

THE YEARS BETWEEN.

A Novel by William J. Fischer.

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winnona and Other Stories," "The Teller and Other Poems," Etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

Mrs. Atherton enjoyed the quiet life of Beresvale very much. To be sure, her thoughts often stole back to Billington to linger upon old scenes and old faces, but she was happy in her cottage up there on the hill. And it was a pretty place with its spruce trees, its bit of lawn and rosy garden. Nature had indeed lavished beauty upon that secluded spot.

Mrs. Atherton knew very few people in the village. When first she came among them she changed her name to Mrs. Vale, so that no one could identify her and Mrs. Atherton. As she remained as far as possible from the town, she was not concerned to the last. Everybody, however, looked upon the strange occupant of Ellen Allan's cottage with a certain air of suspicion. There was a mystery about it all they could not explain. The old gossips were busy wagging their tongues for a long time. They came forward with new theories daily. Finally the talk dwindled down to almost nothing, and the mystery, surrounding the little woman on the hill, remained a mystery for a great many years in quiet Beresvale.

The few hundred dollars which Mrs. Atherton had brought with her to Beresvale did not last very long. In time the last cent was gone, and the poor woman was forced to work for her daily bite of bread. But she was good in heart and soul and willing to suffer all for her master's sake. She never despaired—never murmured. Ten long years she had spent in Beresvale, and these were the iron years of struggle that told heavily upon her. No one would have recognized the Mrs. Atherton of Billington in that thin, stooped, sickly, white-haired, little woman on the hill. She was greatly changed and was not a well woman by any means. At times she would suffer the most violent headaches and cry out, loud in pain, so that the little bird in the window would stop its song in sympathy. These headaches had come on gradually during the last two years, but they were always getting worse. While they lasted she would go for days without eating.

One night there was a rap at the kitchen door, and a poor beggar entered, hungry and dirt-bespattered. A cold wind was blowing up from the lakes, and the night was clear.

"I am cold, good woman, and very hungry," the sickly man cried out in suffering.

"Come—sit down over here!" Mrs. Atherton motioned to him, "the fire is a little low, but 'twill soon burn up, and then you will get warm. I'll have something for you to eat in a few minutes."

Her last five-cent piece had purchased the loaf of bread she held in her hands, but she thought to herself: "Never mind, here's a poor fellow who seems to be dying of hunger. I'll give him all I have. God will not see me starve. I'll only have to sew a little harder to-morrow—that's all!"

Mrs. Atherton did some sewing for one of the large linen factories in the village, and the money she earned with her needle was practically her only source of revenue.

The good woman busied herself, set the table, and in a few minutes the smell of fresh coffee stole through the room. She turned to wake the poor man who had fallen asleep in his chair. She touched his shoulder gently, and he whispered:

"What is it, good woman?"

"Come! I have a lunch for you."

"Lunch for me? Ah, how good of you! You do not know how I have suffered." And she wheeled his chair to the table.

When the meal was over he again seated himself before the fireplace and for some time the two were engaged in conversation.

"How did you happen to find the cottage?" Mrs. Atherton inquired, good-naturedly.

"Well, it was like this. I travelled many miles on foot to-day, started out at sunrise and reached Beresvale this evening. The steamer had just left the wharf, but I was fortunate enough to see a man canoeing across the lake. I called out loudly to him and begged him to take me across, and he did. It was moonlight, and he could see me on the beach. He put me off at the landing and I stumbled along the road anxious to reach the village, but I could go no farther. Looking to the right of me I saw a light on the hill nearby—the only light visible anywhere—and thither I made my way. When I gained the top of the hill I saw a little cottage. There was nothing else to do. I was cold and hungry, so I rapped at the door and entered, glad as a child."

"And you shall be very happy to remain over night," the woman said. Mrs. Atherton could tell that his face betrayed no signs of wickedness.

Just then a fierce downpour of rain sounded outside. In a minute flashes of lightning followed and very soon peals of thunder.

"How glad I am to be in here—out of the cold rain. Last night I slept in the open air, the earth for my pillow and the starry sky for my blanket. It was very cold."

"May I ask you your name?" Mrs. Atherton inquired kindly. You have told me so much of your hardships I am anxious to know it."

"I am James Sykes from Billington, good lady."

A frightened look crept into the startled woman's face.

"James Sykes from Billington?" she repeated softly, pondering over the name. And instantly her thoughts stole back to Jonathan Sykes. Ah, yes. She knew the lad, but she must be very careful not to disclose her own identity.

"Yes, madam. My father at one time kept the largest bookstore there. Business reverses set in and we were turned out in the street. Father did not live very long to taste such misery, and mother soon followed his footsteps. An only child, I was now practically left alone. But a good friend was thrown across my way, and it was he who pur-

me on my feet again. This is how it all happened. He was a doctor—"

"A doctor!" gasped Mrs. Atherton. Instantly her thoughts stole back to Charles Mathers.

"Some two years ago one May afternoon," the beggar continued, "I was walking down the street when I saw a runaway horse rushing furiously over the slippery pavement. The occupant in the buggy had no control over the beast whatever. A passing street car had frightened the horse. He jumped and jerked his head, the lines gave way—and he was off like a shot. When I turned he was only a block away, and it looked like a drive to death. My heart urged me to rush out and try and stop the horse. The river moaned at my very feet, and it was an easy matter for driver, buggy and horse to be dashed to pieces over the narrow embankment. The sound of hoofs grew louder and louder. But I dashed into the open road and threw my arms about the horse's head. He dragged me a block, but I hung on with the strength of a hundred men. In a few minutes others rushed out and came to my assistance."

"That was a close call, Mr. Sykes."

"Yes, driver and horse would have both been dashed into the river, had I not caught the horse by the head. And how grateful Dr. Mathers was!"

"Dr. Mathers?" repeated Mrs. Atherton, in great surprise.

The beggar turned and eyed her intently. He saw that she had been deeply interested in his story.

"Yes, the occupant of the buggy was no other than Dr. Charles Mathers—the renowned Mathers of Billington, the great surgeon who daily saves the lives of many people."

"How long since all this happened?"

"Only two years ago."

"And is Dr. Mathers such a wonderful man there?"

"Yes, everybody loves him. He is very clever—and kindness itself."

Mrs. Atherton felt that she was glad to hear that the world had been good to Charles, in all the long ten years since she had left Billington. In her heart she thanked God for having sent this beggar to her door that night to bring her this good news of Charles. It made her old heart feel young again to hear that he was not wanting in anything, and that he was great amongst the men of the city. Some day she would return to him—some day, when her thin, old hands could handle the needle no longer. So long as they were able to stitch and stitch, she would feel content to remain at Beresvale; and should things come to the worst, a letter or telegram would reach Charles in Billington any time.

"Ah, yes," continued Mrs. Atherton, "Dr. Mathers is a jewel of a man. He was so grateful to me for having saved his life. Of course I broke the bones of my arm and leg in the attempt, but he soon had me fixed up again at the hospital. From that day on I wanted for nothing. Dr. Mathers cared for me as a father. He interested himself in my behalf, and obtained for me a splendid position in one of the banks, but I could not stand the peril. I grew reckless. Drink was at the bottom of it all. One morning I went to my desk with the smell of liquor on my breath. An hour later the manager handed me a check and politely told me that my services were no longer required."

"Ah, that was too bad." The woman really pitied him. "But then drink has been the curse of many a one, and you should have known it."

"Yes, I should have known better. I left Billington that same evening. I was disgusted with myself. I should have gone to see my good friend, Dr. Mathers, but I was ashamed. I did not have the heart to face him and tell him the whole story."

"And you left Billington without seeing him?"

"Yes, I went to a neighboring town, secured employment, worked steadily a few weeks, but was soon told to go. It was drink again. And this is how I got down to my present low level. I now earn my living selling my little wares from door to door, content to seek other employment, but I prefer this sort of a life to any other, because I have a desperate struggle to earn my daily bread, and as long as this condition exists, not even a cent of mine will ever travel over the saloon counter."

"Have you heard of Dr. Mathers since you left Billington?"

"No, not a word. He does not know what happened to me, and I am satisfied. But he was very well when last I saw him. Only there is a sore spot in his heart somewhere. One day I called at his office. He looked very tired and worn out, told me he had not seen his bed for some nights. It was a beautiful afternoon. The breezes wandered noiselessly through the open window and left a refreshing coolness behind. For a long time Dr. Mathers gazed thoughtfully upon a picture of a middle-aged woman hung above the mantle piece on the opposite wall. He eyed the painting intently. His thoughts were evidently wandering through the flowery meadows of by-gone days. Presently a large tear dropped from his eye, and I thought he would fall. It seemed to me, somewhat apologetically, and said: 'Ah, Jim, forgive me! I forgot you were here. I was only thinking. That womanly face always makes me think. She was a second mother to me, but she left one day—oh, dear! it is ten years ago—and I have searched for her in vain all these years. Some day I will tell you the whole story, and then you will not wonder that I grew thoughtful sometimes.' But I never heard the end of the story. I lost my position the next day, and you see never went back."

Mrs. Atherton turned about nervously in her chair during the last few sentences. She felt like flying to Billington and clasping Charles to her heart. He evidently had not forgotten her. The more she thought of that picture on the wall and the beggar's story, the more she felt inclined to leave Beresvale on the next train. But something held her back.

"Not yet! not yet!" she whispered to herself. "I can still work."

Now that she had heard definitely of Charles' great success in life she felt more satisfied than ever, and the days

passed quickly and pleasantly for her—but her health was beginning to fail.

CHAPTER XIII.

DOROTHY FAIRFAX.

Dorothy Fairfax, the accomplished daughter of Jerome Fairfax, banker, was the handsomest woman in all Billington. Her early days were spent at the convent where the clever sisters helped to develop her natural talents in music. She had a remarkable soprano voice for one so young. An only child, her parents naturally took great delight in her. At twenty she graduated, and for the two years following took singing lessons from the best teachers Billington could afford. At this time also, she moved in the highest musical circles of her native city. Her father had always promised her a few years abroad to finish her musical education, and consequently, when she was twenty-two, she was sent to Paris, later to Leipzig. She remained only one year at Paris and then took rooms in Leipzig. And here she was at the present time, but her thoughts were turning homeward.

Dorothy liked Leipzig immensely. She had come in contact with the nicest people during her two years' residence, and her heart felt very contented and happy in that luxurious "In Bohemia" student-life. Her friends and companions were artists, musicians and writers—all come to Leipzig to get what was best in the center of culture and refinement. They sat at the same dainty tables and sipped out of the quaint, china coffee-cups.

Dorothy occupied two pretty rooms on one of the leading streets of the German city and had for companion another Billington girl—none other than Bernice Chadwick. The latter was completing her studies on the piano. The two had come to Europe together and they were going back home again. At school the two had always been good friends, but this novel experience abroad had drawn them together on terms of closer intimacy.

Dorothy had a regular "In Bohemia" den. The walls were literally plastered with pictures of the old masters. On a divan in the corner were piled fully a dozen cushions. On the opposite side stood her piano, upon it a large marble bust of Liszt, gazing with dreamy, pathetic eyes about the little crowded room. And the sheets of music! There were piles of it scattered about on the floor, tables and chairs. Even the old piano's back was almost breaking with the weight of it. From an old-fashioned Venetian vase on the table a bunch of red and white roses sent their aroma through the room. At the two doors that led into a larger room, hung thin Japanese curtains. Bernice Chadwick's rooms were on the same flat, but a few doors away.

It was a delightful June morning, one of those clear refreshing mornings that make one feel it is good to be alive, when all one's cares and worries have wandered thousands of miles away and the heart knows nothing but gladness. Dorothy had just finished breakfast; and going over to her window, she opened it full length to let in the pleasant morning air. Down in the streets a jolly mountaineer was singing a dainty German love-song to the accompaniment of a mellow harp. The clear liquid notes of his tenor voice floated into the morning air and filled every nook of Dorothy's den with sweet sounds—

"It was one Sunday bright and clear, The loveliest in all the year. We wandered through the golden grain, O'er blooming hill and grassy plain, The dew was on the valley's meadow, It's rays o'er mount and valley gleamed, O' happy day so sweet, so dear! O' happy day, so sweet so dear! Thou art so fair, and yet so near!"

The singer had a ringing voice, pleasant to hear and far too good for the open street. It was a voice that would have sounded well in a concert-hall, but one hears many such voices in the streets and in the haunts of the lowly. One seldom runs across a poor singer in Germany.

The little melody was soon over. Dorothy was delighted with it and threw down a piece of silver to the singer, who caught it in his hat and bowed gallantly.

Just then a crowd of jolly students passed by laughing loudly. In a few minutes the lectures at the university would begin, and the boys were hurrying to their tasks.

Dorothy stood a long time eyeing the changing scene in the street below. The sun shone full upon her, as she stood there, in the morning hour, her simple, white gown hanging loosely from her shoulders. She looked like a queen in contemplation, a look of intense joy upon her classical features. The sunbeams wandered through the meshes of her black hair, and when she turned, one could see that she had a complexion of dazzling beauty, fair and creamy. Her cheeks were twin roses that never lost their color. Her eyes were dark brown and dancing with long lashes, capable of changing with every thrill of emotion, and her lips were of brilliant red, hiding a fine set of pearly white teeth. Her every movement was graceful; her head seemed fitted to wear a crown, her fingers to wield a sceptre, and yet she had the features that were full of sweetness and innocence.

Presently she was disturbed in her thoughts by Bernice's entrance into the room. The latter never entered the same without upsetting or stumbling over something. She was a lively, jovial sort of girl, and this time the small table in the middle of the room suffered. In an instant the Venetian vase and the red and white roses lay in a little river on the carpet. The clear liquid notes of his tenor voice floated into the morning air and filled every nook of Dorothy's den with sweet sounds—

"Oh, my pretty vase and the roses—and the rug!" uttered Dorothy. "They are ruined. Dear me! the dear old vase Gretchen brought me from Venice smashed into a thousand pieces! Bernice, you are awful!" The last words were said with a certain amount of displeasure.

"Ah, never mind the Venetian vase. I'll get you another," interrupted Bernice with an air of suffering. "It's a pity that you—Oh! the pain! I wonder if I've broken any bones?" The girl could not even restrain her laughter and Dorothy herself joined in good naturedly.

"Come, Dorothy! What's the use of crying over spilt milk anyway? Come give me your hand like a good girl and help me to my feet—or I'm dead sure."

With Dorothy's assistance Bernice was helped to the divan, in the corner. In an hour the latter was on her feet as well as ever, trying to stumble over something else.

The morning mail brought several letters and papers for both of the girls. The contents, rest assured, were devoured eagerly.

"Mamma expects me home in a month from to-day, Bernice. What do you think of that? She writes that she can hardly wait for the day."

"And so does mine, she also has a letter from mother. She did not like the photographs I sent her at all. You know the ones we had taken in the coffee garden, with Herr Kreiser one afternoon. She says I look just like a regular Kaffee-klatsch, and I think probably she's right."

By this time Dorothy was reading the Billington Post, copies of which arrived in Leipzig every second Thursday.

"Say, Bernice, the Post is certainly giving Dr. Mathers enough of advertising these days. Here is a whole column about him, saying how through an oil painting in an artist's studio he had at last come upon a path that would lead him to find an old friend of his—a Mrs. Atherton by name. The lady had disappeared from Billington under very suspicious circumstances many years ago. 'This interesting reading and you must see it. The paper is several months old. Mother must have sent it by mistake—but 'tis new to me.'"

"Do you know him, Dorothy?"

"No, I have never met him, but I have often passed him on the streets. He's a fine man—a very clever surgeon and awfully good, 'tis said, to the poor."

"He is quite young as well, isn't he?"

"I should judge him to be between thirty-five and forty."

"I don't remember ever seeing him," replied Bernice.

"Well, he is quite tall, has jet black hair, fair complexion and is clean shaven. He has what I would call a good, reliable honest face for a man, and I think he is quite handsome. He dresses well and has always a very prepossessing appearance; he is broad-shouldered and well-proportioned."

"I suppose this fine looking fellow is married, as usual," exclaimed Bernice.

"Not by any means, Dorothy. At least I have not heard so. Mother generally writes me all the news and I'm sure she would not have forgotten to tell me this."

Just then the clock struck the hour of ten.

"Heavens! Bernice, it's 10 o'clock" exclaimed Dorothy, as she jumped from her chair and grabbed her music.

"Here I'm supposed to be at the professor's studio at 9:30! Well! Well! I'll get my scolding for keeping him waiting this morning. Besides, he is very busy to-day. He expected me in early for a final rehearsal of the songs I am to sing to-night at my graduation recital. I suppose your piano solos will be perfectly done, you little imp!"

"Not by any means, Dorothy. When you are gone I shall get at the again. My fingers feel just like slate-pieces."

Dorothy donned her hat and passed through the door. In a minute she was back again.

"Oh, Bernice, I forgot to show you my gown for this evening. The dress-maker sent it down last evening. It is just a perfect gem. Oh, it is just really gorgeous. I'll feel like the Queen of Sheba come to life again. It will sparkle on the stage, I tell you, with its fifteen yards of gold lace and—But, oh, I must away. I am forgetting the lesson. I'll show it to you when I return. Pray for me, Bernice! I am sure Herr Kreiser will like me to-day."

