: "To Damasus succeeded Sirlucus, our associate and friend, who occupies it (the chair) at the present day, with whom we and the entire world, corresponding by means of circular letters, are united in strict communion." How comes

it, then, that you strive to usurp the keys of the Kingdom, you who by your presumption and audacity, sacrilegiously war against the chair of Peter? (Optatus de Schismate Donatist, adversus Parmenianum, lib 2.)

St. Augustine calls Optatus a pastor of venerable memory and the glory of the Church.

St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage in Africa, who suffered martyrdom for the faith in the year 258—beheaded like St. Paul—wrote as follows in his treatise on the unity of the Church. He died a hundred years before the time of St. Augustine:

"The proof of the right faith is easy by the compendious method of the truth. Our Lord thus addressed Peter: 'I say to thee: thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. And whatever thou shalt bind upon earth it shall be bound also in Heaven. And again, after His resurrection, our Lord said to the same St. Peter: 'Feed My sheep.' Upon him alone He builds His Church—him He commits His sheep. And although after His resurrection our Lord bestows on all the Apostles an equal power when he says: 'As My Father sent me, I also send you; receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained' yet, in order to hold manifest unity He established one chair, and ordained of His special authority that the origin of its unity should spring from one possessor. The other Apostles as well as Peter, were, it is true, endowed with equal fellowship of dignity and power; but the beginning proceeds from unity. The primacy is to Peter—in order that the unity of the Church and the Chair of Christ should be manifest. Can he who doth not hold the unity of the church believe that he holdeth the faith? He who opposeth and withstandeth the Church, who forsaketh the Chair of Peter, upon which the Church is founded, can he trust that he is in the church?"

In a letter to Pope Cornelius he calls the Roman Church the root and mother of the Catholic Church. And in another to the same Pope he writes: "After these attempts, and moreover still, with their pseudo Bishops chosen by heretics, they have the audacity to sail, and carry to the Chair of Peter and to the principal Church, whence sacerdotal unity hath taken rise, letters from schismatics and profane men; but reflecting that they are the very Romans whose faith is lauded by the Apostle and to whom perfidy can have no access." (Cyprianus ad Cornelium Pagan, letters 45 and 55.)

The schismatics referred to above were the Novatians who appealed to Rome against St. Cyprian. They were repelled by the Pope.

St. Irenaeus is usually classed among the Greek Fathers. He was the disciple of Polycarp, who was the immediate disciple of St. John the Evangelist, so that he may be regarded as having sat at the feet of that Apostle. He became Bishop of Lyons in 177, and suffered martyrdom under Septimius Severus in the year 202. Speaking of the Church of Rome Irenaeus says: "By pointing to the tradition which hath from the Apostles and the faith published to mankind, and which, through the succession of her Bishops, reacheth even to us, we confound all those who through a mischievous self-complacency, vain glory, wilful blindness or perverseness, assemble otherwise than as behooveth them. For all other Churches—that is to say, the faithful of the world—must, on account of her more powerful principal, have recourse to this (Roman) Church, in which has been preserved that tradition which is from the Apostles. The blessed Apostles, therefore, after founding and instructing this Church, for the administration thereof, committed the sacred office of the episcopacy to Linus." Then, after enumerating the Bishops of the See of Rome down to his own time, he adds: "By means of this order and by this succession, both that tradition which is in the Church, from the Apostles and the preaching of the truth have come down to us." (Irenaeus adversus haereses, lib. 3, c. 3.)

Theodore, Bishop of Cyrus, a city of Syria, and contemporary of St. Augustine, thus wrote in his letter to Pope Leo:

"If Paul, the herald of the truth, the trumpet of the Holy Ghost, betook himself for advice to the great St. Peter, in order to obtain from him an explanation for those who, at Antioch, were disputing concerning the legal right of circumcision; how much more justly ought we, poor, frail and lowly creatures as we are, to approach your apostolic chair that we may receive from you a salutary antidote against the consuming disease which is making such ravages among the faith in these quarters. But as for my part, I await the sentence of your Apostolic Chair, and pray and beseech that your holiness will assist me, applying to your upright and just tribunal; and also that you will command me to appear before you, and prove that my doctrine strictly accords with that delivered by the Apostles." (Theodore, Epist ad Leonem Primum Pagan.)

Here is a bishop living in Asia

Minor in the first half of the fifth century appealing to the Pope to be restored to the Bishopric, from which he had been deposed. He was restored by Pope Leo, and by reason of that restoration was permitted to participate in the General Council of Chalcedon held in Asia Minor in 451.

We have devoted considerable space to quotation proving that among ancient ecclesiastical writers the phrase "Apostolic See" meant invariably the Roman See. We have done this, first to prove that Dr. McAllister is wrong in his interpretation of the passage of St. Augustine quoted in the Encyclical, and that in such matters he is not reliable; and, second, they afford excellent and instructive reading. They show that in the early ages Christians of all kinds, orthodox, heretic, and schismatic, were accustomed to appeal to the Apostolic See; that is, to Rome. We have devoted much space to one point raised by the doctor, but it is well to clean things up as we go along, even if it must go slowly.

## HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS ON CARDINAL NEWMAN.

A Vivid and Interesting Picture of the Great Cardinal and His Career.

A large and representative Catholic audience gathered at the Past Theatre last Thursday evening to hear Henry Austin Adams, A. M., lecture on Cardinal Newman. The lecture was vivid, interesting and entertaining. Lasting one hour and forty minutes, and the interest never lagged.

In introducing his subject, the speaker said he had wondered why such an interest was taken in Cardinal Newman. He was a mystic; a quiet, shrinking man, dreading controversy. Newman was a mystic, he declared, and it had been a matter of much surprise to him how the people of America could feel so great an interest in a feeble, tottering gray-haired man—an old priest walking up and down in his garden and muttering his prayers. If it were Cardinal Manning, a great preacher who came actively into the arena of public affairs, he might mingle with men, who sought to arbitrate a week a splendid sermon on theology and the next spoke on sanitary plumbing—interest in the career of such a man he could comprehend at once.

But in the old, bent, reclusive who dreaded nothing so much as controversy, who rarely came into the world, and then took no part apparently in its affairs—how was it the world felt so deep an interest in one who neither discussed nor gave a passing glance to the living topics of the day. He was not even obliquely interested in that all absorbing topic—the new woman. And yet all over the country he found a demand for information and a strange interest in the man who had committed intellectual suicide by going backward into the arms of the old Roman Church.

Was it not the golden arch of the man's magnificently rounded character, wrought out by fixity of purpose that accounted for it all? Carlyle has said that when you meet a man with a fixed purpose it was best to dodge—take the other side of the street. When you meet a woman who has but a single idea, then pray for salvation. But, nevertheless, it was the men and the women with fixedness of purpose who pushed the world along in the track of progress.

Edison had a fixed purpose, and the result was the advance from the tallow dip and gas to the electric light. The speaker and his audience were snug in bed and content with gas—except when the bill came in—while Edison, tormented through midnight hours following the bent of that fixed purpose and getting the magnificent results that he had achieved for humanity.

Even the mother of Newman recognized at the period of the boy's sixth year that he would be disagreeable. She had told a friend that the family had left the house on a certain occasion at 4 o'clock. Little Newman with his big head and piping voice, looked up from his book and corrected her by saying it was at a quarter to 4 only. Accuracy, determination—correct any thing that is wrong—these were key notes. Disagreeable indeed, but salutary. The same traits manifested themselves all through his life. It was absolute truth he sought—accurate, unquestioned truth he sought; it with the same fixed purpose that had imbued all the men of the race who had done much for their kind.

To get to the truth—to get nearer that kindly light of which by reason of his closeness to it he sang so beautifully—this was the purpose, and the lecturer gave graphic pictures of Newman's struggles and the wonderful stability of purpose that gave him no mighty grasp upon the whole English-speaking world.

He had wrought three great miracles. They were the effect of his life and work upon English literature, upon the Anglican Church, and upon the character of John Bull as a nation.

John Henry Newman worked a miracle in English literature by making it possible for one opponent to treat another as a gentleman," said the speaker. "Theologians quarrel but they quarrel like gentlemen of the old school."

Newman lifted the Anglican communion from its old valley of dry bones up, up, up, until it takes a microscope of no mean dimension to discover the difference between a perfected Anglican and a Roman Catholic. He flung into the dry bones of that valley of death the breath of the living God. Pope Leo counters his hopes on England as on no other spot on the earth; he looks down upon it with tender, pathetic interest, and bending all the energy possible to bring back into the Church the people of England. Their church has splended men who believe themselves to be priests, although we may not be ready to concede them the title.

Newman took John Bull, the incarnation of all prejudices and made him think of God, and of the scriptures, and compelled him to believe.

Mr. Adams then spoke of the small influence of the individual man; he had himself tried in vain for twelve years to induce, as a priest, innumerable vestrymen to become religious; had struggled with his next door neighbor as a layman to induce him to vote right; and had even failed in his endeavor to change the breakfast hour in his own household.

"Now, what do you think," he continued, "of a man who lifts the whole British nation; who has lifted the communion of England. Critics may explain this by saying it was due to his lucid literary style. Let us turn this audience into a Methodist inquiry meeting, if you please, and let me hear again at the breakfast table and again at the supper table is the fact that you are not able to get up, prick this lucid literary bubble. Newman moved the world with his fixity of purpose. We are approaching a political campaign in Greater New York, and we are wondering why it is that the bosses are able to do so much. During the past year I have had a thousand ideas, but Croker has had but one. The bosses have been sawing wood, to use a vulgar expression. Carlyle has said, 'Dodge the man with a fixed idea, and fly from the woman with the same affliction.' The woman who talks temperance at the breakfast table and again at the supper table is the one who saves the young man from the gutter, and God bless her for it. John Henry Newman was a man with a fixed idea. 'Lead Kindly Light,' he followed it; he had burned in his forehead, where you could see it, the gospel of truth; he did not worry God, but he worried for God. He was a prophet—a lamp set down among us to show us that God is tabernacling here on this earth."

The concluding portion of the lecture consisted of a graphic description of the desperate struggle through which Cardinal Newman passed, and his conversion to the Church of Rome. In that day in 1845, when he knelt for the first time in confession before the priest of Rome, he was denounced from John O'Grath's house to Land's End. When he died, England had united in placing a floral tribute upon his coffin.

"Through the hole he left in going into the ancient Church, the intellect of the century has been exploring, and this is the reason why Protestants still sing his beautiful hymn, 'Lead, Kindly Light.'"—Milwaukee Citizen.

## THE IRISH JOAN OF ARC.

Miss Maude Gonne Tells Her Story.

I was educated a good deal abroad, writes Maude Gonne in the New York Herald, and on going home to Ireland I could not help being terribly struck and pained by the bitter, cruel class hatred which existed and the which was manifested so plainly by conservative landlord classes, among whom I lived. This was some ten or eleven years ago, at a moment when the success of the Land League had terrified the feelings very bitter. To give an instance of what I mean. Shortly after my return to Ireland I was stopping at the house of a large land owner in one of the centre counties. I had heard vaguely that there had been some evictions, but hardly realized what it meant.

So few people do really realize what human suffering and misery really is! There was a large and brilliant dinner party. I sat near my host, who suddenly raised his voice, and, addressing himself to the table generally, said: "What fools those tenants are? They think they can fight me! Such a tenant (naming one) refused to pay his rent; said he couldn't. I warned him what would happen when I evicted him and destroyed his cabin. Tonight as I was riding home I passed by where he and his family are living in a ditch; his wife is dying; I don't think she will live till morning, and all she has to shelter her are a few branches. Served them right!"

I looked around that gayly lighted table, at all those bright faces. No one looked shocked or even surprised! At one end of the table some gentlemen began speaking violently against the

Land League, and then the conversation turned to other subjects.

It was incidents such as this that first made me think. I then began to read Irish history; for, strange as it may seem to Americans, I had, like so many others in my position, only been taught Irish history in English history books, which means that in a certain and so called educated class in Ireland, there are no people in the world more utterly ignorant of the history of their own country.

Don't know their own history. If they would only study the Irish history more carefully, and especially England's dealings with Ireland during the recent reign of Queen Victoria, I think the Irish Unionist ranks would grow very thin. They would feel ashamed of continuing to allow themselves to be used by England as the instruments for carrying out her policy of extermination of the Irish people.

Some of them to day are beginning to realize that their policy has been short sighted as well as wicked, and that the ruin and extermination of the Irish people will necessarily also bring about their own complete ruin. Some of them are beginning to understand that it would be wiser as well as nobler to cast in their lot with the National party and help in building up a united Ireland and defending her from English robbery and plunder.

LORD CASTLETOWN'S WARNING. The question of the financial relations between England and Ireland, which has been brought so much to the fore of late by the finding of the Royal Commission of Inquiry that Ireland is, in proportion to England, being over-taxed to the extent of £2,750,000 per annum, has had a certain effect on the Irish Conservatives, and this year we have seen the principal landowners throughout the country, north as well as south, demanding in no measured terms fiscal reform, and we have the unusual spectacle of Nationalist and Conservative members of Parliament speaking from the same platform, and demanding that England should cease to rob Ireland.

