

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, October 1, 1898.

THE CASKET.

The article on Prohibition which appeared in the Casket of last week was one of unexceptional merit. It was moderate in tone and penned by one who understands that accuracy in the choice of words is an essential characteristic of English prose. Our contemporary is always welcome. It speaks out plainly and to the point. It abhors puffing and padding, and, best of all, it does its own thinking and knows how to express it. We may differ from it betimes, but we respect it always for its honesty and independence.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Some of the speakers at the Catholic Truth Conference held recently at Nottingham paid their respects to the church music in vogue in many places in blunt fashion. There were all sorts of rubrics forbidding this and that, but nobody seemed one penny the worse or the better. They must get the people to realize that music that is ecclesiastically bad could not be artistically good. As the lady said in "Punch," it was worse than wicked, it was vulgar.

Dr. Rivington declares that would-be converts are repelled by the degraded and pagan music that is too often heard in our churches. We agree with the Doctor in his condemnation of much of the music termed "sacred," but we are not prepared to say that it keeps individuals without the pale of the Church. It may outrage their ideas of what is befitting the liturgy and the sacred edifice, but it can be no real obstacle to anyone who is seeking the essential and not the accidental.

"PRUDENCE."

It seems to us that some of our friends have an ever-wearing regard for what they term "prudence." Nothing must be said or done to disturb the social waters, and if at times a calumny is preferred against the Church, or a course of action entered upon that conflicts with our rights, we are assured that justice loving individuals outside the fold are on our side, and are accordingly admonished to pay no attention to it. It might, you know, if we ventured to expostulate, provoke animosity, and do in the end a great deal of harm. And so the decrepit platitude goes, gathering strength from oft repetition by those who pose as pillars of the Church. This is what they call prudence, but we think that a better name could be applied to it. Prudence does not, surely, command us to be always in an attitude of supplication. The best plan is to nail a lie wherever we find it, whether in the press or in private conversation. It may provoke animosity, but no man with any consciousness of his rights and responsibility will deem that an excuse for cowardice.

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY.

The most interesting paper read at the Catholic Truth Conference was that of Very Rev. Dom Gasquet, on Christian Democracy. He referred to the condition of the poor in pre-Reformation days and pointed out that the contempt bestowed upon them in later years, and that the distinction between class and class were unknown in mediaeval times. The poor were treated with respect and reverence. Under the ragged vesture of the beggar the eye of faith saw the lineaments of Christ. Their way of acting was different from that of the average philanthropist, who cares not for motives so long as the world's conditions are bettered. The rich looked upon themselves as stewards charged with the dispensing of the gifts given them by Providence. The poor were not thrust into benevolent asylums with the mark of pauper branded upon them. That there was social inequality goes without saying, for that is a law of human nature. There was poverty, with its attendant inconveniences, but there was no pauperism. The claims of poverty were as fully recognized as the duty of riches.

The scholarly priest called attention to the sermons of Bishop Brunton, who declared, time and again, that poor and rich have descended from common

stock, and that no matter what their conditions of life may be, all Christians are members of one body and are bound one to the other by the duties of a common brotherhood. "The essence of life," says a writer, "during the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors was that everyone knew his neighbor and that everyone was his brother's keeper. It remained for the Reformation to give rise to the Poor Law and to the pagan method of dealing with the destitute. Writers have indeed endeavored to relieve it of this odious charge, but a glance at its principles will convince any impartial mind that the task is vain. The reformers did away with the idea of stewardship and substituted that of ownership.

In the sixty years which followed the overthrow of the old system it was necessary for Parliament to pass no less than twelve acts dealing with the relief of distress, the necessity for which Thorold Rogers says can be traced distinctly back to the crimes of rulers and agents.

The Reformation was effected not so much by those who hungered after purity of doctrine as by those who looked upon the seizure of monasteries and Church property as their golden opportunity. It was the rising of the rich against the poor, the robbery of funds which generations had intended for the relief and education of the poor.

A PLEA FOR SIMPLICITY.

Looking over the programme of subjects taught in some of our High Schools and Academies we could not help thinking that the youth who mastered them would be assuredly an intellectual marvel, a veritable Crichton. Now it seems to us that the rights of a human intellect are not acknowledged by the gentlemen who frame those programmes. It is guided by laws which every educationalist must respect—laws which are immutable and which cannot be violated with impunity. It must be trained and developed before one may claim the title of a reasonable individual.

It is not intended to be a mere receptacle for facts and undigested bits of information, to be pushed and worried and deadened oftentimes that years elapse before it wakens into life. It were wearisome to say that knowledge is not education, but it often comes to our lips when we happen upon the ordinary product of our High Schools. We take it also that many life failures are attributable to our educational programme. This may seem a very arbitrary assertion, but why does the lad from the country, with no other intellectual equipment than the rudiments picked up at a section school, forge ahead of his more favored brother of the city? The city youth is squandering his talents and energies in the haunts of dissipation, whilst the country lad is leading a life of labor and abstemiousness and bending every energy to the securing of a position. We know, indeed, that the saloon and the ceaseless round of dances, etc., have transformed youths of promise into dawdlers and nonentities; but we speak now of individuals who, so far as good habits are concerned, stand on equal ground.

Why, then, does one fail and the other succeed? The reason, we think, is that the mind of the country lad is in a normal condition, able by its innate power to do good work, and that the intellectual grasp of the graduate has been weakened by the bewildering variety and multiplicity of studies and text books. It is easy to say that we must be up to the times, but thoroughness in one thing is better than superficiality in many, and a sure grasp of one principle is more to be desired than a bowing acquaintance with the works of ancient and modern authors.

Wherein is the profit of knowing anything, if not thoroughly? Why force the untrained minds of boys and girls to the study of subjects that are taken up usually in a post graduate course and to the acquisition of knowledge which, after they leave school, disappears more quickly than the snow before the rays of the sun. The "cramming" that must necessarily be done makes study a work of grinding and repulsive labor. True, all education must be accompanied by labor, but to the mind that has not been

warped by injudicious management—that has been helped from stage to stage until it has attained a certain measure of development—it is a labor of love that will never be cast aside and that will infuse comfort into many an hour during life.

He may be harassed with difficulties in the study of a question, but each glimmering of light will be hailed with joy, and when the solution is found he will experience one of the purest pleasures that may be enjoyed this side of the grave. We have, despite our advantages, much to learn, and, were we in a position to enforce our wishes, we should make it obligatory on all professors to study the programmes of the old universities and to take them as models for their own. They would have to make a change here and there, to eliminate some subjects, but the methods that led to the achievement of so many intellectual victories and to the formation of a generation of scholars could be adopted.

