

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE FOUNDATION OF CITY HOSPITALS.

Dr. James J. Walsh—he of the indefatigable pen and ardent faith—tells in the Messenger for June the story of the foundation of city hospitals. It will doubtless be a surprise to most people that the modern world owes the city hospital as we have it at the present time to the fatherly watchfulness and practical charity of one of the greatest of Popes, Innocent III. He invited the Fathers of the Holy Spirit to come to Rome, and at the beginning of the thirteenth century they erected a hospital of the Holy Spirit which then was exactly the model of our modern city hospitals. And not only did he do this but he succeeded in having during his own pontificate a number of hospitals established in all parts of the then civilized world on the model of this hospital of the Holy Spirit at Rome. Citing Virchow as one who has traced the origin of the German city hospitals back to Innocent and sketching the rise of similar institutions among the Latin nations, Dr. Walsh goes on to show that practically all the British famous old hospitals date their existence, as institutions for the care of the ailing, from the thirteenth century. St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas' Hospitals and others are proofs of the influence of the movement initiated by Innocent III. With some of these institutions the name of Edward VI. has become associated but Dr. Walsh brings forward the historian Gardner to remind us that "Edward has left a name in connection with charities and education which critical scholars find to be little justified by fact."

VIROHOW'S TRIBUTE.

Virchow, no lover of the Papacy says: "The hospitals of the Holy Ghost were one of the many means by which Innocent III. thought to hold humanity to the Holy See. And surely it was one of the most effective. Was it not calculated to create the most profound impression to see how the mighty Pope who made the boldest and farthest reaching attempt to gather the sum of human interests into the organization of the Catholic Church, who humbled emperors and deposed kings, who was the unrelenting adversary of Albigenses, turned his eyes sympathetically upon the poor and sick, sought the helpless and neglected on the streets, and saved the illegitimate children from death in the waters."

ATTRACTIVE BUILDINGS.

Dr. Walsh alludes to the fact that the attendants at these hospitals were expected to do their work for its own sake and for the highest motives of Christian benevolence rather than for any lesser reward. This was the mode of acting of the medieval period, the healthiest of European periods says Mr. Chesterton. The resources of art were lavished on buildings intended for the sick and poor. Their walls were decorated, not with pictures eulogistic of trustees or founders, but with scenes that might recall to the minds of the suffering, thoughts of spiritual things. It is noteworthy, too, that in the thirteenth century the personal satisfaction of accomplishing a charitable work in attendance upon the sick was expected to dispense with any further remuneration. And as to tramps, healthy vagrants, various decrees were made to prevent them from receiving sustenance from the hospitals or in any other way abusing the privileges of these charitable institutions.

A MODERN KNIGHT.

That Michael Davitt's life was one of honor, steadfastness to ideals, is known to our readers. Handicapped by physical weakness and bereft of advantages without which success is ordinarily impossible, he plodded on with pertinacity that never wavered, and under grey skies betimes, but adding ever to the world's storehouse of courage. He was always a worker. With his gifts he might have made money—much money. But he lived and died poor. To some he was a fanatic or eccentric, because he chose the thorny path of a forlorn hope. We do not endorse all his utterances. But we may not mask our admiration for the indomitable spirit that never blenched in the face of danger and the zeal and love for the cause of his Dark Recesses. And he was always in the op-

porting for what he considered his country's interests; and whatsoever his words, the men who know him best, tell us that no spirit of mere private anger or jealousy ever moved that free and noble soul whose greatness shone in his eyes, and in every salient feature of a personality at once refined and ardent. And in his death—no weakness, no contempt, no dispraise or blame; nothing but welland fair. The Church guided him to the portals of eternity. The tired heart pulsed out into stillness to the accompaniment of the Church's prayers. May we so die. Though Davitt was dead, spoke the brilliant J. P. O'Connor, he was not lost to Ireland. He spoke from the grave in his writings, in his speeches, and above all in his noble life. Long after they and the generations that followed them had turned to dust, the name of Michael Davitt would guide, illumine and inspire the course of the history of her race.

A NEEDED WARNING.

The Very Rev. Dr. Sheehan's arraignment of the novels of the day may do good in some quarters. We say may because not a few of us are so blind to our best interests, so negligent of our mind's health and so apt to endorse any criticism estimate of a current novel that this distinguished writer's words may lose their edge. Our spiritual leaders have time and again weighed against the dangers of the novel, but the "literature" that if not burdened with death, is trivial and thought dispelling, is to be found in the home of the Catholic. The fact is that, viewing the avalanche of the cheap American magazine that pours monthly upon the country, and the tons of Sunday newspapers—mere chronicles of sin—for the most part that invade the household, we are disposed to pessimism. But they do no harm we are told. These hideous pictures that travesty old age and mock at authority do no harm? This gossip and divorce news do no harm? The pretentious utterances about religion, and dicta of journalists who write much and think little do no harm? If we were automata, all this might do no harm. But susceptible to outside influences and played upon by words spoken and printed, we must for our part pay all deference in this matter to our spiritual guides. It is specially painful to a priest, says Dr. Sheehan, to go into the houses of the poor and to find the scandal-mongering, sensational papers, irreligious or even immoral books, on the same shelf, but much better cared for, with the imitation of Christ, if indeed these books find there a place at all. It is very suggestive indeed and a melancholy sight.

AN OVER-WORKED MAXIM.

"To the pure all things are pure." So say some gentlemen, as a protest against those who do not see eye to eye with them. With this maxim as a disinfectant we may see anything and read anything and not take harm. Were our artistic sense developed we might discover beauty in literary cesspools and purity in anything from low-rate vaudeville to the divorce court. People with the artistic sense have been ere this on the primrose path of dalliance. But this, of course, matters not to those whose optic nerve is so sensitive as to be able to discern purity in things where less gifted persons would behold but filth. Is it because to quote Kipling "we are a poor little street bred people." Still we are admonished to pray that we enter not into temptation. They who burned the books worth 10,000 pieces of silver minded this advice. "For the rest," says St. Paul, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame. . . think on these things." The Church is against the dirty writer, and the Catholic knows it. Sin is not a mere breaking of conventionality, and the Catholic knows this also.

A WORD FROM A NON-CATHOLIC.

We are told by a non-Catholic writer to avoid the immoral literature that floods the news stalls. One who reads in this direction reads himself into moral chaos and darkness; it is an educating process. It entrenches itself in the imagination, where it stays and multiplies itself, breeding through the fancy, turning these robust faculties into ministers of perdition. "I once asked," he says "our widest and most thorough reader of English literature if he had read a certain popular novel." He replied,

"I only read the saints." "I wondered why I had read it when I too might have read the saints." A great many of us do not read the saints. We waste time over what misinforms and hurts the mind and heart, and we cackle about our Culture.

ADVICE FROM DR. SHEEHAN.

Avoid the novels of the day because they are godless. The devil's imprimatur is upon every one of them because they treat of subjects with which a pure minded Catholic ought not to be acquainted. It weakens the mind, degrades the mind, it preaches the worship of creatures, it subverts Christian principles, implants pagan principles and leads inevitably to a shameful idolizing of vice. These words from a writer who has won the approval of competent non-Catholic critics and of a lover of souls may well be a counterpoise to the manderings of those who are owned by publishers and whose ethical standards are made and influenced by money. Let every father bar his door against printed rubbish. With good books in the household—yes, there are many written by Catholics—we should have a generation intent upon saving their souls. Preaching? Yet salvation is the main business. And sin's wages are death. The payment is deferred sometimes but we get paid with every jot of interest.

THE EUCHARIST.

STRIKING EXPLANATION OF BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Right Rev. Mgr. Patrick F. O'Hare, of the church of St. Anthony of Padua, Brooklyn, N. Y., preached an eloquent sermon last Sunday on the "Holy Eucharist."

The text was taken from 1 Cor. ii: 19: "I will expose these to me in justice; I will expose these to me in justice, in judgment, in mercy and in commiseration." Mgr. O'Hare said: "The incarnation of Christ is perpetuated in the sacrament of the Eucharist. The Divine Infant of Bethlehem is ever present and ever abiding with mankind in the sacrament of the altar. The advantages and the blessings, the ennobling elements and the elevating influences flowing from the incarnate divine Jesus, on Calvary, but are carried on and ever transmitted to us in the Eucharistic presence of Christ with us. In the week which has just passed the church again celebrated the Feast of Corpus Christi. In God's temples all through Christendom the Blessed Sacrament was carried in awe-inspiring procession, passing among the people, impressing, passing among the people, impressing, passing among the people, impressing. The church defines this mystery of the Sacrament of the Altar in theological terms with metaphysical accuracy and supported in vigorous syllogistic language borrowed from the arsenal of scholastic philosophy. She is the guardian of faith and therefore it falls within her province to be theologically accurate in the transmission of the mystery of the Holy Eucharist something more than mere dogmatic correctness and theological acumen. The Church, after all, is not an academy of science and humanity will not be persuaded that the whole of religion is composed of parchments, manuscripts and scholastic theology. There must be more in the mystery of that sacrament than mere correct reasoning. Religion is for man, and man lives and moves and acts. He is made up, like a harp with many strings, full of great passions and sweet melodies of love and tenderness, and therefore only that in religion appeals to man which stirs his passions, which leads him onward and upward to the nobler height of life where he experiences the grandeur, the beauty and the blessing of transfiguration. The noble emotion back of all dogmatic definitions in the mystery of this sacrament is the beautiful thought of love between God and man, the close union of the soul of man to his God and Redeemer. In other words, as expressed in my text—it is the espousal of God and man in the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. In the feast of Corpus Christi, or whenever the sacrament is exposed for the adoration of man, God says to His people: "I will espouse thee to Me forever; I will enter into that close, intimate and blessed relationship with thee which finds the highest culmination on earth in holy wedlock, where heart meets heart and soul is absorbed by soul, a union of two so intimately interwoven with each other that they become one in thought and in action, and that union remains forever. Such a marriage, however, such a union, must be built and based upon a mutual understanding and spiritual affinity, and these elements are also enumerated in the text, namely, justice, mercy, judgment and commiseration. The essence, the benefits and the blessings of the sacraments of the Holy Eucharist consist not merely in correct theological reasoning, but primarily and above all things in that holy living, noble conduct and high Christian demeanor which makes men fit and prepares the soul for that close union with God which the prophet calls an espousal forever. Brethren, we are prone to lay too much stress upon the bare correctness of catechetical definition and orthodox theological expres-

sion rather than upon correctness of living, upon the noble emotion which brings man close to his God and Creator. We are altogether too much inclined to be satisfied with a mechanical performance, of our duties, like going to confession, doing the penance examining our conscience by some prescribed rule, saying in a most heartless manner a few prayers, written to order and published for the market; we are satisfied, I say, with such a performance of duty and often neglect the truly devoted religious exercise which is prompted by our yearning love of God, for the beautiful, and for all that a noble and adorns human life. Love and not mechanical performance of religious duty should be the mainspring of all our religious life and love the highest order which leads to that intimate union expressed among mankind in wedlock, should be the mainspring whenever we approach God's holy table, to receive Him into our souls, or whenever we bow in dust to adore the God Man veiled in the Eucharist.

There are diverse ways in which man communiteth with brother man; the means and methods are manifold for the expression of our admiration or friendship for those we esteem and adore; there are various ways in which the bride communiteth with the beloved of her heart, in which the lover expresses to his beloved the most tender, noble feelings of his heart toward her, but courtship and wooing and correspondence, visits and occasional meetings are but the preparation for the great climax in love, the union which takes place in holy wedlock, the espousal which is forever the linking of two lives for better and for worse until death shall part them. The poet and the artist may lend charm and grandeur to the lovers in their various relationship, but all these are most feeble expressions compared with that thought which is expressed in the words "espousal forever," compared with that deep rooted, though silent and yet holy passion, that ever consuming fire which is felt between the two souls who link hand and heart and cast in their lot forever together.

There are also, my dear brethren, various ways and means and methods which God's infinite goodness prepared for us whereby we may commune with Him. Prayers, devotions, meditations, acts of charity, love to man, silent reflection—by all these means the soul entertains a courtship and a wooing with God, but all these must be means of preparation for the holy espousal of the soul with its God in the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. All other means are but the feeble expressions of the anticipation of love and blessing which find realization in the sacrament of the Eucharist. Our communion with God through the various devotions and religious exercises represents the soul's yearning expressed in the words of the royal singer: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God," while in the sacrament of the altar, in holy Communion, as well as in the adoration which we bring to the Holy Eucharist on occasions like the feast of Corpus Christi, man keeps silent when he is ushered into the bridal chamber prepared by his God, and he hears the words of the God Who loved him unto death: "I will espouse thee to me forever."

It is most salutary and indispensable that we ponder earnestly and persistently upon this close relationship expressed in this sacrament from the fact that God makes it a union, and espousal forever, a relationship which can never be extinguished, a union which lasts all through life, an indelible character upon the soul, an inspiration that should carry us through storms, perils, temptations and sore tribulations. The reception of that sacrament, or the adoration of our Eucharistic God, was not intended to be a temporary passing affair, a spiritual tonic, a refreshment and a relief just then needed, but a true union between the soul of man and all that which is bound up in the life of the God man, a holy wedlock between the creature and the Creator, between the prodigal and his forgiving Father, between the redeemed sinner and the Redeemer, once and forever. It must leave such a deep impression upon us that when temptation comes upon us we rise above it by the thought that we are the beloved one of our God; when tribulation overtakes us, we master it, remembering that God is our protector; when sin approaches it is conquered by the thought of our dignity that we were in the bridal chamber of our Lord and Redeemer, whose perpetual espousal took place between us. In a word, the perpetuity of the union which takes place between the soul and God in the Holy Eucharist must, by the very nature of things, be based upon certain affinities which cement God and man together. The prevalent idea, alas, altogether too prevalent in our days, that the recipient of that sacrament becomes possessed of certain graces and certain spirituality infused within him regardless of his own co-operation, reduces this greatest of all sacraments to a mere magic, and makes of man a helpless and unconscious recipient of certain benefits—as it were, a patient upon the operating table under ether. Nor can we altogether approve of another theory often entertained, namely, that man approaches this sacrament and receives the benefits flowing from it by a mere legal formula. As already said, life, conduct, character must be em-

phasized more than mere form or legal-ity.

The wedding ring of love which God puts upon the soul at the espousal which takes place between Him and man at the sacrament of the Eucharist has its beautiful settings, its spiritual gems, and these gems are symbolical of the virtues which to a lesser or higher degree already exist in him to whom God addresses the words of our text when He says "I have espoused thee to Me forever and these gems are enumerated in the text and designated justice, judgment, mercy and commiseration. These are the qualities which God seeks in man as a foundation and cornerstone and which man must possess in order to be united to His God in the sacramental union of wedlock which takes place in the sacrament of the altar. The requisite that one must be in a state of grace in order to unite himself sacramentally to his God means a good deal more than the ordinary mechanical, sometimes even heartless and trivial, performance of duty in the confessional. To be in a state of grace means for man to be in a position and divine influences, capable to respond to God's enticing love, and in a condition of life that brings him into harmony with God's attributes of justice, judgment, mercy and commiseration.

