

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXVII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1905

1418

The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1905.

THE GLAD TIDINGS.

The peace and joy of Christmas roll over the world, subduing its selfishness, and attuning it to the angelic hymn that bathed the sleeping town of long ago in floods of harmony. We remembered how an angel announced to some shepherds who were watching their flocks the good tidings of great joy. They were men of simple minds, and knowing nothing of the world, to whose habits and thoughts they were utter strangers. And as they kept vigil that wondrous night a bright star shed its radiance at their feet, and down from heaven clad in robes of dazzling whiteness descended an angel in rapid flight, and the brightness of God shines around about them and they fear with a great fear. Fear not: said the angel, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy. After the long waiting the Christ had come to announce that the reign of death was over, and Love took the place of Fear: to bid us walk bravely on towards the lasting city and to give unto our keeping the light of faith whereby we can avoid snare and pitfall. And in thinking upon the good tidings we throw off the years and become like children. We may not fail to remember the records of disenchantment—the black marks that stain our book of life which was erstwhile so pure and beautiful, but we can forget our pride and self-seeking, our hurts and non-success, our small thoughts and bitterness and resolve once more "to be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier by his presence: to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation. Above all on the same grim conditions to keep friends with himself."

THE IDEALS OF OUR YOUTH.

We are impelled to seek after the things we have lost, and mayhap some of us have reason so to seek. The ideals of our youth and early manhood—are they still before us? Do they beckon us, or have we bartered them for worldly maxims, for success which is but failure and which clogs the heart and blinds us. Have we set out carrying holy things, hope and love, joy and fear, the realization of God's presence and gratitude that we have life to labor for eternity, and do we find ourselves to day not only bereft of these things but stumbling on under the burden of disenchantment, of sin, of despair.

NO HOPE BUT FROM A REDEEMER.

But hard indeed must be the hearts in which Christmas bells awaken no responsive echo. They may be a summons to us to go back to our Father: they may carry a message of courage to the despondent, and to the despairing happiness and hope in all their golden chords; but to all because they announce the birthday of the Babe of Bethlehem they must have some meaning. And that meaning is clear. That Babe Who comes adown the centuries lined by the patriarchs who chant His glories is our Teacher and Master. Before His coming men sat in darkness. Gradually the memory of primitive tradition was obscured by vice and error. Humanity, however, sought by every means to unlock the gates of the invisible world and to win back the God whom it had lost. Men seek him in nature and in their hearts. They fashion objects in silver and gold, hoping they may represent Him. In temples high-uptitied and rich with all the stateliness and grandeur at the command of genius, they look for some sign of His presence. But their best and brightest chronicle all these as failure to sate the hunger of the heart for God. They discuss present theories; they ransack the literature of the world, and with its wisdom sifted and analyzed they still peer into the darkness of doubt and ignorance and declare there is no hope but from a Redeemer.

THE STRONGEST INCENTIVE TO VIRTUE.

And at the hour marked out by God as the fullness of time He came in poverty and humbleness. Simple men heard the angelic song which heralded His advent. But the world reeked little of the Babe nesting in the arms of His mother. It would have laughed scornfully if it had been told that He was to refashion the earth. It had its own way of doing things, and that way seemed justified by its success through

many centuries. The honor and power of Rome, its strongest representative, was guarded by the steel of the legionary from the Atlantic to the Euphrates. Its glories were sung by poets and attested to by all on which men set store. But man was of no value save to advance the interests of the State, and woman was but a plaything. Vice walked unabashed and unnoticed. The cries of the poor and the suffering were but discord in their hymn of life. And the Babe of Bethlehem took that sudden and desecrating humanity into His arms and set it upright, cured and enlightened on its way to eternity. He taught it to say "Our Father," its origin and destiny, the dignity and responsibility of life. He freed the woman from tyranny and reconstructed the family. He gave the wife and mother an assured position in the family, and so laid the foundations of a new society. In a word, He gave the world, as Lecky says, an ideal character which has inspired the hearts of men with an impassioned love, has shown itself capable of acting in all ages, nations, temperaments and conditions, and has been not only the highest pattern to virtue but the strongest incentive to its practice.

OUR MASTER AND OUR TEACHER.

But let us bear in mind that He is our Master and Teacher. He came upon earth as "the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world: He was born to bear testimony to the truth . . . that they may have life. He speaks as one having authority. He speaks to-day through the Church, which He commands us to hear, and in it and by it continues to bless, dispense mysteries and to offer sacrifice. His doctrines, all of them, must be accepted without reserve: not only the Sermon on the Mount, but all His words, with docility and humility. For He is Emmanuel, God with us, claiming the submission of minds and hearts. He, then, who realizes that the Word was made Flesh for him must, if he have within the instincts of a Christian, kneel down by the crib and become a little child. He will ask that Divine Infant for light to know his work and for strength to do it—to live his truth in his life, to do find his faith by obedience and good work and to understand that his is the glory and privilege of protecting that faith.

A SUGGESTION.

We remember how the poor carpenter of Nazareth and the Virgin Mary were denied hospitality at the inn. There was no room for them. They who crowd their hearts with lust and hate and shams re-echo the cry of the innkeepers of Bethlehem. Then again we prate about human brotherhood, and hard by our doors are our brethren and the Lord's and we suffer them to want and to suffer. The dwellers in tenements, they of the hard and grey lives, the boys who are ill fed, and who can be made joyful with a trifle—these are our brethren. The sick, the mechanic out of work, the little ones who need boots and clothes—these are our brethren. Instead of giving useless presents to our friends, why not transmit that money into deeds of love which shall accompany us to the tribunal of God, and to know that we have helped one person to happiness and have lifted one childish heart into the light will make Christmas music all the sweeter, and moreover "Whatsoever you have done to the least of My brethren you have done it unto Me."

Or as Father Tabb says:
A little boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His bill the earth,
That sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His bill.

In Catholic countries it is roughly accurate to class all non-Catholics together as "enemies of the Church"; for there no man who is in sympathy with religion, however he be harassed with doubt or loss of faith, will abandon the outward profession of Catholicism, there being no other religious communion, socially or intellectually respectable, in which he may enjoy more liberty of opinion. To leave the Church is the act of those only who are against her, and not of those who are merely quiescent or indifferent. But here (in a non-Catholic country) it is otherwise, and only a small minority of those outside the Church can be called its "enemies" in any proper sense. Their dislike, when it exists, is usually due to misunderstanding, and is nearly always resting on some principle of the Gospel or of the moral law which they suppose to be violated by our religion. To deal with such, as with "enemies" of the Church, is a violation of policy, no less than of charity and good taste.—Father Tyrrell, S. J., in the "Faith of the Millions."

IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER?

CHRIST'S ANSWER TO THE QUESTION.
Rev. Bernard J. O'Connell, S. J., in St. Louis Church Progress.

Reason points with unmistakable clearness to the fact that the proposition, one religion is as good as another, necessarily implies that falsehood is as good as truth. For different religions, by the very fact that they are different, must needs be opposed in doctrine and as opposite doctrines cannot all be true, it follows unobviously that some of these religions are false; consequently if, as indifferentists say, one religion is as good as another, it must perforce be admitted that a false religion is as good as a true one, or that falsehood is as good as truth—a statement that is an insult both to God and to man.

Yet as so many, apparently sane individuals, defend said proposition with an assurance that seems born of conviction, it would appear much to the point to ascertain what answer Christ has given to the question, whether one religion is as good as another, or whether He granted freedom of choice in matters of belief. For, if all must believe the same doctrines, there cannot possibly be more than one religion, and if there is and can be but one religion, it is sheer folly to ask whether one religion is as good as another. He who establishes one religion and enjoins upon all to accept that religion in its entirety, by that very fact condemns all other religious systems as inventions of the devil, intended, as St. Paul puts it, to seduce the hearts of the innocent.

Now, Christ did put such an obligation upon all, can easily be demonstrated from the various texts in which He makes reference to His Church. For clearness sake we will take the passage that contains the commission which gave His Apostles to preach the Gospel to all nations. These are His words: "All power is given to me in Heaven and on earth. As the Father sent Me, so I also send you. Going therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. 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."

In these words Christ puts upon His Apostles a two-fold obligation. First to teach all nations; not this nation or that, but all, without exception. Or as St. Mark words it: "Preach the Gospel to every creature." So that it was evidently Christ's intention that His religion should become the one universal religion of the world. Men might perhaps refuse to accept that religion, but such a refusal would be against His wish and will and intention.

Secondly, Christ commissioned His Apostles, not only to teach all nations, without exception, but to teach all the same identical doctrines. "Teaching them," He says, "to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." He left nothing whatever to their own choice and discretion. They were to teach the whole Gospel to all nations; all things whatsoever He had commanded to every creature.

And whilst He thus enjoined upon His Apostles to teach all nations, and to teach them all the same truths, He solemnly, and under the severest penalties, obliged every nation, and every single individual, to accept and believe the truth as He announced. "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned." "He that heareth you, heareth Me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me." As He left nothing to the discretion of the Apostles in teaching, but required that they should teach all nations, and teach the whole Gospel, so neither did He leave anything whatever to the choice of those to whom the Gospel was announced. All without exception must believe, and believe all that is preached to them; for if they believe not, they shall be condemned, or as the Protestant version has it, they "shall be damned."

Does that sound like religious indifferentism? Can the Christ Who announced, with such terrible clearness and emphasis, that all who believed not the whole Gospel, should be damned—can that Christ, I say, give utterance to phrases like these: "One creed is as pleasing to God as another?" "One religion is as good as another?" "It matters not what a man believes, provided he is a good man, he is not God for he contradicts himself; and yet, as we have seen in last Sunday's lecture, Christ is true God of true God, He is Truth itself, the eternal and unchanging Truth."

Again, lest any objection should be made on the ground that the Apostles were weak human beings, liable to error and misapprehension, liable to be unwittingly led into false beliefs, He promised His own divine help, and the assistance of the Holy Spirit, so that the doctrines which they announced should be as infallibly true, as if they came directly from His own mouth. "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." "The Paraclete, the

Holy Ghost, Whom the Father will send in My name, He will teach you all things, and will bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you." The Apostles were indeed fallible men, but Christ sent them to all nations as infallible teachers, whose doctrines were to be stamped with the seal of His own truthfulness. He Himself had come into the world to bear testimony to the truth and that testimony, divine and infallible, He would present to all nations, through the teaching of His Apostles. For "as the Father hath sent Me," He said to them, "I also send you. Going therefore, teach ye all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." And because they were to teach with infallible authority, hence all were to heed their teaching, and believe the same with unquestioning faith, for if they believeth not, they should be damned.

This same absolute oneness of faith and religion implied in Christ's commission to His Apostles, is inferred with equal clearness from every reference which He makes to His Church. That Church He always speaks of as one, not as many. He says, "He builds it upon one foundation, the rock, which is Peter. He appoints but one supreme pastor to feed His lambs and to guard His sheep; but one vicar to whom He gives the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. He seems to have multiplied illustration upon illustration and figure upon figure in order to impress upon His Apostles the absolute necessity of unity in the faith."

In fact, so completely does He appear to have been taken up with the desire for unity among His followers, that He made it the object of His last prayer on the eve of His death. "Holy Father, keep them in Thy name . . . that they may be one, as we also are one." And to show that He intended this unity not for His Apostles only, but for all who might believe in Him, He added: "Not for them only (the Apostles) do I pray; but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me." And this unity among His followers, which He desired so earnestly and prayed for so touchingly, was to be most perfect, so that "all who believed in Him might be one even as He and the Father are one." Furthermore, this perfect unity, modeled upon the ineffable unity of the Father and the Son, should be so conspicuous that it might be unto all the world a proof of His own divine mission; for He added: "I pray that they all may be one, so that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

For all this it is quite evident that the unity of faith, which Christ prayed for and demanded in all His followers, is most absolute. He knows nothing of essentials and non-essentials in religion; nothing of fundamentals and non-fundamentals; nothing of branch theories, or any other theories, ex-cogitated by modern innovators. His final injunction is: "Be ye one in faith, as the Father and I are one in nature; believe the whole Gospel, or be condemned."

That this was really Christ's mind concerning the matter in hand, follows also with unmistakable clearness from the manner in which the Apostles understood and carried out their commission to preach the Gospel to all nations. Listen, for instance, to the great Apostle of the Gentiles, whom non-Catholics sometimes foolishly point to as the first Protestant: "I beseech you," he says, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, "be careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. One body and one spirit; as you are called in one hope of your calling. One Lord, one faith, one baptism. One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all." In the same epistle he declares that Christ's purpose in appointing pastors in His Church was to ensure unity of faith and oneness of doctrine for he says:

"And he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and other some evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry for the edifying of the body of Christ: until we all meet into the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God . . . that henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro by the wind of doctrine by the wickedness of men, by their cunning craftiness; by which they lie in wait to deceive."

What the same Apostle thought of those who ventured to reject certain doctrines, somewhat after the fashion of our modern Indifferentists, may be gathered from his Epistle to Titus, whom he directs how to deal with heretics, that is, with persons who follow their own private judgment in matters of religion. He writes: "If a man be a heretic, admonish him once or twice, and then avoid the man. For such a one is a reprobate and a sinner, and stands condemned out of his own mouth." The same course of action he prescribes to the Christians to the Christians at Rome. "Now, I beseech you, brethren, to mark them who make dissensions and offences contrary to the doctrine which you have learned, and avoid them. For they that are such, serve not Christ our Lord, but their own belly; by pleasing speeches and good words, seduce the hearth of the innocent."

Stronger still is his crushing condemnation of discord in doctrine, and of want of unity in faith, contained in his Epistle to the Galatians, some of whom were wavering in the faith which he had preached to them. "Wonder," he says, "that you are so soon removed from him that called you into

the grace of Christ, unto another gospel. Which is not another, only there are some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel from Christ. But though we, or an angel from Heaven, preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema. As we said before, so now I say again: If any one preach to you a gospel, besides that which you have received, let him be anathema. For I give you to understand, brethren, that the gospel which was preached by me is not according to man. For neither did I receive it of man, nor did I learn it; but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

Such is the interpretation which the great Apostle of the Gentiles put upon Christ's commission to preach the Gospel to all nations. One Gospel to all nations. One Gospel to be preached to all, and if anyone venture to announce a different gospel, let him be accursed. That one Gospel is to be received by every one in its entirety, and if any one refuse so to receive it, let him be accursed, that is, if in his belief he differ from the Gospel in this point or that, avoid that man, for he is a reprobate and a sinner, and stands condemned out of his own mouth.

From this it is quite evident that St. Paul would make short work of our modern religious indifferentism. Were anyone to ask him whether one religion is as good as another, his answer would be: "Let the man who preaches such a gospel be anathema, let him be accursed." This is a terrible answer, yet it is but the answer of the meek and gentle Christ Himself. Who says: "If any man believeth not all things whatsoever I have commanded My Apostles to preach, he shall be condemned."

Hence on this point, as on all others, Reason and Revelation are in perfect accord. Reason teaches that the proposition, that one religion is as good as another, is an insult to God and to man, because it necessarily implies that falsehood is as good as truth. And, as was just pointed out, Christ has announced it to the world as revealed truth, that this same proposition shall be unto him who accepts it a cause of eternal damnation. Consequently religious indifferentism stands condemned both by reason and by Revelation.

NOT A SINGLE CATHOLIC RESIDENT.

BUT FATHER SUTTON GOT THE HANDSOME HOUSE AT OPELIKA, ALA., FOR HIS LECTURES.

The Catholic Standard and Times.

After a very successful lecture course given in Greenville, Ala., Father Xavier Sutton visited Opelika, Ala. The reverend lecturer, who is, notwithstanding the inconveniences and hardships of Southern missionary labors, doing such noble work among the non-Catholics of Alabama, was warmly received. Accompanied by a local priest, Father Sutton called on some of the most prominent people in town, and was welcomed by them with typical Southern generosity. Through their efforts the auditorium of the Court House, a handsome and imposing modern edifice, was secured for the lectures free of charge. The auditorium has a seating capacity of 15,000, and is heated and lighted according to the most improved methods. The fact that the lectures were to be delivered there had much to do with focusing attention on the advertising. The enterprising owners of the Opelika Daily News attended to the latter feature. Their devotion to the cause was commendable. Besides several attractive notices and advertisements, they generously and kindly kept Father Sutton much in evidence in their local column, and in very progressive fashion deluged the town with handbills.