At all events we should advise more of simplicity and less of variety. We should lose in pretentiousness, but we should gain in solidity and permanency.

"A JESUIT IN DISGUISE."

Cardinal Vaughan Punctures a Ridiculous Myth Invented for Fools.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Amongst all the ridiculous slanders charged against the Catholic Church and its priesthood, that of the "Jesuit in disguise" takes first rank for conspicuous and transparent assiduity. But thousands of poor, blind, bigoted ignoramus believe it! Take ten Apapists who are sane on every other subject, apply the "Jesuit in disguise" test, and nine of them will immediately prove their right to accommodations in the nearest insane asylum. They really believe the monstrous statement that this man and that man and the other man, all occupying positions of trust and power and responsibility in the government service, are "Jesuits in disguise"; that the laborer who chutes 2,240 pounds of coal into your cellar at regular intervals is a "Jesuit in disguise"; that this or that prominent professional man—physician, lawyer or preacher—is a "Jesuit in disguise," and is using his position to forward a grand scheme by which the Pope may some day hold the entire world in the palm of his hand. They really believe that there are at least seven millions of Jesuits on the globe, and possibly more.

Of course every enlightened bigot knows that every priest is a Jesuit. His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, of London, must be a Jesuit, too, and a letter which he has just written denying that there are clergymen drawing salaries in the Church of England who are really Jesuits in disguise will not count for much in the estimation of the "enlightened," but we give it for what it is worth. Preceding the Cardinal's letter in the columns of the London Times was the following:

Editor of the Times: I have received the accompanying letter from Cardinal Vaughan and also his full consent to publish it. My part in the matter has been very simple. I deeply grieved, as every loyal churchman and every Christian must be, by the charge freely made in a certain quarter and repeated with assertive and growing boldness, that there are clergy in the Church of England who hold dispensations from the Church of Rome, and Jesuits similarly licensed. I ventured to write to Cardinal Vaughan (though a perfect stranger to him), enclosing in my envelope a newspaper cutting containing one of these terrible charges and a letter from the Bishop of Liverpool. I asked Cardinal Vaughan if, for the honor of our Divine Master, he would either contradict or authorize a contradiction of the gross charge made. He has very generously replied to my letter with the one I herewith send you. I ventured to beg you to give it a prominent place in your weekly paper, which it is to be feared that many believe through ignorance or prejudice, may be understood by all fair minded men to be false.

—A. Proctor in York Convention.

THE CARDINAL'S LETTER.

Archbishop's House.

Westminster, August 2, 1898.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—Your note of the 25th has been forwarded to me. I write at once to assure you that it is simply impossible that a dispensation should be given by a Bishop, a Pope or any other representative of the Catholic Church to a Catholic, to act as a minister of the Church of England or of any other denomination, for the purpose of furthering the doctrines or practices of the Catholic Church. I have more than once heard it said that certain persons, ministering in the Church of England, are "Romish" priests, Jesuits, emissaries or agents of the Pope, etc. I have always denied, when asked, that such a course could be pursued. I have urged that I had some claim to speak with knowledge. But it was of no use—they knew better. I have asked for proof: there was none forthcoming. Let me put it to you in this way. The Catholic Church is not a secret society. It is spread throughout the world and pursues methods and means which all men may examine for themselves. Its writers—historians, theologians, controversialists, canonists, etc.—have at all times recorded and commented upon her proceedings and principles with the greatest freedom. Were any dispensation ever granted to any Catholic to act as a clergyman of a false religion for the purpose of furthering the supposed interests of the Church of Rome, these dispensations would be known, would be commented upon, would be defended or explained. But there is nothing of the kind to be found, and for the best of all reasons, that no such dispensations are granted or can be granted.

"The letter from the Protestant Bishop of Liverpool to Mr. Glynn, in the cutting you send me says:

"I note carefully what you say about fifty clergymen in the Church of England being Jesuits, and it entirely confirms my own belief."

"Now, if Bishop Ryle will give me the name of any single clergyman of the Church of England whom he believes to be a Jesuit, I will engage to furnish him with such proof as shall be satisfactory evidence to any ordinary jury of Englishmen that he is not a Jesuit."

"The Franciscan, Dominican and some other orders affiliate lay members or tertiaries attached to their rule. The Jesuit Order has no affiliated members or tertiaries. No man can be a Jesuit without there being an authentic record of his name, age, training, profession, etc."

"That there are clergymen in the Church of England who hold and teach nearly all the doctrines of the Catholic Church may be true, but it is simply a lie to assert either that they are Jesuits or that they stay where they are by virtue of a dispensation from Rome."

Believe me, reverend sir, to be yours faithfully,
Harriet Cardinal Vaughan,
Archbishop of Westminster.

DOMINICAN HEROES OF THE BURGOGNE.

It will be a long time before the impression of the Burgogne horror fades from the minds of those who read the appalling incidents of its engulfment in the open sea. A few incidents have, however, been told since the first soul-sickening accounts were made public, which relieve to some degree the black remembrance of the catastrophe and light it here and there with a ray as if from heaven. The story has already been given by Mrs. Lacasse, the only woman survivor, of how the sainted Father Kessler stood at the ship's rail speaking words of encouragement and benediction to the terror-crazed victims with whom he stood on the brink of eternity. Now the Dominican Fathers of Rosary Hill, New York, have just learned from the sub-commissionary of the fated vessel, the edifying manner in which their brethren on board prepared for and met their fate. They were roused from their berths, says this gentleman, by the shock of the collision, and as they had not removed their habits, appeared on deck clad in the garments of their Order. Their white vesture made them conspicuous figures amid the shrinking, panic-stricken crowd, and as many of the passengers were Catholics, they crowded about the priests in frenzied appeals for help. Calm and self-possessed, though realizing the imminence of awful death, these white-robed ministers of God endeavored to appease their fellow-beings, giving absolution to all who were in a disposition to receive it, and exhorting all to throw themselves upon the mercy of their common Creator.

Father Florisone, the Prior, was among the most heroic. As the ship was about to make her fatal plunge, he calmly asked the relater of the incident if anything more could be done. "Nothing but what I am now going to do myself, jump into the sea." "We cannot swim," was the resigned reply. "May the will of God be done!" And then the friars began to chant the "Salve Regina," in order to die according to the custom of their order, and with the words of this petition for mercy on all ascending to Heaven, the devoted band of priests sank with their doomed companions into the ocean's depths.

It would seem as though a special Providence had ordained that these priests should be numbered among the ship's passengers to give the only help possible at a time of such overwhelming disaster, to exhort men to confidence in God and to show them how to die. It must be some consolation to the friends of those who perished to know that when all human help and hope were denied their unfortunate relatives, the supreme help and hope, imparted by these noble ministers of Religion were not wanting.