In the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist the dying Saviour proclaims these wonderful qualities to mankind in a most unmistakable and impressive language, yes, upon Calvary a crucified Redeemer makes the most striking proclamation against injustice and unrighteousness. He preaches to the world the great sermon upon those qualities which are the cornerstone of human society, namely, righteousness and judgment, or justice and judgment. In His death He rebukes unrighteousness and injustice and lays a new foundation for these qualities in the future. In His death He proclaims for the first time more than did any prophet before Him the beauty and the majesty of these two wonderful qualities, namely, mercy and commiseration. As he stretches out His hand upon the cross and invites humanity that is burdened and heavily laden to come and be refreshed; as He speaks words of love to His mother and glances in loving kindness upon the Magdalene who embraces His feet; when He administers the last comfort to the thief upon the cross, promising him happiness in the life to come; or when the jeers and contempt and sarcasm of His own people are repaid by that famous prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He delivered the most eloquent sermon that man ever heard on mercy and commiseration. And when in the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist He beckons us on more to His side and says unto us, "I will espouse thee unto me forever." He expects that the settings in the wedding ring which He puts upon our finger should truly symbolize the inward condition of our soul, the state of our mind, namely, justice, righteousness, loving kindness and mercy; the adornment of our soul; the result of true living, the reflection of His own graces.

Brethren, love is the most wonderful, the most irresistible virtue of all. The great Apostle to the Gentiles speaks in most glowing terms of love, but let us not forget that love is the top of the ladder and that we must climb carefully, patiently and steadily until we reach it but the foundation or which we must step first are justice, judgment, mercy and commiseration, and these qualities are indispensable to the union of the soul of man with his God.

Brethren, while celebrating the feast of Corpus Christi, while having before our eyes the God who calls us into His bridal chamber to put upon our finger the sacramental wedding ring, with its beautiful gems of righteousness, commiseration and mercy; while led on under the canopy of God's wonderful love, there to drink with Him the cup of wine of the new covenant, and to enter into that close intimate relation of perpetual wedlock with our God and Redeemer, let us remember that not merely exact and correct reasoning, but much more correct emotion, true life, not merely orthodox faith, but orthodox character and orthodox qualities, are the things which God seeks in us when He comes to unite Himself to us in this great experience, this wonderful sacrament of love. It is a delusion to think that emotion, passion and poetry must be excluded from religion, that dogmatic statements and syllogistic arguments are the only things that make us orthodox in faith. Let us remember that religion and poetry are inseparable, that religion is not so much reason, as much more passion, devotion, life. Take emotion and devotion out of religion and you destroy the ideal world and the beauties of life dry up and shrivel. Not mechanism nor legalism are the great elements in religion, but sublime emotion, true devotion and surrender to God. Religion should permeate life and if you take emotion and devotion out of life, friendship ceases, the parents become mere legal guardians of the child, society becomes a mere joint stock company, in which the big shark swallows the little one, where greed, avarice, love of self prevail and make a desert out of life.

In the great climax of religion which culminates in the wonderful mystery of the sacrament of the Eucharist, there above all things mechanism and legalism should play the smallest role, and true noble passion of love to God, sublime emotion of the soul, and true devotion of the heart should rule supreme. Whenever we approach that sacrament, or whenever the God in

that sacrament is exposed for our adoration, we should call to mind the fact that it means the espousal of God with the soul, that that espousal must leave upon us an imprint, an influence which is forever and ever abiding, and that what makes us fit for that position is when we have wrought into our life and character the settings which we find upon the Divine sacramental wedding ring—justice, judgment, mercy and commiseration. This, my brethren, the feast of Corpus Christi is God's renewed call to us to come and be united to Him in holy wedlock forever. Let us change our garments, let us put on the robes of righteousness, of justice, of mercy and commiseration, let us come to God, not so much with Christian reasoning as in a Christian character, and let us enjoy the wedding feast which the God of justice, of mercy and of commiseration, our beloved One, has spread before us, and anticipate the great reunion with Him in the heavenly mansions above in the company of saints, martyrs and the legion of angels where thrice holy will be the wedding song and uninterrupted joy and happiness will be our lot forever more.

SOURCE OF ALL COURAGE.

SPIRIT OF ALL THAT MAKES MEN STRONG IN FAITH.

Hope is the very spirit of courage and strength in human hearts. St. Paul needed this spirit, and he had it; hence his grand, strong life; hence his marvelous work! Yes, he needed it sorely! The experiences of his life made tremendous call on courage and strength. Well in the battle of his hard life he bore him as a hero, and he said that the reason he bore him as he did was that he had in his heart a living hope; that supplied him, with courage and strength. We also have the battle of our life to fight. We need that same hope. What was it with St. Paul? What is it with us?

The ground of St. Paul's hope was not, first, that he was gifted with a cheerful disposition. Hope means a far deeper thing than cheerfulness. Second, nor was it favoring circumstances. The hard, perilous, hunted, fettered life of this man had little to foster hope. Even now, when he wrote these words, he was in the power of that tiger Nero, who did not know what mercy meant. No! The hope that bore up the burdened heart of St. Paul stood not in prosperity. Third, nor was it for his human friendships, for many of them failed him. His friends and allies were very few, and these few leaned far more on him than he on them.

No, the ground of the hope that can sustain human life in utmost adversity went deeper than cheerful disposition or prosperity, or the help of man. Deeper than all earthly things and independent of all earthly things, his hope was the person, work and life of Jesus Christ—"Our Lord Jesus Christ Who is our hope;" and our life hope to stand unshaken and make us brave and strong and triumphant, must be the same. This hope holds independent of outward circumstances, it stands unshaken.

It speaks like a trumpet to every human heart, saying: be strong and of good courage. It inspires to be, to do, to face all foes, to overcome. With such a hope in Jesus Christ we indeed live our life strongly, grandly, nobly, cheerfully! We may set our hands to things, duties, enterprises and actions. So much for the glory of God and the good of our fellow men. Our Lord Jesus Christ is our hope—a cheering, conquering hope, which knowing no defeat, will overcome; an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast amid all the storms of life, keeping safe and giving peace—a hope which will never make us ashamed.—Rev. W. M. Dame in Catholic Columbian.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

On June 30, Cardinal Gibbons observed the forty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, and the twentieth anniversary of his elevation to the cardinalate.

Cardinal Mathieu, Archbishop of Toulouse, has been elected a member of the French academy in succession to Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, who died February 11th last.

The Rev. Charles Cormack, whom the Sisters of St. Joseph's Ophanage, Halifax, received at their institution, an orphan, when he was but three years old, said his first Mass for them the other day. Father Cormack is now a priest of the Endist Order.

The Benedictine Fathers at Nouva Gerona, Isle of Pines, Cuba, recently received into the Church, Mr. George West, formerly an Episcopalian minister of New York city. Mr. West purchased a fine estate on the island, about a year ago, and while he lived there devoted himself to the study of the Catholic religion. He will soon enter a seminary in the United States to study for the priesthood.—Providence Visitor.

St. Louis, July 6.—Very Rev. Mgr. Joseph Hesson, rector of St. John of Nepomuk Church, died here yesterday at the age of seventy six years. He was the founder of St. John parish, which is considered one of the strongest Bohemian parishes in the United States, and established the Bohemian Illas, the first Bohemian paper in this country.—Catholic Telegraph.

People need to open out fields of interest. First, they must inspire in themselves more faith and courage and then lose not a moment in grasping an opportunity however small—obeying [with promptness some idea—only doing something.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAYOR ARRIVES ON THE SCENE.

The three officials wended their way in silence to the ancient Convent. They were followed by the inn-keeper and the policeman, the latter carrying a lantern. As they turned out of the village street, and came in sight of the old building, they noticed that the rooms inhabited by the priest were lighted up. "Our friend is still up, at any rate," remarked the mayor with a sneer. "That is very surprising, that he should be disturbed on account of indisposition."

"He is restless enough too," added the Notary. "One can see his shadow on the window as he paced up and down before the lamp."

"That looks as if he was in a state of agitation or excitement. Do you think Susan may have gone to him after all, and apprised him of the old lady's disappearance?" said the mayor.

"I hardly think so. The old woman would not adventure herself in this gloomy place so late as this—it must be close upon eleven—for any consideration," replied the innkeeper.

"Well, let us go on. How are we to get in? Must we ring the bell? I confess I had rather have taken his Reverence by surprise," said the mayor.

"I have Lessor's keys," Carillon answered; and in a moment the old gate swung back on its hinges. When, without finishing his confession Lessor hurried away out of Father Montmoulin's presence, the latter could for a time scarcely control his agitation. Could it be possible that Mrs. Blanchard was murdered! That her body at that moment lay in the room next the sacristy! And the assassin making his escape with his booty, he being powerless to prevent him! He could not even make any use of the revelation made to him in the villain's confession. But was it really a confession? Yes, most certainly so. The man had not the least disposition to confess, and had accused himself to him, as Christ's representative, of the crime he had committed. To make assurance doubly sure the priest took Lehmkuhl's Moral Theology from his bookshelves and read through the chapter on the seal of confession. There was no possible doubt about it; he had acquired the knowledge *sub sigillo*, and he was bound to secrecy whatever the consequences might be.

"My God!" he said to himself, "they may even take me for the murderer. But no, Thou wouldst not lay upon me so terrible a trial. There is nobody who would believe me capable of such a deed. And yet, even if suspicion rested upon me, I dare not openly lay in self defence, I must sacrifice my reputation, my life, rather than utter a word, as I did yesterday from the pulpit! O my God, let this chalice pass from me! I do not ask this for my own sake alone, although I cannot deny that personally I should feel such a trial most acutely; I ask it for my poor mother's sake, for such a blow would be her death; I ask it too for the sake of my flock, for the sake of the Catholic Church, the honor of which would be brought on it, the terrible scandal that would be given through me to many weak souls, if they saw a priest accused of murder! No, it is impossible; such a thing could not be; my excited imagination conjures up these horrible contingencies. The holy Mother of God will take me under her protection!"

Father Montmoulin, whilst uttering these words had cast himself on his knees upon the *prie die* and raised his hands in supplication to his crucified Redeemer and the Mother of Dolours. After that he took his rosary, and walked up and down the room for some time, saying it. Feeling more composed he was deliberating whether he should retire to rest, although sleep was out of the question, when steps were heard in the corridor, and there was a loud knock at his door.

On his answering "Come in," the town clerk, with the mayor and notary at his heels, entered the apartment. They had altered their first plan, and decided to present themselves altogether, to observe the effect produced upon the clergyman, whom they hated for the sake of his office, by this unexpected visit.

Although they did not attach the slightest suspicion to him, yet they thought, if a crime had been committed he might be in some way mixed up in it, and they were determined to make matters as unpleasant for him as possible. "Whether he shows signs of alarm or no," said the mayor, "it will in any case give us a pretext for instituting a judicial inquiry and searching the house."

Father Montmoulin was not alarmed, at any rate he showed no outward sign of trepidation, when the three officials entered his room at so late an hour. In fact he seemed quite prepared for their coming; the involuntary twitching of his mouth betokened grief rather than astonishment, and he cast a quick glance at the crucifix, as if to implore assistance and support in this crucial hour. He was in fact, so poor an adept at dissimulation, that had he feigned surprise the expression of pathetic resignation upon his countenance could not fail to strike the authorities on their entrance.

"This late visit on our part does not appear to be wholly unexpected by you," the mayor began. "You are perhaps cognisant of the unpleasant duty which compels us to intrude upon you at this unusual hour?"

The good clergyman felt extremely embarrassed. He must not disclose his knowledge of the crime, and his manner betrayed that he had something to conceal. He changed color, and stammered out: "I really am not aware—I cannot tell what brings you here at this hour, gentlemen. What is there that I can do for you?"

The town clerk was going to ask him whether he knew what had become of

his sister, when the mayor stopped him. "One moment," he said. Then addressing Father Montmoulin, he continued: "So you really cannot guess the object of our coming, the question we have come to ask? Yet you did not appear in the least surprised to see us at this unusual hour. At any rate that was the impression made on me—and on you too?" he added looking from one to the other of his companions. They both notified their assent; and the speaker proceeded: "One thing more, if you please; we were told that you were unwell, that you had missed your servant, saying you wanted rest, and did not wish to be disturbed this evening, and yet we find you at 11 o'clock up and dressed. How do you explain this?"

"I was lying down all the afternoon, so I do not feel sleepy now," replied the priest, who by this time had pilled himself together. "I ought rather to ask the object of these questions? I seem to am to undergo an examination."

The three officials exchanged glances. Then the mayor said to the town-clerk: "Since this gentleman cannot—or will not—divine our errand, perhaps you will have the goodness to inform him of it, since the matter concerns you most closely."

The town clerk, thus invited, explained, in no very gentle voice, that his sister had not come home all day long. He was informed that she had gone to fetch a large sum of money from the priest, and he feared something had happened to her. It was his duty to make inquiries about her, and he had come to him in the first place, as apparently he was the last person who had seen the missing individual.

Again Father Montmoulin cast an agonized glance at the crucifix. This action was not lost on his interlocutors. He then answered: "Mrs. Blanchard certainly was here this morning, between 10 and 11. If any misfortune has befallen her, I have additional grounds for deploring it, as I gave her all the money that had been collected by St. Joseph's guild to take away with her."

"I cannot help remarking upon the extraordinary composure with which you receive the tidings of Mrs. Blanchard's disappearance. It would be quite inexplicable but for the supposition that you had already heard it from another quarter, though you denied having done so just now. Who was your informant?" demanded the mayor.

"No one. I know nothing at all about it," was the answer. "It is very difficult to believe that. You acknowledge that Mrs. Blanchard was with you this morning between 10 and 11. Where did she go afterwards?"

"She said that she was going home." "Then she never reached home. Nor has she since been seen anywhere or by anyone—a most extraordinary thing! It is very unlikely that she would go in any other direction with all that money about her. Something must have happened to her, in this convent."

"I really can throw no light on her disappearance. I counted out £480 to her in this very room." "Four hundred and eighty pounds!" all the three men exclaimed in one breath. "The idea of confiding such a sum as that to the charge of a feeble old woman! You must be held responsible for that sum. You actually let her put all that money in her pocket?" inquired the mayor.

"She put it into the basket she carried on her arm, £320 in notes, the rest part in gold, part in silver," Father Montmoulin replied. "I never dreamt of any danger for her in broad daylight, such a short distance as it is from here to her house."

"Surely you accompanied the old lady to the gate, so you are in a position to swear that she left the convent in safety with the money?" asked the mayor.

Father Montmoulin shrugged his shoulders. "I can only swear that the good lady left this room in perfect health with the money in her basket. I much regret now, that I did not go down to the gate with her; I wanted to, but she would not allow me to accompany her, because I had a cold upon me."