That the lectures of a Catholic priest in Opelika, however thrilling and inspiring, were something in the order of adventure might have been presumed. The town is a busy part of trade, prosperous and progressive, with a population of almost six thousand. There is not a single Catholic resident. One only, the eternal Italian vendor of tropical delights, was described as having tendencies and aspirations Catholic and Roman. When approached, he emphatically declared that he was "awful Catholic and awful Presbyterian" nor did he dissemble his far from encouraging attitude of opposition. Opelika, then, being a purely Protestant centre, could not be expected to jubilate over the advent of a Catholic lecturer. Furthermore, the morals of the town was seriously disturbed by a so-called temperance divine, with ears and tent and stereopticon, and the inevitable traveling shows and circuses. There is, we believe, a colloquialism much in use that would fitly exemplify by application the perversity of Opelika. We would like to use it, but we dare not.

"DONE BIN A CAT'LIK."

And then the inclement weather! Braving this and other obstacles, Father Sutton and his clerical friend, "doomed to death, but fated not to die," at least without a struggle, entered the magnificent hall, where they were greeted by that rarest specimen of decaying feudal faith, the old-time Southern "darkey." "Uncle" had snowny locks, toothless gums and a wagging hirsute appendage, which did full justice to its claims for a lingering existence, as the proud possessor, with inimitable grace, feelingly informed his black-robed visitors that he "done bin a Cat'lik." Surprise and then commiseration was depicted on Father Sutton's countenance. Father Sutton could not accuse the "ole gem man" of romancing, because he knew that

"Uncle" was sincere, his sincerity being the inheritance of distorted notions of Catholicity. Every Christian was a Catholic in "Uncle's" estimation. A little questioning evinced that the word Catholic was, indeed, universal, by a strange elasticity of comprehension. "Alas! poor Yorick." Leaving "Uncle" for the time being to his reflection, Father Sutton turned to the more serious business of the evening. His audience was small, but eager and gratefully attentive throughout the lectures. Father Sutton's remarks were violently punctuated by the elaborate assenting process of our needing religious "Uncle." "Yo" all sho' an right, cap, yo' sho' am," was his concluding reverie, resembling in his mental receptivity, the judge, who, hearing the defendant's plea, forthwith charged the jury to "acquit the prisoner," but charged his judicial sanction when the plaintiff's case was argued, with the remark: "That beats everything. This man lost first, and now he wins."

THE WRITING OF THE BIBLE.

The attitude of our old slave friend, however, exemplified the convictions of intelligent men who followed Father Sutton's clear logic very closely. "Do you think Christ had anything to do with the writing of the Bible?" asked one at the close of the discussion on the Bible. "The earliest book of the Bible was not written until at least eight years after the death of Christ, and that certainly does not seem to indicate that Christ Himself wrote a single line in it," replied Father Sutton. "That's a revelation to me," continued the interrogator. "And yet we are told that the Bible is the word of God—the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible. Preachers tell you that the Bible is enough. Then they shout for money. If you don't pay your dues you are driven out of the church and you are lost. I can't see the force of their arguments." Another gentleman told an acquaintance in the presence of his own minister that he had, for years, all his life in fact, attended a certain church and took an active interest in its affairs, but had learned more from one of Father Sutton's lectures than all the preachers he had ever heard taught him. "History does not record what attempt at justification the minister referred to exploited, but we are in a position to state that, in the words of a bystander, he was seen 'chasin' round a corner with coat tails a flyin' and no flies on his darby, either.' "So the world wags" and poor souls grope in darkness, gladly welcoming the faintest ray that would illumine the gloom of their unhappiness. Non-Catholic divines, with many a trumpet flourish, rush into print, advancing reasons why their churches are not filled. Why should they be filled? What light of truth can radiate from error? For true Christianity is the popular questions of the day are unhappy substitutes. They can be heard presented with greater freedom in the lecture hall. Men will not go to Church if the auditorium serve their purposes equally. Ministers may rail, and advance as causes what are in reality effects, but until they go back to the first and only cause—namely, the poverty of their systems of belief, and until they recognize the instability of their authority—they will never solve the problem of desolate waste and empty pews.

MINISTER AT A CATHOLIC DEATH BED.

And this apropos of a recent conversation between the writer and a minister in the neighborhood of Opelika, who was an attentive listener when Father Sutton proved the operation of the true Church to teach Catholic faith, and its consequent influence on the heart and mind. "Why have not we," the reverend gentleman said, "the same authority as Catholic priests? We seem to have it. For instance, I some time ago took upon myself the responsibility of attending the death bed of a Catholic whose system of belief I possibly do amound. I felt that it could do as much for the dying as any priest. Therefore, I read a selection from the Catholic Bible, one from the revised edition, and conducted a service that was as Catholic as could be." The inevitable Bible! Father Sutton had already demonstrated the necessity of confession, as a medium of forgiveness by the Bible, the revised edition, too—and what a consolation indeed the Bible alone must be to the soul upon its entrance to eternity! The instance narrated was advanced to illustrate the possession of authority. What the grounds of that authority were the writer was not permitted to hear or to investigate. *Roma locuta est causa finita est*—with apologies.

Do we wonder they are empty pews confronting empty doctrine? During his visit to Opelika Father Sutton boarded at the town hotel. His associations were exclusively non-Catholic. The Holy Sacrifice was offered in his room. Mass celebrated in private rooms of residences is a common occurrence in missionary districts. Father Sutton engaged a responsible person to distribute Catholic literature. Several hundred copies of "Clearing the Way," written by Father Sutton, were delivered at so many family homes and gratefully received. T. E.

Minister Convert.

English exchanges report another important conversion. Rev. J. C. Thompson, a member of a well-known North of Ireland family, and formerly curate of St. Andrew Anglican Church, Stockwell Green, London, S. W., has been received into the Catholic Church at St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, by Dom Columba Edmonds, O. S. B.

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

CHAPTER III.

THE STRANGER CHEVALIER. It was as I anticipated. The next day, when word came to my father that I had not the qualities to fit me for a good Recollet, he stormed and well-nigh cursed me, declaring that henceforth he washed his hands of me, I might choose my own future, a declaration which in my heart I rejoiced at, albeit I felt he was unkindly harsh, since how could I be accountable for what Providence had not given me? I had previously mustered courage to tell my mother of my dismissal, and all day her eyes showed only too plainly a redness caused by frequent weeping. But at the first stern word from my father she forgave me for the disappointment I had occasioned her, and spoke for me, pleading my cause against his wrath, as a mother, heaven bless her! is ever wont to shield her son, however unworthy he may be. With these concerns of my own to the fore, I had small leisure to speculate upon the outcome of the last night's quarrel at the shop of the Widow St. Armand. Still the thought of it did cross my mind many times. I wondered if the lieutenant was badly hurt, and whether the chevalier, whom I had heard named as Do la Mothe, had remained boldly at his lodgings, or if upon second consideration he had concluded to make good his escape while there was yet opportunity. But for the unhappiness I had already brought to my mother, I thought to inform her of the adventure; yet, so unreasonable are women, would she not in that case take me to task for having done with a wife's hand? I held my peace therefore. However, by noon the town was ringing with the story of the encounter. The rumor quickly followed that the condition of Sabrevois was serious and the stranger officer had been arrested and was to be brought before a court martial on the morrow. In the evening my father ignored me, but I fancied I detected a darker cloud upon his brow, and my mother sighed frequently as though there were a new sorrow in her heart. I preserved a quiet though perchance somewhat sullen exterior, yet my blood grew hot in my veins. I understood that my parents were grieved and anxious on account of what had befallen Sabrevois, whom, because of his family connections and favor with those in authority, and also because he had a fair income besides his pay as an officer, they were willing to accept as a son-in-law. In a savage humor I slipped away at last to the sleeping room which I shared with my younger brothers. Fortunately for my frame of mind, they were already well on the voyage to dreamland; where in the active lad who, as soon as his head touched the pillow, is not launched upon a reprieve as profound as that of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus? For me, I was a care-free lad no longer, but a youth perplexed as to how I should acquire my independence, pained at the thought that if Sabrevois recovered, Therese, against her inclination but from a sense of filial duty, might be constrained to marry him, and haunted by a dread lest, if Sabrevois did not recover, misfortune might befall the man who, although I did not then know it, was to influence my future through happiness and trial. Thus was I, I based upon my bed. As I was indeed young, however, and in perfect health, slumber came at last, and I dreamed I had set out with the Chevalier de la Mothe for the ends of the earth, bidding adieu forever to my boyhood's home and the storm-beaten rock of Quebec.

the ban of his displeasure. These strained relations could not be long endured, however, and I was resolved to cut loose from all old associations and set out to make my own way in the world. How and where?—that was the question. Such was the state of affairs when one day "la bonne mere" said to me,—"Normand, it is your father's wish that you ride out to Beauport and bring home Therese." This was the first glad happening for a week. "Surely, mother, I will go at once," I answered with alacrity, and began forthwith to make preparation. In the stable I found the bay horse Feu Follet champing in his stall, and as ready for the journey as I. Bridling and saddling him, I added a pillion for Therese and the saddle bags, knowing full well that "la bonne mere" would have some dainties to send to my aunt by way of neighborly remembrance. Not was I mistaken, for, when I rode around to the door, there she stood on the step, in her hands a great platter of tempting croque-monsieurs. These I bestowed with care in one of the bags, and a bottle of eau de vie for my uncle in the other. Then I sprang upon the back of Feu Follet and gave him the word to be off. It was well on to noon as I rode out through the St. John's Gate of the town into the open country. Behind me lay the crooked line of the city wall, the green turf and poplars of the Esplanade, and the gray buildings of Quebec, among which stood out prominently upon Mountain Hill the officers' quarters, the Hotel Dieu, and the Bishop's new college with its shining bellry. Before me extended the green slopes that descend to the Beauport Road; beyond them I could see the cleft in the ledge of rock whence falls the fleecy cascade, like a fair bridal veil for virgin Nature, and beyond it my glance travelled to Cap Tourmente and the blue mountains of Ste. Anne. Having crossed the winding St. Charles, I went on contentedly. The beauty of the scene rendered the jaunt delightful; but the ground was bad and my progress slow, notwithstanding that Feu Follet, good beast, chafed for a gallop and broke into one whenever I gave him the rein. At length, after much hard riding, I descried in the valley the chimneys of my uncle's home, and in a few minutes more I drew up before the most spacious farmhouse of the cote, or settlement. At my call of "Ho la, ho!" there were hurried steps within, and presently the door was thrown open by Robert de Keane, the ward of Francis Guyon, who at this time lived with him at Beauport. "Ah, Normand, it is indeed you. I thought I could not be mistaken in the voice," he cried joyfully, hastening to catch at the bridle of Feu Follet that I might dismount the sooner. "What a gala time we shall have together! Your uncle Guyon has brought in a ship, as you must have heard; we will go aboard her to-morrow. Oh, there is much to show you!" At his exclamation of recognition there had followed him to the door a little girl of some nine or ten spring times. It was Barbe, the pretty English child. Here was a strange history. As well as we could learn it, her father was slain while fighting the Indians during an attack upon some border village, his wife ruthlessly murdered by the savages. Doubtless their little one would have shared the same fate had not an Indian brave taken thought that he might perchance barter the toddling pale-faced baby for a draught of French brandy. Of him my aunt had bought her to save her life. But of all this winsome Babette retained no recollection beyond an instinctive shrinking from any face of coppery hue, and now, as she stood on the doorstep, clapping her hands and dancing with glee, no one would have supposed that over the dawn of her life hung so terrible a tragedy. "Oh, welcome, Normand," she cried. "I shall be so glad to show you the violets and arbutus and the virgin's bower are coming into bloom; and my fairy palace lined with moss, in a covey of the cliff; you can see, too, the string of gold beads that father Guyon brought home to me." I sprang from the saddle and, bending down, kissed the sweet mouth which little Barbe held up to me in ingenuous affection; and then, as she elung to me, taking another dancing step or two the while, I turned to grasp the hand of Robert, saying: "In truth nothing would please me better than to return with you for a time; to see the new ship and go canoeing on the river, Robert; to take you upon a hunt for wild flowers, Barbe, and note how every day your golden beads gleam prettier upon your pretty throat. But fortunately I cannot stay. I am come to bring Therese home." "Alack, your errand is like to temper the warmth of your reception within," replied Robert with a laugh, whereby he strove to conceal his own disappointment. "Therese has been the life of the house, and Francis Guyon says he is minded to keep her always as his daughter. With 'la bonne mere' it is the same, since your sister is the one age of the daughter whom they lost by death, and the house is lonely without the younger demoiselle, who, as you know, will not return from the school of the Ursules for some weeks yet." At my explanation of the why and wherefore of my coming, Babette had ceased to skip; but she still hung fast to my hand as I wheeled about to go in. My entrance was impeded, however, by the appearance of my two small boy cousins who came rushing around the corner of the building from the farmyard and cast themselves upon me. I could only free myself from the embrace of their greeting by diverting their attention to Feu Follet, whom Robert still held by the bridle. At this juncture, too, the sagacious animal, as if to urge his own claim to their notice, began to whinny for the rest and pleasant shelter of the stable. The lads broke into a merry laugh at his wisdom, snatched the rein from Robert, and led the horse away with a chanson of triumph, as if it had been

the charger of His Majesty, while I went into the house with Keane and Barbe. "Hoin, Normand, 'tis good for the eyes to see you," cried my uncle Guyon from his chair by the fire, as he took his pipe from his mouth and held out a hand to me in his bluff hearty way. "Come, sit down and recount to us the doings of Quebec. Mamma (to his wife), 'twas a likely dinner for you, was it? Was a likely gallant he is become, to be sure!" "Ay, such as I always said he would be!" declared my aunt, who had risen from her place to greet me and was bustling about with hospitable thought for my refreshment, the family having already dined. As a matter of fact, I was not in general ill-pleased with my own appearance. Although I was but a youth and little used to the ways of the high society of our good town, my habiliments had always been of the best, for it was a pride with my father that the habiting of his family should be an evidence of his prosperity. I knew also that I was well built of frame, and tall for one of French stock, with olive skin, brown eyes, and a shock of wavy black hair which I had been thinking, as I rode along the way, I would begin to powder and tied in a queue. Now, beyond a momentary consciousness of satisfaction at the impression I had made, I gave no consideration to myself at all, but stood in the middle of the floor as though rooted to the spot, so overwhelmed was I with astonishment by the scene upon which I gazed. At first, upon coming in with my thoughts intent on the meeting with my uncle and aunt, I saw only them. But directly, as I turned about to look for Therese, lo, there she was, basked with her embroidery at the other side of the fireplace, and wonder of wonders! there, bounding over her, was the self-same chevalier whose imprisonment I had lamented for the past week—the stranger of the wine shop, looking as dashing and picturesque, and handsome even than when I had first seen him, for now his brow was bared and his eyes shone with a soft steady light—the hero of my nightly visions and of my waking dreams, the mysterious Monsieur de la Mothe. "How now, Normand!" exclaimed my uncle Francis, at a loss to account for my bewilderment. "Ah, I was like to forget—you are a stranger to our guest. Sieur Cadillac, this is my brother's son, a worthy lad, maigre, not good enough, it seems, to make a missionary." Thus it was I only stammered out some incoherent reply as, striding forward, he grasped my hand, crying,—"Pardon, friend Guyon, I must gain say you. The young gentleman and I have not only met ere now, but I am in debt to him for a most timely service. This gallant nephew of yours is the youth who so opportunely interposed the other evening, with the amiable purpose of saving my life or that of the humble Sabrevois, I scarce know which." "Of a surety not Sabrevois!" I rejoined so vehemently that they all laughed; whereupon, more at ease, I shot a glance toward Therese, and as my eyes met hers I read there a pride in me that they had never shown me before. "Eh! Is it indeed so?" ejaculated my uncle, incredulous, yet well pleased to be assured that I had so distinguished myself; while my aunt purred in her kindly preparation for my entertainment to stare at me in undisguised amazement. Manifestly they were familiar with the story of what had transpired on that notable evening at the wine-shop of the Widow St. Armand. "And now, my faithful and most unlooked-for ally, your good uncle Guyon can tell you, in a bantering tone under which nevertheless I discerned a ring of earnestness, 'do you wonder how it is that, instead of languishing in your Bastille of New France, the donjon of your grand Castle of St. Louis, as you perchance supposed me, I am here, a guest at Francis Guyon's hospitable fireside, and dined occupied after a fashion so eminently agreeable to my inclinations?" He bowed to my sister with a courtliness and grace which I have never seen surpassed, and turning again to me, proceeded with his former debonaire gaiety,—"Bah, my Normand, you have yet to learn that a cask of Spanish sack is often a most eloquent advocate with the powers that be. As for my presence here, your good uncle Guyon can tell you, we have braved the perils of the deep together with the laudable object of upholding the majesty of the King upon the high seas, and, at the same time, furthering our own fortunes. This voyage, I am come from my home in fair Acadia, drawn hither by tidings of a treasure compared to which all the wealth that sails the ocean is as nothing; and, in sooth, the report, although as it was, fell far short of the reality." Again his gaze sought Therese, who blushed rosy red, and bowed her head lower over her tambour frame. For the nonce anger got the better of my admiration of the man. Who was this stranger that upon a few days' acquaintance ventured to pay such bold court to the prettiest demoiselle of Quebec? Did he only trife? Was this but a jest of love making? If so—My hand