AN INFIDEL FUNERAL.

Last week singular mortuary services were held in this city at the late residence of Dr. Thomas Saxon Robertson, an infidel, who so gloried in his belief that he left a command in his will that no religious ceremonies should follow his demise and that Col. Ingersoll should make an address over his bier. The latter gentleman was too much prostrated by grief over the loss of his friend to appear, which many wondered at, because if the Colonel's belief that death ended all woes and released the dead from worries was true, why should the Colonel mourn a happy release from life's cares? More oddly still, a Hebrew, Abraham H. Hummel, the noted divorce lawyer, of whom the dead man was a close client—a Hebrew who believed in a Jehovah God and was far from being an infidel—read the Ingersoll manuscript, while Journalist Joseph Howard, jr., long an attendant of the old Beecher church and a devotee of its eloquent pulpiteer, and also far from being an infidel, made an address to the assembled mourners. Mr. Howard said: "Where our late friend has gone we do not know, but we can say God bless our dear friend." These words certainly expressed a belief in some after life to which the deceased had gone and recognized a God. Moreover, in the Ingersoll address which Lawyer Hummel read, infidel Ingersoll said: "Dear friend, if we do meet again we shall smile; if not,

this parting is well made. Hope, the child of deathless Love, beyond the darkness sees the dawn."

Which language goes far to illustrate the popular charge that, deny in public addresses as Col. Ingersoll, the champion of Infidelity, may, the existence of God and immortality, he does not really believe in either agnostic idea, and at least reserves the right to believe otherwise secretly. Else why the doubt as to an hereafter meeting with his dead friend and why his allusion to Hope seeing dawn beyond the darkness?

Still oddest of all the exercises were those closed by the singing of Adelaide Proctor's sublime hymn entitled the "Lost Chord," with Mass music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and which is a well-known Christian melody. The closing verse as sung over the bier of the infidel ran thus:

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again.
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

These references are valuable to show that lurking in the infidel heart, however loud may be its agnostic protestations, is a crude belief in a God and an immortality. Neither the deaths of those champion infidels, Voltaire, Hume and Paine, showed practical belief in their denials of God and a future life, and allows all Christians to charge that as in Ingersoll's case such denials are bravados that really quietly war against the world-wide instinct of humanity—heaven or barbaric—towards belief in a Deity and a future life, and which under the ministrations of Holy Church is an instinct that ripens into soothing faith and comforting hope in the Cross of Christ. Under even the slightest touch of Reason and Revelation upon the corner stone of Ingersollism its arch crumbles away.—Catholic Review.

PULPIT'S INFIDELITY.

A Minister Says Protestant Churches Should Stop Denials of God's Word Before Sending Missionaries to Manila.

In the Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York, the Rev. Dr. B. F. De Costa preached recently on "The Coming Battles for Civilization in the East and West Indies." He rebuked his own Church—the Protestant Episcopal—for proposing to engage in a "religious attack on Manila" while denials of God's Word are heard in its own pulpits.

"We are," he said, "on the eve of a great contest for the spread of civilization, one that will require wisdom, fortitude and self-restraint. It must be conducted in no spirit of contempt for the people in the vast islands that, in the providence of God, we may now call our own. We must study the condition of these new people and find out what is best in them, carrying on the work of improvement on practical lines.

"One word here about what are called 'missions' to our great possessions. Already we hear of classes of religionists in counsel to take action, the keynote of which is pitched in accordance with the idea that in the new countries we have to deal with heathens. With the Moslem population of portions of Manila the situation is indeed unique, but for the most part Christianity is already the law of the lands coming under our rule and care, and missionary zeal many well take care how it treats those with whose religion it does not agree as pagans.

"In Manila the very insurgent soldier bows humbly in adoration before the cross and forms quite as good a Christian as hundreds of thousands of more pretentious and privileged people in this country. Zealous propagandists may well confine themselves to their present half-titled, sunburnt fields wherein they wrangle with one another about modern forms and debate the faith, to the confusion of honest inquirers, instead of seeking to designate existing Christianity in Manila.

"As for our own, the Episcopal, a careful study of the present conditions at home would suggest better attention to itself before attempting to send more missionaries into the East. It had better find out what it believes, re-establish its faith, stop the blatant denials of God's Word now echoed in pulpit and print, invigorate discipline and catch more of the spirit of the Catholic Church and the Apostolic age before making any religious attack on Manila. The two houses of the coming general convention cannot attend to this matter too soon."

THE PRESIDENT ATTENDS MASS.

Washington, Sept. 17.—There was practically no business transacted at the White House this morning. Before the usual hour of receiving visitors arrived, the President was in conference with Secretary Porter, who reached Washington last night after five weeks of canvassing in Connecticut in pursuit of the Republican nomination for Governor.

President McKinley drove at 10:20 to St. Matthew's Church, where Cardinal Gibbons said Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Empress of Austria. It was a most imposing service and was attended by the President, members of

the Cabinet and the Diplomatic Corps in the city. Ambassador Cambon returned to Washington especially to be present.

KENSITISM.

A few days ago at Canterbury a Roman priest offered to take souls out of purgatory at £14 each, and the priest boasted that by that means he had secured a sum of £251.

This is the fine attempt made by the English Kenst to imitate our own Barton of the Christian Endeavor sheet. It must be owned that the Cockney brawler has shown himself to be no inept copyist. But he has found himself in as tight a place as Barton, and may not get out so easily. We find that he was asked by the Daily Chronicle, which published his speech, to furnish proofs, because the statement was challenged by a reader, and that he said he would do so on payment of ten pounds because, the book he relied on for his statements was out of print. The Chronicle has since discovered that the statement was taken from a pamphlet issued by some of the proselytizing societies, and that this sheet can be had for nothing. Mr. Kenst replied, when challenged further by the Chronicle about the matter, that he was too busy to work for nothing for that paper. Here we have some clue to the anxiety of this zealous reformer about his hat. He can not only talk through it, but he can pass it around for a collection.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

BISMARCK AND HIS SAYINGS.

Dr. Moritz Busch, who was for twenty-five years the confidential secretary of Bismarck, has just given to the world his diary of that period. It is published in two large volumes by the Macmillans, and contains many striking revelations. The most interesting are those relating to the conduct of the Franco-Prussian War.