"I repeat, that if this sum of money is really lost, you will be held answerable for it on account of your culpable negligence. This is a fresh, and a striking instance of how utterly careless the clergy are in regard to moneys collected for the poor, the disposing of which ought to be in the hands of the municipal authorities. The money belonged to the poor, although it consisted of voluntary donations, and you, sir, will have to answer for it." Well pleased with himself for having given this turn to the matter in question, the mayor continued: "Then you have not the least suspicion as to what may have befallen Mrs. Blanchard?"

The priest, having only heard in the confessional of the tragic fate of the unhappy lady, shook his head, and answered: "I did not see her again from the time she left this room."

"Well, gentlemen," resumed the mayor, addressing his companions, "since his Reverence either cannot or will not give us any information as to the whereabouts of the missing lady, although she seems to have disappeared under this very roof, we must proceed to search the house. Do you not agree with me?"

"Decidedly," said the one.

"Unhesitatingly," said the other.

"Will you accompany us through the house, sir?" the mayor said to Father Montmoulin. "I beg you will excuse me. I am feeling very unwell," he replied not a little embarrassed and disconcerted by the mayor's peremptory manner.

"It strikes me as a very strange thing," replied that official, "that you will not join us in our endeavor to clear up the mystery as speedily as possible, the discharge of our duty. Take the lamp," he said to the town-clerk, "and perhaps this reverend gentleman will be so obliging as to hold a candle for us, even if he declines accompanying us on our

tour of investigation in the house he occupies."

Father Montmoulin saw too late that he had made a fatal mistake. Undoubtedly, had he been ignorant of the fate of his friend, he would have been the foremost, to search everywhere for her, lamp in hand. The unconquerable at that seized upon him at the idea of seeing the corpse which he knew to be lying in the second sacristy, had prompted his refusal to comply with the mayor's invitation. He tried now to make good his error, by saying, as he took up the lamp: "I will go with you. Far be it from me to put any obstacle in the way of your research. I beg pardon if I showed a little irritability at your somewhat brusque mode of proceeding, which the excitement of the moment rendered excusable. Will you commence with my bedchamber?"

"I see no occasion for that at present," replied the mayor, partly provoked by Father Montmoulin's last speech. "We will first of all look through the passages and staircases which lead from the door of your room to the gate of the Convent, and through which the missing lady must have passed on the way back to her home."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A LESSON IN ECONOMY.

JESSIE HAD TO LEARN THAT RICHARD WAS ONLY SAYING.

The mother was speaking. "He's near, is Richard?"

"Only Savin's mother."

"Savin, is it? When I was a gal I wouldn't ha' looked at a chap that was a ready-handed wi' t' brass. When yo'r feyther and me was courtin' it was out to Barthelmy for t' wakes at Whitson, a jaunt to Blackpool for the August holidays, me an' other lassies, 'in and other lads. The young folks is a poor lot now. Them was days."

"Yes," said Jessie enviously; "the wage was better then."

"What's t' wage got to do wi' it? If a chap's near he's near. Richard's earnin' thirty shillin', if he's earnin' a bob."

"Dick says," began Jessie hesitatingly, "that he doesn't want his wife to work."

"An' why shouldn't she work? Wark never killed no one yet. Luk at me—litty come Easter, all my lads out 't' th' wark, and me at the washtub every Monday reg-lar. Earn and spend, I says—earn and spend. The Lord will provide."

Mrs. Alderson brought her arm down on the table with a sounding bang, and her daughter, who might not come near the fire because it was ironing night, shivered by the window, where there was a crack in the woodwork. The provision in the Alderson household had always been of the scantiest. Jessie had known what it was to go ill 'in and ill-fell. She was a delicate-looking girl, the youngest of seven.

There had never been any prosperous times at home in her day, and she had worked in the mill since she was fourteen. She was twenty now, and each winter it grew harder to turn out in the dark of the morning to face the keen wind from the river—to start her boom with fingers numb and chilled. But she was young and other girls had been taken out to the theater, and though the Christmas holidays were over, Dick had never asked her to go once.

"I wouldn't ha' minded so much," she said now, with something like a sob in her throat; but Martha says he tuk 'er last year."

"Ay, an' will agen," said her mother. "Martha Cranfield's uncle can leave 'er a tidy bit."

It was the last straw. Jessie threw down her sewing, and catching her shawl from its peg, she wound it about her head.

"I'm going out," she said. "The street is better than this. There's the shops there—something to look at: there ain't nothing here."

The door closed behind her with a bang. Mrs. Alderson looked at it with mild astonishment.

"Lor' bless me," she said, "what tantrums! An' all because I giv her a bit of advice. Gels all knows better nor their mothers today. Men's all alike—near or spendin'. What you get's just luck. A near man 'ull bury you 'andome, an' grudge yo' yo'r bit while yo'r alive."

She was a hard-featured woman, accustomed to the give and take of the world. She had no idea that she had sown the seed of discontent in a girl's heart. Jessie was always peck on and fanciful, and she was that set on Dick Liversedge that there was no arguing with her. Dick was all right 'n' poor, mild sort, that hadn't got a fling in him. The dead-and-gone Alderson, who had come home drunk regularly every Saturday night, had been different to that. Everyone has their own standard. Miriam Alderson would have chosen a son-in-law of another pattern.

But Jessie had chosen for herself, and now, walking up and down Fishgate staring at the hats in the shop windows, she had told herself that she had chosen badly. Her mother was right. Dick was "near," and Martha Cranfield, his cousin, who had been after him for years, would have a fortune. All Preston knew that. There was Liversedge, a bit of money in the bank. Jessie stared at a hat with a rose in it, and failed to see its charms through her tears.

"Let him 'ave 'er," she said to herself. "I don't want him if he don't want me."

She turned suddenly. Some one had thrust his hand through her arm. Dick Liversedge was looking at the hats, too.

"Cheerin' one for the weddin', lass? What's your fancy, now?"

"What's yours," said Jessie. Her voice was hard. She did look round at him; he seemed so mighty sure of her.

"What do you say to that?" he said, pointing to one of plain straw, with a bow of ribbon on it. "Nice and neat and naty."

"I was savin'," he said, "and now I can get the house I wanted, and you

and me can be wed right away."

"I must go," she said. "Mother wants me, Dick, she'll get well now."

"Couldn't we?" said Jessie. "Martha Cranfield has one with two roses in it. I'm as pretty as her."

"A slight prettier," said Dick. "Martha's got to be fine, case folks should forget to look at her. When a lass has big blue eyes and yellow hair—"

Jessie turned a discontented shoulder to him.

"It's easy talkin'," she said. "Words is cheap too." They walked the length of Fishgate in silence, and turning up New Hall Lane, passed the mill where most of their daylight hours were spent. The girl looked up at the grim building, with its darkened windows and its chimneys looming against the sky.

"Hateful old place!" she said. "Them wheels grind the life out of you. I ain't never bin young." She turned to the lad who walked beside her; her eyes blazed all her rebellion at him. "You ain't never been young neither," she said. "We're old afore our time. I'm sick of it. I want to laugh like other girls. I want a bit of pleasure before I'm dead."

Dick flushed uncomfortably at her obvious scorn.

"I had a fancy for a house of me own," he said, "and, lass—"

"Then you should ask your fancy," said Dick. "And Martha, maybe, 'ull help you to it. This sort of walk 'in' out ain't good enough for me."

"Jess, coom, now, lass!"

But words are useless when a willful woman has made up her mind to take her willful way. Jessie piled up all his sins of omission upon his head. Dick heard her in her silence, and when she paused for breath he ventured to speak.

"I thought you an' me was wan," he said.

"Well, we're not, we're two," was the answer. "And now you know it. 'An' I'm goin' wi' Joe Briggs to Olympia to-morrow."

Jessie Alderson went to Olympia with Joe Briggs. She sat in all the glory of a sixpenny seat, when the other girls were in the threepenny ones at the back. The entertainment was uproariously funny. Joe rolled on his seat with laughter, and Jessie wondered why she wasn't enjoying it more. She was used to it now. She had been there three times in six months.

The summer passed. The mill was surely hotter and dustier than it had ever been before. Autumn came, and winter mornings followed. November was here. It was a bleak winter.

Mrs. Alderson, standing at her vaunted washtub had caught a chill, and now lay ill upstairs, and Jessie, who wanted the money badly, was prevented from going to the mill. The chill developed pneumonia. The parish doctor came, and shook his head. The patient's strength must be kept up, and she must be nursed night and day. Jessie did her best, but her resources were weak, and soon all the money was gone. Only the respectable poor know how soon the spectre Want can make his appearance at the door.

The spectre stood inside the Alderson's kitchen now, and Jessie put her head down on the kitchen table and wept out all her despair. The woman up and take away her cure! So the poor commissary bethought him of another plan. "If you regret your conduct I will not bring you before the magistrates." "I have only one regret: that I cannot begin again."

Leave him alone, sighed the perplexed police officer. So they allowed him to go. The faithful pursued the inventory makers with cries and hootings, then they returned to kiss the wounded hands of their pastors."

MARY MAGDALEN THE PENITENT.

FEAST JULY 22.

Very many if not most Catholic dioceses are placed under the patronage of some notable saint. The Cathedral church is named after that saint. In the Salt Lake diocese, St. Mary Magdalen is the patron saint. She is also named as the protector of the great Dominican order. The feast of this converted follower of Jesus, the penitent of Palestine, falls on Saturday July 22.

It is not easy for lay Catholics, even the pious, to remember many persons whom the Church venerates as saints. They may call some names during the recital of the Litany of Saints, but are without knowledge of the merits and sacrifices which led to their sanctification. But every Catholic, ever Christian, every reader of the Bible history has knowledge of the saints who lived while Christ was upon earth and preaching in Judea. Thus we remember Mary the Magdalen.

It is not the personality of the woman so much as it is the salvation through penance that brings the Magdalen so quickly to the mind of the remorseful sinner. If such great mercy and love was shown to the penitent, Jewish concubine, why not to me? If Paradise was opened to the penitent thief on the cross, why not for me? Such are the reflections of the soul burdened with sin. If the concubine and thief found pardon and rest in Jesus, nobody need be damned against his will.

It is easy for the woman without passion to be a model of virtue; and she is always the readiest to cast stones at those of her sex who yield to violent temptation. The Magdalen was one of the fallen. Under the Jewish law, it was a heinous offence—no pardon in life, no hope beyond. If she lived the sinner today that she lived in Judea, the Christian women are few who would give Magdalen shelter and bid her sin no more. It is the way of the world. As it is he who overcometh the flesh and suffers the contumely of men who stands near to God in His kingdom, so do followers of Christ reckon the depth and the cost of the penance that made a saint of a sinner. So is Mary Magdalen condoned in the eyes of such who hold that virtue has merit only when subjected to temptation. So is the person of Christ made more love-

able by his example of forgiveness to Mary Magdalen, and by raising her up to the pinnacle of celestial happiness.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

I. He was born and reared a Catholic but the desire of making money easily crept into his heart. He was not taught a trade as he grew up and he did not like to work. It would be a pity for such a bright handsome fellow as he to go to work anyway, he told himself.

So he set up a low saloon and over its door put the long honorable name of O'Hoolihan, and in a back room he put a number of chairs and tables, and although he didn't care particularly for music, he put a cheap clamorous piano in this sitting room, and hired a cheap, glary-eyed Italian to play it evenings.

And around him, little by little, gathered the vile and the depraved of the city—female birds of prey, gray haired scoundrels, thoughtless girls whose mothers sought victims, and they strayed into that sitting-room and drank in whiskey and beer and wine and absinthe and ratgine; and the money rattled into his till, and his wife wore silks and rode in an automobile, and men said that Michael was getting rich.

II. She was an innocent simpleton. Her parents were Irish and poor, and she toiled in a factory at a wage that was an insult to humanity. She did not like to work and in idle moments often wondered what life was and why so little of jollity fell to her lot.

Fellow working-girls often told her of music and dances and of gay beaux met in quiet evenings, and one night Mike's place and she went into the sitting room and drank of the beer and the wine and the rag-time, and laughed a silvery little laugh and was foolishly happy.

And after that she went again and again, and her mother slept, and her father smoked his pipe by the fireside and talked of the Fenians of old days and Home Rule and the Plas of Cam-paign. He did not know she was at Mike's and one night she disappeared.

III. Michael O'Hoolihan was an Alderman, but he had to die like an ordinary mortal. He had six doctors at his bedside but no priest; and, in spite of the doctors, death struck him over the heart with a black rod, and he ceased to live.

The Great Door swung open a little way and a Shining One looked through his soul and declared sternly: "Through you poor Mary McCarty was brought down to ruin—yes, and through you a thousand souls were lost. Go hence to the place appointed you where there is wailing and torment forever."

And then a Mighty terror seized him and bore him away, and a great gate shut upon him and he began to hear sad cries and pale moans and the thousand bitterly reproaching him, while millions of red demons flew past him laughing at his anguish. And the next day in the land of the living, a bank went crash, and his widow was a pauper. God had avenged the ruin of Mary McCarty, and of the thousand that were lost.—Catholic Sun.

BUT HE DRINKS.

"He is a good salesman, but he drinks," is a statement occasionally heard in these days concerning traveling men. But this is heard much less often than heretofore, however, for the reason that the traveling men of this country are coming to be a class of total abstainers.

"He is a good clerk, but he drinks," is seldom heard in these days. Most merchants will not retain an employee who takes his glass. One of the best merchants in the central part of the State said to the writer not long since, "If one of my clerks was found going into a saloon he would get but one more Saturday night pay envelope."

It is a well known fact that the great mercantile house of Marshall Field of Chicago, a house which numbered its clerks by the thousand, had a standing rule that no clerk would be retained in its employ who either drank liquor or smoked cigarettes. And other concerns of all grades in every section of the country are rapidly following this example.

"He is a good foreman, but he drinks," may be said occasionally, but its frequency is growing less and less. Only a short time since a prominent official in the construction department of one of the Vermont railroads made a change in the foremanship in an important department for the sole reason that the former drank liquor and smoked cigarettes, and the new man did not.

A young graduate of the University of Vermont was put in the place of a skillful and experienced hand at a salary of \$85.00 per month at the start and with a long vista of increase stretching out in the future, for the reason that, having the requisite native ability and acquired training, he was of clean habits while the other was not. The lesson is significant.—Vermont Issue.

A humble heart is always gentle and tractable in its center, even if on the surface it may seem rough, through the surprises of a sharp and peevish temper.—Lacordaire.

Passion empties the heart of man. It takes away what is bad and does not replace what it takes away.—Ernest Hello.

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A STRANGE SUPERSTITION.

A despatch to the Detroit News gives the extraordinary statement from New York under date July 10, that "Mrs. Kitty Tingley, Purple Mother of the Universal Brotherhood Settlement at Point Loma, near San Diego, Cal., has turned from Spiritualism to Theosophy and issues the claim that she is the reincarnation of Madame Blavatsky."