sought the rapier, I had worn, with a longing to find it of use, since the day following that whereon it was decided I had no calling for the role of messenger of peace. The Chevalier de la Mothe noted the action and also the frown upon my brow, but he returned my look of doleful interrogation with one so frank and noble that I felt my boyish feroce melt soften. "Ah, Normand, you are a brave gallant," he said, with the easy idyllic laugh of one who is master of the situation, "but I trust our swords may never be turned against each other. At least, if it ever comes to pass, I swear 'twill not be through fault of mine." Therese, who had turned away as though to resume with the fair worker beside the hearth the conversation that my entrance had interrupted. "Therese, I am come for you," I interposed gruffly, not yet entirely appeased. Therese, who had smiled a greeting to me when I came in, now started up, coloring with vexation and annoyance. "Oh, I beg you, my uncle, let me speak so well, if you will to wed him, then may you possess the homage of his life, and all good fortune and happiness." "Then I had best go at once," she replied with dignity, making as if to set about immediate preparations to obey the behest. My uncle Ga on protested. "What betise is this?" cried he. "The command of my brother Dony means no such haste. Normand was delayed on the way by reason of the bad state of the roads; you cannot get back by nightfall. To-morrow, my dear niece, if so it must be, you have my permission to go, but not before." "Ay, that is it," seconded my aunt; while little Barbe laid her soft cheek against my hand, well content that they should carry the day. But Therese, turned contrary, would not have it so. "Oh, I beg you, my uncle, let me go now, since I am sent for," she pleaded. "My father will not take the excuse of the bad roads, since the twilight is long; if we start betimes, we shall get home 7 of the clock." "Well, well, I dare say you are wise not to anger my brother," said Francis Guyon, yielding, "and I know you will be coming again to Beauport very shortly." At this she blushed again; as for Monsieur de la Mothe, he said no more to me, but stood studying the fire. Betimes, after telling my sister in a low voice that he would return to put her on her pillion (a most absurd care, to my mind), he called to Robert and set out with him for the ship at the wharf, whereon, I learned, he lived when at Beauport. Angry as I was against this Chevalier de la Mothe, whom I saw Keane go forth with him thus as his chosen companion, I was conscious of a pang of jealousy almost such, I fear, as a girl feels when she sees the lover whom she has enthroned in her heart prefer the society of another. But this emotion I checked, albeit it caused me to apply myself with the greater silliness to the meal which the Paris woman servant had set forth for me on the table at the farther end of the room. Francis Guyon having been called away to his fields without hearing the minor bits of town news I possessed, and for which he had kindly feigned to be so anxious, and Therese having disappeared, taking Barbe with her on the plea that she needed the child's help in making into a bundle her best gown and ribbons, preparatory to her departure, my aunt and I were left alone. As though unconscious of my moodiness, the dear soul chatted to me in her pleasant fashion, and ere long grew confidential. "Ay, Normand, I am glad you are come, even for this brief stay," she said. "It is some time since we have seen you, by reason I dare say of your being so taken up with your books. Henceforth I hope you will come to us oftener. Your uncle has for some good fortune upon the seas and along northern coast of late; and, by no means the least of these fortunate happenings, in his opinion, was the meeting with yonder cavalier. "What an odd chance that you should already know him; yet it is not over-straordinary either, since so dashing a man must have made an impression in Quebec, and then, of course, there was that captain Sabrevois, albeit the lieutenant is an experienced swordsman, and they should have been permitted to fight, I maintain. "My faith, but your uncle esteems greatly this La Mothe. A man of brilliant parts, he says, is the young Seigneur de Cadillac; ambitious, yet noble-minded; fated to make a name for himself and those connected with him,—one born to achieve great and good fortune. He holds commissions, both military and marine, from the King; a soldier of fortune now, to be sure, but, my dear, he looks to receive a rich grant of land in the vicinity of Acadia, in acknowledgment of his services to the government—and, like the eagle, he is bound to soar high. "Well, Normand, it pleases me that you have discovered how matters stand. You have seen and heard for yourself how he regards Therese, and have noted, if I mistake not, how the roses bloom in her cheeks if he but turns his eyes upon her?" "Yes, and anon, I suppose, he will sail away with my uncle and leave her distraught and unhappy," I mumbled fiercely. "Hoin, not so!" corrected la bonne mere laughing at my spleen. "He is minded to wed her as soon as may be, and take her with him when he sails; while she, in truth, awaits the ringing of her marriage bells with much joy and content." "But my father and mother?" "They have to day agreed to the marriage. The affair with Sabrevois troubled them much, especially as the latter was known to be a suttor for the hand of Therese. Had the accident been serious the scandal of it would, I fear, have been fatal to Cadillac's hope of winning their consent to accept him

as their son-in-law. But since the cockcomb has received only a broken head, that counts for nothing, and Therese will soon be a happy bride, God willing. Your parents decried at the haste, indeed, but Cadillac's ardor, and the necessity that Guyon and he set sail again at an early date, have prevailed." Here was news truly. So it was all arranged, and until now I had been told nothing of what was going on. Bitter enough I felt, as I sat looking down at my plate. But presently, glancing up, I saw again beside the hearth Therese, whom I so dearly loved—Therese, who stood motionless, her eyes fixed upon me with a half, deprecating, half-wistful expression of sisterly tenderness and regret at my chagrin. Therese, unable to withstand their mute appeal, I rose, shook off my selfish moroseness, strode across the room, and, taking in mine her kind hands that had ever been as ready as was her heart to lend me help and comfort, I bent my head and kissed them, saying— "Therese, no man's devotion how over exalted, is great enough to be worthy of you. But if you have given your love to this chevalier of whom all speak so well, if you will to wed him, then may you possess the homage of his life, and all good fortune and happiness." At this she made as if to protest my praise of her sweet self. "Foolish boy," she said carelessly, as for a moment she leaned her head against my breast. "I wished for an opportunity to tell you, Normand; and—and—you see for yourself no one could help liking him." TO BE CONTINUED.

"ON THE WINGS OF SONG." REV. HUGH F. BLUNT IN DONORO'S MAGAZINE. Father Grant was worried. His usual cheery smile had given place to a troubled expression, especially evident at this season of Christmas. Mrs. Maxwell noticed it immediately when she came to him to get the names of the poor whom she was to make glad at this joyous time. "You look worried, Father," she said, as she was about to go on her errand of mercy. "Dear me, and is it so evident? Indeed I am worried, and yet to you it may seem a trivial matter. It's about our Christmas music. You know the pride I have taken in the music all ways—this may be my punishment—and how hard we worked at it, and here at the last moment most of the singers are sick, and it's too late to get others, and so on. And that's my trouble; not to find a fire or an earthquake, but bad enough, and the people are so used to a beautiful programme at Christmas." Mrs. Maxwell smiled. "I'm so glad that no greater trouble is impending. But about your music. Do you know an idea has entered my head this instant to make your musical programme the best in the city. You know Dr. Fulton of Larned street? Of course he can sing here only a month ago. His wife is a beautiful singer, in fact a star of the first magnitude up to three years ago when he married her. Possibly you know her as the famous Alice Lavarnie." "The queen of the song?" Father Grant trembled at the prospect. "The same, known in all the civilized world." "And you think she would sing for us?" "Undoubtedly, if I ask her. She and I were classmates at Notre Dame, and boom friends for years. We have exchanged calls since her coming here." "She is a Catholic, then?" "Nominally so. I fear the practical faith is weak. Dr. Fulton—enormously wealthy you know—is an avowed atheist, a sort of iconoclast, an anti-everything, and I fear that Alice has borrowed many of his ideas." "Hardly a suitable person to sing at the Mass—do you think so?" "I know, Father, but then—it may stir up old memories. Who knows?" "True, Mrs. Maxwell. Dear me, what a providential body you are! Always ready when you are needed most. See Mrs. Fulton if you will. We'll have the finest music in the city." And so it was agreed that Mrs. Maxwell would ask the celebrated singer to assist in saving from destruction the musical efforts of a poor parish priest. She felt that she had a good cause to plead, and without a fear of defeat she drove immediately to the grand home which the doctor had built for the happiness of his celebrated wife. As she sat in the reception room awaiting the entrance of her old friend she could not help contrasting the oriental little cottages in which Alice Lavarnie had grown to maidenhood, and the simple rooms of the convent of their school days. In the wildest dreams neither had imagined an ending so romantic, so luxurious; and to-night, when her mind was upon music, Mrs. Maxwell could fancy the rich room transformed into the exhibition hall on that fair graduation day when Alice had sung like an angel and won the plaudits of an outside world. She remembered how happy Alice had declared herself, and how she manifested her intention of returning after vacation to enter the novitiate. The dear Sister smiling at her impulsiveness had said: "It may be different when you see the world, poor child. Sometimes I tremble for you—you are so beautiful, so talented." Alice had laughed at the Sister's fears, and then—Mrs. Fulton entered the room. "Martha! You have returned my call at last! One feels doubly a stranger when one's friends are almost next door and remain there." "A thousand reasons, Alice, for such apparent neglect. And yet I wonder what you will say when you know my errand." "Charity, of course. They tell me you are the busiest woman in town, and all for others. Compared to you I am a useless butterfly." "I should rather call you a humming bird, especially to-night, when I come to ask you to sing for charity." "That request is readily granted. I sang for money so long, it is only right that I should do something for pure charity. You are going to have a concert for the poor, I presume." "No, not exactly. I want you to sing at the High Mass on Christmas." Mrs. Fulton blushed and looked startled. "That is different, Martha. I am afraid I cannot. You see—Mr. Fulton—well I should have to consult him." "Why, Alice, you do not mean that you must ask him for such a service as that? To sing in your own church?" "My own church, yes, but not our church, and there is all the difficulty. I am so glad you came to-night, Martha. I have been doubly unhappy this evening and it is a comfort to me to have a friend of the old days to confide in." There were tears in her eyes as she arose and brought her chair close to Mrs. Maxwell. "Why are you so unhappy, Alice? You have everything to live for." "Yes, and still nothing to live for. I have fame, wealth, a devoted husband, and yet unappreciated. Your presence intensifies it, by contrasting the present with the old convent days. Dear Sister—how often she told me that she had fears for me on account of my voice; but God gave me that voice, and when I saw how people were charmed by it my soul was fired with an ambition to make the whole world listen. You do not know what ambition is, Martha. To me it was wealth, fame, everything each can give, and it inspired me to study hard. You remember when I went to Europe to study with Lustrini. A dear friend of my father made it possible. Another pupil was Mrs. Fulton, my husband's first wife, a beautiful amiable woman who took a deep interest in me, and made her home also interest himself. You know my lady to fancy, my debut, my laurels everywhere. The Fulton was as pleased as I. Mrs. Fulton died the next season, when I sang at Covent Garden. Two years after, he asked me to marry him, and I did willingly for I had come to love him dearly. But there was a cloud over my happiness, for I had married out of the Church. I did not mind it then, my heart was in the world. He was an atheist, I practically a convert. But when our child was born and he refused to have it baptized my slumbering faith began to reel. One night I came from the theatre, after a grand success, to find my child dead—and unbaptized! That was my last appearance. I became ill; he would not let me return to the stage—and here I am." "But does he not relent?" "On the contrary he is more ineluctant. I argued at first, finally gave it up, and am now settled down into an obedient, loving wife." "But your soul, Alice?" "Never at peace, Martha, and that is why I am going back to the stage. My voice is better than ever, and it will give me something to think about. But I detain you. I will ask my husband, though I fear he will refuse." She ascended the stairs slowly, thinking deeply and formulating her argument. Dr. Fulton was reading when she entered his study, but quickly laid aside his book as if to conceal it. "On, it's you, Alice. You startled me." "And now I will startle you still more. Mrs. Maxwell, my old convent companion—you remember our charming hostess at Naples—comes to press me to sing." "Sing where, Alice?" "At St. John's Church." "Roman Catholic, of course." "Yes." "You know, dear, I do not approve of such things. How can you desire to mingle with such people?" "You are so proud, Herbert, and this is the season of humility." "Of humility." "Yes, it is the season of the Babe of Bethlehem." She wondered as to her boldness as she spoke. "It is Christmas when all differences should be forgotten. You have given me many gifts, Herbert, may I not ask a small favor from you now?" He was silent for a moment, as if meditating. "For this once, Alice, yes. I see you are still sighing for Egypt. You may tell Mrs. Maxwell yes." She could scarcely believe her ears. Was he relenting? Or was it the presence in his house of Mrs. Maxwell and the fear that he would seem bigoted? She could not tell. She only knew that hitherto he had railed at God and religion as hypocrites, and now—she could not explain it, but a smile was forced upon her face as she rejoined Mrs. Maxwell. To Alice Fulton it was the most beautiful Christmas morning she had seen for many years. She was in feeling a girl again as she stood waiting for the carriage to take her to church. It seemed to Dr. Fulton as he came down the stairs that she never looked so beautiful, so happy, since the gala night at the Metropolitan when a great city gave homage to the American nightingale. "I wish you a great success this morning, Alice. The revelation will come from the wrong part of the church to-day." "Thank you, Herbert, but revelations do not come from sinners." "I do not so classify you." "But I do, a Catholic who is false to her conscience can hardly be called a saint." He laughed, but there was no ring of merriment in the sound. "These are serious thoughts for merry Christmas, Alice. But really your voice will astonish them to-day. I'd like to be there to see your triumph." "Why not come, then?" she asked, timidly. "It's against my principles, dear. But here's your carriage. Good-bye." He stood at the door till the carriage disappeared down the long driveway. Then he returned to his study, and again took up the book that had fascinated him. It was Faber's "Bethlehem." "Whatever Marx told me to read this for, it beats me," he said to him-

self, "yet I What would reading peculiar. had stopped make her st was running to a despise dear. In va in the book, dropped it. asked, "Ha church yo drive you —moooon as he peered to peated to d dnting the a man go to But he was entered the expression No one no as he took did he cou sides he co ground to c solo. He s knelt, an upon his p parent was smiled as h of the prie never nete —he sneer choir to re he thought yet he was for he was for the wa I was it Latin wor ranted to t her voi ever, and sentiment never hear in opera, o had wode was the vo the little voice of a beyond d from him t he was tr Her voice with a pie in it that test he ha to himsel in all his such comm of a Creat creature. but there his lips sounded, to avail it. Dr. Ful vestibule gregation obligations through th that last and all the last h as impati ment sega not come the ca would go ascended. Yes, she with her —it smot weeping. "Alice" The v whispere lament nearer a his. "Alle ble tend weeping. "For pease of here to You wome me!" "God mind, to to avail it. She was blin thank H And, woman like me!" DEAT From w My M depend correspond death h social p place, a ory, at affectio them, a we hav admirat if we there; moor o of wif after a cause person focus. so far centre that li and S all th among met dows father times towns out h main, don; sound all the lighte two o hour there, edifice, and d' wush' blind ever comes

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 184 and 186 Richmond Street, London, Ontario.