England's interference and her "fraudulent neutrality" especially provoked the wrath of the Iron Chancellor; yet the influence of the British royal family, through the daughter of Queen Victoria, who was the wife of Prince Frederick, almost nullified all his protests. "The wishes of England, two women and Freemasonry," according to Bismarck, prevented the "victorious Germans from taking Paris for three months. It is a little odd to see the arch enemy of Catholicity in Germany thus endorsing the movement against "political Freemasonry." Americans will be especially interested in reading his blunt opinion of the value of far-away colonies at a time when some of our raw statesmen are clamoring for the Philippines:

I do not want any colonies at all. Their only use is to provide sinecures. That is all England at present gets out of her colonies, and Spain, too. And as for us Germans, colonies would be exactly like the silks and satins of the Polish nobleman, who had no shirt to wear under them.

Bismarck was not the man to be governed by any sentimental feelings in absorbing or rejecting his neighbor's property. But he did not want his country to be hampered with useless colonies for the benefit of political holders of sinecures.

Very valuable also at this time is his opinion of the proper method of managing an army, which is exactly opposite to that practiced by our Government in the invasion of Cuba. The comfort, health, and safety of the men are supreme considerations. The General who commands well-trained soldiers has the best chance of winning. "If MacMahon," he says, "had commanded the Prussian soldiers, and Alvensleben the Frenchmen, the latter would have been defeated—although he is my friend."

Bismarck would have enjoyed the society of some of our political generals if he had them where he could express his mind freely. As it was, he found plenty of incompetence in the French war department, and did not fail to make the most of it.—Boston Pilot.

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

The annual conference of the English Catholic Truth Society this year surpassed all expectations. It was held at Nottingham, where as late as 1824 there were only seven Catholics; thus giving a striking illustration of the great change that has taken place in England, and of the wondrous progress of the Church in that country. The addresses delivered on the occasion were published in all English Catholic papers. They are of the highest interest and value in themselves, besides affording evidence of the vast amount of good that is being done by the Catholic Truth Society in the dissemination of Christian principles, in the defence of the Church, and in promoting various social reforms which have enlisted the sympathies and secured the practical support of leading citizens of all creeds. These conferences of the Society, as the Tablet remarks, can not fail to bring Catholic action more vividly before the eyes of the public, and to remind Protestants of all persuasions of the existence of the Church which represents the visible unity of Christian faith.—Ave, Maria.

How much we love ourselves, and pet ourselves, and legislate for ourselves, and yet God is always doing much for each of us.—Father Faber.

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REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Editor.

Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels."

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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.

Articles 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, October 1, 1898.

A GOOD MOVEMENT.

We notice with pleasure that the Catholic Board of Instruction for Montreal has inaugurated a Commercial High School for the English speaking Catholics of that city.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Rev. Dr. Langtry created quite a sensation in the Provincial synod of the Church of England held at Montreal last week, by his remarks on a resolution which he introduced in favor of urging on the Bishops the necessity of more aggressive work than had hitherto been done by the Church.

"FLANEUR" AGAIN.

The bigot who writes weekly, under the name of "The Flaneur," in the Toronto Mail and Empire, publishes the information that they have a lottery connected with the Church in Mexico, for the release of souls from Purgatory.

A ZIONIST MOVEMENT.

The Jewish colonization scheme for again establishing their nation in Palestine has received a sudden check by a firman of the Sultan of Turkey forbidding the immigration of any more foreign Israelites into the country.

with Jerusalem as its capital again, and there are now fifty thousand Jews in Palestine, of whom about twenty seven thousand are in Jerusalem.

THE NEXT POPE.

Much has been said recently by the press of the United States, and by some Canadian papers, in reference to the choice of a Pope to succeed the Holy Father Leo XIII., and it has been stated to be highly probable that an American may be chosen as the next occupant of St. Peter's Chair.

THE INDISSOLUBILITY OF MARRIAGE.

The question of the marriage of divorced persons was discussed last week in the Anglican Provincial Synod which was held in Montreal.

NOTABLE CONVERTS.

Among the recent distinguished converts to the faith is Mr. Edward L. Pugh of Washington, D. C., eldest son of ex United States Senator Pugh of Alabama.

The mover and seconder of this amendment are evidently of the opinion that there is no such law as Dr. Langtry indicated.

A vote was taken both on the original resolution and the amendment, as well as on an intermediate amendment proposed by the Rev. Dr. Partridge, but the resolutions were all voted down.

The resolution of Dr. Langtry was supported by 30 clergymen and 4 laymen, and opposed by 12 clergymen and eleven laymen.

It is worthy of remark that Dr. Langtry's motion does not take the ground that such second marriages are against the law of God, but that they merely violate the human law of the Church.

ANOTHER THREE CROWS STORY.

A paragraph is going the round of the press to the effect that the Bishop of Liverpool sent a letter to be read at a crowded meeting held a few days ago in that city in which the statement was made to the effect that a Mr. John Glynn had received a letter about a clergyman who on his death bed confessed that "he had been for years a Roman Catholic, and under a dispensation from the Pope, continued in the Church of England to further the cause of Rome."

Mr. Glynn had forwarded that letter to the Bishop of Liverpool, who replied: "I note carefully what you say about fifty clergymen in the Church of England being Jesuits, and it entirely confirms my own belief."

It is needless to tell our readers that this whole story bears about it unmistakable marks that it is purely fanciful.

The Bishop of Liverpool is known to have a knack peculiar to himself of telling cock-and-bull stories calculated to excite the Simon Tappertits and Susan Migges of his city, but which, when tested with the hydrometer of common sense and truthfulness, are found to be many degrees below proof.

The present story is intrinsically incredible. It is not the custom of the Popes to grant dispensations to deceive or to conceal one's faith.

To place themselves at the disposal of the churchwardens of their various parishes, with the view of hindering branches of the peace, and of protecting the clergy from molestation, and the sanctuaries from desecration, and of endeavoring to avert from the intruders the fate which their outrageous conduct might otherwise bring upon them at the hands of those congregations whose worship they have so wantonly disturbed."

It is explained that the ornament is made necessary by the conduct of the ultra Protestants.

There are many workmen among the Wickliff Preachers, but all the working class are evidently not in sympathy with them, for the London Council of the Church of England Workingmen's Society at their last meeting, held a few days ago, addressed an instruction to their branches throughout the country, asking them:

"To place themselves at the disposal of the churchwardens of their various parishes, with the view of hindering branches of the peace, and of protecting the clergy from molestation, and the sanctuaries from desecration, and of endeavoring to avert from the intruders the fate which their outrageous conduct might otherwise bring upon them at the hands of those congregations whose worship they have so wantonly disturbed."

Our object is to uphold the rights and liberties of the Church of England worshipers on the lines laid down in the prayer book.

It has never been the policy of the society to use force and act on the offensive; but should some misguided men try to interrupt any service, and make their way towards the altar, our members would feel justified in stopping them, and if the church wardens desired it, putting the intruders out."

The members of this society are said to be ready to give their services to the clergy, even outside their own parishes, if their assistance be needed.

