

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, April 22, 1899.

"ANGLO SAXON SUPERIORITY."

The Christian Guardian of Toronto has in a recent issue a very flattering notice of a book bearing the title "Anglo Saxon Superiority: To What it is due." We read it carefully, and came to the conclusion that it must have been written by a very young reporter, for we charitably suppose that any respectable editor would scorn to spoil paper with such nonsense.

When we read that "Anglo Saxon" superiority is due to the open Bible we were at a loss for adjectives to qualify our surprise.

Does the author of that article imagine it is a book of recipes for the fashioning of machine guns which have been of invaluable assistance to Englishmen in their task of demonstrating their world superiority? Does he think it is a book written by the Almighty for His spoiled children of the mysterious race yept Anglo-Saxon, and that to it is due that they have their fingers on nearly every part of the globe? If the Bible can be made to stand as sponsor to all the bloody deeds that mark the conquering path of England, and to all the trusts and syndicates that bear her commercial banner, then God help the poor and weak. If the buccanniers of Queen Elizabeth and the political and commercial pirates of our day can point to the Bible as the source of their success; if wealth, and all that is earthy is a sign of orthodoxy, let us gather the dollars, make materialism its goal, and we may receive a certificate of character from the Christian Guardian.

But the connection between the Bible and national prosperity is beyond our ken. It is strange, too, that the gentlemen who are forever boasting of their spiritual form of worship should have such a regard for the temporal view!

What would the editor say to the stammering Moses, when confronted by the magnificent Egyptian civilization; or to the first Christians, who were materially and intellectually inferior to the Romans? If commercial and military conquests are signs of orthodoxy the religion of Christ must have undergone a curious transformation. He who had not whereon to lay his head denounced riches, and transmitted to those who were to be His standard-bearers the heritage of woe and persecution.

We are unable to discover any commendation of money or any word to warrant us in saying that the prosperity of a nation is an indubitable test of religious fidelity.

The assertion of the Guardian is not only un-Christian but absolutely false. "If," says Bishop Spalding, "England's wealth to-day comes from the Reformation, how shall we account for that of Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? And if the decline of Spain has been brought about by the Catholic faith, to what cause shall we assign that of Holland, who, in the seventeenth century, ruled the seas and did the carrying trade of Europe?"

If Englishmen are enterprising and progressive it is due not to the Bible but to their fearlessness and resourcefulness and to the magnificent natural endowments of their country. "We may truly say," remarks Monsignor Vaughan, "that all that is best and grandest [about England, even at the present time, has come down to her from] Catholic days, when she was known throughout the world as 'Merrie England.' Thus: 1. Her glorious constitution. 2. Her representative form of government. 3. Her two Houses of Parliament. 4. Her trial by jury. 5. The charter of her liberties, the Magna Charta. 6. Her noble universities. 7. Her splendid cathedrals and churches. All these, and much more, she has inherited from her Catholic progenitors."

And we still remember that any nation that can point to impartial administration of law, to the virtue of its men and to the purity of its women, has, however destitute of material resources [and] barren of commercial triumphs, reached a high plane of civilization. God does not use a stick

to measure the worth of a people.

But they have an open Bible. Yes! they have a Bible open to the unhallowed hands of every stripling who has a mind to go into the mission field and who will distribute it by the millions to crowds who can hardly read, much less understand its pages. It is this senseless scattering of God's word that has bred fanatics and illusionists, and that has shorn it, in the eyes of many, of its dignity and sacredness. It is kicked around to-day in every rationalistic highway. It is mutilated by ministerial critics and by others who accept as supernatural revelations the vagaries of over-heated imaginations.

The open-bible theory is no new thing in the world. "Heresies," says St. Augustine, "have not sprung up save where Scripture, which is good, is ill understood."

"Historically," says Spalding, "the Bible grows out of the Church: and to overthrow the Church as the work of Satan, and to hold the Bible as the word of God is an absurdity so monstrous that it cannot be committed with impunity. If organic Christianity is not a divine work human reason must refuse to look upon its documents as inspired; and this, as is now manifest to all, is the result to which the historic evolution of the Protestant principle has led."

The Guardian seems to infer that before the time of the "sainted Wesley" the Bible was practically unknown to the people. It is an historical fact, however, that no book was held in such reverence during the Middle Ages as the Bible.

Dr. Maitland says: "To say nothing of parts of the Bible, or of books whose place is uncertain, we know of at least twenty different editions of the whole Latin Bible printed in Germany only before Luther was born. Before Luther was born the Bible had been printed in Rome, Naples, Florence and Placenza, and Venice alone had furnished eleven editions."

And Sir Thomas More tells us that the "Holy Byble was translated into the English tongue and by good and godly people, with devotion and soberness, wel and reverently red."

If the Bible is such a panacea for all human ills, how comes it that England, which, to use a phrase much quoted on Evangelical platforms, in the full light of Gospel truth, presents a picture of misery, filth and brutal degradation which is a disgrace to a civilized country. The above assertion will be found on the minutes of the Statistical Society of London. How is it that there are thousands of "homeless, breadless, without raiment or shelter, to whom," says the Bishop of Rochester, "God is unknown except as the substance of an oath, and to whom Jesus Christ is as distant as a fixed star. In 1883 Mr. Chamberlain declared that England had a million paupers, and millions more were on the verge of pauperism. Never before was the misery of the people more intense or their condition more hopeless or more degraded." In the days of the "shut Bible" there was indeed poverty in England, but not the biting, pinching kind that makes criminals of men and that prompts women to sell themselves for raiment and nourishment. Then there were dispensers of the good which Providence had bestowed on them. It remained for other days to beget the soulless principle of individualism with its selfishness, rapacity, greed and contempt for the poor. "The connection," says the London Tablet, "between the Protestantism of England and her workhouse is far more easily established than is any connection between her many creeds and industrial importance."

How comes it that the "open Bible" has unchurched fifty millions of people in this country? If so, why are there so many civilized pagans—without creed or God, living only for pleasure, and caring nought for what lies on the other side of the grave?

Surely it is nauseating to the normal mind, this prating about "Anglo-Saxon superiority!" Wealth and military genius are not the guarantees of permanent nationality: they are powerless against immorality, egotism and scepticism, which alone can pluck the crown of nationhood from the brows of the people.

ANOTHER SAMPLE.

The aforesaid flattering notice was followed by rhetorical fireworks anent the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. These two articles are usually kept on the top-shelf of theological museums, and exhibited only as weapons of controversy of the olden time. England, we are told, has nothing of the kind in her annals, especially since the days of the "open Bible." But he may come across a few pages of history that will teach him to be sparing of statements of that nature. Hallam's assertion that persecution is the deadly original sin of the reformed Churches is particularly applicable to England. Time has brought us a larger measure of liberty, and has taught us to repress the instincts of the savage, and to live in harmony, and agree to differ; but this does not prevent us from seeing that on the pages of the history of England, the land of the open Bible, is written the tale of merciless cruelty dealt out to Quaker, Puritan and Catholic. When one considers the innocent devices, such as the scavenger's daughter, the iron boot, the chamber of little ease, not to mention the hangings and quarterings, we have but to admire the sublime ignorance of the individual who chants the praises of the toleration of England.

Has he ever heard of the penal code, "the most prolific machine," said Edmund Burke, "ever invented by the wit of man to disgrace a realm and degrade a people." And this code was promulgated by Christian Englishmen, for the avowed purpose of making Irishmen apostates or the veriest serfs that ever cringed under the hand of a master! It deprived them of education and of the franchise; it strangled their industries and made the trade of priest-baiting as honorable legally as it was lucrative.

And how did the Irish, who had not the open Bible, retaliate upon their oppressors? Let Cooke Taylor, the historian of the Civil War in Ireland, speak: "It is but justice to this maligned body, the Irish Catholics, to add that on the three occasions of their obtaining the upper hand they never injured a single person in life or limb for professing a religion different from their own."

NOW ONE WORD MORE.

We should like to ask the Christian Guardian if the friends of the open Bible who bewail the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, etc., showed when they landed in the New World that they were free from the deadly sin referred to by Hallam? We speak of historical facts. Did they forget the lessons they learned in the Old World? Did they not hurray and burn, and all for conscience' sake? And where did the proscribed Quaker and Puritan find shelter from their mild-mannered brethren? He found it in the settlement of Maryland, founded by Catholic hands and presided over by the Catholic Lord Baltimore. They who had cast in their fortunes with the colony had done so to avoid a short shrift and high gibbet from the defenders of religious liberty. Lord Baltimore himself had chosen fidelity to the faith of his fathers in preference to apostasy and political position, and yet, despite all this, they hesitated not to throw open their gates to those who were persecuted on religious grounds. Bancroft pays a just tribute to these pioneers of religious freedom when he says that "that asylum of Papists was the spot where in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the State. The Roman Catholics who were oppressed by the laws of England were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake: and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intolerance."

Cardinal Simon Langham was the first to establish schools in England for painting, architecture, and the cultivation of orchards, gardens and fishponds. William of Wykeham, the great bishop of Winchester, was the first to introduce the system of making good roads. The daily date so familiar to us on the top of every newspaper is due to the labors of the Jesuit Father Clavius, in revising the calendar, performed at the order of Pope Gregory XIII.

TALK WITH A PARSON.

Parson: "It (the Catholic Church) has never enacted a law nor adopted a policy that looked toward life, growth and spiritual evolution since it came into the world."

Now, Parson, we propose to prove that you are exceedingly ignorant of the history of European civilization and of the Catholic Church as the controlling factor in it. We will do this not from Catholic, but from exclusively Protestant authorities. Not because they are better than Catholic authorities, but being Protestants, their testimony will not be suspected of bias in favor of the Church, but will be considered as an honest and frank effort to be true to the facts of history. Unlike you, Parson, the authors we shall quote are well known to the world in the field of literature and learning.

The first we quote is the historian Lecky. In his "History of Rationalism," he says:

"The Catholic Church was the very heart of Christendom. The result of the ascendancy it gained brought about a stage of civilization that was one of the most important in the evolutions of society. By consolidating the heterogeneous and anarchical elements that succeeded the downfall of the Roman Empire, by infusing into Christendom the conception of a bond of unity that is superior to the divisions of nationhood, and of a moral tie that is superior to force, by softening slavery into serfdom, and preparing the way for the ultimate emancipation of labor, CATHOLICISM LAID THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN CIVILIZATION. In the transition from slavery to serfdom, and in the transition from serfdom to liberty, she was the most zealous, the most unwearied and the most efficient agent. (Vol. 2, page 36, 37, 209.)

The great statesman and scholar, William E. Gladstone, said:

"Since the first three hundred years of persecution the Roman Catholic Church has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization, and has driven, harnessed to its chariot as horses to a triumphant car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world; its art, the art of the world; its genius, the genius of the world; its greatness, glory, grandeur and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that, in these respects, the world has had to boast of." (Quoted from Dr. Zahm's "Catholic Science and Catholic Scientists," page 116.)

Dr. Samuel K. Maitland was librarian to the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, editor for several years of the British Magazine, author of Essays on the Dark Ages, and many other works. In his essays, he says: "At the darkest periods the Christian Church was the source and spring of civilization, the dispenser of what little comfort and security there was in the things of this world, and the quiet scriptural asserter of the rights of man." (Page 393.)

M. Guizot, the Protestant French historian, says:

"There can be no doubt that the Catholic Church struggled against the great vices of the social state—against slavery, for instance. These facts are so well known that it needless for me to enter into details." ("History of Civilization," lect. vi.)

The Rev. E. Cutts, author of "Turning Points in English Church History"—a work which was published by the English Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—says:

"In the Middle Ages the Church was a great popular institution. * * * One reason, no doubt, of the popularity of the Mediaeval Church was that it had always been the champion of the people and the friend of the poor. In politics the Church was always on the side of the liberties of the people against the tyranny of the feudal lords. In the eye of the nobles the laboring population were beings of an inferior caste; in the eye of the law they were chattels; in the eye of the Church they were brethren in Christ, souls to be won and trained and fitted for heaven. * * * On the whole, with many drawbacks, the Mediaeval Church did its duty—according to its light—to the people. It was the great cultivator of learning and art, and it did its best to educate the people, and used it on the side of the liberties of the people. * * * By means of its painting and sculpture in the churches, its mystery plays, its religious festivals, its mystic plays, its preaching, it is probable that the chief facts of the creeds were more universally known and more vividly realized than among the masses of our present population." ("Turning Points of English Church History," 1874, pp. 16, 165.)

James Anthony Froude, the Protestant English historian, says:

"Never in all their history, in ancient times or modern, never that we know of, have mankind thrown out of themselves anything so grand, so useful, so beautiful as the Catholic Church once was. In these times of ours well-regulated selfishness is the recognized rule of action; every one of us is expected to look out for himself first, and take care of his own interests. At the time I speak of the Church ruled the

State with the authority of a conscience and self interest, as a motive of action, was only named to be abhorred. The Bishops and clergy were regarded freely and simply as the immediate ministers of the Almighty; and they seem to have really deserved that high estimate of their character. It was not for the doctrine which they taught, only or chiefly, that they were held in honor. Brave men do not fall down before their fellow-mortals for the words which they speak or for the rites which they perform. Wisdom, justice, self-denial, nobleness, purity, high-mindedness—these are the qualities before which the free-born races of Europe have been contented to bow; and in no order of men were such qualities to be found as they were found six hundred years ago in the clergy of the Catholic Church. They called themselves the successors of the Apostles; they claimed, in their Master's name, universal spiritual authority, but they made good their pretensions by the holiness of their own lives. They were allowed to rule because they deserved to rule, and in the fullness of reverence kings and nobles bent before a power which was nearer to God than their own. Over prince and subject, chieftain and serf, a body of unarmed, defenseless men reigned supreme by the magic of sanctity. They tamed the fiery Northern warriors who had broken in pieces the Roman Empire. They taught them—they brought them really and truly to believe—that they had immortal souls, and that they would one day stand at the awful judgment bar and give account for their lives there. With the brave, the honest, and the good, with those who had not oppressed the poor nor removed their neighbor's land mark; with those who had been just in all their dealings; with those who had fought against evil and had tried valiantly to do their Master's will, at that great day it will be well. For cowards, for profligates, for those who lived for luxury and pleasure and self-indulgence, there was the blackness of eternal death.

"An awful conviction of this tremendous kind the clergy had effectually instilled into the mind of Europe. It was not perhaps; it was a certainty. It was not a form of words repeated once a week at church; it was an assurance entertained on all parties of doubt. And the effect of such a belief on life and conscience is simply immeasurable. * * * In the eyes of the clergy the serf and his lord stood on the common level of sinful humanity. Into their ranks high birth was no passport. They were themselves, for the most part, children of the peasant and the son of the artisan or peasant rose to the mitre or the triple crown, just as now a days the rail-splitter and the tailor become Presidents of the Republic of the West. The Church was essentially democratic, while at the same time it had the monopoly of learning." ("Short Studies on Great Subjects," Vol. I., pp. 33, 37.)

The learned Canon Farrar, in his "Saintry Workers," says:

"What was it that had preserved the best elements of Christianity in the fourth century? The self-sacrifice of the hermits. What was it which saved the principles of law and order and civilization? What rescued the wreck of ancient literature from universal conflagration? What restrained, what converted the irushing Teutonic races? What kept alive the dying embers of science? What fanned into a flame the white ashes of art? What reclaimed waste lands, cleared forests, drained fens, protected miserably populations, encouraged free labor, equalized widely separated ranks? What was the sole witness for the cause of charity, the sole preservative of even partial education, the sole rampart against intolerable oppression? What weak and unarmed power alone retained the strength and the determination to dash down the mailed hand of the baron when it was uplifted against his serf, to proclaim a truce of God between warring violence and to make insolent wickedness tremble by asserting the inherent supremacy of goodness over transgression, of knowledge over ignorance, of quiet righteousness over brute force? You will say the Church, you will say Christianity. Yes, but for many a long century the very bulwarks and ramparts of the Church were the monasteries, and the one invincible force of the Church lay in the self-sacrifice, the holiness, the courage of the monks." (Saintry Workers, pp. 82, 83.)

