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Apostles. 81 25 mons. 75 eay, Vol. I. 75 ay, Vol. II. 75

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Catholic Record.

VOLUME XXIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1907

1501

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG 17, 1907.

THE MONTREAL STANDARD AND THE ACADIANS.

In a historical sketch of Canada in the Standard, June 29, Mr. E. S. Biggar shows that so far as the Acadians are concerned he confines his reading to Parkman or his imitators. He says that the year 1749 " saw the first muttering of the spirit of rebellion on the part of the Acadian colonists that six years later rendered altogether anadvoidable their complete expatria-

The Standard with an astonishing disregard of fair-play, endorses this view. Believing that the charge against the Acadians has been proved, it permits a writer, whose self-assurance is far greater than his knowledge kitchen gossip and the tales of disof history, to proclaim its belief. To expulsion and deportation of the Acadians were altogether unavoidable. The cruelty and rapacity of Governor Laurenco are no alluded to. The persistent but fruitless effort of the English to drive the Acadians into revolt are forgotten. But the writer has a case to make out, or rather repeats with a finality of tone that is positively bewildering an old calumny against a Catholic people. The Standard editor man should read Edward Richards' "Acadia: Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History."

Be it remembered that from the Treaty of Utrecht 1713, to the date of of the Boston reformers. A suggestion the Separation in 1755, the Acadians never wavered in their fidelity to Great Britain. To the French general, who ordered them during King George's war, to deliver up their arms they replied : "We live under a mild and tranquil Government, and we have all good reason to be faithful to it." In a letter, December 1744, Governor Mascarend says :

"To the timely succor received from the Governor of Massachussets and our French inhabitants refusing to take up arms against us, we owe our preserva-tion. If the Acadians had taken up arms against us they might have brought three or four thousand men

This Governor does not hear rebellious mutterings nor does Governor Hodson, in a letter dated July 23, 1753, to the Lords of Trade, discern the disloyalty which, according to the Standard writer, began in 1749. Another fact is that the English Governor set at naught the fourteenth article of the treaty of Utrecht which stipulated that the Acadians had liberty to "remove themselves within a year to another place as they shall think fit, with all their movable effects. Bet ween 1713 and 1730 the Acadians made several attempts to leave the country, but the English would neither allow them to use English ships for this purpose nor permit French ships to enter the ports of Acadia. They built thei vessels, but their equipment was forbidden. They tried to leave by land, but again the Governors barred the way. They were kept in the country against their will and in defiance of the terms of the treaty of Utrecht. It is quite true that their oath of allegiance was qualified, that is, it did not bind them to bear arms against their compatriots and kinsmen; and this exemption found favor in the eyes of Governor Phipps. Laurence, however, had his eyes on the fertile lands of the Acadians. But how to get them was the question. The Acadians were loyal. They obeyed his orders, however harsh. He harried them, but still no rebellion. They consented to take the oath of allegiance without qualification, but were not allowed. Finding that these peaceful Catholics could not be goaded into disloya ty, he plays the role of an unprincipled rob-He despoils them of their property and deports them. Eight thousand of them perished. This was the reward for their years of fidelity to Great Britain. And this brutal despot who held that faith should not be kept with the Acadians and who insulted, persecuted, robbed and murdered them was but the actor in a scene that, ac cording to the Standard, was " alto gether unavoidable."

FORGET HIM.

to hear a non-Catholic contemporary referring to D'Aubigne as the his-

we sometimes find in modern writers, like D'Aubigne for example.

"Christianus mihi nomen est

MARK TWAIN STIRS THEM UP. It is amusing to see how Mark Twain's fulminations against the King of the Belgians are received in some quarters. As a wielder of the picturesque adjective and a fire-works artist he is not inexpert, and as such would not be looked at askance by the Congo Free State Administrators. Anyone, of course, can look at a King and throw hard words at him without hurting much besides common decency. And Leopold of Belguim is the target for all manner of verbal sharp-shooting. What he has not done in the line of depravity is not worth mentioning; that is, if we are gullible enough to believe the scribes who batten a appointed politicians. We do not mean

should not stir up unduly the members of the Congo Reform Association of Boston. For these gentlemen must have rest. We cannot afford to have their health interfered with by even a distinguished humorist because we need them for "copy," and as possessors of the vision that sees atrocities afar and of the hearing that catches the faintest groans of the oppressed natives of the Congo. Judging from his language Mark should be a good golf player. Let him woo the links and cease manipulating the scorching phrase that agitates the jangled nerves may be in order. If they must work the atrocity business, and incidentally the public, may we suggest that in climes in which the water is not filtered and the air heated and the natives brown or black, the white man may

WHY THEY AGITATE.

ern civilization.

disport himself indecorously and blame

It is quite probable that the Belgian officials are not marvels of propriety, but that they are the monsters depicted by the anti-Congo agitators is not vouched for by men who have seen the country at close range. Mr. James Gustavus Whitely, Consul General of the Congo Free State, punctured the "cruelty bubble" in a series of communications to the New York Tribune. The testimony of Professor Frederick Starr, who travelled through the country and heard both onaries and the jealousy of the Liverpool rubber merchants are responsible for the agitation. The mission aries regarded any Catholic movement as fair game, and the merchants, fearing for their monoply of the rubber trade, began a campaign of calumny against the Belgians. But they have gained nothing save the contempt of those who believe in fair play.

A FEW FACTS. There are individuals, who, thanks to the " creepy literature" published by the agitators and the lectures of missionaries, are quite sure that the Belgians are undesirable citizens. Of what has been done for the Congo they know nothing. They are not aware of the fact that the Congolese have, under Belgian tutelage, made rapid progress in the arts of civilization. If told that the Central Africa which arouses their compassion had a railway telephone and postal service ; beautiful cities peopled by the natives who are educated by Catholic nuns and priests, they might dismiss it as special pleading. But it is a mere statement of things as they are. And, moreover, at one of the Jesuit missions, Kisantu, there is a printing office which publishes a monthly review in the Congolese tongue.

St. John's Quarterly, January, tells us that the country is divided into six religious districts in charge of different Belgian religious orders. They attend one thousand two hundred and fifty two churches and chapels and are constantly In this enlightened age it is startling | extending the field of their Apostolic zeal. They teach elementary subjects in four hundred and forty schools. torian ol the Reformation. Among They have seventy-five primary schools

and ungrounded representation which thousand names of Christians and cate- THE MIRACLE OF ST, JANUARIUS.

Men who know what these people were in 1876, and what they are to-day, are not niggardly in their praise of the Belgians.

THE BALLOT THIEF.

Carlyle observes that man is somewhat of an owl. We don't know what was in the mind of the illustrious dyspeptic when he penned the words, but e are of the opinion that they may be applied to citizens who vote for or as sist Catholics who are a disgrace to their religion. True, they make profession of devotion to the Church, but these professions are dictated by political expediency. Aiming at hood-winking and cajoling the people, they scatter words that have no meaning for those who know aught of the lives of the speakers. Their words are empty, their actions attest its mind the question is settled—the to put Mark in this category. But he nothing that we may boast of. They are Catholics but in name; defilers of the faith; objects of derision to the non-Catholic. With their petty schemes and bar-room ideals, they reveal the abyss of infamy into which men without principle can fall. They should, of course, be driven out of public life. They should be taught that love of country is not fashioned out of greed and ambition, and that a vote, the 'kingliest act of freemen," is, like honor and virtue, unpurchasable. The private records of these buyers and sellers of votes do not concern us. They may be kind and generous, even as the rum-seller is kind and generous with his easily earned money, but their public record excites the sorrow and indignation of the Church. But what an insult to common sense it is to tell us that men who are the prey of sordid passions in the forum and who are the friends of organized fraud, are honorable men at their own firesides. We, it on the weather. This theory was however, cannot shut our eyes to the advanced by United States medical public record of the Catholics who buy authority the time Uncle Sam's soland sell votes. We who know that diers gave the wondering denizens of the Church pleads for honor and the Philippines a few lessons in westpatriotism are ashamed of this record. We who understand that a vote should be cast for the good of the country and that the proper use of it is a sacred duty, have a profound contempt for such Catholics, with the public record that few criminals would care to own. But we should not confine ourselves to mere denunciation. As citizens

> obliged to contribute our quota to right government, we should do all in our power towards the formation of an unselfish patriotic spirit among the people. As a first step let us refuse to support the men with records of systematic rascality. Let us show the corrupt politician who calls himself a sides, is distinctly favorable to the Belgian officials. The general opinion purity of the ballot means nothing is that bigotry of some Protestant mis | that we do not acknowledge them as tands for honor and patriotism, truth and justice; he who bribes, and buys and sells votes, stands for injustice and dishonor, contempt of country and recreancy to duty. Is a man who will not submit to the teaching of the Church a Catholic? Is a man who hangs on to the Church which he attempts to disgrace, deserving of support? Is he even worthy of decent social companionship? And yet, these individuals, with professions that are but the maunderings of the hypocrite, and harangues that reek with the odor the saloon, have the effrontery to tell that they are Catholics. We, however, have no patience with assertions of wholesale bribery at our elections. That it occurs we know, but not to the extent that pessimists would have us believe. And in this connection we mind us of the Grecian philosopher who, pointing to a rotten apple which he held in his hand, cried out to his countrymen, "There is the condition of our country." Cutting the apple and finding the seeds intact he said: "It is not all rotten; the seeds are sound." We may, then, be apathetic as to current issues, but we are not so pledged to party and so blind to our best interests as to leave our selves at the mercies of the political obbers and tricksters, who are qualify.

ing for the lock step and prison stripes

A traveling man with the drink habit was persuaded to try oranges as a cure. He says his physician advised the use of oranges, and the trial began with the patient eating one before breakfast and one every time thereafter that he thirsted for the stimulant he had been using. Gradually the desire succumbed to the treatment and now for more than

AN AMERICAN WITNESS REFUTES AN OLD CALUMNY OF DUMAS AND JUSTIFIES
THE PIOUS PRACTICE OF THE

The Sun, New York, published the following interesting letter; Your Naples correspondent, in his ac

count of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, reproduces an old cal-umny of Dumas and sets it down as historically true, although it has been re-

futed times without number.
While in Naples two years ago it was my privilege, through the courtesy of Bishop Cosenza, of Caserta, the Papal representative on the occasion, to be present at the public ceremony in the Church of Santa Chiara on the first Sat urday of May, within four or five feet of Cardinal Prisco, who held the am-pullae or vials containing she blood of St. Januarius. I saw the coagulated substance in the ampullae, hard and solid looking when the Cardinal first held it in his hand and showed it to those around him, and then after several minutes I saw it gradually, but on this occasion only partially, liquely. Naturally I was much interested, and as I remained two months in Naples, held there principally by my interest in two phenomena, Vesuvius and the miracolo of St. Januarius; and, moreover, as I had elerical friends in the city, it was faction was regarded, not only by the

people at large, but by the clergy and educated laity. As to the absence of trickery or deceit of any kind, I am as certain as I am of anything in the world. The liquefaction of the coagulated substance, said to be the blood of St. Januarius, takes place, and without any human agency, that is, without any conscious human agency. Whether the change is wrought by supernatural power, that of course is the question at issue. I found, too, that the phenomenon has been studied most thoroughly, and as scientifically as was possible without analysis of the substance, and that science has no explanation to offer. Naturally Catholics, who believe that the great God who created and rules all things can still exercise His power in His creation, finding no known natural cause for the phenomenon, refer it to the Almighty, who thus for His own wise ends glorifies His martyr saint. It is needless to say that there is no abligation of faith on Catholics to is no obligation of faith on Catholics to is no obligation of faith on Catholics to believe that the liquefaction is a mir-acle: it is simply a question of evid-ence. There may be priests and schol-ars of the Catholic laity who are not fully persuaded that it is a supernat-ural manifestation, but I found none in

Now as to the story told by your correspondent of the French General Championnet, who it is alleged brought about the liquefaction by a threat to about the inquefaction by a threat to shoot the officiating prelate. "When this episode became known," your cor-respondent declares "belief in the mir-acle was considerably shaken, but evi-dently with the passing of time it was forgotten and subsequently it was re-ported to be absolutely false." I re-gret that I have not at hand a broch ure published only a few years ago by a learned Neapolitan priest on this very story, which he conclusively proves to be made out of the whole cloth. We

notices the story and traces it in its good. present form to Dumas.
In January, 1799, while the French under General Championnet were holding Naples, the so-called Parthenopeian Republic was formed, and, so the story goes, Championnet was still in com-mand on the following May 4, one of the three times in the year when the relic of St. Januarius is exposed to public veneration and liquefaction takes place. According to Dumas, on May 4, 1799, the liquefaction did not take place as usual, and the people, attributing the failure to the presence of the French, became greatly agitated. General Championnet, who was watching the ceremony from a gallery and saw that unless the accustomed marvel was per-formed a riot or rebellion would en-sue, called an aide de-camp and whispered something to him. The aide took his place in the line of those who were waiting to venerate the relic. his turn came he devoutly kissed the reliquary, but while doing so grasped the priest's hand. Dumas thus dramatically relates what took place:

"Father a word with you."
"What is it?" asked the priest. "I must say to you on the part of the general commanding, that if in ten minutes the miracle is not accomplished, in fifteen minutes your reverence shall

The canon let the reliquary fall from his hands. Fortunately the young of-ficer caught it before it reached the ground and gave it back with every mark of profound respect. Then he arose and returned to his place near the general.
"Well?" said the general.

officer. "In ten minutes the miracle will take place."

The aide-de-camp spoke the truth; evertheless he made a mistake of five minutes, for at the end of five m nutes only the canon raised the reliquary aloft, exclaiming. "Il miracolo e fat-to." The blood was completely lique-

"All right, general,"

"The writer of the Catholic World

before May. His successor in the command was General, afterward Marshal, McDonald.

The diary of the Tesoro chapel and the archiepiscopal diary, in their accounts of the exposition on Saturday May 4, 1799, both mention the preof General McDonald and sence o

According to the same authorities, the liquefaction, so far from being long delayed, that day took place after a lapse of only ten minutes

They indicate the very respectful demeanor of the French general and his expression of reverence, expressions which, by the way, he confirmed afterward by presenting to this Tesoro chapel a beautiful silk mitre, rich in shown in the sacristy.

5. Finally, to clinch the whole mat-ter, the following extract from a contemporary letter, published at the time temporary letter, published at the time in the official organ at Paris—the "Mon-iteur," No. 259, of date 19 Prairial, Year VII. (June 10, 1799), is quoted: "Naples, 21 Floreal (May 13)—The festival of St. Januarius has just been

celebrated with the customery solemn ity. Gen. MacDonald (witnessed the re nowned miracle. As it took place some what sooner than usual, the people think better of us Frenchmen and do not look on us any more as atheists." So much for the story of Dumas re-

vived by your correspondent.

While on the subject I may be allowed to express my surprise that such a pother should be made by men like Goldwin Smith about the liquefaction of the blood of St Januarius, the manna ulous occurences. The Catholic Church does not stand or fall by them. These phenemena and all apparitions, miracles and revelations merit only such belief as the evidence demands. It showed shallowness, therefore, in the religious inquirer who turned away from an vestigation of the claims of the Cath-olic Church because, as I know to be the case in one instance, he read that poor people of Boscotrecase, when Vesuvius was in eruption last year, placed the statue of St. Ann between the town and the oncoming flow of the molten lava, which heeded not the statue, but pursued its destructive course. Nor need the multitudinous and grotesquee ex voto offerings at the Church of Santa Maria del Arco, also on the the Vesuvian slope, blind him to the solid truth of the "Communion of

Like the ivy that clings caressingly to some massive tower of the olden time these pious practices and legends weave themselves around the old Catholic faith, adding indeed nothing to the strength of the edifice, but making it vastly more picturesque and more attractive, at least to certain minds. But these clinging vines of legend and superstition and exaggerated belief, ne one retorts, hide the real beauty some one retorts, hide the real beauty of the building, the fine lines of arch and window, the delicate tracery of ornamentation, and therefore they whose duty it is to bring others to know and love the old religion should tear away these parastic growths. Softly! They whose duty it is to watch and ward know from centuries watch and ward know from centuries of experience that these things you complain of are not real obstacles; that they who search with good heart will surely find. Moreover, they know that if ruthlessly they tore away these have, however, in English a very complete study of the liquefaction, made, if I mistake not, by the late Mr. Binse and published in a series of articles in the "Catholic World" more than thirty made and published the series of articles in the "Catholic World" more than thirty the "Catholic World" more than thirty the series of these articles in the "Catholic World" more than thirty the "Catholic World" more than thirty the series of these articles in the series of the world will surely find. Moreover, they know that if ruthlessly they tore away these pious beliefs and practices which you condemn without fully understanding, some simple souls might be unsettled. ne and no "So the wise old Church calmly allows things to go on that a man made Church might fear or wish to conceal. Down at Amala there is shown the skull of St. Andrew, at St. Peter's, in Rome, there is another. What then? It is simply a matter for the historians to settle, and if they cannot agree, as agree they cannot about more important things, no harm s done. The Church knows her own mind: her children understand her, and that is enough. Every day weary hearts are coming to her for rest and peace, even as the other day, in the midst of the tempest of persecution, the Frenchman, Huysmans, who, like Paul, was once among her enemies, came home to her to die. VIATOR.

Passaic, N. J. June 7.

WHY SOCIALISTS DESIRE " FREE

In a paper on "The Socialist Family of the Future," in the Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (lxxii,3), Rev. Victor Cathrein, S. J., who has written the best existing book on Socialism from the Christian Christian point of view, shows by number of quotations from acknowl edged Socialist writers that Socialists unanimously advocate "free love." Can this be purely accidental, he asks, and proceeds to answer the question as fol-

This is in itself very improbable. But it is easy to show, in addition, that the Socialists idea of marriage flows logically from the fundamental principles of Socialism. Modern "scientific" Socialism is

Modern "scientific" Socialism is not only an economical system; it is a complete world view. This must be patent to any one who has obtained a clear conception of the historical materialism underlying the system of Karl Marx and forming its fundamental nasis. Name this materialism basis. Now, this materalistic concep-tion of history is nothing but the materialistic positivistic theory of evo-lution applied to the history of man-kind. As man has developed gradually The writer of the Catolic world and three grammar schools. They take stories he has a place, but he has none as an historian. Hallam warns his readant to be misled by the superficial and three grammar schools. They take to the creatment and now for more than a year the patient has felt no inclinated to the creatment and now for more than a year the patient has felt no inclinated a year the patient has fel

mortality, and similar ideas are but the reflection, the phantastic mirroring of economical conditions in the minds of men—only that and nothing more.

It is not difficult to perceive that from the coign of vantage of this materialistic world view, the indissolu-

bility of the marriage tie cannot be made to appear as a duty. No human being but desires to be

perfectly happy. None can uproot the natural desire of happiness from his heart. If a man gives up belief in immortality, and consequently relin-quishes hope in a future life, he must eds concentrate all his desire for happiness upon the gratification of his passions here on earth. Now the in-dissolubility of the marriage tie is bound in innumerable cases to probatacle in the hot pursuit of terrestrial pleasures. Why should not a man who has thrown away faith in the supernatural, rebel against such

"slavery" and shake off the yoke with all his might? Perhaps he will be told that the institution of marriage as such, and con-sequently the welfare of humanity, is ourd to suffer serious injury if divorce be permitted or even left to the whim if husband or wife. This he may not be disposed to deny; but who can put upon him the duty of surrendering his own happiness for the sake of the com-mon weal? You may persuade him that it will be better to prefer the welfare of society to one's own; but you have no motive strong enough to compel him to do this as a duty. The happiness which every man seeks is not the happiness of humanity, but his own

individual happiness.

The believing Christian, whose hopes center upon the world beyond, takes an entirely different view. He too may be so unfortunate as to contract a marriage in which he does not find much earthly happiness. But this does not mean that he must relinquish true happiness altogether. He knows with the certainty which his faith gives him, that a faithful discharge of his duties, coupled with patience, is the sure road to perfect happiness in a better, unending life beyond; and that all the sacrifices he makes for the sake of duty here below will be generously rewarded in heaven. This conviction gives him in heaven. This conviction gives him strength to bear patiently and with resignation all the sufferings which the

married state may involve.

But the man who does not believe nor hope in a better beyond — what shall move him to drag the heavy chain of an unfortunate marriage all through life and to make innumerable sacrifices for which he will receive no conpensa tion?

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The death is announced of the Very Rev. Father Gordon, S. J., rector of Stonyhurst College, England. He is spoken of in the mortuary notices as one of the greatest ornaments of the Jesuit Order in the British Islands.

The French missionaries, at foreign stations, outnumber those of all other nations combined. Out of sixty five thousand priests on the foreign missions, at least forty eight thousand, or sions, at least forty eight thousand, or eighty per cent., are French. There are, besides the priests, five thousand men belonging to the Religious Orders engaged in work that range from agri-cultural labor to technical teaching. The French Sisters number more than twelve thousand.

Will S. Hays, the famous Southern Will S. Hays, the famous Southern song writer, author of "Mollie Darling," "Norah O'Neill," "Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane," "Sweet Evangeline," "Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield" and a multitude similar, died last week in Louisville, Ky. For full forther was he on parcoral. full forty-five years was he our personal friend," says Father Deppen, editor of the Record, of Louisville. "In years gone by he always lovingly assisted us in entertainments for church or charity.
At heart our friand was a Catholic. May he rest in God."

Lord Arundell of Wardour, who was a priest, and for many years was in charge of the Catholic Church at Westcharge of the Catholic Church at West-bourne, Burnemouth, England, is dead. His Lordship, who died in his 73rd year, only succeeded to the title in October of last year, on the death of his brother, the 12th baron, without issue. Lord Arundell was the head of one of the oldest and most distinguished Catholic families in Europe. Wardour. Catholic families in Europe. Wardour, which has been the seat of this ancient family since the reign of Henry VIII., is about afteen miles west of Salisbury.

The Eucharistic Congress to be held at Metz on August 6 is to be a most imposing manifestation of Catholic de-votion to the Blessed Sacrament. The Volks Stimme, the Catholic organ of Metz, announces that several Cardinals and more than twenty Bishops have already signified their intention of being present. The municipal council of Metz has decided, by a unanimous vote, to take part in the official reception of the Cardinal Legate, Monsignor Vannutelli, who will represent the Pope. The municipality will establish a via triumphalis (triumphant route), and will cause la Mutte, the great bell of Metz, to peal forth for the occasion.

The Sun Never Sees the Dark Side of

If college life did nothing else but to show the student that there is something better in life than mere money making, than the part of a sordid aim and piling up of the better it would justify its ing up of it would justify its exitence a d times over.

Of all passio, jealousy is that which exacts the han est service and pays

LUKE DELMEGE

BY THE REY P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY
AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE
TRIUMPH OF FAILURE,"
"CITHARA MEA," ETG. CHAPTER XIII.