Dorothy darted down the steps. In ten minutes she stood at the singing-master's studio-door.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SINGING-MASTER.

Herr Kreiser's studio was one of the loveliest and pleasantest spots in all Leipzig. It was an imposing little structure with a marble front, and comprised four rooms—the waiting-room, studio proper, the concert-hall and the professor's private sanctum. On all sides of it there was a green stretch of lawn, upon which flowers bloomed all the summer long. Herr Kreiser was very proud of his flower-beds. He paid almost as much attention to them as to the voices of his singers.

When Dorothy reached the studio she was gasping for breath. She rang the door bell hastily, and presently the door opened, and a little stout man with long black hair and round fat face appeared.

"Guten Morgen, Fraulein!" he greeted her tenderly.

"Guten Morgen, Herr Professor!" answered Dorothy, in good German.

When she was seated in the waiting-room, Herr Kreiser noticed that she was short of breath and he exclaimed, somewhat angrily, as he threw his hands into the air: "Mein Gott! Mein Gott! Dorothy! How often have I told you not to run your feet off to get here. Now here you are again to-day, come for your last practice and you can't sing worth anything. I know it. I feel it. Why, you're pulling worse than a beeg steam engine. Ach! How you expect to sing dose cadenzas is beyond comprehension of mine brain. But you must sing dis very night. Noting vill help you. De programs are printed, de invitations have been sent out and all de beeg, fine folk of Leipzig vill be dere. Dey always come to Herr Kreiser's concerts. Dey like good music and singing."

Dorothy took his reproval very much to heart. He had never spoken to her in such certain tones before, but the poor man was so wrapped up in the young woman's success that he allowed himself to become unduly excited. She

was without a doubt the best singer he had yet produced, and he wanted her to do herself and her teacher full justice in the concert-hall that evening.

"You see, professor, Dorothy remarked, "I was fully an hour late and I am to blame for it all. Bernice and I were chatting away and never thought of looking at the clock, when lo! it struck ten. So I grabbed my music and just hurried here as fast as I could, because I was afraid you would scold me. But I can sing now. The little difficulty in breathing is gone."

"Come den, mein kind, und let's get to work." And together the two wandered to the music room.

The studio was a large, well-lit, sunny room, plainly furnished but with comfortable looking. It contained nothing but a piano, a table and two or three chairs. Artistic busts of Beethoven, Mozart and Schumann looked down peacefully from the snowy-white wall. The room contained but one picture. It was a fine steel etching of Franz Abt. There were no carpets, rugs, curtains or bric-a-brac. Upon the table stood a vase containing some flowers.

"Vat 'tink you of des flowers mein Freund?" spoke Herr Kreiser as he drew his pupil's attention to the choice red roses in the vase. "Aren't dey beautiful? I raise dem all by mein self."

"Yes, they are beauties. I think, professor, you might give me a few to wear this evening."

"Ach, Gott! Fraulein! You shall have dem. I shall pick dem fresh afterwards—also, a few for Bernice."

"But come und let's make us busy!"

Theresepon Herr Kreiser ran his fat fingers through his long black hair and seated himself at the piano. Then his hands struck several heavy, deep-sounding, minor chords and Dorothy walked over to his side.

"Vat vill you sing first—oratorio or opera?"

"Let it be 'Faust' first, professor!"

"Very vell den, Fraulein."

Dorothy's arms fell to her side; she took a deep inspiration and her voice was ready to fall in presently with the singing-master's accompaniment. The latter had almost finished playing the introduction, when there was a rap at the door of the music room.

"Ach! ach! das ist doch argelich!" he exclaimed angrily, as he rose from the piano.

Mina, his wife, was at the door.

"Hans! Hans! she exclaimed softly, "dere is a man in de waiting-room to see you und he is in a beeg hurry."

"Vell! vell he must wait until his beeg hurry is passed by. I can't see him for half hour yet. So Mina, just tell him to wait little bit."

"All right, Hans!"

"Not by any means, Dorothy. At least I have not heard so. Mother generally writes me all the news and I'm sure she would not have forgotten to tell me this."

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shook the very columns of the theater. And how that applause feed her hungry soul! But then they were only dreams—mere, idle dreams—strung together in feverish states of excitement and conchard heart the girl could not help feeling that she was nursing a strange delusion. She would never be so fortunate as to have a chance of showing herself in grand opera. But, unsuspecting, innocent girl, she did not see the bright career the future had fashioned for her—out there, somewhere in the hours to come.

"Ach!" exclaimed the professor. "I forgot already so soon dat caption room. So pardon me, Fraulein, for a few minutes! I will go und see him und den we vill go out together into de garden for de roses I promised you." And the jolly old man bowed his way out of the music room.

"Ach! Signor Lamperti!" he exclaimed as he shook his old friend's hand. "I am pleased to see you here again in Leipzig. You are lookin' vell, Signor—getting younger lookin' every time I 'tink."

Signor Lamperti came originally from Naples. He was a tall, splendid-looking fellow, about forty years old. Most of his time was spent in London, England, where he was very popular as a conductor. He spoke English faultlessly, only that his speech had a slight Italian accent, pleasant and musical.

"I see, Kreiser, you are still at the old trade," Lamperti began, after some preliminary conversation about the weather and kindred things had been indulged in.

"Ja! I have all I can do. By de way, one of mine pupils gives her graduation recital dis evening at de concert-hall. I would be pleased to have you dere, signor."

"Thank you! I shall take advantage of the invitation. By the way, professor, pardon the impertinence, but who is the girl who has just finished singing in the music-room? She has a capital voice—sings like a lark. I could have listened to her for hours. Her operatic selections were especially cleverly done. You know the opera appeals to me above all else. She has the kind of voice one does not hear every day."

Lamperti's words filled the old teacher's heart with pride. To think that they came from the great Lamperti himself!

The girl who has just finished her practice is Dorothy Fairfax—a foreigner. She leaves in two weeks for America. It is she whose graduation recital takes place dis night. Dis vas our last practice."

"Ah," interrupted Lamperti, "I shall go and hear her again then. She's a bird I'd like to capture, Kreiser."

"Ach, signor, is that so? Vell vell!"

"Yes, Kreiser, I am looking up material for a new grand opera company. So far I have selected all the principals except the prima-donna, and I believe I have come upon the proper person right here in your very studio. Yes, Miss Fairfax is the woman. Her voice is magnificent, voluminous—grand. She puts her whole soul into her singing."

Herr Kreiser was beyond himself. He had not expected such good luck.

"Is Miss Fairfax a young girl?"

"Yes, signor. She's about twenty-five."

"And handsome?"

"Very."

"Ah! I am sure she is just the person I have been looking for for months. Do you think I can see her?"

"Certainly. I shall go for her at once."

In a minute, blushing, girlish Dorothy was face to face with the great Lamperti.

The interview lasted about thirty minutes. Lamperti told the singer how he had come to Leipzig looking for a prima-donna, how he had listened to her grand voice during the last half hour

congratulating himself upon the treasure he had discovered almost accidentally. One month later Dorothy arrived in Billington. The very first evening at home a long discussion took place between Dorothy and her father and mother. It was a case of two to one, but Dorothy won easily, and the next day a cablegram went flying to England, addressed to Signor Lamperti, it was composed of only a few words, and read: "Will sign contract for a six months' tour grand opera."

"DOROTHY FAIRFAX." Several months later the young singer joined the other members of the company.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"HELD IN DERISION."

Rafter was in a very bad humor. A much-abused hand-organ had disturbed his siesta, and, as with intent to add insult to injury, had continued its murderous machinations despite his entreaties to be left in peace. He was in the attitude of magnificent gestulation when the door suddenly opened to admit a visitor.

"Go down and kill him, old man," said the newcomer, laughing at the plight of his friend.

Rafter turned, amazed at the new intrusion. "Well, well, Peters," he cried, forgetting all about the harmonies that still floated persistently from the street below. "Is it you, really you?"

So physical was the welcome Peters wondered if Rafter had mistaken him for the Italian organ-grinder. "Is it I?" exclaimed Peters. "Have you the idea that you are clutching at my ghost, instead of breaking my arm?" "Sit down," said Rafter; "your hat. Well, why shouldn't I have doubt as to the reality of this vision? Here I have been practicing over two years and you never came near my office. And as to letters, I always fancied that you were the sleepless secretary of some great trust so concise were your answers to my verbose letters."

"Well, Raf, you know I was never very eloquent with either voice or pen, but—well, I'm mighty glad to see you. It's been a long time since college days—these eight years. You've done well though."

"Extremely well, Peters. The ordinary doctor, they tell me, has hard work to make ends meet the first few years, but with the exception of my first year I may say that my nets have been cast in pleasant and fertile waters. No need to ask of your success, Peters. The papers, keep tabs on you. Why, I read something yesterday saying that you are the most finished organist in the country."

"Well, I daresay I can't deny it, since the papers have it so. However, the papers are right for once. I am certainly the most finished organist in the country. I have finished."

"Finished? You are going abroad, I suppose. All you fellows do sooner or later."

"No, you misunderstand. I have finished my musical career forever. I am going—horror of horrors!—to the Trappist monastery."

Rafter jumped from his chair. "Trappist!" he exclaimed, with a look of astonishment. "Horror in reality! You are not serious, boy! What have you done or what has anybody done to you to drive you to such a jail?"

Peters laughed. "Well, what a ridiculous speech," he said. "Have you that silly idea that all men who leave the world have committed a great crime and are looking for obscurity to atone for it, or again, that unrequited love furnishes the vocations for monasteries and convents? Shame on you Rafter!"

"Well, I hardly believed you were trying to escape the electric chair, but it is all so remarkable to me. Why, I could no more think of giving up my practice and its position for that silent, sacrificing life—why, it would kill me. And as to you, the reputation, the position in society you are giving up—it really beats me. Come, Peters, own up its a joke."

"Not quite, to me. Its serious. I'm not going out there for a good time. I have had plenty of good times, and they don't count for much in the long run. I've seen so much of the world's vanities already—but don't think I'm a bit sour, I'm not. I enjoy life, nature's glories, art, and as to music, you know I adore it. It broke my heart almost when I sold my piano. But I expect to get a golden harp in exchange, some day. So what's the use of complaining?"

"What illusions to be sure. Peters! Can't do anything to wake you? How many days have decided you as to this romantic move?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five, tripled, which means three years—long enough to find out if one is troubled with illusions."

"But what will people say? Imagine it, the idolized Adonis of every young lady, the envied musician of every pianist and organist. Why, man, they'll say you're crazy."

"I daresay. The Catholic Church is famous for all the supposed crazy members it has. But it was so pretty far back. There are some lines in the Bible about such crazy people. They run something like this: 'These are they whom we held some time in derision. We fools esteemed their life madness. Behold how they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the saints.' It's quite consoling, eh? But how do you feel about your position?"

"Pshaw! Peters, it isn't everybody that's called to lead such a life. I'm sure I'm not. I'm hardly pious enough."

"A poor admission from a Catholic doctor who ought to be a shining light."

"Yes, very well, Peters, but if a man has no faith. To be candid with you, I have little or none. Why, I had more than you once. You remember how mad I used to get when you laughed at some legend to which I staked my life. Well, I'm above legends now. All Christianity is more or less a legend now. You would find it out if you had gone more deeply into literature instead of music."

I have read almost everything, and done almost everything, and that will convey to you much faith I have left. As to that text, well, I think it is silly. Why should a man make life miserable and make believe that he relishes misery? I'm sure of this life, and I enjoy it. I'm not so sure of a future one."

"But I am, Rafter. There's the difference. Heaven and hell are as real to me as the earth. I am illogical if I don't accept conclusions in keeping with my promises. I do accept them. Hence my determination to make myself surer of salvation."

"Well, it's your choice, not mine. As for me, it's life and love. Ah, Peters, if you had met the charming Mona Blair, you would stick to the organ and the world. Don't you think it's high time I married?"

"It's not too early, provided you get a good wife."

"Good as gold. A true Catholic, convent-bred, weekly communicant, and all that. I like religion in a woman."

"But why in woman more than in man? Man claims to be the superior being. If religion is true at all, he ought to excel in that also."

"Don't preach, Peters. It's as bad as the hand-organ. Mona and I have one point of religion in common, we love each other. But really, Peters, religion is not an agreeable topic of conversation. I don't feel at home in it."

"Which tends to explain the old adage about a glibly conscience, and so on. But as you wish. What do you think of the Democratic chances this fall?"

And so the topic was changed. It was two hours later when Peters rose to leave, after listening to his friend dilating upon a dozen different subjects with which he showed great familiarity.

"So I suppose we will never meet again," said Rafter, as he held the hand of his old college chum. "You to the solitude and I to the thick of the battle."

"Never?" echoed Peters. "That's rather long, isn't it? I hope we'll meet again—at least in the hereafter."

"Well, if not till the hereafter, I'm afraid it won't be at all. He all looks for you now, but if it were not for your sempiternal pertinacity I would predict a speedy meeting with you even in this sphere. But you're so dogged I think you would die under the lash rather than give in."

"I hope so," said Peters seriously. "Well, good by, Raf, and let me add, God bless you!"

"Good by, old man, and—well, if you want you can pray for me."

Society was astounded at the news of the defection of the celebrated Peters. How could he do such a thing? He was with so much to live for; brilliant, handsome, a genius—and now to sacrifice all for a sentiment of religion. The world could conceive the sanity of such a course no more than could Doctor Rafter, and yet in the depths of his heart it had an admiration, even if only an artistic one for a man who sacrificed so much for an attachment to the spiritual. Such a proceeding had the real Middle Age flavor. It stamped Peters as the true poet, a really romantic genius.

"I think he is a hero," said Mona Blair hotly, in reply to a sneering remark from her lover "All sacrifice is heroic. Has he not been a genius in sacrifice?"

"You think so?" questioned Rafter. "Why, everybody says he's a fool."

"But can everybody judge in such a case? The world has often failed in judging."

"But there is duty. A man has a duty to the world," said the doctor. "And also a duty to himself," she replied. "His first duty is the salvation of his own soul. If he feels that this world is too much for him, and God calls him from it, he is doing his first duty in answering the call of his heart, and therefore right."

"That's very well in those saints of the Middle Ages."

"God and the soul are the same to-day," she answered. "Different dress, different customs do not change the relations of God and man."

"It is easy to moralize in the abstract," he said. "You approve of the course of Peters because it has a tinge of the romantic. His leaving the world has no practical influence upon you. Suppose you were his sister?"

"There is no place I would rather see him than in religion," she answered. "Suppose, further still, that I received that so-called divine message, would I be justified in leaving you?" he asked, earnestly gazing at her.

She bit her lips at the strange turn the argument had taken. She knew he was watching her intently. "If God calls, no one should interfere."

"The words came after a pause, but they came firmly. He had expected her to say something else, and her words hurt him deeply. "Then you would be willing to see me leave you," he said, "upon a mistaken notion that I could save my soul better elsewhere than you?"

She said nothing. She knew from his tones that he reproached her. She had spoken the truth from her heart; she could have said nothing else. There was a moment's pause, painful to them both, and she was induced to resume the argument.

"John," she said, "you may think it a strange kind of affection, but as your betrothed, much as I love you, I would be willing to sacrifice it all for the return to you of that simple faith of which your pride has robbed you. By the side of you Mr. Peters is blessed a thousand-fold."

version of Peters. Then I realized that it is not time for a man to lose his faith voluntarily, and I could not be happy with—"

"With a criminal, you mean. Very well, as you say."

"I do not mean to hurt you, John. But you do hurt, deeply. Not so deeply, however, as to drive me to a monastery. One fool a week is enough."

He was sneering again. "You speak of duty, John, a while since. It is my duty. I couldn't marry an avowed agnostic. Our sympathies are entirely different. Religion is all to me. I should not have encouraged your suit. I did not realize."

"Oh, it makes no difference, I suppose. Better to discover the incompatibility now than later on."

"You will think kindly of me," she said, "if I am daring to look at him. She was suffering, and she knew that he, too, in spite of his bravado, was suffering."

"How otherwise?" he said. "But I suppose I must seek solace among the agnostics?"

She did not answer. She knew that he was indignant and she dreaded his anger. But he restrained himself. Slowly he arose and whispering a good-bye, without looking at her, he hurried from the house.

The doctor gave little evidence of any pain which the breaking of the engagement might have caused. He rather seemed more jovial, threw aside the learned books he had delighted to delve in, and took in exchange for them the boon companions, who, like himself, found God an inconvenient burden. He tried to forget Mona Blair. He was angry with her at first, angry that he should be cast aside on such a slender excuse as religious barriers, and he sought to persuade himself that he cared nothing for her. But the task was a hard one, amid the rollicking, sporting life he thought was alone fitted to bring forgetfulness. At times his better nature claimed to be heard and a suspicion came to him that perhaps Mona was right; but inevitably the self-pride was stronger, and unconsciously he sought to himself that he would face the possibility of damnation rather than relent.

So had he concluded again and again, but especially to-night, three months from the day he had parted with Mona. The sound of the telephone bell broke in upon his feverish meditations, and he took up the receiver languidly. Another call! He was getting tired of the life of a doctor.

"Could Dr. Rafter come to the City Hospital immediately? A crazy man had shot Father Bryant while he was preaching. The bullet had not been extracted. The patient was very low."