Price of Subscription—\$1.00 per annum.

Editor: REV. GEORGE H. NORTHGRAVES.

Author of "Mistakes of Modern Ireland."

THOMAS COFFEY.

Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey.

Messrs. Luke King, P. J. Neven and Miss Sarah Hanley are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Agents for Newfoundland, Mr. James Power of St. John's.

Rate of Advertising—Ten cents per line each insertion, space measurement.

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

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor and must reach London not later than Monday morning.

When subscribers change their residence in Ontario, they should notify the proprietor of their new address by mail.

Subscribers who change their address should notify this office as soon as possible in order to insure the regular delivery of their paper.

Agents or collectors have no authority to stop your paper unless the amount due is paid.

Matter intended for publication should be mailed in time to reach London not later than Monday morning. Please do not send us poetry, obituary and marriage notices sent by subscribers must be in a condensed form, to insure insertion.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

It strenuously defends Catholic principles and authority, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes.

I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families.

With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegation.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1905.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your admirable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you and wishing you success, Believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1905.

CHRISTMAS.

Come more we are about to celebrate the great festival of Christmas, which will fall upon Monday, Dec. 25th.

As our readers all know, this festival has been instituted in remembrance of the birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ Who was born at midnight in a stable at Bethlehem, or a cave which was in use as a stable.

The coming of Christ had been long expected by the chosen people of God during the four thousand years which preceded the day of His actual birth, for His coming had been clearly foretold by the prophets; and even if some of their prophecies were not in themselves so clear as to be perfectly well understood, they were made clear by information revealed specially by God Himself that the expectation of God coming to earth as our Saviour should be clear and unmistakable.

Thus when the Magi or wise men of the distant East, following the miraculous star which led them to Judea and to Jerusalem in search of the new-born "King of the Jews," of Whom God had spoken to them, the chief priests and the scribes of the people were able to give the information that He should be born in Bethlehem of Juda; for so it is written by the prophet; and then Bethlehem, the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come forth the ruler who shall rule my people Israel. (St. Matt. ii. 5, 6.) Compare the prophecy of Micah, v. 2.

St. Peter also in his first great sermon to the people of Jerusalem, after the descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles of Christ, declared that David knew and spoke of Christ, saying: "I foresaw the Lord always before my face because He is at my right hand, that I may not be moved, for he knew that God had sworn to Him with an oath that from the fruit of his loins one should sit upon his throne. . . . and foreseeing he spoke of the resurrection of Christ." (Acts ii. 25-31.)

It was owing to this expectation of the coming of the Messiah, Christ, that, as the holy Gospel tells us, "there was a man in Jerusalem named Simeon; and this man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was in him. And he had received an answer from the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Christ of the Lord."

But when this prophet of God beheld Jesus he blessed and thanked God "because my eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all people. A light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of thy people of Israel." (St. Luke ii. 25-32.)

When the time was accomplished that the Saviour of mankind should be born, an angel appeared to the shepherds watching their flocks in the neighbor-

hood of Bethlehem, and a great brightness shone round about them, from the midst of which the voice of the angel was heard saying: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour Who is Christ the Lord in the city of David. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." (St. Luke cii. : 8-12.)

Then a multitude of the heavenly host who were also angels, accompanying the chief angel or archangel who had delivered the tidings, praised God in the grand canticle: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

The shepherds immediately, in obedience to the directions of the angel, went over to Bethlehem to see the fulfilment of the prophecy made manifest to them, and found Mary and Joseph and the infant Jesus lying in a manger, as the angel had said. The shepherds told all they had heard, and adored their new-born Saviour and returned to their flocks, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen, as the angel had told them.

The gospel adds that "Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart." She is thus the pattern to all Christians, by her strong and lively faith.

We have in the beautiful example given us by the shepherds a pattern of the dispositions of humility, faith, love, adoration and reverence for the mercy and truth of God, with which we also should celebrate the glorious festival of Christmas, and we should prepare for it with penitential works reconciling ourselves to God by true sorrow for our sins, and by receiving the sacrament of penance which was instituted by God for the purpose of bringing about our restoration to His friendship.

And as Christ dwelling among men is a cause of salvation to us, so we should welcome Him in the crib of Bethlehem; and as He still remains with us in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, we should make proper preparation during Christmas time to receive worthily that holy sacrament by means of which Christ dwells and abideth with the worthy communicant, and the worthy communicant with Him.

The gospel states that Jesus was born in Bethlehem in the days of King Herod, but we are not told in which year of Herod's reign Christ was born. As Almighty God did not deem it necessary we should know this date exactly, inasmuch as He has not revealed it, we cannot fix the year with absolute certainty; but there are good reasons for believing that the birth of Christ took place in the fourth year before the Christian era as we reckon it by our calendar. Other authorities place the event so far back as in the sixth year before the Christian era.

We wish to all our readers, on the approach of this great Christmas festival, a Happy Christmas.

IRISH HISTORY AND THE IRISH QUESTION: BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, Morang & Co.: Price \$1.50

In reading this book we were reminded of an incident that occurred some years ago. A denizen of the West was arrested for horse-stealing. For this the punishment was death via the rope and the nearest tree. As there was a possibility of the man's innocence, a New Yorker who happened to be there for the good of his lungs suggested a trial. Accordingly, a judge and jury withdrew to the nearest saloon, leaving the prisoner to be guarded by a few who believed that lynch law was an instrument more potent in repressing crime than civilization's methods. After a time the jury announced "Guilty." "Verdict all right," shouted these men, pointing at the same time to a corpse dangling from a tree.

Dr. Smith pretends to judge Ireland dispassionately. In his introduction he cites a number of distinguished historians and acknowledges his indebtedness to them. In fact he wishes to convey the impression that in this history he is not dominated by prejudice and is a conscientious weighmaster of historical evidence. But for all this he handles the subject after the fashion of James Anthony Froude. He approaches the subject with preconceived ideas, and has little respect for that law of history which enjoins that a historian's writings should be open to no suspicion of partiality or animosity.

So far as a contribution to historical literature goes, the book is valueless: it is but Froude refashioned. With every desire to be just to Dr. Smith, we must say that prejudices constrain him to be chary of praise when praise is due, and to magnify facts which indicate Irish wrong doing with the reckless zeal of a partisan. In a word, Goldwin Smith could have spent time and energy to better purpose than giving one more proof that in matters regarding Ireland and the Church he

cares nothing for that accuracy which is the badge of scholarship. On page 8 Dr. Smith says: "By the preaching of Patrick, according to the common belief, Ireland was added to the Kingdom of Christ. The conversion was rapid and probably superficial," etc.

Rather beneath the dignity of the historian the phrase "according to the common belief." And why should Ireland's conversion be "probably" superficial? Where on the pages of early history can Dr. Smith see any indications of a probability of that nature? Why not see the facts as they are and admit that St. Patrick's teaching took root in the soil of Ireland and yielded a rich fruitage of culture and religion? Says H. N. Colin Lindsay, cited by Cardinal Moran, at Irish College, Rome, Oct. 25, 1902:

"Before England was born into the family of nations, Ireland was an autonomy recognized as such by contemporary races. When Albion was inhabited by a barbarous and savage people Ireland was in the height of prosperity. When the Anglo Saxons were tearing each other to pieces, Ireland was possessed of a settled Government and was administered by wise laws. When this country (England) was remarkable for its ignorance and brutality, Ireland was celebrated for her culture and civilization. When St. Augustine was preaching to heathen, when Ethelbert was receiving baptism, when Alfred was a wanderer, Ireland was sending forth her missionaries all over the world, spreading everywhere the gospel and civilization. When the foundations of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford were laid, the colleges of Ireland had long been flourishing seats of learning."

This does not substantiate the assertion that Ireland's conversion was "probably superficial." Would Ireland's sons have gone to the ends of the earth on the strength of a superficial conversion? Admitting there must be some proportion between cause and effect, we ask anyone: to what must this expenditure of Irish zeal, this braving of danger be ascribed?

Dr. Smith indeed refers to the "marvellous and almost preternatural zeal of the Irish clergy for the propagation of the Gospel abroad," but he takes care to say that it was "partly perhaps owing to its comparative isolation and detachment at home."

"Probably" and "perhaps" make an indifferent refuge for a historian. What has history to do with a "probably" or a "perhaps"? If Dr. Smith cannot state a fact without annexing to it a "perhaps" or a "probably," so as to minimize its significance, why state it at all? We might say that Dr. Smith's antagonism to the Church is due "probably" to insensate bigotry, or his banging the drum ecclesiastic owing "perhaps" to a desire to placate the Orangemen. But we know that any imputation of base and sordid motives to the learned gentleman through a "perhaps" or a "probably" would be looked upon with abhorrence by any lover of fair play. When the time comes to sum up Dr. Smith's services to Canada, to express our opinion of the magnificent abilities which have graced and illuminated many an important topic it will be done without a perhaps or a probably. Much better is it to fight without making undue provision for retreat; and to most men the writer who states facts, however unpalatable to him, as they are, is preferable to the one who sees them through the glasses of a "probably" or "perhaps."

"We must not forget," says the German scholar, Zimmer, of Berlin (quoted by Cardinal Moran) "that the Irish from the seventh to the tenth century were the schoolmasters of Europe. In the second half of the sixth century the Irishman Columbanus with twelve companions, amongst whom was Gallus, left his fatherland, penetrated the Kingdom of the Franks and finally founded at Bobbio, beyond the Alps, a nursery of culture in the widest sense of the word." And let it not be forgotten that this Columbanus wrote the Holy Father, saying: "We are the scholars of St. Peter and Paul: all are Irish inhabitants of the remotest part of the whole world, receiving nothing save what is the evangelic and apostolic doctrine."

On page 9 Dr. Smith says: "In Ireland itself there arose in connection with the Church a precocious and romantic passion for learning which founded primitive universities. Its memory lingers in the melancholy ruins of Clonmacnoise."

The doctor might have added Lismore and Glasnevin, Clonfert, etc. And he might have learned the language of sober praise from Mosheim, who writes: "That the Irish were lovers of learning and distinguished themselves in those times of ignorance beyond all other European nations, travelling through the most distant lands with a view to improve and communicate their knowledge, is a fact well known, for we see them in the most authentic records of antiquity discharging with the highest reputation and applause the functions of teachers in France, Germany and Italy."

On page 10 Dr. Smith says: "The Church of Ireland seems in its origin to have been national and neither child nor vassal of Rome."

Note the "seems." "The contemporary chronicler,"

says Cardinal Moran, "registers among the glorious deeds of St. Celestine that while he guarded the purity of the faith in Britain he gathered Ireland to the bosom of Holy Church."

It was the canonical decree of St. Patrick, again and again confirmed by the synods and pastors of the Irish Church, that if any grave questions should arise they were to be referred to the Apostolic See.

Professor J. B. Bury tells us in his "Life of St. Patrick" that "he brought a new land, into the spiritual federation which was so closely bound up with Rome—*nequeque pio lingua revivunt.*"

Historians of note have no doubt as to the Roman mission of St. Patrick, and assert that the Church in Ireland got its life from the See of Peter. We think that Dr. Smith is aping the preachers who attempt now and then to take the Irish Apostle into the Presbyterian or Episcopal camp. He tells us that gradually Rome cast her spell over Ireland, but he forgets to give us a bill of particulars. Intendo and mistatement do, not befitt the historian. And we say that Dr. Smith's contention that the Irish Church seems in its origin to have been national, and that Rome gradually cast her spell over her, is one that any writer would scorn to support.

Dr. Smith is a master in the art of blending the false with the true. His ill disguised sneers at the Church: his groundless charges, his cynicism and shameless juggling with historical truth are wearisome. For instance, he says on page 13, that "Henry II. held a synod at Cashel for the purpose of reforming, that is, of thoroughly Romanizing the Church of Ireland." He fails to show in what the Romanizing consisted. He insinuates the thing which is not. The author knows that the decrees of the Synod of Cashel affected discipline only. He closes his eyes to the fact that before that synod a legate of the Holy See had been welcomed by the Irish Bishops. He ignores the history that tells us that Cardinal Paparo imposed in the name of the Pope the pallium on the Bishops of the Metropolitan Sees of Ireland. He avoids mentioning that saints such as St. Lawrence O'Toole were, long before the Normans came, zealous upholders of Rome's doctrine and authority. And all this because Dr. Smith wishes his hearers to believe that the Church of Ireland seems in its origin to have been no child of Rome.

Dr. Smith refers to the dark days of Ireland's history, but he is very discriminating in his criticism of the adventurers who were in large measure responsible for them. We know that Irish chieftains were disunited. If Ireland had been captured by another Brian, the Norman might have gone down before the Dalcaissian battle axe and we should have been spared endless twaddle from the defenders of English cruelty and misgovernment. We are aware that Ireland had in the twelfth century retrograded from its first fervor. But why wonder at this when we know that for three hundred years Irish energy was spent in repelling the Danes. War, incessant war, is not the best fosterer of learning and sanctity. And the Englishman who must grow eloquent in denouncing Irish barbarism should glance at civilized England of the eighteenth century, when Walpole could boast that every man had his price, and, according to Green, page 730.

"Of the prominent statesmen of the time the greater part were unbelievers in any form of Christianity and distinguished for the grossness and immorality of their lives. Purity and fidelity to the marriage vow were sneered out of fashion; and Lord Chesterfield in his letters to his son instructs him in the art of seduction as part of a polite education."

But Englishmen must talk of the "simple" Irish, the "poor" Irish, lampoon and malign their faith, forgetful of the while that he is the descendant of those who sacked Irish cities, violated Irish women, slaughtered Irishmen by the thousands and stamped themselves on the pages of history as monsters of fiendish cruelty. But why talk of the past? Why resuscitate those who were starved and hanged by the civilized Englishmen? Why not let them rest, and look with complacency upon a Henry VIII., who read his commission as chief of a new religion in the eyes of a scheming concubine, or upon a "Good Queen Bess," worthy daughter of a libertine and a Kentish adventuress.

Green tells us that in Ireland Elizabeth's power was founded solely on terror, and the outrages of the soldiers sowed the seeds of a revolt more formidable than any which Elizabeth had ever encountered.

But why, again, talk of the past, that has been written in tears and blood in the heart of the Gael? We must forget, for instance, that James I. confiscated two-thirds of the north of Ireland from its owners, the awful massacres of Drogheda and Wexford, the penal laws, "the most proper machine ever invented by the wit of man to disgrace a

realm and degrade a people." We must forget that for centuries England harried and deported and slaughtered Irishmen; strangled Irish industry and created famine and drained the resources of the country to minister to the pleasures of heartless landlords.

Dr. Smith says: "With liberty of conscience Cromwell declared he would not interfere. He talks, too, as did Froude of Alva," etc. But this "history" is but Froude rewarmed. The liberty of conscience, according to the Methodists have not, in their standards belief, anything which entirely forbids the use of saints' names in this manner, but in practice they have the same traditions as the Presbyterians to guide them. Nevertheless, we find among the names of the Toronto churches of both these denominations a striking departure from their old traditions. The Methodists have a St. Paul's church, and one named "Epworth," evidently in honor of John Wesley, who was born in 1703 in the English town of that name. Thus we see a tendency to change the old faith of Methodism in regard to honoring the saints, as we have thus both an ancient saint of Christianity, and a modern one of Methodism, honored by these distinctive titles.