At a meeting at Cork early this year, presided over by Lord Bandon, Lord Castletown said that England would have to grant reforms of taxation in Ireland, or Europe would soon hear of an Irish question as they hear to day of an Armenian question, and he went on to remark that England that she had lost America, and that she might yet lose Ireland.

But the majority of these Irish landlords have still much to learn of political wisdom, national honesty and honor. The financial relations agitation was going along splendidly, and the English Government was beginning to be seriously pre-occupied and anxious over this united action taken by the classes it had so long succeeded in playing off against one another, when suddenly, without any apparent cause, the movement on the Conservative side began to flag and many of the landlords ceased attending the meetings. Then we learned that some of the men who were contemplating as disgraceful a piece of treachery as could be imagined. They were endeavoring to make private terms for themselves with the Government, in the hope of being able to raise their rents. The Land Commission inquiry just held in Dublin is the result.

NATIONAL SPIRIT GROWING STRONGER. I believe, however, that the greater part of the Irish Conservatives condemn this treacherous action, and the financial relations agitation is being continued with vigor.

I am very hopeful of the future. The national spirit throughout Ireland is stronger and healthier than ever. There is a great spiritual and literary movement growing up. The genius of the past, which once made Ireland the great centre of learning and art of the world seems again awakening in the Celtic race.

Next year the century of our great struggle for freedom will give us a grand opportunity of asserting our national rights before the world and of disproving the calumnies and falsehoods which England is ever seeking to spread abroad about us. She assures the world that the Irish people are incapable of self-government and that they are really content with her rule. The delegations from all liberty-loving countries who will come next year to take part with us in the great national pilgrimage which we are organizing to visit all the battlefields of 1798, where the loyal Irish peasants, armed only with their courage and their love of our native land, fought against the regular troops of England and were not subdued until England had concentrated 150,000 soldiers in Ireland—those foreigners will see in the thousands and thousands of exiled Irish who will return to do honor to the heroes and martyrs of liberty that the Irish race, no matter what the political dissensions of their leaders, are united, and that the whole race is determined to be free and are only waiting a favorable opportunity of becoming so in fact.

The Home Magazine. Among a host of other good things in the November Home Magazine appears a beautiful poem, "The Days that are Dead," from the pen of the gifted poet, J. K. Ford (formerly editor of the True Witness of Montreal), whose Poems and Lyrics, published in book form a couple of years ago, gave so much pleasure to hundreds of readers.

## CATHOLIC PRESS.

In Kentucky the people do not like the idea of there being no devil. The Rev. Mr. O'Brien, who is described as of "the Christian Church," last week delivered a discourse intended to prove that such was the case, but was speedily convinced of his error. The congregation rose up, hunted him from the pulpit and fired twenty pistol shots after him as he fled.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

The Rev. William Blagden, of Boston, has set a noble example to his brother clergymen. A misguided minister having sent him a pamphlet attacking the Catholic Church, Mr. Blagden rebuked him with apostolic force in a public letter, in which he describes the Church as the Bride of Christ, adding:

And it may be God's will and way that by Christian unity the Roman Catholic Church will in His own time re-embrace and gather in many, if indeed not all, denominations, to become one and united once more in the old mother fold!

Referring to the charges made in the pamphlet sent to him, with characteristic honesty and courage he brands them as lies. Then follows this candid statement:

During the past years, having myself personally followed up and ferreted out the lies or truth about many reported statements respecting the Catholic Church and her priests, and having found them to be lies without exception, I am therefore sorry and sick that you should meddle in such things.

—Ave Maria.

The words nun and convent used to make cold shivers go down the backs of our Protestant neighbors from twenty to fifty years ago and conjured up before them visions of imprisoned women and unmentionable horrors. This nightmare caused by prejudices and falsehoods has passed away. There is hardly a Protestant denomination that has not its Sisterhood. The young women are called Deaconesses but a rose by any other name would still be a rose. Nun, Sister Deaconess—the name is nothing, it is the life devoted to charity for Christ's sake, that is the main thing. The fact is visible that Protestant denominations are setting apart virgins for works of mercy and are encouraging them to strive for self-sanctification through the practice of the evangelical counsels. Our Methodist friends are becoming conspicuous in this imitation. At the annual meeting of the board of managers of their Woman's Home Missionary Society that was held in Baltimore this week, one day was devoted to the discussion of deaconess work. The needs of the novice, or national training school for deaconesses, as they call it, at Washington, were detailed, plans were adopted to increase the number of deaconesses annually fitted for the active life, and a fund was started to buy land and erect a suitable building as a permanent mother house for the society. Bishop John P. Newman delivered an address on "The Deaconess Work as Applied to Christianity." We salute the deaconesses: we wish them happiness in their monasteries—nunneries, convents or whatever else they may call their homes; we hope that they will do an immense amount of good; and we pray God that their charity may win for them the grace of the Faith.—Catholic Review.

## A Minister on Bigotry.

"It is of the highest importance that whatever bears the name Protestant should not be stained by injustice, uncharitableness or bitter animosity. To introduce or palliate the methods of the boycott, or of the Inquisition, in dealing with our Catholic fellow-citizens, to seek to defend our Americanism and to commend our Protestantism by persecution, rancor and secret political organizations, is for the strong to exhibit weakness and for the organized to become mean. Protestant bigotry is more offensive than Catholic bigotry, and deplorable indeed are the ignorant and violent criticisms of the whole Catholic Church made in Germany, Great Britain and America by persons who have never read a single authoritative exposition of Catholic doctrine. It is refreshing to learn that the last anti-Catholic crusade in America, which deceived so many ignorant and credulous people by its gross literary frauds, which exacted oaths which ought to have blistered the lips of the Americans who took them, and which pursued a policy which brought Protestantism itself into disrepute, deepening antagonism, lessening our influence over our Catholic friends, and stirring just resentments in their minds, has been made to give up its moral insanity and increasing prevalence in power."—Rev. Dr. Barrows in the Independent.

The Catholic Church, has, from the beginning, cherished and preserved the Holy Scriptures with the most vigilant and zealous care. The saints of God have manifested their love for it with every token of veneration. St. Charles Borromeo never read it except with head bare, and upon his knees. St. Edmund of Canterbury kissed the page whenever he opened the book, and kissed it again when he closed it. In this way the saints of the Church have revered the Holy Scriptures.



NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

By KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XLII.—CONTINUED.

Basil's vehement exclamation covered another sound that came at the same moment from the wall behind him. He dropped into a chair, too stunned to utter a word. Narka felt sure they were alone now; but she also was too stunned to speak or move; her heart gave a great leap, and then sank; she felt sick and faint, but she remained motionless, rooted to the ground.

"Marguerite," Basil said, "if you knew what this revelation is to me!" "I do know," she answered, in a low voice, and her lids fell.

"You suspected me of the murder?" "I thought you had done it accidentally."

"And you kept my secret! Marguerite!" "Marguerite!"

Before she could start up or prevent him, he had fallen down before her, and was sobbing with his head upon her knees. Marguerite was too frightened by the suddenness of the action and by the violence of his emotion to know what to do; but Basil mastered the paroxysm quickly, and stood up, and then sat down beside her.

Narka had by this time regained her self-possession, but she had no longer the courage to come out of her hiding-place. She had first listened involuntarily to the dialogue, and now she could not show herself; it was too late. She heard Basil sobbing, and she guessed, more by instinct than by sound, that he had fallen down at Marguerite's feet; if her life depended on it, she could not have pushed open the door and looked at him there.

"Yes," he went on, after a moment's silence, "I thought I had shot him; but I was not certain. When Father Christopher was arrested I knew it was too late to accuse myself; the police had fastened the crime on him. The only thing I could do was to go to St. Petersburg and see for his release. I came away, believing he was to be set free the next day. Did Ivan tell you why he murdered Larchoff?"

"Yes; he confessed everything. It was a terrible story." And she repeated it as Ivan had told it.

"My God! how horrible!" Basil rose and walked the length of the room; then he sat down near Marguerite again, and speaking deliberately, but like a man who was constrained to give utterance to something that would not be held back, "I too have a confession to make," he said: "that murder changed my whole destiny—perhaps. I had set my heart on making you my wife. There was an end of that hope the moment I felt there was blood upon my hands; but I loved you as I have never loved any other woman."

Both were too absorbed to notice the dull sound of something falling heavily to the ground close by.

"Oh, Basil! and Narka?" Marguerite said, in a tone of pained reproach. "You love Narka?"

"Yes, I love Narka, and I will do my best to make her happy. I will be good to her; she shall miss me, but I will love her for you was a unique thing in my life."

The moment was too solemn, Basil himself was too free from self-consciousness, for the strange avowal to make Marguerite feel shy, to cause her any embarrassment. It was a startling confession for her to listen to; but it told her nothing she had not known before. She knew perfectly well that night at Yrakov that the course of her destiny was suddenly changed. It was all like a dream. She looked back to the dream now, and saw spread out before her, like a landscape seen in a looking-glass, the life that might have been a panorama of golden days crowned with honors and delights; but the vision stirred no shadow of regret in her heart, nor did it move her to a momentary recoil from the part that she had chosen. Far from it. She knew that her present lot was beyond the reach of change. With an almost involuntary movement she felt for her crucifix, and closed her hand upon it, silently renewing her self-consecration.

Basil too had been carried back to the past, but not with the same glad assent in his remembrances. "My God!" he cried, with a sudden burst of passionate feeling, "it is as if a reprieve had suddenly come to me, after being under sentence of condemnation all these years!"

"Thank God!" Marguerite exclaimed, fervently. "And now you will give up once and forever these wild and wicked theories that have led you and Narka into such trouble? God has been very good to you, and you owe Him a return. You have now an opportunity of redeeming the past; you must begin from this out to lead a noble and useful life; you must break off with conspiracy and revolution, and work for your country in wiser and better ways. Promise me that you will."

Basil fell back and thrust his hands into his pockets. "If I had only myself to think of," he said, after a pause, "but I have contracted engagements, that it would not be honorable to break; it

would be cowardly to abandon those who are risking, and who will go on to the bitter end, risking their lives for the sake of overthrowing tyrants."

"That is just nonsense—rank nonsense!" protested Marguerite, with her old impulsive manner. "They will never overthrow anybody but themselves. I know them well—a set of hot-headed fools and fanatics! I see them every day, and I hear the wild nonsense they talk. But what is excusable in many of them is downright criminal in you; and your example would give many of them the courage and the excuse to give up the whole thing—be sure of that. There are very few in Russia, I dare say, as in France, who after a while do not see the madness of the work they have embarked in, and who would not gladly get out of it if they could. Besides, you are not worth so much to them; you will never go far enough to do the work they want; you think that talking and writing and stirring up passionate desires for liberty is doing a grand thing; but they want it to lead to action, that is, to assassination, to wholesale murder. You will never lend your hand to that; you will only go far enough to ruin yourself, without satisfying them. Give it all up. Oh, Basil! for heaven's sake give it all up, and begin to lead an honorable, useful life. Narka will make it a happy life for you. She will be as noble and loyal and loving a wife as any man was ever blessed with. Think, too, of all that she has suffered for your sake! All but death! Yes, that time in the fortress was worse than death! Make it up to her now, and guard her as if at any rate in the future, from those horrors that she has gone through in the past. She was very near falling into the hands of the torturers again. It was almost a miracle that she escaped being given over to the Russian authorities. A man whom we had helped in trouble waylaid the policeman and rescued this," Marguerite continued, taking the casket from the table.

"Do you know what is in it?" Basil asked, as he took it in his hand and tore off the paper that covered it.

"The papers you gave her to keep, and those revolutionary articles of yours that Ivan Gorff gave her to translate."

"Good heavens!" Basil exclaimed, greatly excited. The sight of that ivory box brought back his boyhood to him; he remembered the morning he gave it to Narka full of sweetmeats for her birthday; he kept turning it round and examining it with the love of his emotion. "My poor Narka," he murmured.

"You will make it all up to her now; promise me you will?" Marguerite pleaded. "You will give up conspiracy?" Basil did not answer. He was moved to his centre, but his will was torn in opposite directions—pity and tenderness for Narka drew him one way; what he called honor drew him another.

"Basil," Marguerite said, and the blood mottled her cheek, and her voice trembled, "you say that you care for me once; for the sake of that old affection, to prove to me that it was something deeper and better than a passing fancy, promise me what I ask you. I ask it in the name of God, of your mother, of all that you ever held sacred!" Her voice broke a little, and her eyes were full of tears.

Still Basil hesitated, but it was only because he was struggling with the emotion that choked him. "I promise you," he answered.

After a pause Marguerite said, "Now all our prayer must be that the reprieve may reach Father Christopher in time." She staid on a few minutes, asking questions about the distance to Irkutsk, calculating the chances and perils that must be reckoned with on the way homeward. The time was too long.

"You won't wait to see Narka?" Basil said.