Certainly. He would go immediately. He was soon at the hospital and in consultation with the other doctors. It was a serious case. There was very little hope for the innocent victim.

"It is an interesting case," he said to the other doctors when they had finished. "I will stay by him for the night." So he sat long into the stillness of the night, broken only by the breathing of the priest and an occasional moan from the adjoining ward, noting the various phases through which the sufferer passed.

Hush! The priest was speaking. He was beginning the sermon wherein he had met his death. He was giving out the text which the doctor had sneered at as it came from the lips of his friend Peters.

"These are they whom he held some time in derision—and their lot is among the saints."

Doctor Rafter, who quailed not before the most trying surgical case, winced under the words of the unconscious priest. Could he not escape from that text? Everybody assailed him with it. But, as if compelled by a superior power, he gave ear to the words of the saintly man who knew not that he was striving; knew not that he was preaching to an attentive audience the words of eternal life. It was a simple sermon, unrhymed, but it was the word of God, and the word of itself preaches better than the eloquence of man. The vanity of life, of human glory, of riches, the blessings of the soul that sacrifices self for God, that was the sermon heard by the agnostic in the hospital room on that November night.

It seemed a new doctrine to him, and yet he knew that he had believed it all long ago. He had sneered at first out of habit, then became stolidly indifferent, but soon, under the pleading voice, the indifference gave way to rapt attention, and then—

To Rafter it was not an abrupt change. It seemed like the gliding from darkness into light and he knew that faith had returned. Gently he took the hand of the priest. His eyes went peering into the past, beholding a world's genius in the monastic garb, a beautiful woman with the light of faith in her eyes, and he blessed those whom the world held in derision.

Bad Catholics. The Catholic who conforms to the bare letter, and not to the spirit of the obligations laid upon him by the Church, is a poor specimen of a member of the household of the faith. Sometimes the conduct of his daily life is not at all affected by his frequentation of the sacraments; and this shows that his confessions are "bad," for the proof of a good confession is the amendment of conduct. There are so-called Catholics who go regularly to Mass on Sundays and approach the sacrament of penance and of the Eucharist, and who, nevertheless, continue to lie, to cheat, to pilfer in their dealings with their fellow-men; who devote six days of the week to idling away, scheming for the sole purpose of accumulating money, and who are as mean as disagreeable, as unneighborly, as disobligeable, as uncharitable as if they were pagans. The scandal which such Catholics give to all who are acquainted with them or who have dealings with them is incalculable. They would be a disgrace to any religion.—The Tablet, Brooklyn.

Fortune does not change men; it merely unmarks them.

CONVERTING A CATHOLIC.

THE EFFORTS OF AN EARNEST METHODIST MINISTER AT ARCHBISHOP, KANSAS, HAS SET HIM THINKING.

The following, taken from the Atchison Globe of a recent date, gives the experience of the Rev. Mr. Twine, a Methodist minister:

"For a good many years, as a pious Methodist, I have found fault with the people for not accepting my doctrine. I have often quoted St. Paul, who ranks heresy with murder and idolatry, and who declares that the authors of sects shall not possess the kingdom of heaven. I have believed, of course, that Methodism is the truest doctrine. When Christ said, 'I pray for them also who through their word shall believe Me'; that they all may be one, I believed that; that He prayed that His followers might be united in the Methodist faith. Our Saviour said: 'Upon this rock I have built My Church.' He said nothing about the Baptist, Presbyterian or Lutheran Churches, but of His Church; the Methodist Church, we Methodists have intended that His Church should have one common doctrine which all Christians are bound to believe, and I have always urged not only sinners to join the Methodist church, but Presbyterians, Baptists, Lutherans, etc., as well, to the end that we may agree with Cor. xiv. 33: 'God is not the God of discussion, but of peace.' I have always regretted that there are five different kinds of Baptists, two different kinds of Presbyterians, etc., and I have always been in favor of church union. I admit that I believe that a general move with this end in view would result in all Christians becoming Methodists as our doctrine has been considered so sound that to investigate it must bring conviction."

"I have become so full of church union that the other day I approached a Catholic neighbor, and suggested that we all go together in the near future and agree on one doctrine, and sweep the world with it. I have never thought much of Catholics, but I was feeling to take in everything. Well, the fellow sat down on a dry goods box and wanted to talk the matter over, and, as I have always been rather good at arguing, I thought I would begin the work of a universal church by showing him that he could not get away from the Methodist doctrine. We talked for an hour, and instead of converting him, he about made me believe that I am a heretic of the worst kind. In the first place, he said that his Church was founded only thirty-three years after Christ died, while mine was founded over seventeen hundred years later. His Church, he said, was founded by St. Peter, who received his authority from Christ Himself. He claimed that the vicar of Christ, was the first Bishop of Rome, and that there is not a link lacking in the chain which binds the humblest priest in the land to the prince of apostles. Jesus said to His apostles: 'As the Father sent Me, I also send you.'"

"The man explained that Peter was the first head of his church, and he rather stamped me. 'I agree with you,' said my neighbor, 'that there should be a universal church. That is the meaning of the word catholic—universal. For sixteen hundred years the Catholic Church was accepted as the Church of Christ, the Church founded by Peter, of whom our Pope is the legitimate successor. Our faith has always been the same; we receive our doctrine from the apostles, who receive it from Christ Himself. When you accept the Bible as the Word of God, you receive it on the authority of the Catholic Church, which was the sole guardian of the Scriptures for fifteen hundred years. Peter himself tells us that no prophecy of Scripture is made by private interpretation; but mark you, since what you call the Reformation, those four words of the gospel: 'This is My Body,' have over four hundred interpretations. Jesus said to Peter: 'I will give to thee the keys of heaven, consequently the true followers of Christ, all Christians, must be in Communion with the See of Rome, where Peter rules in the person of his successor. Peter's name always stands first in the list of apostles, while Judas is invariably mentioned last. Peter is the first apostle who performed a miracle. Peter is called the first Bishop of Rome, because he transferred his See from Antioch to Rome, where he suffered martyrdom. John Calvin does not hesitate to re-echo the universal voice of Catholic history that our Church descends directly from the apostles.' 'Therefore,' continued my neighbor, 'the Universal Church is already established. It has been established over eighteen hundred years, and all that is necessary is that you heretics come back, after your little excursion of the sixteenth century. Catholics have made many mistakes, but their doctrine has always been the same; we are teaching to-day just what Christ taught and the head of our Church is His legitimate successor.'"

"Then my neighbor went his way. I have been thinking of what he said. Is it possible that I am a deserter from the true faith? Is it possible that I have lacked the true religion all these years? Is it not a little odd when I started out to convert a neighbor that I am accused of walking in the broad road myself? I have looked upon Catholics with scorn and pity a good many years; I wonder if the Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, etc., have the same scorn and pity for me that the Catholics have?"

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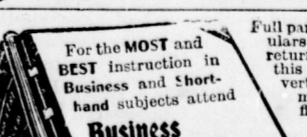
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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. Mr. Thomas Coffey: 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.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1908.

GOD IS LOVE.

Returning to Christian Science we take up the above proposition as presented by these novel theorists and contrast it with the Catholic doctrine upon the subject. Christian Science, like nearly all private-judgment systems, errs in assuming that the type of God is in man and that the type of man is God. God is a spirit and man is made to His likeness, therefore man is a spirit also. This is only a sample of Christian Science logic. Not to mention the other act in the creation of man, how that God took slime of the earth, no one should imagine that our spirit is more than a shadowy likeness of God's spirit. Our spirit is not a type of God's spirit, nor is His a type of ours. In a certain sense every being has its type in God—for it is only within Himself that God could find a type or model according to which He could create man or any other being. This is very different from the pantheistic theory which pervades more or less many modern systems, Christian Science amongst the rest. The fact that our soul is created is the greatest difference. The creative act at once separates and unites the creature with God. God is not His creature, nor is He their type. He is uncreated; they are created. So it is with love. Our love is not like His paternal, sanctifying, elevating and rewarding love. Nor is His, except by His sweet condescending grace, a type of our cold selfish affection. God is perfect in Himself. It is in Himself and not in us, that He finds the type and cause of His love of us. He loves us because He loves Himself. He is patient with us, He has compassion for us, He forgives us our sins! He enables us to participate in His own beatitude because of the merits and fullness of Christ Who is the splendor of the Father. Nothing that we have ever done could move the inexorable decree or be to God type of holiness, motive of love, or cause of pardon. He alone is holy, He alone is love, He alone breaks the word of pardon to the sin-laden. His love is wonderful, too deep to be fathomed, too high to be measured, too great to be comprehended. It is uncreated love. Whatever created love there may be in the souls of the glorified saints in heaven or the justified upon the earth, it cannot find its type in that uncreated love except through the supernatural grace and merits of our Saviour. All other love is earthly dross. This is heaven's gold, with which the propitiator of the temple is covered interiorly and exteriorly. But what is the programme marked out for human life by this immense love of God? Man's life as we see it on the stage of this world is dreary and dull. To be born, to suffer, to grow old, to die. What a mystery! Especially suffering. Then there is the race of the pure, the just, the good—bearing their trails with a silence unsung by poet and with an equanimity unfathomed by philosophy. Mrs. Eddy wishes us to think it is an illusion. If it were the case it would be the most cruel form of deceit. To have us think we suffer when as a matter of fact we do not, and suffering is an impossibility, for we have no body with which to suffer, is unaccountable in a God of truth and love. Suffering is not directly from God. It was one of those sad consequences of sin whose evil train must count as chief amongst its followers the disorder which original and actual dis-

bedience produced and still produces. The consolation must be something more than temporary belief. Sufferings may try a man; it does not turn him from that path which more than any other is worn with the footsteps of the saints. Nothing is so common, nothing so hard to avoid as sorrow and sickness. Death, the king of terrors, is universal. And even that is not the worst. Judgment lies beyond—yet God is love. Nowhere is His love so inventive, so omnipotent and providential as in the passive side of life. God sent His Son—the man of sorrows. He came bearing a cross. He passed through the world, and quitted it in the agony of death. When life is looked at through the crimson glare of the Precious Blood; when we see the master act of God's love; when we know by faith the price at which we are bought, we understand how God is love and how suffering is the test and proof of His love for the world. As it was with the Eternal Son of God so must it be with us. Our suffering in union with Him is the odient proof of our love of God. There is no escape from suffering in this vale of tears—God's love goes out to us most in the dark hour when alone we are wracked with pain or our heart is crushed with sorrow. His love shows best when we are most severely tried. There was more glory to God and more benefit to unborn generations of men in the agony of Gethsemane and the eclipse of Calvary than on the hill of Thabor. And it is God's love which brings to our wounds of sin, disease, death and judgment the only means of escape—faith, hope and love, with submission to His will, and the knowledge that if we fulfil His mild conditions our joy will superabound, and the sufferings of this time not weigh with the glory to come. Throughout all—in time and for eternity afterwards—God is love.

THE FIGHT AGAINST INVESTITURE.

CONTINUED.

It was not a very great step from the relations of kings and Bishops to those of emperors and Popes. The relations of the latter grew closer and closer. Stephen IV. granted Louis le Debonnaire the right to have his legates present at the consecration of Popes. John VIII. chose an emperor from two rival candidates, and established a new principle of papal interference in imperial elections. The emperors in turn contended jealously and boldly for their part in papal elections. Certain families had now gained great power in Rome, and to avoid their influence in electing a Pope, it was necessary sometimes not to await the arrival of the emperor or his legates, but to proceed at once to the consecration. When the emperors objected too vigorously against this procedure, these powerful and dangerous families gained their ends and elected candidates not worthy of the papal throne. To remedy this abuse Otto I., on becoming emperor, accorded the fullest liberty in these elections and undertook to see it preserved. John XII. was Pope at that time and history admits that he was a bad young man. When, after intriguing with the Greek Emperor, John heard of Otto's advance upon Rome, he fled from the city and gave Otto a pretext to accede to the wishes of the German Bishops in deposing the Pope for his wickedness and treachery. This was effected in a council, and Leo VIII. ascending the throne, it is said, granted to Otto and to his successors forever the privilege of appointing the incumbent of the Holy See and of investing Archbishops and Bishops. Certain it is that thenceforth the Emperor interfered more than ever with the freedom of papal elections. Things were in a much worse state than ever, since there now seemed to be a sanction for the assumption by temporal princes of spiritual jurisdiction—a feature that brought forth at times two Popes and sometimes three Popes; while with the Church and its question of lay investiture it was a case of where two or more heads were not better than one. But in the last quarter of the eleventh century a great Pope ascended the throne, more willing to fight abuses than he was to live. Gregory VII. was the last Pope whose election was ratified by the Emperor. Henry IV. had protested against the election, but confirmed the appointment when Gregory had refused the chair of Peter unless accorded the imperial sanction. Then the Pope proceeded against simoniacal and incontinent ecclesiastics, censured those Bishops not canonically elected, and threatened with excommunication those laymen who should continue to confer ecclesiastical investiture. As a consequence of his threat he found it necessary to excommunicate and depose Henry IV. This proceeding was necessary, for extraordinary evils require extraordinary remedies. It was also right; because Henry in breaking his oath to the people to protect their interests and those of the Church (more correctly their temporal and spiritual interests) released them from their oath of fealty to him. In meriting excommunication

and remaining therein over a year, he was no longer Emperor even before the civil law. Moreover, the right to the throne was elective among the German princes, and if they could elect they could depose—practically they deposed the emperor in obeying the conditions of excommunication pronounced against him by the Pope. It is an old story—the submission of Henry IV. to the Pope—and so familiar is it that his going to Canossa, where the Pope was, to be reconciled with him, has passed into a proverb. Yet Henry IV. recanted, was excommunicated again, and driving Gregory into exile to die, set up an anti-pope. Pope Urban II. carried on the struggle much as Gregory VII., and the council of Clermont forbade the clergy to take even the oath of fealty by placing their hands within those of laymen. King Henry V. died unreconciled to the Church. Henry V. pursued his father's course against Paschal II. The latter, however, made a treaty whereby the emperor was to relinquish the right of investiture, and Pope and Bishops were to give up all fealty of the empire. The Bishops refused, so then did Henry; and the treaty came to nothing. Paschal, fearful of another schism, and compelled to make another treaty to liberate several ecclesiastics and laymen, promised to grant the emperor the privilege of investing, with ring and crozier, before consecration, all Bishops who had been freely elected, of deciding between candidates in contested elections, and of prohibiting whom he wished from advancing to the episcopate. He also swore not to avenge on Henry the force thus brought to bear on the papal authority. Paschal was not bound to keep a bad oath, especially one obtained from him by force. If he sinned at all in taking it, he certainly would have sinned, and in a greater degree, in keeping it. So his treaty with the emperor was rendered null and void. But out of respect for his oath he took no more action against Henry. The next Pope, Calixtus II., found it necessary to excommunicate Henry V. and to absolve his subjects from their allegiance. Fearful of internal dissensions and mindful of his father's fate, he entered into a Concordat with the Pope, at Worms, in the year 1122, whereby the contest on investitures, after fifty years' duration, came to an end. To make assurance doubly sure, and to elevate the authority of the concordat, the Pope called in 1123 the first council of Lateran, or the Ninth Oecumenical Council, as it was afterwards known. This council confirmed the concordat of Worms, the articles of which were substantially as follows: "The Emperor shall resign to God, to Saints Peter and Paul, and to the Catholic Church, the practice of investiture with ring and crozier, he shall permit the churches of the empire to exercise the fullest freedom in the election and consecration of bishops as the laws of the church require; the election of German bishops shall take place in the presence of the emperor; bishops shall receive investiture of their fiefs, and the royal privileges and prerogatives attached to them by the imperial sceptre, if Germans before, if Italians after consecration, but in any case, after the expiration of six months. In return for these grants, bishops shall promise fidelity to the emperor; in case an election be contested, the claims of the contestants shall be decided by a provincial synod, by whose judgment the emperor shall abide; and finally, the emperor shall restore to the Roman Church all the possessions and regalia of St. Peter. The council also passed twenty-three canons for the restoration of ecclesiastical discipline. These were principally directed against simoniacal ecclesiastics and lay usurpers of ecclesiastical offerings; against the incontinence of clerics and the incestuous marriage of the laity; against unauthorized absolution from censures and the forging of ecclesiastical documents; against the adherents of the anti-Pope, and finally against those who refused to respect the powers of ordinaries, and the limits of parochial jurisdiction. Attention was also called to the nature of affairs in the Holy Land. Indulgences formerly granted to the Crusaders were renewed and this encouragement of soldiers to fight "beneath the cross of God," caused their zeal as Christians to be awakened, and their fighting propensities to be better directed than heretofore, and provided for the maintenance of the "Truce of God." By this truce, settlement of private feuds by arms was rendered unlawful on certain days of the week, and thus much bloodshed was prevented. The Church could not abolish all bloodshed in so short a time. She therefore adopted strong, but moderate, measures, and in the holy wars encouraged the restoration of the Holy Land to Christian masters if possible, and at the same time brought forth a noble, chivalrous group of nations from the horde of barbarians that she could not entirely subdue. Thus was settled the great fight over investitures and other abuses, in the presence of three hundred bishops and