Mrs. Tingley was proclaimed in 1898 at a convention in Chicago, supreme head of the school of Point Loma which unites the teachings of Spiritualism and Theosophy, with power to name her successor. She was appointed to succeed William H. Judge, who was Madame Blavatsky's successor on the death of the latter many years ago, but on this action being taken by Mrs. Tingley's party, Mr. Judge left the association, and Mrs. Tingley was thus enabled to rule the institution arbitrarily.

Our readers are generally aware that Theosophy under Madame Blavatsky's teachings revived the ancient but senseless belief in the transmigration of souls and now, according to the recent despatch her, dog Spots, a spaniel, has been discovered by her to be the reincarnation of the former head of the association, Mr. Judge, who directs her as the present head of the society, and Spots being an infallible guide in directing the administration of the society's affairs. Spots is regarded by Tingley and her followers with an almost godlike veneration.

This form of superstition is derived from Madame Blavatsky's teachings of transmigration of souls, from the Legend of Buddha and the writings of Pythagoras. Madame Blavatsky pretended in her day also to work miracles at will in support of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and Mrs. Tingley has similar pretensions through the operation of the infallible instincts or knowledge of her wonderful dog—but the theosophic dogmas are said to be the product of the combined knowledge of Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, Mrs. Blavatsky and Mrs. Tingley. The teachings of Christ are also blasphemously mixed with these idolatries.

THE BELGIAN ELECTIONS.

A great cry of triumph was raised by the anti Catholic press on both sides of the Atlantic when it was announced that the new French Chamber of Deputies is more anti Catholic than the one which preceded it, and that the "bloody" or the combination of parties who have joined in the effort to destroy the Church of God in France has gained a greater victory than ever.

But the recent elections in Belgium which took place in May have had a very different result. Belgium, though a small kingdom of six million inhabitants, is one among the most contented and progressive nations of the world. Its people are well educated and take a deep interest in the well-being of the State. It passed, a quarter of a century ago, into so called Liberalism, and for nearly a decade was governed by the Liberals, until the people tired of such government, which on the continent means irreligion, and after a sharp contest the Liberal party were decisively beaten, and have spent the last eighteen years in the cool shades of opposition: a situation which they bear with little patience.

The Belgian Chamber of Deputies consists of 166 members and previously to last election, 93 members supported the present Catholic Government: 43 were Liberals, 28 Socialists, and 2 Independents. One of the two last named was a priest, the Abbe Daens, who was not a supporter of the Government and the Catholic party, against which he voted constantly. It will be noticed that the Government had a majority of 20 in a full house.

Of late years the Opposition have been exceedingly bitter and strenuous, all their parties being united on the cry borrowed from the French Socialists and Radicals: "Down with the Clericals;" and during the recent campaign there were noisy socialistic demonstrations on the streets with the red flag flapping in the breeze; and even several churches were sacked in the numerous tumults. Many persons were injured in the rioting. But in the polling, the Catholic party not only held its own, but gained several seats. Of the 85 districts, the Catholics gained 54, the Liberals 20, the Socialists 10, and the Independents 1. The Abbe Daens was among those beaten; the city of Liege gave a majority of 7,007 votes against

him, electing in his stead a straight supporter of the Catholic Government.

This Government will have the good working majority of 24 in the new Chamber, with this additional advantage that they are united and well organized under able leaders. In itself this majority does not seem to us in this country large, but when it is considered that the constituencies have a much larger population than we have in Canada, the majority will be seen to be comparatively great, and it is gratifying to find that the country is pleased with the wise legislation which it has enjoyed during the past eighteen years.

With this example, and these results before them, the Catholics of France ought to be filled with new zeal for the cause of religion, but with the example of the apathy which has been exhibited more and more every year during the past generation, we cannot entertain any very strong hope for a change for the better in the immediate future. The time must come, however, when the people will see the evil results of an irreligious Government, and we may hope they will turn to better things. It may be, indeed, that many of the men who have contributed much towards the present evil situation in France may see the error of their course, and may turn to a better state of mind. We expect much from the increase of zeal on the part of the clergy which will arise out of the present age of persecution. Perhaps it is needful in the designs of Providence that as the present age is culpable before God for the worldliness and avarice which are so prevalent, and the earth and the Church itself needs to be purged by trials and afflictions on its members for the laxity of morals of the present generation.

Whatever may be the cause, true Christians will accept their trials with resignation to God's will, for "many are the afflictions of the just; but out of them all will the Lord deliver them;" and "I will cry to Me and I will hear him; I am with him in tribulation, and I will deliver him, and I will glorify him."

IS THE MINISTRY DISAPPEARING.

At the Presbyterian General Assembly held in London last month, there was general regret expressed that the number of candidates offering themselves for the ministry is growing smaller year after year. And it was asked earnestly, "why is this?"

Several causes were assigned, the general opinion being that the greater attractiveness of lay occupations is the principal cause. Laymen, it was said, are paid better for their work than clergymen, notwithstanding the fact that it is absolutely impossible for young men to become efficient clergymen unless they are highly educated. From this cause alone it will naturally follow that the ministers will become by degrees—and rapid degrees—inefficient, as "the small and utterly inadequate remuneration offered to ministers, leads many prudent young men to hesitate before launching themselves upon a career which gave them no opportunity to provide for old age or their families in later years.

With but limited opportunities of becoming personally acquainted with the clergymen of the Presbyterian and other Churches, we have become acquainted with a remarkably large number of Methodist, and Anglican clergymen of good standing, as well as Presbyterians, who have positively given up the ministry for other occupations, and by the nature of things, this must be the case in a very large number of instances. If fairly good men who have by their lips and perhaps their hearts, devoted themselves for life to God's work thus tire of laboring in the vineyard, how are we to expect that young men who have not yet very deeply meditated the grandeur of the Christian priesthood, so that even when they hear the divine call: "Follow Me," they will "leave all things" as Levi did, and "follow Him," at considerable worldly cost?

By the fact that the general opinion was in this direction we must infer that among these denominations the higher motives for working in God's vineyard are becoming scarce, and we have noticed during the past few years that complaints of the same kind have been numerous in other denominations such as the Methodist and Anglican.

We do not hear any such complaints in reference to the Catholic seminaries, which have been more fruitful than ever during the last few years, and numerous priests have been ordained, learned and zealous young men who, we have no doubt, will do good work in the sacred ministry, and will not abandon their posts, except, perhaps in a few instances where "the son of perdition" has managed like Judas of old to get his name on the roll of honor where it should never have been placed.

Still another suggestion was thrown out, which is described by a listener as startling! It was that the heterodoxy

of the pulpit has created a spirit of doubt and uncertainty in the minds of most of the young men who might otherwise have been relied on to furnish their quota of ministers and ministerial students.

We have already more than once pointed out that this is undoubtedly the case, and this is one of the most cogent of reasons why we very much doubt the efficacy of the almost universal attempt at a reunion of Protestant sects which until now have bitterly maintained against each other their distinctive creeds, so much talked of. They are now in the opposite mood of endeavoring to show that there is at bottom, no difference between them at all, and this may become the real state of the case before the world will be much older. But why? Because the sects shall have thrown overboard the very axis of Christianity, in their anxiety to exhibit themselves as a Church with but one creed which it will be when it comes to have no creed at all.

At the present rate of going it will have no creed and no ministry. And will it continue to progress in the direction of Dr. Torrey's hope in Christ, when there is left no Christ or Redeemer to hope in?

A MANIFESTATION OF INGERSOLLISM.

The curious news is sent by telegraph from Peoria, Ill., that "the citizens" of that city have been very active since the death of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll in raising money enough for the erection of a monument to the memory of that infidel. We presume that it would be more accurate to say "citizens," and not "the citizens" of Peoria are about to do this, as we cannot conceive that such a movement should be in any sense general. There is, we think, too much reverence for religion in Peoria to allow that the people of that city should to any considerable number, show this honor to the dead infidel. Yet it is said that a life size bronze statue to cost \$10,000 has been ordered by the committee who have the affair in hand.

It is not, however, very surprising that some people are so fond of spending money foolishly. The widest possible liberty is accorded to the people of the American States to show their opinions, however extreme they may be, and if there are people foolish enough to spend \$10,000 in raising a monument to Ingersoll, they are, of course, free to do so.

Col. Ingersoll never did anything for either his country or State which should relegate him to a high position among his fellow citizens as a man to whom his country or State or region should be indebted in some specific way and to a great extent. There is however, this is to be said, that considering the many years which have elapsed since Col. Ingersoll's death, his popularity cannot be extremely great if the sum collected for his monument is a measure thereof. There are always enthusiasts and fanatics anxious to show themselves such in any cause, and if the fanaticism of Ingersoll's followers is to be measured by their generosity on the present occasion, we must say the eighty six million of inhabitants of the United States have shown remarkably good sense in not wishing to identify themselves with Ingersollism.

About the only way in which Col. Ingersoll ever benefited his country peculiarly was probably by the essay he wrote in defence of suicide. None but foolish people could be influenced by his arguments on this subject; yet it is certain that he influenced a certain number into thus following him in this; for the publication of his advocacy of suicide was immediately followed by a considerable number of suicides of persons who had the noisy infidel's essay out from newspapers and lying on their tables where they had evidently been studying it.

Admitting for the moment that the principles laid down by the Agnostic cynicisms were correct, and that we have no knowledge of a future life, or of God the rewarder of virtue and the punisher of sin, it follows that suicide and other sins (so termed by all Christians) are acts of folly. From this point of view only, Col. Ingersoll contributed considerably toward diminishing the number of fools on earth and may be considered by cranks as having done so much good.

It is but a few months since a Detroit crank (with an eye to business, however) set up a statue of the devil, with whom he must have had considerable intimacy, if he was able to detect any real resemblance between the image and the real personality represented. When we find that the devil himself has devotees, it is not very surprising that the men who devote themselves while on earth to doing the devil's work should have their worshippers also. It is gratifying, however, that their number is not so great that they are able to do things on the large scale on which such manifestations are usually

done in the great American Republic.

We have not yet heard that infidels in general in this country or anywhere else, have actually taken up the race suicide theory as their own, but it is a sad confession of the hopelessness into which Atheism, Agnosticism and Rationalism have plunged their votaries; whereas they have not yet found an idol even down to this enlightened twentieth century who has made the least progress in giving to mankind some knowledge of the whereabouts of man's existence on earth, whence he comes, whether he is going, and by what means he is to fulfil his destiny. Agnosticism is now an acknowledgment that man is a being absolutely without hope, notwithstanding the wonderful advance which he has made in all the sciences. There is now only one thing left for poor humanity—to acknowledge that with all our wonderful powers, we have no creator, no hope for the future but the nothingness of existence, and of all the aspirations of the human race towards happiness. This is the final message which Col. Robert Ingersoll sends us from the grave, and which is accepted by the infidels of Peoria who aim at perpetuating by the proposed bronze statue the belief that all the faculties of man were made only nothingness and destruction. Ingersollism with its suicide and total darkness as to man's future and past, is the most forlorn form of utter hopelessness which even the darkness of paganism has thrown as a pall over humanity.

THE TRUE CHURCH.

ONE, HOLY, CATHOLIC, APOSTOLIC, REV. CHARLES COPPENS, S. J., CONCISELY PROVES THE DIVINE MARKS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME—CHARGES AGAINST THE CHURCH.

Writing to the Ashland Gazette, of Nebraska, Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J., gives briefly the reasons why the Catholic Church is the true Church of Christ. Father Coppens writes in part as follows:

My first reason is taken from the very name "Catholic," which means that this religion is spread over the whole earth. Christ certainly intended His religion to extend to all nations, for He said to His Apostles: "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." (Mark xvi. 15); and again: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations." He promised that He would help them in doing so till the end of time; for He added: "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.)

In which Church are these words of Christ verified? In the Catholic Church alone. For, besides the fact that the Protestant claimants did not appear for fifteen centuries, she counts today, even according to the Protestant Prof. Katzenbach in the real encyclopaedia, two hundred and sixty millions of members, who are scattered over all the earth, while he claims only one hundred and eighty millions for all the Protestant sects together. It must be remembered that Protestantism is not one religion, and does not claim to be one; but it is an aggregation of over three hundred different religions, each of which is usually confined to a small portion of the human race.

The second mark by which I recognize the Catholic Church as the true religion of Christ is its "Apostolicity," its direct descent from the Apostles, from whom it has come down in an unbroken succession, which cannot be said of any other church. Every one of the Protestant sects had its beginning more than fifteen centuries later. We know the Founder of earth and the date and place of its commencement; while for the Catholic Church we know that its first head was the Apostle Peter, appointed by Christ Himself. Peter was succeeded by Linus by Cletus, Cletus by Clement, and so on through a line of nearly two hundred and seventy Pontiffs, down to the present Pope Pius X. We know when each died or resigned; and we have testimonies throughout the ages that they were acknowledged by the successors of St. Peter in the See of Rome.

The Creed drawn up in the first General Council, which met at Nice, A. D. 325, says: "I believe in the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church." I have so far shown that the Catholic Church has the last two; now for the first two, unity and holiness. Protestantism, as remarked above, is not one religion, but an aggregation of many religions, different in worship, in doctrine, in government, and independent of one another. Many of these sects are even divided with themselves: for instance, the Church of England embraces at least three very different beliefs, comprising the High, the Low, and the Broad Church.

The Catholic Church, on the contrary, evidently bears the mark of unity. It is one in faith, one in worship, one in government, one in the intercourse of all its members. For its one head, the Sovereign Pontiff, the Vicar of Christ, is the only shepherd on earth, who leads the entire flock and regulates all matters within the fold. This is fulfilled in the promise of Christ: "There shall be one fold and one shepherd." (John x. 16) He entrusted this one flock to Peter, saying to Him: "Feed My lambs—feed My sheep." (John xvi. 17); and the successors of Peter have been continuing the work for nineteen centuries. Christ had predicted this unity by comparing the Church which He was to found to a kingdom, a city, a household, an edifice built on a rock; all which things have unity. The rock betokened the strength and permanence

of His Church: in fact He added that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. He said Peter was the rock (Matt. xvi. 18); and he purposely changed his name to remind all future generations of this purpose. In reality Peter by his line of successors has been the strength and bond of unity for the Church throughout the ages till the present day.

The fourth mark of the true Church is Holiness or Sanctity. Christ certainly founded His religion in order to sanctify the souls of men; Holy Spirit, promised to give to it His holiness, like a brilliant light, was not hidden under a bushel, but to shine forth in the eyes of the world at large. For this purpose it is not necessary that all its members should be always holy. In fact He allowed the traitor Judas to be one of His Apostles, and Peter himself to fall shamefully. So throughout the ages till now.

With all this allowance for human weakness and depravity, the supernatural sanctity of the Church is conspicuous in many ways. First, by the lofty plan of morality which she ever upholds in her teachings. See how she protects the sanctity of marriage, which she declares to be a holy sacrament, that the powers of earth cannot control. She forbids divorce, and firmly refused to allow such abuses to kings and princesses as well as to the common people.