Luke Delmege had passed through the stages of primary education at a national school, of secondary education at college; he was now enrolled as graduate in the great university of the world. Books were his professional schools are secondarily to the stage of the secondarily seconda and men were his books. The former were fairly consistent in their teach-ing; the latter were forever puzzling and troubling him with their strange inconsistencie. The fragments of the best of human literature that have es caped the corrosion of centuries could be pieced togeter and made a harmonious whole; and not even charity itself, the best and most cunning of artists, was able to reconcile with themselves, or with any standard of truth or principle, the ever-varying ec centricities of men. Hence ca Luke's final temptation to which Luke's final temptation to which he sneoumbed, as we shall see—namely, to live in ideas, not in action; and hence, here in the Babylon of the world, he yearned from time to time for more thought, free from action for a little solitude to sooth weary

for a little solitude to sooth weary nerves and a perplexed mind. One of the many weary things that puzzled Luke in these, his novitiate days, was the tremendous waste of power, moral and intellectual—the out-put of cover and seek in the outpower, moral and intellectual—the out-put of energy and zeal in every parish in England, and the infinitesimal re-sults. He could not understand why all England should not be gathered into the fold, as sheep would flock to a mountain refuge at the approach of a storm. Here was Truth; here was Peace; here was Grace! Why dwell ye in the valleys of darkness when the mountain of light is so near? Why perish in the storm when the shep herd beckons to the safety of His fold? He took up the weekly papers. Life, vitality, energy everywhere. ons, exhortations, organizationssermons, convincing and appealing exhortations, pathetic and luminous exhortations, pathetic and luminous; organizations, perfect and vital; but it was ploughing the sea and casting seed on the desert. The claims of the Church were irrefragable and invincible, so Luke thought and felt. He took up an Anglican paper. His eye

caught the lines:
"And whilst thus we can contem plate with pride and satisfaction the history of our Church from the days of Augustine until now; its purity of doctrine, untouched by superstition its consistency and comprehensiveness; its beautiful ritual, that never degenerates into mummery; and the vast number of heroic souls it has given to the world and the world's most sacred causes, we are speechless with aston ishment at the insolence of this Italian mission, that has unhappily got a foothold in our midst. It is as if a colony of hinds was sent to colonize and civilize a university."

Luke read it over twice with blaz

ing eyes. Then he rolled the paper into a knot; and played Rugby foot-ball around his room for the next half an hour, accompanying the amusen with the following soliloquy: " English truthful? They are the gr the great est liars and hypocrites on the face of the earth. They are too contemptuous to stoop to lying in private life. They to stoop to lying in private life. They care too little about you to condescend to lie. But in politics, commerce, religion—whenever a point has to be gained, they will lie like satan." He raised the subject at dinner that day. His confreres laughed. It was only

His confreres language.
Celtic effervescence.
"But you know, Delmege," said
Arthur, a bright young priest, "if you
Arthur, a pas seul or an Irish jig in future, please try the chapter-room, and don't throw down my ceil-ing."

A few days later, he crossed Westminster Bridge, and doubling hither and thither through narrow streets, he stood before a med aval church. It from the dust of centuries. He entered. The beautiful stained glass almost blinded him with its colors; but he only cast one curious look around, said a short prayer, and went out. It was not art, but a man he was in quest of. He knocked at the n quest of the knocked at the presbytery door and was ushered into a small, gloomy parlor. Its furniture consisted of a round managany table, two chairs, and a dilapidated sola. The day was dark, and the gloom so great that Luke could not read Compline. that Luke could not read Compline. In a few minutes the door opened and in a lew minutes the door opened and a priest entered. He was a tall, hand-some man, very dark, with thick black hair, just turning to gray, and great glowing eyes that gave one at once the idea of great penetration and strength. The first quick view spoke unreser vedly: "This is a giant amongst men-one who will leave his mark on the age." But slas! it was as if a lay figure had its props suddedly loosed for after the first brief salutrtion, the world-weary priest flung himself on the sofa with a gesture and an aspect of

infinite weakness or pain.

Luke timidly put a few questions on some theological subject, which were courteously answered; and then, pas-sing his hand across his forehead, this great convert said :

I know you will excuse me Father. when I tell you that I am not at all well, and even conversation is painful and wearying. I am threatened with

neurasthenia from overwork, and I must go abroad. Allow me to say goodvening. stammered an apology as he

took the proffered hand. Le looked up into the finely cut, worn face; and as he thought "this man sacrificed a thousand a year, and broke every family tie for the sake of truth, and is now a martyr to work for Christ," his heart repented of his rash judgments on the race; and with Celtic impul iveness, he stooped and kissed the white hand that lay in his own, and de

parted with strange sensations.
"Neurasthenia! Thank God, we never heard of that in Ireland. But is

it a subject to thank God for? Is it not better to wear out than rust out? And is there not something in that singular philosophy of St. Paul about 'spending and being spent for Christ?' And 'omnia detrimentum feet, et arbitror, ut stercora?' Which of the two would you choose? To pass on, in smooth and placid respectability to the Canon's stall foreshadowed for you by the Canon, or to be utterly wrecked in middle age like this martyr-priest, who has now to go abroad and be supported by charity for the remainder of his life?"

There is no doubt whatever that this latter is the more heroic. But is it prudent? Is it consistent with com-

And Luke was confronted with another puzzle. And if he felt that the philosophy of Christianity was altogether in favor of self sacrifice and suffering, on the other hand the "comof all mankind mon sense of all mankind was just as emphatically against it. And which is right? Dear me! dear me! what an enigma is life! But that weary figure and furrowed face haunted Luke for many a long day.

It was evening now. The lamps were lighted, and he turned back into the church. The seats were bei g gradu ally filled, and Luke determined to wait for Benediction. He sat under one of the gas jets and took out his diurnal to the gas jets and took out his drawn and finish compline. Then, just as the sacristy c ock tolled 7, the same wearied, broken priest, preceded by a few acolytes, emerged from the sacrity and lytes, emerged from the sacri-ty and knelt before the high altar. He looked stooped and shaken, and his voice was almost inaudible as he recited the rossry. There was a short, sweet hymn to our Blessed Lady; and then the tired priest ascended with difficulty the steps of the pulpit.

Surely he's not going to preach?' said Luke.

Ah! yes he was. No relaxation or Ah! yes ne was. No relaxation or intermission here, until the poor frame sinks to rise no more. It was a voice from the grave. It sounded so gentle mournful; and the preacher seemed to experience such tremendous difficulty in seizing and arranging his fugitive thoughts, that Luke every moment as thoughts, that Luke every moment expected a break down. It well ar that the faculties of cl ar that the faculties of the mind were refusing to work. They had been driven too hard, and were in revolt. And so there were repetitions and very inconsequential arguments, and a very few words were mumbled and mouthed as if from a semi paralyzed tongue; and a few verbs were misulaced and

as it from a semi paratyzed tongue; and a few verbs were misplaced and mispronounced, and there was an agon-ized look on the preacher's face, as if he were face to face with a trial whose issue might be fearful and sudden. Luke couldn't bear it. He looked away and thought: only a few years ag this man had won the Ireland scholar ship and the Newdigate prize at Oxford, and was in a fair way towards a fellowship and a mitre. What a sacri-fice! What a change! Then the concluding words came c'ear and solemn You shall know the truth, and the trath shall make you free." These were the last public words of the speaker, and Luke was perplexed to hear them. During the solemn rite of B nediction that succeeded, Luke saw only bowed heads, nor was there even a whispered rayer; but at that most touching prayer which is said just as the monstrance is replaced upon the throne, that prayer for the conversion of England that takes one back insensibly to Roman eatacombs and pagan imperia ism, Luke thought he

pagan imperia ism, but thought he heard the sound of sobbing. "It cannot be," he said; "these English are too stolid."

But a few moments later he saw faces But a few moments later he saw faces of well dressed ladies wet and glisten-ing with tears, which immediately were wiped away; for, you know, we are English, and, above all things else, we must not yield to sentiment monstrative piety, and Luke thought-racial characteristics are humbug. The human heart is the same every

where. He passed rapidly along the streets on his way homewards. He was brought to a sudden standstill on the sideway of the Strand by a long queue of men two and two, who, ranged on the outer edge of the pavement, waited in calm, stolid silence for something that was slow in coming. There was quite room enough on the inside path for pedestrians. What is it? A funeral? No, not at such an hour. It was only fifty or sixty men, waiting for a place in the or sixty men, waiting for a place in the theatre close by. They were as silent as mutes. "Wat a laughing, rollicking, joking crowd they would have been in Ireland!" thought Luke. "Verily, they take their pleasures sadly! After all, they are a stolid, unfeeling race!

And what mercurial being are we!"
Just then, an arm was locked in his, and a very marked Hibernian voice exclaimed: " Well. Luke Delmege, who'd ever

think of seeing you here, waiting to get into the Gaiety? The world is topsy-turvy enough; but I never the ght you could turn such a somer-Luke laughed at the absurdity, as he

recognized an old college acquaintance, who had "cut" in his physic year, had then become a successful journal ist, and was now one of that famous band of matadores who were fretting flanks of John Bull.

'Come along," said the "Mimber." we'll have a cup of tea here at the 'Marguerite,' and then you must come to see a field night at the House. No! no! no excuses! there's electricity in the atmosphere, and sure to be a thunderclap to-night."

"Then why are you not at your ost?" said Luke; "isn't the House post ?" open since 4 ?'

Quite so, old man, if you allow to use such a familiarity with an old chum, but we allow the animals to feed from 7 to 8.30. Then, when well gorged with meat and wine, they're an

easy prey."
"And do you keep your heads cool?"

"And do you keep your heads coo!?"
said Luke. His friend lifted up a cup
of tea, and nodded significantly.
"Tell me," said Luke, "and you can
tell me, for your have experience, do
you believe in 'racial characteristics?'
The problem is puzzling me dreadfully."
The member laid down his cup, took

out a cigarette, lighted it, looked long

at Luke, and spoke : "Racial characterists? I do, firmly." "Racial characterists? I do, firmly."

I believe, for example, that we, Irish, are the coolest, most judicious, most calculating, far seeing race on the face of the earth. Our cunning is Ulyssean; our wisdom is Promethean, and, as for tenacity, nothing in all creation can beat us—but an ovater! Come!"

thing in all creation an oyster! Come!"
an oyster! Come!"
They walked rapidly down by Trafalgar Square, past the great Whiteha buildings, and, just as they approache the Westminster Palace sudden the vast rush through the crowded thoroughfare stopped as if by magic. Stately carriages, gaily dressed magic. Stately carriages, gairy dressed pedestrians, cabs, horses—all stood still, as if petrified. The member looked calmly at the imperia demonstration in his honor for a moment then moved across swiftly, and, un locking his arm from that of the aston ished Luke, he said :

"You go around by the public entrance. I shall meet you in the lobby

in a moment.' Luke had not long to wait in the famous lobby, just long enough to see that, if there be on the face of the earth a levelling, democratic s where all dissinctions are fused do spot and all human hopes concentrated and unified in one desire, it is here. That desire is to see your own member. Luke had not long to await. Gaily and Luke had not hold by the happily at ease, dispensing smiles all round, yet maintaining a certain uperturbed dignity, his friend appeared. The policeman saluted and shouted: The policeman saluted and shouted : "The Rev. Luke Midge.' Luke admitted the impeachment, and was led into the inner sanctuary through rows into the inner sanctuary through rows of marble busts and stately pictures of long-buried statesmen, whilst the dis-appointed mob howled in their hearts ontside. Into the inner lobby, sacred to statesmen, mixing amongst nota-bilities, rubbing his shoulder against Cabinet ministers, the wondering Luke passed with his guide, who accosted gorgeous official and demanded a ticket

You can have a seat in the gallery, sir," said the official with awful deference, "but I regret to say that all the seats are taken in the gallery."

"I beg your pardon. There's one acant," said the member. "I insist vacant, on having that seat." That seat, sir, belongs to Lord

"That seat, sir, belongs to Lord Vavasour. He's just dining with the Secretary for Home Affairs, and has kept it engaged till his return."
"You should know the rules of the house, sir," said the member. "No stranger can retain a seat except he

stranger can retain a seat, except he is in actual possession."

Quite true, sir," said the official.

"You must not consider me discourte-

ons; I was trying to smooth matters. "Delmege !" said the member, as the official handed the who, half ashamed and almost terrified, passed wondering up the narrow stairs, nd in a moment was in the " House. It was a wonder, a surprise, a disap-

pointment; but we needn't repeat the o'd story here. Luke sat still on his narrow bench, and gaped. Take off your hat, please !" Luke had forgotten his politeness and his loyalty. The official said quietly and politely: "It's like a school, sir; and, by and bye, you'l see some rough horseplay."

"Does this—this—assembly control the destining of 300,000,000 people?"

the destinies of 300,000,000 people?

said Luke. "It thinks so !" said the man. Just then the supporters of the Government began to drop in. Luke was on the Government side of the house. There was but a low balus-trade between him and them. In they came, flushed as to face, and very white as to capacious shirt front. congregated in groups of three or four, and began to exchange remarks. There was a pleasant odour of whiskey and patchouli in the air. "I

thought the E glish never thought the E glish never drank spirits," said Luke, "The racial characteristics are a puzzle."

Yes, the air was electric. You couldn't tell why. There were no indications. There was no great debate on. Members lounged and chatted and laughed. There was no drawing There was no drawing and laughed, up and marshalling of forces, no organ izing of battalions, no arrangement of reserves. But the air was electric. You felt it tingling in your fingers

and running up along your spine. The servant felt it. "There's something on to-night,

sir !" he said. Three feet away from where Luke sat, close to one of the pillarets that sustained the gallery, a very little man, with a very long coat, a bald and a heavy mustache that nead, and a nearly must be curled up to his ears, was engaged in earnest consultation with a colleague. "The leader of the house, sir," woisp-

At last, the hours stole on to eleven, and Luke began to think it was time to go home. His friend, the mem ber, came over, sat on the balustrade and began to chat gaily. Not a word between him and the full dressed mob around. They'd have torn him limb

from limb if they dared.
"Going home?" he cried to Luke.
You'll do nothing of the kind. The Lord has given you a chance that will never occur, again."

Just here, an old officer, gray headed and gray bearded, spoke to the member. He was a suppliant — a humble ber. He was a suppliant — a number abject, beseeching client. He begged and entreated the member to bring on the supplier of t ome w etched thing about pension to promise to speak if the bill were

introduced. "I shall so nothing of the kind, said the member, haughtily. "We have other work before us to-night." The officer slank away, cowed and discomited. Luke's opinion of his country was rising steadily.
"Now I must be off," said the member. "There is big wig in the chair.

"Now I must be oil, said the heart ber. "There is big wig in the chair. Now, sit fast, old man. And look here! "Don't let your feelings overcome you! If you cheer, or toss up your hat, they'll turn you out, and

you won't see a bull baiting again "
And so Luke waited patiently, now the confused, anxious crowd at the ministerial side of the house, and again fixing his eyes on that silent,

serried mass that thronged the lowest benches on the left of the speaker's chair. And here, the object of all vision, of all thought, of all anxiety, vision, of all thought, of all anxiety, sat the man of mystery, silent, immovable, whilst anxious ministers looked to him for a sign or some articulate utterance of what he was brooding over and plotting there in the corner seat just below the gangway. At last, one of his lieutenants rose, and moved the adjournment of the House. The proposal was met with a shout of indignant scorn. A division was demanded, and Luke

The past. shout of indignant scott, was demanded, and Luke with the rest, was relegated to the lobby. In a few minutes it was over lobby. In a few minutes it was over, and they returned. The Government had a sweeping majority. There was a cheer of exultant triumph. The first lines of the enemy had been repulsed. The debate went on. Then quietly, a second lieutenant rose in his place and moved the adjournment of the house. This time a yel! broke from the ministerial benches. The adjournment was fiercely and angrily refused. A division was demanded, and another Pyrrhic victory gained. There was might y shout from the ministerial lists. Calm and immovable sat the Irish guerrilleros, whilst their opponents, wild with passion, appeared to ing themselves into frenzied madness. The debate went on and just as the hands of the clock pointed to twelve, a division was again demanded. suppressed, but badly supp pressed, but badly suppressed ion, the leader of the house leaned on the despatch-boxes and

hissed:—
"If we have to remain in session for forty-eight hours the Government is determined that this measure shall pass; nor will the house adjourn until that is accomplished."

forward

"The captain of the gnerrilleros sat silent and grim. And then a peal of electric bells; and then the solemn march through the turnstiles; another Governmental victory, and the house settled down to business again. arose another of the lawless but disciplined phalanx, and moved the adjourn-ment of the house. There was another angry yell; and again Agamemnon

spoke :"I assure the honourable gentlement that the at the other side of the house that the Government has no intention of yielding on that point, and that the house must remain in session until this meas ure is carried."

Then the silent one arose, and eight hundred beings, the flower of English intellect, hung breathless on his words. They were few. Passing his hand behind his coat-collar, and then running it down through his thick hair, he spoke in the echo of a whisper; but it was heard in every cranny in the

building:. The Right Hon. gentleman refuses to adjourn the house. I tell him the house will adjourn, and the sooner the better.

It was a plain challenge to the omni-It was a plain challenge to the omnipotence of England, and as such was
accepted. This time there was no
shouting. The division bell rang.
The members trooped through the
turnstile. Another violenge of the Government; but the leader of the house again came forward, and leaning his arms again on the despatch boxes, he said, almost humbly:— "There's no use in prolonging the

useless debate in the face of obstruction. The House stands ad journed." The officials laughed. The ministerial following was bewildered Then, as they recognized their defeat muttered curses on their leaders and angry, shamed, disappointed, they trooped from the House. The victors did not even cheer. Luke thought: I'll never believe in racial character istics again. I knew they were always humbugs!" His friend, the Member came over.

"Wasn't that pretty? Crumpled up like a piece of tissue paper!"
"Can you keep it up?" queried "Can you keep

earnestly at him. "Yes, till victory, which we, the descendants of kings, shall then most royally throw away. 'Did I really hurt you, poor old Bull? I'm awfully Get up, old man, and come drink.' That's the finale to the sorry. have a drink. comedy you have witnessed.

The great clock of St. Stephen's was night! ' as Luke crossed chiming "one" as Luke crossed Westminster Bridge.
"Glad I have a latch key," he mur

mured; "the old Vicar wouldn't it, and he sleeps with one eye open.

A party of revellers was coming wards him. They tried to jostle wards him. They tried to jostle him off the footpath. At another time he would have yielded; but the spell of conquest was upon him. He resisted, and came into personal contact with one, who was almost intoxicated. It was Louis Wilson. He, too, recognized Lubra and the contact with the contact was Louis Wilson. He, too, recognized Luke; and turning away, he

said to his companions:

"Tis only a peasant priest from Ireland. I know a little of the fellow. He hath a pretty sister."

The next moment Luke's strong hand was on his collar, and he swung him round. "Now, gentlemen," said one of the eyellers, "this is Westminster and

revellers, "this is Westminster and not Donnybrock. Keep quiet, or be-dad, and begorra, you will find your selves in the lock up."
"Your names, gentlemen, please,"

Your names, gentlemen, please, said an officer, moving up.

Luke heard, as in a dream: "11 Albemarle Buildings, Victoria Street.

Wilson passed on.
"Never mind, sir," said the officer as Luke fumbled for a card; it will rest here unless he prosecutes. But take no notice of these fellows in future.

There was no real sleep that night for Luke. Amidst the agony and shame and remorse that kept the wheels of his brain burning and revolving, he of his brain burning and revoring, he thought of country and home. He saw the calm peace of Ireland resting as in a cloud above and beyond this hateful Tartarus. He would give worlds to be at home—at home at Lisnalee, pencilled in shadows above the misty beloved sea. He would sacrifice a few
years of life to be in the midst of the
kindliest people on earth, away from
these horrible automatons; and he saw
with tears the little parlour, and the

"Inseparables," and Father Tim dropping aphorisms at leisure, and at leisure dropping slices of lemon into his glass. And then the burning shame came back again, aud, as he dropped into an uneasy slumber, he muttered: "I believe there are racial character-

istics after all." When he woke from unhappy dre me next morning the spectres had vanished. London, life, ambition, a great future were all before him. Lisnalee was a gray, blurred shadow of the

CHAPTER XIV.

WEIGHING ANCHOR.

It was inevitable that an airy, impetuous, variable spirit like this sh under pressing circumstances, weigh anchor and drift with the tide. Grad anchor and drift with the the discounting ually, as his fine genius asserted itself, he rose above all his confrères, both in the excellence and the efficacy of his the excellence and the efficacy of his work and in his unquestionable super-iority of intellect. The Rev. Luke lority of intellect. The Rev. Luke Delmege was beginning to be noticed. His Bishop, who had returned from Rome, and then from a long round f visitations, appeared not to remaik him particularly, which Luke in his rising pride, set down to national prerising pride, set down to national pre-Once the Bishop said :-

Delmege, you are not quite so mercurial as the generality of your trymen. Don't you like your surround

Then Luke protested that he was happy, very happy, and did not seek a

Once, too, the old Vicar said in his once, too, the out void of rough, kindly way:—
"Here you are again, Delmege! It is a bad thing for a young man when the papers notice him. You'll have as much space soon as Madame Seigel's

Syrup."
But the younger men were more ex-

plicit and generous. His name had gone across the river, and he had been invited to preach at the Commercial Road, and to lecture to workingmen at the Mechanics' Hall in Holborn. He had pushed on his schools until the Inspector wondered at his own report, and the Diocesan Inspector had asked for him as an assistant.

Meanwhile, and, of course, impercep-

Meanwhile, and, or course, imperceptibly, all this externation was affecting his character deeply. His soulwas starved. All his energies went off in enthusiastic work. He never perceived that it was sheer materialism, when the soul was absent. In the behavior, he consequented his work and ginning he consecrated his work and put a soul into it. Then, as vanity assumed control and men's praises echoed around him, he pushed forward wildly. Work, work, work — here was his cry! Too gentle personal love for his Divine Master hallowed as d sancti fied his earlier efforts ; but by degrees this evaporated in favour of a Cause

But the cause was an inpersonality, though he called it "the Church." If he had identified the Church with its he had identified the Church with its Divine Spouse, all would have been well. But no! The honour of the Church, the advancement of the Church, the glory of the Church— words always on his lips, and of such awill and hallowed sign ficance,—con-yeved no meaning, no life to his actions. veyed no meaning, no life to his actions He would have been deeply offended any one had hinted that he had deger erated into a form of worship that i erated into a form of worship that is generally veiled under a sacred guise—and only labelled by the truthful malice of the world, or the still more truthful revelations of humility—egotheism. Did not the ancient monks say, Laborare est orare? And here just now is not the sage of Chelsea and the same divinity of work? preaching the same divinity of work preaching the same divinity of work? And is not Stanley in Christ Church, and Jowett in Balliol, stimulating the flagging energies of Oxford undergraduates by the same? Work, work, work, for it is the law of the universe, the law of the universe, -the laws of birth and death, of stars and flowers! Work, because thereby you are identified with Nature by obeying its sacred laws, and thereby lone is true happiness 3 any one had whispered to these days, when he thought he was soaring on the highest altitudes of inspiration: "Come apart and rest a little while!" he would have scorned the suggestion as a temptation to abuse of the highest instincts and betrayal of the most sacred interests.