In his Hulsean lectures before the University of Cambridge this same Canon Farrar, Chaplain to Queen Victoria, said:

"From the fifth to the thirteenth century the Church was engaged in elaborating the most splendid organization which the world has ever seen. Starting with the separation of the spiritual from the temporal power, and the mutual independence of each in its own sphere, Catholicism worked hand in hand with feudalism for the amelioration of mankind. Under the influence of feudalism slavery became serfdom, and aggressive was modified into defensive war. Under the influence of Catholicism the monasteries preserved learning, and maintained the sense of the unity of Christendom. Under the

combined influence of both grew up the lovely idea of chivalry, moulding generous instincts into gallant institutions, making the body vigorous and the soul pure, and wedding the Christian virtues of humility and tenderness to the natural graces of courtesy and strength. During this period the Church was the one mighty witness for light in an age of darkness, for order in an age of lawlessness, for personal holiness in an epoch of licentious rage. Amid the despotism of kings and the turbulence of aristocrats it was an estimable blessing that there should be a power which, by the unarmed majesty of simple goodness, made the haughtiest and boldest respect the interests of justice and tremble at the thought of temperance, righteousness and judgment to come." (Hulsean lectures for 1870, page 115.)

An American writer in the North American Review, 1840, says:

"It would then, perhaps, be expedient to refer the history of Europe in the Middle Ages to Italy, as the history of the ancient world has always been referred to Rome. The great ascendancy of the Papal, and the influence of Italian genius on literature and fine arts of all countries, made Italy essentially the centre of light, the sovereign of thought, the capital of civilization."

Another Protestant writer in the North American Review, 1845, writes:

"Though seemingly enslaved, the Church was in reality the life of Europe. She was the refuge of the distressed, the friend of the slave, the helper of the injured, the only hope of learning. To her chivalry owed its noble aspirations; to her art and agriculture looked for every improvement. The ruler from her learned some rude justice; the ruled learned faith and obedience. Let us not cling to the superstition which teaches that the Church has always upheld the cause of tyrants. Through the Middle Ages she was the only friend and advocate of the people, and of the rights of man. To her influence was it owing that, through all that strange era, the slaves of Europe were better protected by law than are now the free blacks of the United States by national statutes."

Samuel Laing, a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, in his "Observations on Europe," page 395, says:

"Law, learning, education, science, all that we term civilization in the present social condition of the European people, spring from the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff and of the Catholic priesthood over the kings and nobles of the Middle Ages. All that men have of civil, political and religious freedom in the present age may be clearly traced, in the history of every country, to the working and effects of the independent power of the Church of Rome over the property, social economy, movement, mind and intelligence of all connected with her in the social body."

We will close our quotations from Protestant authorities by giving another from Rev. Canon Farrar:

"Consider what the Church did for education. Her ten thousand monasteries kept alive and transmitted that torch of learning which otherwise would have been extinguished long before. A religious education, incomparably superior to the mere athleticisms of the noble's hall, was extended to the meanest serf who wished for it. This fact alone, by which the dignity of the individual, elevated the entire hopes and destinies of the race, the humanizing machinery of schools and universities, the civilizing propaganda of missionary zeal, were they not due to her? And, more than this, her very existence was a living education: it showed that the successive ages were not sporadic and accidental scenes, but were continuous and inherent acts in one great drama. In Christendom the yearnings of the past were fulfilled, the direction of the future determined. In dim but magnificent procession 'the giant forms of empires on their way to ruin' had each ceded to her their sceptres, bequeathed to her their gifts. * * * Life became one broad, rejoicing river, whose tributaries, once severed, were now united, and whose majestic stream, without one break in its continuity, flowed on, under the common sunlight, from its sources beneath the throne of God." (Christianity and the Race, page 186.)

Such, Parson, is our reply to your statement. In the light of these Protestant scholars and historians you will be able to see that you have made a sorry exhibition of yourself, and shown how ignorant a preacher may be and yet think himself competent to talk at a scholarly Catholic priest like Father Nugent.

We make acknowledgements to Father Alfred Young, in whose book, "Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared," we found conveniently arranged all but one of the quotations we have given. Father Young's book is invaluable to the Catholic layman who is often bothered by such anti-Catholic trash as is to be found in the Parson's letter to Father Nugent, and in cheap Protestant literature generally. There are two other works that cannot be too highly recommended: we refer to Archbishop Spalding's "Miscellanea" and "History of the Protestant Reformation."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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"JACK COLLINS, OR THE DIGNITY OF LABOR."

Written for THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

By C. F. STREET, M. A.

He was a working man, strong and muscular, whose sinews had been developed by constant manual labor, from his boyhood; his name was Joseph Collins, of Scottish descent.

The class of men who claim our pity are those poor laborers who have had no early associations to excite in them a spirit of ambition, whose only objects of life are earthly, who seem to live for the sole purpose of eating, drinking, sleeping, and the gratification of their bodily appetites.

By the combined industry and good management of Collins and his wife they accumulated means sufficient for the purchase of a lot of land and the erection of a neat cottage: here they lived several years in the enjoyment of peace and plenty.

He had a strange dream last night, which is deeply imprinted on my mind. I dreamt that a gentleman, respectable and gaitly in appearance, came to our house, and, calling me aside, said: "I am much in need of a good man to attend to some very important business for me: he must be honorable, trustworthy and pious. You are the person suited for my purpose, I have learned. The mission, if entrusted to you, will require you to leave home and undertake a long journey: your family will be rewarded for any sacrifice you will make effecting them."

Being a good laundress, she was enabled to provide in this way, food and clothing for herself and family and maintain her children at school.

The poor widow, putting her trust in God the Father, bravely tried to perform her duties and be both mother and father to her children.

Jack was much impressed with the remarks of Mr. Force, and, thanking him for his kind advice, expressed his willingness to resume the work of the previous day.

Jack having just attained his sixteenth birthday when the Easter holidays were beginning, his mother thought he had acquired education sufficient for that vocation to which she wished him to follow, and was strong enough to begin work.

It is said that there are 1,700 clergymen of the Church of England who are members of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, organized to destroy the work of the Reformation.

What a sad and awful change does a united household experience at the moment it is deprived of one of the parents! What responsibilities does the widow, to whom our story relates, assume when her husband was stricken down by the hand of Death?

Jack made fair progress in the essential rudiments of education and was regarded as a smart boy at school. He was robust and strong, but like boy she was not disposed to engage in amusements.

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going to give you is such as your father would say to you were he living. Judging from your appearance you will be an able-bodied man, when you will arrive at maturity, if you have proper exercise and lead an industrious and good life.

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THE HAPPINESS OF CATHOLIC CONVERTS.

Yes, Catholic converts are happy—we may well say, perhaps, the happiest beings on earth.

His happiness arises not from mere excitement and enthusiasm, but is a calm, substantial, reasonable happiness founded in a deep conviction of truth which is brought home to him with great power.

Through the great mercy of God the honest inquirer becomes a Catholic—and what a change! He has found rest and peace to his troubled soul.

Here is that wonderful institution, established by our Lord Himself, so fraught with peace and comfort for the sin-burdened soul—the confessional.

Here, too, are devotions, private and public, which are a revelation to him. Oh, how different from the bald, dry, superficial and unsatisfactory devotions of Protestantism!

But the crowning source of happiness for the convert is the Real Presence of his Lord and Saviour in the holy sacrament of the altar.

In contrast with Protestant devotion Protestant churches are simply rattle houses, and the principle attraction is the preacher. If he is eloquent and stirs the feelings his hearers are greatly pleased and satisfied.

It makes a charming picture, doubtless. Of course one cannot expect an artist, fall to be struck with the ritual of a Roman Catholic, and matter of fact, if one believed in a fiction there is no other possible cause for a sensible person to belong to.

Her companion was a man towered above her in height and proportionately built. He was particularly handsome, but had a long face and a manly, erect carriage.

The betrothed pair had just returned from the Immaculate Conception in Farm street, London, where they had been assisting at Benediction.

She had chosen "The dear Agnes" as her subject, and her talented brush does its wonted work.

Ernest had recovered. He arm round her slender waist and he over to the large window little heathen," he said.

in contrast with Protestant devotion. Protestant churches are simply meeting houses, and the principle attraction is the preacher. If he is eloquent and stirs the feelings his hearers are greatly pleased and satisfied. This is mostly human—a sort of man worship which does not reach the depths of the soul. But in the Catholic Church the Real Presence is the chief point of interest, and it imparts life and warmth as well as a deep solemnity to the devotions. It is that blessed truth that comes home to the heart of the convert with extraordinary freshness and power of attraction. He loves to approach the altar and commune with his Saviour and receive Him into his very heart and heart.

HER CONVERSION.

"It makes a charming picture undoubtedly. Of course one cannot, as an artist, fail to be struck with the ritual of the Romish Church, and as a matter of fact, if one believed in Revelation there is no other possible Church for a sensible person to belong to."

The speaker was Miss Clare Wynne, an artist by profession. She was essentially a product of the latter end of the nineteenth century. In no other era could she have flourished as she was certainly doing at present. The child of well to do people of the upper middle class who had, however, no very strong religious convictions, she had been highly educated as far as her mind went, but her soul had been subjected to a spiritual starvation which resulted in her becoming what she termed a "free thinker."

She was twenty-two now, a bright, winsome, well-set-up girl with a mild, sweet expression of countenance that was utterly at variance with her pronounced views and self-will, for she was terribly self-willed.

Her companion was a man who towered above her in height and was proportionately built. He was not particularly handsome, but had a pleasing face and a manly, erect carriage. He was Clare's affianced lover, Ernest Ward, the son and heir of a country gentleman of large fortune, and he worshipped Clare with all the strength of his mind and body. He loved her with an intensity of love that does not fall to every one's share, and treated her with a reverential tenderness that even she, with all her advanced ideas of woman's equality with the sterner sex, could not but accept as the recognition of her feminine frailty. In theory she repudiated the idea of receiving those small attentions and that delicate courtesy which a chivalrous man delights in paying to womanhood; she flattered herself that she would have been better pleased had Ernest met her upon more equal terms, but we doubt nevertheless whether she would have obtained the satisfaction she fondly imagined from such a course of procedure.

The betrothed pair had just left the church of the Immaculate Conception in Farm street, London, where Ernest had been assisting at Benediction, and Clare had been feasting her aesthetic soul on the beauties of the ceremony. They were going to Clare's studio to view her latest picture intended for the Royal Academy Exhibition. Ernest was looking troubled, as well he might, for the following reason.

Twelve months previously he had become engaged to Clare Wynne, and now in the meantime he had, during a tour abroad, become convinced of the claims of the Catholic religion to be the only true one. To be convinced with him was a near preliminary to being received into the Church, and so to day, the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, found him in real truth a sincere Catholic. All his thoughts were now for Clare, but his prayers and efforts for her conversion even to Christianity had been so far unavailing.

The studio was reached, and Ernest gently divested Clare of her hat and jacket, she submitting with a very good grace for one of her vaunted opinions. She had chosen "The death of St. Agnes" as her subject, and well had her talented brush done its work.

"Isn't she lovely!" she cried, drawing aside the curtain which hid her now finished work, and Ernest gazed at it long and rapturously. "What inspiration prompted you to choose that subject?" he asked at length. "If you were a Catholic in heart and soul as well as being the little genius you are, it could not have been done better."

"Oh, flatterer!" exclaimed Clare, but with a heightened color that certainly did not indicate displeasure. "Why should I not take that subject as well as any other from mythology? It is just—she broke off suddenly as a look at Ernest's face revealed if not actual displeasure at least a certain disappointment. "I beg your pardon," she said, "I am treading on your pet corn now, am I not? But you know, I quite forgot that you believed all these—these things." She had been going to say "fables" from sheer force of habit.

Ernest had recovered. He put his arm round her slender waist and drew her over to the large window. "Poor little heathen," he said. "If you could only share my happiness to day!"

"I am very happy," Clare pouted with a pretty shrug that was more indicative of the spoiled child than of the strong-minded woman of many rights. "Well let us sit down here," said Ernest, pulling up a lounge, "I want to talk to you seriously," and

talk seriously he did, putting before her the responsibilities which had come to him with his new religion. Clare listened to it all with comparative calmness till there came the question of the promise that would be exacted from her of allowing any children of their marriage to be brought up as Catholics. "I could not possibly promise such a thing. I have been very liberal; you know I believe in entire liberty of conscience and creed, and so how could I, acting up to my convictions, how could I allow my children to have their minds biased and their souls trammelled with your so-called religious teachings?"

"No, Ernest, my children should be absolutely free on that point. If when they grew up they chose to conform to any religious belief I should not prevent them so doing, but I must positively decline to allow what you call religious principles to be dinned into them from their infancy."

Ernest listened to this with a face which was ghastly in its pallor. It meant only one thing to him, and that was—a parting for ever from the one woman he had ever loved or could ever love.

"You will think it over, Clare, my darling," he begged, "because as long as you are in your present frame of mind we—I—"

"We can never be more than what we are to each other," she interrupted, rising and looking at him coldly.

"Listen, Clare," he said, taking hold of her small wrist and trying to draw her down to him. "Can not you see what it means to me?"

"It means a lot to your imagination, doubtless," she replied, scornfully, drawing away her hand. "Here you bring me quite a supposititious case and make all this fuss about it. But I have stated my opinions and am not likely to alter them in any way." Slowly she took the diamond ring from her finger and held it out to Ernest, but the hand that offered it trembled a little.

"Take it," she said. "Our engagement is at an end. You are free."

"I can not take it, Clare. Don't look at me like that, dearest. Keep it at least till to-morrow."

She turned and deposited it on a small tray, saying coldly:

"It is all the same to me."

Two minutes later Ernest was gone, and Clare had thrown herself on one of the big rugs on the floor, a heap of sobbing humanity. The next morning's post brought back his ring to Ernest Ward.

The Royal Academy Exhibition was over, and Clare Wynne's name was in everyone's mouth. She had been congratulated on her extraordinary success until she was tired of hearing about it. Her own youth and beauty, in combination with her talent, were freely discussed in the public press, but praise or adverse criticism were alike thrown away upon her. She felt that all was vanity and affliction of spirit, and to no one could she turn for comfort.

Ernest was gone she knew not whither, and her heart was filled with bitterness against him. She tried hard to find solace in her work, but though she had her moments of forgetfulness, she could not obtain any permanent relief.

"I have nothing to live for," she would cry out sometimes, and then she would dash down her brushes and weep tears hot and vexatious.

Then again she would resume her work with a feverish energy. She was determined that her fame should spread to all quarters of the globe.

"He will hear of it," she would say to herself. "He will see that I am quite independent of him."

It was during this time that she turned out some of her best work, and Ernest heard of it, as she had thought.

Two years had winged their way into eternity when one day Clare received a letter from a distinguished Catholic nobleman, asking her to undertake the work of painting the walls of a convent chapel with certain subjects which he would choose.

Clare, who was somewhat run down in health, thought that a few months' sojourn in Devonshire would do her good, so she accepted the commission.

Never would she forget the impression which her first contact with the nuns and convent made upon her.

It was towards the close of autumn, and the trees and hedges displayed a glorious wealth of crimsoned foliage; as she neared the convent, which lay at some distance from the town, a sweet-toned bell rang out upon the peaceful air—it was the Compline bell, she was told.

She could see the gray spire of the convent chapel rising above the circle of trees which hid the rest of the conventual buildings from sight, and she began to feel a soothing calm stealing upon her wearied soul.

In the space of a week she became wonderfully at home with the nuns, some of whom were sent to her, especially during their recreation hour, to talk with and entertain her. When the light waned she would take a book and sit in the small chapel railed off from the sanctuary for the use of externs, and, pretending to read, would fall into deep trains of thought, whilst the nuns in gentle, plaintive tones chanted the Divine Office.