THE PROPOSED ANTI-RITUALISTIC DEMONSTRATION.

As the time approaches when Mr. Kenist's threat to have the public worship of one thousand Ritualistic churches disturbed by the same number of bands of protesters on the first Sunday of November, throughout England, the excitement in Anglican religious circles is becoming more and more intense, so much so that, though such a result would be deplorable, there is really reason to fear that the day will not pass by without the shedding of some blood, unless the Kenist party abandon their projected enterprise.

Mr. Kenist's project is to organize bands of Low Churchmen—Evangelicals they call themselves—who will attend the churches where Ritualistic observances are in vogue, and when some objectionable rite is used, such as the wearing of sacerdotal vestments, the lighting of candles, or the burning of incense, some one of the number will at once arise to protest against the use of such a rite in the Church of England, as being against the spirit of the Protestant Reformation and of the standards of the Church as established by law.

Mr. Kenist himself was heavily fined for having disturbed public worship a few months ago, and some other disturbers have since been similarly punished; but the partisans of the doctory London book seller, animated as they are by the spirit of the celebrated Jane Geddis, are apparently not to be suppressed by the terrors of the law.

Among the evidences of this is the fact that a number of young men of London and other cities have actually given up their occupations to prosecute the anti-Popery and anti-Ritualistic campaign. These have formed an association under the name "Wickliff Preachers," and have set for themselves the task of propagating their principles throughout the country, so that they may have a strong backing when the day for action comes.

On the other hand, the Ritualists are not slack in preparing to resist the intending invaders of their churches.

One clergyman in a letter to the Leeds Mercury gives the following advice to his colleagues:

"Let all clergy (not incapacitated by age or infirmity) celebrate the holy Communion, as I do, with a heavy knuckle-duster in the cassock pocket. The Birmingham make is the best, and the article can be charged in the Church accounts as a necessary ornament."

There may be and no doubt there is at the present moment, while the people are in arms against their Spanish rulers, a feeling of distrust against all Spaniards, the Spanish clergy included, but this will pass away, and the services of the priests will once more be gratefully acknowledged even by those who are now fighting so desperately against their Spanish masters.

The lies which have been so pertinaciously told of the friars on the Philippine islands have been concocted by vicious and rapacious adventurers who are seeking only to amass money for the gratification of their own evil passions, at the expense of the people generally.

Mr. Fox, the secretary of the Workingmen's Society, said in an interview in reference to the resolution passed by the Council:

"Our object is to uphold the rights and liberties of the Church of England worshipers on the lines laid down in the prayer book."

It has never been the policy of the society to use force and act on the offensive; but should some misguided men try to interrupt any service, and make their way towards the altar, our members would feel justified in stopping them, and if the church wardens desired it, putting the intruders out."

The members of this society are said to be ready to give their services to the clergy, even outside their own parishes, if their assistance be needed.

On the whole, it does not seem probable that Mr. Kenist's band are going to have all their own way.

AN UNSCRUPULOUS ENEMY AT WORK.

Another absurd report has been sent from Manila by the correspondent of the Associated Press in connection with an attempt which is said to have been made to poison Aginaldo, the insurgent leader of the Philippines.

The official consular report of date July 1st, 1898, just published by the American Government, gives more reliable information than the enemies of religion who have been busy maligning the friars ever since the war between Spain and the United States was entered upon.

The following passage in the consular report was written by Frank Karuth, President of the Philippines Mineral Syndicate, Limited:

"In these communes or parishes, the cura, (priest), especially if he be a Spaniard, as is generally the case in the more important parishes, exercises supreme power. He is father and counsellor of his people, and helps them, not only with spiritual advice, but he also furthers their material interests. Many of these Spanish curas have done much good work in the way of making roads and bridges, and the building of churches, acting frequently as their own engineers and architects, with far less unsightly results than one might expect from persons who are supposed to be more conversant with breviary and rosary than with rule and compass. The Spanish priests, friars of strict orders, came to the islands for aye and good, and with scarcely any exception, do their duties faithfully and devotedly."

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Among the recent distinguished converts to the faith is Mr. Edward L. Pugh of Washington, D. C., eldest son of ex United States Senator Pugh of Alabama.

RITUALISTIC MONK BAITING IN 1898.

From the Newcastle, Eng., Leader. The ritualistic controversy has penetrated even to the peaceful Cotswold Hills, and the tiny little village of Lower Guiting has caught the infection in a most aggravated form.

We are indebted to the Messenger of the Sacred Heart for unearthing some particulars of the means by which Mr. Kenist, the great Protestant reformer who is now turning the Anglican Church into Bedlam, prepared himself for his holy mission.

AGAIN UNITED.

Every friend of Ireland must be gratified to hear that the restoration of union in the National Parliamentary party there is an all but accomplished fact.

Elsewhere we print an interesting article translated from the Freeman's Journal from an Italian paper, the Voce della Verita, in which, in reference to the recent peace manifesto of the Emperor of Russia, the almost identical action of Pope Leo XIII. ten years ago is recalled.

LEO XIII SAID IT TEN YEARS AGO.

The desire for peace, however does not suffice, nor does the mere good will to maintain it afford a guarantee for its permanence. So, too, the existence of immense standing armies, together with unlimited preparations for war, will serve to keep off for a time the impetuous assaults of the enemy, but assure a firm and lasting peace they cannot.

Of course all good men earnestly wish for the consummation of that peace always urged by the Vicars of the Prince of Peace, and doubtless sincerely desired by the Czar of Russia, but until one power of Europe which is incessantly occupied in waging wars of invasion and plunder in some part of the world is restrained and compelled to respect the rights of others, there can be little real hope of universal peace.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.

Rev. Dr. Starbuck, a distinguished Protestant scholar and divine, has been contributing to the Sacred Heart Review, a series of learned papers disproving the popular errors current among non-Catholics, touching points of Catholic history, doctrine and practice.

eminent scholar but also a Christian gentleman of noble character. It is very much to be regretted that men of this type are so scarce!

There is very naturally due among the readers of these lumber papers, for their preservation in form. This would also secure them a much wider range of perusal, and consequently enlarge their sphere of influence.

Review to arrange for the appearance of these valuable tracts in a more durable form, which is conditionally estimated at a sum of \$1000.

The permanent value of such a work, when a forecast of contents is considered. According to the Review, "There is not a more representative by Protestant Catholic doctrine, or practice, or story, that has not been corrected that will not be corrected in this by this eminent Protestant scholar. The desire for such a work should be confined to the readers of this view. All intelligent Catholics appreciate the advantage of possessing an accessible and convenient source of authoritative facts with which to combat the everyday assailants of faith, employing the familiar words of misrepresentations, should do their part to make the idea a reality."