But it surprises us more to find a tendency of the same kind in Presbyterianism. We notice that, in spite of the strictness of the Confession of Faith, there are two St. Andrew's churches, a St. Giles', a St. Paul's, a St. John's, a St. Mark's, and a St. Enoch's. There are besides churches dedicated to the modern Presbyterian saints, Knox, Cooke, Chalmers and Erskine. What makes the choice of the last two names more surprising is that the former, Dr. Chalmers, was chiefly remarkable for having been the principal promoter of the great schism which took place in the Scotch Presbyterian church in 1843, whereas nowadays the cry is dominant that there should be union and not disunion in the church, even in the case that there are dogmatic differences of considerable importance.

Of the Erskine family there have been several prominent divines, but they stand in the same position with Dr. Chalmers, as we believe all were earnest promoters of various Presbyterian secessions—which is, to our thinking, rather a dubious sign of exceeding piety or submissiveness to the Law of God.

THE TORONTO RELIGIOUS CENSUS.

A religious census has just been completed for the city of Toronto, not so much for the purpose of ascertaining the number of persons belonging to each religious denomination as of bringing to the notice of the respective pastors the persons who belong to their church or parish, or have a preference for any particular church of their faith. The object thus to be attained is that each pastor may know his flock better, so that their spiritual needs may be more effectually attended to.

The number of groups of families or parts of families attending or preferring to attend each church was published in the Globe of Dec. 8th. The figures given afford no information in regard to the number of communicants or adherents of each church, for the reason above mentioned, but there are certain peculiarities noticeable in regard to each denomination which deserve notice.

There are 23 Catholic churches and 35 Anglican attended by the people of Toronto, besides 33 Methodist, 31 Presbyterian, 17 Baptist and 11 Congregational.

The Catholic and Anglican Churches are named after some saint or a deep mystery of religion. The Baptists churches are distinguished for the most part solely by the names of the streets on which they are built, except that two of their number have an allusion to some Scriptural event; these are Emmanuel and Olivet. The Congregational churches are named on the same principle, also with the same number of exceptions, namely, Bethany and Olivet.

The Methodist and Presbyterian churches are chiefly named in the same way as the Baptist and Congregational, after the streets or the locality where they are built.

The Presbyterian Confession of Faith denounces as an act of idolatry or of dishonor to God any religious observance in honor of the saints of God, and this, we have no doubt, is the cause on account of which saints' names are generally avoided by the adherents of that faith, and it was part of the reason why

in the early days of the Scotch Reformation churches were either demolished or thoroughly defaced so that there should be the utmost simplicity in the surroundings of the new faith, and a complete absence of any emblem by which it might be supposed that God's saints should be honored in any way.

Methodists have not, in their standards belief, anything which entirely forbids the use of saints' names in this manner, but in practice they have the same traditions as the Presbyterians to guide them. Nevertheless, we find among the names of the Toronto churches of both these denominations a striking departure from their old traditions. The Methodists have a St. Paul's church, and one named "Epworth," evidently in honor of John Wesley, who was born in 1703 in the English town of that name. Thus we see a tendency to change the old faith of Methodism in regard to honoring the saints, as we have thus both an ancient saint of Christianity, and a modern one of Methodism, honored by these distinctive titles.

But it surprises us more to find a tendency of the same kind in Presbyterianism. We notice that, in spite of the strictness of the Confession of Faith, there are two St. Andrew's churches, a St. Giles', a St. Paul's, a St. John's, a St. Mark's, and a St. Enoch's. There are besides churches dedicated to the modern Presbyterian saints, Knox, Cooke, Chalmers and Erskine. What makes the choice of the last two names more surprising is that the former, Dr. Chalmers, was chiefly remarkable for having been the principal promoter of the great schism which took place in the Scotch Presbyterian church in 1843, whereas nowadays the cry is dominant that there should be union and not disunion in the church, even in the case that there are dogmatic differences of considerable importance.

Of the Erskine family there have been several prominent divines, but they stand in the same position with Dr. Chalmers, as we believe all were earnest promoters of various Presbyterian secessions—which is, to our thinking, rather a dubious sign of exceeding piety or submissiveness to the Law of God.

BISHOP DOWLING.

We published in last week's issue a circular letter of thanks addressed to the priests of the diocese of Hamilton and to others outside the diocese by His Lordship Bishop Dowling for their prayers in his behalf during his protracted illness. For a lengthened period the good Bishop hovered between life and death, and many a time it was feared that he would be called away in the midst of his usefulness. Such, however, was not to be the case, for an all-wise Providence has decreed that he shall be left to still fight the good fight for Holy Church in the diocese of Hamilton. It is indeed meet that he should have ascribed his recovery to the constant and fervent prayers of the priests, members of the religious communities, and the faithful laity not only of the diocese of Hamilton but throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, for Bishop Dowling's reputation as a Churchman and as a citizen of Canada has never been confined to narrow limits. He brought with him from his native Ireland a goodly share of those characteristics which have brought fame to Irishmen during the centuries that have passed as well as in the present day. Such men cannot well be spared, and we sincerely pray that a very ripe old age will be vouchsafed to the good Bishop of Hamilton before he is called home by the Master Whom he has served so well.

FATHER CRONIN DEAD.

With very much regret we announce the death of Rev. Patrick Cronin, parish priest of Tonawanda, N. Y., and editor of the Buffalo Union and Times. Both as priest and as editor he performed magnificent work in the interests of the Church. Father Cronin was considered one of the most brilliant writers amongst the clergy of America; and the high standard which the Union and Times maintained under his editorship—which extended over many years—is proof of his ability and industry.

Bishop Colton, when advised of the death of Father Cronin, said: "Rev. Patrick Cronin was a great man. He was a power in the church, not only in his own diocese, but the influence of his vigorous writings in the interests of Catholicity and weighty secular matters broadened out and extended beyond his diocese. His place in the work of the diocese cannot be filled, for the greatness that came to Father Cronin comes to but few men. I was greatly shocked to learn of his death, and in him I have lost one of the most valuable priests of my charge."

May the soul of the gentle and great-hearted Father Cronin be with our Saviour during this holy Christmas season!

MRS. CHISHOLM AGAIN.

It is a pity the editor of the Herald of Calgary does not publish several issues of the Catholic Record of the month of Chisholm, of Winnipeg, meeting of the Women's Temperance Union recent in Ontario, to the effect of tender age are for a price to non-

them, and that the performed by Catholic most lamentable to no part of many of our for to misrepresent the C the slightest pret regrettable also is a few of the pub Catholic papers are Catholics fair play v place their side of the public, for the reason Protestant section of are liable to send a n paper." We had a quite recently in province, when minister gave utter our statements concern and the Catholic pu The publisher of i in which the slan appeared, refused to tion lest it might lea Editors should be ca matter that would i tion, unless they ar both sides to be hea to be the fashion a class to report and because the Catho Ontario is comparat deal the coward's b their opponent's arm back.

THE PROPOSED KING AL.

It has been mar that King Alfonso of ing marriage; wit princess or anot reports were vagu no foundation in definitely announced be married to the Battenberg, who w lie before the marri

There is very England on the fac is to become a C marriage, as this is of course. The pr England is that t should conform to husband; and thus Association, which i ing when any resp king or the royal f olic Church, is omi present occasion.

The proposed mar lar in England, a shows a great ch toward Catholics Church during the

A dispatch from of Dec. 4th states confirmed the action of Nebraska, in ex Mae Hamilton, of who attended the w man Kennedy, a Miss Marguerite I married by a Pres The Holy Father h of Bishop Scannell that all Catholics marriages of divor shall be excommuni

LECTURERS A

As the business of priests and nun International Cath of Brooklyn deem print a pamphlet co some of those eng for revenue, of d and her institution that death has clo of these individual nately true that a after them. Durin new editions of the Monk, Chiniquy, Shepherd etc., hav widely disseminat the United States three thousand co virulent "ex-p were recently dis readers in Honolu

However the P Society pamphlet non-Catholics extr credence to the s writers and lectur type.

The pamphlet cents a copy or \$

Most unhappy so by gradually fo happiness — comp weather, finding f with crowded car able companion of complaining, of finding or grumb habit of looking fo unfortunate habit ly in early life; victim becomes a pulses become per ency to pessimi chronic.—Chanco

MRS. CHISHOLM'S CHARGE AGAIN.

It is a pity the editor of the Weekly Herald of Calgary does not read the Catholic Record of London, Ont. In several issues we published a complete refutation of the story told by Mrs. Chisholm, of Winnipeg, Man., at a meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union recently held in Hamilton Ont., to the effect that children of tender age are sold by their parents for a price to men who desired to marry them, and that these marriages are performed by Catholic priests. It is most lamentable to note a desire on the part of many of our non-Catholic people to misrepresent the Catholic Church on the slightest pretext, and most regrettable also is the fact that a few of the publishers of non-Catholic papers are afraid to give Catholics fair play when they wish to place their side of the case before the public, for the reason that the ultra-Protestant section of their subscribers are liable to send a notice to "stop the paper." We had an instance of this quite recently in this part of our province, when a Presbyterian minister gave utterance to slanderous statements concerning the Church and the Catholic people of Quebec. The publisher of a secular paper in which the slanderous "sermon" appeared, refused to publish its refutation lest it might lead to a controversy. Editors should be careful not to print matter that would lead to a dispute, unless they are willing to allow both sides to be heard. But it seems to be the fashion amongst a certain class to report anti-Catholic screeds because the Catholic population of Ontario is comparatively small. They deal the coward's blow and then have their opponent's arms tied behind his back.

THE PROPOSED MARRIAGE OF KING ALFONSO.

It has been many times reported that King Alfonso of Spain was intending marriage with one European princess or another, but most of these reports were vague guesses which had no foundation in truth. It is now definitely announced that the king will be married to the Princess Ena of Battenberg, who will become a Catholic before the marriage is celebrated. There is very little comment in England on the fact that the Princess is to become a Catholic before the marriage, as this is taken as a matter of course. The prevalent feeling in England is that the wife of a king should conform to the religion of her husband; and thus even the Protestant Association, which is usually so blistering when any respect is shown by the king or the royal family to the Catholic Church, is ominously silent on the present occasion. The proposed marriage is even popular in England, and this certainly shows a great change in sentiment toward Catholics and the Catholic Church during the past half century.

A dispatch from Rome, under date of Dec. 4th states that the Pope has confirmed the action of Bishop Scannell, of Nebraska, in excommunicating Miss Mae Hamilton, of Omaha, and others who attended the wedding of Congressman Kennedy, a divorced man, and Miss Marguerite Pritchett, who were married by a Presbyterian clergyman. The Holy Father has made the action of Bishop Scannell the basis of a decree that all Catholics who attend the marriages of divorced persons in future shall be excommunicated.

LECTURERS AND EX-PRIESTS

As the business of the vilification of priests and nuns still goes on, the International Catholic Truth Society of Brooklyn deemed it advisable to reprint a pamphlet containing a history of some of those engaged in the practice for revenue, of delaming the Church and her institutions. While it is true that death has closed the lips of some of these individuals, it is also unfortunately true that their evil works live after them. During the past two years new editions of the slanders of Maria Monk, Chiniquy, Ruthven, Margaret Shepherd etc., have been printed and widely disseminated in certain parts of the United States and Canada. About three thousand copies of one of these virulent "ex-priest" pamphlets were recently disposed of to English readers in Honolulu. However the perusal of the Truth Society pamphlet will tend to make non-Catholics extremely slow in giving credence to the statements of future writers and lecturers of the "ex-priest" type. The pamphlet will be sold at five cents a copy or \$3.00 per hundred.

Most unhappy people have become so by gradually forming a habit of unhappiness—complaining about the weather, finding fault with their food, with crowded cars, and with disagreeable companions; or work. A habit of complaining, of criticizing, of fault-finding or grumbling over trifles, a habit of looking for sad news, is a most unfortunate habit to contract, especially in early life; for after awhile the victim becomes a slave; all the impulses become perverted, until the tendency to pessimism, to cynicism, is chronic.—Chauncy Depew.

MARSHALL FIELD, JR.

Father Judge, in the last New World has this to say of the death of the young Chicago millionaire: The New World tenders profound sympathy to the widow and relatives of Mr. Marshall Field, Jr., in their great bereavement. The deceased was a young man whose career was noble, his character was noble, his health prevented him from taking a prominent civic and commercial part, he and his accomplished and devoted wife set the invaluable example to the people of Chicago of an ideal home life. Sole heir to one of the greatest estates in the world, he never indulged in vulgar display, and he did not disgrace the city of Chicago by any of the simian antics with which the millionaires of Newport have nauseated the public. Before his marriage he became a convert to the Catholic Church, and ever since he has been one of her most loyal children. Every person who has read the news that emanated from the sick chamber has realized that death was robbed of all its terrors and of half its bitterness for him because of his living faith in the Holy Catholic Church and in the multitudinous means of grace with which it fortifies and consoles the dying. May he rest in peace, and may God strengthen his widow and children!

THE CATHOLIC CONVERTS' LEAGUE.

THE TOTAL MEMBERSHIP IS OVER SIX HUNDRED. From the Catholic News, New York. A most interesting and successful public meeting of the Catholic Converts' League was held on Monday evening at the Catholic Club, 120 Center St. Park, South. The attendance was great enough to fill the large ball room. Right Rev. Bishop Cusack, the spiritual director of the league, was present on the platform, and made a short address. The other speakers were the president, Jesse A. Locke, the Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P., Professor J. H. Webb and the Rev. Hubert Garland, of the Newman School for Boys, in Hackensack, of which Mr. Locke is president. Mr. Locke announced that during the summer thirty new members had joined the league, making the total membership over six hundred. The treasurer, after reading a detailed statement, announced a cash balance on hand of \$1,387.05.

A BISHOP'S SUGGESTION. Bishop Cusack, in a brief address, offered to advise the treasurer how to get rid of some of his surplus of nearly \$1,400. One of the reasons for the existence of the league is to educate converts for the priesthood. "Why not send," said the Bishop, "a sum of money each year to the Apostolic Mission House at Washington to defray the expense of a course of study for one person? Two hundred and fifty dollars is sufficient for this purpose, and I would suggest that \$250 be sent for two years, just for a start. It is a practical way of showing the joy we feel at our conversion by helping the work of converting others."

As an instance of the thrilling incidents to which God often attaches the grace of conversion, the Bishop related the following: An English child of Protestant parentage was taken by his Catholic nurse into a Catholic Church. The only thing that the child noticed particularly was the smell of the sweet incense. Forty years later, in this country, that same English person, now grown to manhood, was invited to attend the dedication of a Catholic Church. As soon as he entered the edifice his nostrils were assailed with that same sweet odor that he had noticed when he was a small child. He was struck at once by the sameness of the Catholic Church in this country and in England, and the result was he was soon afterwards converted, with his wife and six children.

NEW ENGLAND CONVERSIONS. Some instances of early New England conversions were related by Prof. J. H. Webb, of New Haven. Professor Webb is a member of the faculty of the Yale Law School, and is a convert of sixteen years' standing. He said: In this year of 1905 when we consider the great strides that our country has taken we cannot but be proud that we are Americans. There is only one thing that should give us greater joy, and that is that we are American Catholics.

Some of the early conversions of New England toward the close of the eighteenth century are remarkable. Virgil Barber, son of an Episcopal minister, and a minister himself, after much study, became a Catholic in New York. He returned to his home in New Hampshire and converted his father, his wife, his father's sister and her son, who later became the first Bishop of Hartford, Dr. William Tyler. Mr. Barber and his wife decided to secure permission to separate. He became a Jesuit and she a religious and died forty-five years later, the superior of her convent. Their son became a Jesuit and their four daughters became nuns. In 1702 Dorby, Mass., was visited by a band of French and allies, who captured one hundred and fifty natives and took them to Canada. Among them were one Thomas French, wife and children. One of the daughters married a French Canadian and became a Catholic, and her grandson was the first Archbishop of Quebec.