Meanwhile to exalt the love and practice of chastity, she proposes to her children the models of Jesus and Mary, His Virgin Mother. Hence the celibacy of her clergy and the stainless purity of her religious. Her charity shines forth as well in the heroic charity of her priests and religious as in the sickbed of the plague stricken and the dying.

It also shines forth with undimmed brilliancy in the many miracles which God has wrought in her behalf in every age. God alone can work a miracle, and He cannot work any in behalf of a false religion. Christ foretold that His followers should work miracles; for He said: "He that believeth in Me, the works that I do he shall do, and greater than these shall he do" (John xiv. 12). In our own day the miraculous cures yearly performed at Lourdes, in France, invite the criticism of the world. If there were an imposture, it would have been exploded long ago. It is only one example out of the many. Many Christians remain blind to all such proofs, just as most Jews remained blind to the miracles of Christ, and rather than believe in Him, they cried out: "Away with Him." They brought false charges against Him, and so men do now against His true Church. Christ foretold all this, saying: "If they have called the Good Man of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of His household?" (Matt. x. 25.)

Charges against the Catholic Church are plentiful; even many good men and women have drunk in hatred of her with their mother's milk. And yet there is ever flowing into her domain a stream of converts from the most intellectual and most learned classes of society, men like Cardinals Newman and Manning, the Protestant Bishop Ives and Orestes A. Brownson, Fathers Rivington and Bonson, of the Rivington and Bonson, of Canterbury and late Archbishop of other distinguished clergy, thousands of other distinguished clergymen, writers, and leaders of thought in England, America, Germany and other lands. Why do such converts come to us except because the Catholic religion is the true Church of Christ?

EVILS OF MIXED MARRIAGES.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP COLTON'S ADVICE ON A MOST IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

In the matter of settling in life—should be done early—it is of the greatest importance that the man and woman be of the one religious belief. Catholic should marry a Catholic. Mixed marriages are looked upon with disfavor by the Church, and when she permits her priests to perform them for grave reasons, it is always with sorrow and regret.

The decrees of the last General Council of the Bishops in this country held at Baltimore in 1854, it is said that the marrying of Catholics to those not of their faith should be discouraged, and young people should be instructed to give up keeping company with non-Catholics, unless it be that he or she showed a disposition to join the Church, and for this reason had begun to take instruction from a Catholic priest. This well known teaching is forgotten or goes unheeded by many of the Church's children. They put little value on the admonition and keep company with non-Catholics, notwithstanding the Church's displeasure; enter into engagement of marriage, take neither counsel nor advice of their spiritual fathers, and finally present themselves to them and ask them to do what they do not like to do, namely marry them to one not of the faith.

Mixed marriages are not to be entered into by Catholics for many reasons. The religion of the Catholic party is endangered. It is always happened and sometimes prohibited altogether. Husband and wife, on all things of the greatest importance, are disinclined to the most important of all things, namely, religion, and the things pertaining to eternal salvation. When children are born to them the same disunion in religion works still greater evils. The Catholic has to do his or her part single-handed, and if no promises have been signed by the non-Catholic, as to the offspring before baptized and brought up as Catholics, or if indeed, he be not lived up to hard, indeed, is the lot of the children. They will then be brought up in an indifferent way in the all-important matter of religion. The worst in this case is the example they lack of a Catholic father, or still worse, of a Catholic mother, by whom they are to be practically taught the true faith from the observance they evil stop here, for with time this disunion in religion brings disunion in most everything else.

The family grows apart. Although of the one flesh and blood, there being

no religious bond, the human tie weakens with time and in many cases severs, and separation ensues. Henceforth the parties go their own way, likely never to know reunion here on earth, and without hope or thought of any such reunion in after life.

How different is the family in this case from what God, Who instituted it, intended! In the divine plan the father and mother are helped to bear their burdens by the consolations of religion and the strength of God's grace, and the children are united to their parents, and to one another by the same means, and all in the home are united in loving and serving God, and in loving and helping each other. This can only be the case when father, mother and children are a unit in religious observance and family affection. When a man and woman have not the one religion and marry, they may be said, as far as the purposes of a family go and the making of a religious life, which should be the characteristic of the home to promote peace and happiness there, to be unfitted for the task, and they make a failure of it. A Catholic and a non-Catholic entered into matrimony are only half married, we may say, and their children are only half fathered or half mothered, as far as the purposes of the married state implies. While the case of the man and woman is a deplorable one, it is ten times more deplorable in the case of their children, for they have not all the help which they need to grow in the knowledge and practice of the faith, if, as in some cases, they be not deprived of them altogether. They are not in a Catholic atmosphere, but in one that is vitiated by religious indifference and sometimes by infidelity. Will it be any wonder if children so reared have little if any faith and in time fall away altogether?

There are some cases, we must acknowledge, where the conversion of the non-Catholic party has followed after marriage, but it is the exception to the rule, and generally occurs so long after marriage, say in old age or on a death bed, that it counts for little, save for the individual's self. A hundred cases can be cited where no conversion took place though many cases the Catholic party was all that husband or wife should be. Their piety and devotion were all lost as far as bringing their non-Catholic partner into the true faith was concerned.

The voice of the Council should be heeded and Catholics should not engage themselves to marry non-Catholics; and to forestall this, occurring they should avoid such company keeping. If a Catholic wishes to marry a non-Catholic, he or she should tell such a one to go first and receive instruction in the Catholic religion and, after joining the faith, that then it will be time enough to keep each other's company with a view to matrimony. Moreover, God has His rights as well as men and women, and those rights ought not to be taken from Him. Who knows but what it may happen again, as it happened before, that one such receiving the light of faith, may be called by Him to serve Him in the religious state, rather than in matrimony? But, be this as it may, it is all important that the non-Catholic suitor should be told to go and receive instruction in the faith and become a Catholic, not for marriage, but for faith's sake; for conversion after marriage is comparatively rare than most people think, and mixed marriages generally do not turn out well.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

ARE AMERICANS GOING MAD?

Bishop Hoban of Scranton addressed the students at the commencement exercises of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., and among many things said: "We are becoming more mad in commerce, more mad in politics, more mad in social life. We are becoming too much engrossed in material success and in the sensual pleasures to be obtained by wealth; we are developing a aristocracy of money instead of an aristocracy of virtue and intellect, and we are in danger of permitting success, like charity to cover a multitude of sins. But within the last few years the revelations of various committees on investigation, both political and commercial, have made manifest the fact that something more than mere knowledge of the head and skill of the hand is required for the real progress of our commonwealth and the permanency of our political entity. We stand amazed that we, the sharpest people on earth, have been deceived by sharpers; that many of our captains of commerce have been dupes on the sea of business and that many of our political leaders are tricksters, bootlers and grafters, while statesmanship for certain politicians is merely the ability to direct the powers and resources of the state to one's own personal profit."

Sisters Graduate As Nurses.

At St. Joseph's Hospital, San Diego, Cal., ten Sisters of Mercy received their diplomas as trained nurses, from the Right Rev. Bishop Conaty, in the presence of the mayor, a number of priests, and business and professional men. In his address, the mayor expressed the high opinion he entertains of the Sisters, who whenever there is a calamity, are always foremost in the work of relief. The graduating class was composed of the following named Sisters: Sister Mary Gabriel, Sister Mary de Parz, Sister Mary Evangelist, Sister Mary Genevieve, Sister Mary Angela, Sister Mary Regis, Sister Mary Xavier, Sister Mary Camillus, Sister Mary Agnes, Sister Mary Seraphine.

"The Catholic missionaries are men of faith so strong and conscience so firm that we can truly style them heroes of a valor from which soldiers, courageous though they be, are as different as the earth is from the sky. Turkey, India, China and South America, and I have never found one who did not respond to the sublime exhortations of hisvocation." —Baron B. Krieglstein.

THE TREASURES IN A CATHOLIC CHURCH.

NOTABLE SERMON PREACHED BY REV. J. A. MCCALLEN, S. S., AT THE CONSECRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S MONTREAL.

Montreal, June 20. To-day Montreal witnessed a notable ceremony—the consecration of St. Patrick's, the venerable mother church of the English speaking Catholics of the city—and heard a notable sermon. Opened for divine service in 1847, \$125,000 had been spent in its erection, more than that sum has since been expended in the improvement and decoration of St. Patrick's during the last ten years alone the outlay has been \$60,000, and to-day's imposing ceremony in the debt-free edifice was a most joyful character. The ceremony of consecration was performed by Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi, D. D., Archbishop of Montreal, who celebrated Mass afterwards. Present were Most Rev. Charles H. Gauthier, D. D., Archbishop of Kingston; Right Rev. Z. Macleod, V. G., Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal, about one hundred priests of the diocese and a number from the United States. The sermon was preached at the evening service, when Archbishop Gauthier officiated at solemn Benediction. The preacher was Rev. J. A. McCallen, S. S., of St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore.

GOD'S HOME AMONG MEN. The preacher's text was from Ezekiel xxxviii, 27, 28: "My tabernacle will be with them, and I will be their God and they shall be My people; and the nations shall know that I am the Lord the Sanctifier of Israel, when My tabernacle shall be in the midst of them forever."

After a brief but eloquent tribute to the past and present glories of the venerable Church of St. Patrick, and to the noble priest who had served it so faithfully, the preacher said in part: "What means this newly consecrated church? For what does it stand? What lesson does it teach to men both within and without the fold? To you, brethren, it means more than a simple meeting place, as any hall might be, in which to gather for prayer and the hearing of God Himself. It is the very house of God Himself. It is the abode of His Real Presence. It is the temple of Divine worship. It is the altar of sacrifice and God's home among men."

This is not the time for a dogmatic explanation of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ, proved as it is by so many irrefragable arguments from Scripture, tradition and the fact that it is admitted by all eastern sects, who though they separated centuries ago, and still reject the doctrine of the Real Presence, both sacrifice and sacrament. These proofs, spread out over the pages of our doctrinal works, can be had for the asking.

What is more practical for you is to appreciate the treasure which you possess; to rejoice on this day that the Divine Presence sanctifies all who worship therein; that you have your God near you; that you can offer to Him a real sacrifice, the only worship truly worthy of Him, and at the same time the very essence of true religion. What a tremendous sacrifice is that of the Mass! It is no other than the self-same sacrifice once offered by Jesus Christ on Calvary for the redemption of the world and perpetuated all time through the ministry of priests in the daily sacrifice of our altars. "From the rising of the sun to the going thereof My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation." (Malachi i, 11.)

What glory is thus given to God! What endless acts of adoration of His Deity are made by men! How superabundant merits are applied to individual souls! As a sacrament, what a source of life, strength, sanctity and salvation for all who worthily enter into such close communion with Christ! "The bread which I shall give you is My flesh for the life of the world." (St. John vi, 52.) "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me and I in him." (v. 57.) "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood you shall not have life in you." (v. 54.) "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood shall have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." (v. 55.)

THEY BUILD A HOUSE FOR GOD. But does the Church teach any lesson to men outside her fold? She does. She solves many problems which perplex them greatly. They know that as a rule we are not wealthy. Why, then do Catholics build such costly churches? Because they build not a house for man, but for God.

Let non-Catholics admit the Real Presence, and they will understand why we call to the world that all that is highest and best in architectural talent, all that is richest in building materials; all that is most beautiful in art painting, sculpture for adornment, and then have but one regret left, that our poverty does not allow us to go farther. Thus one problem is solved which causes perplexity to those outside the fold. A house is built for Christ our Lord really present in our tabernacles.

The Real Presence explains why our church doors are always open. Ours is not the religion of a day or of a few days in the week, but of every day of our lives. Hence it is that when choir is silent, organ hushed, pulpit vacant, and priest absent at the bedside of some dying Christian, or elsewhere engaged in the affairs of the Father's house, one never enters a Catholic church without finding devout souls kneeling in adoration of the God of the Eucharist. They are there to seek light from the Divine Author and consolation to their troubled breasts from the loving Sacred Heart, which beats for men within His holy tabernacle on earth. The Divine Presence likewise explains why in rain, storm, cold, heat, thousands of devout Catholics, seek the church to assist at

Mass, the adorable Sacrifice of our altars.

GOD'S MERCY SEAT. In the church, too, is found the sacred tribunal of penance, God's mercy seat to all repentant sinners, who, regretting their past iniquities, promising to repair the injuries which their sins may have caused to others and resolving to lead a better life, are absolved by the minister of Christ, in the name and by the authority of Him Who said: "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." (St. John xx, 23.)

At this mercy seat of God must all Catholics kneel, from the Pope on his throne to the little child just learning to distinguish between good and evil, and henceforth responsible to God for his thoughts, words, and actions. What explanation can be given for such a ready acceptance of penance as a sacrament which forgives sin? Simply this: Christ so ordained. Men may prefer some other mode of reconciliation with an offended Deity, but He who paid the price of our redemption in His Blood has reserved to Himself the right to decide how the merits of that redemption are to be applied to individual souls. He has decided and we accept the decision: "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." Oh! if men outside the Church only knew the peace, the calm, the strength, the happiness, the consolation which comes from a true confession well made, how bitterly they would accuse those who robbed them of the means of reconciliation with their Maker!

How many reasons are there not, especially in these our days, to speak at length of that other treasure of God's Church, matrimony, Christian marriage! For the sake of brevity, however, let one sentence suffice.

The Catholic Church to-day is the only power which stands forth as the champion of the unity, sanctity, and indissolubility of Christian marriage; the only church which safeguards fidelity of husband and wife; the only Church which protects the rights of innocent children to a mother's and father's love and care; the only Church which effectually denounces race suicide; the only Church which holds aloft the standard of Christ against divorce. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." (St. Matthew xix, 6.) and the only Church whose members at least heed her voice in a matter which means the uplifting or degradation of the family, the salvation or ruin of all society.

THE CHAIR OF TRUTH. Finally (for it is simply impossible in one sermon even to enumerate the treasures contained in a Catholic Church), she is the chair of truth. From altar and from pulpit the Holy Gospel is preached (not a part of it, but all of it), its heavenly doctrines, its moral evangelical counsels, its warnings, its exhortations, its promises, its rewards, and to those who heed not Christ's blessed word, its punishments.

Dear brethren, it is God's word you hear from the pulpit—the ever-changing fancies, opinions and interchanging tenets of men; not the contrary tenets of conflicting sects; not the repeated revisions of their many creeds. What Christ taught as Divine Truth in the first century does not cease to be the same truth or need revision in the twentieth.

How surpassing strange it is that so many men outside the Church, good men, too, with strong religious instincts, willingly equal, teaching human science, while they absolutely refuse to listen to the Supreme Being teaching the only absolutely necessary science, Divine Truth, through His mouthpiece on earth, the Catholic Church. They believe men infallible like themselves, as they seek knowledge or counsel from the astronomer, the mathematician, the physician, the lawyer, the scientist; and they will not heed the infallible Church which Christ promised would never lead men into error.