Another suggestion by the journal in connection with Dr. Starbuck's papers, is deserving the widest publicity among Catholics. Rev. Mr. Starbuck has often referred to words of warm praise to that most German Encyclopaedia Dictionary, by Wetzzer and Welte. The Rev. Mr. Starbuck ought to translate into the last German edition of this work, but the undertaking will be enterprise—our French edition, this old is in twenty-six octavo volumes will contribute to the cost of the work and publication of this work? The Heart Review hereby subscribes towards this enterprise.

THE RELIGIOUS UPHEAVAL IN ENGLAND.

Catholic Ideal Gradually Their Way Among the People. Liverpool Catholic Times.

The correspondence column of the secular papers bear witness to the fact that this same question is stirring men's minds throughout Britain. Protestantism in that of England may not be in danger, it seems as if the struggle had begun between the two main branches of the Anglican body—the liberal and the Ritualists—we fought out to the bitter end.

The motives which are so Nonconformist conscience fold. The Nonconformists they are not a really growing country. In the long years the Catholic ideal gradually and steadily win way amongst the people. The Church is attracting members and by its inducing them to copy its vestments, and its ceremonial the Established Church, with its pre-reformation ritualistic Catholic practices adopted conformists. In the Daily Saturday a "Freemurkham" lamented that his Nonconformists are losing both and political influence.

He, frankly tells us, militant, no longer aggressive longer even assertive. means falling, he almost return of the period of personal care requires drastic and he is in hopes that conformity is just now treatment. That it is under he feels certain. In the

OCTOBER 1, 1908

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Eighteenth Sunday After Pentecost. SIN A GREATER EVIL THAN SICKNESS.

"Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee." (Matt. 9, 2.)

Whenever our Lord appears before us in the gospel, we see Him surrounded by the sick and suffering. All acknowledge Him as their Saviour and Helper, all place their confidence in Him, and no one leaves Him without consolation, and assistance. To day, however, we meet Him healing a sickness such as is not elsewhere recorded in the life of our Lord. He is requested to restore the health of one sick with palsy, and the Saviour, who as God, sees the heart, speaks of an interior sickness, a sickness of the soul. "Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee." From this, we should learn that sin is a greater evil than any bodily ailment, and that we should therefore be much more anxious to be delivered from it, than for the restoration of bodily health.

And, truly, dear Christians, sickness, pains, poverty, sufferings may indeed afflict the body, but according to faith's teaching, they are not evils, but rather tokens of divine love and a mark of predestination. But sin, and sin alone, renders us unhappy for time and eternity. It deprives us of our greatest treasure, and causes the most appalling afflictions that could befall us. Sin robs us of the love and friendship of God, and with it of the hope of eternal happiness. It robs us of all the merits we may have acquired; it makes us slaves of Satan and hell; it places our soul in the bonds of spiritual death. Bodily sufferings embitter life only for a short time, but sin prepares a woe which will last forever. The sufferings of this life only torture the body and cause death, which is the inevitable doom of man, but sin inflicts wounds on the soul, which cause its eternal death, from which there is no deliverance. Yes, sin inflicts so great an injury that the entire world, with all it contains, cannot compensate for it. "What doth it profit a man," says Jesus, "if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" (Matt. 16, 26.) For if a man loses his soul "what exchange shall he give for it?"

This is a truth well known to all; for how often have we not heard it in sermons and Christian doctrine, but do we act according to it? Do we properly estimate the precious treasure of our soul? Do we preserve this valuable gift, as it merits? Are we more concerned about our soul, its welfare, its salvation, than we are for the things of this world? Oh, that we might joyfully respond to these questions in the affirmative. But alas! for how many would not this be a detestable lie! Who can enumerate the deluded, the indifferent, those who, indeed, have great anxiety for their body and temporal, but who treat their poor, immortal soul, as Cain did his brother Abel, murder it—yes, murder it by a life of sin, lead it to the devil, to be destroyed by him, deliver it to eternal perdition!

If the body is threatened by the least danger how great is not the anxiety to preserve it? If the slightest indisposition befalls them, there is no end of lamentation: then no remedies are too costly, no operations too painful, to restore the health of the body. But if the soul is indisposed, yea, mortally wounded, how little is done for its restoration! Days, weeks, and months pass, before the remedy is sought in the sacrament of penance. The slightest effort is too burdensome to save the soul from eternal perdition. The precious gift of time is not appreciated, it is passed in enmity with God, without acquiring merits for Heaven. They calmly look into the abyss of hell, on whose brink they stand and into which they may momentarily plunge, since, imperceptibly, the night of death approaches, preventing their doing aught to redeem the past.

On one occasion, when Agelundus, the king of the Longobards, accompanied by his armor bearers, was walking on the shore of lake Comer, he saw at no great distance several children merrily playing in a boat. Coming nearer, he perceived with horror that the vessel was nearly sinking. "Children," he cried, "you are lost, if you do not immediately take hold of my lance, so I can draw you to the shore." Only one obeyed the royal summons, the others suffered the penalty of their disobedience by drowning. Joyfully the king enclosed in his arms the child that was saved, had him educated in his palace, where eventually he succeeded him to the throne under the name of Lamassio.

Dear beloved Christians, like those children in the skiff, we also sail in frail vessels on the sea of life. At any moment our tiny life boat may be shattered in death, and woe to us if we are not prepared; if we appear before God without sanctifying grace, we shall be buried in the flames of hell. On the shore stands Jesus as a merciful king and reaches out to us the saving lance in the sacrament of penance, to draw poor sinners, as children of God, to that happy shore where awaits them the inheritance of eternal life. Oh, let us seize this holy lance of salvation, and permit ourselves by a worthy confession, to be drawn by Jesus from the abyss of our misery to swell that glorious legion of children of God and heirs of heaven. "To sin is human," says St. Bernard, "but to remain in sin, is satanic," in malice. This makes us like unto devils: it places us in the greatest danger of becoming the companions of demons in the fiery ocean of eternal hell. But let us glorify God's mercy by true penance and a speedy return after our fall, for St. Chrysostom, the holy doctor of the Church,

promises us "not only to find grace, but the wounds inflicted by sin will be transformed into brilliant stars, which will glitter in our Heavenly crown for all eternity." Amen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Castle-Building Boys.

I love the youth of spirit high Who dreams of coming glory, Who means with heroes true to vie And live a noble story; Who, void of fears, finds manhood's years Tootardly advancing, And longs for fame in life's great game That Hope paints so enticing.

I love the boy who sees himself In fancy's magic mirror, Uprated 'bove thought of sordid pelf, A knight to whom is dearer True worth of soul than fortune's scroll. Integrity than fashion— A man of might who loves the right, Nor knows the way of passion.