"No; she is perhaps asleep, or at any rate she is resting. You will tell her about Ivan; his confession will be an immense relief to her; but the rest will be a great shock. She will be horrified too to hear about Schenk."

Basil accompanied Marguerite downstairs. In the hall he said: "I wonder how long it will be before you can get me into the prison? I should like to see him once."

"Oh, yes, do go and see him; I am sure it will be a consolation to the poor fellow. Goto-morrow morning and ask for Sœur Jeanne; or, stay, if you go there now you will find her. Say that you have a message to her from Sœur Marguerite, and the porter will let you in."

"I will go at once," said Basil; "and by the time I get back Narka will probably be up, and able to see me." He stood and watched Marguerite till she crossed the court and disappeared. Then he went out and called a cab, and drove to the prison.

As Marguerite walked rapidly homeward she felt nearer to perfect happiness than she had felt for many days before in her in-out of her life. The windows of the world seemed to have been suddenly thrown wide open, and fresh air from heaven let in to blow about her face. Her heart was so merry that she could have sung for gladness. All the wrong things were coming right. If only La Villette would cast out his heart of rage! Marguerite kept her hand upon that angry heart as a sick-nurse feels the pulse of a patient; he gave her the pulse of a child; she kept feeling its pulse, and the irregular beats made her anxious; there was never still in the hot blood, the incoherent ravings of delirium were still audible in resentful mutterings. The demon was not yet exorcised. Vengeance and hate possessed the people, and desperate longings to see free the rioters schemes to do it at any cost of life to those who, not being with them, were against them.

"If only I might die for them!" she murmured in her heart, with a sinking of despair. But then she thought of Father Christopher, and of Basil and Narka, and how all the wrong things were coming right at last, and she trusted and rejoiced.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

A LAST CONFESSION.

Cardinal Moran, in his recently published "History of the Catholic Church in Australia," among other interesting tales of the missionary labors of the saintly Archbishop Polding, tells the following story:

The Bishop, being summoned on some errand of charity, had to travel a considerable distance into the interior and unfrequented part of Australia. Falling ill by the way, he was tended and cared by an old lady, who, on his restoration to health and strength, exacted from him, as a return for her kindness and attention, a promise that, wherever he might be at the time, he would come, if summoned, to attend and administer to her in her last hour. Many winters and summers rolled away, and one autumn night, when the chill blasts were tearing the leafy covering from the forest trees, a summons came for him to hasten to the deathbed of his benefactress. Leaving everything without a moment's hesitation, he started to redeem his promise. Over mountain and rock, through forest and morass, on he went, little heeding falling rain or prowling beast. Hour after hour sped by as he toiled forward on his journey; and when at length, faint and weary, he reached the appointed spot, he found the place deserted. While the Bishop meditated what was further to be done, his attention was attracted by the steady thud of a woodman's axe in the distance.

Turning his steps in the direction whence the sounds proceeded he soon came upon a sturdy old Irishman feeling timber, and learned from him that the old lady, fearing his non-arrival, had set out, ill and dying as she was, to seek spiritual comfort and assistance, though whether she had gone the good Irishman could not say. Feeling that it would be useless to go in search of her the Bishop sat down on the trunk of a tree, and, addressing the woodcutter, said, "Well, my good man, after all, I don't intend to have come here for nothing; so kneel down and I'll hear your confession." At first the man objected, alleging his want of preparation as an excuse; but, his scruples being at length overcome, he knelt down, penitent and sorrowing, and soon received absolution for his sins. It was then arranged that he should go to Communion during the week, and they parted. Doctor Polding set out on his return, but he had not gone many steps when he heard a crash; and hastening back to understand the cause, found the penitent dead—crushed beneath the trunk of a fallen tree.

Gems from the Columbian.

The religion of little kindnesses can be practiced a hundred times a day.

Usually it matters little what your reputation is among men so long as your Guardian Angel has a good opinion of you.

Every morning make the Good Intention—offer the prayers, works and sufferings of the day to God to be gone through for His sake.

The Catholic Church is the undying champion of the divinity of Jesus Christ and of His redemption. He is God in the flesh and no one comes to the Father except through Him—neither is their salvation in any other name.

Protestants no longer believe the absurd teachings of their first preachers that we Catholics adore the statues of Christ and the saints that adorn our churches. They have reduced their own false belief against us to the accusation that we "worship" the Blessed Virgin Mary. When they find out the truth, they will cast aside this blasphemous notion that we pay divine honors to a creature, on to their intellectual heap of refuse.

NEW BOOKS.

"THAT FOOTBALL GAME." The boy-world is in a ecstasy of delight, for Father Finn has not only given us a new story, but positively the best book he has ever written. He calls it "That Football Game," and the acquaintance he displays with that very lively sport is equalled only by his thorough knowledge of boys.

There is a game going on that is to be played between the Central High School and the Milwaukee College teams, the latter being "our boys," whose fate seems to be with the game will at once recognize that Father Finn knows it from start to finish, for he writes of it with the ability and precision of an expert reporter; those unacquainted with it will learn more about it from the perusal of this story than from the study of a "Hand-book of Sports."

Our hero, Claude Lightfoot, is the Captain of the college team, and the way in which he handles his papers, the trouble he encounters, the indignities he has to endure, are all described in Father Finn's best manner, and that is the highest praise we can give the book. Whether Claude succeeds, or how the game results, it would not be fair to say, as that might detract from the interest of the story. Besides Claude Lightfoot, most of the boys introduced are those we have known so long: Harry Archer, Frank Elmwood, Willie Hardy, who "lives with elegance and ease" but there are also two or three who are new to us. Every one is a strongly marked character, and although a few are of the sort we would hardly choose for friends, they are each and every one perfectly true to life. Of course the story would not be complete without a touch of that pathos which Father Finn so well knows how to provide. It is furnished in this case by Harry Archer, whose life seems to be made up of one continuous act of self-sacrifice. Mr. Assenau, the Professor of Poetry, must not be forgotten for he is in the "coach" of the college team, and will be pronounced a trump by every boy who makes his acquaintance.

There is a pure, healthy, vigorous tone about the book that is decidedly refreshing when we compare it with the milk-and-water stuff so often met with in books for boys. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, 50 cents.

Old Men and Kidney Disease. Aged persons troubled with weak back, impaired kidneys, pain in the back and base of abdomen, scalding urine, with a small quantity of water at a time, a tendency to urinate often, especially at night, should use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. You know the Doctor's reputation, you know the value of his work and that Dr. Chase would not risk his reputation on an unknown and untried remedy. Every druggist in Canada sells and recommends them.

CATHOLIC UNSOCIABILITY.

The standing complaint of years against Catholic unsociability is quite as pertinent to-day as at any previous time in the history of the Church in this country, if not a little more so, says an exchange. While we are united in faith and worship we are woefully divided on other points. A unit at the altar, outside the Church we ignore the ties of spiritual kinship. There it is each one for himself and the devil take the hindmost. This curious state of things represents an element of weakness in Catholic social organization. If the spirit of brotherhood which distinguishes membership in Christ's Church on essential particulars of belief and practice were carried out in the subordinate matter of social fellowship the Catholic world would be so closely and solidly welded together that its influence for good on the rest of the community must be immeasurably greater than it is, while its power of self-protection and vindication of rights and liberties would prove well-nigh invincible.

Evidences of this want of sociability manifest themselves in endless ways. There are scarcely any Catholics of mature years who have not been made to feel its unfortunate effects. Congregations, particularly in towns and cities, gather Sunday after Sunday, year in and year out, for the purpose of public worship, and disperse as often without broadening or developing the bond of sympathy which ordinarily exists among people who meet frequently in pursuit of a common object. It is a very remarkable peculiarity when viewed in the light of experience in other forms of human mingling. In no other assemblage are individuals brought closer together by vital ties of fellowship, but strange by the natural tendency of such close communion in obedience to the highest impulses of our intellectual and spiritual being is thwarted and defeated. The sentiments begotten of pious adhesion to the gentle gospel of love and charity appear to be religiously stifled in the majority of cases, when they would assume practical shape conformably with the divine injunction regarding our duty to our neighbor. We profess to revere law, but fail to obey it.

Let Us Retreat.

In those parts of the world where the Church has been long established and the spiritual needs of the faithful quite adequately supplied, nothing is more appreciated than the retreats for the laity. We have such things here in our missions and retreats, but one does not involve any suspension of one's labors or absence from one's home, and, therefore, while they inspire a spiritual glow to the aroused soul, expose it inevitably to the distractions of the world.

The Blind See.

Of the eighty cures attested by the medical committee of Lourdes in connection with the National Pilgrimage more than one are cases of eyesight given or restored. One is that of a little girl, who, according to her medical certificate, had been blind from her birth. Her eyelids were always closed. The other day, after application of Lourdes water, the lids slowly opened, displaying for the first time the blue iris beneath. The child at once distinguished things and people, and now sees as well as anyone.

Another case is that of Theophile Taupin, of Paris, a patient of Dr. Panas, of the Hotel Dieu. He was suffering from a malady of the eyes that rendered him blind. According to his doctor's certificate he had to give up work and to be led about. At the halt which the pilgrims made at Poitiers an amelioration of his state took place while he was praying in the church of St. Radagonda. He was then able to perceive the statue of the Blessed Virgin. At Lourdes the amelioration became a cure. He can now see to walk and to work.

One of the most remarkable cases is that of Mademoiselle Alphonse Duval, suffering from more than one organic disease. On the evening of Sunday the procession at the Grotto had for a moment to be stopped in order that she might be carried away. Her death seemed imminent. That night a doctor ordered that she should be carefully watched as she would probably die before morning. The next evening, after the Papal Benediction, she rose suddenly and went towards the Church of the Rosary, almost running and saying that she was cured. In truth she was cured, her state of health at the present time leaving nothing to be desired.

But this was not all. A freshter who had to leave Lourdes that night had promised to be converted could he but see one miracle. He saw the miracle of Mlle. Duval's cure, and a quarter of an hour afterwards was at the priest's feet in the confessional. It was a case of saying with the blind man of the Gospel: "I was blind and now I see!"—Liverpool Catholic Times.

Increase of Catholic Schools in Scotland.

The School Board Chronicle in its leading columns discusses the Scotch Education Report and points out the following interesting fact: "Important in the summaries of the statistics of school accommodation is the record of steady growth in the number of Board schools, and of slow but continuous decline in the number of Voluntary schools belonging to the several denominations. The Roman Catholic schools are, however, an exception. In their case there is a slight increase each year, and a very large aggregate increase since the year 1872. The Public schools are 2,739, and the Voluntary schools of all denominations only 390, of which now 97 are Church of Scotland, 9 Free Church, 71 Episcopal, 183 Roman Catholic, and 90 un-denominational."

The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For delicate and debilitated constitutions these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

A PROVIDENTIAL CONVERSION.

The annual retreat of the students of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York city, was conducted this year by Rev. John G. Whitney, S. J., of New Orleans, the mention of whose name brings with it the memory of the peculiar and undoubtedly providential manner in which he was converted to the Catholic faith twenty years ago. The story was widely circulated at the time and many will readily recall the incidents. Father Whitney in the early seventies was a teacher on board the school ship St. Mary. One day a party visited the ship and one of the number, a lady, while crossing the gang plank, dropped a book into the water. When it was taken from the water it was in no condition to be carried away, so Mr. Whitney promised to take care of it and return it to its owner at a later period. The book proved to be a copy of "The Invitation Heeded," by James Kent Stone (Father Fidelis). Something in the title and appearance of the work led the young teacher to read it, and when he laid the book aside it was with the resolve that he, too, should heed the invitation and become a Catholic.

Shortly after this he met the venerable Jesuit Father Duranque, who was for many years chaplain of the Tombs Prison, New York city. From Father Duranque Mr. Whitney received another book, dealing with the missionary work of the Society of Jesus in distant countries. Then was born a second resolve—to become a Jesuit priest. A few months afterwards Father Whitney was baptized by a Paulist Father, and in August, 1872, he entered the Society of Jesus.

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Sleeplessness, Mental and Physical Fatigue.

Go hand in hand. The waste of the body that ought to be restored by rest and sleep suffers increasing diminution: the loss of strength and vigor of body and mind follows. It is in this class of diseases that the marvellous properties of Maline with Coca Wine are most markedly exhibited. It penetrates to the very sources of vital action, inasmuch as the nerve centres are impressed by its medicinal power and the digestive functions stimulated to increased and more efficient action. This imparts to the whole system the much needed impetus, the nerves are soothed from a state of irritability to one of repose—sleep, with all its benedictive influences, comes back to lend its aid to the process of restoration. Digestion keeps pace with the improvement of appetite, and in a short time the nervous, miserable sufferer regains his old-time vigor and the capability to enjoy life and all its affords. Maline with Coca Wine is sold by all druggists.