What can be the reason for such glaring inconsistency? Have the warning, self-contradicting and constantly increasing number of sects made them sceptical of all religious truth? Have anti-Catholic prejudices been gotten of early education and nurtured during a lifetime by reiterated calumnies (which no fair man should accept) so warped their judgment that they are unable to distinguish the true from the false, the Divine from the human, the Church of the Living God from the sects who have cast off her authority?

THE FALSE VIEW OF THE CHURCH. I think, dear brethren, another explanation may be found, another explanation to accept Catholic truth. It is this: They seem unable to get beyond the human, and therefore false view of the Church. They acknowledge without difficulty that she is a wonderful institution; are loud in their praise of her powerful influence for good over the minds and hearts of her people; acknowledge the debt which the civilized world owes her for beneficent, and stand astounded at its conferred, and stand astounded at the youthful vigor by which she has always displayed; but they ascribe all her success to human policy, self-adaptation to man's needs, admirable administrative ability, etc.

Why do they not honestly seek the true reason by acknowledging the Divine action of the Spirit of God, Who dwells in her? Why do they not accept this, the sufficient and at the same time sole cause and explanation of the wonders which they admit, admire and praise? I have conversed time and again with such men here in this city and everywhere else I have been, and in all their conversations about the Church I never failed to notice that the trend of their thoughts was always the same—human.

They always stopped short at the one sole explanation of the Church's influence and of her very existence—the Divine action and sustaining authority of Christ, the Founder.

With the great Presbyterian historian, Macaulay, these men seek, as he sought, a human explanation of the

Church's influence in the world, and as he failed they fail to find one that is acceptable. They acknowledge with regret that no other institution is left standing "which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, when came leopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheater. They confess with him that "the proudest triumphal arches of Rome, the triumphal columns and the long line of Supreme Pontiffs," and they trace that line back through the ages to Peter, but stop there, forgetting that Peter was chosen by Christ, and that Christ is God. Like Macaulay they acknowledge that "the Papacy remains, remains not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and vigor, and that there is no sign which indicates that the term of the Church's long dominion is approaching. All this they admit, all that they admire and praise, and then with a flourish of rhetoric they ascribe it all to wonderful human policy.

THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST. But let me ask one question. Were there not strong and remarkably able men at the head of the human dynasties and governments which have appeared in the world, prospered for a while and then disappeared? Was there not often a long line of brilliant, clever, able statesmen to uphold both dynasties and governments? Had they not at their feet powerful standing armies and efficient navies? Why, then, as Macaulay admits, did they disintegrate, crumble to pieces and disappear? Ah! brethren, they were human. They disappeared because they were from man. The Catholic Church falls not, falls not, for she is "the spouse of Christ," and Christ is God. The Papacy remains because to the first Pope, St. Peter, Christ, Eternal Truth, said: "Thou art a rock, and on thee, a rock, I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

The Church remains because she is the Divine promise that the Holy Ghost will dwell in her forever. "Behold, I am with you all days to the consummation of the world." Time and again has the world tried to effect a compromise with the Church. Time and again have men, resenting her influence sought to have her change and adapt herself to modern thought. "Give up your Real Presence," they said: "do away with your confessional; at least cast aside your infallibility, and all Christendom will flock to your standards." Her answer always been: "Non possumus." "I cannot." Alas! the non-Catholic mind never seems able to get rid of the common, contracted, human view of Christ's one true Church. The Pope can no more change its truth nor make the desired compromise that I can. The Church is not a corporation, whose members get together and say "We revise our creed to suit the present age." It is not a government which by a vote of the majority can decide that its truth of Christ is to be given up, that other modified and a third exchanged. God cannot be false to His promises and truth does not change.

A DEADLY SIN ALL DISAVOW.

ENVY, WHICH IS AT THE BOTTOM OF MOST OF OUR SUFFERING AND CARING AND FAULT FINDING.

Genuine self-knowledge is so rare and thorough, self-deceit so common that a few men and women go through life with scarcely a suspicion, and never an avowal, that they are at all mean and little as their words and actions frequently proclaim them. Such people listen more or less attentively to the preacher as he constructs a moral case which fits them perfectly; but instead of wearing it themselves in all humility, they complacently consider how extremely well it is adapted to the heads of some dozen occupants of the pews. They leisurely read a picture in which they themselves are portrayed to the very life, and recognized at a glance by all who know them; but they see nothing familiar in the most prominent features, and would indignantly deny that the character so truthfully depicted bears any resemblance to their own. If you speak into the recorder of a phonograph, and then listen to a reproduction of your record, you will discover that while your friends and acquaintances sound quite strange and unfamiliar to yourself; and many of us know still less about our actual characters than about our real voices.

Does anyone, for instance ever candidly admit that he is given to envy? Do we ever, outside of the confessional, or sufficiently often even there, acknowledge that the success, the prosperity, the superiority of another excites within us a feeling of uneasiness and discontent, accompanied by a desire to listen to the person in question? Are we not all willing to subscribe to the verdict in which the world's theologians and moralists and sages and poets have always concurred; that envy thrives only in a low, mean ungenerous nature; that it is a sin peculiarly devilish in its malice, and deadly in its effects, the most that it is, without any admittance, unprofitable of all sins, utterly sterile, and its own abundant punishment? Of course we are.

In envy in the abstract, or even the concrete, envious in the persons of our neighbors, we are quite ready to denounce with withering severity, to condemn as scathingly as the most rigorous moralist of them all. We agree with Basnel that "envy is only a malignant selfish hunger, casting its evil eye on the elevation of supposed happiness of others," and with Thompson that "Base envy wishes at another's joy and hates that which excellence it cannot reach."

We quote approvingly from the Book of Wisdom: "By the envy of the devil death came into the world," and are willing to ask in general terms to be delivered "from envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness." We admit the truth of this paragraph from character: "It is only the small and essentially mean nature that finds pleasure

in the disappointment, and annoyance at the success of others. There are, unhappily for themselves, persons so constituted that they have not the heart to be generous. . . . People of this sort often come to regard the success of others, even in a good work, as a kind of personal offence. They cannot bear to hear another praised, especially if he belong to their own art, or calling, or profession. They will pardon a man's failures, but cannot forgive his doing a thing better than they can do, and where they themselves have failed, they are found to be the most merciless of detractors. The sour critic thinks of his rival:

"When heaven with such parts has blest him, Have I not reason to dishonour him? Yes; envy in itself, or envy in others we stigmatize as base. The misfortune is that when the contemptible passion invades our own heart, we utterly refuse to acknowledge its presence, or we persistently call it by some other name. We may avow, of course, our being grieved that the success achieved by a friend or acquaintance may have a tendency to make him proud; that the praise lavished upon him may swell his vanity to undue proportions; that his being so much in the public eye may ultimately result in his being won by some unworthy sacrifice of principle; that the office he has attained is beyond his ability worthily to fill—but he is basking in sunshine while we are kept comparatively in the shade! I persist in the thought: We scorn such mean aims! What humbugging hypocrites these of us are, and how rarely in this matter of envy do we succeed in deceiving anyone but ourselves!

As brotherly love or fraternal charity is the virtue directly opposed to this brightening voice of envy, the surest guarantee that our hearts are actually as free from the vice as we should like to believe them, is the uniform relative to the merit of our discourse may generally be supposed most likely to inspire us with the unworthy sentiment. If we find genuine relief and consolation in dwelling upon their shortcomings and defects rather than on their good points and excellencies, we may rest assured that despite all our protestations to the contrary, we are a prey to envy, and less generous than mean, less noble than base. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and out of the evil heart, in particular, proceed the vain praise, the qualified approval, the exaggerated censure, the sneering, the disparaging comments, the extravagant blame, the insinuations and the downright calumny that such have in Christian charity, and outrage that Divine Master Who said to His disciples at that time: "By this shall men know that ye are My followers, in that you love one another."—The Voice.

ST. MAGDALEN.

FEAST 22ND JULY.

We cannot admire too much the great mercy of the Son of God towards Magdalen. The latter had sinned deeply and Jesus on account of her great faults, had compassion on her; His grace sought her amidst her wanderings from the right path as the Good Shepherd seeks the lamb that has left the fold; He called her and she came. How worthy is such an admiration, of all our praise, to praise God's tenderness for such sinners and let us at the same time, congratulate Magdalen upon her docility to the grace that called her.

ST. MAGDALEN'S LOVE FOR JESUS WAS EAGER FOR SACRIFICE.

As soon as the first rays of light enlightened Magdalen's mind and showed her, in Jesus, her Savior and her God, she eagerly set out to seek Him. She learned that He was at the house of Simon, the Pharisee. She did not wait until He could come out and she could speak to Him privately. She could not bear to remain another moment in a state of sin nor endure the reproaches of her God. Without object of disregarding human respect, she rose; love seemed to give her wings and she flew to the house of Simon the Pharisee, carrying an alabaster vase full of exquisite perfumes originally destined to satisfy her sensuality. She fell at the Savior's feet, broke the vase and poured the perfume over the sacred feet of Jesus; she wiped them with her hair and kissed them with respect, thereby sacrificing at once her vanity of her hair and her sensuality, and the delicacies of her sensuality. She was still in the flower of youth, her years were spent happily, according to the world, amidst all that could please and amuse; that could make life charming, flatter the senses, self-love and desire for pleasure. But none of these things stopped her; she swore to herself to divorce from the world, in order to attach herself to Jesus, to order to that to Jesus with all her heart and, to that end, she hesitated at nothing. A few days later, eager to make all the sacrifices led by grace, to make all the sacrifices God asks of us, without ever hesitating on account of some human consideration of the repugnance of nature, of self-love, of what people may say? Alas! what

delays, what resistance! Let us humble and convert ourselves!

ST. MAGDALEN'S LOVE FOR JESUS WAS HUMBLE.

Magdalen did not glorify herself on account of Jesus' kindness to her; she did not think more of herself because she was more loved, because she was converted and loved more. She humbled herself more and more in abject opinion of herself; she lamented because she had learned so late to love a God so lovable; she despised herself and accepted the contempt of all as if it were due to her. She knew that the fact of her going to Simon the Pharisee in the presence of a numerous and brilliant gathering, would call down on her the censure of all the guests, make her an object of public ridicule and the talk of all Judea. No matter! She can never have enough confusion, enough contempt. On entering Simon's house, she bowed not face to face for she deems herself unworthy to so look upon him; she keeps her head down and kisses, not his adorable face, but his sacred feet; she bathes them with her tears, bitterly repenting her past life, and she weeps. Happy tears which extinguish the fire of concupiscence in her, which wash out her sins, drive away the devil and gladden the heart. Let us learn from this the humiliation and confusion that should always accompany our love. Let us learn to be content to be at the feet of Jesus, overwhelmed by the feeling of our littleness and unworthiness, and not let our ambitions of having the extraordinary graces God sometimes gives to noble souls. It should suffice us that we be endeared to His presence without being raised up to the delicious consolation and holy joys of His divine Spirit.

ST. MAGDALEN'S LOVE FOR JESUS WAS GENEROUS.

Possessed by the love of her good Master she followed Him as well as she could during His apostolic journeys in order to hear the instructions that fell from His adorable lips and to serve Him in all His needs. When the divine Savior came to her house in Bethany, she could think of Him only, and kneeling before Him, she contemplated and listened to Him; He was everything to her heart. When, during the Passion He was raised up on the cross, she was there with the Blessed Virgin to comfort and fortify her; she did not defend and intrepidly brave the mockery and insult of all the people. When He breathed His last, she sought perfumes to embalm His body, and so eager was she to perform that pious duty that she went to the tomb at dawn. The apostles came in their turn and, not finding Jesus, they went away, but Mary Magdalen remained; love kept her there and, beyond all consolation, she called upon men and angels for her good Master. "My Master has been taken away," she said, "Till me, where He is laid and I will take Him away!" She is laid and she is more generous? At last, Jesus appears to her; she casts herself at His feet and will not leave Him; but Jesus tells her to go and announce His resurrection to the apostles and she sacrifices the sweetness of that interview to obedience. After Pentecost, her generous love towards Christ, she goes with Lazarus, her brother, and Martha, her sister, to evangelize Gaul; she evangelizes by her words and still more by her example, leading a life of mortification and penance, sleeping on the ground, spending a portion of her nights in prayer and having no other abode than a grotto in the rock, known to this day by the name of Holy Balm. May so generous a love confound our selfishness, which wishes, without ever ceasing, to live at ease and never to be inconvenienced. Such is not love.

IN SUMMER DAYS.

Just because it is summer, and the season for excursions and vacations, it should not be imagined that the Ten Commandments have been lost their force. Our moral and ethical standards do not vary according to the season, and we have not one set of rules for winter and another and a much lower set for summer. The story about the little girl who said "Good-by, God, we're going to the country," has a great deal in it. It is not merely a passing witticism; it may so easily be a flash of an angelic mind which is not confined exclusively to little girls but which may be found unhappily among older people. "True, those who have arrived at what may well be called the age of discretion do not bid good-by so publicly and flatly to their Creator when going away for the summer, but their actions show most assuredly that they have cut adrift from the moorings which held them securely at home.—Sacred Heart Review.

GIVES HOME TO NUNS.

The current San Francisco Monitor says that Most Archbishop Riordan has turned over his house at Fulton and Steiner streets to the Presentation Nuns whose institutions at Taylor and Ellis streets, and at Powell street, and at Powell street were swept away by the fire. His Grace has leased a small place at San Mateo and will remain there until such time as his home in the city is available for his use. He goes back and forth by train almost daily and the business of the diocese is conducted as usual at the diocesan office, No 1100 Franklin street.

The Sisters who suffered such a heavy loss by the late catastrophe are deeply thoughtful of the Archbishop's thoughtful consideration in providing them a temporary home under his own roof. The house is new and the interior has been rearranged to meet the requirements of an improvised convent. Beyond the breaking of the chimneys, the Archbishop's residence passed through the earthquake unscathed, and by placing it at the disposal of the nearly one hundred Sisters rendered homeless by the calamity which razed the greater part of the city, His Grace kindly solved a very serious problem confronting these religious.

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SIXTEENTH ANNUAL PILGRIM-AGE

TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE, TUESDAY, JULY 21st—ITINERARY OF SPECIAL TRAINS.