It was rather fortunate for Luke that, amidst the inevitable jealousies aroused

by all this publicity, he had just strength f mind enough to move steadily onward though not unbiased or undisturbed He had not yet had experience enough to write on the tablets of his mind the to write on the tablets of his mind the Pauline summing up of existence—itus timores; but his life was not lacking in those external modifications which the Apostle styles—the foris pugnae. Unfair and unfavorable criticisms, little hints of possible imprudences in public utterances, vague suggestions of sublued heresy, the complete suppression of some fine public lecture—these were the drawbacks in a buoyant and mos hopeful career. In the moments of doubt and depression that followedand they were many—a memory of past times, of the frugal banquets of the "Inseparables," of Father Tim's droll-eries and of Father Pat's kindness, would recur to him; and sometimes there would float across the unda irremeabilis a tiny letter from the cottage above the sea at Lisnalee, or from the library of Father Martin — hopeful, cheerful, amusing, as a butterfly would float in from spring meadows and lose itself in the horrors of some Lancashire factory, or as a child would place a flower in the fingers of a bronze and unnower is the ingers of a brother and the feeling statute. Then Luke had a friend. And it needs not the sacred endorsement of Holy Scripture, or the expansive comments of that great in-terpreter, Shakespere, to be assured that the best gift of the gods to man is statute. Then Luke had a a true and truthful friend. And Luke' friend was not afraid to tell the truth.

Witness this. They were walking on the banks of the Serpentine.

I always choose this place for quiet meditation," said the friend, in an explanatory tone to Luke, who was rather appraised to be suddenly introduced. urprised to be suddenly introduced

-God bless them !- are happily unconscious. The other elements of civil-ization here in the heart of the world re too much engrossed with each other to heed you. I am alone with the stars Now, Delmege, old man, can you bear an operation? For I am going to do an operation? For I am going to do what my judgment calls the rashest and maddest and most ungrateful thing—I am going to pull a friend's tooth. It is quite true that tooth is aching. Nevertheless, man is an ungrateful animal. I

know you won't bite; but promise not to say a cuss word. I can't bear that." "All right," said L. ke, "go ahead! I'm used to it. There never before was such a target for the small shot of gratuitous advice. I am as bad as if I nad the influenza. Every old woman at home made herself a Minerva, and every old duffer a Mentor. And here it is worse. It is quite clear the world regards me as a complete and unmiti-gated fool!" Which little speech shows now far Luke had gone in

the "galled jade.
"Now, look here," said the candid friend, "all that's quite true..." "I beg your pardon," said Luke,

"Ahem! I mean that—you know it may be quite true, you know—that advice, very well meant—you know—does not always comprehend the entire surroundings—look at that impudent girl with that soldier!"

"Oh! I thought you were alone with the stars," said Luke; which at once restored his friend's equilibrium.

"Well, now, look here, Delmege, it seems to me that you have two careers before you. On the one hand a life of usefulness and labor, hidden, unsus rected, no storms, no triumphs, but a reward exceeding great; and on the other a life of blare and brilliancy, thunder and lightning, honors and

"I understand," said Luke. "You'd have me choose the humbler and safe

path ? "Well," said his friend, dubiously,

" perhaps!"
" Let me tell you," said Luke,
" once and forever, that I have deliberately chosen the other; not because of its honors and emoluments—I despise them! but the Church requires Ours is not the Church of the Catacombs, but of Constantine!'

"It's a truth and a fallacy," said the candid friend. " Meanwhile, allowing all that, and presupposing that you are right in your decision, I don't admit it, vou know

Don't admit what ?" said Luke. "That the Church requires very brilliant men, or that the world is much

ic need of them." "The world regards the Church as a molehill," said Luke; "a subterranean, cryptic, concealed system, burrowing under all the States and Governments of the world-its conspirators blinking and purblind in the light of day, and with vision enough only to plot delve, and undermine all the institu-tious of civilization."

"Out of which of the Infidel reviews did you pick that rhodomontade?"

the fr end.
"There now," said Luke, "you are losing temper, and the tooth is not yet drawn.

"Quite true. But now for the operation. I think you are going too fast and will get derailed. All this newspaper notoriety, 'able controversialist, brilliant lecturer, etc., is quite enough to turn any head not well screwed on and yours, you know, ah—"
"Go on," said Lake, "go on."
"I'm hurting you," said the candid

friend.
"On! not at all," said Luke. "I

rather like it. It is so ingenuous, you were saying something about my head."
"I see I'm hurting you," said the
friend. "Now, I'll put it in a better
way. Did you ever feel an impulse to go down on your knees and kiss the nem of the garment of some poor, half-witted illiterate old duffer, who knew just enough of Latin to spell through his breviary, but who was doing, with sublime unconsciousness, the work of

his Master ?" Luke was struck dumb. These were almost his own words, expressed with enthusiasm not quite two years ago.
"Once," he said faintly; "but I

had no experience."
"And oid you ever," said the friend,
not noticing, "did you ever feel irresistible inclination to get behind some had no experience." great, intellectual prodigy, who was sweeping the whole world before him apparently, and with one glorious coup-de main block his hat before all his admirers ?' Never," said Luke, emphatically.

"I think that is narrow-minded and illiberal."
"Well, I did," said the friend,

dryly. Look here, now, Sheldon," said Luke, "once and forever let me say that I feel, and am sure, that the unnatural delay in the conversion of England is primarily due to this cause. You, English, are so narrow and conservative and petty in your views that you'll never appeal successfully to the broad human spirit of the age. You don't understand the Zeitgeist. The whole trend of human thought is to reconcile revelation with intellect; and out of the harmony to evolve a new human and hopeful instauration of blessedness. Now, we must take our rightful place in this renascence. It won't do to be silent. Or, rather, we must speak out boldly and confidentially, with large, free interpretations of natural revelations, or hold our tongues altogether. Falls er nicht schweigt!" "Good heavens!" said Father Shel-

don, "where did you pick up that hor-rible jargon? What in the name of common sense, man, are you reading?"
"There now, there row," said Luke, "You don't read, my dear fellow There's the great drawback. There' There's no use in arguing further. We on different planes of thought.

way, you are coming over to Bermonds sey to dine to-morrow?'

Father Sheldon said nothing. He had failed to pull that tooth; and of all had failed to pull that tooth; and of all the state of the said of the sai

botches in creation, an unsuccessful dentist is the worst.
"Poor fellow," he said in his own sanctum afterwards, "he's on the down

to be skygrade, though he appears to be sky-flying. That rush for Mass in the morn-

ing, and the substitu for the Office are be snatches won't make the retreat is at h Who knows? The retreat came was over; and Luke t worse. The preach nished man, and, the

that line. Luke was lost. "He had was lost. "He had did not know, till could be lifted so regions of transcend philosophy, in the i can be made the ha and how bo clothed in iridescer course, he was apol He was speaking to quite right in assurall that he knew;" 'hell'; well, why no word, if you go so ways spoke of 'esch 'eternity'; very v 'Ah !" he said " these are the me half a year's salary over to Ireland to treats. Wouldn't from their letharg them what culture

"I thought your called the 'Islan Father Sheldon. Certainly; so i rob us of that as But you can't!"
"But the presaints and their tended for imita tion. " And quite rig

say that Simon allowed to remain wenty days on Perhaps not. comes of your c for one saint, who whole island full Look here, Si rible reactionar Inquisitionist! men like you eve

"I'm not sure verting," said modern idea that saints, our beaut Ignatius and Alp and Scholastica, seum freaks, to dered at as Div more-is the m which our Catho 'I give you u

"I'll write to-Azarias as soon big field there.
"I suppose so
you, Irish, a go
They were sit
rary. It was S at four P. M., in one o'clock. I

ner. But the He liked to gat ent thing. You like the like the good clared with e took an imports ing his canons. Bishon, emphat But they wer "How did yo Luke was eff The Vicar said

uished preacher

cerned, he mi playing a flute certainly very "Father Sh ing over ther Father Sheldon In a solemn, b as if he had str age, Father St brass-bound Bi "Michæas ! Israel: 'Hear t

I saw the Lore

and all the arr Him, on the left.' And th

deceive Acha

may go up and And one spak and another of forth a Spiri Lord, and said And the Lord And he answ and be a lying his prophets. Thou shalt d vail: go forth The Bishor The Vicar she once or twice laughing bois

ity out of the talking here oronze statue the past!"
"That's a when a man one hundred for better wo of these capt in the balar and 'Isn't the fore the king

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Infidel reviews

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Luke, " you are tooth is not yet

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controversialist, , is quite enough , "go on."
said the candid said Luke. " I

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g you," said the put it in a better teel an impulse to

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umb. These were

s, expressed with two years ago. faintly; "but I

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uke, emphatically.

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' said the friend,

w, Sheldon," said

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with intellect; and my to evolve a new auration of human

we must take our

lent. Or, rather, we oldly and confidenti-

ree interpretations of s, or hold our tongues

er nicht schweigt !"
!" said Father Shel-

you pick up that hor-hat in the name of in, are you reading?" ere row," said Luke,

d, my dear fellow.

t drawback. There to drawback. We move

ing, and the substitution of the Rosary for the Office are bad signs. German snatches won't make up for it. Well, the retreat is at hand, thank God!

Who knows?"

The retreat came, and the retreat was over; and Luke was the same—only worse. The preacher was a distinguished man, and, therefore, a failure in that line. Luke was delighted—and was lost. "He had never heard such command of language before;" he did not know, till then, how religion could be lifted so beautifully into the regions of transcendentalism;" how philosophy, in the hands of a master, can be made the handmaiden of religion;" and how both together can be clothed in iridescence by the mastery of our mother tongue;" "yes, of course, he was apologetic, and why not? He was speaking to his equals, and was quite right in assuming that they knew all that he knew;" he said 'sheol' for 'hell'; well, why not? It's the correct word, if you go so far;" "and he always spoke of 'eschatology' in place of 'eternity'; very well, isn't that the scientific term?" etc., etc.

"Ah!" he said to Father Sheldon, "these are the men we want. I'd give

"Ah !" he said to Father Sheldon, "these are the men we want. I'd give half a year's salary to see him invited over to Ireland to give a series of retreats. Wouldn't he wake them up from their lethargy? Wouldn't he show them what culture and education can

do?"
"I thought your country used to be called the 'Island of Saints'?" said Father Sheldon.

Father Sheldon.
"Certainly; so it was. You tried to
rob us of that as of everything else.
But you can't!"
"But the preacher said that the
saints and their lives were never in
tended for imitation, but for admiration."

"And quite right. Do you mean to say that Simon Stylites would be allowed to remain twenty years or twenty days on the obelisk in these times?"

"Perhaps not. But what then be comes of your countrymen and their distinguished title? If there's no room for one saint, what do we want with a whole island full of them?"

"Look here, Sheldon, you are a hor rible reactionary—a mediavalist—an Inquisitionist! How in the world will men like you ever convert England?'
"I'm not sure that it's worth converting," said Father Sheldon, lazily? "but I'm sure of one thing—that that modern idea that we are to hold up our saints, our beautiful saints, Francis and Ignatius and Alphonsus, Clare and Rose and Scholastica, as so many dime mu seum freaks, to be looked at and won-dered at as Divine Curiosities and no more—is the most horrible conclusion which our Catholic neologists have ever

"I'll write to-night to a confidental friend in Ireland to get over Father Azarias as soon as possible. He has a

Azarias as soon as possible. He has a big field there.

"I suppose so. May the Lord grant you, Irish, a good conceit o' yersel's."

They were sitting at coffee in the library. It was Sunday, and dinner was at four P. M., instead of the usual hour, one o'clock. The Bishop had said a few pretty things about the distinguished preacher the day before at dinner. But the Bishop was inquisitive. He liked to gather opinions—an excellent thing. You need never adopt them, like the good Irish prelate who declared with emphasis that he never took an important step without consulting his canons. "But do you always follow their counsels, my Lord?" The Bishop, emphatically: "Never!"

But they were at coffee.

Bishop, emphatically: "Never!"
But they were at coffee.
"How did you like the retreat?"
Luke was effusive and enthusiastic.
The Vicar said: "So far as I am concerned, he might as well have been playing a flute the whole time. It was certainly very pretty."

certainly very pretty."

"Father Sheldon, what are you poring over there?" said the Bishop.
Father Sheldon was a great favourite.
In a solemn, but half careless manner, as if he had stumbled on a chance pass

as it he had stumbled on a chance passage, Father Sheldon read from the big, brass-bound Bible:

"Michean said to Achab, King of Israel: 'Hear thou the word of the Lord. I saw the Lord sitting on His throne, as we have been attacking by I saw the Lord sitting on His throne, and all the army of heaven standing by Him, on the right hand, and on the left. And the Lord said: "Who shall deceive Achab, King of Israel, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth Galaad?" And one spake words in this manner, and another otherwise. And then came forth a Spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said: 'I will deceive him.' And the Lord said: 'By what means?' And the Lord said: 'I will deceive him.'
And the Lord said: 'By what means?'
And he answered: 'I will go forth,
and be a lying spirit in the mouth of all
his prophets.' And the Lord said:
'Thou shalt deceive him, and shall prevail: go forth and do so.'''

The Bishop was silent, and snail prevail: go forth and do so. ""

The Bishop was silent, and serious.

The Vicar shook all over, and snorted once or twice, which was his way of laughing boisterously. A young priest said, "You haven't brought much charity out of the retreat, Father Sheldon!"
Luke said: "There is no use in talking here; Father Sheldon is a bronze statue, with his face turned to

the past!"
"That's all right, Delmege. But
when a man comes to dress and drill
one hundred priests, so as to refit them for better work amongst a few hundred thousand souls, and when, perhaps, one of these captains is himself trembling in the balance, we expect something else besides 'Sing a song of sixpence,' and 'Isn't that a dainty dish to lay before the king?' "

You'd like to see a portrait of Luke Delmege just at this. Well, here it is;

chief examiner. He asked the most absurd questions—the percentage of fibrin in the blood, the specific difference between enteric and adynamic fever, the effect of hydrocyanic acid, etc. I was thoroughly made up in surgery, for which I have a peculiar taste, yet he never asked me a "A good deal of these," she said, pointing to a heap of tattered novels. "But these are the real dangers,"—she pointed to the photographs, and took down a phial from the mantelpiece. "He can take all that in a day," she said, pointing to the label, "enough chief examiner. He asked the most at

question, except something ridiculous about the treatment of embolisms, and I could have given him lights in psycho-logical and mental science, where I am A 1, but he never asked a question. to kill ten men. And he won't stand A 1, but he never saked a question.

Then, he's not a gentleman. 'Young mon,' said this red headed Highland savage, 'I'd recommend you to qualify as a hairdresser. It is a branch of surgery, ye ken.' I have reported him to the trustees, and demanded a second accommentation. Dr. Calthrop is down

examination. Dr. Calthrop is down here, examining in bacteriology, and, pardon the pun, he's backing me up. By the way, tell Barby that her clerical friend is coming out. He now parts his hair in the centre, and has assumed

later on about MacKenzie, he'll pro-bably give him a wigging. Evidently, the uncouth fellow didn't know who I

" Ever affectionately,

was this:

" Louis J. Wilson, B. A.

Dublin, Sept. 8, 187-

One of the effects of which epistle

Rev. Dear Father :- I must write to

Rev. Dear Father:—I must write to tell you how proud and pleased we all are at seeing your name so frequently in the Catholic Times and Tablet, and in so honored a way. And now comes a letter from Louis, enthusiastically sounding your praises. I should give extracts, but I am afraid I should hurt you. But he is a great admirer of yours, and I cannot help thinking hat our dear Lord has created this reverence and admiration in order that you

ence and admiration in order that you

may exercise a holy controlling in-fluence over poor Louis in the midst of

its future, and your reward will be exceeding great. Sophy Kemnedy, an old schoolmate of mine, now in Ken-

breath from Paradise.
"I am, dear Rev. Father,

and perhaps a frie

It would cost me my situation, sir,"

at would cost me my students, sir, she saft, "if it were ever known that I brought you here; but I am a mother, and I know what it is to see the young go astray. Has this young gentleman a father or mother? I know he has a

have a crowner's inquest here s.on. And then he comes out a shaking all over like a haspen, an' his face a shiu-ing like the hangels. But it ain't han-

geis, but devils, he has seen."
"I'm much obliged to you for your confidence," said Luke, coming downstairs, "I must see to it at once."
"And you wont mention to no one what I have showed you?" said the his hair in the centre, and has assumed an Ionico-Doric accent. But I must say he preaches well and effectively. In fact, he's becoming a crack lecturer on this side. I cannot compare him, of course, with the Master of the Temple, for there will be always wanting that esprit and those little mances of thought and expression that denote the university man. But he is strong

"Never fear." said Luke.

"Never fear," said Luke.

"A pretty bad case!" he thought, as he wended his way homewards; "a pretty bad case. I must write to his sister or uncle. And this is the fellow I was half afraid of a couple of years ago in that drawing-room. It needs travel and experience to know the world after all, and to know that there of thought and expression that denote the university man. But he is strong and versatile, and I think, when he gets into the Attic accent, he will do fairly well. Just tell Pap that there was a blunder in the examination programme, and I am going up again. Perhaps he may write to Calthrop, who is a power here. I'll let him know later on about MacKenzie, he'll proare few in it that are not beneath you."
Which shows that Luke had now fully adopted the philosophy of one of his Mentors, and was holding his headvery high.

TO BE CONTINUED.

months I was with the man who sings and plays upon a cord of catgut be-tween the lanterns at the Place de la Bastile. I sang the refrain with him, and after that I called, 'Here's all the and after that I called, 'Here's all the new songs, ten centimes, two sons!' He was always drunk, and used to beat me. That is why the police picked me up the other night. Before that I was with the man who sells brushes. My mother was a laundress; her name was Adele. At one time she lived on the ground floor at Montmartre. She was a good workwoman and liked me. She made money, because she had for cu-tomers waiters in the cafes, and they use a good deal of linen. On Sundays use a good deal of linen. On Sundays she used to put me to bed early, so that she could go to the ball. On weekfluence over poor Louis in the midst of London temptations. I am supposing that you have not met him as yet in London; but his address is: 11 Albemarle Baildings, Victoria street, London, W. C., and I am sure, if you could spare time to call on him, he would be highly pleased and flattered by your condescension. Do, dear Father! It is a question of a soul and its future and your reward will be exdays she sent me to Les Freres, where I learned to read. Well, the sergeant-de-ville, whose beat was in our street, de-ville, whose beat was in our street, used always to stop before our windows to talk with her—a good-looking chap with a medal from the Crimea. They were married and after that everything went wrong. He didn't take to me, and turned mother against me. Every one had a blow for me, and so, to get out of the house, I spent whole days in the Place Clichy, where I knew the mountebanks. My stepfather lost his place, and my mother her work. She did not be the seare of sington, has also written to say she has been to hear you; and when I told her you were a friend of mine (this was preyou were a triend of mine (this was pre-sumptuous, of course) she actually sent me congratulations, and doubted if I'd acknowledge 'small people' any more. "I am taking up too much of your valuable time with my nonsense; but used to go out washing to take care of him. This gave her a cough—the steam. * * She is dead at Lamboisiere. She was a good woman. Since that I have lived with the seller our next letter from Louis will be a

of brushes and the catgut scraper. Are you going to send me to prison?" He said this op nly, cynically, like a man. He was a little ragged street arab, as tall as a boot, his forehead hidden under a queer mop of yellow R spectfully yours, BARBARA WILSON." "A pan of hot coals on my head!"
said Luke. "I must really look up the
lad. I dare say he has forgotten our
little rencontre. Of course, he felt he
deserved richly what he got."
And, accordingly, some days later,
he again crossed Westminster Bridge,
and found his way to Albemarle Build-

hair.

ittle rencontre. Of course, he felt he deserved richly what he got."

And, accordingly, some days later, he again crossed Westminster Bridge, and found his way to Albemarle Buildings. The buildings were laid out in flats, on the French system. A respect able, middle-aged woman kept the keys.

"No, Mr. Wilson was not at homehad gone to the 'ospital," ishe supposed, "and would not return till late. He 'rarely dined at 'ome."

Luke was turning away, not too disappointed, for he dreaded the interview, although prepared to be very conciliatory and condescending, when the woman said:

"I perceive you're a clergyman, sir, and perhaps a friend of this young gentleman."

And, accordingly, some days later, him to the Reform School.

Not very intelligent, idle, clumsy to the heast loved him. Toulon, the ball and chain, the work in the harbor, the blows from a stick, wooden shoes on bare feet, soup of tobacco money and the terrible sleep in a 'camp swarming with convicts; and he did not seem to be profoundly corrupted by that school of vice. But when in his seventeenth year he was turning away, not too disappointed, for he dreaded the interview, although prepared to be very conciliatory and condescending, when the woman said:

"I perceive you're a clergyman, sir, and perhaps a friend of this young gentleman." Nobody claimed him, and they sent him to the Reform School. Not very intelligent, idle, clumsy with his hands, the only trade he could gentleman."
"Well, we are acquainted at least,"
said Luke, straining at the truth. "and noontime from rafts. All of these occupations he followed to some extent, and some months after he came out of am much interested in him."

"Well, then, sir," she said, "if some one would take him in 'ands. I fear he's not doing well. Would you walk upstairs, sir?" the house of correction he was a rester again for a petty thet—a pair of old shoes prigged from a shop window. Result: A year in the prison of Sainte walk upstairs, sir?"

They went upstairs, although Luke felt that he was intruding somewhat unwarrantably on the privacy of another. The woman unlocked a door and ushered him into an apartment filled with some strange, pungent, aromatic odor, such as hangs around a denorate, an enforce.

Pelagie, where he served as valet to the political prisoners. He lived in muc's surprise among the group of prisoners, all very young, negligent in dress, who talked in loud voices and carried their heads in a him as far as Montmartre, where he very solemn fashion. They used to meet in the cell of one of the oldest of aromatic odor, such as hangs around a druggist's or perfumer's shop. There was chaos everywhere. Pipes of all shapes and forms, pots of unguents, masks and wigs, photographs, some quite fresh, some faded, of actresses and beauties. There were two side by side in a frame. One was subscribed "Circe"; the other, which Luke recognized as Barbara's, was simply marked by one red spot, which Luke soon discovered was a heart on free. Over the mantelpiece hung a splendid enlarged photograph of the Canon, and in the frame was inserted a shield with the arms of the Murray family, and their motto, Sans tache.