A woman cannot be too careful of her health. Her happiness as maid, wife and mother is dependent upon it. Every woman should realize that her general health depends upon her health in a womanly way. When a woman complains of being sluggish, dizzy, nervous and despondent the average doctor attributes these symptoms to heart trouble, or disorders of the liver. He is not right once in ten times. When a woman feels this way she is usually suffering from weakness or disease of the organs distinctly feminine. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all known remedies for suffering women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity. It makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. Thousands of women who were weak, nervous, fretful and unhappy wives are today happy, healthy, helpful and robust as the result of the use of this marvelous remedy. It is the discovery of an eminent and skillful physician, Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the 'Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. During those years, with the assistance of a staff of able physicians, he has prescribed for many thousands of ailing women. He will gladly, without charge, answer letters from suffering women. The 'Favorite Prescription' is for sale by all good medicine dealers and nothing else is 'just as good.' Sister Eliza L. de Falcon, of Corpus Christi, Nueces Co., Tex., writes: 'This is to tell you that I have been ill for twenty-one years and was finally cured by your medicine, Golden Medical Discovery, and Favorite Prescription. I was completely cured after taking this medicine.'

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Many new and beautiful designs added to our decorated candles.

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The confidence, so long placed in our candles by our customers, has caused us to more fully improve and refine to carry in stock candles that are not up to the standard, containing little or no wax, and which are temptingly offered as cheap goods.

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DR CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS. MR. J. H. BISHOP, C.P.R. Ass't., Windsor, Ont., says: 'I was troubled with Dyspepsia and Kidney and Liver trouble for about a year. I took Dr. Chase's K.L. Pills. They cured him, and now he recommends them to others.'

DR CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS. HENRY MOORE, Pickering, Ont., says that for Costiveness and Stomach Troubles he never found the best of Dr. Chase's K.L. Pills. He suffered many years, tried various remedies, but they gave the same relief as Dr. Chase's.

Catarth is a Disease. Which requires a constitutional remedy. It cannot be cured by local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla is wonderfully successful in curing catarth because it eradicates from the blood the serofulous taints which cause it. Sufferers with catarth find a cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla, even after other remedies utterly fail.

HOOD'S PILLS are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate. THOS. SAHIN, of Edlington, says: 'I have removed the contents of my test with Holloway's Corn Cure.' Reader, go thou and do likewise.

Irish BY ALFR Cold, dark and shed! Hot, swift and dead! His footprints dawn As the straight mountain But I'll nee! His manly ing ray, And he stood mid-day But a cloud of away And that back the sky And never, alas! Let warmth eyes! CATH On the Bu Priests a delicacy in the pulp even instru of a gener important d should be fu The reason fear of exci men to cry ence, priest However their avoic topics that congregatio lic What ab for instanc ed at the c current on reason one the priests Theologies silent no le IT IS A S The vot first instat are to mak Now wh ber of the for his vo house? Is he no sacred int Either b the commo If the fo not his, b pledged, for the co If the la is not his, to vote ag no waerc contract Hence the his propo keeps it. taking m legal mat to judge such mo clines on though t the oppos Hence present famous a Now th the sam left to his undone t good of neighbor If he preferring to the general himself. There m occasion say ther vote for there is that is I think, mens of of the b a thing are like men to wh Whover he can't this or self res of his that was m at once cause allow v garden They with p, But wizen unfit to penite that de He A C without make ing " place in He When Bishop their people So laym measu should like For is als will His v in the After pneum has w



CONVERSION.

front of the students of the College, New York City, this year by Rev. Fr. S. J. of New Orleans...

Irish Lamentation.

BY ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES. Cold, dark and dumb lies my boy on his bed, Cold, dark and silent the night dew is shed...

CATHOLIC THEOLOGY.

On the Buying and Selling of Votes.

Priests are remarkable for their delicacy in touching on politics, while in the pulpit. Many of them do not even instruct their people...

What about buying and selling votes for instance? One is simply astounded at the loose and even false ideas current on this subject...

Is Retreat

of the world where been long established as a means of the faithful supplied, nothing is so common as to see men who have such things here and retreats, but those whose suspension of one's life from one's home, and, they inspire a spiritual used soul, expose it to distractions of the world, the clean, conventional, the plain fare, the neighboring religious, the circumstantial reality to the used in time of retreat...

APART FROM ALL THIS taking money for one's decision in legal matters is forbidden by every law to judges, jurors and such, because such money blinds the mind and inclines one to decide for the giver, even though the weight of evidence be for the opposite side.

Hence the bribe-taking or even present-accepting judge is held in famous among all nations. Now the voter is a judge, or what is the same practically, a juror. It is left to him to say what shall be done or undone for the public good...

Therefore it is dangerous to take money at all, even as a present, on occasion of elections. What shall we say then of deliberately offering one's vote for sale?

IN ADDITION TO THIS there is a meanness in such conduct that is generally recognized, and it is, I think, only the "low downer" species of humanity, miserable parasites of the body politic, that openly do such a thing, while they who tempt them are like the pimps that waylay young men to lead them into bad houses.

WHOEVER IS MEAN IS WRONG. Whoever does a mean thing, even if he cannot be found guilty of breaking this or that commandment, sins against self respect, against the reputation of his family, defiles the image of God that was once stamped upon him.

HE SHOULD BE DISFRANCHISED. We cannot banish him, because international comity does not allow us to "throw our weeds over the garden wall."

They would be fired back again, with perhaps, a cannon-ball attached. But we can deprive these unworthy citizens of the ballot which they are unfit to handle, and we can send to the penitentiary the contemptible pedlars that deal in such things as venal votes.

HOW A CATHOLIC SHOULD VOTE. A Catholic should, if he can do so without causing injurious comment, make the Sign of the Cross, and saying "Here goes in the name of God" place his mark on the ballot, and cast this into the box.

After serious illness, like typhoid fever, pneumonia, or the grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful strength-giving power.

TO OUR PROTESTANT FRIENDS.

We claim to be your brother and are naturally interested in your welfare. If this interest stopped at the desire to see you succeeding in temporal affairs, it would be less than half-hearted.

It is a serious matter, more serious by far than the question as to how you will spend the short fleeting years of life. It is worse than folly for you to evade the consideration of it. It were a crime for us did we by any act or word of ours help you to be too easy in mind about it.

Are you really anxious to know the truth and ready to embrace it, even if it brings you into the Catholic religion? Are your minds wide open to conviction, your hearts prepared to make whatever sacrifices a change would force upon you? Are you not, in fact, afraid of expected results of investigation, and do you not, therefore, fight shy of the truth, notwithstanding many uncertainties and doubts that assail you?

Right here, let us ask you: In what way does reason tell us we may save our souls? Only in God's way. Not in our own way, not in Luther's way, not in Henry VIII's way, not in Calvin's, Knox's or Pusey's way, but in God's way. Now, what is God's way? You all acknowledge that Christ, the God Man, came to point out that way.

Mr. Gladstone on the Catholic Church. Mr. Gladstone, among his numerous public pronouncements, has paid the following high tribute to the Catholic Church: "She has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of civilization, and has harnessed to her chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world; her art, the art of the world; her genius, the genius of the world; her greatness, glory, grandeur and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has had to boast of."

Serving Time or Ought to be. Says Brann's Iconoclast for September: "A. D. Hubbard, President of the Kansas A. P. Apes, was recently banded into the penitentiary for embezzlement, having previously served a term in the same prison for forgery."

Pains of Purgatory. Different opinions exist among divines as to the extent of the sufferings of the holy souls, says The Little Pilgrim of Our Lady of Marys. There is a rigid view which makes their positive sufferings practically the same as those of the damned, with the essential difference, however, that they are not eternal.

What Does It Mean? It means rich blood, strong nerves and sound digestion. It means prosperity and growth to the young. It means good color and mental vigor. That's what Scott's Emulsion means.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Cholera, cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and diet, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the most efficacious medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

FAITHFUL TO THE END.

A Young Temperance Apostle Whose Example Should be Followed.

The following touching account of the beautiful death of a young hero is taken from the San Francisco Monitor. May his life and death be an example to our boys: "Death has removed from the ranks of the League of the Cross a brave boy whose heroic fidelity to his pledge entitled him to be known as a Confessor of Temperance."

"This young Confessor of Temperance was Henry Foye, a member of St. Paul's branch of the League of the Cross. On Wednesday, August 4, he was run over by a freight train and horribly mangled. His legs and one arm were so terribly crushed that medical skill could render him no aid."

"O, Father," he moaned, "it would be wrong. It would break my pledge." "The priest explained that it would not be a violation of the pledge if the physician judged it necessary." "The agony will be over in a few minutes," he argued, "but if you say it is all right, I'll take it."

Remember Your Beloved Dead. "We do not sufficiently remember our dead,"—St. Francis de Sales. "The least pain in Purgatory exceeds the greatest in this life,"—St. Thomas Aquinas.

WORTHY OF IMITATION. Catholics who are members of the Church whose first ministers Christ commanded to go and preach the Gospel to the world, may well find something worthy of imitation in the alacrity and generosity with which their Protestant neighbors contribute for Protestant missions in foreign countries.

Didn't Believe What He Didn't Understand. Years ago Dr. George P. Hays told the story about that old German in Pennsylvania who, meeting the young infidel who was to speak at the school house in the evening, said: "Is you de young man vot is to shepkech dis evening?" "Yes, sir, I am."

Chronic Derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Blood, are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Paroel's Vegetable Pills. These Pills act specifically on the deranged organs, by stimulating the dormant energies of the system, thereby renovating disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted.

OUTLOOK OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

In an article entitled "Our Outlook," on the present position and the future of the Church in England, the Tablet writes: "As a moment like the present, when a great landmark has been just made in Catholic history, and when a great movement of prayer for the conversion of England has been happily inaugurated by the Supreme Pastor of the Church, it is natural that we should seek to examine as closely as we can the actual position and to take stock of the helps which promote and the hindrances which retard the work which lies before us."

"I have the pledge," he protested. "I belong to the League of the Cross." "At that moment the priest came to the bedside of the dying boy to administer the last rites of the Church. The priest advised him to take the Eucharist, thinking that it would enable him to bear the torture during the few minutes that he had to live."

Remember Your Beloved Dead. "We do not sufficiently remember our dead,"—St. Francis de Sales. "The least pain in Purgatory exceeds the greatest in this life,"—St. Thomas Aquinas. "Prayer for the dead is more acceptable than for the living, because the dead are in the greatest need of it, and unable to help themselves as the living are,"—St. Thomas. "Devotion to the Souls in Purgatory contains in itself, all the works of mercy which, supernaturalized by a spirit of faith, should merit heaven,"—St. Francis de Sales.

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WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY AND THE CATHOLIC RECORD FOR ONE YEAR FOR \$4.00

Street Car Accident.—Mr. Thomas Sabini, says: "My eleven-year-old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in three days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

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Hood's Sarsaparilla. Almost to the exclusion of all others. Try It. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

STUMPED THE MISSIONARY.

An Indian Belle Put a Question Which Dismayed the Priest.

In the current number of the Salesian Bulletin Rev. Bernard Vachina gives an interesting and graphic account of his labors among the Indian tribes of Central Patagonia. The missionary devotes several paragraphs to a description of an encounter with a belle of the Cacique Foyet tribe, in which the writer, as he himself admits, narrowly escaped being flouted.

"Her face," writes the priest, "was streaked with a kind of black paint that gave her a disgusting appearance. I wished her good evening and asked her name." "I am a Christian," she replied, "and my name is Manuela."

Remember Your Beloved Dead. "We do not sufficiently remember our dead,"—St. Francis de Sales. "The least pain in Purgatory exceeds the greatest in this life,"—St. Thomas Aquinas. "Prayer for the dead is more acceptable than for the living, because the dead are in the greatest need of it, and unable to help themselves as the living are,"—St. Thomas. "Devotion to the Souls in Purgatory contains in itself, all the works of mercy which, supernaturalized by a spirit of faith, should merit heaven,"—St. Francis de Sales.

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a course of Ayer's Pills the system is set in good working order and a man begins to feel that life is worth living. He who has become the gradual prey of constipation, does not realize the friction under which he labors, until the burden is lifted from him. Then his mountains sink into mole-hills, his moroseness gives place to jollity, he is a happy man again. If life does not seem worth living to you, you may take a very different view of it after taking

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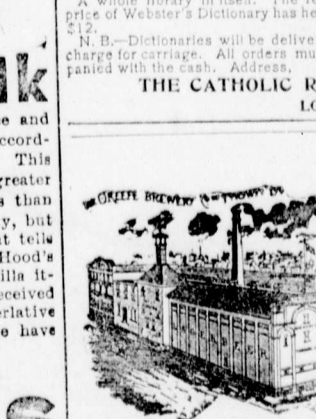
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Published Weekly at 481 and 486 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2 00 per annum.

ADVERTISERS: Messrs. Luke King, John Nigh, P. J. Seven and Joseph S. King, are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Editor: REV. GEORGE H. NORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Theology."

Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of Hamilton and Peterborough, and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning. Arrangements must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, November 13, 1897

THEOSOPHY AGAIN.