Often, too, she remained for Benediction, and at last was so impressed with the evident sincerity and deep devotion of the nuns that she admitted to herself that this religion which they practised so assiduously was, if not true, at least well founded.

Amongst the pictures which were to adorn the walls she left to the last that

of a full length figure of Our Lord showing His Divine Heart, with the inscription written below, "It is all love and mercy." This, Clare felt, was to be her masterpiece, and she threw her whole heart and soul into the work. As it grew under her hands she loved it. She was irresistibly drawn towards it, and the words which she was to paint beneath it constantly recurred to her mind.

"It is all love and mercy!"

One evening Clare had put the finishing touches to her work, and standing at a distance she was examining it critically. The Mother Prioress came up gently to her side and said softly, "It is beautiful. What must the Reality be?"

Clare gave a start. The Reality! Yes, surely there was a Reality somewhere—surely there was more than the emptiness and weariness which at times weighed upon her so heavily.

She turned suddenly, and, clasping the wondering nun in a close embrace, said in piteous tones: "How happy you are—you believe in Him. I believe nothing. Oh, do help me—help me to believe, too."

"Dear child, He will help you Himself. He is all love and mercy," said the nun.

"Come here and tell Him all."

Clare, who had burst into tears, suffered herself to be led before the Tabernacle, where, sinking down on her knees, she prayed as someone has prayed before: "O God, if there be a God, help me to believe."

And there is the still shadow of the sanctuary, with only the light of the little crimson lamp shining upon her, she bowed her beautiful head in very submission.

Not many weeks later the artistic world was all astir with the news of Miss Wynne's "going over to Rome." Knowing as they all did what her opinions were, surprise was the order of the day.

"However," remarked one spitefully—and the sentiment was echoed by many—"there is a very potent factor to be considered—Ernest Ward."

Ernest read the news. He was in Africa, and the paper he saw was nearly a month old. Without losing a day he started on his return to England.

Clare had given him up. For months she had heard nothing of him. She thought he was lost to her, but it was an immense relief to her to think that some day he would know of her newly-found happiness.

One day she had been out, and on returning found a small parcel directed to her in a hand that set all the pulses of her heart throbbing wildly. With eager trembling fingers she opened it. Something dropped out and rolled upon the ground.

It was her engagement ring, and in the covering she found Ernest's card. She did not send it back this time.

The next day a well known step, minus perhaps some of its former confidence, was heard coming up to her studio.

"Ernest!"

"My dearest Clare!"

That was all they said, for words would not come. We need not chronicle the rest. Be satisfied, dear reader, with the assurance that the ending of this little romance was a perfectly happy one, and be assured that a picture of the Sacred Heart occupies a prominent position in the house of Mr. Ernest Ward and his artist wife.—Catholic Fireside.

TOLD BY ITALIAN PEASANTS.

The Italian peasants have a great fund of legends concerning Christ and His saints. This is one of them:

One day Our Lord and St. Peter were passing through a street where a fine house was building, and a young man at work upon it was suspended by a rope so that he should not fall. But the rope was insecure; and, as he turned to look at those who were passing before his eyes, he fell and walked on without speaking to our Lord.

Soon they came to a wild place where there was a dangerous ravine. An old man was seen coming toward them; but his foot slipped and he fell down the side of the precipice. St. Peter was sure that he was dead; but the next moment he re-appeared, hardly hurt at all. And yet his fall had been a worse one than that of the young workman.

St. Peter's heart was heavy and he said to our Lord:

"I cannot understand why You saved the old man, whose life was nearly over, instead of the young man, who had so many years before him."

"I will tell you," answered Our Lord, sweetly and simply. "The young man's soul is Mine, but that of the old man does not yet belong to Me."

At those words the eyes of St. Peter filled with tears.

"And that is why," said the good old peasant who told the story, "he weeps every time when his festa comes around. He was sorry because the good young man had to die, and because the old man had not given his soul to God."—Ave Maria.

"To Err Is Human."

People like to talk about attractive things in advertising. In a company recently the proverb above quoted, and which appeared at the head of one of a well constructed series of advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, was so much discussed that we doubt if any one there will ever forget the source whence it came. Messrs. Hood & Co. are using these proverbial advertisements on a very broad scale, and they are attracting discussion and favorable comment everywhere.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

SWEET ST. FRANCIS.
The Seraph of Assisi—Beautiful Tribute From a Non-Catholic.

"Sweet St. Francis of Assisi! Would that he were here again." With these words of Tennyson's prayer the Rev. W. Hudson Shaw, M. A., fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, recently closed the fourth lecture in the university extension course on "Rome in the Middle Ages" in Witherspoon Hall. Mr. Shaw is a non-Catholic, and this fact, taken in connection with his international reputation as a scholar and lecturer, invests with peculiar interest his views concerning the life and work of the gentle seraph of Assisi. Mr. Shaw said in part:

"Francis of Assisi was—shall I be rash enough to say what I think? You shall assail me for it if you choose—Francis of Assisi was the purest-hearted, the most lovable and most adorable human being whom Christian history of eighteen centuries have revealed to us."

"What are the chief facts of his life? St. Francis was born in Umbria, in the little hillside city of Assisi, in the year 1182. Francesco Bernardone during his early manhood was simply the spoiled darling of his native city—gay, frivolous, lovable, generous, the leader of every mad revel, a richly dressed, fastidious, pleasure-loving cavalier strongly drawn to chivalry and knight-hood as his highest ideals. At 22 he fell dangerously ill and was brought face to face with death. It was the turning-point of his career. On his recovery he was filled with disgust of himself, contempt for his useless, selfish life. * * * At a sumptuous banquet given at Assisi about this time, Bernardone, master of the revels, sat silent and absorbed, and his friends rallied him on his moroseness. 'See,' they said, 'Francesco is thinking of the wife he is going to marry.' 'It is true,' he answered eagerly; 'I am thinking of taking a wife more beautiful, richer, purer than you could ever imagine.' The bride he meant was the Lady Poverty, 'widowed now,' says Dante in his 'Paradise,' 'a thousand years and more.' He began humbly by attending the outcast lepers, whose loathsome sores he had always abhorred, by restoring with his own hands the ruined chapel of Santa Maria Degli Angeli. In the plain below Assisi that tiny chapel still stands. I have knelt in it; it is to me the holiest, most sacred spot that Europe can show. 'There were dreamed,' it has been said, 'some of the noblest dreams which have soothed the pains of humanity.' There in the Portinucula Francis of Assisi heard the final call, and obeyed. On February 24, 1209, the words of the gospel for the day fell on his ears. 'Freely ye have received; freely give. Provide neither silver nor gold, nor brass in your purses; neither scrip nor two coats, nor shoes nor staff, for the laborer is worthy of his hire.'

"This is what I want," he cried. "This is what I am seeking!" On the next day he preached in the streets of Assisi. Within a few weeks his first disciples gave all their goods to the poor and joined him, and the Francis can movement, the greatest and purest religious impulse the world had known since the death of St. Paul, had begun its romantic career.

"Francis was not a man of splendid intellect or a learned scholar. He had no new doctrines to teach. His dogmas were extremely few and simple. His preaching was plain and unadorned. He conquered mankind not by his theology, but by his life—a life so purely selfless, so exquisitely gentle, so full of divinest compassion and tenderness that it must remain so long as the world lasts one of the unsurpassed glories of Christianity. It is entirely impossible for any human being ever to love his fellow-men, especially the disinherited, the outcast and the suffering, more devoutly than Brother Francis. He was burned up, as his biographer, St. Bonaventura, says, by divine love for every creature of God. The only malediction he is known to have uttered was against a fierce swine which had killed a lamb. From his Christ-like piety no man, however degraded, was shut out. 'Whosoever shall come to the brothers,' so ran his rule, friend or enemy, thief or robber, let him be lovingly received.' One day three bandits of evil fame, starving, asked help from a certain Franciscan, Angelo. He drove them away with anger and reproaches. Francis, hearing of it, reproved him sternly. 'I command thee,' he said, 'by thine obedience to take at once this loaf and this wine and go seek the robbers by hill and dell until you have found them, and kneel there before them and humbly ask their pardon, and pray them in my name no longer to do wrong, but to fear God.'

"Scarcely less wonderful than his all-embracing love was his invincible humility. He became the idol of the people; whole cities went forth to meet him as he approached, and he cared nothing for it, remained to the end guileless and lovely in thought as a little child. 'Why thee? Why thee?' a brother once said to him. 'Every-body follows thee; every one desires to see and obey thee, and yet for all that thou art neither beautiful nor learned, nor of a noble family. Whence comes it, then, that it should be thee whom the world desires to follow?' 'It is because the Most High willed it thus,' answered Francis. 'He chose me because He could find no smaller man nor one more worthless, and He wished here to confound the nobility and grandeur, the strength, the beauty and the learning of this world.'

"And now one final word. Is this life of Francis of Assisi, we are forced

to ask ourselves, anything more, after all, than a picturesque episode of medieval history, an old-world relic, beautiful as the faded traceries of a ruined abbey and of as little present utility? Has he any message to which our time is likely to listen? Let us be honest; he has not. To this age, which dreads, as Carlyle said, only hell, the hell of not making money, which has exalted the brute god Mammon, as no age, not even that of imperial Rome, ever exalted it before, St. Francis is unintelligible, he speaks in vain. But the nineteenth century is dying; ere long we shall be ringing in the new era.

"* * * * *
"Meanwhile one trusts that in more lands than Italy, in other religions than his own, wherever tenderness and courage, purity and humility and Christ-like life are held in reverence, there are hundreds of thousands of men and women ready to re-echo Tennyson's prayer: 'Sweet St. Francis of Assisi! Would that he were here again.'"

A BOOK FOR LITTLE FOLK.

Catholic doctrine does not change, but there is at times room for improvement in the methods of communicating it to the youthful minds. There is heard at present a cry for a more simple Catechism. Several Canadian pastors severely criticize Butler's Catechism, the use of which is obligatory in Canada. Several other books have been suggested. To our mind the Catechism of the great Jesuit Deharbe is the best as to arrangement. But what will all the controversy amount to if no practical step is taken? Why not get up a petition, signed by all the priests interested, and bring the matter before the Bishops in conference. Next to this, let each one nominate a board of editors well fitted to give us the ideal Catechism, in which "words of learned length and thundering sound will be eliminated." Joaquin Miller recently answered some people who asked him why he always wrote in little bits of Bible Saxon words. This poet scorns big words. "I beg you," he says, "remember Shakespeare's scorn for words, words, words. It was the short Roman sword that went to the heart, not the long boastful one of the barbarian." If we get a better catechism than those in vogue, we shall have to render thanks to THE CATHOLIC RECORD of London. This able journal first raised the question, and has kept hammering away at it until now others are waking up and falling into line.—Carmelite Review.

Starved Nerves.

When the blood is thin and watery, the nerves are actually starved and nervous exhaustion and prostration soon follow. Feed the nerves with Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and you will impart to them the new life and vigor of perfect health. Face out and face smile the signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on every box of the genuine.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

"A Cheerful Look Makes a Dish a Feast."

"Cheerful looks" depend just as much upon physical well-being as upon natural disposition and temperament. If the blood is disordered, the brain is starved, and no "dish is a feast," for the reason that the vitalizing elements do not reach the proper spot.

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Great Builder.—Have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for indigestion, constipation and that it builds up the whole system and gives relief in cases of catarrh. WILLIAM E. WELDON, Moncton, N. B.

Sour Stomach.—My system was out of order. I suffered from headache and sour stomach. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla, my health improved and I gained 15 pounds. MAXWELL D. SHANAGAW, Colebrook, Ont.

Bad Cough.—My sister was troubled with a cough which caused pain in her left side. She was confined to her bed. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few weeks she was able to sit up in bed, her appetite improved and the cough and accompanying pain disappeared. LILY WALKER, 24 Cottling Street, Halifax, N. S.

Dyspepsia.—My husband suffered with dyspepsia. Physicians did not benefit him. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla relieved him. My husband's father and our little boy have been wonderfully benefited by this medicine. Mrs. O. F. CHAMBERLAIN, Glen Sutton, Que.

Run Down.—My system was run down. I could not sleep nights and my appetite was poor. Hood's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new woman. Mrs. S. E. DRYDEN, Amherst, N. S.

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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.

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

London, Saturday, April 22, 1899.

THE DIOCESE OF LONDON.

The Very Reverend Joseph Bayard, P. P. of St. Thomas, one of the oldest and most respected priests of the diocese, has been appointed Administrator of the Diocese of London.

He entered upon the duties of his office on Sunday last, the 16th inst.

RETURNING TO THE FAITH.

It is an evidence of the spread of faith in France, that M. Freycinet, the French Minister of War, though a Protestant, in the beginning of Lent issued an order that all colonels in the army shall take care that the Catholic soldiers in their regiments shall have the opportunity afforded them to fulfil their Easter duty.

Members of the Government have declared that this was done to be in accord with public opinion, which demanded that the order should be issued.

A HIGHLY COMMENDABLE OBJECT.

We understand Judge MacMahon proposes during next autumn presenting the townships of Biddulph and McGillivray jointly with the nucleus of a public library.

During the winter a similar presentation will be made to the township of Stephen: and in the near future a gift of a similar character will be made to the township of Ashfield, County of Huron.

Judge MacMahon will add to his intended gifts, and stimulate the people to take advantage of the opportunities a library affords could he spare the time to deliver a lecture in each locality where a library is being founded.

WAR IS COSTLY.

The people of the United States are now beginning to realize the burden of the luxury of war. Official returns show that to the end of March the expenditure of the Government on account of the war with Spain has reached the enormous sum of \$292,000,000, being over \$15.50 for every family in the country.

This is exclusive of the sickness, death and suffering entailed upon the many families who have lost their bread-winners through the "unpleasantness." The expenditure will continue for many years to come, as pensions will have to be paid to thousands of the surviving soldiers, and to the families of those who were slain in the conflict.

The loss to Spain will be greatly in excess of these figures, while the Spaniards will not even have the consolation of reflecting that the war has been a luxury to them. The war tax in both countries will have to be kept up for many years, notwithstanding that actual hostilities covered so short a period.

A FALSE STATEMENT.

A statement has been telegraphed from London, England, under date 10th April, to the effect that the Daily Mail of that city publishes a story told by an American missionary at Han-Kow, a Chinese port on the Yangtse Kiang river, according to which the Roman Catholics of that locality have been engaged in the work of "burning Protestant churches, and torturing Protestants."

The missionary gives the name of a priest concerned, and describes a reign of terror as existing in certain districts. We have not the least doubt that when the correct information reaches us it will be found that this whole sensational story will be seen to be a mere fabrication.

The Chinese persecute Christians without distinction between Catholics and Protestants, and it is very possible that some such persecution has broken out in the locality named, but we know by experience in the past that Protestant missionaries are very apt to make up just such cock-and-bull stories to excite an anti Catholic feeling. They did this recently in reference to Madagascar, and it will surely be found that the same thing has occurred on the present occasion.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

It becomes more and more certain as time goes on that the Peace Conference, which is to meet at the Hague in response to the invitation to the powers of the world, issued by Russia, will be without much if any result in the direction of securing general disarmament, and much less general peace.

Since the Conference was proposed at first, preparations for war have been on a more gigantic scale than has ever before been known in the world's history.

Russia itself has been more aggressive in China than heretofore, and the Finns have been deprived of their liberties as barefacedly as was Poland partitioned in the early part of this century.

In fact, the Czar, well intentioned as he probably is in the matter, has not really the power to carry out his programme in his own dominions. The country is at the present time actually ruled by the President of the Holy Synod, while the Czar is but a figurehead.

Germany has appointed as its representative to the Conference Herr Von Stengel, who openly declares that any effort at disarmament is futile, and not to be thought of under the present relations of the powers to each other.