six hundred abbots from all quarters of the world. One looking back to-day might criticize the wisdom of making bishops rank as temporal lords; but we should try to judge of things by the standards of those days and the exigencies of the times. All gentlemen then were lords, and is there anyone to-day who would contend that Roman Catholic Bishops should not make it a point to act as gentlemen, and to act so that others should look upon them as gentlemen? No. In Protestant countries they are not considered to compromise their mission as ambassadors of Christ because they dress in frock coats; and among wise men, the Jesuits are not adversely criticized for wearing green cassocks and ranking as mandarins in the celestial empire. Again, we must not think that the Church of these ages was rotten to the core. If had churchmen were as numerous as they were bold, they would certainly have shown more power for evil and less anxiety for good. On the contrary we see council after council calling for a reformation of morals, and for the abolition of abuses in the discipline of the Church. These outcries and decrees did not come from a gathering of men where the majority of them were bad, and where they could be bad under a bold front. There are spots on the sun; there may have been and were evil ministers in the Holy Catholic Church, but these spots are seen only with a telescope, and as they have not prevented the sun, neither will the others have prevented the Holy Catholic Church from still being faithful to its mission of illuminating the world with the light of faith and truth. Thus whether it be in the twelfth century or the twentieth the Church has problems to face, and enemies both within and without the fold to meet. But now, as then, she is able to show her strength and prove that it is she to whom our Lord made the promise that He would be with her till the consummation of the world, and that the gates of hell should never prevail against her. BEWARE OF HUMBUGS. One very conspicuous feature of our present day life is the multitude of humbugs engaged in some get-rich-quick business which is almost invariably an ardent fraud. An American exchange informs us that a certain well-known patent medicine company has been compelled by the United States Court in New York City to pay \$6,000 to a young lady whose portrait was used without authority in one of the company's advertisements. "The medicine company," the editor remarks, "justly deserved the sentence imposed, for it secured the photograph by fraud, and used it in connection with a testimonial which was a fraud and a forgery. Some of the patent medicine firms that advertise sensationally," continues our contemporary, "sometimes print a fancy portrait of a Catholic nun, trying to catch Catholic trade by this means." We have just now in mind a notorious case—that gigantic humbug compounded in Ohio and containing about 35 per cent of bad whiskey. It has had an immense sale because it is found of use by the toper when the bar-room is closed. The manufacturers published a well-executed picture of a beautiful nun, giving the address in New York City of the convent of which she was superior. An investigation was instituted and it was found that there was no such nun and no such convent known in New York. We would advise our people to be very careful what they buy in the drug stores, and when they find any one leaving samples of patent medicines at their doors the police should be informed. We believe it is now, or, if not, it soon will be a criminal offence to distribute drugs in this way. Many deaths of children have resulted from the practice. A MISCHIEVOUS PAPER. A friend has sent us a copy of the Orange Sentinel of Toronto, the organ of the Orange Association, with the request to take notice of some articles contained therein. We would ask our correspondent to kindly excuse us. Life is too short. We might say, however, that it is a great pity that such a paper as the Orange Sentinel is published, and it is also regrettable that the Orange Sentinel has a constituency. Any publication whose object is to set on foot against in this beautiful country of ours is a bad feature of our national life. It is somewhat akin to the roadside weed. If our non-Catholic friends give the Sentinel countenance and support, that is their affair. The raking up of excesses of by-gone centuries, the continuous preaching to our Protestant friends that the Catholic Church and the Catholic priests and people are the foes of our civil and religious liberty and that they need vigilant watching, is a work which gives a shock to a good Canadian. The Catholic Church,

the Catholic clergy and the Catholic people would not if they could, and could not if they would interfere in the slightest degree with the liberties of people of any class or color in our fair Dominion. They are doing their full share to uphold this splendid inheritance of ours and seek no privilege which they are not willing to accord in the fullest degree to their neighbors who are not of the household of the faith. A GREAT CANADIAN SINGER. We take the following from the Toronto Saturday Night: "News has come to the Capital of the great success in the musical world of Miss Lillian Gibbs, daughter of Mr. Charles T. Gibbs, accountant of the Senate. Miss Gibbs, who is now known as Miss Maria Ricciardi, went to England a couple of years ago, and has been on the continent having her voice trained by the best vocalists. On June 27 she scored a great success in concert at Beechstein Hall at London, and will appear again in Aeolian Hall, London, on July 14. London critics speak very highly of her voice, which is a clear soprano, and predict a brilliant future for her." Miss Gibbs is now fairly launched on her career and so far not a paper in London has criticized her voice unfavorably. The Daily Telegraph of that city, of July 15, having made reference to some of our singers, says: "No less talented is Miss Maria Ricciardi, a soprano with a beautiful voice, who showed in Greigs 'Solvie's Song' that she has been most carefully trained and of whom we are sure to hear more before long." We hope this distinguished Canadian singer will before many years pass her native land and visit her equal to that accorded, in days gone by, that other great Canadian singer, Madame Albani. AN INCIDENT lately occurred in Kansas City, Mo., which goes to show that many newspapers do not exercise sufficient care in selecting matter for their columns. Unwittingly some newspaper publishers supply criminals with information which they make good use of in their "profession." Charles Savage, a negro, was arrested in the city named for stealing a pouch containing \$50,000 from the Union Station. Upon searching the negro there was found in his pocket a clipping from a Denver newspaper giving the calculations of a robber who had stolen a large sum of money and buried it. The man had been sent to the penitentiary for a number of years, and in the story he figured out that by serving a certain number of years he would upon his release have earned \$60,000 a year. Upon this the inspectors base their belief that Savage has concealed the stolen money, hoping to regain it when finally he is given his freedom. There are newspapers and newspapers, some careful, others careless, and yet others who would produce any kind of a sheet if it would only bring in the money. It will be for the fathers of families to make selection of reading matter for their children. If the yellow papers were not bought then the trade of the yellow paper publisher will come to an end. OUR OWN Grand Sovereign Sproule, Col. Samuel Hughes and the other dignitaries of the Orange Order might well take a lesson from an incident which lately occurred on the other side of the line. The Sacred Heart Review in forms us that the only Protestant congregation in Secaucus, N. J., has administered a quiet rebuke to the Junior Order of American Mechanics, who appear to be first cousins of our Canadian Boy Scouts. The members of this order attempted to oust Father McGinley and his people from the Public school building now used on Sunday for Catholic services. There is no Catholic church in Secaucus, and the bigots above mentioned are seeking to influence the Board of Education, all Protestants, to refuse any longer to allow the school to be used by the Catholics on Sundays. And now comes forward the Rev. H. W. Noble, and on behalf of his congregation, offers Father McGinley the use of his church for the celebration of Mass on Sunday mornings. Our contemporary states that such an act as this ought to shame the bigotry out of the Junior Order. This is too much to hope for. They, like their Canadian cousins, are strangers to shame when the demon of bigotry takes possession of them, which is only too often.

AT LONG LAST poor Ireland is about to receive a measure of justice, in matters educational, from the English Parliament. The Irish University Bill has passed the House of Commons by a vote of 207 to 10. Loud cheering was heard when the result was made known. In this the Nationalists took the lead. The general idea of the measure is to found by Royal charter two new universities in Ireland, with headquarters in Dublin and Belfast. Dublin University is to be composed of three constituted branches, two of which, Cork and Galway, already exist. The third new college will be founded at Dublin. The present Queen's college at Belfast is to constitute the proposed new Northern University, which probably will be called the University of Belfast. We trust it will not be many years before we will have the pleasure of announcing that, with equal good will, a liberal measure of self-Government has been granted to Ireland. We fear, however, it will be yet a considerable time, for vested wrongs die hard. A DISCOVERY which will prove of inestimable value to humanity has been announced in the New York Times of July 23. It states that two men have been cured of cancer in the city hospital of St. Louis by the use of a fluid discovered by Dr. Wm. B. Coley, of New York, and in the last named city it is stated that one hundred cases have been successfully treated. This fluid is known to medical men as mixed toxins of erysipelas and bacillus prodigiosus. Medical men say it has saved many lives all over the world, and in recent years it has been used in almost every country where the medical profession is in an advanced state of progress. There is no secret about the remedy, for, following his discovery, Dr. Coley gave its benefit to the medical world at large. The fluid is now made at the Collis P. Huntington Research Laboratories, in Germantown, Pennsylvania. AN ARTICLE recently appeared in the CATHOLIC RECORD, taken from a Chicago paper, in which reference was made to a distinguished nun, Mother Katherine Drexel, as having been a convert. This was an error. The great Drexel family of Philadelphia, of which she is a member, are and always have been members of the Catholic Church. BIOGRAPHY OF TIMOTHY W. ANGLIN. Those of the RECORD's readers who knew Timothy W. Anglin, will read with pleasure the biography of his life which appears in the "Catholic Encyclopedia." "Timothy Warren Anglin," says the Encyclopedia, "Canadian journalist and member of Parliament, was born in the town of Clonakilly, County Cork, Ireland, 1822; d. 3 May, 1896, in Canada. He was educated in the endowed school of his native corporation. His family was financially ruined in the famine of 1846-47 and he emigrated to the city of Saint John, New Brunswick, in 1849. He was gifted as a public speaker, but made his mark as the most vigorous writer on the Catholic press in the province. He founded the Weekly Freeman and subsequently the Morning Freeman (1851). On the question of the total prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, although a strong advocate of temperance, he separated himself from his political friends and fought the measure, which he considered too drastic and unworkable. The measure was carried by the legislature of New Brunswick, but was repealed at its next session. In 1860 Mr. Anglin was returned as a representative of the city and county of Saint John, a constituency from which no Catholic had ever been elected. When the scheme of confederation of the British North American provinces was mooted, he took a prominent part in the opposition, because he did not believe, as was asserted, that the proposed union of the provinces was necessary for the continuance of their connexion with the Empire, and because he was convinced it must cause an enormous increase in the rate of taxation in New Brunswick. Just at this time a small body of men calling themselves Fenians appeared on the border of the province and threatened an invasion. Dr. D. B. Killam, their leader, issued a proclamation inviting the anti-confederates to join with them, overthrow British tyranny, and maintain the legislative independence of the province. The anti-confederates were in no way responsible for Dr. Killam's invasion or proclamation, which had the effect, however, of raising a no-popery cry, and of driving Mr. Anglin from public life for a few years. When Canadian confederation became an accomplished fact, Mr. Anglin accepted the situation loyally. He consented to become a candidate in the county of Gloucester for a seat in the House of Commons of Canada. When the McKenzie government was formed, Mr. Anglin was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, a position he held from 29 May, 1874, until 31 May, 1877. No one but more dignity to the high position of first commoner of Canada and his rulings were never questioned, so strict was his impartiality. Mr. Anglin was a Canadian statesman of eminence, but he deserves a place in history more particularly as an able, fearless, and indefatigable journalist, doing battle for the cause of Catholic education. In New Brunswick the issue of the greatest importance was the anti-separate school legislation. During many years Mr. Anglin, through the

columns, of the Freeman and on the floor of the House of Commons, fought a valiant battle for his co-religionists. His efforts, and the exertion of those who laboured with him, were so far successful that in the greater part of the province a compromise was made, which allows Catholics to have their own schools and teachers, and to give religious instruction before and after school hours. This was far from being all he would wish, but it is much better than the utterly anti-Catholic irreligious system at first insisted upon by the promoters of the law. Mr. Anglin joined the editorial staff of The Toronto Globe in 1883, and was editor-in-chief of The Toronto Tribune, a Catholic weekly. He died at the age of seventy-four.

THE PRINCE IN QUEBEC.

Most interesting pen pictures of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Quebec have been supplied by the Globe correspondent. The following is a condensed report from that paper of the royal visitor's tour on the 27th.

The formality of the last few days' reception and entertainment of the Prince of Wales gave way to-day to a journey through what is probably the most picturesque and interesting region in Canada. This was no less than a railway journey down the shore of the St. Lawrence to Cap Tourmente, where the Prince was entertained at the ancient Chateau Bellevue, and a motor journey back through the storied parishes, whose every inch of soil is rich in historical associations.

The most beautiful spot visited by His Royal Highness, however, since his arrival was the Chateau Bellevue at the foot of Cap Tourmente. This is the cape which terminates the line of the Laurentians visible from Quebec. It lies usually buried in the blue haze of distance, some five miles down the river from the city. Passing by the scene of Cartier's anchorage in the St. Charles River, of Montcalm's encampment along the Beauport shore, and of Wolfe's headquarters beyond Montmorency Falls, the road leads through the quaint parishes of L'Ange Gardien, Chateau Richer and St. Anne de Beaupre until St. Joachim is reached. The life and homes of the people here are, if anything, more simple than in the parishes nearer Quebec. Outdoor bake ovens, and thatched barns correspond here to the new tin-roofed houses, making their way into the ribbon farms farther up the river. It was here at the foot of Cap Tourmente and under the hills upon which the Chateau Bellevue rests that Champlain spied the natural meadows, and planted here in 1613 one of the very first farms in Canada. This farm got on very well until Captain Kirke came along to take Quebec in 1629, and deciding that Cap Tourmente farm looked good, took possession in the name of the King of England. About 1675 Bishop Laval, who did so much for the early pioneers from France established here a technical school. Later he built a little chapel but it was destroyed when the English troops came along again in 1759. The last harrowing experience of this now most peaceful and peaceful settlement was in 1775, when General Montgomery tried to capture Quebec for Uncle Sam, and when he ravaged the innocent parishes and burned most of the buildings on both sides of the river.

Here then came the Prince of Wales to the seignior of olden days, driving under the arching trees whose trunks were decorated with flags in honor of the distinguished guests of the day. The Prince was met by Mgr. Mathieu, rector of Laval University; Mgr. Sharrett, Apostolic Delegate to Canada; Mgr. Laffamme and many other clergy. With him came also a noted party including Lord and Lady Grey, Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Duke of Norfolk, Archbishop Begin, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Sir Lomar Gouin, Earl and Countess Grey, Lord Stratheona, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Lord Dudley, Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Lord Lovat, Sir George Carmean, Lord Bruce, Mr. Joseph Pope, Sir John and Lady Hanbury Williams and others. The grounds of the chateau overlook the River St. Lawrence, with frowning Cap Tourmente on the one hand and the fertile fields of the end of Isle Orleans on the other. Up to the headland, through the seignior's woods, lead paths made by the clergy in 1812, named after Wellington and other heroes prominent at that time. The luncheon table for the guests was laid out under the canopy of the arching trees in front of the chateau with a raised platform, upon which the Prince and a few others were seated. The hospitality of the clergy was of the kindest, and everyone seemed to feel the absence of restraint. After the toast of the King had been proposed by Mgr. Mathieu the gathering dispersed, and spent a few minutes under the trees and on the spacious flag-draped veranda of the chateau. The most dignified of the visitors seemed to unbend under the natural beauty of the surroundings. The Prince, who wore a tuxedo suit and bowler hat, looked the picture of democratic simplicity as he chatted with church, political, railway and other magnates.

There had gathered in the yard several small children and the older people from the surrounding settlement, who hung rather bashfully at a distance. The Duke of Norfolk, Mgr. Sbarretti and Mgr. Begin walked over among them, and presently they were having their pictures taken together. The Duke of Norfolk who is famous for his reluctance to face a camera, seemed greatly to enjoy the situation as he chuckled little French girls under the chin and urged them to hold their heads up and look pleasant. Later the whole group of visitors was photographed, and as the Duke of Norfolk again stood up for his picture beside the Prince of Wales the latter and Lord Grey chafed him and set the whole crowd laughing. The Prince on leaving the chateau followed the road paralleling the River St. Lawrence all the way to Quebec. This is practically a continuous village, the houses of the narrow ribbon farms

being so closely placed. The Prince was much interested in the settlements, and the evidence of peace and content, and at times the car was made to go slowly the better to observe the quaint homes of the people.

The stop at Ste. Anne de Beaupre was the most important on the return journey. The town was decorated on every hand with flags and streamers, the Union Jack and tri-color being the favorite banners. Peals of bells from the Basilica announced the approach of the royal party. His Royal Highness was soon in this famous resort of the maimed and sick. Reports of healing have been made at Ste. Anne ever since 1658, and only to-day a young girl added to the innumerable pile of crutches and canes at the doorway her plaster cast, which until then had been necessary for her lame leg. The Prince was escorted through the Basilica by Mgr. Mathieu and Fathers Lemieux and Caron and other priests of the community, thence to the wonder-working statue, to the relief of Ste. Anne, and then into the chancel, where fine examples of stained-glass were pointed out. The National Anthem was played by George F. Fortier, and subsequently Madame Charles Beaudoin sang a hymn to Ste. Anne to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," substituting for one of the lines the words "God bless our Prince and throne." The Prince on leaving the Basilica was surrounded and greeted by the crowd as described above. Afterwards he left by motor car for Quebec, which he reached before 6 o'clock.

TRUE SCOT AND FALSE FRANK.