We have received from Mr. F. E. Titus of Toronto the following rejoinder to our remarks on his explanation of Theosophy given in our issue of Oct. 4. It is not our intention to enter into a discussion of Theosophical principles in the CATHOLIC RECORD, as we have not space for it; nevertheless we deem it right to allow Mr. Titus to give this vindication of them, as the matter has been before alluded to, though slightly, in our columns:

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:

I thank you for your courteous treatment of my former letter, correcting what I deemed a misapprehension of the relation of Theosophy to Buddhism. A statement, however, appears in your editorial of Oct. 4, which causes me to again trouble you. It is the sentence in which you impudently make Metempsychosis a Theosophical doctrine. Metempsychosis, as usually defined and popularly understood, especially by the followers of Pythagoras, involves the possibility that the human soul in future existences may find itself embodied in animal and even lower forms of consciousness. This is an idea which is repugnant to all Theosophical teachings. Repeatedly has it been explained by our writers, notably Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant, that the human soul cannot descend to a form lower than the human.

The Theosophic teaching is as follows:

Omitting, for the present, reference to the conditionally immortal part of man's nature, man may be divided into two parts: one—the higher, the ego, being immortal; the other, the lower, the personality, being mortal. The mortal has only one life as a distinct and separate entity, but the immortal ego descends again and again into human form, assuming on each descent a new human body. In each body it gains new experiences, learns new lessons; each experience and lesson gives an added touch to the character. Eventually the ego passes through all stages of development on earth, from its beginning in the form of the lowest savage, up to the fullness of the stature of the perfect man.

To this doctrine we give the name Reincarnation, indicating in this word the fact of the pre-existence of this human soul and its repeated plunges into earthly body.

Yours sincerely, F. E. Titus.

Toronto, Oct., 1897.

Our original very brief reference to Theosophy, which elicited Mr. Titus' first letter was, to the effect that there are persons on this continent who are endeavoring to introduce Buddhism into the country as a substitute for Christianity, under the form of Theosophy, whereas in India itself, Japan and China, the religion of Buddha is very rapidly and surely disappearing, either by the conversion of these heathen nations to Christianity, the modifications being made in the religion itself, or the lapse of Buddhists into absolute atheism.

Our last statement can be substantiated. It is known that there are 150,000 Christians in Japan, of whom about 60,000 are Catholics, 23,000 of the Greek Church, the rest being of various denominations. It will be noticed that the Catholic Church stands first in the number of its adherents. In the other countries named a similar state of things exists.

The last statement is not the one to which Mr. Titus objected, but to our representing Theosophy as a form of Buddhism. We showed, however, by his own extracts from Mrs. Besant and Blavatsky that it is derived in part at least from Buddha, and in part from other forms of heathenism, etc.

In his present letter Mr. Titus raises altogether a new issue. It is that the Metempsychosis of the Pythagoreans and other pagans was of a grosser kind than that of the Theosophists.

We accept this explanation; but what difference does this make in regard to the mere fancifulness of the system? It appears from Mr. Titus' explanation that instead of Theosophy being the discovery of ancient truth through the religious books of heathendom, etc., as Theosophists have generally asserted it to be, it is merely the invention of human minds of the present day. Does this fact make it true?

Surely not, unless it be demonstrated, and this can never be effected. A fancy it is, and a fancy it will ever be.

Reason itself furnishes good motives to believe that the human soul is immortal, but without a revelation from God Himself it is doubtful whether or not man would ever have known of that immortality. Cicero in his "Natura Deorum" taught it as a probable doctrine, but added with his usual keenness of thought that it is impossible that we should know it as a certainty unless some god should come to enlighten us. Other ancient philosophers have spoken similarly.

There can be no doubt that this notion of the soul's immortality was derived from the primitive revelation given by God to man, and which we have in the Holy Bible, in Judaism and Christianity. Christ, who is truly God, confirmed belief in it, but without this divine illumination we feel assured that we could not have known it as a truth. But there is no such divine revelation in regard to Theosophy or Metempsychosis. It is simply the invention of man, without a foundation either on our innate consciousness or any solid or reasonable philosophy.

MR. JAMES BAIN ON RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Mr. James Bain, sr., formerly chairman of the Public School Board, of Toronto, has written to Inspector James L. Hughes a letter in regard to the question of religious instruction in schools, which has been published as an important document bearing upon this subject.

The letter takes a most decisive stand against religious teaching of any kind in the school room, though its writer admits the necessity of such teaching elsewhere. He maintains that it should be confined to the home and to the churches.

As the special object of Mr. Bain is to encourage the Toronto Public School Board in their opposition to the Anglican demand for the introduction of religious teaching into the Toronto schools, this public expression of his opinion does not directly concern us. It is primarily a dispute between the various shades of Protestant opinion, and so far we have no desire to intervene. Nevertheless Mr. Bain does not confine himself to the mere discussion of the local controversy, but deals with the whole question whether religious teaching is advisable in schools at all, coming to the conclusion that it ought to be totally excluded. We therefore deem it right to make some comment on what he has written to show that he has entirely misconceived the true view of the matter.

Mr. Bain having been long at the head of the Public School Board of Toronto is no doubt fairly well qualified to express the views of a large section, and probably of a majority, of the Protestants of Toronto on the question of religious education, and that the people of Toronto hold still the same opinion as they did in the past may be judged from the fact that the School Board is almost unanimous in opposition to the demand of the Anglican body. But we cannot attach to Mr. Bain's utterances so much authority as Mr. Hughes seems to give them. There has undoubtedly been growing up, even among the Protestants of Canada, of late years, the sentiment that religious teaching is necessary, and that there is now too little of it. The Anglican demand is one of many evidences of this, and we may infer that many Protestants believe that they were in error in the past in opposing the Catholic demand for separate schools on the ground that religion ought not to be taught. Mr. Bain says:

"It is now, however, generally understood that the State or governing power exceeds its powers when it attempts to foster religion or interfere with the conscientious religious views of the people, or in any way seek the promotion of any one form of religion to the injury of others. This is the duty of the Church alone. 'Go ye and preach the Gospel to every creature,' is the command given to the Church, not to the State: its duty is done when it affords the Church the same protection it gives to all its citizens; but if teachers are to be paid for teaching theology in our schools, the State will be endowing our schools to that extent."

This is the chief principle on which the advocates of purely secular education have constantly rested their cause, and we should examine it closely.

It is quite true that the command to preach the Gospel was given to the Church alone, and for this reason the duty of presiding over religious teaching belongs to the Church and not to the State, which in this country may be understood to mean a majority of

the people. But does not Mr. Bain see that this principle equally prohibits any majority from interfering with or prohibiting, or impeding the Church, or the minority from supplying religious instruction?

We say, then, that an absolutely secular school system does so interfere.

Let us suppose a case. A minority of the people in any locality are anxious to secure the best possible religious as well as secular education for their children. They are able and willing to do this by supporting schools and supplying teachers who will carry out their wishes.

We admit that the State is justified in insisting that in proportion to the ability of the people, a good secular education should be given to the children in the case supposed, but has it the right to say:

"You shall not teach religion in the way you propose, without incurring our displeasure, and if you adopt that plan a penalty will be inflicted upon you. You shall be obliged to contribute to the support of schools for the majority, while you maintain your own at your own expense?"

We say that this would be an intolerable oppression and tyranny, and a most unjust interference with parental rights to give their children a good education in all departments of knowledge, moral, religious and secular. It would also interfere with that right and duty of the Church to teach the Gospel, which is, we admit, well set forth by Mr. Bain himself as follows:

"Are we, then, to prevent our children from receiving religious instruction? By no means: a heavy responsibility rests upon the Church and every member of it in this respect. Our Lord's command is, 'Feed my lambs,' and every parent is called upon to bring up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

It is evident, then, that the State, if it deems it proper to establish State schools, should take care not to inflict on the minority the injustice we have indicated. Perhaps the best way to do this is just the method existing in Ontario and Quebec, and which is practically the same as that which exists partially in England.

Mr. Bain says the children should be taught religion at home. Every one knows that most parents have not the time nor ability to teach their children properly, and it is for this reason that schools are needed at all.

There are some other points in Mr. Bain's letter on which we wish to make some comment, but we must leave their consideration for a future issue.

THE GLOBE'S TEMPEST.

The Globe has certainly the virtue—of virtue it has—of persisting in any assertion it has once made, and in any position it has once taken. Having once asserted that Archbishop Cleary is intolerant, it is unwilling to admit that it has erred, and it continues to reiterate the charge. And on what foundation was this charge originally made? Simply because his Grace pointed out to Catholics that it is unlawful for them to attend Protestant religious services of any kind.

We have shown already that in this neither bigotry nor intolerance is implied. It is the necessary consequence of the doctrine which Catholics have believed for over eighteen centuries, that there is but one true Church, divinely appointed, and that all her children are bound to hear her voice and obey her commands. This law was not made even specially against Protestants, for it existed centuries before Protestantism had a name or a being. But there is something else. The Archbishop spoke slightly of one of the Protestant sects—the Congregationalist—by calling it "a small sect."

Wherein is found the very great intolerance in this manner of speech? The Protestants themselves constantly speak of their religious divisions as sects, and by what other name are we to call them? If we are duly informed of some more acceptable designation we may adopt it, yet it is undeniable that they are sects according to the usage of our language; and, further, it can scarcely be denied that the Congregationalist sect is a small one—small in comparison with the world-wide Catholic Church, and small even in comparison with other Protestant sects. It may be because of our obtuseness, but we cannot see wherein consists the heinousness of the Archbishop's offence.

We pointed out last week that the Protestant ministers of Ontario are accustomed to speak of Catholics in no such mild terms as these. Archbishop Cleary's pastoral was addressed to Catholics only, and was read only in the Catholic churches of Kingston, whereas such gentlemen as Rev.

Messrs. Carman and Wilde have been accustomed to denounce Catholics in their pulpits, indeed, but also in the press, in the most violent terms, and it may be remembered that one of these gentlemen even undertook to lead the braves of his congregation on a crusade to drive "Jesuits" out of the country, or to shoot them down—an act which he declared would be no crime: yet neither the Globe, nor any other Ontario paper has ever raised such a tempest about these things, as has been stirred up during the last few weeks about Archbishop Cleary.

We have already pointed out also that the intolerance, not of all, but of a large section of Ontario Protestants is a matter of notoriety. We need not repeat our proofs of this. We have no desire to stir up unpleasant matters. We shall merely say that the continued existence of Orange and A. P. A. lodges is proof enough of this. We shall also quote the following from the Globe of last Friday:

"Let us suppose that one of these persons, a Protestant, has been listening to one of the ranters who go about attacking the Catholic Church and its institutions, and warning us that St. Bartholomew or the Inquisition may be repeated unless we keep our eye on Rome. We try to re-assure him and win him back to his normal condition of tolerance and charity by pointing him to the character of the Catholic priests and nuns whom he sees going about their work, and the Catholic laymen with whom he has personal and business dealings."

We are glad to find the Globe express itself so tolerantly, but we do not altogether see this tolerance exemplified in the very different manner in which it deals sometimes with the Catholic and the Protestant clergy.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL SETTLEMENT.

There have been several rumors published during the last few months in regard to the final settlement of the Manitoba school question, most of these being to the effect that the Pope was about to issue or had actually issued, his decision enjoining on Catholics to accept the agreement arrived at between the Dominion and Manitoba Governments. These rumors do not appear in any case to have been authentic, as the real decision of the Holy Father has not yet been made public in any way.

It will certainly be openly published as soon as it is issued.

There is now a new statement on the subject coming from Rome and sent by the Associated Press as follows:

Rome, Nov. 3.—The new Archbishop of Montreal, Mgr. Bruchési, has arrived here and will reside at the Canadian College during his stay in this city. He declares that the right of Roman Catholics to separate schools in Manitoba will be supported, and it is said that the Pope will shortly give a decision on the subject, as the moment is regarded as opportune, in view of the calmness of the Canadian press since the mission of Mgr. Merry del Val to Canada.

This bears the appearance of authenticity, but deceptive announcements on the subject have been so numerous that we cannot receive even this one implicitly. The Holy Father's decision will speak for itself when it will be announced, and we give the present rumor for what it may be worth.

A LIVELY DISCUSSION.

An editorial note which appeared some time ago in our columns elicited the interchange of several controversial letters in the columns of the Evening News of this city.

Our note was to the effect that Mr. Moody, the Revivalist, though desirous that his son should be educated for the ministry, fears to entrust him to any of the theological colleges for his education, because they are so tainted with Rationalism, under the name of Higher Criticism, that none of them can be relied on to educate a truly Christian clergyman.

We were loth to make any comments on the discussion as long as it was being conducted in the columns of our lively contemporary, but now that it appears to have been closed it is proper we should make a few remarks thereon.

"Higher Critic" opened the discussion, maintaining that either the CATHOLIC RECORD or Mr. Moody is misinformed in regard to the teaching of the theological colleges, and the character of Higher Criticism. In proof of this, he states that "in our own city, for example, we have numerous college graduates occupying our pulpits. Will the RECORD attempt to say that infidelity instead of Christianity is being taught by them?"