It would cost me my situation, sir," them, a fellow of some thirty years and already a long time in prison and quite a fixture at Sainte Pelagie—a large cell, the walls covered with colored caricatures, and from the window of which one could see all Paris—its roofs, its spires and its domes—and far away the distant line of hills, blue and in-distinct upon the sky. There were upon the walls some shelves filled with volumes and all the old paraphernalia of a fencing-room; broken masks, rusty foils, breatplates and gloves that were Ining their tow. It was there that the "politicians" used to dine together, adding to the everlasting "soup and beef" fruit, cheese and pints of wine, which Jean Francois went out and got which Jean Francois went out and got by the can—a tumultuous repast interrupted by violent disputes, and where, during the dessert, the "Carmagnole" and "Co Ira" were sung in full chorus. They assumed, however, an air of great dignity on those days

when a newcomer was brought in among much longer, sir; mark my words, no won't stand much longer, not stand much longer, not seen that some steps in to save him.

"You won't see him sometimes for days together," she continued. "I knocks and knocks, and, thinks I, we'll have a crowner's inquest him to the mercon with affectionate familiarity and calling him by his nickname. Great words were used there: Corporation, responsibility and phrases quite unless that the same standard words were used there: words were used there: Corporation, responsibility and phrases quite unitelligible to Jean Francois—such as this, for example, which he once heard imperiously put forth by a frightful little hunch back who blotted some writing paper every night:

"It is done. This is the composition of the Cabinet: Raymond, the Bureau of Public Instrution; Martial the Interior, and for Foreign Affairs my self."

self."

His time done, he wandered again around Paris, watched afar by the police, after the fashion of cock-chalers made by cruel children to fly at the end of a string. He became one of those fogitive and timid beings whom the law, with a sort of coquetry, arrests and releases by turn—something like those platonic fishers who, in order that they may not exhaust their ash pond, throw immediately back into the water the fish which has just come ash pond, throw immediately back into the water the fish which has just come out of the net. Without a suspicion on his part that so much honor had been done to so sorry a subject, he had a special bundle of memoranda in the mysterious portfolios of the Rue de Jerusalem. His name was written in round hand on the gray paper of the THE SUBSTITUTE.

He was scarcely ten years old when he was arrested as a vagrant. He spoke thus to the judge: "I am called Jean Francois Leture, and for six months I was with the man who sings."

THE SUBSTITUTE.

round hand on the gray paper of the cover, and notes and reports, carefully classified, gave him his successive appellations: "Name, Leture;" the prisoner Leture," and at last "the criminal Leture."

He was two years out of prison discovery and the cover, and notes and reports, carefully classified, gave him his successive appellations: "Name, Leture;" the appellations: "Name, Leture;" and at last "the cover, and notes and reports, carefully classified, gave him his successive appellations: "Name, Leture;" the appellations: "Name, Leture;" and at last "the cover, and notes and reports, carefully classified, gave him his successive appellations: "Name, Leture;" the prisoner Leture;" and at last "the cover, and notes and reports, carefully classified, gave him his successive appellations: "Name, Leture;" the prisoner Leture;" and at last "the cover, and the cover, and notes and reports, carefully classified, gave him his successive appellations: "Name, Leture;" the prisoner Leture;" and at last "the cover, and notes and reports, carefully classified, gave him his successive appellations: "Name, Leture;" appellations: "Name, Let

prisoner Leture," and at last "the oriminal Leture."

He was two years out of prison, dining where he could, sleeping in night lodging-houses and sometines in lime kilns, and taking part with his fellows in interminable games of pitchpenny on the boulevards near the barriers. He wore a greasy cap on the back of his head, carpet slippers and a short white blouse. When he had five sous he had his hair curled. He danced at Constant's at Montparnassee; bought for two sous to sell for four at the door of Robino, the pack of hearts or the acc of clubs serving as a countermark; sometimes opened the door of a carriage; led horses to the horse market. From the lottery of all sorts of miserable employments he drew a goodly number. Who can say if the atmosphere of honor, which one breathes as a soldier, if military discipline might not have saved him? Taken in a cast of the net with some young loafers who robbed drunkards sleeping on the streets, he denied very earnestly having taken part in their expeditions. Perhaps he told the truth, but his antecedents were accepted in lieu of proofs, and he was sent for three years to Poissy. There he made coarse playthings for were accepted in fieu of proofs, and he was sent for three years to Poissy. There he made coarse playthings for children, was tatooed on the chest, learned thieve's slang and the Penal Code. A new liberation and a new plunge into the sink of Paris; but very short this time for at the end of air plunge into the sink of Paris; but very short this time, for at the end of six monts, at the most he was again compromised in a night robbery, aggravated by climbing and breaking—a serious affair, in which he played an obscure role, half dupe and half fence. On the whole, his complicity was evident, and he was sent for five years at hard labor. His grief in this advenat hard labor. His grief in this adven-ture was, above all, in being separated from an old dog which he had found on a dung heap and cured of the mange. The beast loved him.

He was well hidden, and slept in a loft at an old woman's, to whom he represented himself as a sailor, tred of the sea, who had lost his papers in a recent shipwreck, and who wanted to try his hand at something else. His tanned face and his calloused hands, tanned face and his canoused names, together with some sea phrases which he had dropped from time to time, made his tale seem probable enough.

One day, when he risked a saunter to the control of the c

him as far as Montmartre, where he was born, an unexpected memory stopped him before the door of Les Freres, where he had learned to read. As it was very warm, the door was open, and by a single glance the passing outcast was able to recognize the peacable schoolroom. Nothing was changed; neither the bright light shing. ing over the desk, nor the rows of benches, with the tables furnished with inkstands and pencils, nor the table of weights and measures, nor the map, where pins stuck in still indicated the operations of some ancient war. Heedlessly and without thinking, Jean Francois read on the blackboard the vords of the evangelist which had been

set there as a copy:
"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need

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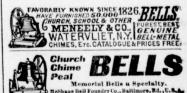
the boys, who surrounded him with eager and attentive eyes. What a bright and innocent face he had, that beardless young man in his long black gown and white necktie, and great, beardless young man in his long black gown and white necktie, and great, ugly shoes, and his badly cut brown hair streaming out behind! All the simple figures of the children of the people who were watching him seemed scarcely less childlike than his; above all, when, delighted with some of his own s mple ond innocent pleasantries, he broke out in an open and frank peal of laughter which showed his white and regular teeth, a peal so contagious and regular teeth, a peal so contagious and regular teeth, a pear so contagious that all the scholars laughed loudly in their turn. It was such a sweet, simple group in the bright sunlight, which lighted their dear eyes and their

blonde curls. Jean Francois looked at them for some time in silence, and for the first time in that savage nature, all instinct and appetite, there awoke a mysterious, a tender emotion. His heart, that seared and hardened heart, unmoved when the convict's cudgel or the heavy whip of the watchman fell on his sho lders, beat oppressively. In that sight he saw again his infancy, and closing his eyes sadly, the prey to torturing regret, he walked quickly away.

Then the words written on the black-board came back to his mind.

"If it wasn't too late, after all!" he murmured. "If I could again, like others, eat honestly my brown bread, and sleep my fill without nightmare! The spy must be sharp who recognizes me. My beard, which I shaved off down there has grown out thick and down there, has grown out thick and strong. One can burrow somewhere in the great ant hill, and work can found. Whoever is not worked to death in the hell of the galleys comes out agile and robust, and I learned there to climb ropes with loads upon my back. Building is going on everywhere here, CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX.

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ϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙϙο A New Orleans woman was thin. nourishment from her food. She took Scott's Emulsion. Result:

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a father or mother? I know he has a sister, for every post brings 'im a letter from 'er. He never mentions his parents."

"Yes. I understand his parents are living. I know little of them; but I know his sister and their uncle." He pointed to the photograph.

"Wall, sir, the poor young gentleman pointed to the photograph.

"Well, sir, the poor young gentleman is doing badly. He olten comes 'ome hintoxicated, has picked up with a dangerous lot—"

"Does he read?" queried Luke, looking around in valn for thick folios and bones. 11 Albemarle Bldg, Victoria St. W. C. and bones.
"A good deal of these," she said

"Dearest Mother:—I went up for my first-half a week ago, but got plucked. The questions were beastly. MacKenzie, an old Scotchman, who lived on oatmeal till he came to London,

g further. We move s of thought. By the ing over to Bermond-errow?" n said nothing. He that tooth; and of all tion, an unsuccessful rst. he said in his own ds, "he's on the down e appears to be sky-for Mass in the morn-

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription- \$2 00 per annum. THOMAS COFFEY, Editor and Publisher. Approved and recommended by the Arch
bishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St.
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Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and
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authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for THE CATHOLIC
RECORD. Agent for Newfoundland, Mr.
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LONDON, SATURDAY, Aug. 17, 1907.

THE PAPAL DELEGATE TO HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.

On the occasion of the fourth anniversary of the election of the Holy Father, Pius X. to the Pontifical throne, His Excellency the Most Rev. Donatus Sbaretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, sent a cablegram to the Sovereign Pontiff expressing the homage and devotion of Canadian Catholics to his august person and asking for them the Apostolic Benediction.

His Excellency received the following message from His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State:

Rome, August 5th, 1907. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa, Canada.

The Holy Father is grateful for your expression of filial sentiments and grants his blessing to you and to the Canadian Catholics.

CARD. MERRY DEL VAL. It is a matter of great consolation to all the members of the Church in the Dominion of Canada to witness the love and harmony existing between His Excellency the Papal Delegate, the Archbishops, Bishops, priests and laity. The bond which holds in its embrace all these beautiful attributes has not been forged by expediency. tion which has for long been given a affectionate administration of the late and a prosperous country.

Baltimore alone, nor yet among his co. destroying the indissolubility of the religionists that the sceptre of his influ- marriage tie. ence is limited. His rank, the modesty with which he wears his years and honor, his gentleness of character and the singleness of religious purpose which has marked his long career, have tenance of Orangeism is the usurpation won for him the ear of the nation whose of one of the Popes against the Albigtemperament he understands thorough enses. The Pope in question was ly, and whose welfare he has always Innocent the Third, one of the strongadvanced with the zeal of a great est occupants of St. Peter's throne, a play fast and loose according to rechurchman and the loyalty of a patriotic man who was to the thirteenth century citizen. The Cardinal can tell their faults to the Americans without wounding their national susceptibilities. His He led the crusades against pagan Ess. latest act of this kind is a letter on divorce in the July number of The of the Dominican and Franciscan Delineator, which has attracted a good poisoning the life blood of the nation, Nor is this an exaggeration. Divorce scandal to families. "Great stress," moralists on the observance of the Sunday. But what a mockery is the external repose of the Christian Sabbath to homes from which domestic peace is banished, where the mother's heart is and where the children cannot cling to one of their parents without exciting the jealousy or hatred of the other. And these melancholy scenes are followed by the final act of the drama when the family ties are dissolved and hearts that had vowed eternal love and That sad picture is not overdrawn. fundamental principle. Dualism has Political powers arose which ignored ideal as the needle to the pule.

But the evil is deeper and more radical than mere sentiment and heart-rending separation. Morality is affected with the ulcer. Husband, wife and children are all exposed by divorce laws to temptations, unmentionable sins and life-long dangers against which an indissoluble marriage would have protected them. It is not necessary to pursue this line of the Cardinal's argument further, especially as we wish to notice the criticism of the Deseret News. This journal undertakes the apology of Mormonism by calling the Cardinal to task for saying : " Is not the law of divorce a virtual toleration of Mormonism in a modified form? Mormonism is simultaneous polygamy, while the law of divorce practically leads to successive polygamy." The Deseret News claims that this view is wrong-that neither is polygamy Mormonism, nor Mormonism polygamy. This is special pleading on the part of the Salt Lake Journal. Just fifty years ago Brownson maintained the same thing in the same language. "Moreover," he writes, they (the Mormons) hold to polygamy, and permit each man to have an unlimited number of wives." Whether it be called polygamy or Mormonism, or whether it receive the more odious name of concubinage, divorce is dreadful, partaking of all the evils of the three without any of their redeeming qualities, if any they possess, which we very much doubt. Had Mormonism not been limited in territory, had it been allowed the extension and option bestowed upon divorce, its injury to morals, its danger to government would by this time have threatened the very existence of the United States. Mormonism was a religious sect, and there fore possessed a certain coherence which imparted strength. Divorce affects primarily individual homes. Its effect is disintegrating. So far as It is the outcome of a spiritual affec- relations between the State and the others, Mormonism and divorce, the healthy growth in the Lord's vineyard former is a more threatening danger by the wise and prudent and withal than the latter; for one of the articles of their creed is that the nations be-Delegate Mgr. Falconio, and con- long to them as to the saints of God. tinued in a marked degree by the dis But the Deseret News does not stop tinguished and fatherly representative here. It thinks that Catholics, in lookof the Holy See who is with us at ing at past and present, ought to be present. The faith of Canadian silent. Results are far from being Catholics is intelligent and active. satisfactory. Twenty centuries have Trey give to God and God's rolled by, history has changed. what belongs to God, Catholicism has wrought with zeal and to Cassar that which belongs to at times but without success. The Caesar. While Catholics may differ on nations stand aloof; the world matters political - matters of public turns a deaf ear to her voice. policy-they know when their religion Even when a distinguished Prince of is attacked, and will always resent the Church warns his fellow citizens of such attack, let it come from any the evils of divorce, what will come of Party or State or Government. Enjoy- it ? Most likely nothing. This is no ing the utmost (reedom in both Church argument against Catholicism. It is and State, Canadian Catholics are the opposite. The nations may, like grateful to God for such a blessing and the Holy City, not know the day of are determined to preserve that free- their visitation. So much the worse dom, knowing that in this way they can for them. Within the armory of the serve the'r God in a more perfect man- Church weapons have been fashioned ner, and become Canadians in the true and used for the conquering of the sense of the term, taking their full world and the establishment of the share in building up a free, a happy Kingdom. Within its treasures are riches of truth, sanctity, purity, which to those who value them have CARDINAL GIBBONS ON DIVORCE ever proved a light to life and frag-Any word from Cardinal Gibbons rance to virtue and promise of reward. eservedly attracts attention and re- Let heresy, with its private judgment spect from the people of the United and its lower standards, look to it. States, where his name is a household Heresy it is which divides Christianity, word. It is not in his own diocese of and panders to the passions of men by

THE ALBIGENSES.

Amongst the reasons which Professor Goldwin Smith advances for the mainwhat Hildebrand had been to the eleventh-leader, builder, guardian. and heretical West; he built the pillars brotherhoods; and he guarded the best deal of attention. Amongst the com- interests of the Church in the Lateran ments which we have seen the remarks | Council. Tyrant he never was, nor did | the Church because of "its indifference of the Deseret Evening News deserve a he during his eighteen years of Pontifiword or two on account of a criticism este usurp power. Was it religious upon the Cardinal's view of Mormon- power he usurped or political? All religism. His Eminence, diagnosing the lous prerogative was his, fullest jurisailment of social America, tells the diction of Christ's kingdom, the sceptre people that divorce is a cancer which over all nations. Did he usurp political is fast spreading over the community, power? A great historian, summing up his character, says that : " Innocent III. devoted his life to the realization devastates homes, and is a rock of of three ideas; the development, within the Church, of a spirit of faith and says the Cardinal, "is justly laid by plety, by winning respect for discipline and canonical regulations, the freedom of the spiritual authority from all the bonds of the temporal power; and finally, the introduction of Christian civilbroken and the father's spirit crushed, Crusades." But as special reference is They fail to explain. The fact is that

been a favorite theory in several of the religion, or let it work out its own Christian centuries for the reason that it is easily grasped. The Albigenses maintained that there were two principles, one good and the other evil. The former was the creator of the spiritual, the latter of the material world. They held that whilst Jesus Christ was very perfect he was a mere creature. Their other errors affected equally the redemption of the race, the punishment of sin and the resurrection. Dualism entered also into their ethical teaching. Man is, according to them, a living contradiction. The liberation of the soul from the body is his true end. As generation propagates the slavery of the soul to the body perpetual chastity should be practised and matrimonial intercourse regarded as unlawful. This was the heresy which in the twelfth century especially caused such bloodshed and devastation. By its theories and episcopal organization it appealed to the feudal ideals of its time, and found its chief support among the nobles and the brilliant society of the southern castles. To the Church they were a great danger. In fact they threatened its very existence in Lan guedoc and the neighboring provinces. Not satisfied with teaching false Christianity they made war upon the Church. When Innocent III. mounted the Papal throne in 1198 he resolved to put an end to the heresy. For several years which education, charity and morality he tried pacific measures, but was hampered in his design by the miserable fice. It may be that the Church, in state of degradation into which the face of congested cities, cannot relieve native church had fallen. In 1203 all the suffering or break the bread of his legates entered Toulouse, where life to every one of her children asking. they zealously devoted themselves to The reason is clear and old: her fields the reformation of abuses and the con- are white to harvest and the reapers version of heretics. Growing discour are few. The fields were never so aged by their poor success, they set white nor were the reapers ever so back for Spain, when they were met by few. Notwithstanding the difficulties St. Dominic and urged to return. At of modern society the Church is still length Innocent summoned Raymond active in zeal and attentive to the VI., Count of Toulouse, a weak prince and member of the sect, to put down the heresy in his dominions. The Count hesitated and by his delay incurred excommunication. But his guilt reached the extreme when by his orders one of the Papal legates was assassinated. To slay an ambassador has always been regarded as a crime deserving a striking punishment. The Pope on learning the news addressed letters to the King of France, and commanded against the heretics. His language was severe, though perfectly warranted by errors they propagated. Pope Innocent was full of compassion for the misguided, as is evident from his deeds excesses took place in the war which followed cannot be attributed to the Sovereign Pontiff. A crusade was never a make-believe-war of all times and places is a fearful blow. It was not the Pope who wished this war or who started it. Still less justifiable is the idea that he was usurping power cised was energetic. It had to be. He was a man and he was dealing with men. Throughout it all the great Pontiff was clearly within his right and for the best interests of the Church.

THE CHURCH. Carelessness in the use of terms is chapter in the history of the diocese of seldom better exemplified than in that Hamilton. On that occasion took place made nowadays by non-Catholics when the laying of the corner stone of the speaking of the Church. It must be said, however, that in this custom they quirements. The term is sometimes long story were we to recount the applied correctly ; but more frequently it is employed with that indefiniteness which characterizes thought and language. An example of the latter was lately afforded by Bishop Potter of New York. In an address on the Church and the Social Problem he arraigned to the physical, mental and social needs of the working people." The Globe, in commenting upon this view, which it regards as correct, thinks the reason is that "the horizon of the Church is only slowly widening beyond the lines narrowly individualistic philosophy of appreciates more adequately and at in the air, neither ideal enough to elevate the masses nor practical enough to appeal to them. What do both the Bishop ization into the East by means of the and his critic mean by the Church made to his crusade against the Al- the present confusion is a result of the bigenses, we limit ourselves to this pseudo-reformation. Luther and his point. The Albigenses derive their co laborers, knowing their want of authname from Albi, a city on the steep ority, turned to their different politibanks of the Iarn, a river draining the cal superiors for support. These in rich vast plain of Languedoc. Here turn constituted themselves heads of arose and spread a heresy which under | churches without jurisdiction and withvarious names was Manichean in its out the submission of conscience.

destiny. Side by side with the new democracy rose commercial activity, organized with wonderful activity, mighty in word and work for the welfare of the many, but containing with in its vast proportions an element of danger. The danger threatens the state because the state is democratic and industry or commerce is plutocratic. It is dangerous to the Church because the Church works for another world, whilst commerce is wholly engressed with earth. But where has been the Church all this time, whilst democracy was crystallizing and commerce conquering or discovering new worlds? It is struggling for an existence. Outside the Catholic Church we recognize no Church. Its fight is a hard one. National pride, false philosophy, prejudiced heresy have all banded together against the Bride of Christ and City of God. And yet in spite of all the Church has, by her enforcement of an indissoluble marriage tie, and by her religious attentions to the wants of the poor, the ignorant and sick, never been indifferent to the physical, the mental or the social wants of mankind. How far has Protestantism taken care of the weaker classes of humanity? If on the other hand we turn to the Catholic Church there is not an organized diocese in are not guarded with zeal and sacriwants of her children. A word upon the Globe. In saying that the horizon of the Church is only slowly widening beyond the lines of the medieval theology, with its narrow individualistic philosophy of life, we find too rhetorical for argument. The figure, though fairly developed, is unsound in principle. No matter how broad the Church may be or vast its courts and populous its members, the individual must be the reason of its existence and the Cistorians to preach a crusade the crown of its glory. As long as there is one soul to save so long must the Church continue, work and suffer. the conduct of the vacillating Count, It is not the proportions of her faithful the excesses of the Albigenses and the that forms her strength or establishes her truth. For the one as for the many her hierarchy are arrayed, her sacraments administered and her sacrifice before and after the murder. What offered. The single grain may not be missed upon the shore. Not so the single soul. For it Christ came, for it He established His Church, for it He died. This theory is the only sound one, nor is it med eval. It was taught by St. Paul, inculcated by the fathers, and forms the basis of all Catholic dogma and morality. It gives dignity to in his action. He had full and per- the little ones of earth, and keeps them fect right to let loose the dogs of war secure against the greed and graft of upon a sect as defant to the Church's the mighty and the selfish. Whether teaching, morals and authority as ever | we look at the past or present the most | teaching, morals and authority as ever were the Mohammedans in the East. we look at the past or present the most there is a prospect of William O'Brien and Timothy Healy entering the The power which Innocent III. exer- that the Catholic Church looks to the the individual in particular and the

world in general. ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN.

On the 7th and 8th of the present month took place at Berlin, Ont., ceremonies which will make an interesting new college building, and the unveiling of a monument in memory of the late Father Funcken. It would be a grand work accomplished during a lengthened period, both as pastors and educationists, by the Resurrectionist Fathers in the county of Waterloo. They brought with them the grand old faith of the fatherland, and they brought, too, that steadiness of purpose, that patient striving, that indomitable perseverance, which is the splendid characteristic of the German. From their college have come some of the brightest and best priests in the country. Their system of education is thorough and their fatherly solicitude of the medieval theology, with its for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the boys placed in their charge life." Again, "Not until the Church are well known and appreciated not only in this western part of Ontario, first hand the social situation, will it but throughout the Dominion and in be keen about the physical, mental and the great American republic. That social needs of the people." All this is their success has been great is abundantly proved by the necessity for erecting the building the corner stone of which has just been laid. We congratulate the Bishop of Hamilton upon the possession of such an admirable Catholic college in his diocese. We congratulate the good Fathers

upon their abundant success.
We are sure it must have been most gratifying to His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, to witness on this occasion such a splendid example of priestly zeal, born of vocations true to their

" LAW " IN IRELAND.