This could scarcely be regarded as a suitable appointment, if there were any hope of arriving at a satisfactory result. It is stated that America and Japan will refuse to consider the question of a reduction of their armaments, though England has already offered to diminish her ship-building if Russia will do the same.

It is very doubtful whether Russia will meet this offer half way.

THE LINDSAY POLICE MAGISTRACY.

The Watchman-Warder of Lindsay still objects to our remarks in reference to the effort of the Lindsay Town Council to reduce the salary of the police magistrate from \$1,000 to \$800 as having been made in consequence of the present holder of the office being a Catholic.

We have been since informed on good authority that religious motives did not enter into the matter, as far as the majority of the Council are concerned, and we consequently withdrew our remarks on the subject, with the exception that we repeated that one member had declared that he would make the position not worth having, inasmuch as a Catholic had been appointed thereto.

We received our information to this effect from a resident of Lindsay whom we believe to be a trustworthy witness, but the Watchman-Warder asserts that not a single member of the Council ever used such words as have been attributed to one of their number. The matter rests on the truthfulness of our informant and of the individual members of the council. We can only say that if it be true that there is not even one bigot in the Lindsay council, we are pleased to hear that such is the case, and that we hope it may long continue to be so.

It is not our desire to say a word injurious to any member of the Council, but if such language was used, as we have been positively informed was the case, we had good reason to condemn it. If it was not used our informant was in fault, but the Record cannot be incriminated for having rebuked such language on the hypothesis that it was used. It is possible, however, that the Watchman-Warder accepts too readily the disclaimer of "every one" of the Councilors. Still we are happy to accept that disclaimer, unless our informant furnish us with satisfactory evidence of the truth of his assertion.

THE POPE.

Concerning the state of the Pope's health, the most contradictory accounts are constantly being sent to the press from Rome. His very advanced age of almost ninety-one years is sufficient to make him frail and feeble, but in spite of this it is said at times that he is remarkably well, and has recovered entirely from the operation to which he was subjected to cure his tumor.

At other times we are told he is in a most serious condition. But we know that for years it has been over and over again reported he was at the point of death, when it was afterwards found that his health was really good, and we may conclude with much probability that the present reports of his serious illness are no more truthful than those which have been so often sent forth. In fact on the 11th inst. the Holy Father received the Cardinals in audience and was congratulated by them on his restoration to health, and he made a vigorous address in reply. He eulogized the Czar for his desire to bring about a general peace, and expressed the hope that the coming peace conference may have a successful issue.

He dwelt upon the Church's mission of peace, and her fidelity to that mission, and, continuing, said: "Every time the Church has intervened directly in the serious affairs of the world it has assured public welfare, and the Popes have often stopped oppression and secured peace and justice. Civilization would have perished without Papal authority to vindicate the supremacy of right over might. Oppressions may sometimes embarrass and curtail the power of religion, but amid all vicissitudes the Church pursues its beneficent mission, which embraces heaven and earth. Pure humanitarianism could not assure real and lasting prosperity. An attempt is even now perceptible to withdraw civilization from the influence of Christianity."

He then gave his benediction to those present, and it was noticed that he did so in a firm, strong voice.

In addition to the Cardinals, many Bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries were present, and the Holy Father seemed to be in excellent health and good spirits. To this announcement, which came by cable despatch, it may be added that advices by mail state that he receives visitors in audience daily, and celebrates Mass almost every morning.

A STUNNING BLOW TO RITUALISM.

Ritualism has received a severe blow from the Imperial House of Commons. The question of "lawlessness" in the Church of England was brought up for consideration by Mr. Sydney Gedge, M. P. for Walsall, who is licensed as a preacher in the Diocese of London and Rochester. The motion proposed to exclude from ecclesiastical appointments all who will not obey the law as declared by the courts having jurisdiction in matters ecclesiastical. This was aimed at members of the Ritualistic organization known as "The English Church Union."

The resolution was subsequently withdrawn in favor of a more moderate one moved by Mr. Samuel Hoare, M. P. for Norwich, that

"This House deploras the spirit of lawlessness displayed by certain members of the Church, and expresses the hope that Her Majesty's Ministers will not recommend any clergyman for ecclesiastical preferment unless satisfied that he would loyally obey the Bishops and the prayer-book."

This was accepted by the Government, and Mr. Arthur Balfour as Government leader in the House supported it. Mr. Balfour has already declared himself to be favorable to the Ritualists, whom he pronounced to be the most zealous and earnest body in the Church. He expressed, however, his opposition to the short-sighted, even though honest, policy of mistaken ecclesiastical theorists, to whichever party they pertain.

This motion would be readily accepted by the Ritualists, as they maintain that they are obedient to the proper authority as required, but their adversaries were not content with this, and, on motion of the member for North Islington, the following was added:

"And to obey the law as decided by the courts which have jurisdiction in matters ecclesiastical."

This clause was strongly opposed by the partisans of Ritualism, as they have proclaimed that Parliament and lay tribunals have no business to interfere with the doctrine and discipline of the Church. The motion was carried, however, and the resolution with this amendment was adapted by a vote of 200 to 14.

Thus once more has Parliament asserted its absolute supremacy over the Church of England, and there is every likelihood that the Ritualists will yield to the crack of the master's whip, notwithstanding the strong defiance they sent forth at the last meeting of the Church Union.

If they really want freedom of conscience they must look for it in the Catholic Church.

THE LATIN-AMERICAN PLENARY COUNCIL.

A despatch from Rome states that at the Plenary Council of South American Prelates, which will meet in Rome toward the end of May, there will be present nearly one hundred Archbishops and Bishops from every part of the South American continent, Brazil alone sending fourteen Bishops and two Archbishops.

In language, as all speak the Spanish tongue, and in their commercial relations, as well as in their Republican form of Government, these Southern Latin States bear a striking resemblance to each other, and have a common tie, which binds them not only to each other, but also to the States of Central America and Mexico. It is sad to reflect, however, that most of these States have been rent by political differences which have made them the scene of many bloody fratricidal wars and revolutions. It is to be hoped that the meeting of the Hierarchy of these Republics will tend to make the Govern-

ment of the divers States better appreciate their community of interests.

The number of Archbishops and Bishops of South America is rather over estimated in the despatch, the total being eighty-seven, the Auxiliary Bishops and Vicars-Apostolic being included, but there are besides four Apostolic Prefectures. If to these we add the thirty-five Prelates of Mexico and Central America the total will be raised to one hundred and twenty-two Archbishops and Bishops; but there are always some vacancies through deaths, so that the actual number will be somewhat smaller than this. Hence, especially if the Sees of Latin North America be represented at the Council, the Assembly will be the most important ecclesiastical assemblage ever gathered except at a General Council of the Church. The population of South America is now estimated at thirty-four millions, nearly all of whom are Catholics.

The despatch further asserts that one of the ulterior purposes of the coming gathering is to unite the various Latin States of America into one Confederation, which would include also Spain and Portugal. The idea is a grand one, if it is really entertained, and it would increase the power and influence of the Latin States of the world. It is said also that the Pope and the Cardinals favor this plan. It remains to be seen whether the proposition is fanciful or not, and whether it will materialize into a fact.

A DEFUNCT PARTY.

On Thursday, the 6th inst., Mr. Leighton McCarthy, M. P. for North Simcoe, made his maiden speech in Parliament. He commenced by giving very good advice to the members to the effect that "the proceedings of the House ought to be conducted in a more dignified manner, and that the older members ought to stop mud-slinging, and get down to business."

We certainly do not propose to dispute the expediency of this advice. It is important that the representatives of the people of the Dominion should get themselves to business; yet we must say on their behalf that our Parliament, in comparison with the Chambers of Deputies of other countries, will not suffer, especially since the public bar in the House of Commons has been (nominally at least) suppressed. We can scarcely think that Mr. McCarthy has come across any more serious scandal in the conduct of the members of the House of Commons than is inseparable from any aggregation of two hundred citizens of the Dominion separated for a few months from their homes and obliged to work hard in the Capital during that time.

Mr. McCarthy's remarks were undoubtedly well intended, but from the amusement they created in the House we may infer that the seed he sowed fell upon stony ground—and in this case the fault may have been as much with the sower as with the ground on which seed was sown.

He was careful to inform the House that he is his late uncle's nephew, succeeding to his uncle's constituency, and governed by his uncle's principles; and he took his seat in his late uncle's place on the cross benches, but on the Government side of the House.

Attention had been called by the Mail and Empire to the seat he occupied. In reference to this Mr. McCarthy said:

"I had no voice in selecting it (his seat), but what is more fitting than that I should sit alongside Mr. Stubbs who was elected on a platform similar to my own, and from whom I can ask advice? Further, I will say, that a seat on the side of the House which was good enough for Dalton McCarthy is good enough for me."

Notwithstanding this proclamation of principles, whereby we should suppose that the Third or "no-Popery Party" of which Mr. Dalton McCarthy was the originator and leader in the House, was strengthened by the election of his nephew, Mr. Leighton McCarthy gave it clearly to be understood that he is an independent member, responsible to neither of the great parties of the Dominion, "not even to the Third Party."

Thus it appears that Mr. Stubbs is to be left alone in his glory as the sole remaining member of that third party by means of which Quebec was threatening not long ago with the annihilation of its religion, language and laws. We may reasonably presume that the dispute which prevents the coherency of the only two remaining hypothetical members of the famous Third Party is based upon the question of leadership.

The member from Cardwell with the euphonious name no doubt considers himself the natural leader of the party, as he was left alone in it on the death of his leader, while the more youthful

accession to its ranks has the claim to leadership in the fact that he is his uncle's nephew. If, however, the party is now to be regarded as defunct, we can only express the hope that its dust may repose in peace.

THE COLOR LINE IN RELIGION.

The bitterness with which the division is still kept up between the Northern and Southern Presbyterian churches is evidenced in many ways, and notably by a communication made by the Rev. Dr. Robert L. Bachman, Knoxville, Tennessee, to the Evangelist, a Presbyterian organ of New York.

Dr. Bachman wrote recently to forty-two of his fellow clergymen of the South in twelve different States. These were the most prominent and representative men in their several localities, and his letter requested them to make known their views by answering the three following questions:

1. Do you favor the union of the Southern and Northern Presbyterian Churches?

2. If so, do you think the present opportune time to make a new and earnest effort in that direction?

3. If so, will you use your influence with your Presbytery to have it overture your Assembly to appoint a Committee of Conference to act with a similar committee from the Northern Assembly?

Thirty answers were sent to these letters, all being courteous, but from the general tone it was made evident that any movement toward union would be fruitless at the present time. Twenty-one expressed themselves, indeed, to be favorable to union, but on certain conditions, the italics being Dr. Bachman's.

The conditions laid down were numerous, some touching the war utterances of over thirty years ago, and others having regard to doctrine, policy, color, and woman. Some would be satisfied with few, while others would require many conditions, but only thirteen out of the thirty were to various degrees favorable to a present effort being made to effect a union, the remainder, being of the opinion that it would not succeed, but would only excite discord in the South itself, and that it would create a new secession which would extend from the Atlantic to New Mexico. In fact only three or four gave favorable answers to the third question.

The main difficulty between the two denominations regards the admission of colored Presbyterians to equal rights with whites in Presbyteries, and in approaching the Communion table together, and many of the ministers declared that they would not endeavor to have a committee appointed to bring about the union. They were either opposed thereto themselves, or they knew that their efforts to influence their presbyteries in that direction would be futile.

The Southern Presbyterian of New Orleans speaks of the union proposition in the following terms:

"Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, and Baptists must give by their honest convictions in the interest of so-called Christian unity, or consent to a comprehensive Church organization which would be a Noah's Ark to hold out of the water a motley cargo and heterogeneous crew. As for ourselves, for these and other reasons unnamed, we are decidedly of the conviction that we had better let very well alone. Organic union for us would mean absorption, without compensation of corresponding advantage, the sharing of responsibilities for much we now disapprove, assumption of troubles and trials past and menacing, to which we have no divine call, and the coloring of the reunited Church, and with it the hue of the overwhelming majority."

Independently of the minor divisions of Presbyterianism, the great body of Presbyterians in the United States is divided by the line of demarcation between the North and the South; and in the South there is another division on the color line, and it is evidently feared that any attempt at reunion will only result in creating one or two more Churches without bringing on a cordial union in the resulting Noah's Ark described so graphically by the Southern Presbyterian. We can only say in reference to the interesting discussion, that it is scarcely consistent with the admonition of St. Paul to both Corinthians and Galatians, which may be summed up in the text addressed to the latter:

"There is neither Jew nor Greek: there is neither bond nor free: there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus. And if you be Christ's, then you are the seed of Abraham, heirs according to the promise."

There is about this discussion this remarkable feature, that neither one nor the other party engaged in the negotiations appears to suspect that there is the least impropriety in keeping up a variety of sects on frivolous pretences, whereas all the parties concerned read the same Bible, and find therein the same condemnation of doctrinal error and sedition:

"But evil men and seducers shall grow worse and worse, erring and driving into error. But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned, and which have been committed to thee knowing of whom thou hast learned." (2 Tim. iii. 13.)

The wonder is that a denomination thus deliberately agreeing to remain divided on petty issues can have the

hardihood to proclaim to have a special mission from heaven to reform the Church of Christ, while it is itself so badly in need of reformation.

The Catholic Church has had no such trouble, because she makes no distinction in the treatment of her children, whether red, black or white.

THE ESOTERIC CREED OF METHODISM.

We have already noticed in our columns the fact that the Rev. Dr. Cadman, at a meeting held recently in New York, at which four hundred Methodist ministers were present, affirmed that the Bible is not inerrant or infallible, and that all its parts are certainly not equally inspired, some parts not being inspired at all. According to this theory it follows as a matter of course that the Bible is not what it has hitherto been regarded by all Protestants to be, the unerring and complete Word of God.

It is so well known by all that the idiosyncrasies and aberrations of the human mind, and even of the learned, are many, that it would not be a source of great surprise that a minister of the Rev. Dr. Cadman's reputation as a scholar should give utterance to these strange sentiments, but importance has been attached to his sayings mainly because he was not only listened to, but was vigorously applauded by the assembled doctors and teachers of Methodism, who thus showed their sympathy with the views he expressed.

It now appears that the ministers imagined they were at a private meeting, and that their true sentiments concerning the Bible would never come to the knowledge of the public; and this is why they expressed themselves so freely!

The editor of the New York Christian Advocate, the Rev. Dr. Jas. M. Buckley, who was present at the meeting, was greatly perturbed at the widespread attention which was given to the matter, and at the criticism evoked by it, according to the New York Times, so he dealt with it in his editorial columns. In his article, he admits the substantial correctness of the report given of the proceedings, and his excuse is, inconsistently enough with this admission, that the meeting was a "private one from which reporters were excluded, and that therefore the reports are liable to be distorted and erroneous." It is surely a small matter whether or not the reports were liable to be distorted, if in fact they were not so. The incongruity of this reply does not escape the keen observation of the Times, which remarks thereon:

"This is really a most important point than Dr. Buckley appears to realize, for the members of the Church are liable to ask themselves if the Methodist ministers have an esoteric doctrine which they preach to their congregations in which the Sacred Scriptures are extolled as the source of all light and life, and an esoteric doctrine to be propounded to the initiated behind locked doors, in which they are taught that the doctrine of the infallibility of the Bible is a delusion and a snare."

In fact, as we have already said, Dr. Buckley admits, and Dr. Cadman also admitted in an interview, the correctness of the report, and that the subject under discussion was in part whether or not the Bible is absolutely infallible in science and in matters that do not relate to the purpose for which the revelation was given, and that the speaker asserted that the writers of the Bible, using the current knowledge of the time for illustration or incidental reference, were not inerrant or infallible, and that critical students have the right to determine which parts are true and inspired, and which are not of the same authority.