Although Mr. Andrew Lang is now an agnostic, it is a hopeful sign that his sense of justice has within the past seven or eight years impelled him to wish up the causes of some distinguished victims of bigoted misrepresentation and defame them—such as Mary Queen of Scots and King James the Second. He is again in the lists this time sustaining the cause of Joan the Maid against the attacks of Anatole France, the atheist member of the French Academy, who separates himself from the vast majority of his countrymen by endeavoring to belittle the character and achievements of the wonderful peasant girl who rescued France from the greatest English captives of the age in open fight in field or on leaguered walls. It is scurvy work for the pen of an "immortal" to be employed on another doubter, but one who does not believe that religious doubt should lead one to be uncharitable or unjust, or stultify himself before the whole world. This latter is what M. France does more than once in the course of the work in which he seeks to discredit the achievements of Joan. For example, he says:

"It was not Jeanne who drove the English from France; it she contributed toward saving Orleans she retarded France's deliverance by causing the loss of the opportunity to recover Normandy."

To this Mr. Lang replies:

"While M. France, in his long preface, accuses her of preventing an attack on Normandy, in his text he says that her advice went for nothing!"

In the preface, it is seen, M. France, after giving a brief resume of the disadvantages of an attack on Normandy as they appeared to various French generals, says also:

"Others demanded an advance into Champagne. And, despite what has been said, the revelations of the Maid counted for nothing in their determination. The counsellors of the King led Jeanne instead of being led by her."

"He really cannot be allowed to have it both ways," comments Mr. Lang, adding: "I am not one of the enthusiasts, military and civil, who liken Jean to Napoleon. But had Napoleon begun his military career at the age of seventeen, as a totally untaught cowboy, I doubt whether in three months he would have accomplished more than she did."

It is the main purpose of M. France to sustain a theory that the maid was only a "puppet of the Church," Mr. Lang remarks:

"A puppet she never was. The strings were never pulled by any priest, any adept in 'plots and frauds,' as M. France constantly insists. Some clerics, he says, found 'that she saw and heard things invisible to and inaudible to common Christians.' Now, she told her judges—and they made it the basis of their case—that she had never told her confessor, or any churchman, a word about her visions and voices. M. France himself notes this and speaks of her 'imprudence' in thus despising the Church militant. Yet he also tells us that 'some unknown priests got hold of her early and indoctrinated her, because they knew of her visionary faculties!' He cannot have it both ways."

This criticism of M. France's book was published in the Times in reply to a London reviewer's estimate of the work. It is a notable contribution to the literature of destructive criticism. It pulverizes first, and then blows away in powder.

Only two other foremost literary men devoted their talents to the task of discrediting the Maid—Shakespeare and Voltaire. The former did it, seemingly to show that she had diabolical aid when she defeated old Talbot and his fellow-generals on the English side. The latter took sides against her mainly because of his hatred of religion; and now M. France, animated by a similar motive, believes himself justified in sacrificing his reputation for mental balance as a historian for the same noble cause. The man who stultifies himself by his own writing for the gratification of his atheistic fanaticism is much like the priests of Cybele who, out of a spirit of frenzied devotion to their terrible goddess, inflicted incurable injuries on themselves and made themselves miserable objects of contempt, rather than respect, among men of sanity and calm sense.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Beware of False Prophets.

The Church Congresses which have been held this summer seem to be singularly rich in crops of prophecies. The role of prophet is a dangerous one at best. He enjoys some influence for a while until the event disproves his prediction and discredits him as an impostor. But there are some prophecies for whose demolition there is no need of waiting for future developments. Their inanity appears from their very utterances. They are houses built upon sand.

Such is the nature of the one, we are persuaded, delivered by Dr. Oliver Huckel of Baltimore in a sermon before the International Congregational Council at Edinburgh on "The Longing for Church Unity." He disqualifies himself from the very beginning for the office of prophet, by making a serious blunder in regard to facts. He makes the gratuitous charge that the priesthood of the Church is impregnated with "Modernism."

Dr. Huckel's acquaintance with priests of the Catholic Church must be very limited. If any "Modernist" priests hold place in the Church in America, they are showing a surprising bashfulness in declaring themselves. We are afraid that Dr. Huckel is gifted with too vivid an imagination successfully to assume the office of a religious prophet. Not to know the truth of facts before one's very eyes is a poor preparation for predicting the facts which are to come.

However, we must not delay to give Dr. Huckel's prophecy. "Historic Protestantism was not the first form of religious life." The truth is out at last. It was, as we always thought, only a "half-way house." "A new reformation was coming, from which would be born a Church comprising the noblest elements of the great historical developments of the past." But who, we inquire, is going to do the sifting and make the selection of the elements that enter into this great combination of the future? Is it human reason? Then your great Church of the future will have behind it only a human sanction. In what will it differ from a philosophical society interested in religious or quasi-religious subjects?

But perhaps it may be said that the Spirit of Truth is doing the work of illumination. How may this be proved? Whose brain is illumined and at what particular time and in what particular place? Those who have rejected the claim of a supernatural authority in religion are hard put to find an answer. The utmost they can hope to establish is to say that their solution is more in consonance with human reason. Human reason is their sole refuge, their ultimate tribunal. It is the judge and arbiter.

But does Mr. Huckel and his fellow religionists think for a moment that a man made religion of the future such as they are prophesying can settle the issues of life and eternity? What hold can it have upon man? It is not something new, it has been tried before and found wanting. It is a return to Paganism—a Paganism decked out with Christian sentiments and appearances—but a Paganism just the same.

It is a denial of God and His Revelation and the apotheosis of man and his reason. "These men are wandering in the wilderness." They are losing themselves in jungles of phrases. There is no such thing as a supernatural religion in the world without a supernatural authority. The fact of this teaching authority once established, human reason has its place, but is not a judge concerning the supernatural things hidden from human view which that authority teaches.

Any other scheme of religion quickly degenerates into rationalism, because its foundations are human and its view according to its own principles is limited by the boundaries of this world.—Boston Pilot.

HOW CATHOLICITY IS COLORING ANGLICANISM.

M. Thureau-Dangin of the French Academy, contributes to the Revue Hebdomadaire (Paris), an article in which he undertakes to show that Anglicanism, or High Churchism, as we formerly knew it, has all but passed away, and that save for the "irretrievable objection" of the Anglican ministers to boldly "declare for Rome," their form of worship and ritual is wholly a copy of those of the Catholic Church.

M. Dangin quotes Father Rickaby, the well-known Jesuit, as having declared that the conversion to practical Catholicity of countless numbers of Anglicans must be accounted for much in what has long been prayed for in the Catholic Church of England, namely the conversion of England. It may be, says Dangin, God's own good way of effecting the miracle of bringing back England to the old faith.

If we are disposed to be at all skeptical in the matter, just let us reflect how long Newman and Manning delayed before taking the step that eventually brought them so much glory. On the other hand, Pusey and his friends—the fathers of Anglicanism—remain faithful with their own flock in the hope!—of building it up into a bulwark of the English nation, and dethroning the black and melancholy institution called the Low Church.

At the present hour, says Dangin, Anglicanism is in its completest disarray. Day after day, hour after hour, erstwhile sincere souls whose future both temporal and spiritual seemed to be entirely bound up with the High Church party, are slipping away to the more congenial warmth and to the firm rock of Catholicity.

The more the intelligent Anglicans enquire into the truths of Catholicity, the more they are disposed to acknowledge their inconsequence in not belonging body and soul to the community which knows Christ X. for the representative of Christ upon earth. Far from boasting of possessing, as Pusey would have liked to have it, a thoroughly English Church, they have come round to the sound view that a true religion cannot be "insular"—that, on the contrary, it must be universal.

It has been no secret for some time that several of the Anglican Bishops, uncertain in their hearts of the validity of their orders, or of their commissions as Bishops, have induced schismatic Bishops, whose orders were beyond question, to consecrate them by stealth, the consecration having been performed at sea.

The Ritualists or High Church people have often been accused of serving the cause of Rome. Is it not every form of their worship, cry the Low Church men, a slavish copy of what is to be found in any Catholic Church?

And indeed, is there any reason to wonder that the statistics show nine out of every twelve conversions to come from Ritualistic churches when one enters one of their own temples?

There is little question that Gladstone, despite his earlier pamphlets written against "Vaticanism," ever showed a strong pre-disposition towards High Church forms and methods, and that his warm regard for the personality of the Father of Christendom proved that his sympathies were really Catholic, and in more than the significance of being universal.

Despite the statement of a former Archbishop of York that, as the "Anglican Church was becoming more Catholic, it was also growing more anti-papal to Rome." There was and is every proof in the wholesale number of converts to indicate that the opposite was, as it really is, the truth.

There is no question, says Dangin, that certain Catholic ideas have long replaced the cold Protestantism that formerly prevailed, and that the congenial warmth they bring is spreading. Not only is this the case among the Ritualists, but it is noteworthy that the whole scheme of Protestantism, Clergymen now-a-days in England have learned from their brethren of the rapidly-flourishing Catholic Church that there is more in the apostolate than mere worldly position. The "ministers" are coming like the "priests"—to use the ordinary terms in vogue—down to the people, and if one brilliant example were needed, one has but to consider the Bishop of London, who has more than once been accused of his Ritualistic tendencies.

Look around everywhere in England to-day, there is no doubt of it, says Dangin that the Catholic truths so long and firmly implanted in English hearts—and here there is not question of Anglo-Irish, or Scotch-Irish hearts, but of the genuine English people—has shown itself in latter days to be far from dead.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A CULTIVATED ENGLISH LADY'S EXPERIENCE WITH NUNS.

Since taking lessons from [Anglican] Archdeacon Exon I had a strong desire to acquire the continental pronunciation of Latin; now I determined to learn. On making inquiries for some one to teach me, I was told that the Roman Catholics pronounced in that way, and that the Dominican nuns, who had a school in the town, would doubtless give me lessons. I answered that I should not make my appearance, drive quickly to my brother and give him this. The note ran as follows: "I am in the Dominican convent, and can't get out. Come and help me." How often since then I have laughed with the nuns over that note, as indeed I did that very day. Finding them charming, gentle, and refined, I was soon at my ease, and when the day came continued to tell them what I had done. Why I should have thought that English gentlemen who devoted themselves to the service of God and the poor, became dishonorable in consequence, or what good they could have derived from my detention I cannot tell; I suppose popular delusions acting on ingrained prejudice had overcome whatever common sense I possessed.—From a Modern Pilgrim's Progress.

A TYPICAL JESUIT.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING FATHER EHRLH, DIRECTOR OF THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

Every now and then, even still, one reads in the newspapers of nuns being solemnly decorated in France by the President of the French Republic for their services to humanity (the latest case occurred only a few weeks ago), but such announcements are trivial compared with that contained in a telegram from France the other day, to wit, that Father Ehrle has been appointed a member of the Academie des Inscriptions, which is one of the five academies that make up the famous Institut de France, and the one that presides over history, archaeology and ancient Oriental languages.

There are a great many reasons why such a distinction should not have fallen to Father Ehrle just now—for he is an official of the Vatican, there is not a trace of modernism about him, he is a religious—a religious of the very most brand, that is to say a Jesuit, and to crown all, he is a German. But in spite of all these drawbacks, Father Ehrle, S. J., who is the director of the Vatican Library is quite the greatest living authority on the care of books and the value and preservation and restoration of old manuscripts. Here in Italy we still remember how after the fire in the National Library of Turin, a government institution, Father Ehrle was begged to visit the place and give advice as to the best way of restoring the precious manuscripts injured by the disaster. And those who have some familiarity with the management of the Vatican Library could tell some interesting stories of the reforms he has introduced there.

He is a most deceitful and jesuitical person in every way. After his long association with yellow parchment, the

has been director of the Vatican Library since 1895) he ought to be sallow and thin and dull-eyed, and stooped, and fresh complexioned, with an eye as clear as if it lived always in the country; then he conceals his sixty-two years so effectively that you might easily take him to be ten years younger; if you met him casually in a railway train for he would never guess his nationality, for he would converse with you equally well in any one of half a dozen languages, nor his favorite occupation, for he would seem to be equally well informed on any topic you might start.

But if you want to kindle Father Ehrle's interest most easily, do not try him on books or manuscripts or archæology—just mention casually that you take an interest in the poor people that live around the docks of Liverpool, and you have him at once. He will tell you stories about them, about their few faults and their many virtues, and their strong faith, and you will be quite convinced that his love and knowledge of them is far greater than his affection for the most precious manuscript in the whole of the Vatican.

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE?

PARTICULARS WANTED CONCERNING THE "LIVING CHURCH'S" "NUMEROUS PRIESTS WHO HAVE SECEDED FROM ROME."

"The Living Church" (Protestant Episcopal) has since the conversion of so many of the ministers and members of that denomination, engaged in a counter demonstration by claiming changes the other way. Lately it complained of the small space given by the daily papers to "conversions from Rome," saying the secular press does not publish them for fear of offending Catholic readers. Evidently a similar consideration for the feelings of its Catholic readers prevents "The Living Church" itself from publishing the list of priests who have gone from Rome.

A number of the correspondents of that paper have also been boasting of accessions from the Roman priesthood, and to some of these a Philadelphia gentleman interested in the subject has written for particulars, with unsatisfactory results. The letters have been ignored or have been answered with vague generalities, no names, times or places mentioned.

A representative of The Catholic Standard and Times saw some of these letters this week. One writer who pretends "knows" of seven Roman Catholic priests who had affiliated with the "City of Confusion" got down to the point where he "knew none personally," but "had it on good authority." One letter in the correspondence is a gem of diplomacy. It requested the inquisitive party, if an Anglican, to rejoice in these conversions; and if a Roman Catholic, to take account of those good Episcopalians who withhold from the public gaze as sacred these conversions, rather than indulge in the "boastfulness of Rome." What can one do to please people who wish to hide their light under a bushel and at the same time complain that they are denied the opportunity to shine before men?—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Fashion is always a little ahead of those who try to keep up with it. Learning is to the mind what dress is to the body, useful and ornamental. If you sow wild oats, you'll reap tares.

The actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.

NO MORE HEADACHES

Buffered From Constant Headaches—Cured by "Fruit-a-tives" When Doctors Failed.



"I was a sufferer from fearful headaches for over two years, sometimes they were so bad that I was unable to work for days at a time. I took all kinds of medicines, was treated by physicians, and yet the headaches persisted. I was rarely free from headache. A short time ago I was advised to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and I did so with, I must confess, very little faith, but after I had taken them for three days my headaches were easier and in a week they left me. After I had taken a box of the tablets my headaches were quite cured. My appetite was always poor and my stomach bad, and now my appetite is splendid and my digestion is excellent. I had become thin and weak from the constant headaches, but now not only have I been cured of all these awful headaches, but my strength is growing up once more, and I feel like a new man. I have taken in all three boxes of 'Fruit-a-tives.' I am exceedingly grateful to 'Fruit-a-tives' for curing me, and I give this unsolicited testimonial with great pleasure, as I hope thereby some other sufferer of headaches will be induced to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and will be cured." (Sgd.) B. Cornell.

Taylorville, Ont. "Fruit-a-tives" is now put up in the new 250 trial size as well as the regular 400 boxes. Write Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, if your dealer will not supply you.

Another Noted Convert.

There is a special reason for rejoicing over the conversion to the Church of Shane D. Leslie, B. A., of King's College, Cambridge, says the Ave Maria. He is the eldest son of Squire Leslie, of Glasgow, County Monaghan, Ireland. Since 1890 the Holy Lough and St. Patrick's Purgatory (Donegal) have been held in the Leslie family. Pilgrimages thither have never been entirely suspended, though prejudice in times past did all in its power to prevent them. In future they will probably be encouraged, Lough Derg, of all places in Ireland, should be in Catholic hands, and no doubt it eventually will be. Time's revenges are often strangest when longest delayed.

It is not the lot of men to be perfectly happy in this world; the only thing which remains to us is to make the best of what we receive and obtain, being as comfortable and happy as our circumstances will allow.

The actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.

A CHRISTIAN'S WEAPONS.

* For the days shall come upon thee; and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and straighten thee on every side. Luke xiv. 29.

We learn from to-day's Gospel that we are not to expect to go on smoothly in this life without ever meeting anything that will disturb us. On the contrary, our Lord would have us clearly understand that we are to be tried on every side. His words are: "And thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and straighten thee on every side."

The axiom has it, "Forewarned is forearmed"; so then we have great reason to be grateful to our Lord for His pointing out what we are to look for during our stay on this earth. The evident reason of this predilection is that we should be prepared to meet whatever befalls us. The question arises then, Have we the means on hand to combat and overcome our enemies? Yes, in abundance. We have so many helps, my dear brethren, that they are too numerous to mention. Why, to name some of them, we have prayer, the sacraments, our Lord Himself in the Sacrament of the Altar—what more can we ask for? If we are overcome by our enemies, have we not our Lord and His Holy Spirit to help us? "Come to me all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you. Do we do this? Don't we rather turn to the things of earth and try to drown our sorrows by means of them? I am afraid the latter is what many of us have recourse to, and hence we are vanquished by our adversaries. How many of us, when it pleases the Lord to take from us one whom we loved dearly, turn to Him in prayer and seek assistance in that hour of trial? Is it not often the case when, for instance, a father or a mother is taken away, that the son, terrified at the affliction, endeavors to get rid of it by drinking and carrying on in a disgraceful manner—and to what good? True, drink may make one oblivious of his surroundings for the time being, but when its influence has passed away the trouble returns with redoubled vigor; whereas, if at the outset he would turn his thoughts to God and beg of Him the grace to bear his trials manfully, it would be a stay for him to sustain his troubles and a source of merit hereafter.