When we write the word " Law," as applied to the Emerald Isle, we do not intend to convey the impression that law has a very intimate relation to justice. Almost the entire system of administering law is rotten to the core. We are told by a despatch from London that Mr. Justice Wright, in charging the grand jury at Roscommon, made remarks of a very strong character on the "lawlessness" prevailing in Ireland. When His Honor made this declaration he had not in mind the fact that crown officials are frequently responsi ble for this condition of things. Recent events have prompted the editor of the Toronto Globe to write: "A dismissed Irish constable says men could not get promotion except by provoking There is evident need of a crime. thorough investigation of the administration of law in Ireland."

Mr. Justice Wright must surely have also in mind the fact that only a few years ago a man named Sheridan, a nember of the Irish constabulary, rose rapidly in the ranks of the force by a wonderful display of activity in arresting supposed criminals. In due time, however, it was discovered that he himself was the criminal; that he committed at divers times crimes of a more or less serious nature, and, by perjuring himself, had innocent parties committed to prison. As soon as discovery was made of his rascality the Dublin Castle officials supplied him with money to come to the United States and he is now living in Bos ton. It will be remembered that this able church in a fashionable avenue by matter was made the subject of a Parliamentary investigation, and that these facts were elicited thereat. Mr. Justice Wright is particularly bitter in his reference to what he calls "the cattle driving movement" which he asserts is absolutely lawless and en entirely subversive of the rights of property. The situation, however, is somewhat unique. There is no violence, and the movement, we believe, is intended to bring to the notice of the civilized world the fact bank defaulter, and an account of his that under English law in Ireland doings. The learning of the university cattle have a prior right to the land, he took in copious drafts, but the story or, rather, the choicest spots are reserved for the fattening of cattle for if he knew it, considered it but a pretty the English market and the Irish Table. The sermon of the distinguished people are expected to eke out a divine is in eclipse. livelihood on the lean portions; and even for this they have to pay a heavy rental to My Lord the Landlord. We hope the day is not far distant when all creeds in Ireland will join hand in hand with the purpose of ridding the country of that army of vultures in the pay of the gov ernment, who provoke discontent and fatten on the consequences. We are sure, were the power vested in the hands of Lord Aberdeen, there would be a complete change in the officialdom of Dublin Castle. A change must come, and come soon. If the people are, on the one hand, true to the Irish National Movement, and the Irish parliamentary party preserve a unity of purpose, will soon be day for Ireland. All its well-wish ers will be delighted to know that

POISONOUS LITERATURE.

From William Randolph Hearst, of New York, publisher of the Journal of that city, we have received a circular which tells us that the Hearst news service is in a position to furnish us with excellent news reports of both politic. foreign and domestic happenings. Mr. Hearst also states that he has been informed that we were interested in a special service for Canadian papers. We hasten to assure Mr. William Randolph Hearst that his informant must be some gentleman who works in a news factory. The administrators of the law in the United States have been fairly successful in stamping out the adulteration of food, by inflicting swift and heavy punishment upon the criminal. If Uncle Sam would only pass a law to stamp out the adulteration of Truth he would have to double the prison accommodation, but the newspaper reader would heave a sigh has been worn thread bare, that the of relief. William Randolph Hearst is sale of these statues will enable the Little Tycoon of yellow journalism. him to finish his ecclesiastical educa-What is yellow journalism? The manufacture of news. Let us give an example. Colonel Tom Jones, it is reported, will be the next candidate for good care not to call upon any ported." This is a saving clause always inserted by the foreman of the news factory. The announcement is launched on the reading public in large black type, across three columns of the paper. There is also given a picture of Colonel Tom Jones, and pictures of the Jones family. It is likewise related when Colonel Tom Jones was born and where Mrs. Tom Jones saw the light of day, and where the parents of these two were born, and what part they had taken in the war for the union, and what part the grandparents be made for written authority from the had taken in the war of the revolution. Altogether it was a great day for the said he had such, but did not show it,

bicycles, and autos are seen flying towards the Jones mansion. Mr. Jones receives them very kindly, treats them handsomely, and informs them, with an abundance of native dignity, that there is not a shadow of truth in the report that he intended to be a candidate for Congress.

Here is another feature. The Hone

Tobias Swell and Miss Angelina Violet Timkins are to be married on a certain day in a church in a fashionable district of New York. Pictures of the bride and bridegroom are given, and pictures of their fathers and their mothers and their uncles and their consins and their aunts, a picture of the clergyman, a picture of the church, and pictures of the throng who came to witness the ceremony, and the organ's majestic tones are heard in the wedding march. There was the wealth of flowers and smiles and good wishes, and the wealth of envy reserved in the background, and the happy couple go abroad. All is joy and the honeymoon phase begins-and ends-and a year afterwards pictures of the bride and bridegroom are given once more, but this time there is only one other picture, that of the presiding judge in the divorce court. The sacrament of matrimony, as instituted by our blessed Saviour was on the day of the wedding. if thought of at all, but merely a shadow. The marriage was not registered in heaven, but the divorce proceedings were registered in-another

Turn the page and we have a sermon on "Righteousness" in some fashion a distinguished divine. Above it is an extended report of a burglary, with pictures of the burglar, the burglar's tools, and the shop in which they are manufactured. To one side of the sermon is a murder case with pictures of the accused, his wife, his house, and his man servant and maid servant. On the other side is a lynching, with a picture of the poor black-innocent he may be-dangling from a tree. Below the sermon is a biography of the latest of the cross he knew not, or, mayhap,

Still another page has the latest ball field reports in ball field jargon; followed by a page of horse racing in the jargon of the turf, and a page of stocks in the jargon of the stock exchange, where a man will lose all his moneywhile he waits.

Altogether the yellow paper may be said to contain a very large quantity of abominations-a small percentage of readable matter-and a very small share of what is refined and elevating. There are great and good papers in the United States-many of them. Pity it is that this noble profession is degrad. ed by newspaper desperadoes who have debauched the editorial sanctum. They make the claim that they give what they call "the public" what it wants, but the vitiated taste was cultivated in this so-called "public" by those creatures whose gods are pennies and "popularity."

Great is the yellow journal! Great is William Randolph Hearst, who has been the defeated candidate for various offices, but springs up once more like the Phoenix, and takes inspiration again from the plaudits of that mob who have been scrubbed from the body There is only one William Randolph

Hearst in the United States.

There is another William Randolph Hearst in Toronto. He prints one of the morning dailies.

A FRAUD.

Our readers are warned against a fraud who is visiting Catholic houses in this diocese, selling statues and stating that certain spiritual and temporal benefits are to be derived by their possession. Amongst other things, the rascal promises that the statues are a protection against lightning. He also makes use of the old story, which tion. If a policeman is not at hand this person should be summarily ejected from every house he visits. He takes Congress. Mark the words "it is re- parish priest. He dresses in the garb of a priest and states that he will be ordained in about two years. The statues he sells are made of plaster, worth about 50 cents. For these he gets \$5 50.

People have been often warned against fraudulent pedlers, but it is unfortunately the case that some are always easily duped, particularly those who do not take a Catholic paper in their homes.

Whenever a pedler presents himself to sell religious articles demand should parish priest. This particular fraud Junes family. Reporters on foot, on He added falsehood to his other crimes.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEG LAYING OF CORNER STO VEILING OF MONUME MEMORY OF THE LA FUNCKEN. We are indebted to the

Press for the following very important events a to, which took place on t instant . Higher education was function which took pla on the lawn of St. Jero attended by about 3,00

witnessed the unveiling erected to the cherished late Rev. Father Funch St. Jerome's, by the ralumni association.

At seven o'clock the ralumniassociation. C. M. B. A., the Catl and the Catholic Young formed on the marke the 29th regin headed by ded to the Church, service was conducted

Lehman of Mildmay. The papal delegate with an address by the tion. MONUMENT UN

Following this, the

church dignitaries proceed awn where the was unveiled by Rev. I ski, of Rome, Italy, sur the Fathers of the Re pr which the oration of t delivered by Rev. De St. Mary's Cathedral, I The address of Fath of an able and inspirin

izing the work of Fathe the founder of St. J He pointed out the r Funcken was at medicine, it was through tion that he was led to self to the priesthood quality of greatness wi deterred by difficulties deterred by difficulties stimulated by obstactless energy, a professional control of the control manner of will that inspired the love of all. Such to whom students floo mid all the endl details of his task for sionary labor in m Ontario.

Alderman Sheppard Mayor, the town and extended a ver to the august repre Church. On the platform

On the platform Excellency Archb Ottawa; Rev. Fa Rome, Italy; Rev. Hamilton; Rev. Anago; Rev. Stein: Hon. Adam Bek, Lo hard, Berlin, and oth

The monument is ures, life sized, repre in his religious garb ness of features, lo tively and watching his pupil. The gro symbolic. The worl Roman sculptor of Raphael Zaccagnini pride in the execu

America.
This memorial is and will be an insp students as well as ment of the town of St. Jerome's Coll the Very Rev. Lor who short D. D., who short tion in Rome, 1865 brethren of the C Resurrection that

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The first quar religious zeal ar founder and his c soon spread and hemselves in su 1881 another sto building now in three-story wing chapel building, 89 the beautiful story structure, perty now used nce was trans But not only we structed during athletic grounds were beautified, designed. open for the pl

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ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN. LAYING OF CORNER STONE. AND UN-VEILING OF MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE FATHER

We are indebted to the Lordon Free Press for the following report of the very important events above referred to, which took place on the 7th and 8th instant .

Higher education was a keynote of a function which took place on the 7th on the lawn of St. Jerome's College, attended by about 3,000 people who witnessed the unveiling of a monument erected to the cherished memory of the late Rev. Father Function, founder of late Rev. Father Funcken, founder of St. Jerome's, by the members of the

alumni association.

At seven o'clock the members of the C. M. B. A., the Catholic Foresters and the Catholic Young Men's Society formed on the market square and headed by the 29th regiment band paradial to the Church, where a brief ded to the Church, where a brief service was conducted by Rev. H.

Lebman of Mildmay.

The papal delegate was presented with an address by the alumni associa-

MONUMENT UNVEILED.

Following this, the procession of church dignitaries proceeded to the college lawn where the memorial statue was unveiled by Rev. Father Kaspryzski, of Rome, Italy, superior-general of the Fathers of the Resurrection, after which the oration of the evening was which the oration of the evening was delivered by Rev. Desn Mahoney, of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton.

The address of Father Mahoney was of an able and inspiring nature, eulogizing the work of Father Louis Funcken, the founder of St. Jerome's College. He pointed out the fact that while er Funcken was at first inclined to medicine, it was through physical affiction that he was led to consecrate himself to the priesthood. His was that self to the priesthood. His was that quality of greatness which could not be deterred by difficulties, but was rather stimulated by obstacies. With tireless energy, a profound and varied knowledge and an overmastering love for his work, he combined dignity of manner and firmness of will that inspired respect and won the love of all. Such was the educator to whom students flocked and yet who to whom students flocked and yet who amid all the endless worries and details of his task found time for missionary labor in many parishes in

Alderman Sheppard, on behalf of the Mayor, the town and citizens in gen-eral, extended a very cordial welcome to the august representatives of the

Church. On the platform were present His On the platform were present His Excellency Archbishop Sbarretti, Ottawa; Rev. Father Kaspryzski, Rome, Italy; Rev. Dean Mahoney, Hamilton; Rev. Andrew Spetz, Chicago; Rev. Steinage, Peru, Ohlo; Hon. Adam Bek, London; Ald. Shephard, Berlin, and others.

The monument is of two bronze figures life sized representing the rector.

The monument is of two brouze ngures, life sized, representing the rector, in his religious garb, with perfect like ness of features, looking down attentively and watching the recitation of his pupil. The group is artistic and symbolic. The work was entrusted to a Roman sculptor of renown. Signor symbolic. The work was character of Reman sculptor of renown, Signor Raphael Zaccagnini, who took special pride in the execution of the group which will likely spread his fame in

which will likely spread his said of America.

This memorial is on the college lawn, and will be an inspiration to staff and students as well as a noteworthy ornament of the town of Berlin.

St. Jerome's College was founded by the Very Rev. Louis Funcken, C. R., D. D., who shortly after his ordination in Rome, 1862, joined his fellow brethers of the Congregation of the brethren of the Congregation of the Resurrection that had been called by Bishop Charbonnel, of Toronao, to con-duct the missionary work of Waterloo

As Father Funcken was eminently qualified for teaching, one of his associte missionaries suggested that he should found a college.

"A college," he exclaimed, "with no students, no building, no money." When assured that twelve students when assured that twelve students could be assembled, a log house near the church in St. Agatha was rented and Father Louis' lifework began.

Two years later, 1866, Bishop Farrel,

Two years later, 1866, Bishop Farrel, of the newly established diocese of Hamilton, induced the fathers to transfer their little college to Berlin.

The first quarters used in Berlin were of humble proportions, but the religious zeal and reputation of the founder and his colleagues as educators soon spread and students presented themselves in such numbers that in 1881 another story was added to the building now in use, and the large three-story wing, now known as the chapel building, was erected. In 1888-89 the beautiful and commodious four-story structure, the lecture hall, was built. The following year the proposition of the story was as the proposition of the story structure, the lecture hall, was built. The following year the probuilt. The following year the property now used as the parochial residence was transferred to the college built. The following year the property now used as the parochial residence was transferred to the college. But not only were new buildings constructed during these years, but the athletic grounds were enlarged, lawns were beautified, and an extensive park was designed, applicated, and through was designed, cultivated and thrown open for the pleasure of the students.

The massive buildings now constituting St. Jerome's college, the pride of Berlin and the admiration of visitors, are again inadequate to accommodate the number of students who, coming from all parts of North America, seek

A new building is now in course of construction, which will afford space for a great many more students that could not heretofore be accepted. This addition will be one hundred and sixtyfive feet long, and have a high base-ment and four storys. The basement is of Credit Valley cut stone, the body

studies ; Rev. Wm. Beninger, C. R., disciplinarian.

disciplinarian.

THE FACULTY.

Rev. Jos. Schweitzer, C. R., B. A.,
Latin, German, English; Rev. A. L.
Zinger, C. R., Ph. L., philosophy,
Latin, natural science; Rev. W. Vincent Kloepfer, C. R., B. A., philosophy,
religion, German, English literature:
Rev. Wm. Beninger, C. R., Ph.L.,
Latin, German. French, religion; Rev.
Theobald Spetz, C. R., D. D., political
economy; Rev. A. J. Fischer, C. R.,
B. A., Latin, Greek; Rev. A. Simoni,
C. R., Latin, Greek, Italian; Rev.
Paul Sobszak, C. R., German, Polish;
Mr. James E. Barry, mathematics, Mr. James E. Barry, mathematics English, Greek; Mr. David McKegley

English, Greek; Mr. David McKegrey, director commercial department, Mr. A. J. Suddaby, M. A., English classics and composition; Mr. Rich. Landers, mathematics, Mr. Jos. O'Sullivan (assistant) book-keeping, arithmetic, geography; Mr. Chas. Heidt (assistant) German, Mr. Theo. Zoeliner, F. S. S., music. music. THE ALUMNI UNION.

THE ALUMNI UNION.

The alumni union of St. Jerome's College was formed in 1879, in order to maintain the fraternal spirit of former students of the college, and to afford them opportunities of meeting on the old grounds and promoting the interests of the Alma Mater. Among its members are over a hundred Catholic priests and at the memorable meeting in 1887, in honor of Dr. Funcken's sacerdotal and at the memorable meeting in 1887, in honor of Dr. Funcken's sacerdotal jubilee, a spontaneous offering of \$1 000 was tendered this eminent rector and founder of the college.

The fund which paid the expenses of erecting this memorial was raised by the union. Yearly meetings are held on commencement day, and the orator of the day is an alumnus chosen by the

on commencement day, and the Grator of the day is an alumnus chosen by the union. Its officers are: President, Rev. J. G. Gnam, La Salette, Ont.; 1st Rev. J. G. Gnam, La Salette, Ont.; 1st vice-president, F. A. Doetsch, Detroit, Mich.; 2nd vice-president, Jas. E. Day, Toronto, Ont.; 3rd vice-president, John Hartman, New Hamburg; secretary, W. J. Motz, M. A., Berlin, Ont.; treasurer, Rev. Theo. Spetz, C. R., D. D., Berlin, Ont.; executive committee, Rev. Jos. Englert, Dunnville, Ont.; Rev. Jonas Lenhard, Hamilton, Ont.; Jos. Huck, Berlin, Ont.; W. Freeman, Stratford, Ont.

LAYING OF CORNER STONE. Berlin, August 8-It is difficult to find Berlin, August 5—It is dinicate to his words for expression that would be be-fitting an important event such as took place in Berlin to-day.

Three thousand people witnessed the

corner stone laying of the new \$40,-000 addition to St. Jerome's College, and the function was performed by dignitaries high in the Church.

At 9 o'clock Pontifical High Mass was sung by Archbishop Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, the celebrant being Vicar-General Heenan, the product of Delegate to Canada, the celebrant being Vicar-General Heenan,

segons and the second of the s the helm. He was glad to see an awakening along these lines. He would welcome the day when St. Jerome's will be able to compete with the best universities in Canada and the United States. If our Canadian people want to occupy the best positions we must see to it they are fitted for them.

see to it they are fitted for them.
Following this a banquet was held at
the college. It was 1 p. m. when the
gathering, numbering one hundred and
fity people, had assembled in the college dining hall. After justice had
been done to the bill of fare the toast
list was introduced.

list was introduced.

Rev. Father Smith, of Irontown Ohio, was master of ceremonies. He presided with marked ability.

TOAST TO POPE PIUS. In the absence of Senator Coffey he proposed the first toast, that of His Holiness Pope Pius X., which was replied to by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Sbaretti. The distin-guished visitor was in a happy mien guished visitor was in a happy mien and showed bimself quite capable of addressing his remarks in English. He said he was very glad to be able to speak of His Holiness, whose advice to Catholies was to organize for social action. Archbishop Bruchesi, of Quebec, has already done this. He touched on the separation of Church and State, which was to be regretted. His words were fatherly advice.

which was to be regretted. His words were fatherly advice.

"King and Country" was proposed by Judge Chisholm, who spoke at some length on the many good qualities of Edward the Seventh as a man, as a king and as a processing the out King and as a peacemaker. In our country there is but Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, he said. It's

toast, "Education." The government's educational policy was well known and he believed the government could do no better than to erect here s bilingual normal school, which was needed to complete our educational institutions.

Rev. J. Kosinki, C. R., of Chicago, also responded to this toast, delivered a masterpiece of oratory which was conceded to be the best heard in these parts for some time. Among other things he said "Man is being comtant to Mauning in his home life, began to realize that his heart could feel deeply and act strongly on behalf of the fellow-men. Indeed, it is only a truism to say that philanthropy was the raling passion of his life. Nor was it and physical.

First his object was the poor, untaught children for whom there were no schools—those destitute infants of the

The banques concluded at 5 p. m.
During the day the alumni association
held their annual meeting and chose
the following gentlemen for officers:
President, Rev. Dean Mahoney, Ham-

First vice-president, Dr. Droste, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Second vice-president, B. Spitzig,

Cleveland, Ohio.
Third vice-president, Rev. Lehman, Mildmay, Ont. Secretary, W. J. Motz, Berlin, Ont. Treasurer, Rev. A. L. Zinger, Ber-

lin, Ont. Executive, Rev. Zarek, New Jersey; Rev. Hahn, St. Clements; Rev. Olezenski, Chicago; J. A. Rittingen, Berlin and Rev. J. B. Schmidt, Columbus, O.

CARDINAL MANNING.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF HIS INTIMATE LIFE.

Wilfred Wilberforce, a kinsman of the Wilfred Wilberforce, a kinsman of the great Cardinal, writes the initial article in the Catholic World for July, "Manning's Domestic Side." His object is to correct an erroneous impression that this illustrious, friend of the poor laborer and of all movements for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his fellow-creatures, was lacking in human sympathy. Writes Mr. Wilberforce: "The Marble Arch "was his playful sobriquet when the Archiepiscopal burden had been placed upon him. And when he appeared in the sanctuary at Moorfields on the day of his conditions."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce preceded Manning into the Church. Mrs. Saraticle of Michael and Mrs. Wilberforce preceded Manning into the Church. Mrs. Saraticle of Michael Anglican Anglican This

readers. But before I have done readers. But before I have done I hope to be able to supply undeniable and authentic proofs that Henry Edward Manning was a man of large and wide, as well as warm, sympathies—nay that he possessed more than the average of domestic affections, as husband and brother, while there was no one whose heart was more wrung with sorrow at witnessing or hearing of the

griefs of others.

How was it, then, that a judgment exactly contrary to this was almost universally pronounced by his contemporaries? To this question the answer is two fold. First of all there was in Manning, from the earliest period of his life, a contain inpate feature which Manning, from the earnest period of his life, a certain innate feature which can, perhaps, be best described by the word donnishness. When he actually became a don at Balliol and Merton this feature was, probably, not by that fact diminished. His manner was apt to be cold, and this alone never show a person at his best. Again, strange as it may sound, he was essentially a shy man. It needed a certain fear-lessness on the part of an interlocutor to creable. fessness on the part of an interlocutor to enable Manning to break through his shyness, and as step by step his position became more and more exalted, the number of those who were likely to break through the barriers of distance, restraint, and therefore of of distance, restraint, and therefore of

shyness, became fewer and fewer.

He never forgot that he was a leader of men, and, though, possessed of the saving sense of humor, he never allowed others to forget it either. But, after all the learners are this colored. ment and four storys. The basement is of Credit Valley cut stone, the body of the building of red pressed brick. The massive columns pllasters, capitals and all face decorations will be of white Corinthian stone. It will be equipped with most modern conveniences and hygiene requirements.

The present executive officers are Rov. A. L. Zinger, C. R. M. A., president, Rev. W. Vincent Kloep'er, C. R., vice-president and master of the country there is but Canada from the country freat. Atlantic to the Pacific, he said. It's the people who make the country great. It will be equipped who make the country great. If each individual would govern him-individual would govern him-individual would govern him-last begin with the people who make the country great. If each individual would govern him-last begin with the people who make the country great. Work and labor are the part of the Archiahop beat a big, warm, human heart the people who make the country great. Work and labor are the part of the Archiahop beat a big, warm, human heart the people who make the country great. Work and labor are the part of the Archiahop beat a big, warm, human heart the people who make the country great. Work and labor are the solve well self well, then we would be well self well, then we would be well self well, then we would be a will be equipped who make the country great. Work and labor are the provided hygiene requirements.