The Rev. Edmund Hill, of the Passionist Fathers who became a convert more than thirty-five years ago, was the next speaker. He took for his theme "Thankfulness to Almighty God for Conversion." He said: Dear glorious John Henry Newman speaks of his conversion as "the greatest of possible mercies." Every true convert must say the same of his or her conversion. When we look around and behold so many who have no religion at all, or who, if they have some, are blindly remaining where we ourselves once were; others, again, who are drifting away from positive belief of any kind, or, perhaps, taking up with plausible delusions—we marvel how we came by the gift of Catholic faith, and

the only answer is that God chose us for it. This divine predilection ought to produce in us a heartfelt and continual thanksgiving, a debt to be paid every day to our life's end, a deep sense of gratitude which should increase instead of diminish.

BONAPARTE ON CATHOLIC DUTY

Secretary Bonaparte of the U.S. Navy, in a recent address, stated tersely the duty that is imposed upon every Catholic to show forth in his life the effects of Catholic teaching. We commend these words of the Secretary of the Navy to the consideration of all who would like to see the Church exercise a greater influence in this country: "A Catholic, tried and found wanting in any field of public or private duty, inflicts an injury on the honorable standing and salutary influence of the Catholic Church in our country, which no learning and eloquence in her defenders can repair. Our fellow countrymen, not of our faith, believe that Catholics can be men of honor and patriotism when they see such men; and we can show their eyes the wholesome and abundant fruit we shall preach to deaf ears while we extol the tree that bears it."

We have here outlined a species of missionary work all of us can perform. Our Protestant friends will never be influenced by us if we do not show by our lives that because we are Catholics we move on a higher moral plane than non-Catholics do. Mr. Bonaparte puts it well when he says, "unless we can show their eyes the wholesome and abundant fruit we shall preach to deaf ears while we extol the tree that bears it."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

BAPTIST PRAISE FOR THE CHURCH

Some words of an address by a Congregational minister of Glasgow, in behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society, reported by the Westminster Gazette, are worth noting. After inveighing, in the usual strain, against the "tyranny of the Romish Church," the preacher bore witness that she is today, as she ever has been, a missionary Church. "With evils at her heart which would have killed off half a dozen Congregational or Baptist churches, she has yet lived by her missionary spirit. She had kept her marvellous continuity during the centuries. She was to day the power behind the powers in the councils of nations, not because of her august statesmanship, her crafty diplomacy, her immense vicarious agencies working from a common centre, nor because of a surface and imposing unity, with its pomp and pride and gorgeous ceremonial. Those were but the flimsy fabric of a dream as compared with the consecration of her sons who, on the threshold of a splendid manhood and on the way to the fever swamp, can answer the questions, 'When do you expect to return? How long do you expect to labor?' with the utter self-sacrifice represented in the twofold answer: 'Never; I expect to be dead in two years.'"

These words must have reminded some of the listeners of that saying of Christ about the impossibility of an evil tree's producing good fruit; and they probably questioned whether there could be so much evil at the heart of the vicarious old Church as the speaker would have them believe. It is a blessed thing when a congregation of Protestants is set thinking in this way; and such is often the case, as may a convert can bear witness.—Ave Maria.

UNITY IN DISUNION.

The great religious event of the week was the Inter Church Conference in New York. It was the first step toward effecting a federation of the various Protestant and Dissenting Churches in the United States. These now consist of about 110 different bodies, and it is hoped to reduce the number finally to 30. This is the nearest approach to unity that can be looked forward to. It is to be noted that the Unitarian and Universalist bodies were ruled out of the conference, as these fail to recognize the divinity of Christ. An affectionate invitation was held out to Catholics to join in the movement for unity, but when it is perceived that the idea of unity here entertained is a state of agreement which recognizes the right of private judgment, the right of freedom, is not too much to say that declined. As unity means oneness in thought and purpose, so agreement to differ means disunion, no matter by what other name it may be spoken of. As there can be but one faith, one fold and one Shepherd, so there can be also but one true Church, as in the earlier days, under the one head and with one soul. The rest are all but as so many mock suns shining through the mists of error like so many mirages. We cannot but sympathize with those who have not the decision of mind to embrace a faith which in their hearts they recognize as the true one and hanker after, but dare not lay hold of, owing to some indescribable kind of doubt. Bishop Ingersoll is one of that pitiable class. His references to our holy Church were very beautiful as far as ideas and phraseology go, but, alas! hopelessly contradictory. For instance these passages: Our Roman Catholic brethren who are not with us in this conference (and I am sorry they are not), have something to teach us here, in teaching us they do the value and the need not merely of a past but of a present incarnation, of an incarnation which has been through all the Christian ages by the Christian Church continued; a perpetual incarnation, then, now and always—God manifest in the flesh. One of their most distinguished and eloquent representatives has given to this thought a notable expression when in speaking of the Mass, Cardinal Newman says: "It is not a mere form of words. It is a great action, the greatest that can be on earth. It is not the

invocation, but if I may dare use the term, the evocation of that Eternal One becoming present on the altar in flesh and blood, before Whom angels bow and devils tremble."

Now we, as the representatives of the Protestant part of Christendom, do not accept that doctrine of the Mass, that evocation of God, that calling forth in flesh and blood of God in you the altar. And yet, it does, I think, shadow forth a truth which the Protestant world to some extent has missed or failed to grasp. It is this—that the miracle of the Incarnation is meant in some real sense to be, through the agency of the Christian Church, a standing miracle in the world, not on the church's altar wrought, but in the church's self, in the church's life. And let me say in passing, if some devout and reverent Christian hearts do indeed find it on the altar wrought, then, although I must and do reject their doctrine, I will not reject them, but in the common bond and fellowship of the Gospel will try to do in my way what they are trying to do in theirs—to make the Christian Church on earth the body of Jesus Christ, of her Incarnate Lord, God manifest in the flesh.

FIND IN A ROSCOMMON BOG.

HENRY VIII'S DEFENCE OF THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS. A fortnight ago in a bog near Roscommon, Ire., while a farmer was engaged thereon in digging work, his spade came in contact with a small wooden box which he unearthed. In opening it the wood went to pieces. Inside was a leathern covering, which was also deteriorated by age, and inside this again was another covering, and the last that met the finder's gaze was a book entitled "Discourses on the Sacraments, by King Henry VIII." in a splendid state of preservation. On the inner leaf is the following: "A Defence of the Seven Sacraments against Martin Luther, by Henry VIII., King of England, France, and Ireland, to which are adjoined his epistle to the Pope. The oration of Mr. John Clark (Orator to his Majesty) on the delivery of this book to his Holiness; and the Pope's answer to the oration, as also the Bull, by which his Holiness was pleased to bestow upon that King (for composing this book) that most illustrious, splendid, and most Christian-like title of Defender of the Faith." The book is bound with leather, and on the first page are the following words, apparently written by the person who consigned it to this strange place: "This is a most valuable book, being the work which was written by Henry the Eighth of England, and which procured him the title of Defender of the Faith." The find has aroused great curiosity, and the lucky farmer has received some substantial offers for purchase.

THE ENDLESS CHAIN PRAYER AGAIN.

We see that another version of the "endless chain" prayer, so often condemned in our columns, is in circulation. Despite the denunciations of the Catholic press, this and similar unauthorized, so-called prayers continue to be passed from hand to hand, or sent through the mails. It is true that the people who thus help to perpetuate a fraud are of that class of Catholics who think themselves too intelligent or too poor to subscribe for a Catholic paper; but the harm to the true faith done by their circulation of these unauthorized, blasphemous and heretical prayers is serious. As an instance of how wide spread the evil is, we find La Verdad, a Spanish Catholic weekly paper published in San Juan, Porto Rico, commencing in a recent issue a prayer which is exactly similar to one which came under our own notice here in Boston, the other day. This prayer is (according to the directions which accompany it) to be recited nine days, and nine copies of it are to be made and sent to nine different persons, at the rate of one copy each day. The prayer pretends to be of Divine origin and to be commanded on the faithful by the Bishop; and it tries to frighten the foolish into compliance with its silly directions by saying that whoever refuses to recite it and copy it as per directions, shall be punished by God. It instances a case where a person who had received it, but who refused to recite it or copy it, was punished by the loss of his only daughter who was assassinated. This prayer, La Verdad declares, is being sent all over the island of Porto Rico to the great detriment of the true Catholic religion. Our esteemed contemporary denounces it as the work of an enemy to the faith seeking to discredit Catholicism. "No Bishop," says our esteemed contemporary, "has recommended such a superstitious practice, or could recommend it, to any Catholic. We hope that to any all Catholics, into whose hands it may come, will throw it at once in the wastebasket. That is its proper place." La Verdad expresses our sentiments exactly.—Sacred Heart Review.

A DIFFERENT SORT OF SALOON-KEEPER.

Patrick J. Mulholland, a saloon-keeper of Shenandoah, has inserted the following notice in the newspapers: "Know all men by these presents, that I invite the wife who has a drunkard for a husband, or the person who has a friend addicted to dissipation, to give me verbal or written notice of such cases, and let that be excluded from my barroom. My fathers, mothers sisters and brothers do likewise, and Catholics, all beads capped, will be served to the ones complained of. I refuse to sell to minors, drunkards, or to such persons as squander money needed to supply the wants of their families. Loafers will not be tolerated, and women are not welcome."

In her nineteen hundred years of life the Catholic Church has suffered many and fierce assaults, both within and without. Yet she is as firm to-day as ever. The ages thus give testimony to the words of her Divine Founder to be always with her.

Suffered for years with Stomach Trouble

Fruit-a-tives promptly cured her.

Stomach Trouble is usually bowel trouble. The bowels become constipated. Poisonous matter, which should leave the bowels every day, stays in the bowels, two and three days at a time. These poisons paralyze the stomach muscles, prevent the digestive juices from reaching the food, and stop the whole process of digestion.

Mrs. F. H. WALLACE, St. Mary's, Ont.: "I have used most of one box of Fruit-a-tives, and found them all right. I have had a good chance to recommend them as I have been in bed for a week with a bilious attack and am getting around fine thanks to Fruit-a-tives."

Doctors talk of dyspepsia and catarrh of the stomach when they should talk of Constipation.

Fruit-a-tives or Fruit Liver Tablets

cure Stomach Troubles because they tone, sweeten and stimulate the stomach and they cure the Constipation which is the chief cause of dyspepsia. These concentrated and specially combined fruit juice tablets act directly on the liver—increase the flow of bile—and make the bowels move regularly and naturally every day.

More than that. "Fruit-a-tives" regulate the kidneys—strengthen them—make them excrete more urine—and rid the system of excessive urea and uric acid. They stimulate the glands of the skin to increased action—take away pimples and redness—and keep the skin clear, soft and lovely. A month's treatment with "Fruit-a-tives" will make you think you had a new stomach.

See a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your druggist should not have them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.



The ...

Ideal Christmas Gift

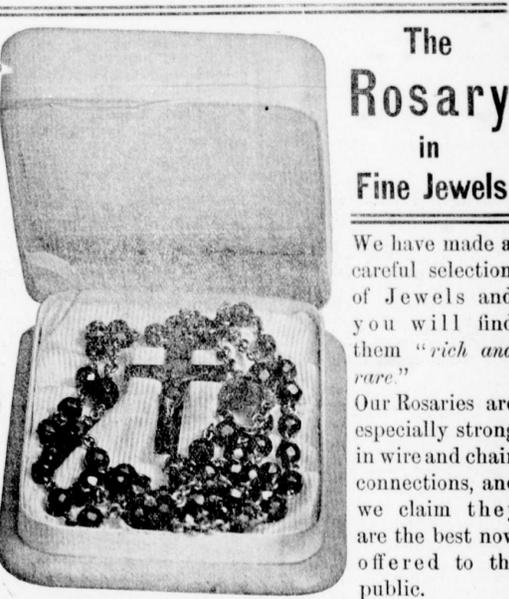


Table listing various jewelry items and their prices, including imitation jewels and real stones.

Order by Number. All Beads shipped in neat satin-lined cases. Catholic Record Office, - London, Canada

How sweet is the life of a Catholic who is full of faith! How edifying in time of affliction! How calm in seasons of prosperity! How gentle, kind, considerate and charitable to all! Many persons would have had their positions if they had had such things. There's the rub. But we in this life are to rise superior to our surroundings, with the help of Faith, Grace,

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY (LIMITED) ASSETS, \$4,000,000. OFFICES: 75 CHURCH STREET, 522 QUEEN ST., WEST, TORONTO. INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS Withdrawals by cheque. OFFICE HOURS: 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. Every Saturday Evening 7 to 9. JAMES MASON, MANAGING DIRECTOR

For you there may be no to-morrow. How will your family fare if you are the next victim of Accident? Provide for their future by getting a policy from The Empire Accident and Surety Company A CANADIAN CONCERN

Our Aim is to have the most complete stock of Workington's outfits in Ontario. You have heard of our "Genuine Kentucky Jean" Pants, \$1.25. The Working Pant that Won't Wear Out. Call and see them, or write. M. KENNEDY, 240 James St. North, Hamilton, Ont.

Way of the Cross Beautifully Illustrated Post-paid, 35 Cents Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

O. M. S. A.—Branch No. 5, London. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clock, at their hall, on Albion Street, Richmond Street, Rev. D. J. Egan, President; P. W. Hoyle, Secretary

The Rosary in Fine Jewels We have made a careful selection of Jewels and you will find them "rich and rare." Our Rosaries are especially strong in wire and chain connections, and we claim they are the best now offered to the public. REAL STONES 4201—Crystal... \$ 6 75 4206—Crystal, Amethyst and Smoked Crystal... 7 00 4202—Crystal... 7 50 6084—Crystal... 7 75 4207—Amethyst and Topaz... 7 50 4203—Crystal... 7 50 6760—Crystal... 7 50 5723—Amethyst... 8 00 4209—Amethyst... 8 50 6079—Topaz... 8 75 5984—Amethyst... 9 00 5985—Topaz... 9 00 5983—Crystal... 9 50 5987—Smoked Crystal... 11 00 5990—Crystal... 11 25 FIRST COMMUNION BRACELET, Sterling Silver Chain, Msals, and Clasp. Topaz, Crystal and Amethyst. No. 5575... \$ 1 50

AT VANTAGE

CE is that it is certain by death, is for, and there answers the pur-

ican Life

Improved form—on the par with dividends, fifteen or more, at rates as high as safety.

LIFE

As legatees of the patriots of the past and trustees of the present and the future, let us stand firm in the defense of the right.

LAIKIE, President

Let us preach its gospel to whosoever will hear. And, as a mere matter of honesty and patriotic duty, let us speak as we believe, rote as we speak, and hold aloft always, the higher and better ideals to which the human race must ever strive if it would move on and upward.—Tom Watson in his Magazine.

BS BRING CO

Decorative windows

ANADIA

ANADIA

AN'S COCA

AN'S COCA

ANNUAL FOR

ANNUAL FOR

ATIONS

ATIONS

ed Heart

ed Heart

ed Heart

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole the family happier for his presence, to renounce what shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but those without capitulation, above all on the same grin condition to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.—Robt. L. Stevenson.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY. BY LOUISA EMILY DORRIS. The Presentation in the Temple. COUNTESS LEIGI.

'Lisbeth went to Mass as usual, saw that the children did the same, and as she cooked the Sunday dinner schemed how she could get out that evening, for it was arranged that she should go and meet her Count by the river. Mrs. Baxton was expected back in the afternoon, and when she came declared that she had such a violent headache that she should not go to Benediction. 'Lisbeth knew that her mother must indeed be suffering for her to forego her church. She was very full of having seen Nellie, who had long ago had her desire to "walk out" with the young man in the grocery line quenched very decidedly, and had plenty to say on that and other topics, and 'Lisbeth listened absently while her thoughts were busy about very different matters.