In reply to this we have to say that it was Mr. Moody's views we quoted, as reported in several American papers, and that he was correctly reported to be beyond doubt, as he has given utterance to similar views on Higher Criticism, in Canada. Mr. Moody is probably better acquainted with the general trend of theological teaching than our friend "Higher Critic." It does not appear, however, that Mr. Moody had in view so much the colleges of Canada as those of the United States. We need scarcely recall to the minds of our readers the fearful turmoil raised throughout this continent by the fact that two Presbyterian Biblical Professors—Prof. Briggs of New York, and Prof. Smith of Cincinnati—were brought to task by their Church for teaching what the General Assembly regarded as real infidelity, namely, the practical rejection of the Bible as the infallible word of God. Yet both these professors were sustained by their college faculties. It is Mr. Moody, if he has been reported correctly, who asserts that the colleges generally are similarly tainted.

But we are not surprised at "Higher Critic's" contention that such colleges are very Christian, when we see what he means by Christianity. He says in one of his letters:

"As Protestantism in the past shook herself free from the dogma of an infallible Pope or Church, so to day she is shaking herself free from the dogma of an infallible Bible."

And again: "She is revolting from the teaching of those who would interject a priest, or a Church, a book or a man made dogma between an individual and his God."

We did express our regret that Protestantism is tending toward infidelity, and here is a gentleman calling us to account for so doing; yet he tells us that both bible and dogma are being surely and properly rejected by that same Protestantism!

Certainly we see no difference between Higher Critic's views and complete infidelity. It is true, he says "man-made dogma," but the whole tenor of his letter shows that under this term he includes all dogmas derived from or generally substantiated by the bible—the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, etc.

It is just such Christianity as this the prevalence of which Mr. Moody deprecates, and we do so likewise. We repeat, as we said before, that it is only by a return to the one divinely instituted Church that the abyss is to be avoided.

Another writer, over the signature E. A. P., ably answered Higher Critic, showing the necessity of clinging to the faith "once delivered to the saints," and the danger of such indifference in religion as is inculcated by "Higher Critic."

EDUCATIONAL PAPER.

At the Jubilee celebration of Toronto Normal School which was concluded in that city last week, a paper was read by Mr. S. P. Robins, LL. D., Principal of McGill Normal School, on the position of Protestant education in Quebec. He declared that great difficulty is experienced in maintaining the Protestant schools in the centre of a mass of French-speaking people, and that the severe financial strain which they entail upon their supporters, who are very much scattered, makes it certain that the Dissident school system is doomed outside the commercial colonies of Montreal and Sherbrooke, and that, even in these centres it may not survive. He admits, however, that should this occur, the fault will not lie with the Catholic majority, for he attested the perfect fairness with which the school legislation in Quebec is administered. He added even the remarkable statement that "the English speaking Protestant element will disappear."

We have no doubt that Mr. Robins is well qualified to speak of the condition of the Protestant schools of his province, which he says are in a high state of efficiency, and we are aware that the ratio of Protestants to the whole population is growing less through the rural districts, but we cannot suppose that the English-speaking population will disappear as he says, especially in the commercial centres, for enterprise will always seek favorable fields for operation; and even in the rural districts, though the English population is comparatively growing less, it has an absolute increase.

In regard to the Dissident schools, it is to be remarked that the Protestant population has probably overdone the thing, as they are more sparse than are the Catholics of Ontario, nevertheless in proportion to population they

have three times as many Separate schools as have the Ontario Catholics. Many of these must be in localities where it is impossible to keep them in a state of efficiency without a great financial strain on their supporters. The Catholics of Ontario as a rule do not establish Separate schools where they foresee they will not be able to maintain them.

At the same session, a curious paper was read by Mr. J. L. Hughes, the Toronto School Inspector. Mr. Hughes took the role of a prophet and foretold that as now the schools are free, in the twentieth century the children will be free. The world will be wonderfully changed indeed if nature itself is to be thus changed, that children shall be no longer subject to parental control, or that their minds shall be those of mature men and women. That this is his meaning appears to be evident, as he explains that "they will be trained to naturally discover their own problems."

STRONG WORDS.

The Ministerial Association of Hamilton held a meeting last week, at which the subject of "Higher Criticism" was discussed in a lively manner. Utterances of Evangelist Moody and Mr. S. H. Blake in which the so-called Higher Criticism was condemned were strongly denounced. The Rev. Dr. Lyle said that the higher critics are doing a good work for Christianity. He added with an elegance and politeness peculiar to himself that "the memories of these higher critics will live when the wretched squealing pigmies who belittle their work shall be forgotten." The Rev. S. Marshall added that it "is doubtful whether those who attack the Higher Criticism understand Messianic prophecy." This, no doubt, was intended as a thrust at Victoria College, which condemned Prof. Workman for denying the reality of Messianic prophecy. Higher Criticism, by which is really meant that criticism which undermines the authority of the Bible, seems to be in favor among the ministers of Hamilton, for there appears to have been not a voice raised against these Latitudinarian views. Messrs. Moody and Blake narrowly escaped being condemned unanimously by formal resolution, but more discreet views prevailed and the motion was dropped.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MRS. MARGARET SHEPHERD is at present making a tour of the maritime provinces, but as she is now pretty well known all over the country, is not meeting with the success which attended her lectures in Ontario. Large numbers of our Protestant friends in these parts, a few years ago exhibited much enthusiasm in her regard, but now they would prefer not to have her name mentioned, as it brings back to their recollection how easily and completely they were duped by that wily and abandoned character.

We shall always be glad to send free a parcel of sample copies of the CATHOLIC RECORD to any of our subscribers who may wish to circulate them amongst Protestants, or amongst Catholics who are not subscribers. It is to be regretted that many Catholics who can well afford to subscribe for the RECORD make a practice of borrowing it. This should not be the case. The yearly subscription price is only a small item, and few families there are who could not well afford to subscribe. We know many subscribers who have a poor opinion of neighbors who regularly call to borrow the RECORD, oftentimes before the subscriber has time to read it himself.

The Universalists held their General Convention in Chicago toward the end of October. The principal business which occupied their attention was the question of adopting a new Confession of Faith. Two new Confessions were proposed, both of which were rejected, so that they still adhere, nominally at least, to their present Confession. It can scarcely be that they can reject more of Christianity than they have done already, without becoming mere Deists, but we are not informed whether the present tendency is towards becoming more Christian or more Rationalistic and Deistic.

EARL CADOGAN, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, made a speech in Dublin, on the 7th, in which he stated that at the present moment the Government were on the eve of carrying out important changes in the social administration of Ireland which would secure to her liberties which England had for so long enjoyed. These

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Love was True to Me.

Love was true to me, True and tender; I who ought to be Love's defender, Let the cold winds blow Till they chilled him; Let the winds and snow Shroud him and I know That I killed him

"QUESTION BOX."

A Batch of Interesting Queries and the Replies Thereto.

Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor's lecture at St. Teresa's last Sunday evening was a plea for "American Fair Play for the Jesuits." The origin of the Society of Jesus, its purposes and its work, were outlined with special reference to what its members have accomplished in the New World in Christianizing and civilizing the natives, in explorations, etc.

The question box continues to be used by many who wish instruction or who have doubts that they wish resolved. For non-Catholics it has become a mine of information regarding the Church's teaching, and will no doubt result in the removal of many prejudices born of a misconception of Catholic dogma and practice.

A RECENT CURE AT LOURDES.

Among recent cures wrought at Lourdes one is especially remarkable, from the fact that the theories usually advanced by unbelievers fail utterly to account for it by natural means. The cure was as unexpected as it was sudden and complete. The subject did not pray for it even; in fact, had no thought of ever recovering from the infirmity with which she was afflicted. The case has excited unusual interest among the physicians connected with the Bureau des Constatations, and an eminent French specialist has published a technical report which concludes with these words: "The age of the subject and the long continuance of the infirmity exclude all possibility of a cure by natural means."

Sister Lazare joined the well known nursing community of Notre Dame de Bon Secours in 1858. She was then eighteen years of age. Soon after her profession—in 1862—she was sent to nurse the wife of the mayor of a village near Chatte, some leagues distant from Saint Marcellin, a town in the department of Isere, where Sister Lazare was stationed. On the way to Chatte the messenger who accompanied her fell into the river, and would have been drowned had it not been for the heroic efforts of Sister Lazare, who threw herself into the water, and by means of overhanging branches, which the current (swollen by a recent storm) just reached, managed to seize her exhausted guide and drag him to the shore. After drying their clothes as best they could, they proceeded on their journey.

Arriving at her destination, the devoted nurse, without thought of herself attended to the immediate wants of the patient to whom she had been sent, remaining with her until she was out of danger. Toward evening of the next day Sister Lazare, in turn, was seized with a violent fever, which lasted more than a week and deprived her of the sense of hearing. She recovered her strength by degrees, and was soon able to return to her convent. But her hearing was almost entirely gone, and no efforts of medical science could restore it. Doctors Chalvet, Queysière, Berne, Conge and Rougier did all in their power. She was treated with blisters, cauteries, pointes de feu, and experimented upon with electricity. There was a slight improvement at first, but it was not permanent. Finally Sister Lazare became entirely deaf, and remained so for thirty five years—up to the 27th of August of the present year.

Apart from her infirmity, the Sister was considered an excellent infirmarian; and had acquired such skill in nursing the sick that her services were often in demand outside the convent. Cases requiring constant attention were her specialty. In this way she became associated with a pious lady of Lyons, whose daughter, having suffered a severe illness, was in a very weak state of physical and mental health. Change of air having been recommended, the patient was taken to Lourdes, accompanied by her mother and Sister Lazare. They arrived there soon after the departure of the National Pilgrimage, and took lodgings with Mme. Dodieu, Boulevard de la Grotte.

On the morning of the 27th of August the three ladies repaired to the piscine; but nothing could induce the young invalid to bathe in the icy water, in which so many afflicted persons have found relief. To encourage her, Sister Lazare went into the water herself, and prayed fervently for the recovery of her patient. She did not give a thought to her own infirmity, having long since become accustomed and resigned to the loss of hearing. While she was praying for her young charge the devoted nurse felt excruciating pains in her forehead, and these she offered to God on behalf of the invalid outside. On coming out of the water, as she stood facing the Grotto, to her great astonishment she heard the voice of a priest who was at that moment addressing the people; though the pulpit from which he spoke was at a considerable distance from her. She was cured, and, to her increased amazement, could now hear distinctly all that was said around her. She was examined by the Bureau des Constatations, and the physicians found her hearing so perfect that she was requested, on her return home, to forward medical certificates attesting her former condition. It was hard to credit the statement that up to that hour she had been "stone deaf" for many years.

Sister Lazare's remarkable cure was plainly the earthly reward of her heroic charity. As Dr. Boissarie, the famous physician of Lourdes, remarked: "It was by performing an heroic act of charity that the good religious lost her hearing, and it was in the exercise of the same virtue that she recovered it."—Ave Maria.

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A New Father Mathew.

The Rev. Father Hays, of Nottingham, England, has gone over to Ireland to enter a crusade against drinking. Wherever he goes he is followed by crowds who wish to take the pledge, or grasp his hand or crave his blessing. In reply to the question, How were you first led into this movement? he said: "Well, I was in London and saw a great deal of the misery and evil caused by intemperance. All my life I have been a total abstainer. I was intimately connected with Cardinal Manning; and four years ago I spoke in most parts of London. Since I have been ordained a priest and worked among the people in the slums and alleys of the various towns of England, I have become more and more convinced that for the vast majority of the poorer classes nothing short of total abstinence can remedy this squalid misery and unhappiness."

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GABRIEL'S FRIEND.

A Remembrance of the Souls Detained in Purgatory.

Many years ago — so many that all those of whom I am going to tell you have long since fallen asleep — there lived, in a country on the other side of the world, a boy whose name was Gabriel. And this boy — with this beautiful name, which seemed to those who knew him a sort of mockery — was ugly and stupid and shy. His light blue eyes looked out from under a thatch of brilliant red hair. His large mouth — but no! Why should I describe him? He was ugly, and he knew it; and was sorry for it some where deep down in his honest heart, just as he was sorry for being blundering and awkward and slow.

He had upon all this wide earth not a single friend. All his life he had been laughed at or ignored: he knew of no different existence, and he accepted his destiny without a complaint. But, had he only known it, he possessed a Friend who gave no thought to his ugliness, but looked in to his soul and found it beautiful. And this Friend saw that his heart was very gentle and loving, as well as very lonely; and he had compassion on him, sending him in His own mysterious way another friend. It is the story of this poor boy that I am going to tell you: perhaps it is only a legend; perhaps it is true.

Gabriel had never known his mother. From babyhood he stood apart from other, happier children, who had mothers who believed in them and cared for them and loved them. Poor, forlorn Gabriel! There had never been any one who loved him or believed in him; no one to notice the tears in his wistful eyes, or to comfort the ache in his lonely heart. Of his father he remembered very little; except that he had been silent and stern; for when his ship was lost at sea, Gabriel was only five years old.