There is not one of us that is not ready to oppose and conquer the enemy when he threatens the life of our body, and if we are so solicitous about that which, after all, is but to last for a few years, what shall we say when he attempts to deprive us of what is to continue for ever—the soul? Now, then, an enemy, common, I was going to say, to us all, is detraction; that is to say, telling the faults of our neighbors, and their detraction to every one that will listen. Knowing, then, the adversary, what steps are we to take to put him down?

Let us take, for example, a person who wants to overcome this vice, and who, nevertheless, is prone to it to such an extent that its commission affords him or her a kind of gratification. Of course, we said above we had abundant means to overcome our enemies and sustain ourselves in the warfare against him; but the special means to vanquish this enemy is the sacrament of penance. This person at his confession, will extract and means to be successful at the sacrifice of self.

The first thing such a person does is to institute a daily examination of conscience. "At the expiration of each day it is carefully noted down how many times this fault has been committed; one day, one month, is compared with another, so that in a very short time the state of the conscience is pretty exactly known; and the number in this particular sin comparatively few, supposing, as we said before, the person is in earnest. This help, together with a weekly or monthly confession, will produce in six months' time a gratifying result to God and the soul who has had so much success in the warfare against the adversary.

PASTOR AND CHURCH HAVE SOME INTERESTING HISTORY. FATHER PRATT WAS FORMERLY A METHODIST MINISTER AND ST. BERNARD'S A METHODIST MEETING HOUSE.

Rev. Robert J. Pratt is pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Wabash, Ind., and both Church and pastor have a strange history. Father Pratt was born in Johnstown, Ohio, in 1861, of an Episcopalian father and a mother professing the creed of Alexander Campbell. On reaching his sixteenth year he joined the Methodist Church, and later entered the ministry. On a recent Sunday he announced that he would give his reasons for abandoning the Methodist pulpit to become a Catholic priest, and the day set for the explanation found the Church packed with Catholics and non-Catholics, among the latter being many Methodists.

Father Pratt related an incident which, apparently insignificant, changed the course of his life. His father, who was a physician, was summoned to attend a Catholic girl who was dying from diphtheria. On his return he told his family of the remarkable change that had come over his patient after the reception of the last sacraments. That was the first good word the young man had ever heard spoken of the Catholic Church, and he never forgot it. He told of his long struggle, his deep study of the Church to which he now belongs. Convinced of the truth of the Catholic Church, and conscious of the desire to become a priest he sought the advice of a Methodist minister, who had him in the name of God, to go where his conscience led him. He received instructions from Rev. Dennis A. Clark, pastor of Holy Family Church, Columbus, who baptized him March 19, 1884. In September of 1889 he entered Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, and in June, 1891, was ordained by the late Archbishop Elder for the diocese of Fort Wayne. He filled various parishes until his appointment to St. Bernard's, Wabash, in 1900.

At this time the Wabash congregation was worshipping in an old structure, entirely too small. Father Pratt learned

that a division of the Methodist Church would cause the sale of the old church property, and he succeeded in purchasing the building from the Methodist. One of the biggest events in the Church history of Wabash was the dedication of this church, when visitors attended from all Northern Indiana. So in a church home which had formerly been that of his old belief Father Pratt began his work in Wabash. The church was remodeled and almost rebuilt, and is now one of the prettiest in Northern Indiana.

Another interesting fact connected with the story of Father Pratt is that after the death of his father his mother took up her residence with her priest son. She remained a devout Protestant and worshipped in her own church, but the great difference in their religious belief never disturbed the beautiful relation existing between them, nor affected the happiness of their home. Father Pratt has recently affiliated with the Ohio Apostolate, and as a leader for non-Catholics he is becoming widely known.

MISSION TO CATHOLICS AND NON-CATHOLICS.

BEING HELD THIS WEEK AT BELFAST, N. Y., BY THE NOTED PAULIST, REV. ELIAS YOUNAN.

Rev. J. J. Dealy, rector at Belfast, is this week providing a spiritual feast for Catholics and non-Catholics alike, in form of a mission by the learned and eloquent Paulist, Rev. Elias H. Younan. Announcing the mission last Sunday, Father Dealy said in part:

The courtesy of an invitation is hereby extended to the public to attend at St. Patrick's Church, Belfast, N. Y., during the week beginning July 12, a Catholic and non-Catholic mission combined, or a series of instructions and sermons to audiences composed of those who are members of the Catholic Church, and of those who are external to her communion.

This formal expression of welcome to the Church during a mission of this kind is conveyed to the people of the community on the assumption that many will be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to hear, perhaps, for the first time, the doctrines, the sacraments, the commandments, the rites and the practices of the Catholic Church explained by one of her own representatives.

Every non-Catholic has of course heard something about the Catholic Church, but in most cases he has obtained his information from unreliable sources, such, for instance as unfair text-books, prejudiced periodicals, vilifying pictorials and defaming fables and romances; he has heard her story from those who misunderstand and misinterpret, and malign her, not from those who have ever known her and have learned to admire her, and to entertain towards her the sentiments to which the Royal Prophet was giving expression when he said: "I have loved O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, Thy place where Thy glory dwelleth." (Ps. 25: 2-3) he has acquired all his knowledge of her, not from those who tell the truth about her, but from those who bear false witness against her.

It is then but most natural to take it for granted that those who are fair-minded in their treatment of the Catholic Church and who are disposed to concede to her the same measure of respect from the eighth commandment which they concede to individuals, will spare no pains to learn what she teaches from those who have made her doctrines the study of their lives, and who are, therefore, qualified to bear witness to the truth about her "in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and to the uttermost parts of the earth."

Besides the privilege which the Church enjoys from the sanction and security of the Eight Commandment she has a claim on being heard by all nations on account of her antiquity, her association with the oldest institutions in the world, her survival of them all, her soundness at heart and her possession, at the same time of the dignity of age and the strength of youth. And, therefore, well does Lord Macaulay say of her: "There is not, and there never was on this earth an institution so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when emperors and figures bounded in the Flavian amphitheater. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of supreme pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of the ages. . . . The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the earth missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. . . . Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's (Review of Von Rank's Lives of the Popes.)

Such an institution has surely a right to ask that her credentials be examined, that her history be studied, that her creed be committed to memory, that her commandments be observed, that her sacraments be received, and that she be considered our infallible teacher in

matters of faith and morals, as being so constituted by our Lord when he said: "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." (Mat. 28, 19-20.) Moreover if the Church then founded by Christ was, according to his own words, bound to teach all nations, then are all nations bound to hear the teaching, and observe all things whatsoever Christ commanded.

Furthermore, if there is an obligation imposed on all men to hear and embrace the Word of God, then also is it necessary ever present to them to pray for the light to know and the grace to accept the Word of God, for if the end is obligatory then also are the means obligatory. And thus we are brought face to face with our first and greatest obligation to know what we must do to be saved. Those who are in the Church need a continuance of the light of faith to persevere unto the end, and those who are external to the Church need the first rays of that light to lead them into the Church.

At this time, then, when we are all looking for favors from heaven, let those who are possessors of the truth of God say with the Psalmist, "Send forth Thy light and Thy truth, they have conducted me and brought me into Thy holy hill and into Thy tabernacle." Ps. 42: 3; and we should like every inquirer after that truth to see several November 10, "O my God, I confess that Thou canst enlighten my darkness. I confess that Thou alone canst. I wish my darkness to be enlightened. I do not know whether Thou wilt; but that Thou canst and that I wish, are sufficient reasons for my asking. I hereby promise that I will embrace whatever I at length feel certain is the truth, if ever I come to it. And by Thy grace I will guard against all self-deceit which may lead me to take what nature would have, rather than what reason approves.

THE TREATING HABIT. The baneful effects of intemperance which to-day are so rife all through the land, steal upon its victims more insidiously, perhaps, through the prevalent practice of treating than through any other channel. To invite a man to take a drink at one's expense is the order of the day; to put him thereby under the implicit obligation of returning the same, or of making him feel uncomfortable until he has balanced in some way the kindness which he thinks he has received, is an essential consequence which to him is spoken; it pervades the very air that is breathed, it shapes the sentiment most frequently formed at home and abroad. Multitudes of children daily grow accustomed to it, and youth are fast falling victims to its snares.

Take any man who has found himself chained by the habit, the unquenchable habit for drink that is tearing his very vitals to be appeased, and ask him how this going the path of self-destruction began, and he will tell you, if he speak carefully and exactly, that it was not the need he felt for it, but that a custom brought to bear upon him by the false obligation under which he felt himself placed to accept the treat, or the singularity and unmanly position in which he was put by refusing to accept the same.

Watch how advantage is always taken of this feeling by the adroit seller of drink whose only aim is to make any easy living, careless of the direful consequences which his nefarious course entails. Licensed or unlicensed, he will open his bar most frequently in some noisy, or corner, or alley, or stairway, where pass the laborers, fathers or sons of families, home from their daily work, like the spider, he waits for his prey.

His acquaintance with the majority of the passers-by begins at first in some pleasant remark, or expression of kindness, which he studies so well to fit his bearers. Soon his deep regard for them will find practical proof in his invitation to take a drink at his bar. He "disagreesable," and "being thirsty, it is a very manly treat that does not need or does not take a drink, or a word, or a look." His feelings will be hurt if his invitation is not heeded, and as for pay, "why it is his treat," it is "his contribution" to the comfort of the men in whom he is interested. So it goes.

There may be several in the party, or there may be but one, urged by the common pressure, or the show of hospitality, the inclination to refuse on the part of any one is lost, to the detriment of his character, but scored to the success of the man behind the bar. It may be repeated several times by the seller, but only to strengthen the feeling of obligation on the part of the person treated to "patronize his bar, or to balance accounts with him in his line of business. The laborer or passer-by cannot now appear in his presence without catching the glance which says, "Here, you must make return for a kindness I have shown you." As a consequence a bill begins for the drinks, adulterated drags are concocted and dealt out to the buyer, and

THE POISONS BEGIN THEIR DESTRUCTIVE WORK. In our large cities, and in many populous towns, this is the beginning of a business, of a work of destruction, made use of by sellers which entails ruin and disgrace upon thousands of the bread-earners, and the more numerous generations of them that toil. Contractors and employers of workmen everywhere will testify to this. It is the ubiquitous

temptation that follows a custom, and meets the man when he needs rest from labor. But insidious and baneful to his customers as is the advantage taken of a practice by the retailers of drink (often supplied and kept going by unscrupulous brewing monopolists) ensnaring and destructive to manhood as it is, yet the effect of the practice of treating among the customers themselves is fraught with more wholesale evils, more destructive consequences and abuses. The seller has succeeded in enticing men to his bar; he has advertised himself as a genial, hearty good fellow; it now remains to see the effect of the treating custom among his patrons. If the acceptance of the treat from the seller stopped there, if the drinker were content with taking off and on his solitary glass at the bar, the effects would not be so deplorable, nor the habit of excess so quickly formed; but when this custom binds a number of men, each one feeling the obligation to treat every other member of the party, the ease with which abuse follows is very readily conceived, and herein lies the greatest source of evil, both from a financial point of view to the imbiber as well as from the demoralizing consequences upon himself and those dependent upon him.

What was waked strong with our busy, hurrying American people. That there is money in it cannot be doubted; that it has laid the foundation of a far-reaching power, would be folly to deny.

The American scandal, the saloon, is at once its feeder and its propagator. These two dreadful festering sores on our social and body politic, the custom of treating and the saloon, must be eradicated, or turned into purer channels where they may be cleansed from such dire habitations as are hastening thousands upon thousands to eternal ruin. The force of this custom, combined with the shrewdness and desire to gain on the part of the liquor-dealer, and the studied adulteration of intoxicants, themselves intended to demand more, and the promiscuous sale privately and publicly of the same, is the fruitful source of the far-reaching evils so frequently described, and so menacing to the free institutions of our country.

In many localities, so strongly has this been recognized by benevolent societies, not in themselves Catholic, that where they have not felt themselves called upon to renounce altogether the use of intoxicating liquors, they have made it of obligation on the part of their members, and incorporated it in their rules, never to treat a fellow-member, or even friends not belonging to the corporation. Even in Catholic circles where abuses of this kind are frequently prevalent "ANTI-TREATING" SOCIETIES HAVE BEEN FORMED requiring a like obligation upon their members.

Whilst such societies are very laudable, very worthy of encouragement, and constituting a step in the right direction, yet it remains for ever the part of the great Total-Abstinence movement of America

to denounce it on all occasions with vigor and prudence, to create a strong reaction against it, and to marshal the forces of her grand army against the all prevalent saloon, its feeder and promoter, steadily and bravely bearing aloft the banner which has for its motto the saying, the ennobling, the enthroning on the proudest pinnacle of civilization and freedom, the manhood of our powerful, self-relying American people.—Total Abstinence.

SOME REMARKABLE STATISTICS CULLED FROM A RECENTLY PUBLISHED BOOK. Of the making of converts there is no end. It appears, however, that somebody has just made a beginning of an enumeration of some noted ones in the United States. The book is entitled "Distinguished Converts to Rome in America." The foreword tells us that the list is as complete as the compiler could make it. While the list is by no means exhaustive, it is at least serviceable. The book is published by Herder, of St. Louis, and sells for a dollar.

The names of three thousand converts are here given, of whom one was an Anglican Bishop, 372 Protestant clergymen, 126 laymen, 125 United States army officers, 3 U. S. A. army officers, 23 United States navy officers, 45 United States Senators and Congress men, 12 Governors of States, eight Mayors of cities, 21 members of the diplomatic service, 28 educators and 206 authors, musicians and painters.

Twenty-five members of Anglican religious orders, one of these a founder of an Anglican community, took their way to Rome. Twelve Anglican nuns entered the fold, and six of them established religious orders. The statistics also present the names of 200 nuns to whom the grace of conversion came.

It is interesting to observe the latter course of these converts. Two hundred and two of them were admitted to the priesthood. One hundred and thirty-five, who had been preachers of the word in non-Catholic denominations, later broke the world of life to their new found brethren in the Catholic pale. Four of them were raised to the purple, and four wore the pallium.

There are omissions in the present list, no doubt. Subsequent revision will provide corrections. The compiler, be it remembered, is dealing only with prominent converts. The list would be stretched to an indefinite length, were reckoning made of all who followed the voice that bid them seek peace and consolation in the Catholic Church. The convert whose name does not appear in

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the volume under consideration will not complain because it has not measured up to the standard of distinction adopted by the compiler. It needs no enabling act to give many unmentioned converts all the credentials of practical Catholics, which sometimes means more than being Catholics who may have won prominence in other than distinctively ecclesiastical circles.

Three stories are hidden under these three thousand names, as well as under those ruled out under the compiler's exclusion act! Let one of their number, Percy Fitzgerald, the well-known Irish author and lecturer, tell us something of the neophyte's passage from one church to another: "What agonizing wrestlings and torture of mind, unseem and unkind! What readings and bendings of the conscience! What struggles and calls resisted and finally obeyed! What tearing of the heart strings! How awful the almost cruel disregard of family ties and interests!"—Catholic Transcript.

ONE YEAR'S GROWTH The strength of a bank is tested by its ability to successfully weather financial storms. The strength of a Life Company is tested by its ability to grow in "hard times." Last year the New Business of

amounted to \$7,081,402—a gain over 1906 of \$1,577,855 bringing up the total insurance in force to \$51,091,848—a gain over 1906 of \$4,179,140, and yet the operating expenses were just about the same as last year. The Company also made substantial gains over 1906—in Assets, \$1,271,255; in Reserves, \$906,221; in Income \$171,147 and in surplus \$300,341.

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A New Book by Father Lambert Christian Science Before the Bar of Reason. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50 cents. The Catholic Record London, Canada.

Rosa Mulholland's New Book. The Return of Mary O'Murrough. Price, \$1.25. In Treaty with Honor. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Price, \$1.25. The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

Beaten I Not long ago my office to sol publication. I before he had fi ject, that has i defeat. His ve said to me, "I h out subscrip not expect to g very busy ma take your time This young m the assurance, really victory, speak victory, Nobody like solicitor who apologizing for time. The importa is to put the f such a positive easy for him to He should i himself, and in He must carry Hesitancy, do Courage is as to an annual very carefully of fear. To h untamed. Lion enticed if unable or should wir miration. He bearing, meet equality. A friend of man, says, "I recently whose interest in his over with ent fence and ac set. My frier order for what he liked him. The ability glance is a gi must learn it his prospectiv minutes, and bring all his skill, and his feasts. He c much ability l concentrate effective, he v The If you wan friction, addo record now i What the gr could only b out of our m that is unph brings up bi tunate associ- couraging su quadruple o If we could with beaut which uplift eney of our many, many t No mind clouded wil mental sky r be no enthus ness, or effie If you you are cap with sunsh with cheeru everything t discordant, your freedo it buries you cord, but ha truth, love, not halfless pleteness. The menz for the stori It was inte Gods, for tl poses, grand It does n that the gr the higher a that the gr affection ex The good is had.—Sucee The (When a years for : to go to coll to help him he had a college, he himself, I k boy does no that he wou it could be. He does no When a h not go to and blind know that l difficulties college, but of what is v The you his mind v world, beg his path, to them until then to wal not a man prise. He and consid objection I He is a sm: He walks ; as far as going gets The stro soul who h terminated t his goal re the wobbly discourage takes a e talk. Me things do ing over p they will obstacles cess. The succeed, c Keep thinking, s achieve Don't f to success to reach.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Beaten Before He Began. Not long ago a young man came into my office to solicit a subscription for a publication. I could see at a glance, before he had fairly introduced his subject, that he was covered all over with defeat. His very attitude, his manner, said to me, "I have come in here to get your subscription for me, but I do not expect to get it. I know you are a very busy man, and I do not wish to take your time or to impose upon you."