But best I love the manly lad Who never lets his longing For future fame make havoc sad With tasks about him thronging; Whose brave heart now seeks only how To do each present duty, And earns the while his Father's smile— Life's truest fame and beauty.

—Father Cheerheart in Ave Maria.

He Was a Gentleman.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing at base ball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as base ball.

His companions, very good naturedly, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy!" said one at last, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another—the tallest in the party: "never mind, I'll run for him," and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said, aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true gentleman.—Ex.

Mary, the Queen of October.

(From the Child.)

The Church opens the summer season by dedicating this month to the Virgin of virgins, and by calling her by the sweetest of all names. Virgin potent, Virgin faithful, and so many other names. The spring is hers and is made hers by the display made in her honor by the children, the nuns and the Churches all over the world, and she is pleased with such honors, and to show her gratitude, as it were, toward children and reward their child like simplicity, she has vouchsafed to appear to children whenever she left her glorious throne to come down on earth to call upon men.

Now, is it not fit to close the season in the same worthy manner in which it was commenced, by dedicating to her honor the month of October? Yes, certainly, and we all rejoice in this, and children above all will try during this month to offer her their thoughts and actions during the school season, so that the one who is called the Queen of the Clergy may assist them in learning the holy doctrines concerning her.

Nothing is more amiable than the tender, sweet devotion of children to the Blessed Virgin Mary. There is no effort demanded on the part of the child to induce him to love his mother, and the name of mother addressed to Mary the mother of God reaches home—that is to say, penetrates the heart of the heavenly queen when uttered by an innocent child.

There is hardly a thing that brings about sweeter memories of the days of youth spent in Europe under the shadow of the mantle of the one called "Tower of David." During college days the boys, and in like manner the girls in their convents, were led often during the summer days to visit some of the rustic chapels on the roadside and here to kneel down and pray to the Virgin mild represented so vividly to them in some sacred shrine devoted to her.

There, in some secluded spot, under the sturdy, ivy-grown oak of a luxuriant valley, is placed a little statue that people passing by salute and venerate. In other places the Virgin Mother is made the protectress and guardian of a cool spring, the water of which is so refreshing to the traveler passing by, while he recites devoutly a prayer at the foot of the little statue.

Other times a whole band of children would enter a chapel dedicated to her, and there intone a "Magnificat" or an "Ave Maria Stella" in her honor. The recitation of prayers at such shrines, made aloud by a number of young men, is very edifying, and one after witnessing such touching scenes, must say something divine exhales in those places and the finger of God is there.

Our Duty.

Duty is often an ugly word—"a bugbear to the youthful mind." We are so apt to fancy that duties are unfairly allotted; that others are burdened more lightly than we are. As a matter of fact no one is free from duty save those who are not worthy to bear responsibility—the infant, the idiot, the imbecile. The more duty we have, the more complimentary to our strength of character.

"What do you call 'duties'?" was asked of a young complainant.

"The things I don't want to do," he answered, smartly enough.

"Well, why don't you make of them things that you want to do?" persisted his interrogator.

"I'd get little thanks!" he retorted.

The matter of "thanks" has much to do with aversion to duty. We all like to be recompensed for our efforts, especially when we do more than is required of us. Conscientious performance of duty always brings its own recompense. Our reward may be invisible for a time, "but soon or late the Father makes His perfect recompense to all." It is sure to come, as soon as we can think with Fielding:

When I'm not thanked at all, I'm thanked enough; I've done my duty and I've done no more.

To exceed requirement is the highest exception of duty, and this alone transforms duty into pleasure.

No task is too mean, too common for us when duty demands that we must do it. A story going the rounds tells of an ambitious girl who found herself occupied day after day with disagreeable household tasks. As the future seemed to shut down hopelessly around these homely duties, the girl grew complaining and bitter. One day her father, who was the village doctor, said to her: "Do you see those vials? They are cheap, worthless things in themselves, but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in another a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials themselves, but for what they carry. So with our duties, insignificant and worthless in themselves, but the patience or anger or high-thinking or bitterness which we put in them, that is the important thing, the immortal thing."

A similar parable is found in the old legend of an artist who sought for a piece of sandalwood out of which to carve a Madonna. At last he was about to give up in despair, leaving the vision of his life unrealized, when in a dream he was bidden to shape the figure from a block of oakwood which was destined for the fire. Obeying the command, he produced from a log of common firewood a masterpiece. "In like manner," says the exchange to whom we are indebted for the version, "people wait for great and brilliant opportunities for doing the good things, the beautiful things of which they dream, while through all the plain, common days the very opportunities they require for such deeds lie close to them, in the simplest and most familiar passing events and in the homeliest circumstances."

Of what is a great picture made? Of canvas and colors—common field flax, common earthy pigments applied with an insignificant little brush of hairs. Yet because the painter makes the best use of his materials his picture becomes a masterpiece. So it is with our daily tasks. Common duties nobly accomplished make up the masterpieces of life. The person without duties is apt to have a jelly fish character. The very effort of doing one's duty unflinchingly and cheerfully makes one acquire the "good self"—self reliance and self respect. No duty comes to us to be done unless God so wills it. Father Faber quaintly says: "Every hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened at its back." Duty should be done for its own sake, for the sake of the doer and for the sake of Him who never gives us more than we can bear.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE CROSS.

It almost seems as if God had marked the cross on the things that we see around us on purpose that we should never be able to forget it. You cannot see a bird fly in the air but with his wings he makes the sign of the cross, teaching us thereby that if we also seek to rise above this world it can only be by means of the same holy sign. You cannot see a tree but its side branches and trunk present the same figure, reminding us of that tree to which our dear Lord was nailed and the glorious fruit which it has brought forth throughout the earth. You cannot see a ship but the cross is set forth by its mast and yards, showing us by what means we may hope to pass the waves of this troublesome world. Flowers have the cross painted on their leaves; sunset skies, in their clouds, and in the Southern Hemisphere there is a beautiful constellation which bears its name.

GREAT LITERARY FIND.

Folio of St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei" and Others Works.

London, August 22.—C. Norris Matthews, the librarian of Bristol, has made a most interesting discovery. Among a great number of brown paper parcels in the lumber room of the library he has found a grand folio of St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," printed in Basle in 1479; Peter Martyr's "De Orbe Novo Decades," containing the earliest printed data of Cabot's voyages, and another work, with notes supposedly made by the hand of Chatterton.

Besides these Mr. Matthews discovered some interesting manuscripts on the subjects of mediæval surgery and numerous other valuable works.

THINK about your health. Do not allow serofala taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and keep yourself well.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Be Patient While We May.