The people with whom he lived sent him to school, where he toiled and labored with such sweet, unfeeling patience that he won the harsh old master's heart. When he was thirteen, and old enough to work in one of the many vineyards that covered the sunny hillsides, he left school; and it was then he received the first words of praise that had ever been bestowed upon him. As the boys bade the mister good bye, he laid his hand on Gabriel's shoulder, and said: "You've all been good, but Gabriel is the best of you all." And Gabriel laid his head down on the old battered desk and sobbed.

Of his life in the vineyards there is not much to tell. He worked faithfully and well, but slowly. He was silent, because no one spoke to him except to jest; and he was lonely. The boys who worked around him, quicker and brighter than he, never asked him to join in their games; and while the air rang with their shouts and laughter, he quietly wandered off to the woods and watched the tiny squirrels and listened to the birds singing in the trees.

One Sunday, as he came into the little churchyard from the woods, he heard the voice of the priest through the open windows of the church and stood still for a moment to listen.

"I beg of you, pray for the souls in purgatory. Pray for some one — for the soul nearest heaven; for the soul sunk deepest in sin; for the soul that has no friend —"

Gabriel started and a light sprang into his eyes.

"The rich, full voice went on: "The soul for whom there are none to pray."

That was all. The boy turned and softly entered the church. He sank upon his knees in the fast gathering dusk. "For the soul that has no friend." He had found another soul as lonely as himself, and neither should ever be lonely again.

From that day he was changed. The world seemed a beautiful, happy place, because now at least he could say in his heart: "I have a friend!" Every night and morning, and many, many times during the day, remembering this with a start of joy he would say: "O God, have mercy on the soul for whom there are none to pray!" And as time went on this friend became part of his existence, — a real, living part of his life; and Gabriel was happy.

So three years passed away, when on a bleak November morning, he woke to find his peace destroyed: his loneliness had returned. His first waking thought was for his friend, and he whispered the little prayer he knew so well. But no — what was he saying? "The soul nearest to heaven!" He began again, and again he found himself praying for the soul on the threshold of heaven. And this was the beginning of the end. Try as he might, those were the only words his lips would utter. Over and over, all through the long day, he strove to be true to that friendless soul, but in vain.

When twilight fell he wandered off to the desolate woods, and threw himself down upon the withered leaves. As he lay there in the cold, he wondered how he could bear it now. And then he heard a voice call his name — "Gabriel!"

Turning, he saw kneeling beside him a man with a face so beautiful and kind that his heart grew warm. "Gabriel," he inquired, "do you know who I am?"

"No," Gabriel answered softly. "Nor why I have come to you?"

The boy shook his head. "Gabriel, I have come to thank you. I am the soul that was without a friend."

Gabriel started, and then hid his

face in his hands. "No, you must not thank me!" he cried. "To-day —" "To-day you did not pray for me? Ah, Gabriel! did you think that those years of prayer would count for nothing? — that this poor soul would be no nearer paradise? Dear, faithful heart, to-day I was the soul nearest to heaven."

When morning dawned, and the boys on their way to work passed through the woods, they came upon Gabriel lying on a heap of fallen leaves. And when they had carried him away the old school-master came, and, looking at him as he slept his last sleep, laid his wrinkled face upon the coffin lid and sobbed. But Gabriel was smiling. — Madge Mannix in Ave Maria.

WAS IT JUDGMENT?

Blasphemers and Scoffers who Were the Victims of a Horrible Accident.

A subscriber writing to the Catholic Columbian from Surman, Ind., says: "An incident occurred some time ago in this locality, the particulars of which I lately learned and which I desire to lay before your readers."

Our road supervisor and several men were at work in a quarry, taking out stone to mend the roads and using Hercules powder for blasting. On the day previous to the feast of the Ascension the supervisor, who is a Protestant, was talking to a Catholic workman about the work to be done next day and the latter said: "I shall not be at work to-morrow; it is Ascension day."

The supervisor said if the man refused to work on that day he need not return at all. One of the two men who attended to the blasting — they, also, were non-Catholics — asked what the feast signified, and being informed by the Catholic workman, they both began to make sport of the feast and of him, saying he might sit on the blast they were putting in and it would make his ascension one day earlier, and so on, with other remarks of an obscene and filthy nature, they themselves and the supervisor laughing at the blasphemy. The Catholic workman walked away and the others continued their work. Soon after the two masters put in a cartridge which got fastened in the drill hole, and as the cap was not yet on, they took an iron pin to hammer the cartridge down, and it exploded with terrible results. Both men were thrown some distance from the spot, where one lay as if dead, his face horribly cut by flying rock, his nose broken, blinded by blood and debris, and he was calling out, "Oh, God, have mercy on me! Oh, my wife and children."

They were carried to a physician's office, where they were revived and their wounds dressed, but they are disabled for life and they have done no more work in the quarry since. The supervisor of the work resigned, and there was no labor performed in that quarry on Ascension day. The reader may decide for himself whether this occurrence was purely an accident or a manifestation of God's judgment.

General Lee's Joke.

In his recollections of Robert E. Lee as a college president, a writer in the Outlook tells this story: "He was an Episcopalian, a vestryman of Grace Church. General Pendleton, his former chief of artillery, was rector and General Smith, superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, was also a vestryman. The latter was not on agreeable terms with the rector, and complained to the officers of the church that the cadets, among them his own son, were deserting the Church of their fathers, and that no persuasion could keep them from attending Dr. Pratt's church (Presbyterian). The doctor had a very beautiful daughter, Grace, and while General Smith was pushing his objections to the rector, General Lee, with a twinkle in his eye, said to Smith: 'General, possibly the magnet which attracts your son is not so much the doctor's eloquence as the doctor's Grace.' It is said the point silenced General Smith."

"Turn the rascals out!" — the familiar party-cry — may be applied to microbes as well as to men. The germs of disease that lurk in the blood are "turned out" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla as effectually as the old postmasters are displaced by a new administration.

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The Church and Non-Catholics. Except it be put down to a spirit of petty malice, it is hard to assign a reason for the phraseology which some non-Catholics commit themselves to when speaking of the Catholic Church. We learn from an Australian paper that a certain public official has been brought to task by a brother official for the indiscriminate use of the expressions "Romish" Church and "Papists." While crediting the object of his strictures with the best of intentions—which in this case we must assume to be nothing more than ignorance—the official who championed the cause of Catholicity drew attention to the fact that no Protestant with any regard for the feelings of Catholics would think of using the objectionable epithets quoted above. Webster defines the word "Romish" as one that is frequently used in a disparaging sense. This probably accounts for the use of it by persons who would feel insulted at being considered illiberal or ignorant. It certainly seems strange that presumably well-informed individuals, in this age of progress and enlightenment, should be tempted to use the word "Romish" when speaking of the Catholic Church. By no possible chance would they allow themselves to speak of the "Romish" Senate or the "Romish" legions of Caesar, yet they seem to take a pleasure in tagging on the objectionable adjective, where Catholicity is concerned. Can it be that because such expressions as "Romish" and "Papists" are distasteful to Catholics, that they are to be found in such frequent use among the small souled fraternity who, while laying claim to the average amount of intelligence and information, so studiously stuff themselves when treating of Catholics and Catholic institutions. It would be hard to say which is the more reasonable motive to assign for the many evidences of stupidity which find their way into print, on this subject—ignorance or malice. One thing at least is noticeable, and that is, that journalistic irresponsibility and mediocrity go hand in hand, while it is equally true that the studied malice of sectarianism provokes little more than a smile among the majority of the better informed of the community at large.—Bombay Catholic Examiner.

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KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON weaves a real Irish story out of "The Wadrobe."

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, "An Unreasonable Man."

WALTER LEUCKY, "Jenny," A Canadian Story.

MARION ALMES TAGGART, "The Madonna of the Falling Leaf."

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REV. F. J. MCGOWAN, His Excellency, Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, D. D.

REV. C. SCHREINER, O. S. B., "At the Threshold of America."

ELLA McMARON, "He is Truly Great that is Great in Charity."

"The Ermine Clack," "The Abyss."

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C. M. B. A. Resolution of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 128, Parkhill, Ont., the following resolution was moved by Brother Hugh Leonard...

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove by death Jenny Garden, the daughter of our esteemed Brother, Alex. Garden; and Margaret McLeod, the daughter of our worthy Brother, John McLeod...

Resolved that we express our sincere sorrow for the losses sustained by our brothers, and extend to the families of our deceased most sincere sympathy and condolence...

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to the CATHOLIC RECORD, and The Canadian, for publication.

Has. Phelan, Sec. Parkhill, Nov. 7, 1897.

A. O. H. Division No. 3 is still alive, and if present indications mean anything it is likely to remain so for a long time to come.

It is well known to Irishmen in Toronto that No. 3 has been doing a grand business for some time past. In the face of hard times it makes no difference, the members seem to have one object in view, and that is to make it one of the leading Divisions in the Province.

The last regular meeting, held in Cameron Hall last Thursday evening, was no exception. Sharp on time, the President, Bro. J. J. Brennan, opened the meeting, nearly every member being present, and both sides of the house were of visiting brothers.

After much important business had been transacted, the President spoke at some length, exhorting the members to continue to build up the Division, and not to flag, because there is a good strong membership and a healthy treasury.

It was no reason why we should lie down to sleep; we have work to do for the benefit of our people. So long as there is a good Catholic young Irishman outside our ranks it was our duty to bring him into our society.

We must well into a mighty society. There is no reason why Irishmen should not be stronger in their own Province. Where there are so many Irish and Irish Canadians, who have to battle with the hardships of a new and growing country, it was well that they should be together in brotherly friendship and true Christian charity.

Our society was for the advancement of her soul, mentally and physically. We wish to elevate our race. It is not our intention to allow our members to be divided by the petty quarrels of the world.

We have the indomitable prejudices of the world to contend against. We have the press, the poet, and the politician to contend against. We have the world to contend against.

It is the intention of Division No. 3 to meet at Cameron Hall on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, to proceed in a body to St. Andrew's hall to St. Mary's bazaar. It is expected that their friends will make a noble contribution to that evening.

Various committees reported and in every case it was a success. The Finance Committee reported membership and finance to still be on the increase, notwithstanding the large amount paid out in sick benefits.

Under the good and welfare of the order Brother McCann reported that he had been visited with a reading about the patriot, Wm. Orr, who was executed on Oct. 1, Bro. J. J. Brennan, President of No. 3, congratulated the Sisters of Charity on its business like and enlightening meetings and exhorted the members to swell their ranks, and said we can never have too many Irishmen in our society.

Bro. Hyland also congratulated the meeting. Bro. Richardson, Deputy President Moore, Bro. G. H. Ryan, Bro. Madden and Lacey, favored us with songs and recitations.

No. 3 meetings are held in Cameron hall on first and third Thursday each month.

MANITOU THE GEM OF THE ROCKIES.

Those interested in the pleasure and health resorts of the West will find Manitou an ideal place. Its elevation of nearly 7,000 feet, its beautiful situation at the base of Pike's Peak...

In winter Manitou is a cozy nook. The north and west winds are held off by the mountains; the warm sun beams down from the clear Colorado sky and summer returns in winter time.

Manitou is the Indian name for God (Great Spirit). Long before the white man came the Indians brought their sick and infirm here. They deflected the mineral springs to their God (Manitou).

There are two excellent trout streams, one of the largest in the world, and one smaller. Over 15,000 people visit Manitou yearly. The Denver and Rio Grande R. R. runs passenger trains to Denver four times daily. The Colorado Midland R. R. runs daily pieces of engineering, has two beautiful depots called the "Golden Springs" and "The Street Cars" do a good business. In short, Manitou enjoys all the advantages of a large city and none of the disadvantages. It is an ideal health resort where the invalid is cheered, brightened and rapidly cured. The studies of the many noted Sisters of Charity have a beautiful situation at the Manitou. It consists of three separate buildings and is so equipped that visitors may enjoy all the advantages of a modern hotel, while the invalid receives the best nursing and attention. It is so situated that those who desire may bask all day in the bright sunshine enjoying at the same time the pure bracing air and the warm sun.

sun. It is indeed, impossible to exaggerate the beauty of this "Gem of the Rockies."

WEDDING BELLS.

HAGAN McNIERNY. A very quiet wedding took place in St. Vincent's church, Detroit on Oct. 12, at 8 a. m., when Mr. Peter Hagan, formerly of Illinois, and Miss Maggie McNierny, second daughter of Mrs. Isabella McNierny of Detroit, were united in holy matrimony.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Sadie, while the groom was supported by his brother, Mr. John Hagan, of Hillsdale, Wis. The bride wore a beautiful travelling suit of lawn, with hat to match. After the ceremony the bride and groom were seated at a sumptuous breakfast awaited there, after which Mr. and Mrs. Hagan left, amid a shower of rice and good wishes of the bride and groom.

On their trip they will visit several towns in Ontario; also Mr. Hagan's father, Mr. Jas. Hagan, of Hill, Green, and will return home to their friends after December 1, at 513 Wabash avenue, Detroit.