On the pretext of going to Benediction, and trusting that she should not be discovered, she went off to keep her appointment with the man who now was seldom or ever out of her thoughts. They had a very exciting conversation, and he gave her a full description of his uncle's horse which he said was on the Bay of Naples. 'Lisbeth, who had often looked at the two pictures which hung in their little parlor, of Vesuvius in a quiet mood and Vesuvius in a state of eruption, felt that greatness would have its drawbacks if she had to live close to that terrible mountain from whence such lurid flames rose in the most unforeseen manner.

"And I have to go over and see my uncle," said Luigi, "he is very, very ill, and I hardly expect to find him alive."

"When do you go?" asked 'Lisbeth, her heart sinking at the thought. "Ah, my love, I cannot go until you lend me the little money you spoke about."

"I know—I have written a withdrawal notice, and I hope to get it in a few days."

Luigi's eyes lighted up. "Very good. It shall be repaid you the very moment I return. But then—our betrothal would be declared, and as I shall have my uncle's property, what will that little sum be—'reim'!" and he snapped his fingers.

"I hope it is enough to pay your fare," said 'Lisbeth shyly. "How much did you say it was?" inquired Luigi, "fifty pounds?" It might have been fifty pence by the disfigurement in which he alluded to it.

"It's only twenty," said 'Lisbeth blushing at owning so tiny a sum, which a year ago appeared like a small fortune to her. It had been left her by her grandmother four years ago and put promptly into the Savings Bank by her mother, who said she would be glad enough of it if she married.

"Well, I must make it do. You are sure you haven't anything more to lend me?" he inquired. "Lisbeth shook her head. "Indeed I haven't or you'd have it in a minute."

"You are a good girl. Then—ah—when do you think you can give me the money?"

"I have told you that I have sent for it, and I had the order addressed to the Post Office to be called for."

"When did you post it?" "Three days ago."

"Then it must be there now. Can you call to-morrow for it?" "Yes, after I leave Miss Ferrars."

"Good," and this plan was carried out. 'Lisbeth felt depressed that afternoon as she walked through the Hollies, where Miss Ferrars lived, to the Post Office to which her money was addressed. Watson, the lady's maid, had spoken to her rather sharply about her sewing, saying her mistress was extremely dissatisfied with it lately, and that unless she improved she would not employ her any more. 'Lisbeth knew quite well that the reproach was not undeserved, for she had made a great many mistakes through not listening attentively to order given, and that her sewing itself had not been up to the mark. Of course, as to 'Lisbeth's mood, it was not of much consequence if a future countess did lose her work, but she had sense enough to know that if Luigi's uncle did not die, and these glories were consequently deferred, that she must continue her usual occupations until they were realized. Then to her heart sank at the prospect of Luigi's leaving, and a third reason for dejection lay in the fact that she had had a sound scolding from her mother that morning.

Mrs. Baxton woke free from headache and with all her usual energy and activity restored to her. This she exercised by a tour of inspection round the house, so that she might see how 'Lisbeth had kept during her absence. To her great disgust as well as surprise neglect and disorder were apparent at every turn, and in plain, strenuous language Mrs. Baxton gave 'Lisbeth her views on the subject. 'Lisbeth had listened in a sullen way which had exasperated Mrs. Baxton, and she did not recover her equanimity for the whole day.

Once he had the money, nice, crisp, five-pound notes, Luigi did not seem to have much to say for himself, and was anxious to be off. He assured 'Lisbeth that he would write all news to her at home, and she told him that she must now tell her mother about it, as the letters coming to the house must be left in the hands of her mother, and altogether she felt that the secret could be kept no longer.

"Very well then, tell her," said Luigi anxiously, to 'Lisbeth's surprise,

for as he had always insisted upon secrecy she fully expected opposition. TO BE CONTINUED.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

FATHER SHELLEY ON THE DESIRE FOR REUNION. Rev. Morgan M. Shelley, in Pittsburg Post. "Not a God of dissension, but of peace." (St. Paul, I. Cor. xiv, 33.)

Are the various Christian bodies of the country about to bury their differences and come closer together in creed and practice? Is the religious trend of the times toward Christian unity and the realization of the prayer of the Divine Founder for union among His followers: "Father, I pray that they may be one as we are also one?" There are evident indications that Christians everywhere are growing tired of dissensions. They want peace. In the assemblies of the different denominations held recently the subject of reunion has been warmly discussed. Kindly bodies have made overtures to reunite. The existence of a hundred and forty-five different sects in the United States is deplored and there is an earnest demand to lessen their number, even if the time has not yet come for corporate union.

And to that end there is a re-creating of the old lines of beliefs; creeds are revised and restated; what is harsh in them is pruned down or cast aside; the Pope is no longer "the man of sin," everywhere there is a broader and more tolerant spirit among professing Christians; a spirit of brotherhood and charity unknown in former generations prevails; men and women are no longer "hating one another for the love of God." It is found that Presbyterians and Methodists, Catholics and non-Catholics can do business, be the best of neighbors and even friends, though differing widely in their religious beliefs.

These are healthy signs of better understanding of what religion means, and plainly indicates the drift toward that unity of faith for which the dying Saviour prayed. Our twentieth century may witness the reunion of Christendom. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Besides the scandal of a divided Christianity it is now generally recognized that the existence of so many religious bodies is a colossal waste of money and effort. The children of this world are wiser than the children of light. To-day we have great business combinations, because it is found that immense gains, better results, larger dividends on the investments are thus obtained.

Unity, organization, co-operation—these would put a stop to the great leakage in religious activity and would immeasurably strengthen the work of the churches. How often do we not see in the small town or village, four or five different churches where there are hardly enough churchgoers to fill and properly maintain one? A kingdom divided against itself must fall. Surely this is still more true of the kingdom of Him Who is the God of Peace, not of dissension. These churches ought to join, if possible, a recognized basis of union. It is expected that this federation will result in much strength and influence to the various bodies concerned. Twenty-seven of the national religious denominations are represented. The Unitarians were not invited to take part, and there is dissatisfaction because of the omission. Were they asked to join, it is said by the other denominations would refuse and the effort would be doomed to failure; it would lead to dissension, not union; their presence, it is urged, would be a bone of contention.

The reason why Unitarians were not invited and why their admission would destroy the effort for federation is not hard to find. The Unitarians do not believe in the authority of any other religious bodies do. They hold and teach that He is an ordinary man, but an extraordinary teacher. Their teachers take precisely the same ethical culture and who does not pretend to be even a Christian, and of the more liberal Jews.

It would be manifestly out of place for such men to be present and to have a vote in the York Assembly. Christians would gladly welcome Unitarians if they could safely do so, and the Unitarians would rather be welcomed than to be considered pariahs to be shunned by believers. But there is between them an irreconcilable difference.

If Unitarians are in earnest, so too are the various denominations; and how shall oil and water be blended? Shall believers allow that faith is of no consequence and that therefore Unitarians are good enough Christians? or shall Unitarians leave believers in peace no longer try to unsettle and efface whatever of faith their neighbors may hold? We think that neither change is likely to happen.

On the one hand we pray that believers may cling to their supernatural faith as their most precious possession, and on the other we fear that reverend Unitarians will continue to fight against faith of whatever kind. Christianity is nothing if not supernatural, and if divested of its supernatural character would fade and disappear from among men. For 1900 years Christendom has believed that our Redeemer was God made man, and all the mighty Christian works of the ages have been conceived and effected under this belief. Hence because Unitarians reject the supernatural they were properly not invited to this gathering of professing Christians.

Now if this movement remains true to its practical purpose, it ought to succeed in showing that there is a sound basis on which the different non-Catholic denominations of the country

can stand. We believe that if ever Church unity is to be visibly attained, even in a moderate degree, it will be brought about under some such form as their great conference in New York has assumed.

Our lining is quite certain proofs abound that we have entered upon an era of better feeling and a more tolerant and Christian spirit among Christians. Everywhere it is recognized that the chief obstacle to the progress of the gospel and the conversion of the world is the existence of divisions among Christians.

The desire for a reunion of Christendom is a striking characteristic of our times. Separated bodies of Christians are being drawn closer together every day. They cease to think ill of each other and are uniting, wherever practicable, in charitable and other good works. This is the first step toward that final and perfect union for which Christ prayed. And should no further advances be made in our time, everyone is thankful for this better and more Christian feeling. Let us be done, then, with the gospel of hate, the impugning of motives, the cruel annoyance and the relentless persecution of former days.

From many quarters are heard sweet sounds to the music of heaven, that tell of this universal desire for unity and peace. This desire finds expression in the form of the denominational press and pulpits; in the action of various church bodies looking to Christian union; in the earnest discussions of the subject carried on in conference and synods; in the cooperation of Catholics and non-Catholics in temperance, sound politics and charitable work; in the cordial invitation extended from time to time by the heads of various Protestant educational institutions to representative Catholic clergymen to explain some points of Catholic doctrine; in the success of the missions to non-Catholics.

These are surely evident signs that religious strife and dissensions are rapidly passing away and that we are nearing Christian unity. The God of the Christian is a God of peace, and not of dissensions. And the churches of our day are coming to see the pressing need on the reunion of Christendom and are praying that "they may be one as Christ and the Father are one."

WOMEN WHO DEFEND THE CRUCIFIX.

A French paper, the Croix de l'Allier, gives a description of a lively encounter which has taken place at Lachamp between anti-Christian iconoclasts and a number of Catholic women. The enemies of the Church at Lachamp had resolved to destroy the crucifixes in this country and to be followed by religious processions. The profanity was to be indulged in during the night. Two crosses were successfully overturned; a third, in cast iron was broken up. There remained a fourth, in the village of Lachamp. At midnight a woman was roused from sleep by the words, "Madame, if you wish to defend your cross, now is the time! She called up the other women of the village, and they all hid behind the hedges, each armed with a steel pitchfork. They were determined, one and all, to defend their cross, were they to shed their blood for it. Some men also watched to help their valiant companions in case of need. The cross-breakers arrived, and were met with vigorous blows from the forks. Surprised at this reception, they made use of their revolvers, for the sounder were excited. None of the women fled. The blows from the forks fell thick and fast. The iconoclasts took to flight and disappeared in congenial darkness as they were.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Beautifully hand printed, on Gelatine, 10 cents each, three for 25 cents. Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

MAKE MORE MONEY

Higher Crops of Better Grain. Clean, Large Seed Increases the Yield 20%. You should know the exact weight of everything you buy and sell. It pays.

CHATHAM FANNING MILL

Cleans Wheat, Rye, Timothy, Clover, Millet, Oats, Barley, Flax, Peas, Beans, Corn and all seeds. Large Hopper. Screw Feed easily regulated. Auger prevents clogging and distributes grain evenly on screen. Lower Slope keeps screens clean—no other mill has this. End shake and adjustable side shake (three styles). Sixteen screens and riddles, grading anything from finest seed to coarsest grain. Screens cleaned—can't rust. Works easily and smoothly, combines simplicity with efficiency. The Chatham Fanning Mill will pay for itself over and over in one year. It is the greatest economizer and profit-builder on the farm. It ensures bigger crops of better grain. It will save you hundreds of thousands of farms in Canada and United States. Furnished with or without Bagging Attachment, as desired. PRIZE AWARDS—Highest awards at World's Fair, St. Louis; Pan-American, Buffalo; World's Fair, Paris, France; Toronto, Winnipeg, B. C., Charlottetown, Savannah and Jacksonville. GUARANTEE—Every mill guaranteed for five years. Lasts a lifetime. We send the Chatham Fanning Mill to any farmer on receipt of his order, at once, without any cash down, and the most liberal terms of payment.

CHATHAM FARM SCALE

Three Styles Capacity 2,000 lbs. You need a Scale on your farm, for every transaction you make is by weight and you should know the exact weight of everything you buy and sell. The Chatham Farm Scale is made in three styles. The country's very best. Chatham Farm Scale is guaranteed by the Canadian Government. Every Chatham Farm Scale is sold with Canadian Government Inspector's Certificate of Accuracy. Every Chatham Farm Scale is a useful truck. We send this Scale to any farmer on receipt of his order at once without any cash down, and the most liberal terms of payment. We have a book that tells all about it, which we will be glad to send to you on receipt of a post card with your name and address.

CHATHAM SEPARATOR

For Separating Oats from Wheat. This splendid device separates wheat from oats perfectly, and is adapted to no other purpose. It is responsible to every producer of these grains in combination, and NOTHING CAN TAKE ITS PLACE. We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Halifax, Chatham, Fredericton, St. John's, Montreal, and Toronto, Mich. The MANSON CAMPBELL Co., Limited, Dept. No. 295, CHATHAM, CANADA.

THE APOSTOLIC RACE.

The other day, at the erection in Leykenstone cemetery, England, of a beautiful Celtic cross to the memory of the late Dean Dowley, an Irish priest who, since his ordination, had labored in England, the Hon. Charles Russell, who made the address, said:

"With whatever feelings each one of us may view the history of Ireland during the past hundred years, all must agree that there is one great role which our ordained monks have gloriously fulfilled. They have become the missionaries of the Catholic faith, not to their own nation only, but to all English speaking nations of the world. Without the devotion and self sacrifice of thousands of Irish priests, the Catholics of England, the United States, Australia and Africa, now numbering tens of millions, might be to-day without the faith. Who can say that perhaps, in the inscrutable wisdom of Providence, the famine-forced immigrations and other manifold sufferings and humiliations which Ireland has endured may not have been permitted in order that this great fact may be better accomplished?"

Fancy Mercers' Goods and our catalog of Bargains sent free for five stamps—N. Southcott & Co., Dept. 11, London, Ont.

I am in a position to negotiate large loans on church property at low rates of interest. Prompt service.

H. WADDINGTON. Confederation Life Bldg., TORONTO

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPS'S COCOA

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

WINDMILLS

POWER AND PUMPING. The "IMPERIAL" won the championship of the world in a two months' trial held by the Royal Agricultural Society in England. There were twenty-one American, British and Canadian mills in the trial.

WE ALSO MAKE GAS AND GASOLINE ENGINE GRAIN GRINDERS, ETC.

GOULD, SHAPLEY & MUIR CO. Brantford, Canada

CHATHAM INCUBATOR

No. 1—60 Eggs No. 2—120 Eggs No. 3—240 Eggs Poultry raising pays. People who tell you that there is no money in raising chicks may have tried to make money in the business by using setting hens as hatcheries, and they might as well have tried to locate a gold mine in the cabbage patch. The business of a hen is to lay eggs. As a hatchery and brooder she is outclassed. That's the business of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, and they do it perfectly and successfully. The poultry business, properly conducted, pays far better than any other business for the amount of time and money invested. Thousands of poultry raisers—men and women all over Canada and the United States—have proved to their satisfaction that it is profitable to raise chicks with the Chatham Incubator and Brooder. The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is honestly constructed. There is no humbug about it. Every inch of material is thoroughly tested, the machine is built on right principles, the insulation is perfect, thermometer reliable, and the workmanship the best. The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is simple as well as scientific in construction—a woman or girl can operate the machine in their leisure moments. Our proposition is this: We will ship you the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, freight prepaid, and

You Pay No C. A. Until After 1906 if you want.

Send for our handsomely illustrated booklet entitled, "How to Make Money Out of Chicks." Write to Mr. W. J. Mansson, P. O. Box 810, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B. C., Montreal, 810

THE MANSON CAMPBELL Co., Limited, Dept. No. 295, CHATHAM, CANADA.

SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP

We Tell Our Friends there isn't any soap made, as good as "SURPRISE," which is "A Pure Hard Soap" that washes well and wears well.

PROFESSIONAL

WELLMUTH & IVRY, IVRY & DROUGOLD —Barbers, Over Bank of Commerce, London, Ont.

JR. STEVENSON, 31 DUNDAS STREET E. London, Specialty—Surgery and X. Ray Work. Phone 310.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers Open Day and Night. Telephone—Home, 373; Factory, 541.