A. C. McDonnel, M. P., of Toronto also responded to this toast.

Dr. Lackner, M. P., proposed the outlet of the Archiahop beat a big, warm, human heart the people who make the country great. The

Matters in Ireland are not going so

masterpiece of oratory which was conceded to be the best heard in these parts for some time. Among other things he said "Man is being composed of body and soul. In educating the young the soul must be cared for as well as the body and the body as well as the soul. Give the youth a good moral training and the future will be marked with success. In closing his remarks he proposed a toast to St. Jerome, which he hoped some day to be a great Catholic university.

"The Two Flags," proposed by Sheriff Motz, was responded to by Hons. Dr. Reaume and Adam Beck. All were in a happy mood, and gave a short talk on the importance these two flags had to the peace of the world.

Hon. Adam Beck felt it a home-coming to come back to his native county, Waterloo. He believed was ware all length to hope destitute infants of the schools—those des

short talk on the importance these two flags had to the peace of the world.

Hon. Adam Beck felt it a home-coming to come back to his native county, Waterloo. He believed we were all Canadians, no matter what our ancest or had been and what he liked to see was a united people such as we find in Canada to-day.

"The Alumni" was the last toast, but not the least by any means, and the last beautiful to be close, airless streets of the East End, hour af er hour, never for a moment losing patience, arguing, pleading, explaining, and using the great authority of his name and office. "If you do not streets and speak face to face with the men. Twenty five thousand of them are my spiritual children. They will listen to me." His auditors, spell-bound by the ell-quence of his pressured to the properties of his pressured to the properties of the cardinal, notwithstanding his burden of eighty years, toiled in the close, airless streets of the East End, hour af er hour, never for a moment losing patience, arguing, pleading, explaining, and using the great authority of his name and office. "If you do not streets and speak face to face with the men. Twenty five thousand of them are my spiritual children. They will listen to me." His auditors, spell-bound by the ell-quence of his pressured to the more are the office of the properties. bound by the ell-quence of ms processence and office no less than by that of his words, recognized that he spoke the truth, and the labors of the aged prelate were crowned at last by the "Cardinal's Peace." Not a single movement of any importance could be set on foot for the berefit of the human race and the alleviation of suffering without its attracting the co operation, or at least the blessing and approval, of the hard worked Cardinal. Some, indeed, thought that he carried this policy too far. "Take care, your Eminence," said one of his friends, "this is Socialism." "To you," he replied, "it may be Socialism, To me it is simply Christianity.

Christianity.
Mr. Wilberforce give the best testi-Mr. Wilberforce give the best testimony possible to the intensity of Cardinal Manning's domestic affections by publishing a number of his letters to the relatives of his departed wife—he had been married to one of the Miss Sargents of Lavington, where for several years of his early life in the Anglican ministry he had been rector. After his wife's death, her mother, to whom he was always tenderly devoted.

would not recall it for worlds. I would not go back fifteen, nineteen years for all its happiness sevenfold. All I desire is grace and work till we meet in the kingdom of God.

These last sentences are worthy of note, particularly by those who believe that converts repine at the steps they have taken. Writing as a Catholic and a priest, he was able to look back upon the unclouded happiness of the past without a flicker of regret for the home that used to be. He wrote in words that are nothing short of poetry words that are nothing short of poetry

in prose:

I loved . . . the little church
under a green hillside, where the
morning and evening prayer, and the
music of the English Bible for sevennusic of the English Diole for seven-teen years became a part of my soul. Nothing is more beautiful in the natural order: and if there were no eternal world, I could have made it my

But all this he cast aside "for the ex-

cellent knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."
"All I want is grace and work," he wrote. Little did he forsee what that work was to be—what a glorious pontificate it was to include. But all toil and labor were light and easy to him, for he looked on to the end—to the home that knows no sorrow, to the rest that knows no alloy. 'The tender memories of the past' were dear to dear, and yet, as he contemplated the glory that was to be revealed in him, he was able to write: "The thought that my Home him, inexpressibly is not past, but to come, is beyond all words." For the Home which was to come, the Home where he now rests, is everlasting, and from it "he shall go

no more out.' Our senses are so many doors by which sin attempts to enter into our which sin attempts to enter into our soul. If we guard tness entrances well, especially the two principal senses, sight and hearing, we shall have little difficulty in keeping our mind forever from distractions, our heart unsullied and our soal untrampelled.

smoothly as might appear from the reticence of the papers here over the subject. The old curse of division is again in active operation. Besides the secession of the O'Brien-Healy faction—about six or seven members in all—the Irish party have now lost a counter. mabout six or seven members in all—the Irish party have now lost a couple of other members by reason of the Sinn Fein propagands, Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde being the latest seceder. The most anomalous thing ever seen in Irish politics is the action of these Sinn Fein gentlemen. Denouncing Par limentary action as useless, they are yet preparing to contest vacant seats in Longford and Mayno to get their own men returned as members of Parliament, though it is intended that if they be successful shey shall not take any active part in Parlimentary proceedings. Almost as contradictory is the appeal they make for foreign sympathy while keeping up the cry, "Sinn Fein"—"ourselves alene." In an address before the Dublin Young Ireland Society a few days ago one of the speakers the Irish party have now lost a couple before the Dublin Young Ireland Society a few days ago one of the speakers defended the programme by saying that the retention of the Irish representatives at home will raise Ireland from its present status as a discontented British province to that of a nation deprived by force of its natural rights. Ireland could then expect foreign syntathy, which could not materialize whilst she remains a principal in a domestic quarrel, which is the foreign yiew of Ireland at the present stage. view of Ireland at the present stage We fail to perceive how the retention of elected representatives at home could effect any such startling change could effect any such startling change as this speaker foresaw. On the contrary, the English members would hail such folly as the very best thing that could happen, for then they could legis late for Ireland just as they pleased. As for the taik of enlisting foreign sympathy, it is not a very manly thing for Sinn Fein champions to make so abject an appeal—all the more abject from its utter uselessness. Do they forget the case of the Boers, or the case of the Poles? No people ever before orget the case of the Boers, or the case of the Poles? No people ever before gained so widespread a sympathy in their patriotic strug les as these, yet what did it avail in the end? It did to the case of the people of the people of the case of the people of the what did it avail in the end? It did not save a single household or a single patriot's life. The most melancholy fact in Ireland's miserable story is the incurable tendency of the leaders to quarrel. With all their professions of self-sacrificing zeal, hardly one of these able men seems to be capable of effac-able men seems to be capable of effacng himself when he is no longer arded as indispensable to the national cause. The situation is certainly seri

cause. The situation is certainly seri ous. It demands the attention of the friends of Ireland here, and by taking it up in time much mischief may be averted. Although the Sipn Fein men make Although the Sinn Fein men make much noise, the evidence so far proves that there is little behind it. A meet ing was arranged to be held in the Phoenix Park, in Dublin, last Sunday, to advocate the Sinn Fein policy. It was attended by only five hundred persons, although the Park was crowded with Sunday visitors. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Irish League at Manorhamilton, the centre of Charles J. Dolan's constituency, Mr. Dolan's action in joining the Sinn Fein Society was condemned, and resolutions were adopted calling upon him to resign his seat in Parliament. The

sternly rise up and crush the monster out in time.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE BISHOP'S CONSCIENCE.

Bishop LeFevre, of Detroit, the pre-Bishop LeFevre, of Detroit, the pre-decessor of Bishop Borgess, was a good holy man and dearly beloved by his people. He had a most amiable dispo-sition, and carried sunshine and glad-ness wherever he went. The Bishop was a fine conversationalist, and told many good stories full of wit and hum or. When a young man he was very or. When a young man he was very thin and delicate looking, but after he thin and delicate looking, but after he turned forty he fell into flesh very much, witch he found uncomfortable, for he was always a man of austere and abstemious habits. In his early days in Detroit he formed the acquaintance of a tall, raw boned Yankee, who was of a tall, raw bollon lander, in the lumber business, Sam Jenkins by name. Sam failed, and shifted elsewhere, returning to Detroit after an absence of the Richard State of the R where, returning to Detroit after an absence of twelve years. The Bishop met him on the street one day and stopped, extending his hand cordially to his old friend with the salutation: "Why, Sam, my old friend, how do you do!" do!

Sam shied a little and muttered. Stranger, you seem to have the ad-

vantage of me."
"Good gracious, Sam, don't you know

IRELAND'S SURVIVING SNAKES. your old acquaintance, Bishop Los

"You Bishop LeFevre," asked Sam in astonishment. "Why, Bishop how in the name of sense did you get so fat ? I would surely never know

you."
"All the effect of a good conscience," said the Bishop laughing hearbily, "Wal, you must excuse me. Bishop,"restorted Sam, "but you must have had a confounded bad conscience when a knowed you fust."

Always try and leave a good impression behind you, establish the reputation of always having something pleasant to say. Win the iriendable of others through being sympathetic and kindly.

cauaches Mean Your lood is Poisoned

laden with impurities, which inflame the nerves. It is these irritated nerves that make the head ache.

they merely drug the nerves into unconciousness and relieve for a short time

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The PEDLAR People (Bat'd



A CAST-IRON DOME

This interior view of the dome and radiator of the DOWN DRAFT FURNACE shows that DRAFT FURNACE shows that the heat from the fire rises into the cast-iron dome, is partly radi ated into the inner warm-air space and the balance carried into the radiator which encircles the dome. From it the heat is discharged into

rrom it the heat is discharged into the two warm-air spaces as shown. When the smoke reaches the smoke pipe all the heat has been extracted. The hot air rises to the top of the furnace to the hotthe top of the lurnace to the not-air pipes and is then conveyed to the rooms. To burn wood the furnace is equipped by inserting through the front door the wood grate, which rests on the coal

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hat he will be o years. The ade of plaster, For these he often warned ers, but it is unthat some are rticularly those

tholic paper in presents himself s demand should thority from the particular fraud did not show it. his other erimes.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE and the masons need helpers. Three francs a day! I never earned so much. Let me be forgotten and that is all I

He followed his courageous resolution; he was faithful to it, and after three months he was another man. The master for whom he worked called him his best workman. After a long day upon the scaffolding, in the hot sun and the dust, constantly bending and raising his back to take the hod from the man at his feet and pass it to the man ing his back to take the host state man at his feet and pass it to the man over his head, he went for his soup to the cook-shop, tired out, his legs aching, his hands burning; his eyelids stuck with plast but content will have a support of the man and heaved. self; and carrying his well-earned money in a knot in his handkerchief. He went out now without fear since he could not be recognized in his white mask, and since he had noticed that the mask, and since he had noticed that the supicious glances of the policeman were seldom turned on the tired workman. He was quiet and sober. He slept the sound sleep of fatigue. He was free!

At last—oh, supreme recompense!—he had a friend. He was a fellowworkman like himself, named Savinien, a little present with and line, who had

a little peasant with red lips, who had come to Paris with his stick over his shoulder and a bundle on the end of it, fleeing from the wine shops and to Mass every Sunday. Jean ois loved him for his piety, for his candor, for his honesty, for all that he himself had lost so long ago. It was a passion, prefound and unre-strained, which transformed him by atherly cares and attentions. Savinfatherly cares and attentions. Savin-ien, himself of a weak and egotistical nature, let things take their course, satisfied only in finding a companion who shared his horror of the wine shop. The two friends lived together in a fairly comfortable lodging, but their resources were very limited. They were obliged to take into their They were obliged to take into their room a third companion, an old Auver gnat, gloomy and rapacious, who found it possible out of his meagre salary to save something with which to buy a place in his own country. Jean Francois and Savinien were always together. On holidays they together took long walks in the environs of Paris, and dined under an arbor in one of those small country inns where there are a great many mushrooms in there are a great many mushrooms in the sauces and innocent rebusses on the napkins. There Jean Francois from his friend all that lore of which they who are born in the city are ignorant; learned the names of the trees, the flowers and the plants; the various seasons for harvesting. He heard eagerly the thousand details of heard eagerly the thousand details of a laborious country life—the autumn sowing, the winter chores, the splendid celebrations of harvest and vintage days, the sound of the mills at the waterside, and the flails striking the waterside, and the flails striking the ground, the tired horses led to water and the hunting in the morning mist; and, above all, the long evenings around the fire of vine shoots, that were shortened by some marvelous stories. He discovered in himself a source of imagination before unknown, and found a singular delight in the restal of events or placid, so calm, so cital of events so placid, so calm, so

One thing troubled him, however; it was fear lest Savinien might learn something of his past. Sometimes there escaped from him some low word of thieves' slang, a vulgar gesture-vestige of his former horrible existence—and he felt the pain one feels when old wounds re-open, the more because he fancied that he sometimes saw in Savinien the awakening of an unhealthy curiosity. When the young man, already tempted by the pleasan-Paris offers to the poorest, asked him about the mysteries of the great city, Jean Francois feigned ignorance and turned the subject, but he felt a vague inquietude for the future

foundation. Savinien could not long remain the simple rustic that he was on his arrival in Paris. If the gross and noisy pleasures of the wine shop always repelled him, he was profoundly troubled by other temptations, full of danger for the inexperienced of his of some dancing hall, watching the young girls who went in with their arms around each other's waists, talkhe crossed the threshold, and from that time Jean Francois observed a change, little by little, in his manners and his visage. He became more frivolous, more extravagant. He often borrowed from his friend his scanty savings, and he forgot to repay. Jean Francois, feeling that he was aban doned, jealous and forgiving at the same time, suffered and was silent. He felt that he had no right to reproach nt with the foresight of affection he indulged in cruel and inevitable presentiments.

One evening, as he was mounting the stairs to his room, absorbed in his thoughts, he heard, as he was about to enter, the sound of angry voices, and he recognized that of the old Auver-gnat who lodged with Savinien and himself. An old habit of suspicion made him stop at the landing place and listen to learn the cause of the trouble.

"Yes," said Auvergnat, angrily; "I am sure that some one has opened my trunk and stolen from it the three louis that I had hidden in a little box ; and he who has done this thing must be one of the two companions who sleep here, if it were not the servant,
Maria. It concerns you as much as it
does me, since you are the master of
the house, and I will drag you to the the house, and I will drag you to the courts if you do not let me at once break open the valiese of the two masons. My poor gold! It was here yesterday in its place, and I will tell you just what it was, so that, if we find it again, nobody can accuse me of having lied. Ah, I know them, my three beautiful gold pieces, and I can see them as plainly as I see you. One piece was more worn than the others; it was of greenish gold, with a portrait

of the great emperor. The other was a great old fellow, with a queue and epaulettes, and the third, which had on it a Phillippe with whiskers, I had marked with my teeth. They don't trick me. Do you know that I only wanted two more like that to pay for my vineyard? Come, search these fellows' things with me, or I will call the police! Hurry up!"

"All right," said the voice of the landlord; "we will go and search with Mari. So much for you if we find nothing and the masons get angry. You have forced me to it."

Jean Francois' soul was full of fright. He remembered the embarrassed circumstances and the small loans, of Savinien, and how sober he had seemed for some days. And yet he could not believe that he was a thief. He heard the Auvergoat panting in his eager search, and he pressed his closed fist against his breast as if to still the furious beating of his heart.

"Here they are!" suddenly shouted the victorious miser. "Here they are, my louis, my dear treasure; and in the Sunday vest of that little hypo-

my louis, my dear treasure; and in the Sunday vest of that little hypo-crite of Limousin! Look, landlord, they are instant crite of Limonsin! Look, landlord, they are just as I told you. Here is the Napoleon, the man with the queue and the Phillippe that I have bitten. See the dants? See the dents? Ah, the little beggar with the sanctified air. I should have much sooner suspected the other. Ah, the wretch! Well, he must go to the convict prison."

At this moment Jean Francois heard slowly up the stairs.

"He is going to his destruction," thought he. "Three stories. I have time!

And, pushing open the door, he entered the room, pale as death, where he saw the landlord and the servant stupefied in a corner, while the Auvergnat, on his knees, in the dis-ordered heap of clothes, was kissing the pieces of gold.

the pieces of gold.

"Enough of this," he said, in a thick voice. "I took the money and put it in my comrade's trunk. But that is too bad, I am a thief, but not a Judas. C.ll in the police; I will not try to escape only I must say a word to Savinien in private. Here he is."

In fact, the little Limousin had just any lived, and seeing his crime discrete.

arrived, and, seeing his crime dis-covered, believing himself lost, he stood there, his eyes fixed, his arms hanging.

Jean Francois seized him forcibly by

the neck, as if to embrace him; he put his mouth close to Savinien's ear and said to him in a low, supplicating voice :
"Keep quiet."

"Leep quiet."
Then turning toward the others:
"Leave me alone with him. I tell
you I won't go away. Lock us in, if
you wish, but leave us alone." With a commanding gesture he showed them the door.

They went out.
Savinien, broken by grief, was sitting on the bed, and lowered his eyes with

on the bed, and lowered his eyes without understanding anything.
"Listen!" said Jean Francois, who came and took him by the hands. "I understand! You have stolen three gold pieces to buy some trifle for a girl. That costs six months in prison. Bat one only comes out from there to go back again, and you wiil become pillar of police courts and tribunals. I understand it, I have been sever years at the Reform School, a year a years at the Reform School, a year at Sainte Pelagie, three years at Poissy, five years at Toulon. Now, don't be afraid! Everything is arranged. I have taken it on my shoulders." "It is dreadful," said Savinien;

but hope was springing up again in his cowardly heart. "When the elder brother is under

the flag, the younger man does not go," replied Joan Francois. I am your substitute, that's all. You care for me a little, do you not? "I am paid. Don't be childish—don't refuse. They would have taken me again one of these days, for I am a runaway from exile. And then do you see that life will be less hard for me than for you. I know it all, and I shall not complain if I have not done you this service for nothing, snd if you swear to me that you will never do it again. Savinien, I have lored you well, and your friendstwenty years. When spring came he began to go off alone, and at first he wandered about the brilliant entrance of some dancing hall, watching the young girls who went in with their arms around each other's waists, talking in low tones. Then one evening, when lilacs perfumed the air and the call to quadrilles was most captivating, he crossed the threshold, and from that time Jean Francois observed a change, little by little, in his manners and his visage. He became more berrowed from his friend his scanty savings, and he forgot to repay. Jean Francois, feeling that he was abanfor me a little, do you not? "I am paid. Don't be childish—don't refuse.

He pressed Savinien quickly to his breast, then pushed him from him, when the door was thrown wide open. It was the landlord and the Auverbreast, francois sprang forward to the landing place, held out his hands for the handcuffs, and said, laughing, "Forward, bad lot!"

To day he is at Cayenne, condemned for life as an incorrigible-Francis Coppe, in the Quarterly.

Length of Sermons.

Right Rev. Dr. Hedley, O. S. B., Bishop of Newport, England, says: "I certainly think that a really complete and worked-out sermon can be ac-complished in a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; and that, as a rule, which go beyond that time, unless they are much above the average in idea and expression, become more infective by every additional min

ute or two. Bishop Hedley also maintains that "five-minute" instructions at the early Mass on Sunday are more profitable to

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

FORGETTING GOD'S GOODNESS. "Were not ten made clean? Where are the

If our Lord, dear brethren, stood in our midst to-day, He would not have to confine this rebuke to the nine, but night with justice ask: where are the ninety-nine; where are all those whom I have made clean; where are those whom I have made clean; where are those whose sufferings I have lightened; where are they, for there is no one to return thanks?

Good Christians, is there need to re Good Christians, is there need to remind you to return thanks—you for whom God is doing so much, you who are now living in His peace and friendship? Alas! that the truth must be we are as a whole an ungrateful Not that we mean to be such— God forbid!—but we are so taken up with the cares and troubles of this life, so worried about our present needs, so anxious about our future wants, that we forget for the most part to look back, forget to reflect upon all that has been done for us. The little time we do devote to God's service is not spent in thanksgiving, but rather in asking for more than our past ingratitude would warrant us in hoping for.

Be assured, Christians living in the grace of God, that many of the doubts and difficulties and most of the dryness and difficulties and most of the dryness of soul from which at times we suffer, would utterly vanish if we dealt less niggardly with God, and spent more time in generously thanking Him for all His favors.

But, brethren, there is worse ingratitude than this and you wanted

gratitude than this, and you yourselves are witnesses of it. Remember the times of God's special and extraordinary graces; for example, the time of a mission, when His graces and favors were bestowed most lavishly on the sinners as well as the virtuous. Recall how generously He dealt with many souls of your own acquaintance. gratitude than this, and you yourselves now generously He dealt with many souls of your own acquaintance, even perhaps with some of yourselves; recollect how many were cleansed from this foul leprosy of sin by His holy word and saving sacraments; but where are they all now? Some perhaps have already gone to answer at the judgment seat for their increatings; others are seat for their ingratitude: others are still left among us as a parable of the their ingratitude: others are extraordinary patience and long-suffering of a loving God. They are sick, and He still heals them; they are starving, and He still feeds them; they are in touble and He still comforts are in trouble, and He still comfort them. Yes, they are even in mortal sin, and from time to time He cleanses sin, and from time to time He cleaness them. But, oh! ungrateful Christian, how long is this to last? how long is God to be tempted? It stands to reason, it cannot but have an end. Put it to yourselves, is there any sin or vice you have less patience with than that of ingratitude, of forgetfulness for favors and kindnesses received? No, brethren, there is no vice that so in-censes us, no sin we find so hard to condone, because it is an abuse of that which is highest and nobiest in us—our

Indeed, brethren, if all of God's creatures owe Him a debt of gratitude; if everything created should praise the Lord, oh! how much more does this obligation fall on us, for we who are children of the faith are His debtors children of the faith are his debtors with sin, He is ready to heal them as He did the lepers in to-day's gospel; when weary with the cares of life, He is ready to refresh us; when tempted beyond our strength, He is faithful to us; and what does He ask in return? Listen, to-day, to His lament and harden not your hearts: "There is no one to return thanks."

Be generous, then, henceforth in your thanks to God, for He loves and will reward those who are grateful for all He has done for them.

meeting, declared that the Royal Commission which had condemned certain Catholic practices in the Church of England, had no authority. High Church Anglicans like Lord Halifax will not, therefore, consider its decisions in any way binding. Yet how can they evade that historical fact, much clearer than the claimed "historic continuity," to unprejudiced eyes, of the King's admitted headship? If a royal head, why not a royal commission? Yet with all its inconsistencies, Catholics must have a tenderness for the English Church Union, and its devout and upright president. It is bringing back to the English people nearly the whole body of the doctrine and ritual of their forefathers, and is undoubtedly paving the way for union with the contract of the contract of

undoubtedly paving the way fo

undoubtedly paving the way for union with Rome. More than a hundred clergymen and over three thousand laymen have joined the union within the twelve months preceding the meeting.