We are reminded by this of what history tells us of the creed of the soothsayers of Pagan Rome, and the priests of the Egyptian goddess Isis. We cannot sum it up more graphically than is done by Lord Lytton in his last days of Pompeii, making the following contrast between the sham of error and the candor of truth:

"Apollonius had already learned that the faith of the philosophers was not that of the herd, that if they secretly professed a creed in some diviner power, it was not the creed which they thought it wise to impart to the community. He had already learned that even the Egyptian priest ridiculed what he professed to the people—that the notions of the few and the many were never united. But in this new faith (Christianity), it seemed to him that the philosopher, priests, and people, the expounders of the religion and its followers were alike accordant upon immortality, they spoke of it as a thing certain and assured."

In the case of the New York ministers, the mask was not thrown off, it was torn off, and it is amusing to find with what an ill grace the position thus forced upon the Methodist body is accepted by their press, under the disguise of an assumed cheerfulness and courage.

Thus Zion's Herald of Boston says:

"The assured results of Biblical criticism should be given frankly to the Church. People can always be trusted with the truth, and if they are, they will confide in and heed

the judgment of the Christian teacher."

It is not explained he should trust the preacher that the Bible was given to him as his sole guide; truth; but, surely, if God is the preacher of the original divinely-instituted Church in whom that confidence should be reposed, and not the assumes that office to him has his mission only from made by man.

The same paper says:

"To keep the people ignorant as if they were forbidden or ignorant to know it, has been the great Protestantism as well as Roman Catholicism."

This is merely an awkward put the Catholic Church in the same boat in which Methodism was found to be sailing. The Catholic Church, teaching all truth, does not make an attempt to conceal what may learn from the press that not only Methodism, but also every form of infidelity from the old morning in some semblance of Catholicism. We are fast coming to the Catholic Church alone its faith in the Bible as the word of God. When Protestants give up the Bible it is within it even a vestige of it.

THE BLESSING OF

(FOR THE CATHOLIC)

The Catholic religion is a beautiful ceremonial and ritual, every sensitive and intelligent man. Such is the wish of the world, who, wishing wholly to himself, has a need of our human not a mere Sunday religion into every detail of our daily life, and ennobling our human ambition.

From time to time Protestants express in eloquent admiration of the lives of the people of Catholic countries, their lives by faith, that they are blessed in their lives, the religion of Christ—a religion of words of Lacordaire's body, our thoughts and the daily repetition of a prayer, altogether the very essence." By means of spiritual, the blessing of their sick, their crops, their cattle, etc.; by families or pestilence; in times of worldly happiness is appealed to, and to feel in a sensible man is the Creator and Preserver of their souls but of their goods, that although has chiefly in view the fare, yet, as our Holy expressed it in the opening of one of his Euclyceal discourses more than she does established solely for good. They are made the curse pronounced in the garden of Eden affect spiritual life, but the stable creation as well, land, which was conformed to the fourteenth and the bountiful harvest it is goodness of Him who increases to whom he will and the fulness thereof.

Those thoughts have to my mind by the mouth of St. Mark, that the Church blesses the the farming communities, and in some parts, the blessing of the religious events of unfortunately in many praiseworthy custom has been lost, or has fallen in member with pleasure spectacle that I witness the feast of St. Mark's rural parishes of our people turned out with them samples of vegetables to be blessed was celebrated, at which received Holy Communion informed me that the the blessing has often as to attract the attention. He related to me one remarkable case about by a potato-bug. A Protestant farmer every spring his Church took some of his seed church to be blessed curiosity or cupidly will forgive him; if heart is not touched by a good crop?—he put neighbor's basket. Irishman's pest was in the beeble lit on this matter that of another Protestants was almost destroyed the priest's blessing; he called upon him instructed in the Catholicism now one of his best. Such incidents as that in Ontario we and more every year able seasons, calumpny such like—suggest that not draw more abundant rich treasures of the present in many been barely able

the judgment of the Christian preacher and teacher.

It is not explained here why they should trust the preacher if it be true that the Bible was given to each individual to be his sole guide to Christian truth; but, surely, if God intended that the preacher should be trusted, it is the preacher of the original and infallible divinely-instituted Christian Church in whom that confidence should be reposed, and not the preacher who assumes that office to himself, or who has his mission only from a Church made by man.

The same paper says: "To keep the people ignorant of any truth, as if it were forbidden or injurious for them to know it, has been the greatest mistake of Protestantism as well as of Romanism."

This is merely an awkward attempt to put the Catholic Church into the same boat in which Methodism has been found to be sailing. The Catholic Church, teaching always the same truth, does not make and never has made an attempt to conceal it; but we may learn from the present episode that not only Methodism, but Protestantism of every form, is rapidly drifting from the old moorings which kept it in some semblance of Christian faith. We are fast coming to the time when the Catholic Church alone will retain its faith in the Bible as the true Word of God. When Protestantism once gives up the Bible it will not have within it even a vestige of Christianity.

THE BLESSING OF THE SEED.

(FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.) The Catholic religion with its beautiful ceremonial and ritual appeals to every sensitive and intellectual faculty of man. Such is the will of the Divine Founder, who, wishing to draw us wholly to Himself, has adapted it to all the needs of our human nature. It is not a mere Sunday religion; it enters into every detail of our daily life, sanctifying and ennobling our every legitimate ambition. From time to time Protestant travelers express in eloquent terms their admiration of the lives and customs of the people of Catholic countries. The secret of this charm lies in the fact that they live by faith, that one may see reflected in their lives the splendor of the religion of Christ—a religion which, in the words of Lacordaire, "binds our body, our thoughts and our free-will to the daily repetition of acts which form altogether the very tissue of our existence." By means especially of the ritual, the blessing of their children, their sick, their crops, their houses, their cattle, etc.; by public prayers and processions in time of drought, famine or pestilence; their natural desire for worldly happiness and prosperity is appealed to, and they are made to feel in a sensible manner that God is the Creator and Preserver not only of their souls but of their bodies and of their goods, that although the Church has chiefly in view their eternal welfare, yet, as our Holy Father has well expressed it in the opening paragraph of one of his Encyclicals, she could not do more than she does if she had been established solely for their temporal good. They are made to realize that the curse pronounced by God in the garden of Eden affects not only their spiritual life, but the animal and vegetable creation as well, and that if the land, which was condemned to bring forth thorns and thistles, yields a bountiful harvest it is solely due to the goodness of Him who alone gives the increase to whom belongs "the earth and the fullness thereof."

These thoughts have been suggested to my mind by the near approach of the feast of St. Mark, the day on which the Church blesses the seed. Among the farming community in Catholic countries, and in some parishes of Ontario, the blessing of the seed is one of the religious events of the year; but unfortunately in many places this praiseworthy custom has not been established, or has fallen into disuse. I remember with pleasure the edifying spectacle that I witnessed last year on the feast of St. Mark, in one of the rural parishes of our diocese. The people turned out en masse bringing with them samples of their grain and vegetables to be blessed. High Mass was celebrated, at which the majority received Holy Communion. The pastor informed me that the visible effects of the blessing has often been so evident as to attract the attention of Protestants. He related to me the history of one remarkable conversion brought about by a potato—or rather a potato bug. A Protestant farmer noticed that every spring his Catholic neighbor took some of his seed grain to the church to be blessed. Actuated by curiosity or cupidity—for which we will forgive him; for what farmer's heart is not touched by the prospect of a good crop?—he put a potato in his neighbor's basket. That year the Irishman's pest was in evidence, but no beetle lit on this man's patch, while that of another Protestant neighbor was almost destroyed. Convinced that the priest's blessing saved his potatoes, he called upon him and asked to be instructed in the Catholic religion. He is now one of his best parishioners.

Such incidents as this—and the fact that in Ontario we are suffering more and more every year from unfavorable seasons, capillary plagues and such like—suggest the question: Why not draw more abundantly from the rich treasures of the ritual? Up to the present in many parts priests have been barely able to dispense the

essentials of religion to the people, and thanks to the lively faith of the early settlers more was not necessary. But now-a-days the evil effect of the Protestant atmosphere in which we live is manifesting itself in the misty principles of religion that actuate men in their lives as citizens, in the absence of that spirit of lively faith that recognizes in all the events of life the guiding hand of an all-seeing Providence. I know that it is expedient, owing to our surroundings, to dispense with many religious ceremonies. Albeit, in that matter I think we pay a little too much tribute to human respect. I feel convinced that many of the customs that are the expression of the faith of the Catholic people might be revived amongst us to our own spiritual benefit and the edification of our dissenting brethren. F. O. S.

A PROTESTANT

On the Decadence of English Protestantism.

The strength of the Ritualist movement in England is far better estimated from the confessions of ultra-Protestantism such as we append; than from the exultation of the Ritualists themselves, or the kindly interest of Catholics who have seen Ritualism so often the last halt of earnest truth-seekers in their way to the Church.

We must say, however, that the writer in Zion's Herald is sadly misinformed when he speaks of the movement in question as "a carefully concealed conspiracy." Nothing could be more open and more avowed than the development of Ritualism. If the old type of Protestantism in England, it was not for want of "Mass" bells and "Vesper" bells, and churchly chants, and lively school children.

But, to quote from Zion's Herald: While, however, the resolute and defiant tone of the English Church Union sufficiently reveals the magnitude and potency of a movement which has been gathering strength and volume "while men slept," the disclosure of the carefully-concealed conspiracy has found the Protestant mind wholly unprepared to meet it. The semi-despondent strain of the Protestant press and of prominent public men is by far the most ominous feature of the situation. Quoting from a private letter addressed to him by "an eminent member of Parliament," the editor of the British Weekly uses these words: "It is impossible to describe in too emphatic terms the gravity of the position. I honestly believe that the future of Protestantism in this land is now in the balance, and it we shrink back or speak in halting tones, we betide us all!"—and remarks that from correspondents in all parts of the country he has received "similar expressions of deep concern."

"I agree with you," observes the mover of the address to the throne above referred to, "that the demon of priestcraft is now so strongly entrenched in the Church of England that it will require an almost superhuman effort to expel it. Nothing but a union of all the Protestant forces of the country steadily and consistently directed to certain great ends can accomplish it." "If the bulk of the population," says the Methodist Times, "acquiesce in the reintroduction of essential Romanism, we have entered upon that final stage of decay which has been the unhappy lot of every other great empire since the world began. We do not believe that this doom awaits us. At the same time this is clearly not the hour in which we should trust upon our oars." Another—a distinguished minister of the National Church in London—declares it as his conviction "that if the present agitation be allowed to subside, as it already shows signs of doing, it will be a dire calamity to the Protestant cause, and will result in the permanent entrenchment of that Neo-Anglicanism which is utterly opposed to the genius and historical position of the English Church."

And yet, imperative as is the need of united and decisive action for the salvation of an imperiled Protestantism, the hindrances to harmony and co-operation are many and seemingly insuperable. The distinguished Queen's Counsel, Mr. Augustine Birrell, and his numerous following believe that the only adequate remedy is disestablishment. From this consummation, however, the Evangelicals within the Church shrink with unaccountable fear of disruption in the Church makes her ministers timid and temporizing, and lean to a policy of drift and delay, the astute and sagacious leaders of the Romanists gain credit for courage, sincerity and a self-sacrificing spirit by clamoring for the separation of Church and State for the sake of spiritual freedom.

An Incident of the War.

Felix Andrew Reeve recently wrote: "An incident occurred in the Santiago campaign that may not be uninteresting to some of your readers. The day after the battle of San Juan a young soldier, Sergeant Ernest M. Reeve, of the Sixth Cavalry, who had carried the banner of his regiment in the charge up the now forever memorable hill, was proceeding through the dense thicket of undergrowth for a bucket of water. By the side of the path that led to the spring he found a boyish looking soldier, whom he had never seen before, mortally wounded. He inquired if he had a rosary which he had carried amid the hail of Mauser bullets. The dying man eagerly seized the chaplet in a grip never to be relaxed. After pressing to his lips the image of the divine and all-pitying love, the young soldier, with a placid

smile, immediately expired and answered his next roll call in the peaceful and eternal world in the presence of the Master."

MYSTERIOUS AND DISTORTED DREAMS.

Their Fantastic Workings in the Mind When "Reason Resigns the Reins to Fancy."

We travel in dreamland in haste sublimis. Not caring for distance, seas, nor climate. The spirit moves forward on the double quick. While the sleeping body may toss and kick.

In dreams—those fanciful visions or contortions of the mind during the hours of sleep—I never took much stock; but they led me such a race last night, or rather this morning, that I cannot help noting the imaginary scenes enacted while the impression is vivid and strong in my mind. By the new inventions of this age we hear much of the speed by which the separated portions of the human race can communicate with one another, but judging from the achievement of last night's dream, I think those visionary movements of the mind, or the imagination or fancy, can carry us through space as quickly as the swiftest modern contrivance yet invented.

I was awake to full consciousness by the dawn of day, and yet no dreams had intruded upon my rest. I again slumbered for a few brief moments and in that brief interval, as the illusory imaginings of dreams count, I had travelled from Quebec to the familiar haunts in Donegal, Ireland, where my boyhood days were spent. The picture of realism there presented, after an absence of more than thirty years, baffles description.

The fields, the lanes, the grass plots, the hedge rows, hawthorn bushes, the meadows and the big sycamore tree, in the "quarry hole" that we used to climb, and each familiar spot of the dear old playgrounds were pictured there in their natural and seeming reality. Even the grave was forced to give up its dead in order to restore the fond ones of the family circle. The fondly revered mother was brought back to life and apparent naturalness after her sleep of more than three decades, and every lineament and feature of face were as strongly marked as in the days of life and health, and interchange of affections and ideas went on between the dead parent in Ireland and the sleeping son in Canada as though distance of time and space, and death itself had never intervened. But alas! for the unreality, the wayward inconsistency and contradictory character of dreamy fantasies. I took an accusatory walk to the farthest limits of the farm and viewed with keenest observation the labors that were in progress, especially in one well remembered field called the "black hill," and returning thence to the old roof-top, I found everything changed, distorted and almost unrecognizable. A partition wall had been taken out, rooms had been enlarged and superb carpets had taken the place of much humbler coverings for the floors, and combined with this pretentious furniture and decorations, stiff and ceremonious nieces and nephews were gathered around, and they hardly noticed my coming, or they did it with a coldness that nearly took my breath away. I naturally and instantly resented this treatment, without any impassioned rebuke, however, but in chilly demeanor and stern reserve, and I began to feel a consciousness that the lamps and the clock of the present day off-spring had lost a good deal of the Celtic warmth of feeling and affection.

The tension of the situation became more painful until relieved by the love-providence of the restored parent above-said, when conversation flowed again with affectionate geniality. But this did not last long, for another social storm was brewing, and I was literally getting into "hot water." I had asked another the name of a certain kitchen utensil and had gotten the required information, and I was in the act of pouring boiling water into it when rudely interrupted by the command of a brother, still in the flesh, to "be quick about it." My rejoinder was prompt and to the point, but unfortunately it was couched in very profane language, far more forcible than polite; in a word I gave him and the rest of the onlookers "a piece of my mind" in the most vigorous style of English that I could command, and with a force and directness not habitual to me in my waking hours. It was a regular torrent of passionate abuse and resentment against undue interference with the act of a brother and at the same time a visitor come back from a foreign land, and, strange to say, as proving the instinct of our inherent selfishness and the pride we take in gaining the mastery over an opponent, I felt no after regret at the severe chastisement I had inflicted; but rather gloried in the way I had expressed myself. It was the imaginary and visionary vehemence of the onslaught that awoke me. And now I am writing my impressions under its lingering effects, although under the light of the noontday sun and in full consciousness of my individual wakefulness.