The hands are such dear hands— They are so full; they turn at our demands So often; they reach out With trills scarcely thought about So many times; they do So many things for me, for you— If their fond wills mistake We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips That speak to us; pray, if love strips Them of discretion many times, Or if they speak very slow or quick, such crimes We may pass by; for we may see Days not far off when these small words may be Held not as slow or quick or out of place, but dear. Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow, And trying to keep pace—if they mistake Or tread upon some flower that we would take Upon our breast, or bruise some reed, Or crush poor Hope until it bleeds. We may be mute.

Not turning quickly to impute Grave fault, for they and we Have such a little way to go—can be Together such a little while along the way— We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find We see them, for not blind Is love; we see them, but if you and I Perhaps remember them some by and by They will not be.

Faults then—grave faults—to you and me, But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less— Remembrances to bless; Faults that—grave faults—yes, hours— We see so differently in suns and showers; Mistaken words to night May be cherished by to-morrow's light. We may be patient, for we know There's such a little way to go.

—New York Observer

You Need More General Exercise

To quicken the circulation, To purify the blood, To clear the brain, To improve digestion, To remove that "tired feeling," To secure symmetry, To square those shoulders, To increase lung capacity, To give you better muscular control, more grace, agility, etc., To give you a better temper and make you a more successful man.

Heroes and Heroines of Every Day Life

This article from the clever paper called Vogue, makes so many excellent points that are deserving of consideration by young men who are making their first studies of the great problems of life, that it is here copied for their benefit:

"One deplorable effect of the cancerous literature of the Ibsen, Zola and other realistic schools of writing is that by unduly emphasizing the baser qualities of the race it develops in the reader a suspicious contempt for humanity. The sensational press, which exploits the sins and follies of what is, in reality, but a very small class in any civilized community, also fosters a sentiment of scorn for humanity and a suspicion that even the apparently upright are in fact sinners masquerading as saints.

"Whether one accepts the theological or the scientific theory of man's creation and his development, viewed from either standpoint, it must be conceded that he has been hard beset by foes without in his efforts to attain ethical heights. Weighted down by inherited instincts, by environment, by ignorance, slowly and stumbly he has climbed upward, striving ever to attain an ever-developing ideal. Against fearful odds he has reached out after goodness, and although some there who are secretly criminal, the masses of men, in civilized communities at least, are not violators of the Commandments.

"An agnostic who as becomes a believer in evolution, regards man's shortcomings charitably, asked a priest of the Roman Catholic Church whether or not from the intimate knowledge of humanity he had gathered in the race. The ecclesiastic answered, 'I respect it.' That is the testimony of one to whom the folly, the pettiness, the meanness and the sins of humanity are laid bare as they are to God Himself. The priest knows also what the Ibsens and the daily press reporters do not—the repentance, the strivings to do right, the temptations overcome.

Man's virtues are accepted as matters of course, the world stupidly refusing to recognize the heroism, the fidelity and the patience that are to be met with on every hand. For example, there is that most commonplace of social factors—the man who supports his family. That is taken as a matter of course, a clear case of duty. But duty frequently goes most uncomfortably against the grain, especially when it depletes one's purse, and man is not a saint. When young he married because he loved. In the enthusiasm of love's ecstasy he regarded supporting the adored one as a small price to pay for the joy of appropriating her. On his return to sanity he found himself committed to earning a livelihood for a woman for life, and as most of the world is poor, the average man must curtail his bachelor comforts and dispense with little luxuries in order to meet this new condition. The man—many millions of them—goes on, year after year, fulfilling his contract, the exactions of which he did not realize in the days when he went a wooing.

"Occasionally—very occasionally—he deserts his post when mouths to be fed multiply, but usually he manfully takes up the burden and sacrifices health and years on the altar of the family and shuts himself away from most of the relaxations and pleasures of life. He is not a god nor a saint, but just an every-day man, heir to various

infirmities, who lives up to onerous obligations. Not a spectacularly heroic figure, perhaps, but a hero for all that.

"It is with the woman as with the man. In all the homes throughout the land she moves, much enduring and unselfish. The romantic twin-soul dreams have long ago been translated into the daily trials and anxieties of family life. However young or however inexperienced she may have been as a bride, as duties presented themselves she rose to the occasion and to the best of her ability she has striven to fulfil the obligations she so heedlessly assumed.

"Only her duty! To be sure, it is her duty to care for husband and children and house, but the duty is oftentimes hard, very hard, and the woman is, after all, but a faulty human being. If in despair she flung off her load in the manner of Nora in Ibsen's Doll House, it ought not to occasion surprise. But she is not a shirk. In millions of homes, on desolate prairies, in disease breeding tenements, she bravely fulfills her pledge. Is there anywhere a more heroic figure than that of the poor widow, without proper training in any pursuit, who brings up her family of little ones to be self respecting maidens and youths?—at what awful cost of suffering and sacrifice God alone knows.

"Ah! Not even Joan of Arc was more heroic.

"If people only worked one half as industriously to discover their neighbors' virtues as they do to ferret out their sins, the community would be speedily resolved into a society of mutual admirers."

A Sign of a Disordered Liver.

"A greasy nose is as sure a sign of a disordered liver," explained a physician to a reporter, "as anything that I know outside of real sickness, and by studying this as a barometer much trouble can be averted. In these days when a full outfit of medical granules for liver troubles can be secured for 10 cents at any drug store, there is but little excuse for it except in rare cases, when 10 cents worth of medicine won't do the work, and here a physician is necessary. I was much amused at reading in a New York paper recently an article written by one of these modern beautifiers of a preparation that was said to be a sure remedy for a greasy nose. It went on to tell how much rose leaves, how much vinegar, spirits of wine and a half dozen other things should be used in a preparation to wash the nose, and after advising that some liver medicine should be used in connection therewith. Now, I can assure you that the liver medicine would effect the cure without the rose leaves and the other stuff, and, indeed, in spite of it. I don't mean to say that one of those swollen, three times enlarged and fiery red proboscis can be reduced with a little liver medicine, but what is known as greasy nose will be removed by it."

Another Hero.

Here's a hero who is worthy to rank right along with the best of them. Leo Bridgewater is with a Missouri regiment at Chickamauga. His mother died recently, leaving three small children in destitute circumstances. Bridgewater was in the army and could not be discharged, so he took up a collection and bought a tub and soap and irons, and started a laundry. His comrades heard of the reason and patronized him, so that he has been enabled to send home money to feed and clothe the children.

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Many a man has succeeded in his business or profession, but failed as a man; many a man has become eminent as a lawyer or merchant but has been a tyrant in his home, and faithless in his friendships; many a man has reached the top round in his occupation, but is still on the bottom round in his character.

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