Lord Halifax believes, on general principles, that the time for the Church of England to maintain a purely insular position is past; and that its members should have the courage to say once for all that they are not afraid of imitating Rome, "the only witness to historical Christianity," but are glad to have the opportunity of identifying their practice with that of the rest of Western Christendom.

The Right Rev. J. S. Johnston, Protestant Bishop of West Texas, has ap-pealed to Pope Pius X to hold a Con-gress in the interests of church unity. It is a well-intentioned and manly let ter, but it leaves the Pope no initia-tive. Bishop Johnston himself practi-cally decides the conditions of reuion! It would be fairer, too, on the latter's part not to take it for granted that the 'will be permitted to read" his Pope

mmunication.
The significance of Bishop Johnston's The significance of Bisnop Jonnston's letter, however, is in the fact that in the New World as in the Old earnest and religious minded men are wearied of the divisions of Christendom, and that unconsciously, they look to Rome as the centre of unity.—Boston Pilot.

ton Pilot.

PADDY DONOVAN, AFRICANI

one of the first missionaries to enter the heart of darkest Africa. This was almost twenty years ago. Father Croonerberghs is still living in Bel-gium. The story of the entry into the Nyanza country is worth repeti-

He and his companions had been travelling for weeks and months prior to a certain day on which, in the early morning, they calculated they would ere the evening reach the point of destination. So it was on late that same evening they found themselves near a growth of heavy underbrush, or light timber, and there ft was decided they would halt for the night.

A coordingly, they proceeded to un-

the dim light.

It suddenly occurred to him that there must be some other people in the vicinity, for he detected some slight movements among the brush. A little later, the forms of several men appeared at the fringe of the timber growth, and in a minute or two one nan stalked right out from the brush

the chest with both hands, a rifle, and he marched in that style right up to within a foot or two and directly in front of the Jesuit. Of course, Father Croonerberghs was surprised and a trifle uneasy, especially as the other party looked intently at his face, all the while holding the rifle ready for

action. priest, the other man presently took off his cap, and said with a rather strong intonation :

The other answered,
"My name is Paddy Donovan, from
ork, father, and I am glad to see Cork,

Donovan replied:
"I am the chief of the tribe in this

within a few days the tribe with their chief had erected a small hut, which became the first Catholic Church of the territory. With Father Croon-

sacredotal functions was to close in their last peaceful sleep the kindly ex-pressive eyes of his faithful Celtic friend.

A good story is told of a learned canon of the Anglican Church in Can ada who is a very thoughtful and studious man, but very absent-minded One morning he was going from home and had his hand-bag packed and left in the hall, as he intended to walk to the railway station. After he had left the house his daughter came into the hall and saw the bag still there, and said to her mother: "Oh, father has gone off and left his "Oh. mother, father has gone off and left his bag be-hind. I will run after him with it." Which she did, and when she arrived at the station she found the canon walking about with the coal scuttle which he had taken up in place of his



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CHIEF.

Rev. C. J. Croonerberghs, S. J., was

tion.

He and his companions had been

would halt for the night.

Accordingly, they proceeded to unpack and fix up something like a fire to get some supper, and as his companions were all so engaged, Father Crooner berghs stood a little apart, taking in the surrounding, as well as he could in the dim light.

man stated right out from the brush and came directly across to where father Croonerbergh was standing. The individual had some sort of blanket wrapped around the body but wore trousers. He carried, held across

"How do you do, father?" = The latter replied:
"I am very well: but pray, who are you ?"

"But," the priest said, " Mr. Dono

ricinity.'

of the territory. With Father Croonerberghe Donovan became well acquainted and wherever the priest traveled Donovan went with him.

The Irishman was, to a great degree,
accountable for the kindly reception
generally given the priest, and before
he bade Africa farewell, one of his last
aggredatal functions was to close in

One of the fundamental principles of not very warm if increased love and strictness do not keep pace with it.



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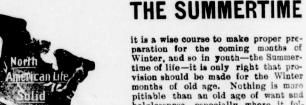
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CHATS WITH DON'T LET YOU GRO W

AUGUST 17

Chemists tell us Chemists teil upound is broken upleased from the atoms, it has a new immediately seeks another free atom remains alone, the treems to lose mover and vitality when the atom is the lose of the fellows of its fellows. grasp of its fellows grasp of its fellows on the work." At has its maximum and if it finds a fafter it is relasse greater vigor the power seems to gits union with ano Marthology tells

Mythology tells goddess of Wisdo full-orbed, full-gr brain. Man's hi most effective the resourceful visions spring full their maximum of from the brain.
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come to us free this is the divi day, not for to spiration, new morrow. To day the vision of the A divine vis rapidity, but it him to seize hi immortal vision keeps turning i mind. It takes soul, but he is r not convenient upon canvas, at fades from his r

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Chemists tell us that when a com-pound is broken up and an atom is re-leased from the attraction of other atoms, it has a new energy, and that it immediately seeks combination with another free atom; but the longer it remains alone, the weaker it becomes. It seems to lose much of its attractive power and vitality when idle.
When the atom is first freed from the

When the atom is urst freed from the grasp of its fellows, it is called nascent, "new born." And it is then that it has its maximum of gripping power; and if it finds a free atom immediately after it is relaased, it will unite with greater vigor than ever again. The power seems to go out of it if it delays its union with another atom.

its union with another atom.

Mythology tells us that Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom, sprang complete, full-orbed, full-grown from Jupiter's brain. Man's highest conception, his most effective thought, most inventive and resourceful ideas, his grandest visions spring full orbed, complete, with visions spring full-orbed, complete, with their maximum of power, spontaneously from the brain. Men who postpone their visions, who postpone the execu-tion of their ideas, who bottle up their thoughts, to be used at a more conven-ient time, are always weaklings. The forceful, vigorous, effective men are those who execute their ideas while they are full of the enthusiasm of in-spiration.

Our ideas, our visions, our resolutions Our ideas, our visions, our resolutions come to us fresh every day, because this is the divine programme for the day, not for to morrow. Another inspiration, new ideas will come to morrow. To-day we should carry out the vision of the day.

A divine vision flashes across the artist's mind with lightning-like rapidity, but it is not convenient for him to seize his brush and fasten the importal vision before it fades. He

him to seize his bright and all the keeps turning it over and over in his mind. It takes possession of his very soul, but he is not in his studio or it is out, but he is not in his divine vision. not convenient to put his divine vision upon canvas, and the picture gradually fades from his mind.

A writer has a strong, vigorous conception which flashes into his brain, and he has an almost irresistible impulse to seize his pen and transfer the beautiful images and the facility. tiful images and the fascinating conception to paper; but it is not convenient at the moment, and, while it seems lent at the moment, and, while it seems almost impossible to wait, he postpones the writing. The images and the conception keep haunting him, but he postpones. Finally the images grow dimmer and dimmer and dimmer, and at lest fade away and the vision is lost. last fade away and the vision is lost

forever.

There is a reasan for all this. Why do we have these strong, vigorous impulses, these divine visions of splendid possibilities? Why do they come to us with such rapidity and vigor, such

vividness and suddenness?

It is because it is intended that we should use them while fresh, execute them while the inclination is hot. Our ideas, our visions are like the manna of the wilderness, which the Israelites were obliged to gather freshevery day. If they undertook to hoard it, it became stale, the nourishment evaporated, the life went out of it. They could not

There is something about allowing a trong resolution to evaporate without executing it that his a deteriorating influence upon the character. It is the execution of a plan that makes stamina. Almost anybody can resolve to do a resolve thing.

great thing.

If we could only make our highest moments permanent, what splendid things we would do in life, and what magnificent beings we should become; but we let our resolutions cool, our

making great resolutions he is doing something worth while or carrying them out.

I know a man who would feel insulted I know a man who would feel insulted if any one were to intimate that he had not been a hard worker, and had not accomplished a great deal in life, and yet, although he is an able man, his whole life has been spent in jumping out of one thing and into another so quickly that one could scarcely see the change. Yet every time you see him he carries his head high, he is as enthusiastic and optimistic as though his thusiastic and optimistic as though his whole life had been one triumphant march. His enthusiasm is intense march. His enthusiasm is intense—but it fades away just as quickly as it came. The very fact that he always lives in the clouds, is always dreaming of the great things he is going to do, seems to convince him that he actually does the But he never the actually does them. But he never stays at one thing long enough to reach effective-ness. His whole life has been spent in starting things brilliantly and enthus iastically; few men have ever begun so many things as he, or completed so

The putting-off habit will kill the strongest initiative. Too much caution and lack of confidence are fatal enemies and lack of conndence are latarenemies of initiative. How much easier it is to do a thing when the purpose impels us, when enthusiasm carries us along, than when everything drags in the post ponement! One is drudgery, the other delight.

delight.

Hungering and striving after knowledge is what makes a scholar; hungering and striving after virtue is what
makes a saint; hungering and striving
after noble actions is what makes a hero

after noble actions is what makes a hero and a man. The great successes we see everywhere are but the realization of an intense longing, a concentrated effort. Everybody is gravitating toward his aim just in proportion to the power and intensity of his desire, and his struggle to realize it.

One merely "desires" to do this or that or "wishes" he could, or "would be glad" if he could. Another knows perfectly well that, if he lives, he is going to do the thing he sets his heart on if it is within the limits of human possibility. We do not hear him whining because nobody will pay his way to college. He does not say he "wishes" he could go. He says, "I am going to

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. prepare myself for a great life-work. I have faith in my future. I have made a yow to myself to succeed, and I am going to do so on a bread gaug

am going to do so on a bread gauge plan. I am not going to start out half equipped, half fitted."

When you find a boy who resolves within himself that, come what will, he is going to do the thing he sets his heart on, and that there are no "ifs" or "buts" or "ands" about it, you may be sure he is made of winning stuff.

How do you approach a difficulty?

be sure he is made of winning stuff.

How do you approach a difficulty?
Do you hesitate before it, dread it,
postpone it. dawdle over it? Are you
after it? Do you go to it with an
apologetic, doubtful, "Will do it if I
can," or "Will try" attitude? Or do
you approach it with an unfinching
determination, and the consciousness of
master? mastery?

A great aim is a powerful protection to a youth. It frees him from multi-tudes of temptations which otherwise would be likely to sweep him into the vice current.

A man with an overmastering purpos a man with an overmentering purpose is a great elevating, energizing power in a community. People know better than to try to waste his time or trifle with him. His prejectile force shows that the best head in a great that them that he is dead in earnest, that he has an object in life, and that he proposes to gain it. His face is set like a flint toward his aim. Obstacles

The power of a mighty purpose to clear up a cloudy, misty life, to scatter the fogs, and to open up a way when there seems to be none, is a daily miracle. We see it illustrated everywhere. There is something about steadiness

of purpose, about sticking to one's aim, and working by a fixed pregramme, that steadies all the forces of one's character and buttresses the power to achieve.—O. S. M., in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Touch of a Gentle Hand, "T. S. Arthur tells us somewhere of the power that rests in a 'gentle hand.' Belated in his travels he called at a farmhouse. He was greeted first at the door by a huge dog. As he was about to retire with fear, a slender girl ap-peared and with a gentle voice commanded the dog to go into the house. The voice at once controlled the animal. 'Who is there?' growled a voice from within, and Arthur was told that he could not remain over night. The girl's hand soon rested on her father's girl's hand soon rested on her tatters arm, and a gentle voice spoke a few tender words, when the rough voice modulated and the stranger was made welcome. Several times in the course which welcome. Several times in the course of the evening was the power which rested in that slender girl's hand and voice clearly manifested. As morning dawned and Arthur was about to dedamed and Arthur was about to de-part, the farmer informed him that he could rice to the town. The offer was gladly accepted. As they took their seat in the buggy, however, the horse, a rough looking Canadian pony, stub-bornly refused to go. The farmer jerked and whipped the horse, but all

to no effect.

"A stout lad now came out into the road and, catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using at the same time the customary language on such occasions; but Dick met this new ally with increased stubborness, planting his forefeet more firmly, and at a sharper angle with the ground. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of his head with his clinched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridie. It availed nothing, however. Dick was not to be wrought upon by any

such arguments. ""Do not do so, John,' said a gentle voice. The boy obeyed the touch of her hand. 'Poor Dick,' said the maidmoments permanent, what special things we would do in life, and what magnificent beings we should become; but we let our resolutions cool, our visions fade until it is more convenient to execute them, and they are gone.

There is no easier way in which one can hypnotize or deceive himself than by thinking that because he is always making great resolutions he is doing

"What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" said Mr. Arthur, speaking to his companion, as they rode away. The farmer's countenance lighted up with surprise and pleasure as he re-plied, 'She's good! Everybody and everything loves her.'
"Indeed there was the secret of her

power; the quality of her soul was per-ceived in the impression of her hand, even by dumb brutes. Even so can the magic touch and the gentle tones conmagic touch and the gentle with solution trol the boy. In handling or correcting him, see that 'mercy seasons justice,' and that love be mingled with firmness."—Our Dumb Animals.

A Brave Drummer Boy. A Brave Drummer Boy.

Almost every boy has dreamed of being a drummer and marching off to war to the sound of the drum and fic. Here is a true story of a little Franch boy who at the age of twelve enlisted a volunteer in the army of the great Napoleon. Joseph Bara, which was the boy's name, soon learned to play the drum and fife. Just before the battle of Waterloo a major, whose arms he of Waterloo a major, whose arms he used to furbish and whose horse he cleaned, sent him through the grove cleaned, sent him through the grove where the army was encamped to beat here and there the drun and sound the fife. Outside the lines he was surprised by a lot of royalist peasants, who told him if he cried "Vive le roi," which means "Long live the king," they would let him off. He answered My beating the drum and crying, "I am a republican." Twenty muskets were discharged at him, and he fell dead. The convention at Paris gave his mother, who was a poor widow, a penmother, who was a poor widow, a pen-sion and ordered that an engraving of

notice me," said Hal again. "Do you enjoy that?"
"Oh, I don't mind! I don't stay OF DEATH.

ong.'
I should call myself a very selfish person, if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them."
"Well, that's different; you's grown New York: I mentioned in this department some

"Well, that's diherent joint politeness and courtesy are not needeed among boys?"
Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke:
"A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind, or generous, or

will never be kind, or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentle man, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature."

And very earnestly the father added:
"Remember this, my boy—you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."—True Voice.

Courtesy and Good Manners.

Good manners are the key to advancement in life. The tactul person makes a study of the character of others and wards off unpleasant words, avoids argument which is sure to lead beyond the fields of pleasantness and is polite and considerately courteous. "Manners aim to facilitate life," writes Emerson. "They aid our dealing and our conversation. These forms very soon become fixed, and a fine sense of propriety is cultivated with the more heed that it becomes a badge of social and civil distinction." He also writes that a beautiful be-Courtesy and Good Manners. He also writes that a beautiful behaviour is "the finest of fine arts." Society demands an element "which it Society demands an element "which it significantly terms good nature, expressing all degrees of generosity, from the lowest willingness and faculty to oblige up to the heights of magoanimity and love."—Our Young People.

SOULS IN MORTAL SIN.

During the current month the mem-bers of the Sacred Heart League are asked to pray for souls in mortal sin. All that is required to understand the necessity and the charity in this inten-tion is to reflect on what mortal sin is tion is to reflect on what mortal sin is, and the penalties which accompany it.

The knowledge is in the possession of every Catholic. Unfortunately, how ever, it is not always a practical fact with all. For there are many who by with all. For there are many who by committing such sins not only incur their penalties, but who continue to live in violent enmity with God for lorg periods. The folly of such a course is most distressing and the Apostleship is asked to pray for their return to God.

To pray for all souls is the pleasure of the members, but to pray for these in

of the members, but to pray for these in particular there is an urgent necessity As the little Leaflet well says, it is precisely for these souls our Blessed Lord came. I have not come for the just in Israel, but for the sinner." I just in Israel, but for the sinner." I have not come for the unstained and untarnished, but for the soiled and the sinful. While, of course, He became Man for all, His heart yearned in an especial manner for those who had offended Him, rejected His graces and refused His laye.

refused His love.
For these He thirsted, "as the heart For these He thirsted, "as the heart panteth for the living water." "I thirst," is the dying cry which rang out on Mount Calvary—a thirst not for the cold water that ran in the Cedron to the East, or in the Pool of Bathsaida, to cool His feverish mouth, but a thirst for the souls for which His life was ebbing again in human blood. ing away in human blood.

An associate of the Apostleship will ill merit that honor who could stand on Mount Calvary on that dark Good Friday and hear unmoved that cry of pain and do nothing to cool those parched and cracked lips. How much more than must that cry find an acho more, then, must that cry find an ecko in our hearts when it is not for the clear crystal water, but for souls which have cost Him His blood and His life!

WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC.

WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC.

Of course I became a Catholic through the grace of God and the faith which He gave me. As an Ang lican I had been taught the unity of the Church as expressed in the creed, but I sought in vain for unity of faith in Anglicanism. Then I had presented to me the Branch Church theory—that the Catholic Church consisted of three branches, the Roman, the Anglican and the Eastern. But there again I was confronted with the absolute hopelessness of any sign of real unity in the three. They essentially differed from one another, and therefore while one of the three might be the Catholic Church as instituted by Church all three could not form it.

Then I saw that if the faith were to be one given by the Divine Founder

Then I saw that it the latth were so be one given by the Divine Founder there must be visible unity in the Church, a visible authority and a living witness capable of interpreting living witness capable of interpreting revelation necessitating the presence of a visible head. At that critical moment there tell into my hands a pamphlet dealing with the supremacy of the Holy See. I began the study of Papal authority and the more I studied the more convinced I became that Sorinture confirmed it, history that Soripture confirmed it, history confirmed it, and the Fathers confirmed it, and the Fathers and Councils were unanimous upon it. "Ubi Petrusibi Ecclesia," and so I was led to make my submission, a step which, far from ever regretting, I daily thanked God more and more

MRS. CRAIGIE'S PRESENTMENT

Writes Dr. James J. Walsh, in the Current Comment which he conducts so admirably for the Helper, a Catholic educational magazine, published in

I mentioned in this department some time ago the fact that Mrs. Craigie, who, as John Oliver Hobbes, was famous as a novelist on both sides of the Atlantic, and whose course of lectures in this country had attracted widespread attention, was not only a convert of the Catholic Church, but also, in spite of her social prestige and the notice she attracted in social circles, a rather pious and devoted adherent to the Church. She seems in her book, the manuscript of which was just completed before her sudden death, to have had almost a premonition of her approaching end. There was no serious disease present, so fer as was known, and it is therefore all the more surprising to note the expressions which

surprising to note the expressions which she uses. She said:
"Women of my type," writes the dying woman in the epilogue of her book, "who are not strong enough physically to bear the strain of moral suffering, very soon and gladly flicker out. . . . although we may have the courage to face hard things and the faith that can accept hard sayings. God mercifully allows us to die early the faith that can accept hard sayings.
God mercifully allows us to die early
in the fight. Do not you doubt that I
have made a good little fight?
The book concludes with words that

seem to come straight from John Oliver Hobbes herself as a fighting farewell after the "good little fight" of a brave life had been concluded;

For the rest, wrote Jim Firmalden to Lessard, you know my creed;
Poor vaunt of life indeed
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast;
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men,

Suffering can never be suppressed by statute. It is a law of nature; but, as all other laws on nature, since it must be obeyed, let us submit as sons of God and co-heirs with Christ-not as beasts of burden and as those who believe that all labor is in vain.

believe that all labor is in vain.

There is the lesson of life in a nutshell, and so different from the materialistic attitude towards life as stated by George Eliot long ago, when she said, "God is unthinkable, immortality incredible, but duty inevitable." How cold and stern and lacking in every possible fountain of consolation is this.

What Converted Him.

A Catholic Irishman (formerly a Protestant), Sir Henry Bellingham of Protestant), Sir Henry Beilingham of Castlebellingham, County Louth, who has revived the good old Catholic custom of setting cros es on the way-sides, gives an interesting account of how he was converted to the ancient

The personal example and simple faith of the Irish poor," he says, "were the first things that impressed me. I compared it favorably with the class of Protestants in Ireland amongst wiom I mixed, and whose doctrines consisted more in hatred of Rome than in any definite belief. The language they used first irritated and disgusted me, and predisposed me to make en-

FATHER LACOMBE AND THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Father Lacombe, the famous Oblate missionary of the Canadian Northwest, was in Montreal recently, and in honor of his 80th birthday, the venerable priest, who bears valiantly his fity-eight wars of hard labors among the eight years of hard labors among the Indians, was invited to the table of Archbishop Bruchesi. Bishop Raccicot and the provincials of the Jesuit and

Oblate orders were among the guests.

The president of the Canadian
Pacific Railway Company, Sir Thomas
Shaughnessy, occupied a place of honor
next to Archbishop Bruchesi. When Sir Thomas' turn came to speak, he said, among other eulogistic words said, among other enlogistic words about the hero of the feast, the following: "The other day I heard a missionary say jokingly: "I pity the C. P. Railway Company if Father Lacombe lives for one hundred years." My Lords and gentlemen. I am happy to affirm and gentlewen, I am happy to affirm that, even if Father Lacombe were t that, even if Father Lacombe were to live for two hundred years, the C. P. Railway would always be pleased to do him the same favors, for even then the company would not yet have paid its debt of gratitude towards him."

As a matter of fact. Father Lacombe.

As a matter of fact, Father Lacombe has not only the privilege of traveling free with a secretary on all the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but on the day following this family banquet he received from the president of the company also the privilege of using free of charge, the telegraph lines of the company.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.



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and appearance. The wise builder will select materials The wise builder will select materials that are good and inexpensive, as well as handsome in appearance. Take the roof, for instance. It should be proof against lightning, fire and water, and should also possess a handsome appearance. pearance.

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to reshingle.

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MISSIONARIES AND WILD BEASTS

It has long long been a kind of tradition that our Catholic missionaries are never slain by snakes or wild beasts. Father Dickmann of the Madras missions tells us that he habeen frequtenly asked this question by his friends in Europe, and his answer is:

'I have never heard of missionaries being killed directly by wild beasts. being killed directly by wild beasts, but certainly of their being so killed

but certainly of their being so killed indirectly; i. c., they have fallen sick through terror inspired by meeting a wild beast or even have gone out of their minds and died in consequence.

Father Dieckman's evidence seems to bear out that of a veteran missionary of Malaysia, Father Perie, whose thrilling story of Father Conellan's terrible meeting with a Royal Bengal tiger and its tragic consequences is as follows:—

figer and the trage of the follows:

"So thickly was the Malay peninsula inhabited by these monsters that in the early days of colonization their victims.