As long as the human race exists there will be dreams and dreamers. It has been so from the beginning, and it will continue so till the end of time. And minds and hearts will be swayed and influenced and deeply impressed by the romances and fantastic vapors and imaginings that pass through their minds in such weird forms and combinations during their sleeping moments. From the ages when the seer was able to foretell seven years of plenty and as many years of famine through the instrumentality

of the seven fat and seven lean kine in the king's dream down to this present hour, men and women and children have been moved to interest in the revelations, so-called, that reach us through the medium of dreams; and while we live here in the flesh we will never be able to completely dissociate ourselves from the magic and mysterious activities of mind and spirit in our sleeping and dreaming hours. We have no sacred theories nor scientific propositions to offer in explanation of the phenomena, but we feel the innate power of that sleepless and restless mystic spirit that can carry our imaginary vision, or whatever it may be called, across the Atlantic to old scenes and fond places in Ireland, while the body and senses rest in peaceful slumber in our Canadian abode, and yet be able to accomplish the feat almost in the twinkling of an eye, with a power to reproduce images that we think are real for the moment, and capable of imparting to our senses feelings of pleasure or pain as the case may be, or, according to the vagaries incidental to dreamland, shaping, contriving and combining sets of incidents and experiences, the pictures, the scenes could never hope to compass or imagine in our alert and wakeful moments. It might be worth while to make deeper research and to enquire whence comes this invisible prompter that puts those baseless fables before our mental vision without our consent or approval or control, and withal be competent to give them the substantial appearance of reality and fact, deluding us with the presence of good things we vainly would grasp, or making us wretched by contact with hideous objects we would wish to avoid.

The body, the reasoning faculties, nor the will, have any active part in these fugitive movements which convey us through time and space with lightning rapidity, nor are they responsible for the pleasure or pain we experience. The senses and the body in their unconscious slumber may be soothed with sentiments of gladness at the prospect of some pretended good originating in the land of romance, or they may have to suffer untold agony at the approach of some dreadful combination of impending ruin, but they are meanwhile powerless to shake themselves free from the galling yoke, for while we are bound fast in profound sleep reason has ceased to be operative and fugitive fancy holding the reins and having the "whip hand" can lead or drive as she chooses.

Last night millions of human beings besides myself may have been led away in their dreams on wayward adventures without the prerogative of declining the airy voyage, and the romantic manoeuvres in which they were forced to participate may have affected them either pleasurably or the reverse, according to incident and circumstance. Historical records show that many distinguished personages have had the whole of their after lives tinged and colored and influenced by the bare impressions received in dreams. So that those creations of visionary and mythical structure, unsubstantial though they be, are not things to be lightly disposed of, but rather to be regarded as spiritual agents and messengers reminding us that human and materialistic as we are prone to be, we are nevertheless spiritual creatures in essence and vitality, and argue as we may, our ultimate destiny is bound up with the invisible world beyond the grave. —Wm. Elliston, in Buffalo Union and Times.

DOESN'T HE KNOW HIS BIBLE?

The Rev. Dean Hodges, head of the Episcopal Theological school in Cambridge, Mass., gave, during the Lenten season just closed, a series of historical lectures in St. John's Memorial church in the same city on the Reformation. These lectures were reported, it appears, in a local paper, and some of our readers sent us last week copies of this paper, containing the first and fifth of the series, with a request to notice the lectures. In the fifth lecture the Reverend Dean tells us why and how the bluff Henry sought a divorce from his first wife, as follows:—

"The marriage laws of Leviticus were held valid in all Christendom. They plainly forbade a marriage with a deceased husband's brother. In order that such a marriage might take place the Pope must grant a dispensation. He must set aside what all men held to be the law of God."

Allowing the dean to judge the case of Henry VIII. by the Bible law, we deny that the law applicable to the case can be found in Leviticus, to which he refers us. It is found rather in Deuteronomy xxv., 5. And that law says just the contrary of what the dean says. It is, according to his own King James' version, as follows:—

"If brethren dwell together, and one of them die, and have no child, the wife of the dead shall not marry without unto a stranger; her husband's brother shall go in unto her, and take her to him to wife, and perform the duty of an husband's brother to her."

Arthur died childless, and Henry, according to the Scriptures, ought to marry the widow. Here we have the astounding spectacle of the head of a Protestant theological school lecturing in public on the law of God, telling his audience that he is quoting the law of God from the Bible, and yet the Bible says that the law is just the contrary of what the reverend dean says it is. The dean evidently does not know his Bible. — Sacred Heart Review.

Sir Walter Raleigh cannot claim the honor of having brought the potato to Europe. It was brought by Catholic Spaniards from Quito, South America, planted and used many years as food in Spain and Italy before Raleigh made his voyage to Virginia.

THE GENESIS OF CONFESSION.

The subject of confession and absolution was discussed the other day in Boston by the Low Church rector of Trinity. Dr. Donald has been reading Adam's "Christian Institutions." His regards the confessional as the creation of the clergy, who, however, were justified by social conditions in those old days when the State had grown too weak to enforce obedience to the moral law. First, there was public discipline for sins open and known, and then the transition to secret sins was easy and natural. The whole practice was in accord with the promptings of human nature.

The Catholic contention is that the whole idea of confession and absolution is to be sought not in social exigencies but in the Gospel. Public confession, in use in ancient times, was prescribed for certain public sins. It was prescribed in confession but as a part of the sacramental satisfaction which was exacted for those sins. It was always preceded by secret sacramental confession, by means of which the priest might form a judgment with regard to the necessity of a public confession of public sins. That sacramental confession belongs to the early days of Christianity and was not invented by the hierarchy after the fall of the Roman Empire is plain from the testimonies of the Fathers collected in Waterworth's "Faith of Catholics." Living as they did only a little removed from the Apostolic age, their evidence in matters of faith and practice is of tremendous importance and their words point to but one conclusion.

It is all very well to talk about human nature in the olden times. The fact is that the sense of individuality was quite as robust and personality was quite as deep in the average primitive or mediæval Christian as it is today. Looking back upon the history of the world, and remembering what confession means to the average man, we feel warranted in saying that no power short of that which converted the world could have brought men to submit to an obligation so repugnant to man's natural make and inclination. — Providence Visitor.

CONVERSION OF A BAPTIST MINISTER.

Rev. Avery M. Charpie, of Indianapolis, Ind., for twenty-one years a minister in the Baptist Church, has renounced his Protestant faith and become a Catholic. Mr. Charpie's last pastorate was the River avenue Baptist Church, West Indianapolis. He also built Woodruff place Baptist church. For four years he was city missionary of the Baptist denomination. He lives at 517 North Keystone avenue.

Mr. Charpie says that his determination is the result of long and careful study.

"The fundamental reason which inspired me to change my faith," he said, "is the fact that I believe that the Catholic Church is Christ's Church. I had always believed that Martin Luther was an inspired messenger sent to purify the Church. I am now convinced that there has been a greater reformation within the Catholic Church herself than has taken place outside.

"When I made my first profession and was given my first instruction I remarked to the Father that these were the things I had always believed. The Catholic Church does not believe that the Protestants are doomed. There is less of hatred and intolerance in the Catholic Church, though this is not popularly believed, than there is in the Protestant.

"I will have to begin again at the beginning with my education. I have read history with the idea that the reformations were inspired. I shall now have to read it with the idea that they were errors."

Rev. Charpie has connected himself with the Catholic book store of Krieg Bros., and is working on the beginning of a circulating library.

ROOM FOR ALL IN THE CHURCH.

The Rev. A. A. Murphy of the Second Presbyterian Church of New Brunswick, N. J., in a recent sermon said:

"Oh! why do we Christians criticize and disagree with each other as we do? The field is the world, not the Church! Isn't there enough evil in the former for us to contend without turning our arms against each other? Think of the awful forms of evil in our own hearts; of envy, anger, pride, selfishness, appetite and greed! Look at the disorders of society. What is that black cloud upon the horizon so menacing in its aspect? Let all who believe in law, order, God, Roman Catholic, Protestant or anything, unite against Anarchy! What are the little differences that separate us compared with the overwhelming mass of unbelief, worldliness, agnosticism, irreverence and irreligion that threatens to engulf us all in its black depths?"

Yes, brother, unite by coming into the Roman Catholic Church, where all doubts will be quieted, in the true faith, and where all can fight shoulder to shoulder against the evils of which you complain. It is the sectarian spirit which has helped agnosticism, infidelity and atheism to grow. If our separated brethren were all united with us under one head, the devil would be less successful in his work among men. Let the well meaning of all religions come to us. Holy Mother Church has room for them all within her sheltering arms.—Sacred Heart Review.

Lord, I have tried how this thing and that thing will fit my spirit. I can find nothing to rest on, for nothing here hath any rest itself! O Centre and Source of light and strength! O Fullness of all things! I come back to join myself to Thee!

NOTABLE CONVERSIONS.

Following is the list of important conversions recorded since our last issue. Among those from abroad we have heard of the reception into the Church of Lady Cotton, widow of Admiral Cotton of the English Navy; Mrs. Herbert of Minkross, Kenmare; Hon. Ashley Moreland Pen, half-brother of Lord Anckland; Miss Winifred Mary Chapman, Ramsgate, London, married to Mr. Brandon J. Long, a journalist of some note; Mr. E. Vokes Mackey, the son of Mr. James Vokes Mackey of Dublin; Rev. Mr. Wilson, a former curate of a Ritualist church in Liverpool; Doctor de Vecker, an eminent oculist in Biarritz, France; the Countess de Bance, whose husband is well known to our Holy Father, Leo XIII, who has accorded him some very special privileges; the Rev. A. W. Bagnet, M. A., a recent curate in St. Gabriel's Church, Liverpool; Rev. A. W. Milton, formerly Vicar of Stowmarket, Suffolk, and later at Dunstable, England; the Earl of Buchan, recently deceased; Mrs. Austin Lee, an American lady, wife of an attaché of the British Embassy in Paris; Mrs. Mariotte, another American lady, together with her children, recently received into the Church in Rome, and three young German ladies, sisters, also received in Rome by Most Rev. Monsignor Granello, Commissary of the Holy Office.

The conversions at home have been no less numerous and remarkable. Among those most talked of are the Hon. Walter McHenry, son of Judge W. H. McHenry of Des Moines, Iowa, descendants of Patrick Henry of Revolutionary fame; Mr. Avery M. Charpie, formerly a Baptist minister of Indianapolis; Mr. Hartley Keenion, an English gentleman residing in Mexico, and two native residents of Mexico, Mr. Thomas E. Pratz at Chihuahua, and Miss Marcelina Campos, directress of the Public schools of a town in Jalisco; Miss Susie Muir, daughter of the late D. K. Muir, one of Detroit's most prominent citizens; Miss Elizabeth Kilsyth Livingstone of New York; Robert Thomas Nichol of Toronto, a former minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, and Dr. Nicholas Bjerring the Greek priest who established the first Russian Greek Church in New York, and later became a Presbyterian.

During a recent mission for non-Catholics given by the Redemptorist Fathers in Marine City, Mich., twenty converts were received into the Church. Cardinal Gibbons confirmed thirty-five converts during the administration of this sacrament recently at a church in Baltimore; and a remarkable band of converts were baptized during February, at an infirmary in charge of the Sisters of Mercy at Charleston, S. C. They were some of our sick soldiers who had been nursed to health by the good Sisters and spiritually nourished through the ministrations of Father Charles Wood, the chaplain. Eight were baptized at one time, and others were since received. At the Greek Church in Milwaukee, Father Ross Winkel, S. J., has in charge a promising class of inquirers, who it is expected will shortly be safely housed within the fold.—The Missionary.

RUDYARD KIPLING ON AMERICAN PREACHING.

His Description of a Sermon in a Protestant Church in this Country.

Some years ago Rudyard Kipling attended services in a prominent Protestant church. Later the following description of his experience appeared in the columns of an English publication:

"Sunday brought me the queerest experience of all—a revelation of barbarism complete. I found a place that was classically described as a church. It was a circus really, but that the worshippers did not know. "To these things and a congregation of savages entered suddenly a wonderful man, completely in the confidence of their God, whom he treated colloquially and exploited very much as a newspaper reporter would exploit a foreign potentate. But unlike the newspaper reporter, he never allowed his listeners to forget that he, and not He, was the centre of attraction. With a voice of silver and, with imagery borrowed from the ancient room, he built up for his hearers a heaven on the lines of the Palmer House (but with all the gliding real gold and all the plate-glass diamonds), and set in the very centre of it a loud-mouthed argumentative, very shrewd creature that he called God. One sentence at this point caught my attention. It was apropos of some question of the judgment and ran: "No! I tell you God doesn't do business that way."

"Then I escaped before the blessing, desiring no benediction at such hands. The persons who listened seemed to enjoy themselves, and I understand that I had met with a popular preacher. "Later on, when I had perused the sermons of a gentleman called Talmage and some others, I perceived that I had been listening to a very mild specimen. Yet that man, with his brutal gold and silver idols, his hands-in-the-pocket, cigar-in-mouth and hat-on-the-back-of-the-head style of dealing with the sacred vessels, would count himself, spiritually, quite competent to send a mission to convert the Indians. "All that Sunday I listened to people who said that the mere fact of spiking down strips of iron to wood and getting a steam and iron thing to run along with was progress, and the network of wires overhead was progress. They repeated their statements again and again."

A REMARKABLE FAMILY.

Death has again called attention to what is probably the most remarkable family in the history of the Church. An uncle of Cardinal Vaughan's has just died—a Jesuit; and another uncle is the Bishop of Plymouth, and still another is Provincial of the Redemptorist Order in England. One of the Cardinal's brothers was Archbishop of Sydney; another is Mon. John Vaughan, another, Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., is described by Clement Scott, the famous dramatic critic, as "the most eloquent preacher I have heard"; another is Father Kenehan Vaughan, founder of a penitential order; and yet another was a Benedictine abbot. A sister of the Cardinal's became a Franciscan nun, and died in the odor of sanctity. Her biography is one of the most enjoyable books of the kind we have ever read. Has there ever been in the history of the Church a family more fruitful of religious vocations?—Ave Maria.

Sacred Heart Review. PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

XXIX.

An eminent statesman and jurist of our country, who is pleased to regard my papers on Allegiance as important and permanently valuable, suggests that I may have somewhat overshot the mark in emphasizing too strongly the redundancy of prerogative beyond the law in the elder English royalty. And indeed the Revolution of 1688 by no means converted England from an absolute into a limited monarchy. An absolute monarchy it never was, but from Edward IV. to Elizabeth, and even down to James II., it had verged dangerously near to one, especially by the use of the King's dispensing power. 1688 finally abolished this, and thus, for this ebulliently Protestant nation, confirmed the dictum of the Canon Law, quoted by Las Casas Philip the Second: "The true Rex is Lex."

To revert to the thread of my last week's discussion. Bishop Mallon, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is cited by a Lutheran magazine of Germany, with decided, and very natural dissatisfaction, as saying to a minister of his charge: Brother, you have had excellent success among the Japanese of California this last year. Now, this coming year see that you convert twice as many to "Christ and Methodism." Whether Bishop Mallon said this or not (and I can not insist upon so round about a testimony) we all recognize the familiar Methodist style of speech. Now, used by a Methodist, what would it mean? Let us consider first what a similar expression would mean if used by a Catholic.

Say that a Roman Catholic priest had been successful among the Japanese or Chinese of San Francisco, that his ordinary, the Archbishop or the Vicar-General, said to him: "My reverend brother, I hope that this next year God will give you twice as rich a harvest of heathen souls converted to Christ and the Church." What would this mean, in the mouth of his Most Reverend or Very Reverend Superior? Would it mean to set forth Christ and the Church as two co-ordinate divinities, a God and a goddess, and to express a hope that the heathen would not only be converted to Christ, but also to the associate power, as a distinct centre and object of allegiance? Certainly not. Such a blasphemy would be abhorrent to every true Catholic soul.