The Ontario Pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre will take place (this year) on Tuesday, July 24th and will reach the Shrine on Wednesday, 25th, eve of the Feast Day of the Mother of the Blessed Virgin. Excursion rates will prevail at all stations of the G. T. R. from Whitby, Lindsay, Peterborough, Haliburton, Mariposa and all points east thereof, as far as Aultsville and at all stations of the C. P. R. from Myrtle and all points east thereof, including Peterborough, Perth, Manotick, Stittsville, Carleton Place, Brockville, Prescott, Smith's Falls, as far as Chesterville, included. Passengers Chesterville, Haliburton, and those from Lindsay, will board special train with special at Port Hope, and those from Mariposa, etc., will board special at Whitby Junction. Pilgrims from Toronto, London, Hamilton, and other points in Western Ontario will leave Toronto on Tuesday morning by regular Montreal express trains, procure regular return tickets as far as Whitby or Myrtle stations on the main lines of the G. T. R. and C. P. R. a short distance east of Toronto, purchase pilgrimage tickets at either of those stations at a cost of \$8.00 from Whitby, and \$8 from Myrtle, and then take special trains which will be awaiting them and proceed to St. Anne de Beaupre, which shall be reached at 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning.

Exceptionally low rates will prevail at all stations throughout the Eastern part of the province, and tickets will be good only on the special train going, but valid on any regular train returning up to and including Tuesday, July 31st. This means that pilgrims can leave Quebec city by the night trains of Tuesday, July 31st, and Montreal by the morning trains of August 1st; but if a stop-over at Quebec or Montreal be desired, it must be so timed as to leave Montreal for a continuous journey home not later than the morning of Wednesday, August 1st. The pilgrimage will be under the patronage of His Grace, The Most Rev. C. H. Gauthier, D. D., Archbishop of Kingston and will be directed by the Rev. Father O'Gorman, Gananoque, who will give any further necessary information to intending pilgrims. Dining cars will be attached to the C. P. R. special, in which meals may be procured on the journey, and which will be good for the nominal sum of 25 cents per meal. C. P. R. sleepers and first class coaches will be conveniently placed on the track near the Basilica, and will be at the disposal of the Ontario Pilgrims. There will be no charge for the use of the first-class coaches on Wednesday night. Pilgrims from Toronto via Grand Trunk must take the 7:45 a. m. Montreal Express and await Pilgrimage Special at Whitby Jet, until 1 p. m. The 9:15 a. m. C. P. R. Montreal Express will make immediate connection with C. P. R. Pilgrimage Special at Myrtle. 1417 3

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Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Seventh Sunday after Pentecost. THE LAST SIN.

For the wages of sin is death; but the grace of God, life everlasting in Christ Jesus our Lord. (From this Sunday's Epistle.)

This is not the only place in Holy Writ, my brethren, where eternal life and death are set before us as the wages we shall some day be paid. The word of God frequently admonishes us of the choice we are compelled to make between eternal sorrow and eternal joy and for this most evident reason: we are always actually engaged in making the choice. The very essence of our merit hereafter will be that we shall have freely and deliberately chosen Almighty God and His friendship, in preference to any and everything beside. And the reason, and the only reason, why a man will lose his soul will be because he committed mortal sin and died unrepentant—that is to say, choosing to love what God bids him hate. What we call the choice between virtue and vice St. Paul calls the choice between life and death. And with that choice we are constantly confronted. Not that we always realize it, nor do I mean to say that the first time one grievously offends God he settles his fate eternally; but that each mortal sin really earns the wages of eternal death, and only the blessed mercy of God saves us from our deserved punishment. And furthermore, it is some mortal sin or other that at last breaks down God's patience. If at any particular occasion He does not see fit to take us at our word, so to speak, and leave us forever in that state of enmity that we have chosen, it is not because we do not deserve it; it is because He is a loving Father to us, and is often willing to stand a great deal of wickedness on our part; or because we have some dear friends who are servants of God and who pray for us; or because the Blessed Virgin has acquired some special attachment to us and intervenes for us; or because God reserves us for a later day, when He will make such an example of us as will save other sinners; or because, again, He saves us for a later day to make us models of true penance.

But just look around you, brethren; just call to mind what you have heard or perhaps seen of God's judgments, and the Apostle's lesson becomes object-teaching. Have you not heard of a sudden and unprovided death and then remembered how years ago that man started a disreputable business? It was thus that He made His decision for all eternity. On the other hand a man now temperate, once a drunkard, will tell you that long ago he took the pledge and broke it, and broke it again, but still persevered, and finally, by the grace of God, has managed to keep it. He was fighting the battle of fate and he won the victory. That dreadful appetite overcome, the practice of religion became easy to him.

In another case a man is led away little by little from the rules of honest dealing; at last he retires to pay a certain just debt, one that he can easily pay if he wishes. After that swarlike exits into the core of his heart and he is lost forever.

And, brethren, what a relief to hear after a sudden death that the poor soul was a monthly communicant!

Many are tested by Almighty God demanding that they shall withdraw from the proximate occasions of mortal sin. The voice of conscience, a sermon heard in the Church, the private advice of some good friend—for all these are the voice of God—admonish them against what leads them to mortal sin; against very bad company, or the saloon, or the Sunday excursion, or dangerous reading, or lonely company-keeping. Perhaps one's conduct about such dangers has more to do with his choice in eternity than anything else.

I do not mean to say that this fatal decision is a mere lottery, but it is a moment at the end of years of rebellion against God where the effort is made by the grace of God to save the sinner; and for weal or for woe it is the last chance. Some time or other the last sin will be committed, the last grace will be granted.

O my brethren! how very reasonable is the holy fear of God. Oh! how wise are they who have joined fear and love together so that the fire of love has burned the dross of slavishness out of fear, and fear has mingled reverence and humility with love. Alas! that so many should live as if eternal life and death had no meaning for the present hour.

Some are like that millionaire I heard of. Walking home one day, a heavy shower of rain began. He stopped a hack and asked what the driver would take him home for. Fifty cents, was the answer. He began to beat him down, and finally, refusing more than twenty-five cents, he walked home in the rain. But he caught cold, went to bed, and died. He had played the miser many a time before, but the last time had come. So many a one thinks his one sin more, his one other rejection of grace, is but like the multitude of other such offences come before; and all the time he is deciding an eternal fate.

TALKS ON RELIGION.

THE HOLY GHOST.

Our Blessed Saviour, previous to His Ascension, said to His apostles: "It is expedient for you that I go for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send Him to you." (St. John xvi. 7.) This remarkable declaration should demonstrate to us the great need we have of the Holy Ghost. Our Lord virtually told His apostles that the coming of the Holy Ghost would fully compensate them for being deprived of His own visible presence.

The Holy Ghost is absolutely necessary for us, because He has a work to do which is so absolutely necessary for man that without it he could not be saved. This work really began with man's advent into the world. The great manifestation of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost was the commencement of a new outpouring of His gifts which

were henceforth to be in greater abundance to man.

All the works of grace are attributed to the Holy Ghost. Though the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity are but one Being, each of them has His special work for creatures. The work of the Holy Ghost is sanctification, making man holy through His supernatural gifts to the soul and inducing it to perform the works of holiness.

The grace which was in Adam at his creation was from the Holy Ghost; the grace which enabled him to repent and to persevere afterwards in God's service was from the Holy Ghost. The grace of Abel, of Enoch, of Abraham, of David, of Elias and of all the other saints of the Old Law was from the Holy Ghost.

Pentecost was the great day of the first public manifestation of the Holy Ghost and the inauguration of the reign of grace. Hence we think it well to consider the Holy Ghost as the Guest of Christians. As a rule we do not reflect enough on the presence and the power of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit in the hymn Veni, Sancte Spiritus, is called dulcis hospes animae, or Sweet Guest of the Soul. A guest is entertained in the house of another, and comes on invitation. So comes the Holy Ghost and remains only as long as we consent and show our appreciation of His presence.

This is clearly expressed by our Lord in His promise: "I will ask the Father and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever." (St. John xiv. 16.) St. Paul emphasizes the same thought when he says: "Know you not that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." (I Cor. iii. 16.) The soul is God's temple. The presence of the Holy Ghost in it is compared to the presence of God in the temple and this was very real. St. Paul insisted that the presence of the Holy Ghost in the soul is just as real for us; "If any man violate the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple you are." (I Cor. iii. 17.)

How abundant and how explicit is the instruction which St. Paul gives us on this point. Do we really belong to God? Here is the answer: "You are not in the flesh, but in the spirit, if the spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His." (Rom. viii. 9.)

St. Paul tells us that the presence of the Holy Ghost in us is a consequence of our being the sons of God. "Because you are sons, God hath sent the Holy Spirit of His Son into your hearts crying Abba, Father." (Gal. iv. 6.)

The Holy Ghost will care for His own and will richly recompense those who made Him their Guest and honored Him as such. He will raise them to "Life everlasting." St. Paul tells us of this in Romans viii, 11: "If the spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Jesus from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies, because of His spirit that dwelleth in you."

It is difficult to explain the manner in which the Holy Ghost dwells in the soul, though it is clear from the teachings of the Holy Scriptures that He does dwell in the souls of men. He is in the souls by means of a created gift of wonderful beauty and perfection, a thing so holy that it cannot remain with mortal sin. This gift is sanctifying grace.

Love is the fulfilling of the law. Our Lord says: "If any man love Me, he will keep My word, and My Father will love Him, and We will come to him and will make our abode with him." (St. John xiv. 23.) Such love, a true love of God for His own sake, induces that Holy Ghost to make His dwelling in the soul. This is the teaching of the Church. An act of true and pure love of God expels sins and makes the soul the temple of the Holy Ghost.

No pen can truly describe the wonderful effects which the Holy Ghost produces in the soul which He has entered as a Guest. As the sanctifier He brings into the soul supernatural gifts, divine virtues and qualities which penetrate and enoble the soul. St. Catherine, who was permitted to see a soul in the radiance and splendor of supernatural grace, says that neither tongue nor pen can describe its entrancing beauty. The antithesis of this is a soul in mortal sin.

The sanctifying grace brought by the Holy Ghost to the soul is also called habitual grace, because it remains permanently in the soul while mortal sin is kept from it. In addition to this the Holy Ghost brings with Him actual grace, which is a certain divine help given to enable us to serve God and to perform the duties He requires of us. It helps us "to avoid evil and to do good," as the Catechism teaches.

The presence of the Holy Ghost as our Guest brings certain effects; adoption as sons, heirship to heaven and the special favor of God. He cannot but look with love upon those in whom He Himself has taken up His abode, and must fill with heavenly blessings those souls whom He has consecrated as temples for Himself.

After Solomon had spent years of labor and had lavished untold riches on the temple which he had built for God's honor, he said: "Is it, then, to be thought that God should dwell upon the earth? For if heaven, and the heaven of heavens, cannot contain Thee, how much less this house which I have built." (III Kings, 8:27.) How wonderful then is the favor which the Holy Ghost bestows on us in the mystery of becoming truly our Guest.

Selfish irritability is a short cut to misery, but patience that lives, not for self but for the good of our fellow-men through supernatural charity, confers strength and fortitude, and leads, even here on earth, to the possession of even peace and happiness.

Our Lord cleansed ten lepers, and but one returned to give thanks for the benefit received. The other nine took their cure as a matter of course. We are all apt to belong to the same class of people as these ungrateful—or, what is nearer the truth—these thoughtless men.



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THE ROSARY.

Have you ever thought seriously on this beautiful and effective form of prayer? Not on its origin and history, but on the various thoughts which it intelligently, neither do you appreciate its power nor meaning.

For our better understanding therefore, let us briefly consider its parts.

First, there is the cross, the emblem of our redemption, the Christian's sign of loyalty to his God. The Catholic's first stamp of heavenly heirship and his last object of earthly vision. Clinging this blessed symbol of salvation we begin the Rosary with that beautiful and touching profession of faith composed by the apostles just previous to their going abroad into the world to preach as commanded and which we call the Apostle's Creed.

To understand and fully appreciate what the words imply it is only necessary to repeat them slowly and thoughtfully. It will then be found what a world of meaning they contain. It is the epitome of the essentials to salvation.

Next, we recite the Lord's prayer, the Hail Mary and the glory be to the Father. Here we have the prayer of all prayers, the Our Father, because it is the prayer composed by our Saviour Himself and contains every necessary petition spiritual and temporal. That the Hail Mary the prayer whose authorship is due to the Angel Gabriel, St. Elizabeth and the Church. The part contributed by the Angel reminding us always of the Incarnation; that of the Saint impressing upon us the exalted honor conferred upon us; the Virgin Mary and that of the Church sanctifying and urging us to seek her assistance in life and at the hour of death. And the glory be to the Father by which we pay tribute to the Blessed Trinity.

These are the component parts of the beautiful and powerful devotion so far as the prayers employed are concerned. Every Catholic, of course knows that it is further divided, namely into the five glorious, joyful and sorrowful mysteries. And here we realize a consideration of the importance, and the sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, to practice the devotion intelligently and profitably, meditation upon these mysteries becomes essential.

Herein lies the fruit of the whole devotion. It is this meditation which has made humble men great and great men greater. It has been profitably practiced by the ignorant and the most learned. It has been and still is the devotion of Popes and peasants. Simple, and at the same time sublime, it has been well styled "the queen of all prayers"—the Rosary.—Church Progress.

GARIBALDI'S GRANDSON TO BE A PRIEST.

"The history of the Church in our time," says the Ave Maria, "affords many curious illustrations of how compensation is made to her. She suffers oppression in one country, and makes wondrous progress in another. Here she is attacked, there nobly defended. A great leader falls, one better qualified succeeds him. For every apostasy there are conversions. Scandal is nullified by some striking example of heroic virtue, like that of Father Damien. Reason abandons the Church, Nostran submits to it, Garibaldi was an uncompromising foe of the Papacy, his grandson is studying for the priesthood and hopes to lay down his life for the faith in some foreign land. General Ricciotti Garibaldi does not deny that he himself is what is called 'anti-clerical,' and that his son's vocation has been in every respect a bitter blow. He had hoped that the boy would gradually abandon the idea of entering the priesthood, and especially that of becoming a member of a religious order; but, like a reasonable man, he now submits with a good grace to the inevitable. Those who are acquainted with young Garibaldi remark in him all the ardor and strenuousness which characterized his celebrated grandfather, but these will now be directed to the furtherance of lofty and noble aims. The qualities formerly employed against the Church will henceforth be devoted to her cause."

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"MY CURSE UPON ALL DRINKING."

"There is another Irish rising in the County Wexford presently," writes Scunius Macmanus, in the Catholic Union and Times. "But this time pikes have nothing to do with it—only the Irish language. As in '88, it showed itself the boldest county in Ireland, leading the way in bidding defiance to Saxon law, so to-day it sustains its gallant record, showing to the other counties a shining example in Gaelic League revival work. No other county of Ireland is so well organized or doing such splendid work as in County Wexford. They may yet work a revolution more memorable than that of '88."

"In fact in the County Wexford two revolutions are presently proceeding: a language revolution is one, a drink revolution is the other. It was in this county that the Anti-Trading League was short time ago, sprang forth. The Wexford men recognized that the ill habit of treating, more than a love of drink, was the root of the drink curse which blighted Ireland. So they formed societies, members of which blind themselves neither to take nor give a treat in any house where liquor is exposed for sale. From Wexford this league spread over Ireland doing much good already and having a great future before it. In the county Wexford itself, it has done most good, and it is acknowledged, revolutionized things generally. The Wexford men recall with bitterness the cry (in the ballad) of the poor rebel whose cause was lost in '98:—

'My curse upon all drinking! It makes my heart full sore For bravery was each battle, but drink lost ever more. We had our drink beside us on Tubberneer's day. Depending on the long, bright pike—and well it was its way.'