Signature average 300 yearly. The in Singapore average 300 yearly. The natives were accustomed to destroy them by means of a pit dug on their paths, covered with branches on which they fell. This last accessory, however, the Government had to forbid as dangerous to human beings after the tragical death of a missionary, who was impaled by falling on one, and only survived lorg enough to receive the sacraments.
"Father Conellan went one Saturday

to pass the night at an Englishman's the head of a large plantation, who lived nearly a mile from Balay Pulay. He left the house at six in the morning to say Mass at the station, and had to cross the plantation, traversed through its entire length by parallel alleys, at intervals of over twenty yard. He had been walking for some time in this had been walking for some time in this labyrinth of alleys, when at twenty paces distance he saw an enormous tiger advancing toward him. Without losing his presence of mind he ran to meet the brute, opening and shut-ting his umbrella. The brute, taken by superise and intimidated, retreated by surprise and intimidated, retreated by surprise and intimitated, retreated and lay in wait for the Father at the next alley. He repeated the same manocuvre, and the tiger fell back, but with a terrible glare of his eye, for he with a terrible glare of his eye, for he was hungry. Five times the missionary had to adopt the same tactics and five times the tiger fell back before the startling object but without desisting from his attack. The Father had reached a stream traversing the planreached a stream traversing the plantation, with a tree growing on its bank. To climb it, was for the missionary, driven to his last extremity, the work of an instant. The tiger followed and sat down at ten steps from the tree as though determined to await his prey. The Father hurled his breviary; the tiger did not stir. As a last resource the poor priest called for help but the tiger was in no way disconcerted. He redoubled his cries and was at last heard and answered from the plantation. At the sound of the voices the heard and answered from the planta-tion. At the sound of the voices the tiger withdrew with lingering steps, and the Father decended from his perch, but stricken to death. He was able, however. to control himself to say Mass, to relate his experience with the tiger and to return to Penang, where he died of tetanus in frightful convulsions."

God and Their Conscience. The Episcopal rector of Grace Church, Albany, has felt himself called on to announce and explain the conversion of his sister to the Catholic faith, and in doing so he assures his friends and the public at large that the lady took that step with out consulting him or her other brother, the rector of Christ Church, Cooperstown. We can assure the two disclaim ing brothers that if they ever choose to follow her example they will be privileged to do it without consulting her.
When people become Catholics they usually consult no one but God and their conscience .- Western Watchman.

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utual Fire HED 1859 e - insurance 8).....

LETTER FROM ROME.

THE GARIBALDIAN JUBILEE A REIGN OF TERROR-SACRILEGE AND RE

As the traveler goes out from Rome to St. Paul's he passes on the left a hill which is, we believe, unique. It is called Monte Testaccio, and is formed called Monte Testaccio, and is formed entirely of broken pieces of earthenware. Up till last week a huge wooden cross stood on the summit, which had been used in the Passion plays of the Middle ages. However, it was too remarkable not to take the faucy of the Caribaldian element during their pro-Garibaldian element during their pro-longed celebration of the adventurer's birth. One morning the Catholics of the district woke up to find that during the night the cross had been sawed off at the base, and replaced by a red flag bearing the motto of "Long live the Social Revolution!"

Social Revolution!"
Universal indignation burst out among the people, and a search was instituted for the venerable relic of better days. When discovered, it was better days. When discovered, it was restored to its former place; and beside it was planted another cross, much higher and broader, of solid iron.

The incident shows how intense and blind is the hatred of everything concerted with heaven. Whatever savors

meeted with heaven. Whatever savors of the supernatural stirs up the bitterest feelings of these men, who, it may be said, as a rule live miserable lives and die miserable deaths.

THE FINISHING TOUCH! Only now anarchists, Socialists, Freemasons, atheists and people who call themselves "Liberal Catholics"

call themselves "Liberal Catholics" have sat down to rest after the Garibaldian jubilee, so we think it worth while relating a few incidents of the rejoicings in the chief cities of Italy.

In Rome, of course, the receptacle of "the six thousand camp followers that entered the Eternal City in the wake of Victor Emmanuel's army in 1870" and of the seum of the hundred cities of Italy," the celebrations were carried out on a grander scale. The "Giordano Bruno Club," the "No God or Master Speicky" and similar "Giordano Bruno Club," the "No God or Master Society" and similar landable bodies kept up a reign of ter-ror among the Catholics, and duly made the air ring with shouts of "Death to the Pope, the king and the priests!" Amazing capacity and perseverence were displayed by these gentry in showing that their love for Pius X. and Victor Emmanuel was at a very low discount.

No more pitiful sight could be seen Victor Emmanuel attending one of the commemorative meetings at the Capitol and listening to orators at the Capitol and listening to orators sounding the praises of Garibaldi, whom his grandfather hated so heartily. Hundreds at the meeting would have gladly blown up the royal chair, with its occupant, if the ghost of an opportunity offered. And yet the presence of the king was imperative, for other vision sinjetor supplicing of lack of wise sinister suspicions of lack of patriotism should be aroused, and Italians are too quick to act to run

Similar elements made the streets of Naples hideous by their demonstrations.
At one of the meetings the Duke of Aosta, brother of Victor Emmanuel, was present, only to be insulted by a Garibaldian orator. After a noisy meeting around the statue of the hero, the crowd proceeded to the ancient baldi had entered Naples, and here a elab recording the event was unveiled. During the ceremony the Duke drove up, and "the royal march" was at once struck up; but so loudly did many of the people emphasize their displeasure at the piece that it was soon changed for the "Hymn to Garibaidi." Then the anarchist, Coccaza, opened an address by saying that the Duke of Aosta, being greatgrandson of Charles Albert, who once condemned Garibaldi to death, had no right to join in the celebrations.

In Milan similar rejoicings, carried on in characteristic rowdy fashion, were to be witnessed. Here, however, the proceedings were varied by the attack-ing of a religious house and the stoning of two of its priests in a most cowardly

It would be but a repetition of similar ecenes were we to go through the other cities, for the rugged adventurer was truly a hero to "United Italy." Gari-baldi is now dead some thirty-six years or so; his career was spent against Christ, His Church and His laws. But though he died an impenitent death, refusing the grace of conciliation with God at his last breath, his spirit still lives to animate his followers in their PIUS X

After making his spiritual retreat, the Holy Father has resumed the grant the Holy Father has resumed the granting of audiences. Among the most prominent foreigners admitted to his presence during the latter days were Mgr. Wittner, Coadjutor to the Vicar Apostelic of Chan Tong, China: Mgr. Farruggia, Auxiliary Bishop of Malta, while Cardinals of the Roman court had audiences with His Hollness daily.

At the general meeting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, held in the Vatican palace at the end of last week, the Sovereign Pontiff presided. A doubt requiring careful scrutiny had been raised with regard to the case for solemn canonization of Blessed Joseph Oriol, a priest of Barcelona, on which, after due discussion, the Cardinals and prelates of the congregation cast their rotes. Then three miracles which are held to have been wrought at the in-stance of the Venerable Mary Magdalen, foundress and first superior of the Institute of Christian Schools of Mercy, came on for discussion, and vote was taken.

Throughout the long sitting the Pope Mooked in the best of health, though it must be said that he is fast ageing. To day he looks every day of his seventy four years. Three years ago this could not be said with truth, for then he was the most buoyant member of the Roman court. And yet he re-tains all his strict priestly habitsstrict fast and abstinence during Lent, apiritual retreats usually twice a year, Truly a model priest and Pontiff, of which Catholics feel justly proud.

M. Briand, to whom the honor of their being is to be attributed, is covered with sarcasm and reproach by Cathe-lies and Protestants alike. The Osser-vatore Romano of these last days gives vatore Romano of these last days gives copious extracts taken from English papers which could never be accused of any partiality towards things Catholic. The Daily Telegraph and Daily Post, of Birmingham, take up the situation between Church and State in France for the last three years and while review. between Church and State in France for the last three years, and, while review-ing the actions of the Pope and French Government impartially, speak of the line of action pursued by the Catholic party in a manner much more favorable than we would expect from them.— Rome Letter of Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

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The aim of the Religious of the Sac red Heart is to give to their pupils an education which will prepare them to fill worthily the places for which Divine Providence destines them.

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desired, the preparation for the Entrance and Junior Leaving Examina-

Special advantages are offered for learning French and Needlework. The Musical Course fits pupils for the examinations of the London Conserva-tory. Terms and other particulars for board, half-board or the day school, may be had by applying at the Con-vent or addressing,

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THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE

BELLEVILLE ASYLUM. Dr. Couphin, Superintendant of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Belleville, has donated \$100 towards purchasing a bell for the Sacred Heart church at Kenilworth, which in all probability will be largely increased in the near citure. The parish, under the able and wise administration of the Rev. Father Kehoe, has made most phenomenal progress—he has performed a truly wonderful work during the past five years. The church property, including the Separate school and presbytery, are now free from debt, and the parish is in a flourishing condition. We hope to hear the bell pealing forth its graceful chimes in the near future.—The Arthur Enterprise, August 15t, 197.

Dr. Coughlin has deserved the confidence bestowed upon him by the Whitney Government. He is a man of sound common sense, and a physician who ranks far above the ordinary. As a citizen he has been alive to every question that concerns the public. He s a splendid platform orator. He has and experience as master and teacher in the primary and high school. The doctor is essentially a religious man, a man of the highest honor and integrity, and these qualities have always been placed to his credit by all good citizens whose privilege it has been to enjoy his acquaintance. He is by nature a leader of men, and withal a most genial character.

DEVELOPMENT OF CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN THE NORTH

We are happy to state that the development of Catholicism in the Canathe material development of the coun-

Three years ago, the rev. fathers of Tinchebray, being driven away from France by the persecution, came to Central Alberta, and were shortly after France by the persecution, came to Central Alberta, and were shortly after entrusted by His Lordship Bishop Legal, O. M. I., with a large district, one hundred mi es from north to south, and four hundred miles from east to west, from the Rockies to the fourth Meridian. There were only five churches in the district. To this num-ber, five more have been added and four new missions organized.

On Sunday, July 21st, His Lordship blessed one of those new churches at Innisfail. Though being unfinished the church was rich in decorations which evidenced great taste and ability on the part of the Catholic ladies in the place. Eighteen months ago the congregation could easily fill up the little room 12x14, which was then both Father Voisin's parlor and church.

Another instance of this encouraging ritality: Two years ago, all the country forty and fity miles south east from Innisfail was a desert prairie dotted with a few ranches.

dotted with a few ranches.

Last spring a new town came into existence, Trochu Valley, a place founded mostly by a party of French officers, who have retired from the army in disgust.

A Catholic church was one of the first hullding a beauty of the control of the care to the control of the care to the care of the car

A Catholic church was one of the first buildings to be erected and His Lordship came from Innisfail to bless "Ste. Anne des Praries." He was met by a brilliant cavalcade, ten miles from Trochn Valley. The next day, the Bishop was given the rare spectacle of a great steeple-chase, run by those officers who, for the greater part, were cavalry officers and reputed riders in the Old Country.

This evidently shows that the North-West is not now wild and empty, and

West is not now wild and empty, and that the Catholies who may happen to emigrate to that part of Alberta, will be sore to find there priests and

Red Deer, the centre and chief town of the district, administered by the Fathers of Tinchebray, will have, next year, a Convent and Sisters' school. Property has been purchased in one of the most picturesque parts of the town, and religious education will be assured to the numerous children of the dis-

Truly a model priest and Pontiff, of which Catholics feel justly proud.

NEW FRENCH LAWS.!

The new laws regarding the confisoation of Church property are meeting with scathing criticisms from all sides.

When the Holy Father referred When the Holy Father referred re-cently to secret enemies within the Church, there were few outside the circle of his counsellors who suspected the point of danger or the extent of the trouble. Facts which have now transpired show it is Gormany that is now the storm centre. The movement looking to the suppression of the Index, which has been started in that country, Rome declares, is "much more which has been started in that country, Rome declares, is "much more dangerous than the abortive movement of France, because it is backed by the names of a number of respectable Catholic personages, because it excludes the participation of the clergy, because the most elaborate precautions are taken to ensure accrees, because it aims at heing intersecrecy, because it aims at being inter-national, because its first object is to create a feeling of hostility to one of the most important organs of the Holy See in the preservation of the faithful from error, and because it is obviously

inspired by a false idea of the position of the laity in the Church."

Rome adds that the only books of any importance by German authors which have been put on the Index for years have been those of the late Professor Schall which are fall of the contraction. years have been those of the late Pro-fessor Schell, which are full of false teaching, and which, unfortunately, continue to have many admirers and defenders in Germany. The mere fact that it is Schell himself and his followers who have organized this agitation shows the character of the movement.

The great majority of the works con-demned by the "Index" are those of Catholic authors. Schell is a Catholic. His condemnation was absolutely neces-sary, because his false teachings found the widest acceptance among Catholics on account of his great talents, his position as professor in a Catholic uni-versity and of the high reputation for virtue which he enjoyed.

In Italy Senator Fogazzaro, a Catho-lie who is never tired of ex; ressing his devotion to the Church, wrote a religi-ous novel, "Il Santo," full of false began to have a wide vogue not only in Italy, but abroad, and it was accepted by many Catholics as a perfectly legitimate presentation of one side of the religious movement of the day within the Church. In France the Index has been obliged to condemn the works of Catholics like Laberthoniere, whose philosophy was doing incalculable harm among Catholics, and of the Abbe Loisy, whose writings literally reek with

The real defect of the "Index" is its failure to cope with the evils of bad reading—evils which have grown to enormous proportions within the past half century. The amount of corrupting books put forth, especially works of fiction, is incalculable. Hence the few novels that one finds on the "Index" The Church seeks rather to com bat heretical works, rightly regarding these as the real source of evil. Mon-signor John Vaughan, in the pages of the Ave Maria, ably defends the practice of prohibiting Catholics from indulgence in such reading—that is, Catholics who have not been duly trained in theology, moral philosophy and general history. "To suppose that and general history. "To suppose that Catholies of ordinary ability, and without experience or preparation, should be able to see through and to detect all the willy sophistries proposed by some of the keenest and best practised intellects of the day is sheer folly and madness," he postulates. "They seem to forget that amongst the immense number who write are to be found number who write are to be found agnostics, materialists, positivists and other infidels of unquestionable learning and ability. These are often men who have distinguished themselves at the universities; they are highly cul tured; they possess an extraordinary command of language; they express themselves with elegance and ease, and captivate and charm the casual reader,

to his own destruction. Monsignor Vaughan points out, way of illustrating such dangers, that even so profound a theologian and logician as St. Thomas Aquinas was sometimes, when engaged upon his great work, "Contra Gentiles," troubled by this or that heretical object tion, and unable at once to find the solution. Then he would put aside his pen and seek in humble prayer the light

which was denied in study.

Heresies are the most insidious of enemies. We must not forget that for more than four hundred years the Church was rent asunder by one of these—Arianism. While such dangers these—Arianism. While such dangers exist it is inevitable that the Church should keep up an "Index." The new Syllabus deals with the more recent developments in the field of so-called "modernism," and seeks to draw the distinction between true scientific teaching and empiricism.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Pictures of the Blessed Virgin.

"An unmistakable sign of the steady advance of the love of better things in America," says the San Francisco Monitor, "is the wide prevalence in the homes, not only of Catholies, but of non-Catholics as well, of the Blessed Virgin's pictures. Go where you will today, you scarcely ever fail to find hanging on the wall in every house some copy of a world-famous Madonna. It may be but a poor famous Madonna. It may be but a poor colored print. But still it carries its message of idealty and its sure tidings of the life of purity. It is a benignant presence, and we venture to say that as long as the Madonna picture, with its sweet lesson of divine love, stays in our homes, neither sound morality nor art will be lost to us."

It Is Even So.

After four hundred years some of our seperated brethen are beginning to see the truth. "The naked facts of history, "says, the Lamp (Protestant Episcapal), "are that the English Church was cheated and browbeaten out of her inheritance in the Chair of Peter by a cabal of unsorupulous and wicked politicians."

THE NEW SYLLABUS AND THE THE LATEST FRENCH INFAMY.

BRIAND'S NEW MEASURE COMPLETES THE GOVERNMENT'S BIG STEAL.

As might have been expected, the American press has practically, if not American press has practically, it not entirely, ignored what will prove to be the crowning infamy of the French Government's war on the Catholic Church Just prior to the recent adjournment of Parliament M. Briand, adjurnment of Parliament M. Briand,
Minister of Public Worship, introduced a bill which completes the confiscation of Church property, and is
properly described as a measure for
sundry processes of theft.

"To begin with," writes the Paris
correspondent of the Dublin Irish
Catholic, "the new law confiscates the
diocessan fund destined to furnish pensions to the old or infirm priests. M.

sions to the old or infirm priests. M. Briand only admits that pensions shall continue to be granted to those priests who are already in receipt of them, and who are already in receipt of them, and then simply confiscates the fund, to the detriment of all the other priests, whatever be their age or the length of their services. And M. Clemenceau's Government commits this iniquity at the very moment it pretends to wish to create a pension fund for all old work

men!
"The bill, moreover, contains other, and, if possible, more iniquitous stipulations. A vast amount of the property which has been seized by the State had been confided to the Church under condition that it should be em ployed in a certain determined manner ployed in a certain determined manner, as the stipulated conditions can no longer be complied with strict justice. And, indeed, clauses 954 and 1,046 of the Civil Code required that the property should be returned to its original owners. An heir in the direct line owners. An heir in the direct line may, by M. Briand's proposed measure, claim the property within six months after the promulgation of the law, but at the expiration of that delay he will at the expiration of that delay he will lose all right to the money. In the case of there being none but collateral heirs, even if they represent the deceased donor in virtue of a will, their incontestable rights are to be disregarded. The property will be purely and simply confiscated if the bill is adopted without an andment.

COMPLETES CONFISCATION. "In connection with the presentation of this measures to the French Chamber I cannot refrain from quoting the opinion expressed by the Directeur du Service des Revindications of the diocese of Paris. In reply to the inquiries of the representative of the Echo de Paris, he said: 'I am all the better able to express to you our opinion be cause I have just discussed the clause with Mgr. Amette, Cardinal Richard's Coadjutor. Two things struck us. The

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first is that the law complete in a definite manner the confiscation of the Church property. The second is that it is not only the Church which is despoiled. What is yet graver is that the measure constitutes a clear deroga-Rey. Dean McGee, who has returned from a trip of the B itish Isles was a few days ago presented with a purse of gold and an illuminated address by his parishioners of St. Joseph parish Stratford. The presentation took place after vespers. The dean was taken wholly by surprise and was visibly affected in making reniv.

tion from the right of succession such as it is inscribed in the French law. reply.

He gave a brief outline of his tour and spoke particularly of having visited his mother, who is ninety years of age. in Ireland., He was glad to be with his flock and said that there was no place like home. With the exception of the direct heirs, With the exception of the direct heirs, all those who possess rights are deprived of the possibility of re-entering into possession of the property belonging to them on account of the impossibility of fulfilling the conditions stipulated for in the legacy of donation. Moreover, even for the direct heirs the foreclosure is imposed after a delay of only six months. The public assistance establishments will then receive the property without having to fear any

property without having to fear any ittigation, and will not have to trouble about the Masses, etc., for the celebration of which the money was given. There is not an expression in any language of the control of the

There is not an expression in any language too severe to qualify such a violation of the rights of citizens, and we should like to hope that it will not be sanctioned by Parliament. Thus is it possible to admit that property which has been bequeathed under the formally stipulated condition, that the interest

stipulated condition that the interest of the money be employed for the cele-bration of Masses, or for the relief of

old priests, or for the education of young men for the priesthood, etc.,

deniable right and principles conse-crated by secular legislation? We have been accustomed to arbitrary and

vexatory measures, but was it to be supposed that to strike another blow

at the Church and to complete its spoli-

ation the Government would not shrink

from such a grave violation of the

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less, So nobleness enkindle h nobleness.

THE WESTERN FAIR.

rights of private persons.

McCusker -On July 18. at Regina, Sask, Mrs. Margaret McCusker, wife of C J Mc-Cusker, Esq. May her soul rest in peace!

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WANTED, FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL Section No. 15, St. Raphael's West, Ont. a second class professional teacher, capable of teaching English and French. Duties to commence August 19. Apply giving qualifications and stating salary to Fabian Dupuis, Sec. Treas., St. Raphael's West, Ont. 1594 2

L or female, for Catholic Indian school of Goulais Bay, twenty miles from Sault See Marie. Salary 8300. Apply to Rev. J. Richard, S. J., Sault S. e Marie, Ont. 1504-1

young men for the priesthood, etc., should be purely and simply transferred to a lay establishment which will profit by the capital without even having the duty of respecting the will of the donors. Can it be admitted that the collateral heirs, in default of direct heirs, should be refused the possibility of causing the will of their ancestors to be respected? Lastly, can it be admitted that three lines of a law should suffice to efface such an undeniable right and principles conse-TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. 8 8. Woodslee. Duties to begin Sept 2nd. Apply stating salary, experience and qualification of certificate. Applications received until Aug 23rd. Address all communications to F. B. Fuerth, Sec. Treas., Woodslee. Ont. 1503 3.

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VOLUME XX

The Catholic

LONDON, SATURDAY, A DREAM-STU

We must say that w seriously the dreams of lieve in this world dreams, it is true, are p eye and may be workable Nowhere," but for th are not conditioned by human nature. There capitalists who squeeze of human hearts, pratin the sacredness of proper will not convert them benevolence. We may for this life, breed him a plans of advanced thi with food, but no law, will eliminate his concu eyes and his concupisce He will still long fo power. An acquaintan ology is not sufficient to allay the drunkard's th man perform any action sacrifice. Without God law of moral conduct h

NEVER REAL

obligation nor adequate

This dream of the never been realized. small communistic so with no permanent suc attempted by those tinguished by natural inement (we refer to I to Upton Sinclair's wo The Catholic working

no attention to the who feeds on sociali whose theories are init ent welfare of men. T self against false princ a same view of the sit mend Pope Leo's E Condition of Labor. V ber that all capitalists that hatred may be br as well as in the mans a rule, the employer t est in the employee t claimers who ring the out platitudes. No atheist or materialist, reasoning antagonism make his lot more legitimate effort to be will be accorded the right-minded citizen; that is the foe of econ and of the family and him and his views to suspicion. We can, h our sphere, contribut show that Christianity vitality, and that reli of consolation and h this earth.

THE CHURCH AN

The assertion that the side of the capit by the assertion that the side of truth and can substantiate the former is but a cant of any vital relat fact or thought. He work is in the annal has bound class to c of charity, and, mind example, she has a tomed to devote he

tion to the lowly,

the disinherited of fe Movements for t the condition of th blessed by her. We from hostile criticisi ber the labours of V many, Mermillod's Manning's in Engla United States-dire cation of the toilers just remuneration directed also to re-en that the domestic vital beyond all, an purity and happines far beyond anyth sold in the market also, to Father K who organized jou such success tha in 1865, the Rhine four hundred, with

thousand members.

These men, as th were animated by workingman-a fr brother. The prin them are divine, forbears through error. They ha