What then would it mean? Cardinal Manning has clearly explained this, in his letter to Doctor Pusey. He is supported also by Cardinal Gibbons, in "The Faith of Our Fathers." They do not make any innovation upon familiar Catholic doctrine, but they explain it very distinctly. What they say is in substance this, amplified by kindred statements of Archbishop Ireland, Doctor Schanz, and many other distinguished Catholics. Let the gospel message be proclaimed in its utmost generality, as signifying that God has given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. Now all elect souls that hear this message, "the men of good will," may be expected to accept it. Such a readiness we find in Cornelius the centurion, and in the "much people" whom the Lord had in Corinth, waiting unconsciously, but with anticipative obedience, for Paul's preaching, or those "ordained to eternal life," who accepted Paul's message in Macedonia and in Asia Minor. Now these received the Gospel at first in a very undefined form. Had they undertaken to explain it at large, they would have fallen into all manner of heresies, not of intention but of expression. The polity, the doctrines, and most of the sacraments of the Church were developing into distinctness of expression rather than conclusively settled into shape. The apostles contented themselves, in the urgency of their work, with the indispensable minimum. Christians were conscious of having received a divine deposit, but as yet held it rather in feeling than in thought. Yet, receiving it with faith and love and contrition, they were justified men and women. Their sanctification was begun, and multitudes of them received the gift of perseverance unto eternal life. Yet most of them would have been far inferior in the explicit knowledge of Christian doctrine to any intelligent Catholic child of to-day who has gone through his catechism. There could not be an explicit knowledge of Christian doctrines until the Church had defined them, which, as we know, is a continuous process to this day, the magisterium acting sometimes more, sometimes less formally, but being always the same magisterium. As Cardinal Manning remarks, the genuine and justifying acceptance of the Gospel does not necessarily imply a knowledge of the Catholic Church, much less of the Primacy. The Holy See, as we know, in the Encyclical to the Bishops of Italy of Aug. 10, 1863, goes much farther than this; yet this suffices our present necessity. Yet we shall soon see how far this is from treating Church, Sacraments, or Primacy, as things to be taken or left at pleasure. The Church and her ministers often use very free language, because so thoroughly centred in the consciousness of her Divine necessity.

The primitive disciples, however, were all baptized. They were also all received into the Communion of the Apostles, and led forward by them and by their successors into a steadily increasing distinctness of knowledge and fullness of spiritual life. Yet, say the two Cardinals, in agreement with universal Catholic teaching, a man may accept the Gospel in faith and love, and therefore justifying, who does not even know there is such a thing as

baptism, or knowing it, may, through defect of apprehension, or the invincible force of adverse training, deem it superfluous. Pius IX. has energetically and publicly insisted that the exciting effects of invincible ignorance should be extended to almost all the results of education in wrong opinions, if conjoined with evidences of humility and candor. A man may also be wholly ignorant of the history of the Catholic Church in its real development and of the ground of her claims, and may be therefore entirely indifferent to them, or even prejudiced against them. Nay, as has been remarked by eminent Jesuits, and other divines, with the full approbation of the Order, and of the Church, it is possible for a Protestant, without any fault of his own, to have been trained into so intense a dislike of the Catholic Church that he would sin in listening to her ministers. Moreover, as explained in the Catholic Dictionary, a Protestant, who, justified in baptism, has since fallen into mortal sin, may be reasonably viewed as recovering a state of grace by true contrition, although with no explicit desire of the sacrament of Penance, having never been trained to view it as such. In this case, remark the Editors, the implicit desire, involved in his loyalty to Christ, takes the place of the explicit desire. The Venerable Katherine Emmerich remarks that, to a loving soul, the true Eucharist, secures a spiritual strength, though not the Eucharistic graces, if it helps the ardent desire for Jesus Christ, being received in good faith. All such faith, however, is in constant danger of being lost, because not nourished by the Sacraments, guarded by the Pastorale, and kept within right bounds by the Primacy. Nor could the doctrine of invincible ignorance, or of innocent prejudice, or innocent neglect of baptism, have any possible application to the primitive disciples.

Yet, although this may all come to pass, and doubtless does come to pass in multitudes of instances, and although, as the Canon Law, following Saint Augustine, explains, Catholic Christianity goes far beyond the visible limits of the Catholic Church, yet assuredly no Roman Catholic divine could fail to view it as a matter of the gravest moment that a Christian convert should be also a Catholic convert, in visible and conscious communion with the See of Peter. Above all, this must be regarded as of momentous importance in the case of Protestants, much more so than of Orientals. Eastern Christians have undoubted orders. Six of the seven sacraments are validly enjoyed among them, and the seventh in extremis. Indeed, remarks the learned Doellinger, the Roman doctors—though apparently not the majority of divines throughout the Roman Catholic world—maintain that the separated Greek and Russian Bishops enjoy the power of the Keys, which implies the validity of all seven sacraments among them at all times. This seems to agree with the tenor of the Venerable Emmerich's visions, whose judgments, as we know, come from the very heart of orthodoxy, at once broad and strict. My honored friend, the late Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland, assured me that the sounder view extended this power also to the heretical Eastern Bishops, the Monophysites and Nestorians. Moreover, the Greek and Russian Churches are not treated by Rome as heretical, but only as schismatical, while many Catholic writers are disposed to regard even the Monophysites and Nestorians as not heretical in fact, but separated from Catholic communion by unhappy misunderstandings of the force of terms. As this review has rightly remarked, Oriental Christianity has never diverged from the general Catholic system, and needs only acceptance of the Primacy to come into full unity with Western Catholicism. Doctor Lambert, indeed, has not spoken unadvisedly in declaring that the breach between Rome and Constantinople hardly involved more than this patriarchate itself in the sin of schism, that the dependent Bishops were included in the rupture by a kind of physical necessity, so that Oriental Christianity generally can not be viewed as formally schismatical, but rather as materially so. Moreover, as well observed by the Western Watchman, the Greeks have long been not unreasonably irritated by injudicious obstinacy in trying to Latinize them, giving occasion to the wise endeavors of Benedict XIV., and now of Leo XIII., to soothe these not unnatural suspicions by assurances that the Supreme Pontiff has no thought of approving such superfluous proselytism, but will make it his business to hold it under. As the Watchman observes, when once the Orientals are permanently convinced of the good faith of Rome in these assurances, reunion will have lost much of its difficulty.

We will next consider how very differently the case stands as between Rome and Protestantism. If the Holy See can not treat even the separated Eastern Christians as Catholics except with such careful precautions as we shall soon have to note, how much less Protestants!

Charles C. Starbuck. Andover, Mass.

That which you behold with the eyes of faith is more certain than that which you behold with your own eyes.—Ven de Biots, O. S. B.

Itching Piles. False modesty causes many people to endure in silence the greatest misery imaginable from itching piles. One application of Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment will soothe and ease the itching, one box will completely cure the worst case of blind, itching, bleeding or protruding piles. You have no risk to run for Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is guaranteed to cure piles.

FIVE-MINUTES SERMON.

Third Sunday After Easter.

DEATH-BED—FAREWELL IN DEATH, MEETING IN HEAVEN.

"A little while, and you shall see Me." (John 16, 19.)

Our divine Saviour is about to leave the world; the disciples are overwhelmed with sorrow, therefore He lovingly addresses them in these touching words: "A little while, and you shall see Me;" yes, see Me in the land of peace and joy, where I precede you to prepare a place for you. My dear Christians, sooner or later, the time will come when you, too, must bid farewell to the world. But will you, like Jesus, be able to console those dear to you by the happy assurance of meeting in Heaven? The answer is yes or no, according as you now live and will one day die.

An example of a sad departure from this world is related in the fourth book of Moses. Dathan, Core and Abiron rose up against Moses. When Moses summoned them before him, to lead them back on the right path, they answered impudently: "We will not come." Then God Himself passed judgment on them, commanding the whole people to separate themselves from the rebels. When this was done: "The earth broke asunder under their feet and opening her mouth devoured them with their tents and all their substance, and they went down alive into hell, the ground closing upon them, and they perished from among the people, but all Israel that was standing round about fled at the cry of them that were perishing, saying: "lest perhaps the earth swallow us also." (Numbers, 16, 31-35.) Truly, this is a warning example for all who rebel against God's holy ordinances, who, notwithstanding all the warnings of His ministers or well-meaning friends, reply: "We will not come." The sinner will not come to hear the word of God, he will not come to assist devoutly at the holy sacrifice of Mass, but there will be a time when he must come to lie down on the bed of death, he must come to pass into a terrible eternity.

Represent to yourself the bitter and awful farewell of this unhappy being. Whosoever he casts his eyes, he sees dreadful despair grinning at him. Before him, he beholds the dark grave into which he must descend, to return to dust, to rot in it. Above, he perceives the terrible judgment-seat of God, before which he must appear. In his soul he sees towering like mountain peaks, the sins and transgressions for which he must now render an account. Near his bed-side he beholds the devil exclaiming with scornful laughter: "Welcome, my dear friend, I shall now take you to your fiery abode!" Before him he sees his wife and children crying, weeping and wringing their hands in despair, seeking for him a final consolation, but alas! how shall the dying man give it—he, for whom there is no longer a consolation? Shall he point to a future meeting in eternity? Yes, a happy meeting in eternity? Or shall he assuage their grief by the salutary instruction which he gives them? Ah, the poor man! During his life he has only scandalized them by word and example. Ah, truly, a frightful leaving-taking from the family! What a meeting there will be in eternity! He will, indeed, meet again those who have been near and dear to him in this life, whose souls he has infected and murdered by the scandals of his wicked life. In hell, they will all be re-united to curse, to lacerate him as the author of their damnation, for all eternity, to call down upon him the vengeance of God. Behold, dearly beloved Christians, this is the farewell of the wicked, their meeting in eternity.

How different is the farewell and death-bed of the devout, virtuous Christian. He, too, sees indeed, hot tears flowing, hears painful sobs and lamentations, he, in a measure, fears the sad farewell. He is troubled, however, not so much about himself, for he has always fulfilled his duty as a Christian, and therefore he confidently commends his soul into the hands of a merciful God,—but about his children. Will they persevere in the path of virtue; will he meet them all on that great day of judgment? Hence, with his remaining strength, he gives them his last salutary instructions, and amidst tears admonishes them faithfully to preserve until death the precious gift of faith and innocence. He also leaves them a sweet consolation. Behold, he says, we shall be separated only a little while; soon we shall meet in joy and happiness, never again to be separated. Only a little while! Dear children, think of this in the warfare and dangers of sin! A little while; do not forget this in trials and tribulations? Yes, only a little while, and we shall be reunited. A silent blessing then trembles on his lips, and with beaming countenance he breathes forth his soul to go to his God, to his father in Heaven. Behold, this dies a child of God, thus departs this life the noble Christian who has loved and honored his Saviour.

Now, my dear Christians, choose between the two farewells in life and the corresponding meeting in eternity. If you follow the example of those who say: "We will not come," then doubt not, a terrible separation and meeting await you. If, however, you consider, with Jesus, this temporal life as only a little while, and despise the perishable pleasures, then rest assured you will meet your children and relatives in joy and happiness, you will see all the saints and elect of God in their glory, you will see your Saviour who longs for your coming. Persevere then, my dear Christians, persevere unto the

end." The words, "only a little while," will be for you a safe guide to an eternally happy meeting. Amen.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

The following editorial article is from the New York Mail and Express:

"There are men and women who grow kind as they grow old—warmer and fuller in sympathies as life advances. On the other hand, the tendency is to freeze as the blood moves more slowly. Organized charity can generally secure ready response in the shape of money. But the personal kindness that is at once the charm of life among equals and the grace that prevents offense in the minds of dependents is not easy to preserve. The very prosperous man, as a rule, grows imperious in manner. He has become accustomed to his own way. The little affability that he has left he saves up for men stronger than he. His clerks, the younger men who do his bidding in various agencies and must meet him personally, are not impressed with the sway of the spirit of the gentle Jesus in him. His austerity goes a long way toward discounting his religious professions. He seems cold hearted. He is cold hearted. He may be a thou sand miles from an 'infidel,' but he preaches infidelity without intending it.

"The influence of the 'lowly Nazarene' was certainly a softening influence. Himself the loftiest personage that ever appeared on earth, he yet condescended to men of low degree. His was not an exclusive spirit. The reign of Christianity is therefore essential to a true democracy. No simulation of equality will do in a republic. We are equal in rights and we must preserve the sentiment in the heart. It may be safely said that the only way that this is possible is by that 'charity' or love which was so gloriously sung in St. Paul's poem. The spread of the Christian religion is the sole guarantee of the continuance of the experiment in popular government which engages us. We love to talk of the high moral principle which actuated us in liberating Cuba and the Philippines. But unless we mean nothing except paths, we mean a kind, gentle, loving wish for the welfare of our fellow-man. We love man as man. This was the old-fashioned talk of the colonial days. No man blushed to use such language a hundred years ago.

"Americans grow austere. The rush has made us brusque. Kind speech is lacking and 'orders' are fired at employees. Business is a machine. The noise is the clank of steel and grind of cogs. So intense is the competition that only efficiency counts, and mercy has little influence. Fewer are the men of years and position who take young men in their employ into their intimate friendship. The old men in too many instances use the young men, that is all. And as in the nature of things an elderly man loses his friends by death, he himself becomes solitary and acerb. God is avenged for his neglect, for the idolatry of materialism chills to the bone. There is actually an idea abroad that the play of the affections impedes business activity. If one has been saturated with this idea all day down town, it is sure to show at night up town, in the home. The tremendous increase of litigation, of which we do not remember to have seen much current criticism, is an index of the decay of kindness.

"Once in the history of the world there appeared a Heart so glowing that all the rains of night could not quench its fires. Once there has been stretched out to us a Hand so warm that it faltered not at the clammy touch of the dead Lazarus. The unspeakable value of a close association with Jesus Christ is the communication of warmth. It is necessary to be constantly reading of Him. No hard pushed man can afford to let the day pass without standing for a moment with the Good Samaritan group. The thrill has gone through all the earth and saved us from savagery. That series of pictures shown us in the New Testament has been like fire kindled in winter. It changed the loveless, classic age. Has it, as a force, ever had a sufficing substitute? Have secular poems or music or art ever been able to control the selfish, ageing human heart as these simple stories of the pitying Jesus have done? Nor is there in the contemplated kindness of other men the mystic influence that His life possesses. The claims of the strictest theology seem established. The New Testament in the breast pocket keeps the heart warm by miracle."

Wherever there is contest as between artistic and moral beauty, unless the moral side prevail all is lost. Let any sculptor hew us out the most ravishing combination of tender curves and spheric softness that ever stood for woman, yet if the lip have a certain fullness that hints of the flesh, if the brow be insincere, if in the minutest particular the physical beauty suggest a moral ugliness, that sculptor, unless he be portraying a moral ugliness for a moral purpose, may as well give over his marble for paving-stones.—Sidney Lanier.

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A WORD ABOUT THE HOME.

We once heard a Baltimore priest, a man of much experience and an ardent advocate of parochial schools, allege as a reason for their maintenance the fact that very many of our people have no homes in the genuine sense of the word. Their "homes" are mere eating places and sleeping places, utterly lacking in the influences which make for the betterment of the family. A home according to God's intention is a school in which boys and girls are to be trained up to become faithful members of the Church and useful members of society. This is a fact about which many parents give themselves absolutely no concern, and the results are such as almost to make one despair. The responsibility rests, we think, in the great majority of cases, with the mothers, whose habits of slovenliness and disorder in family arrangements kill out the home instinct which bind children to their parents during the time of their moral and physical development, and drive them to seek the comfort and relaxation they naturally crave for in surrounding rooms, theatres, cheap dances, the streets—these things are pleasanter than the squalor of home, unwet and ungarlished. Bright, clean, well-ordered rooms and warm, comfortable meals encourage domestic life and strengthen domestic ties. Homes can be made attractive without being luxurious, and cleanliness costs next to nothing. A little experience in the visitation of parishes compels us reluctantly to admit that our taunts flung at our people by outsiders are not always unjust; and we have sometimes thought that at every women's mission there ought to be a few strong conferences on house-keeping. Can any good come out of homes where a clean stove is such a rarity that one feels like taking off his hat to it, where a whole family comes in from the mill to partake of a dinner of canned beef, starchy bread and Pawtucket water at a table still littered with the remains of the breakfast, because the mistress of the house was too lazy or too busy kalying among her neighbors to prepare an inviting meal, and where the priest, when he calls, can hardly find a safe place to deposit his hat. These details are hardly in keeping with editorial dignity, but we feel that they ought to be emphasized in the interests of the spiritual and social well-being of a considerable section of our people. Shiftless boys and wilful girls, the habit of disregarding domestic ties and duties are the inevitable result of squalid uninviting, slovenly homes.—Providence Visitor.