W. J. SMITH & SON UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS 113 Dundas Street OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. PHONE 588

D. A. STEWART Successor to John T. Stephenson Funeral Director and Embalmer Charges moderate. Open day and night. Residence on premises. 104 Dundas St. Phone 459 GEO. E. LOGAN, Asst. Manager.

Farm Laborers

Farmers desiring help for the coming season, should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau.

WRITE FOR APPLICATION FORM TO THOS. SOUTHWORTH, Director of Colonization, TORONTO, Ont.

"Glenanaar"

By Very Rev. Canon Sheehan, D. D. Author of "My New Curate," "Luka Delmege," Etc. Price \$1.50 post-paid THE CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE London, Ont.

THE POPE AND LABOR.

Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, has received from the Holy Father a congratulatory letter warmly applauding the Canadian priestly action in giving a religious character to the annual civil holiday known as Labor Day.

The Sovereign Pontiff's letter, and the action which prompted its writing, suggest the thought that the cause of anarchy, or of that socialism which is merely anarchy in disguise, is not likely to make much headway among the laboring classes of Montreal.—Ave Marie.

"The Christian ideal, of course," says the Ave Maria, "is to do one's work, no matter what it may be, for the glory of God, according to the counsel of St. Paul; but the average Christian is a lamentably imperfect being, spurred on to action by a variety of motives; and it can scarcely be doubted that the judicious praise of the worthy is a genuinely powerful incentive to prolonged efforts along the arduous path of either public or private duty.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

A PASTOR AND HIS WORK. The Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto, has written an interesting and instructive paper on "A Pastor and His Work," which is being published in the Record.

Elsewhere in this issue appears a lengthy letter from Rev. J. J. Sullivan, addressed to the boys of his parish who are scattered abroad. The letter speaks of an important work, and tells another chapter of a long and successful pastorate. It appears to those who read it with interest that the pastor has a very real interest in the work of his boys.

For twenty years ago, as our readers are well aware, Father Sullivan bought in the old household property, corner of Albert and Pine streets, with the view of converting it into a club and reading room for his young men. It proved entirely too straightened, and unduly cramped for the purpose.

Then attention was turned to the old building, which was situated on the corner of St. Joseph's and St. George's streets. It was a fine old building, but it was in a state of decay, and it was necessary to reconstruct it.

The material is all on hand for the most of the improvements which are being made. The building is now in a state of decay, and it is necessary to reconstruct it.

Few parents have done so much for their children as the Rev. J. J. Sullivan. He has a great variety of activities in his parish, and he is doing a great deal of good.

From the Catholic Daily Herald of Dec. 11, we copy the following notice to the visit of the Governor General to the St. Joseph's school.

From the City Hall the party proceeded to the Church of Our Lady in the basement hall of which were gathered together the pupils of St. Agnes and St. Francis schools.

From the City Hall the party proceeded to the Church of Our Lady in the basement hall of which were gathered together the pupils of St. Agnes and St. Francis schools.

had been conferred upon them by this visit from the representative of King Edward, to whose crown and person they offer loyal allegiance.

The children then sang "The Maple Leaf," with splendid fervor. His Excellency acknowledged in feeling terms the enthusiastic reception that had been accorded him.

His Excellency then listened to the singing strains of the National Anthem and amid the cheers of the pupils who had been given a holiday, took his departure.

DIocese of SAULT STE MARIE.

PORT WILLIAM CONVENT. The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was the happy occasion of a visit from His Lordship Bishop Stearns, who, on his way to the diocese, stopped at Port William.

His Lordship was accompanied by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto, and Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto.

His Lordship was accompanied by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto, and Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto.

His Lordship was accompanied by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto, and Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto.

His Lordship was accompanied by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto, and Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto.

His Lordship was accompanied by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto, and Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto.

His Lordship was accompanied by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto, and Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto.

His Lordship was accompanied by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto, and Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto.

His Lordship was accompanied by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto, and Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto.

His Lordship was accompanied by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto, and Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto.

His Lordship was accompanied by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto, and Rev. J. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Joseph's, Toronto.

Young Men have been occupying the upper flat, but as it does not fill the requirements we are making an effort to fit up the basement to be used as a Gymnasium.

To accomplish this will far exceed the limit of our means, notwithstanding that the Members have contributed generously. To carry out my purpose I have conceived the idea of making an appeal to the Old Boys of Toronto and their friends.

Rev. T. J. Sullivan. You would be doing me a special favor by showing this letter to any Young Men of your acquaintance, or other kind friends who might be interested.

A FAREWELL. My latest child, I have no song to give you; No lark could pipe in skies so dull and gray; Yet, ere you bid me adieu, I can leave you, For every day.

THE PROFESSION OF NURSING. The Good Samaritan Hospital, of Suffering, N. Y., has a training school connected with it, and is now accepting applications for the profession of nursing.

MARRIED. ENRIGHT - KENNEDY. In St. Michael's Church, Doucette, on Tuesday morning, Nov. 2nd, by the Rev. Father Quilly, Mr. Levi Enright and Miss Mary Kennedy.

DIED. SULLIVAN. Of your charity pray for the soul of Mrs. Johanna Sullivan of Peterborough, who died on the 20th inst.

MR. HALLEY'S POSTPONED HAMILTON LECTURE. A meeting of the gentlemen interested in Mr. Halley's lecture on the late Thos. D'Arcy Meehan was held in Heintzman's Piano Co.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL. A teacher for the separate school, St. Joseph's, Toronto, for the year 1906.

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER. (Male or female) Fully qualified to teach in a separate school, St. Joseph's, Toronto.

TEACHER WANTED FOR FERDUS S. S. I. Holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER FOR R. C. S. S. AT SOUTH GLOUCESTER. One holding second or third class certificate of Ontario.

TEACHER WANTED FOR FORMOSA. Separate school, German preferred. State salary. Apply to Amanda Schurr, Sec. Treas.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE NEW R. C. S. S. GREENOCK. One holding second or third class certificate for the year 1906.

WANTED FOR THE OPENING OF A SCHOOL. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR CORONA R. C. SCHOOL. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE NEW R. C. S. S. MAREN. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

WANTED A TEACHER HOLDING second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

WANTED FOR THE SEPARATE SCHOOL. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

WANTED FOR MASSBY SEPARATE SCHOOL. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 2. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 3. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 4. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 5. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 6. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 7. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

By Rev. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH (Episcopalian). Fair as the moon by night, And brighter than the noon-day sun.

From her creation, From life's first, earliest vibration, From the pure soul within, In the beauty of her state she stands, the glory of her race.

Rev. T. J. Sullivan. You would be doing me a special favor by showing this letter to any Young Men of your acquaintance, or other kind friends who might be interested.

A FAREWELL. My latest child, I have no song to give you; No lark could pipe in skies so dull and gray; Yet, ere you bid me adieu, I can leave you, For every day.

THE PROFESSION OF NURSING. The Good Samaritan Hospital, of Suffering, N. Y., has a training school connected with it, and is now accepting applications for the profession of nursing.

MARRIED. ENRIGHT - KENNEDY. In St. Michael's Church, Doucette, on Tuesday morning, Nov. 2nd, by the Rev. Father Quilly, Mr. Levi Enright and Miss Mary Kennedy.

DIED. SULLIVAN. Of your charity pray for the soul of Mrs. Johanna Sullivan of Peterborough, who died on the 20th inst.

MR. HALLEY'S POSTPONED HAMILTON LECTURE. A meeting of the gentlemen interested in Mr. Halley's lecture on the late Thos. D'Arcy Meehan was held in Heintzman's Piano Co.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL. A teacher for the separate school, St. Joseph's, Toronto, for the year 1906.

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER. (Male or female) Fully qualified to teach in a separate school, St. Joseph's, Toronto.

TEACHER WANTED FOR FERDUS S. S. I. Holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER FOR R. C. S. S. AT SOUTH GLOUCESTER. One holding second or third class certificate of Ontario.

TEACHER WANTED FOR FORMOSA. Separate school, German preferred. State salary. Apply to Amanda Schurr, Sec. Treas.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE NEW R. C. S. S. GREENOCK. One holding second or third class certificate for the year 1906.

WANTED FOR THE OPENING OF A SCHOOL. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR CORONA R. C. SCHOOL. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE NEW R. C. S. S. MAREN. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

WANTED A TEACHER HOLDING second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

WANTED FOR THE SEPARATE SCHOOL. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

WANTED FOR MASSBY SEPARATE SCHOOL. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 2. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 3. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 4. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 5. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 6. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 7. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 8. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 9. One holding second or third class certificate, French and English, for the year 1906.

The Sovereign Bank OF CANADA

394 Richmond Street, London, Canada

Drafts issued. Letters of Credit issued. Money orders issued payable at any point. Transfers of money made by cable. Exchange on foreign countries bought and sold. Travellers' cheques payable anywhere. Collections carefully handled.

ALL AT CLOSEST RATES

Interest compounded four times a year

Prompt attention and courteous treatment to all. Our methods please.

F. E. KARN, Manager London Branch

BOOKS.

For sale at the Catholic Record Office. LONDON, ONT. (continued).

JUVENILE HOUND TABLE - A collection of original stories. By the Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

KLONDIKE FICIN - A story of a day. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. 75

PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS - A series of illustrations of the lives of the saints. 100

LUKE DELMEGE - A novel by Rev. P. A. Sullivan. 100

SPRAGGS METHOD OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE - A manual for priests, teachers and parents. 100

TALES OF OLD NEW YORK - By George Grey. 100

THREE GIRLS AND ESPECIALLY - A story by Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

THE TAMPING OF POLLY - With Frontispiece. 100

THE FOOTBALL GAME - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

TOM PLAYFAIR; OR, MAKING A GAME OF IT - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

TREASURES OF NUGGET MOUNTAIN - Edited by Marion Ames Tegart. 100

OUR FAVORITE NOVENA - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

ODDITIES OF HUMANITY - By Abbie Dore. 100

BUT WHY LOVE AND THY GRACE - By Francis J. Finn, S. J. 100

BLISSFUL VISIT OFFICE, THE - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

BLAKES AND FLANAGANS - By Mrs. J. J. Sullivan. 100

CALISTO - A Tale of the Third Century. By Cardinal Wiseman. 100

CONOR D'ARCO'S STRUGGLES - A novel by Mrs. W. M. Sullivan. 100

CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL - A charming annual for Catholics. 100

CATHOLIC BELIEF - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

CLEARING THE WAY - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

CHRISTIAN MOTHER, THE - The Education of Children and their Prayers. By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

DIMPLED SUCCESS - By Clara Mulholland. 100

DISAPPOINTED AMBITION. By Agnes Stewart. 100

EUCCHARISTIC ELEVATIONS - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

FABOLA, OR THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS. By Cardinal Wiseman. 100

GOLDEN SANDS - LITTLE COUNSELS for the sanctification and happiness of daily life. 100

LOST DAUGHTER - The - By Mrs. James S. J. 100

MISSION BOOK FOR THE MARRIED - A series of articles for married couples. 100

SCUMMER AT WOODVILLE - A story by Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

SHRIMP OF THE BEECH FORK - A story by Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

POWER'S CATECHISM. Doctrinal, Moral, Historical and Liturgical. With answers to the Objections drawn from the sciences against Religion - with Episcopal approbation. 3 vols. fancy cloth. Third Edition. Revised. 100

PLAN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS - By G. M. Stearns. 100

PANORAMA AND PANCHITA - By Mary E. Mammis. 100

OUR FAVORITE DEVOTIONS - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

THE MONK'S PARADISE - A historical romance of the time of Philip IV of Spain. 100

MAY HOOKS - By Anna H. Dorsey. 100

NANETTE'S MARRIAGE - By Almes May. 100

NAN NOBODY - By Mary T. Waggoner. 100

NEW ENGLAND SKETCHES - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

ALZOU - UNIVERSAL CHURCH HISTORY - A series of articles on church history. 100

HELENE FATHERS DAUGHTER - A story by Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

KATHARINE TYRAN HICKS - With 12 illustrations. 100

HIS FIRST - A story by Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

HARRY DEE, OR, WORKING IT OUT with frontispiece. By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

ELINOR PRESTON, OR, SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD - By Mrs. James Sullivan. 100

HEART OF JESUS OF NAZARETH - A series of articles on the heart of Jesus. 100

GUIDE FOR CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN - Especially for those who are preparing for the priesthood. 100

GOLDEN BOOK OF THE COMMANDMENTS AND SACRAMENTS OF THE CHURCH - By St. Alphonsus Liguori. 100

CHRISTIANITY - A series of articles on the Christian religion. 100

GEOFFREY AUSTIN - A novel by Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL - Fifth edition. 100

SPRAGGS METHOD OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE - A manual for priests, teachers and parents. 100

TALES OF OLD NEW YORK - By George Grey. 100

THREE GIRLS AND ESPECIALLY - A story by Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

THE TAMPING OF POLLY - With Frontispiece. 100

THE FOOTBALL GAME - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

TOM PLAYFAIR; OR, MAKING A GAME OF IT - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

TREASURES OF NUGGET MOUNTAIN - Edited by Marion Ames Tegart. 100

OUR FAVORITE NOVENA - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

ODDITIES OF HUMANITY - By Abbie Dore. 100

BUT WHY LOVE AND THY GRACE - By Francis J. Finn, S. J. 100

BLISSFUL VISIT OFFICE, THE - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

BLAKES AND FLANAGANS - By Mrs. J. J. Sullivan. 100

CALISTO - A Tale of the Third Century. By Cardinal Wiseman. 100

CONOR D'ARCO'S STRUGGLES - A novel by Mrs. W. M. Sullivan. 100

CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL - A charming annual for Catholics. 100

CATHOLIC BELIEF - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

CLEARING THE WAY - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

CHRISTIAN MOTHER, THE - The Education of Children and their Prayers. By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

DIMPLED SUCCESS - By Clara Mulholland. 100

DISAPPOINTED AMBITION. By Agnes Stewart. 100

EUCCHARISTIC ELEVATIONS - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

FABOLA, OR THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS. By Cardinal Wiseman. 100

GOLDEN SANDS - LITTLE COUNSELS for the sanctification and happiness of daily life. 100

LOST DAUGHTER - The - By Mrs. James S. J. 100

MISSION BOOK FOR THE MARRIED - A series of articles for married couples. 100

SCUMMER AT WOODVILLE - A story by Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

SHRIMP OF THE BEECH FORK - A story by Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

POWER'S CATECHISM. Doctrinal, Moral, Historical and Liturgical. With answers to the Objections drawn from the sciences against Religion - with Episcopal approbation. 3 vols. fancy cloth. Third Edition. Revised. 100

PLAN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS - By G. M. Stearns. 100

PANORAMA AND PANCHITA - By Mary E. Mammis. 100

OUR FAVORITE DEVOTIONS - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

THE MONK'S PARADISE - A historical romance of the time of Philip IV of Spain. 100

MAY HOOKS - By Anna H. Dorsey. 100

NANETTE'S MARRIAGE - By Almes May. 100

NAN NOBODY - By Mary T. Waggoner. 100

NEW ENGLAND SKETCHES - By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

ALZOU - UNIVERSAL CHURCH HISTORY - A series of articles on church history. 100

HELENE FATHERS DAUGHTER - A story by Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

KATHARINE TYRAN HICKS - With 12 illustrations. 100

HIS FIRST - A story by Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

HARRY DEE, OR, WORKING IT OUT with frontispiece. By Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

ELINOR PRESTON, OR, SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD - By Mrs. James Sullivan. 100

HEART OF JESUS OF NAZARETH - A series of articles on the heart of Jesus. 100

GUIDE FOR CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN - Especially for those who are preparing for the priesthood. 100

GOLDEN BOOK OF THE COMMANDMENTS AND SACRAMENTS OF THE CHURCH - By St. Alphonsus Liguori. 100

CHRISTIANITY - A series of articles on the Christian religion. 100

GEOFFREY AUSTIN - A novel by Rev. J. J. Sullivan. 100

ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL - Fifth edition. 100

SPRAGGS METHOD OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE - A manual for priests, teachers and parents. 100

TALES OF OLD NEW YORK - By George Grey. 100

THREE GIRLS AND