Nobody likes the Uriah Heep kind of solicitor who spends half his time apologizing for taking your valuable time. The important thing for the solicitor is to get the prospective customer into such a position that it will not be too easy for him to turn him down.

He should have great confidence in himself, and in the thing he has to sell. He must carry conviction in his manner. Hesitancy, doubt, indecision are fatal. Courage is as important to a solicitor as to an animal tamer, who has to guard very carefully against the slightest signs of fear. To hesitate in the cage of an unbroken lion or tiger is to be lost. Even if unable to get an order, a solicitor should win a man's respect and admiration. He should, by a masterly bearing, meet customers on a plane of equality.

A friend of mine, a shrewd business man, says a solicitor came to his office recently whose face was so radiant with interest in his purpose, and so bubbling over with enthusiasm, that he won confidence and admiration at the very outset. My friend gave the young man an order for what he did not want, because he liked him.

The ability to size a man up at a glance is a great art, and the solicitor must learn its secret. He may not see his prospective customer more than five minutes, and within that time he must bring all his ingenuity, all his tact, his skill, and his former experience to a focus. He can not stop to do much thinking, and it does not matter how much ability he may have, if he can not concentrate it quickly and make it effective, he will not get the order.

The Sun-dial's Motto.

If you want your life to run without friction, adopt the sun-dial's motto: "I record now but hours of sunshine." What a great thing it would be if we could only learn that the art of wiping out of our memories forever everything that is unpleasant, everything which brings up bitter memories and unfortunate associations and depressing, discouraging suggestions, would double and quadruple our happiness and power! If we could only keep the mind filled with beautiful thoughts, thoughts which uplift and encourage, the efficiency of our lives would be multiplied many times.

No mind can do good work when clouded with unhappy thoughts. The mental sky must be clear or there can be no enthusiasm, no brightness, clearness, or efficiency in our mental work. If you would do the maximum of which you are capable, keep the mind filled with cheerful, uplifting thoughts. Bury everything that makes you unhappy and discordant, everything that cramps your freedom, that worries you, before it buries you.

Man was not made to express discord, but harmony; to express beauty, truth, love, and happiness; wholeness, not halftiness; completeness, not incompleteness. The mental temple was not given us for the storing of low, base, mean things. It was intended for the abode of the gods, for the treasuring of high purposes, grand aims, noble aspirations. It does not take very long to learn that the good excludes the bad; that the higher always shuts out the lower; that the grander excludes the lesser, the lower. The good is more than a match for the bad.—Success.

The Obstacles to Success.

When a boy tells me that he just years for an education, that he longs to go to college, but that he has no one to help him as other boys have, that if he had a rich father to send him to college, he could make something of himself, I know perfectly well that that boy does not yearn for an education, but that he would simply like to have it if it could be gotten without much effort. He does not long for it as Lincoln did. When a boy, to-day, says that he can not go to college, though deaf, dumb and blind girls manage to get it, I know that he has such a knack of seeing difficulties that he will not only miss college, but will probably also miss most of what is worth while in life.

The young man who, after making up his mind what he wants to do in the world, begins to hunt up obstacles in his path, to magnify them, to brood over them until they become mountains, and then to wait for new ones to develop, is not a man to take hold of great enterprises. The man who stops to weigh and consider every possible danger or objection never amounts to anything. He is a small man, made for little things. He walks around an obstacle, and goes as far as he can easily, but when the going gets hard he stops.

The strong man, the positive, decisive soul who has a program, and who is determined to carry it out, cuts his way to his goal regardless of difficulties. It is the wobbler, the weak-kneed man, the discouraged man, who turns aside, and takes a crooked path to his goal and fails. Men who achieve things, who get things done, do not spend time haggling over perplexities, or wondering how they will ever be able to surmount the obstacles that lie in their path to success. They "get busy" determined to succeed, obstacles or no obstacles, and they keep on undaunted until success is achieved. Don't fix your gaze on the obstacles to success but on the goal that you want to reach.

Call for Highest.

Hard work. Anything which is really worth doing calls for every grain of grit and every ounce of pluck which a man has in his composition. Anything less than the utmost is inadequate for the highest.

But our young men like work sufficiently to respond to this requirement? It is a question. Here and there we find a solitary specimen keeping alive the glorious tradition that the student is a man who works half the night, and sometimes all of it, with a wet towel round his head.

Are we much better read, as a community, than our forebears, now that the loftiest thoughts of the noblest writers may be bought for a few cents? This, too, is a question.

We are athletic to-day; we go in for physical culture, and so forth. All well and good when kept in its right place. But is it? To measure well round the biceps, to do the "hat trick," or gracefully to kick a goal with half a team at one's heels, is of more consequence to many young men, it is to be feared, than tearing the heart out of a good book with its deep meanings and high conceptions for a nation's life.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE FIREPLACE.

The light from the blazing logs in the old-fashioned fireplace enabled the family to do without a candle for the greater part of the evening. They were very poor, so that this meant a slight saving; but anyway, when the kind of better illumination which the kind of wood to be done was accomplished well enough with what the logs furnished?—all except what Jim was trying to do, and that did not count with his father.

Sprawled out on the hearth was the figure of an overgrown boy. Differently situated, he might have been called a young man, for he was eighteen and large for his age; but there was still with him much more of the boy than the man in appearance and action. To the grief of Mr. Mason, Jim was "everlastingly doin' some figgerin'." Down the mountain side two miles was the shabby school-house where he had been attending school for a few months each year, until this winter his father declared he had enough "scholoin'," and it was decided that hereafter he must put in his time working.

But the mischief was done this last year. He had been showing a taste for greater knowledge, especially in commercial calculations, and the teacher had given him a book of business forms and an old commercial arithmetic. Since then every spare moment had been utilized to master the contents, especially during the evenings when the fire was burning brightly. He was busily engaged now with a short leadpencil and some coarse wrapping paper when his father spoke.

"Seems to me," he said impatiently, "you might be doin' something that would amount to somethin', an' not spend your time wearin' your eyes out in that flickerin' light. If you ain't got nothin' else to do, go to bed an' sleep, so's to be ready in the mornin' to help me take that cow down to the butcher's."

Jim slowly folded his paper and shut his book. Then he gathered himself up and stood before his father. "Do I ever shirk my work?" he asked firmly. "Why, no," was the surprised answer. "Don't I do my work just as well as Dave?"

"Yes." "Then I wish you'd let me do this other too. I like it, and I believe the more I learn of it the better I can do any kind of work."

"Well now, look here"—Mr. Mason spoke as if he were uttering a clincher—"if you ever show me that you can make an extra dollar out of it, I'll give you an' let you alone, but until you do, I'll believe you're doin' nothin' but wearin' out your eyesight."

Jim went off to bed, and in the morning he and his father drove a fat cow down to the "Corners," where a meat peddler had engaged to take the animal. He looked the creature over critically, and then said: "She's pretty small, and not over and above fat. I'll give you four and three-quarters for her, and that's every cent she's worth."

Mr. Mason knew little of the market value of cattle, and accepted. She was weighed, and tipped the scale at eight hundred and forty-three pounds. After a lot of figuring the butcher announced the result as—"Thirty-nine dollars is about as high as we can get at it," and tendered the money.

"That isn't quite right, sir," Jim spoke up quickly, to the surprise of his father, who was extending his hand for the cash, but who now drew it back. "What do you know about it?" the butcher asked sharply. He was not very accurate in his calculations, but his dealings were mostly with people who were still less so, and he resented Jim's assertion, although not prepared to dispute it until he found out how much the boy knew. Jim had it all figured out and showed him where he made his mistake, and before some time and argument, and because they were through several people had gathered from the corner store, among them the proprietor. The latter was appealed to by the butcher, who did not want to lose prestige, to decide who was right. The storekeeper was not very rapid, but after some laborious work he gave his decision in Jim's favor.

Corners the storekeeper had an earnest conversation with him, and when he went home he said to his son:

"Jim, old man Daniels thinks the way you straightened out that meat peddler the other day was about right. He says he'll give you \$10 a month an' board to come, and help him in the store. Want to go?"

"O father, may I?" and the light shined in his face told the story of his eagerness. "Well, I reckon that's goin' to be the sort o' thing you're fit for, so you may as well take it to fit as last," and the father's satisfaction at the standing his boy had acquired at the Corners was evident.

Jim went to the store at the Corners. In two years he was a manly young fellow, who did nearly all the buying and keeping accounts. He then attracted the attention of a commercial traveler, who spoke of him to his firm, and who was directed to make him an offer.

"If you'll come to the city," he said, "and learn the wholesale end of the business you'll be in line for a good income. We'll give you \$10 a week to start, and there won't be any limit."

Jim accepted. He is getting \$25 a week now, with a good deal more in sight. He still employs his spare moments in adding to his information, and he is looked upon as something of an authority in certain directions. When asked how he got his training he is fond of replying:

"By the light of the old fireplace at home."—Milford W. Fosdy in Our Young People.

THE CAREER IN THE ROMAN CONGREGATIONS.

The Pontifical constitution of our Holy Father, Pius X., regulating the work of the Roman Congregations, as announced by cable last week, brings these administrative bodies in a very special way before the public mind. Most of the older Congregations owe their institution and ample form to Sixtus V., who ruled the church from 1585 to 1590, and who has left the impress of his practical mind upon these agencies of administrative power into whose keeping he distributed the burden of governing the Universal Church.

In the Bull of institution he says: "We have determined to parcel out the burden of the Pontificate—a burden to be dreaded by the shoulders even of angels—among the Senators of the world, Our Brethren the Cardinals; and this by a fitting distribution in accordance with the circumstances of the time, the amount and variety of business, and considerations of utility."

When one considers that the Church is a vast organization, world-wide in its domain, having its legislative, judiciary and executive functions, as any well-ordered society; to achieve the end and object of its existence; the number and variety of laws which are necessary to regulate the external as well as the internal life of its members; the diverse and complex circumstances of human action not only in the domain of faith and morals, but also in the sphere of external worship and sacramental ministrations as well as in the many situations in life into which the moral enters as a necessary element; the application of these laws to differing conditions and circumstances, cases of which continually come up for judgment from the ever-changing arena of human activity; the manifold relations which the Church has with governments and peoples, with systems and philosophies which in various ways call into exercise her solicitude for the faith and laws of Christ, for her own divine constitution as well as for her own canons and disciplinary decrees, one may form some idea of the vast amount of business with its multiplicity of details which comes before her tribunal for adjudication and adjustment.

When one knows how many officials the United States employ to carry on the business of the government for about eighty millions of people, one cannot but be surprised at the comparatively small number that is required to administer the affairs of a Universal Church that counts over two hundred and fifty millions among her adherents. The reason is that the officials in the Curia for the most part spend their lives in its service.

Starting as simple clerks under the secretary of some Congregation they work day after day and year after year until they have become thoroughly conversant with the subject matter that comes before them for consideration. They secure in time such a grasp of principles and such a thorough acquaintance with the forms and modes of procedure proper to their line of work that they become proficient in the greatest system of administrative and judicial government ever devised by man—a system that has behind it the wisdom of centuries and that has been tried and tested by a varied experience such as few institutions have.

Other officials on the various congregations both from the regular and secular clergy have had a long training as professors in the subject matter which comes under the scope of the Congregation to which they are appointed as consultants, and this theoretical knowledge in which they have been deeply grounded from years of teaching is wonderfully clarified by actual contact with practical questions and problems the solution of which brings into play the principles of the science of which they have been the exponents, and they become scientific experts of the first order in their special department of knowledge.

Many of these men afterwards become Cardinals and are assigned to the various Congregations where they ensure the opportunity of putting into practice their superior grade of experience which they have acquired. This training continued through years gives them a peculiar ability to deal with questions that come before them and to expedite in a way impossible to the novice the business whether administrative or judicial of the Church.

Rome is a great training school of such men and is constantly producing

the thoroughly equipped official for the different tribunals and governing boards of her world-wide system. This normal production of a special type, verified only in Rome, gives the answer to the complaint that is often found in the public press regarding the preponderance of the Italian element in the Sacred College and in the membership of the Church's central administrative bodies.

That state of affairs must necessarily be so; and prejudicial to the best interests of the Church only in the minds of the uninitiated and undiscerning. When the representatives of other nations will make the sacrifice of living in the Roman atmosphere long enough to acquire that universal view, free from local coloring and prejudice, which is the Roman's by inheritance and of submitting to the long course of discipline which is necessary to fit themselves for office in the high collegiate bodies of the Church then there may be some ground for complaint, should they not receive proper recognition. But until that time comes all such murmuring are unreasonable.

Nor does the Church meanwhile suffer. The officials of the Congregations living at the very centre and source of world-wide power acquire what may be called the ecumenical view as opposed to that which is local and narrow; their minds are so accustomed to regard the merits of the question and to reason from principles that they gain the mental equipoise so necessary for the man of affairs; the tradition of the Roman Church invariably preserving the faith throughout the centuries cultivates in them the temperament that is proof against mere human considerations, and all these qualities of the official membership make the Roman Congregations the most impartial and effective tribunals that we have in the world to-day.—Boston Pilot.

ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE.

Any E. Campbell in Toronto Globe. No one, of all the hurrying crowd, noticed how sad-eyed and almost desolate the little newsboy looked. A girl with sunny hair and blue eyes came along and he met her with papers upheld, for he liked her face.

"Paper, miss?" What a world of pleading in the little tired voice, and wide wistful eyes! "Why, little man!" she exclaimed, pausing—"I don't want a paper, but—" glancing down, she seized the violets on her muff—"perhaps you like flowers"—and she slipped them into his hand with a coin.

"My muzzer's eyes were just like yours!" he confided to her. "An' with a sob, 'she's dead!" "Tears stole into the girl's eyes as she patted him sympathetically. "Is she, dearie? Tell me all about it, and you'll feel better."

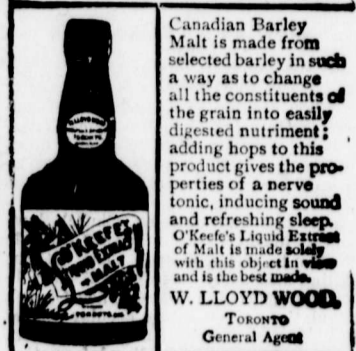
"Ain't you in a hurry?" "No," she said, with a smile. "Here an' me was all there was of our family," he explained, eagerly. "I sold papers, and she went out washin' and we had such a cozy, wee home, an'—here his voice broke—"she took sick and died, so awful quick—I ain't got 'ust to it yet."

"How long ago, dearie boy?" "Just two weeks to-day. But, say, with brightening eyes, "I got her some flowers. They wasn't very sprog-lookin' ones, but I think she'd be glad 'cause she loved 'em so. After a pause—"She smiled all the time after she was so still. I kin see her yet!"

"And where do you live now?" "I've ben livin' there where she died, but I'll have to get out, 'cause it costs so, and I ain't had any luck sence—sence she went—'cause my throat aches so I can't holler. But I musn't keep you—good-bye—thanks for the flowers." And before the girl could say anything more he was lost in the surging throng.

"Poor wee mite!" she murmured as she went her way.

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That night a tired newsboy sobbed himself to sleep in a lonely, bare little room. "Wasn't her eyes blue, tho'—just like muzzer's—and the violets—" here he kissed the faded blue things—"An' her pretty hair! She just come in time, I was so hungry I would have stole something soon—ain't I glad she did come, I couldn't do anything mean now, after seein' her."

Methodists on Fasting.

"Fasting is conducive to seriousness." It is a temporary subordination of the flesh to the spirit; if rightly understood it is a withdrawal from the sensual to the spiritual. There was a time in the history of the Methodist church when the Friday preceding the quarterly meeting was observed as a day of fasting. It gave the people a seriousness of mind. The quarterly meeting was not only a business meeting but a great spiritual feast. Business was done, the less prominent, but the spiritual matters of the charge were more effectually emphasized. The result was a deepening of the Christian faith.—California Christian Advocate (M. E.)

PROVERB MAKERS.

SOMETHING ABOUT MEN WHO TELL THE TRUTH IN A WAY THAT COMPELS ATTENTION.

One of those offensive persons who insist upon writing quotations for copy-books and epigrams for forensic quotation announced upon one occasion that whatever was worth doing was worth doing well. Of course it is true. All these proverbs are. But how few live up to the ideal set forth! Some manufacturers do, and some do not. But there is at least one firm in Toronto that has the proverb posted in its collective hat. The characteristics of the Gourlay Piano prove that Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming know how to build a piano and build it as well as they know. Not only is the case designed artistically, but the materials used are the best that money can buy. The workmanship is unexcelled. There is such a solidity of "backing" for the sound board and for the pins that the piano stays in tune and can withstand any climate. There are Gourlay pianos in China and South Africa in good playing condition when other instruments have simply tumbled apart owing to extremes of heat alternated with much moisture. Perhaps it is this solidity of construction which aids in the production of that rich resonance of tone which is such a feature of the Gourlay. Whatever be the reason, it is certain that no other Canadian piano is richer in its tone quality or more even in its scale. Musicians of experience and reputation join in praising it as a distinct credit to Canada.