LEEK HARVEY. On Tuesday, the 29th inst., William Leek, conductor on the M. C. R. was united in the holy bonds of matrimony, with Miss Minnie Harvey, daughter of the late Richard Harvey, St. Thomas. The officiating clergyman was Rev. Dr. Flannery, who presided over the solemn engagement ceremony.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Elizabeth Harvey, sister of the bride. A large number of guests were present at the church of Holy Angels before the ceremony began. High Mass was sung, and a short but appropriate service pronounced by the officiating priest.

After the religious ceremonies were concluded an elegant dinner was partaken of at the residence of Mrs. Leek, on Front street, after which the happy couple, accompanied with the best wishes and blessings of many, took the train for Hill, Green, Wis. The wedding gifts made a very fine display at the family residence, showing the esteem in which the bride is held by her numerous friends in St. Thomas.

OBITUARY. Mr. JOHN LOUGHANE, LONDON. There died in this city on Monday, Nov. 11, Mr. John Loughane, in the 67th year of his age. Mr. Loughane had not been in perfect health for some time, but his natural buoyancy of manner, coupled with a remarkable unselfish and cheerful temperament, had much to do to keep him in his ultimate friends as to his critical condition. He was confined to his home for a couple of months, during which time the best medical skill and careful nursing were employed by the officiating priest. After the religious ceremonies were concluded an elegant dinner was partaken of at the residence of Mrs. Leek, on Front street, after which the happy couple, accompanied with the best wishes and blessings of many, took the train for Hill, Green, Wis. The wedding gifts made a very fine display at the family residence, showing the esteem in which the bride is held by her numerous friends in St. Thomas.

MR. ELLEN NOONAN, ST. THOMAS. A venerable old lady, Mrs. Ellen Noonan, who had been in the 82nd year of her age, and passed to her reward on Sunday night, the 31st ult., at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Ryan, of Hill, Green, Wis. The deceased lady, by the accidental death of her husband, the late Thomas Noonan, was left a widow with a young family of twelve children. By her husband she was well provided with a large amount of property, and she was able, besides giving a good education to her children, to secure good positions for them and to provide for their maintenance at the time of her death. The funeral took place on Wednesday, November 11, at 10 o'clock, from the residence of Mrs. Ryan, and was attended by a large concourse of sympathizing friends.

After High Mass of Requiem, celebrated by Rev. Dr. Flannery, the remains of the deceased were taken to the Catholic cemetery, followed by a large concourse of sympathizing friends. R. I. P.

MR. PATRICK KEHOE, KINGARDINE TP. On Friday, Oct. 29, one of the old time landmarks, and earliest pioneers of Bruce county, closed his eyes to earth in the person of Mr. Patrick Kehoe, who had been in the 82nd year of his age. He was born in the county Wexford, Ireland, seventy-two years ago. He came to Canada in 1841, and settled in Kingardine, Ontario, where he resided for the remainder of his life. He was a man of great energy and industry, and was well known to all who knew him. He died without any illness.

His zeal and earnestness for all things Catholic are well known throughout the county. It was his earthly pride to be known as a Catholic, and his greatest consolation was to hear of the progress of the Catholic Church in his own country. He was a man of great energy and industry, and was well known to all who knew him. He died without any illness.

The first Mass ever celebrated in west Bruce was said in his small log shanty forty-eight years ago, and he was the first to introduce the Holy Sacrifice offered in his house on the same farm the day before his death, and received the Eucharist for the first time. He had a great respect for the Holy Sacrifice, and had there as his Guest his last century ago.

Father Corcoran, of Teeswater, administered the last sacraments to him shortly before his death, and provided him with every consolation of our Holy Church.

He left ten children, six survive him, the two eldest of whom are prominent farmers living near his late residence. Father Kehoe, of the late century, was the first to introduce the Holy Sacrifice offered in his house on the same farm the day before his death, and received the Eucharist for the first time. He had a great respect for the Holy Sacrifice, and had there as his Guest his last century ago.

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Price, 1.50. It is put up in a specially attractive form, and will indeed be a valuable addition to our Catholic literature.

A Message From Purgatory.

Came to a monk the vision of a soul (His dearest novice mate in days gone by), Who, early reaching Death's mysterious goal,

Had long been revivenced as a saint on high; Lo, full of dolor, he had now risen To breathe the secrets of a fiery prison!

His melancholy eyes upon his friend Gazed, like twin torches 'neath his brows stern knit; The while great sighs his bosom seemed to rend,

He oft repeated: "No one thinks of it!" "Of what does no one think?" the Living cried: "And like a cyclone's roar the Dead replied:

"How strictly God doth judge the sons of men, When, freed from flesh, before His bar they stand;

Nor how severely He doth punish sin in purgatorial fires; How, on the other hand, He doth reward the just, Go forth and bid all Christians think of this!"

—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

LECTURE IN ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

A lecture under the auspices of the Congregation of the Children of Mary attached to the Academy of the Sacred Heart will be given in St. Peter's cathedral, on Sunday evening, Nov. 21, by Reverend P. Cassidy, S. J., of New York. The proceeds of the lecture will be devoted to charity. The good accomplished by these ladies being already well known, it is hoped that their work may be furthered by the generous patronage of those who, ever mindful of God's suffering poor, may look for the promised eternal recompense. "Aims delivered from death, and the same that which purgeth away sin and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting." (Tobias xii.) He that giveth to the poor, shall not want. (Prov. xxviii.)

Funeral Flowers. "Flowers gratefully declined" has lately appeared appended to the obituary notices of the Buffalo dailies. Naturally, the common sense mourners who inserted the notice were Catholics. It is an error to be emulated. Flowers have their place in churches. They are used to adorn the altar, not the casket. If Holy Church so desired it, she would have inserted a rubric in the ritual, ordering her ministers to follow the incensation by distributing flowers. However, on the contrary, the clergyman, and his attendants who officiate at funeral obsequies, is properly robed in sombre vestments, to remind us of death, the thought of which is the duty of the living. Flowers, therefore, broken columns and other absurdities. The best flowers we can scatter around the pall of our deceased friends and relatives are prayer, acts of self-denial, fasting, alms-giving and other good works. Above all, let us neglect not to have the holy sacrifice of the Mass offered for them. They will be thankful for this while gratefully declining our flowers. —Carmelite Review.

Silver Jubilee. Sharon, Pa., Oct. 1897.—The Rev. Father James Brennan of the Sacred Heart church, received a cablegram yesterday from the Pope tendering best wishes and congratulations on the coming celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Father Brennan's ordination to the priesthood, which occurred Oct. 18.

Postponement of St. Paul's Fair. The fair and drawing of prizes in aid of St. Paul's church, Toronto, which was to take place on the 21st and 22nd of November, has been postponed until the first week of January 1898, when the result of the fair will be published in the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Paste This in Your Prayer-Book. We have already printed the following prayer, but again wish to urge all our readers to make use of it. The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences grants a hundred days' indulgence once a day—applicable to the souls in Purgatory—to every one of the faithful who shall recite it either in Latin or in the translation. This favor will continue till the end of the year 1901.

"Most merciful God, grant through the intercession of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin that by the tears of our penitence we may expiate the guilt of this expiring century and so prepare for the opening of the coming century, that it may be entirely consecrated to the glory of Thy name and the reign of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Whom may all nations obey in faith and in perfect charity. Amen."

Progress of the Church in London. We have received a new convert from literary circles in Sweden. Mr. Strindberg, a noted writer of fiction, has entered the Church. Last year Madame Helena Nyblom, whose husband is a professor in the Royal University of Upsala, also became a Catholic. It is a significant fact that the Catholic Church receives from all nations converts noted for learning, who have been led by their studies into the one true fold. There is no more striking instance of this than the hundreds of learned men who have entered the Church in England, and the great minds of Germany—a Tieck, Novalis, Schlegel, Stolberg, Goerres, Brentano, Muller, Overbeck, and many others—who have found peace in the Church.—Western Chronicle.

Mr. Frank Coffey of Sydney, Australia, who was to have arrived at The Queen's Hotel, Toronto, this week, has been detained in the Western States and will not reach Toronto until the latter part of next week, or about the 15th inst.

NEW BOOKS. Following a volume of novelettes similar in character (the work of our American Catholic novelists, published about a year ago), now comes "A Route Table for the Representative Irish and English Catholic Novelists," which is served a feast of excellent stories by the representative Catholic novelists of Ireland and England. Louis Emily Dobson contributes a tale of London life, M. E. Francis, "In St. Patrick's Ward"; Theo. Gil, "A Soldier's Wife"; Baroness Pauline von Hugel, "Fair Dorothy Wilmet"; Lady Annabel Kerr, "Just What was Wanted"; R. B. Sheridan Knowles, "Hyacinth"; Reginald, "Francis M. Maitland"; "Miss Packer"; Sophie Mand, "A Paste Biscuit"; Clara Mulholland, "Mave's Repentance"; Ian Hris, "The Wards"; "This work is made additionally interesting with excellent portraits of the above authors, biographical sketches, and bibliography. Published by Benziger Bros.

ONE OF OUR CATHOLIC TEACHERS

It always affords us much pleasure to see our Catholic teachers taking an active interest in educational matters. At a recent meeting of teachers held at Arran, in Renfrew county, we notice the name of Miss G. Callaghan, whom we had the pleasure of congratulating a few years ago, on having passed a brilliant matriculation examination and obtained a first class certificate. Miss Callaghan, who is at present teaching in Edinburgh, read a paper on Geography. She took as her subject, Elementary Geography and the Presentation of the Continent and handled her subject in such a manner as to show her complete mastery of it. Her paper contained many new suggestions and showed unusual preparation and the faculty of expressing her thoughts in elegant and expressive language. We congratulate Miss Callaghan, and look forward to the time when she will complete her university course and grace one of the positions to which she will then be entitled.

Professor Rautengren, of X-ray fame who is a devout Catholic, not only, it is stated, abstains from meat on Fridays, but also observes Saturday as a day of abstinence, in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE.—The attendance of young people in the different departments of the Central Business College, Yonge street, is steadily increasing. It is an ever enjoyed in the history of that institution at this season of the year.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. London, Nov. 13.—Wheat, 81 to 86, 15 per bush. Oats, 23 to 22 1/2 per bush. Peas, 45 per bush. Barley, 24 to 25 1/2 per bush. Rye, 25 to 26 1/2 per bush. Corn, 42c per bush. There was a steady supply of meat, and some extra butchers' stock, and lower grades at 14 to 15 per cwt. and lower grades at 14 to 15 per cwt. Dressed hogs 15 1/2 per cwt. Turkeys, 17 to 18 cents a pound. Geese, 16 to 17 cents a pound. Chickens, 18 to 19 cents a pound. Eggs, fresh, 18 to 19 cents a dozen. Potatoes, 75 to 80 cents a bushel. Apples, 22 to 23 per barrel. Hay, 35 to 40 per ton.

TORONTO. Toronto, Nov. 11.—Flour is less active, with prices rather steady. The market is quiet. Bran, 75 to 80 per ton. Wheat, 81 to 86, 15 per bush. Oats, 23 to 22 1/2 per bush. Peas, 45 per bush. Barley, 24 to 25 1/2 per bush. Rye, 25 to 26 1/2 per bush. Corn, 42c per bush. There was a steady supply of meat, and some extra butchers' stock, and lower grades at 14 to 15 per cwt. and lower grades at 14 to 15 per cwt. Dressed hogs 15 1/2 per cwt. Turkeys, 17 to 18 cents a pound. Geese, 16 to 17 cents a pound. Chickens, 18 to 19 cents a pound. Eggs, fresh, 18 to 19 cents a dozen. Potatoes, 75 to 80 cents a bushel. Apples, 22 to 23 per barrel. Hay, 35 to 40 per ton.

MONTREAL. Montreal, Nov. 11.—Wheat, dull, and buckwheat easier. Ontario flour wheat, 81 to 86, 15 per bush. Oats, 23 to 22 1/2 per bush. Peas, 45 per bush. Barley, 24 to 25 1/2 per bush. Rye, 25 to 26 1/2 per bush. Corn, 42c per bush. There was a steady supply of meat, and some extra butchers' stock, and lower grades at 14 to 15 per cwt. and lower grades at 14 to 15 per cwt. Dressed hogs 15 1/2 per cwt. Turkeys, 17 to 18 cents a pound. Geese, 16 to 17 cents a pound. Chickens, 18 to 19 cents a pound. Eggs, fresh, 18 to 19 cents a dozen. Potatoes, 75 to 80 cents a bushel. Apples, 22 to 23 per barrel. Hay, 35 to 40 per ton.

TORONTO. Toronto, Nov. 11.—There were only four loads of export cattle here and two of them sent to the States. The market is quiet. Butchers' cattle—No loads sold at more than 30c. and the general trade was closely around 20c. Export sheep are easy at 10 to 12c, and 3c for choice. Stockers are in steady demand at 10 to 12c per pound. Export sheep are worth 10 to 12c per pound, and 3c for choice. Stockers are in steady demand at 10 to 12c per pound. Export sheep are worth 10 to 12c per pound, and 3c for choice