The Wexford men are determined with God's help to lose no more battles through drink."

TOLD BY FATHER TABB.

"I'll go in," he said, for I've never yet seen a Catholic service, and it will amuse them at home to hear how these poor people do." The Benediction was just beginning. What on earth could it mean? There was light enough surely. Strange that this inward darkness of the mind should express itself so! Then the flowers and the incense and the tinkling bells made her wonder more.

Vespers over, the Rosary begins. Ah, there is idolatry! "Hail Mary, full of grace" over and over again. Then the Lord's Prayer. "Well, they keep at heart a glimmer of Christian faith, so there may be some hope for them bid as they are."

She was amongst the last to leave the church. Seeing a rosary in one of the pews, she took it home with her.

"How they will laugh when I show this," she said, "and pray on it to them! She had the words by heart. Bedtime came, and the young girl, taking this rosary with her, went to her room.

She knelt as was her custom, to say her prayers. "Hail Mary—God forgive me; I didn't mean to say that! 'Our Father'—'Blessed art Thou'—foolish distraction."

She got up from her knees and walked the room. The door was haunted here. "Hail Mary, full of grace."

She knelt again, trying to fix her thoughts, but the effort failed. "It is better to lie down for a while, perhaps."

She had never before slept without saying a prayer. Can she do so now? "Hail Mary, full of grace"—ah! that I had the grace to pray well—"the Lord is with thee." When in thy company He also is with me. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, Mother, surely, she loved her Child. He made thee; some portions of those same graces ask him for me."

Apologizing thus for the words she had uttered, she lay down again, and this time slept soundly.

Next morning the same words came to her lips, and from that time forth she daily repeated them. She entered the church a few weeks later, and lived to be the mother of a Catholic family and was buried with the beads (her stolen property, as she called them) clasped to her bosom.

The account was related to me by her daughter.

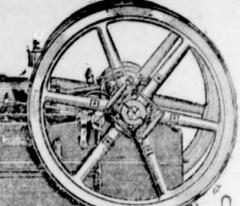
FATE KIND TO THE TRANQUIL OF HEART.

One of the best things a man can bring into the world with him is natural humility of spirit. About the next best thing he can bring, and they usually go together, is an appreciative spirit—a loving and susceptible heart. If he is going to be a reformer and stir up things, and slay the dragons, he needs other qualities more. But if he is going to get the most out of life in a worthy way, if he is going to enjoy the grand spectacle of the world from first to last, then he needs his life pitched in a low key and well attuned to common universal things. The strained, the loud, the far-fetched, the extravagant, the frenzied—how lucky we are to escape them, and to be born with dispositions that cause us to flee from them!

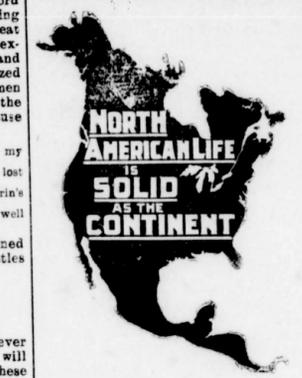
When I was a young man I wrote a little poem called "Waiting," which has had quite a history, and the burden of which is "my own shall come to me." What my constitution demands, the friends, the helps, the fulfillment, the opportunities, shall find some where, sometime. It was a statement of the old doctrine of the elective affinities. These who are torn to strife and contention ready at their hand; those who are born for gentleness and love find gentleness and love drawn to them. The naturally suspicious and distrustful find the world in conspiracy against them, the unkind, the hardened see themselves in their fellows about them. The tone in which we speak to the world the world speaks to us.

A POWER on Every Farm

THERE should be a power of some kind on every farm. It saves labor, time and money, and increases the earning capacity of the farm. It will work the raw material of the farm into a finished product. All up-to-date farmers agree that the modern gasoline engine is the best farm power. Our I. H. C. gasoline engine is the best gasoline engine. It is strong, durable, long lived and is of full rated, actual (not estimated) horse power. It is easy to operate and is easily kept in working order. It develops the maximum of power with the minimum of fuel. I. H. C. gasoline engines are made in the following styles and sizes: Call on the International Agent for information or write nearest branch house for catalog. CANADIAN BRANCHES: Calgary, Montreal, Regina, Toronto, London, Ottawa, St. John, Winnipeg. INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA, CHICAGO, ILL.



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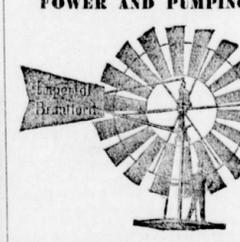
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ACTS OF FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

These three acts are the expressions of the three fundamental virtues of all true worship. Hence they are so common among Catholics, both in early education and in religious practices.

But what a sublime elevation for poor lowly man to be able to say from his most soul: I believe, I hope, I love. It brightens his mind, it dispels his sorrows, it feeds his craving heart.

It is the spiritual life that is the glory of man, the worship of his Creator, and it is by the practice of the three virtues, faith, hope and charity, that he worships his Creator.

It is a most excellent practice to say the acts of faith, hope and charity daily, and it has been said that it would be a mortal sin to be a day without saying them; but this can only mean to be a day without giving any expression to them by word or deed.

Since the fall of Adam we are prone to love earthly things; but God really seems to show more than a mother's care to raise our minds to things above and to bring us to reign with Him.

BLASPHEMY.

MALICE OF THE SIN STRIKINGLY SET FORTH.

You are aware, my dear friends, how fearfully prevalent is the vice of blasphemy—a vice which directly assails the Majesty of God on His throne of glory.

Every idle word that man shall speak shall render an account of it, that the vengeance of God will especially be manifested against blasphemers.

Blasphemy is a horrible crime coming from the lips of any man, but it is especially so from the lips of those who profess belief in the God Whom they

blaspheme. The agnostic denies God's existence, and the existence of the soul. His blasphemy, he says, is meaningless. But Christians, who profess belief in the Creator and in our Redeemer, are found to join in with the infidel in blaspheming the God Whom all should adore.

It was to prevent blasphemy and to atone for the outrages offered God by blasphemers, that the Holy Name Society was established. Organized in the ages of faith, the Holy Name Society comes down to us through the centuries, enriched by the Church with special indulgences; one of which is a jubilee in each year, on the feast of the Assumption.

The society seeks, moreover, to fulfill the first petition in the Lord's prayer, "Hallowed be Thy Name," by promoting, by word and example the honor and reverence due to the Holy Name of God and Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Where two or more are gathered in My Name, there I am in the midst. He who confesses My Name before men, I will confess him before My Father Who is in heaven.

JESUS—OUR BROTHER AND FRIEND.

In the works of the Godhead, the Three Divine Persons acted as one and had equal share, and the same we must say of all their works, for they are ever one and inseparable.

How close are the ties of family and what strength and courage they bring to the individual members! A brother is a brother the world over. Distance may come between, time may cool affection, differences may lengthen the chain, and yet if there be the least drop of human nature left it will preserve the link of brotherhood unbroken.

Our Lord knocks at our hearts for entrance and says, "Son, give Me thy heart." The Father and I wish to make Our abode with thee. We have created thee. We have redeemed thee. We would make this salvation perpetual by our abiding with thee through grace, or by our dwelling through the Holy Spirit, and so your trine God would be enthroned in the three powers of your soul and you would pay Him your

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homage in your faith, your hope, and by your charity. And thus our Lord, Man and God at once would be our Brother and Friend as He desires—our Brother to love us, our Friend to assist us. Our Brother to console us, to cheer and guide us; our Friend to aid us, and to work with us in the great struggles of life.

So let it be with us, United in our hearts to our Brother and Friend, our Lord and Saviour ever dwelling there as long as we are loving and true to Him by the keeping of His Commandments.

POOR ITALIAN BAKER BUILDS VOTIVE CHAPEL.

From the New York Sun. Frank Lisanti, a poor Italian baker, was in great peril of death from pneumonia sixteen years ago.

The life of Lisanti was spared. He worked hard and bought a bakery of his own. By frugal living he has saved some money, and this morning there will be dedicated a little chapel, over the door of which is the following inscription:

"Frank Lisanti and family, as an offering to the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception. The chapel has been erected and paid for by Lisanti. It stands next door to his little home at 3 Maple avenue, Williamsbridge. The dedication this morning will be informal and more in the nature of a first opening.

When he recovered from his illness sixteen years ago Lisanti had no money and was in debt. He had a wife and several children to support, and he started out with two objects in view, the making of a living for himself and family and the building of the chapel.

A year ago he started to build the church. The finishing touch was applied on Saturday. It is a very small edifice, but it represents an outlay of over \$3,000 on the part of Lisanti, not to mention the labor and planning he did himself.

The chapel is 25 by 16 feet on the exterior and 22 by 13 feet inside. The height in front from the ground to the tip of a golden cross is 25 feet. There is room enough for the seating of thirty persons.

Father Casanetti has agreed to celebrate Mass in the chapel at least once every month. The chapel will be subordinate to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Williamsbridge, of which Father Casanetti is rector.

church a year ago he called on Archbishop Farley and told the latter what he intended to do. The Archbishop took a great interest in the project and promised Lisanti that when the edifice was completed he would personally dedicate it.

Lisanti's wife died several years ago, and the baker was much grieved because she did not live to see his chapel erected.

The Rev. Peter Prando, who died a few days ago at St. Michael's Mission, near Spokane, Wash., was known by the Indians as "Istimatee," "The Man with the Iron Eyes."

Prando was born and educated in Italy, and came to the United States to devote himself to the needs of the Crow Indians, among whom he worked for twenty-three years. He baptized in that time 1,400 Indians.

Prando was also a graduate physician and practiced medicine in his missions. It was through him that the Government irrigated the lands of the reservation, and several times his influence prevented the Indians from beginning hostilities.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

THE REV. T. P. O'CONNOR, PARISH PRIEST OF KEMPVILLE AND SOUTH MOUNTAIN, GOING TO NAPANEWE—AFFECTING FAREWELL.

The Church of the Exaltation, Kempville and St. Daniel Church, South Mountain, have lost their pastor. Last week in tears, they bade farewell to our beloved pastor, who in his departure the community loses one of its worthiest and best loved citizens.

The Rev. Father Prando, who has been parish priest of Kempville and South Mountain for seven years, has just departed for Napaneve, where he will be pastor of the church and grounds beautified and besides the church debt has been cleared up.

The parish priest, the Rev. T. P. O'Connor, is a very large one, extending from the city of Napaneve, on the Marabou river almost to Winchester. The labor was heavy and have proven too severe a strain upon the pastor's health, rendering it necessary that he should be removed to Napaneve, where the work will be lighter.

Father O'Connor and farewell to his people at the Church of the Exaltation, Kempville, last Sunday morning. The entire parish turned out and a large number of the members were also present.

When he recovered from his illness sixteen years ago Lisanti had no money and was in debt. He had a wife and several children to support, and he started out with two objects in view, the making of a living for himself and family and the building of the chapel.

When Lisanti started to build the

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MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Marriage announcements and death notices in condensed form not exceeding five lines, fifty cents.

MARRIED. DURAND WRIGHT—On Monday, July 2, 1906, at St. Francis church, Toronto, Ont., by the Rev. W. A. McClann, Edward H. Durand of the Durand Plating Co. to Miss Mabel V. Wright.

DIED. FINN.—In Toledo, Ohio, on July 9, 1906, Timothy Joseph Finn, son of Mr. T. J. Finn, Sr., Montreal, Que., aged thirty-four years. May his soul rest in peace.

SLAVES.—On Saturday, July 7, 1906, at Orillia, Ont., John Wallace Saven, M. D., aged seventy-two years. May he rest in peace.

NEW BOOKS.

Outline of Sermons for Young Men and Young Women, by Rev. Joseph Schuler, Edited by Rev. Edmund J. Wirth, Ph. D. Price \$2.00 net. Benziger Bros., New York, N. Y.

INSURE RIGHT NOW IN THE Catholic Order of Foresters

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TEACHERS WANTED.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE R. C. Separate school No. 3, Heddulph holding second or third class certificate. Duties to commence August 20th. Apply stating salary and experience to William Toohy, Secretary, Lucas, Ont. 1145 2.

WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR R. C. School Section No. 22, Gloucester, Ont. Duties to begin after summer holidays. Apply stating salary to William Toohy, Secretary, Lucas, Ont. 1145 2.

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED TO teach Public School must have second class certificate. Salary \$350 a year. Apply to J. P. Ouellette, Secretary, Culler, Ont. 1145 1.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school, No. 11, Harwich, to fill the vacancy for the balance of the year. Duties to commence after holidays. Apply stating salary and qualifications. Address John, Box 2, Van Horn, Ont. 1145 2.

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR balance of the year. Duties to commence Aug 20th. Separate No. 10, Northwood, Ont. Apply to J. R. Hawkins, Sec., 2720 Van Horn, Ont. 1145 2.

A FEMALE CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR A Public school of Byng Inlet, North, Ont. Salary \$300 per year. Duties to begin after vacation. Address C. R. Bevin, Sec., Byng Inlet, North, Ont. 1147 2.

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR school section No. 1, township of Berthier, male or female, second class certificate, good reference state salary and experience. Duties to commence at the end of this year. Apply to J. P. R. de Lamorandiere, Sec. Treas., S. S. 1, Rutherford, Kamourague, P. O. Ont. 1147 2.

TEACHER WANTED (MALE OR FEMALE) for R. C. school section No. 7, Township of Rochester Essex County. Duties to begin Aug 20th 1906. State qualifications, experience and salary required. Michael Byrne, Sec. Treas., Byrnesville, Ont. 1147 2.

TEACHER WANTED, CAPABLE OF teaching both French and English, as an assistant teacher, holding second or third class certificate, for the Separate School Section, No. 3, Village Park Court. State salary and experience. Duties to begin after August 20th. Address John B. Blaire, Sec. Treas., Dover South. 1147 3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC School section No. 7, Township of Eglise Catholique, holding second or third class certificate. Duties to commence after holidays. Apply stating salary and testimonials. Address P. G. O'Leary, Sec. Treas., Kirkcubright, Ont. 1147 2.

FEMALE TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. R. C. Carleton Place, Ontario, and experience. Apply to Andrew Martin, Box 308, Midway, Ont. 1147 2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SEC. tion No. 3, Raleigh, a Catholic holding a second class certificate. Must be experienced. Salary \$100. Address A. Martin, Sec. Treas., Chatham, Ont. 1147 4.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SEC. tion No. 1, Raleigh, a Catholic holding a second class certificate. Must be experienced. Salary \$100. Address A. Martin, Sec. Treas., Chatham, Ont. 1147 4.

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