WHAT THE DIFFERENT PARTS OF MASS SHOULD REMIND US OF.

The "Confiteor" denotes the repentance and preparation we ought to have when we assist at the holy mysteries, and puts us in mind of many faults we have committed, for which we ask pardon from God. The "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" puts us in mind of the hymns and praise which the angels sang at Christ's nativity. The "Collects" signify the prayers which our Lord made in the temple when He went with His Mother and St. Joseph to Jerusalem, there to worship His Heavenly Father. The "Epistle" resembles the preaching of St. John the Baptist. The "Gradual," the penance which ensued among the good people upon that preaching. The "Holy Gospel" betokens the holy preaching of our Saviour Jesus Christ. The "Offertory" denotes the great promptitude and fervent affections of a deliberate will which our Saviour had during His whole life, offering Himself to God, His Father, for our redemption and to suffer death for us. The Orates Prates and the secret prayer signify the retreat of Our Redeemer, when He retired into the desert of Ephraim, where He treated secretly with His disciples about His death and passion. The Preface and Sarsum Corda signify His triumphant entry into Jerusalem, where the devout people received Him with great acclamations of joy, saying Hosanna in the highest. The Canon represents His prayer in the garden, the agony and sweating of blood He endured, and how all His disciples left Him.

The sundry crosses the priest makes over the host and chalice before and after the consecration are mystical representations of the many grievous torments which Christ endured in the accomplishment of general redemption. The Elevation of the Host and Chalice denote the lifting up of Christ on the cross; and inasmuch as the Host and Chalice are exhibited apart, the ceremony declares the separation of Christ's soul from His body, and His blood from His veins. The division of the Host into three distinct parts shows the three substances of Christ, viz. the divine of His person, the spiritual of His soul, and the material of His body; and whereas one of the said parts is put into the chalice, and as it were, buried therein, thereby is signified Christ's body in the sepulchre; likewise its mingling with the blood demonstrates that the divine personality was never separated, either from His soul in the descent into hell, or from His body lying in the sepulchre. The Pax and Agnus Dei makes us call to mind that our Saviour (being the innocent Lamb without a spot) has reconciled us to God His Father by His death and passion; accomplishing His triumph at the resurrection, being the true Paschal Lamb. The priest's benediction, given at the end of the Mass, represents the particular recommendation where Christ did recommend His Church at the rendering of His soul into the hands of His heavenly Father.

THE POPE'S PHILANTHROPY.

There is a fine phrase of Mr. Gladstone's, which came from him once when conversing with the writer of some book, about Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish national leader, whom Mr. Gladstone had known well in his young parliamentary days. Being asked what he considered O'Connell's most striking characteristic for a moment and then said: "His most striking characteristic seemed to me to be a passion of philanthropy." A passion of philanthropy! The words would apply with absolute accuracy to Pope Leo XIII. Philanthropy, indeed, appears to be with him a passion. There have been political Popes and theological Popes, but Leo XIII. is above all things a philanthropic Pope. Some of the great social movements which came up during his time, might well have intimidated a less heroic spirit.—Justin McCarty.

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health says: "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in Consumption and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results." H. P. YEOMANS, A. B., M. D., Catarrhzone, Outfit, \$1.00. Sample bottle and inhaler, 10 cents. For sale by all druggists. Manufactured by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Send 10 cents for sample.

BROWN'S Bronchial Troches. "I find them the best preparation for colds, coughs and asthma."—Mrs. S. A. WATSON, Temperance Lecturer. Sold in boxes only—Avoid imitations.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

What Makes a Boy Popular. It is but natural that all boys wish to be popular, and thus wield as large an influence over their companions as possible.

Edison's First Phonograph. Stored away in the rubbish of a factory garret in Atlanta, Ga., is the first phonograph constructed by Thomas A. Edison, away back in 1875.

Mary and Her Little Lamb. Many of our readers are familiar with the story of the fondness of "Mary for her little lamb, that followed her to school one day," but all of them may not know that there really was such a Mary and such a lamb.

A Noble Example. An exchange relates an excellent example of true politeness. It may well put to shame the so-called "company manners," which are too often purely selfish.

Two Parrot Stories. Parrots appear to have other faculties as nearly human as their wonderful faculty of speech. Our Dumb Animals repeats a story of a very wise bird that once, in a moment of thoughtlessness, said to the faithful animal that guarded the house from burglars and incendiaries "sic him," with the result that after losing half his feathers before escaping to his perch, he on second consideration remarked to himself, "Poll, you talk too much."

Harper's Round Table tells about a parrot that was owned by a ticket-seller in a theatre, and that was quick at learning to repeat the phrases he

heard. Thus, among other things, he was soon able to exclaim: "One at a time, gentlemen! one at a time, please!" for this sentence was constantly in the mouth of his master.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

What the Bicycle Said. When I was a boy I used to lie on the grass and look up at the clouds and imagine that a great battle was going on up there: the clouds being the forts.

I think a great deal of my bicycle. We have had many good times together. We have come to confide in each other. As we have rolled along together my bicycle has dropped many bits of wisdom on the philosophy of life.

"Someone else cleaned me another time. He took off my chain and put in oil and rubbed it with a dry rag. He also took a brush and went over me carefully. That was something like it."

And I went back to my study soliloquizing: "Yes, it is good to see a clean face, hair well combed and finger-nails nicely trimmed, but that is surface cleaning. Then a clean tongue and pure mind—they are far more important—the gear needs rubbing and oiling. But my bicycle is right. A fellow isn't thoroughly cleaned until his bearings are overhauled. He cannot be said to be cleaned at all, as long as mud and dust and rust cover the bearings. Yes, a 'Clean Heart.'"

Multitudes and Manliness.

Thousands of young men are trying to learn manliness by listening to "what they say." They are enemies to trust manhood. The most prevalent and the very worst evil of the time—for it is the father of drunkenness, gambling, impurity, extravagance and the other common sins—is the tendency to go with the crowd.

There is manliness in solitariness. To run with the rabble is a mark of weakness. Isaiah showed a deal of understanding of human nature when he wrote, "All we like sheep have gone astray," for that is exactly the way we have gone astray—in blind reasoning following of some wicked old ball-weather, which started the flock over the fence into forbidden pastures.

Behind every sermon to the lips on abstinence there ought to be a sermon to the backbone on strength. Before a boy is warned against immodest

dances or low theatres he ought to be warned against the loss of his innocence, his self-respect, his independence. It is to worse to lose one's manliness than to lose one's companions.

There is strength only in individuality. The world will never follow the man who follows the world. Heed not the crowd and the crowd will soon heed you. The angels of God stand with him who dares to stand alone against the multitude. Go with the crowd and you will make no progress. Follow conscience and Christ and you will be led out of the crowd into a solitary way, but a way of self-respect, strength, delight and divinity.

Borrower and Lender.

It was the sage Polonius who said:—"Neither a borrower nor a lender be. For loan oft loses both itself and friend, and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

This witty old diplomatist knew the world, and was, therefore, well qualified to give advice concerning material things to his son, Laertes. He may have been vain, for we are none of us perfect, but he was wise in the ways of men. Consequently his counsel is well worth heeding, and as it was put to his mouth by no less a person than Shakespeare, it bears the mint mark of common sense, for the dramatist seldom erred in his characterizations, though he sometimes made mistakes as to time and locality.

"Neither a lender nor a borrower be"—I take it that this refers to obtaining loans of comparatively small sums, or contracting small debts, which is a kind of borrowing. Of course in business one must often borrow and lend, but transactions of the kind indicated are safeguarded by notes with proper security, so there is little danger of loss. For small loans or debts a person furnishes no security but his honor, and if he has not that to give he is soon found out and shunned by reputable people. It is for this reason, if no other, that young men should always strive to pay as they go. They should shun the danger of becoming beats, for the young fellow who is not honorable in money matters, though they may appear to be trivial, almost imperceptibly drifts into the class whose impunctuality is chronic.

If a person has not the ready cash to purchase a thing he should do without it. This self-denial will do him no harm. On the contrary, it will help to strengthen his character and will make a man of him in more ways than one. I know young fellows who are constantly owing for cigarettes, candies and the like, and sometimes even for liquor that steals away their brains. Now all these things are not necessities. It may be that the sweets mentioned are not for themselves, but they can rest assured that no decent girl would accept them if she knew they probably never would be paid for. With regard to the cigarettes, it may be said that nothing is more disgusting than to see a hobbledoey constantly pulling these miserable apologies for a pipe or a cigar.

I know whereof I speak when I say that many young chaps run into debt for these things and never settle for them. Several dealers in small wares of my acquaintance have shown me bills contracted by youthful customers which they never expect to see paid. They have even exhibited to me accounts for newspapers running up to four or five dollars, on which they never hope to realize. Now the reading of a reputable daily or weekly journal is not to be discouraged, but surely there is no necessity for running in debt for it, and every young man who is at work should be able to pay cash for his newspaper. If he is out of a job the public libraries will supply him with all the reading matter he desires. There is not much profit on newspapers, anyway, and the dealer has usually to pay cash for them, and, therefore, it is contemptible to skin him out of his money. The fellow who begins in the despicable way we have referred to frequently degenerates into the bum who asks the stranger on the street for five or ten cents. There are also mean-spirited fellows who never meet their laundry bills, if they can help it. They go from one place to another, leaving a trail of debts behind them. They are so lost to all manly feeling that they let others advance the few dimes that their washing costs each week until it amounts to a comparatively large sum. Then they disappear to turn up in another locality where they are unknown. They pay their first bill in a new place, but never a second one. What they do with the money that comes into their hands is a mystery to some, but not to me. They never give it to their creditors if they can help it in any way.

Now these fellows in time get marked. For a while they escape observation because they are constantly shifting from one neighborhood to another, but the world is not so large in these days of rapid transit as it used to be, and they soon become known as Jeremy Diddlers. This is a designation that I hope none of my boys will ever earn. It is a hateful one that suggests the porchouse or the prison in the end. No man who acquires it, unless he reform, can come to good. He has no place in the ranks of honest working men, who never assume obligations that they do not meet promptly, unless unforeseen misfortune comes upon them. I have no desire to reflect upon the worthy poor, who may sometimes contract bills because they have been plunged into misery. No, I want to score those young men who, with

health and strength, throw their earnings away in illegitimate pleasures, leaving their creditors to whistle for their just dues.

It is a pitiful ambition to wish to shine in bar-rooms or even more disreputable resorts as generous and wholehearted. Money in such places disappears as rapidly as the morning dew before the rays of the sun, and leaves the victim of wild folly a miserable object, upon whom pity is thrown away, for he does not profit by experience and is ready to repeat his sins against God and man as soon as his pockets are filled again. Meanwhile those whom he owes have to pinch themselves in order to do justice to others who have trusted them in but half of a dissipated wretch, who runs into debt and borrows money right and left from anyone who is fool enough to let him 50 cents.

My dear boys, never fall into the habits I have lashed. They are in every sense demoralizing. Always have plenty in your purse to meet ordinary expenditures and avoid even harmless luxuries until you are rich enough to indulge in them. Depend upon it, you will be happier if you resolve to be neither a borrower nor a lender, in the sense that I have indicated.—Benedict Bell, in Sacred Heart Review.

The Marquis of Worcester, a devout Catholic, was the first inventor of an actual steam engine. He received a patent for it in Parliament in 1663, which was 109 years before Watt took out his patent.

MR. W. DUNN'S CASE

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE ANOTHER DUNDAS MAN.

He was Afflicted With Rheumatism For Six Years—All Efforts Failed to Relieve or Cure Till He Took Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dundas, Apr. 10.—"Gentlemen," remarked Mr. William Dunn, a well-known telephone lineman, to a group of his fellow-workmen, "Gentlemen, I have suffered untold agony from Rheumatism during the past twelve months. A person who has not felt the pangs of this painful malady cannot conceive the torture it inflicts upon its victims. I could get nothing to give me relief, although I doctored constantly, and took various remedies.

"Then I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and almost immediately a decided change for the better took place. I used, altogether, three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and am happy to say I am thoroughly cured. You may talk of doctors and their medicines, but give me Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mr. Dunn's remarks are in a line with the publicly expressed assertions of thousands of other grateful men and women, who have been cured of Rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Rheumatism is caused by Uric Acid in the blood. Uric Acid is left in the blood by diseased kidneys, which are unable to filter it out.

The only way to cure Rheumatism is to remove the Uric Acid. The only way this can be done is by the Kidneys. The kidneys cannot do unless they are strong and healthy. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys strong and healthy—make them do their work properly by making them able to do it.

There can be no Uric Acid in your blood if you use Dodd's Kidney Pills. That is a fact that cannot be disputed. It follows, then, that you cannot possibly have Rheumatism if you use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Try them and be convinced.

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SORE FEET.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning sores and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL and resolved to try it, and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

SOLES ON LIMBS Two Years. Had Eaten into Bone. Wore Slippers All the Time. Doctors, Medicines no Help. Cured by CUTICURA.

I had sores on my limbs, around my ankles, for two years, so bad that I had to wear slippers nearly all the time, for the sores had eaten into the bone. I tried doctors, and a good many things, but nothing seemed to help me. I saw CUTICURA remedies so highly recommended I was determined to try them. Three bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and one cake CUTICURA SOAP cured me. Mrs. WM. WINTERS, Media, Kan.

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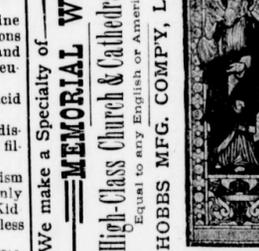
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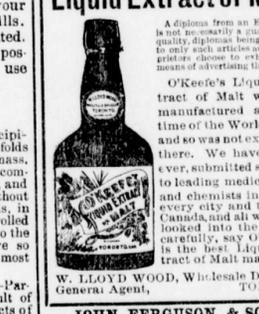
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ARCEBISHOP OF OTTAWA.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT. The progress of the temperance cause in the diocese of Ottawa during the past year has been phenomenal...

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

Last week a number of distinguished clergy of the Roman Catholic Church came here to meet Archbishop O'Connor...

proclamation of the dogma, a Bishop in cope and mitre, who it was afterwards ascertained was Countess de la Roche...

could do was done, but he never regained consciousness, and passed quietly away about 10 o'clock on the night of 13th inst.

With charity in thy ranks the prize is won The darkness shrouds the world and day Of freedom dawn forevermore to stay.

quotations in store are—Wheat, 1.70 to 1.80; straight rollers, in bags, 1.15 to 1.20; Manitoba, 1.10 to 1.15...

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Drink has been gradually losing its grasp on the people of this country during the past twenty years. This is largely to be accounted for by the increasing efforts...

Organizer Killackey assisted by Bros. Dolan, Phelan and Henry Branch III, on Monday evening, 10th inst., instituted Branch 37 at Toronto Junction.

With the celebration of solemn High Mass at St. James church, Wabash avenue and 23rd street, the first anniversary of the opening of the Catholic Colleges in the United States was observed...

Feelings of sorrow and regret pervaded this community when the sad news reached here of the death of the late Rev. Fr. Patrick Reilly of Rockville...

Never. Oh, for the lack of free day And the smile of the gorse and the broom!

Never. Oh, for the lack of free day And the smile of the gorse and the broom!

Never. Oh, for the lack of free day And the smile of the gorse and the broom!

Whereas the Coronation Oath is a solemn recognition of the mutual obligation between sovereign and subject...

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The various English-speaking Conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society received Holy Communion at the various churches of the diocese on Sunday last week.

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