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VALUE OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

There are but few Catholics who do not appreciate the value of membership in the grand old Church. Sentiment, reason, faith combine to sustain and increase this appreciation.

All Catholics recognize that the Church is the ark of safety amidst the waves. It is the institution established by the Son of God to conduct men to heaven. In and through the Church has our Divine Lord ordained that men would be saved.

It is the mission of the Church to preach the gospel of Christ and to teach the nations. We Catholics accept the teaching of the Church with absolute confidence. We never doubt; we never deny; we never seek elsewhere. It is our inalienable privilege to rest assuredly certain and content. It is sufficient for us that the Church teaches; the Church is the representative of Christ, the pillar and ground of truth. She cannot err, for she is hedged around by divinity, guided and directed by the Holy Spirit. It is with pity that we look upon those who are "tossed hither and thither by every wind of doctrine."

It is to His Church that our Lord has confided His sacraments. Her priests are the "dispensers of the mysteries of God." From them we receive the sacraments and participate in the Precious Blood of Calvary. It is the priests of the Church who cleanse the souls of the infants who offer up the great sacrifice and feed the faithful on the Body and Blood of Christ; it is the priests who pour the balm on the wounded soul; it is the priests who bless the marriage of the young twin as they kneel before the altar of God; and it is the priests who stand by to comfort them with the last anointing and strengthen them against the hour of conflict. There is no one but has noted the love and devotion of the Catholic people for their priests. And this love, this devotion, is the best evidence of the value which Catholics place upon membership in their Church.

Every Catholic appreciates the spiritual value of membership in the Church of God, and those outside of the Church, sincere souls, envy the Catholics their confidence and their affectionate loyalty to it. They cannot help but contrast it with their own indifference to the sect to which they belong. And how their hearts yearn for an institution strong, might, lean, and which in return they might love. Alas for them! that seeing, they do not see. There is but one institution, by necessity a divine institution, the Church of all ages?

But whilst Catholics are duly appreciative of the spiritual value of membership in the Church, have they ever realized the temporal advantages of belonging to the Catholic Church? The universal tendency of our age is toward association, combination. In every sphere this tendency is apparent. The forces of nature have almost conspired to compel men to combine. In business life, in social life, organization is feverishly progressing. There are combinations along every conceivable line. Who is there that has not noticed the extraordinary increase of societies in our country? And individual societies are all banded together into one general organization. There is scarcely a village but has some such association. And most of them are for absolutely selfish purposes—for the mutual protection, advancement, prosperity of the members. There are often secrecy and an abundance of grips and signs and pass-words.

But what society in all the world, can, even from a mere human standpoint, compare with the Catholic Church? What society so ancient; what society so centrally strong and so closely bound together; what society so universal; what society so noble in its principles and so helpful in its laws and ordinances; what society so magnificent in its history, what society so wonderful in its machinery, so powerful in its government, so resourceful in its management, so ready in its help, so ubiquitous in its agencies? Mere human eyes have long since recognized it as the greatest organization the world has ever known. Beside it kingdoms and empires are as though they were not. Alone of all institutions, it thrives on blows, and waxes stronger on persecution.

The sign of this great organization is the sign of the cross. Its object is to lead men to the love of God and to love one another. Its bond is the unity of the Christian faith. Its head is the Holy Father; its officials the Bishops and priests; its members are the faithful throughout the world, men of every race, of every language, of every country, but all "one" around the altar of God. Do not Catholics appreciate what a privilege it is, even in a temporal sense, to belong to such an organization? It is the boast of the great secular organizations that their members are welcomed everywhere by fellow members. But there is no part of the world, no matter how remote, in the icy wastes of the extreme North or amidst the jungles of Africa, where a Catholic will not be welcomed by a fellow Catholic. And what a bond of sympathy is immediately forged by participation in the common faith!

There is the instantaneous realization of a community in almost everything that makes life precious. There are the same training, the same thoughts, the same opinions, the same supernatural helps, the same hopes. The current of both lives flow into one channel. How much is bridged over when we know that a stranger coming into contact with us is like ourselves, a Catholic! How quickly we become acquainted with the fellow-traveller, for instance, when we once learn that he is of the household of the faith! Men declare that they are friends because they sit side by side in the same lodge room. But how much more to kneel side by side at the same Catholic altar!

It is a sight, as strange as sad, to see Catholics abandoning their faith to enter some forbidden society. But even from a temporary and selfish point of view there is no society which they may enter which can yield a title of the

advantages which membership in the Church brings. These unworthy Catholics are as short-sighted for their world as they are blind to their eternal interests.—Monitor, Newark.

KNOWING WHAT IS NOT SO.

SECULAR PRESS BLUNDERS CONCERNING THE NEW MARRIAGE LAWS.

When secular newspaper writers undertake to treat Catholic topics the result is generally misleading and often ludicrous. Perhaps they should not be blamed too much for this. The average secular writer knows so little of Catholic usages and customs, Church laws and regulations that it is very difficult for him to comment upon them without falling into many mistakes. As a rule any information in regard to new Church regulations given out by secular papers should be accepted with great caution. An instance of misleading information turned out by the press agencies is seen in the comments of Eastern secular papers on Bishop Scannell's Lenten pastoral on the new marriage laws. The Washington Star bases its comment on the following press despatch from Omaha: "Bishop Scannell has made a formal ruling for his diocese that all marriage engagements must be made in writing, witnessed by two persons, before priests will be permitted to perform a marriage ceremony."

The above refers to one of the provisions of the new marriage laws that went into effect at Easter. It is, of course, not a diocesan regulation, but a general Church law that engagements from Easter must be in writing to be considered binding. But it is quite a different thing to say that no priest will be permitted to perform a marriage ceremony unless he is shown a written engagement duly witnessed. That was a wild guess at interpretation made by the scribe who wrote the paragraph. The editor who commented upon this bit of misinformation went wide of the mark, as might have been expected.

The Church has for centuries considered a valid engagement to marry between two persons an impediment to the marriage of either of them with another party. Since an engagement to marry was a promise binding in justice she refused to marry one engaged to any one but the person with whom the valid engagement was entered into. But since owing to the levity of society in our day it is sometimes difficult to determine whether the engagement was entered into seriously she now demands as a proof of validity a written agreement attested by witnesses. Otherwise the party who claims an engagement to marry cannot appeal to the Church for its enforcement. The Church will not consider any mere verbal engagement to be an impediment to marriage with another. For this reason Catholics should be careful for the future to put in writing their promises to marry.

It will probably take the ordinary newspaper writer some years to grasp the significance of the new marriage law. In the meantime it would be a good rule for all newspapers to quote directly the text of any Church law or diocesan regulation, rather than trust to their own interpretation of it. Many of these wise scribes know a great many things that are not so, and they are not slow about making it known.—True Voice.

A NOTABLE TRIBUTE.

A GREAT NEW YORK DAILY ON THE NATION'S DEBT TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Appropos the Catholic centenary, the New York Evening Post, one of the most thoughtful and scholarly of the great dailies of the metropolis, pays the following remarkable tribute to the Church: "Remembering the old and bitter anti-Catholic feeling, it marks a great transformation that to-day it would be true to say that the Protestant churches would look upon the extinction or withdrawal of the Catholic churches as a great calamity. This does not imply that religious or even theological contentions has broken down, but that tolerance has broadened and that eyes have been opened to see the facts. We are certain that Protestant denominations would be simply aghast and appalled if they were asked to take over the work of the Catholic Church in New York. They could not begin to do it. Even if they had the physical resources—the men and money and buildings—they would have neither the mental nor moral ability. For long years now the Catholic Church in this great port has been receiving and controlling and assimilating an influx of foreign people after another. It has held them for religion, and it has held them for citizenship. No one can soberly reflect upon this vast labor of education and restraint without becoming convinced that it has been an indispensable force in our public life. The Protestant churches have been and are now more than ever unfitted whether by temperament or methods to attack so gigantic a problem. They lack the authority—the compelling force of supernatural fears, if one insists. Nothing but a venerable and universal institution, always the same, yet always changing, could have taken her incoming children—the raw material of Americans—and done for them what the Catholic Church in this city has done during the memorable century now rolled past."

Even those who cannot pretend to speak of Catholic dogma with entire sympathy must confess that some of its moral results have been admirable and useful. The firm stand of the Church in the matter of marriage and divorce, for example, seems more and more a blessing as the laxness of law and of custom in that respect goes on increasing. Other churches have been forced, if only out of shame at the writer of marital relations into which American society seems sometimes to be falling, to imitate and approximate the rigid standards of Catholics. We would not maintain that the Catholic position is an unmixt good; it has its incidental evils; but the testimony which it has borne to the ideal of the Christian family is something which cannot be over-

looked when those who are not sons of the Church are reckoning up their debt to her.

A criticism often made is that the Catholic Church in this country, particularly in New York city, has been too much given to going into politics, and that it has accepted without question gifts from sources that a prophet could not have looked at with unbandaged eyes. But we know of no Protestant church that is entitled to cast a stone on this account. The truth is that all churches, under the free system have to take their own wherever they find it, devoutly hoping that the Lord will sanctify the gift. And as for a church in politics, we would back the Methodists against the Catholics any day."

NINE EPISCOPALIANS.

AT OVERBROOK SEMINARY—SIX RECENT CONVERTS AMONG NUMBER.

Six of the Protestant Episcopal ministers recently received into the Church, says the Catholic Standard and Times, of Philadelphia will enter the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Overbrook, in September, where Messrs. Henkell, Hawkes and Bourne have already preceded them. Those who will enter at the beginning of the school year are Dr. William McGarvey, Maurice L. Cowi and William L. Hayward, late of St. Elizabeth's P. E. Church, this city, Charles E. Bowles and Otto W. Gromoll, late of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Chicago, and Edgar N. Cowan, formerly of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Milwaukee.

William H. McClellan, formerly of St. Elizabeth's P. E. Church, will become an instructor in a Jesuit college in September, and may later enter that order. One member of the Protestant Episcopal Sisters of St. Mary, whose convent is at Peekskill, N. Y., has been received into the Church at St. Elizabeth's Convent, Cornwall, of which Mother Katharine Drexel is superior, and two other members of the same community are under instruction there, all three being at present guests of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

The one who has already entered the Church is Sister Eliza, whose submission was made to Archbishop Ryan on Sunday last, on occasion of His Grace's visit to Cornwall to lay the corner stone of the Holy Ghost Fathers' Apostolic College. The two who are under instruction are Mother Edith, former superior of the Sisters of St. Mary and Sister Marina.

The three Sisters come of well-known families. Mother Edith was a Miss Pardee, of New England, and is a woman of great intellectual and administrative ability. Sister Eliza was a Miss Montgomery of St. Louis, and her father was a prominent citizen. Her paternal grandfather was Governor Phelps, of Missouri. The lay converts in the various parts of the city include members of other Protestant Episcopal churches than St. Elizabeth's, two of the recent converts being from St. Clement's.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

The question frequently asked by unbelievers is, Why so much wrangling, hostility, bitter denunciation and misrepresentation among professing Christians? The answer lies, because they are professional and not real Christians. Charity is the embodiment of Christianity. He who does not love God for his own sake and his neighbor for God's sake, is not a Christian and worthy of heaven. So Christ declared when asked: "Which is the great commandment in the law?" His answer was: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind." And the second is like this: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This prohibits all kinds of gossip, wrangling and hostility. The very laws which govern society demand it. The primary object of all law is to insure man's happiness, by protecting individuals in their duly acquired rights. A law of universal love, such as Christ demanded, attains this object. It blends together the whole human race and makes all equally interested in laws enacted for the common good of all. Men, bound by universal love and desirous that any offense against individuals or society should be punished, will lend their aid for the suppression of crime. This would be simply practicing Christian charity.

All mankind are members of the same family, having descended from one common father. All are pressed by the same wants in order to move smoothly in society. To attain a certain purpose one depends on his neighbor to a certain extent. To be successful, confidence and brotherly love must prevail. One is not a true Christian until he is always ready to do or act toward his fellow man only as he would have his fellow man do or act toward him. If this rule should govern the actions of men how different would the state of society be from what we now have it. Man would not cheat fellow man when an opportunity offered itself. Man would not swindle a fellow man who happened to place confidence in him, and if he did society, bound together by fraternal love, would repudiate such persons, and scorn their very presence, which tended to disrupt society. It is because faith is dead, and charity is a lost virtue that men forget their duties to fellow men, and do to others what they would not wish done to themselves. He who cheats, swindles and bears false testimony against his neighbor would not want to be treated in a similar manner. Therefore, he is not a Christian.

Christ is the great model and guide of a true Christian. His example in every instance was one of sublime charity.

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ity. During his public life no one appealed to Him in vain. With Him there was no distinction of persons. Pagan, Jew and Gentile shared in His good works. His enemies shared in His mercy. "Father!" He exclaimed, when dying on the cross, "forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Yet whilst the teaching and example of Christ obliges His followers to forgive the faults even of an enemy and closes the mouth of the detractor, Christian charity does not require one to shield those who violate the law which govern society. On the contrary, it demands that one should publish such violations and aid the law in the punishment of crime; for upon the observance of the law rests the security of society. It is the great barrier against anarchy and lawlessness of all kinds. It would be a false principle to suppose that Christian charity demands the shielding of crime, since Christ has said: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," and all violations of civil law come under Caesar's jurisdiction.—Intermountain Catholic.

CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANT SERVICES.

The question may sometimes be asked, "Why do Catholics give missions to non-Catholics and especially invite Protestants to hear Catholic doctrine expounded by Catholic priests, when at the same time Catholics refuse to attempt to get Catholics to attend a Protestant service?" The answer is simply this: Protestants are invited by Catholics to listen to explanations of Catholic doctrine. The answer is simply this: Protestants can attend without violating any principle of Protestantism, which is a religion of private opinion. Disclaiming infallibility both for himself and for the denomination to which he may at present be giving his allegiance, a logical Protestant must necessarily be in the attitude of a seeker after truth.

On the other hand, a Catholic, not resting his faith on varying and fallible beliefs, but on the infallible Church, believes that he possesses an absolute certainty that this Church is the one Church and the only Church that Jesus Christ established. This fact is as clear and unshaken in his mind as the mathematical proposition that two and two make four. It admits of no question, no shadow of a doubt. The logical Protestant is and must be a seeker after truth; the Catholic believes that he has already found it. The Protestant, therefore, can take part in any religious service, for he knows not at what turn he may receive more light to cause him to change his present denomination for another, but the Catholic because of the facts stated, cannot, without violating the essential principles of his faith, take part in the religious service of any Church but that which he believes to have been instituted by Christ. Participation, therefore, in a Protestant service is, to the Catholic mind, not merely a question of liberality or toleration or broad-mindedness; it is a question simply of right and wrong.—Catholic Standard and Times Almanac.

The figures given in the Catholic Directory in many cases are merely estimates, and as such, of course, are not as accurate as they might be. In a short time, however, it will be possible to quote definite statistics regarding the Catholic Church in the United States, for under the supervision of Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, a governmental census has been taken.—The Missionary.

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nois is second with 1,468,644 Catholics; Pennsylvania third, the Catholics numbering 1,404,604; Massachusetts fourth, with a population of 1,213,121; Ohio follows with 619,029 and Wisconsin is next with 518,450. Michigan has 471,896 Catholics; Missouri follows with 447,703; Minnesota ninth, with 425,885; California tenth, with 368,875; Texas, 276,917; Iowa, 240,555 and Indiana, 201,438.

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Scandal of Mass-missing.

The Catholic who neglects to attend Mass is a scandal to the young and to many sincere unbelievers. Children have a right to good example from their elders, and without it the best instruction is to a great extent nullified. As for those outside the Church, nothing makes a deeper impression on them than fidelity in attending religious services. Of profession they have enough; what they are always looking for, often when they appear to be least concerned about religion, is "practical Christianity," as they call it—the exemplification of Christian beliefs. If negligent Catholics could only know how much scandal they give to those outside the Church, and the effect of their bad example on the rising generation of the faithful!—Ave Maria.

WESTERN FAIR.

The Western Fair of London, Ontario, will be held this year Sept. 11-19. Those who have been in the habit of attending this exhibition in the past will scarcely recognize the grounds and buildings this year. Over Seven Thousand Dollars have been expended on new buildings and additions, and the whole of them have been painted white, making a very beautiful appearance, being a complete "White City." More accommodation has been provided for Horses; Grand Stands have been built and other buildings extended and enlarged, so that although it is expected this coming Exhibition will eclipse all others in entries there will be ample room for all Exhibits.

All information regarding the Exhibition may be obtained from the Secretary, A. M. Hunt, London Ontario.

DIED.

FINKMAN.—In Syracuse, N. Y., July 13, 1908, James Finkman, contractor, aged sixty nine years. May his rest be peaceful!

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WANTED TEACHER FOR THE R. C. S. S. No. 15, St. Raphael's West, Ont. A second class professional teacher, capable of teaching English and French. Duties to commence Aug. 17th. State salary for the balance of the year, and for all information apply to F. Dupuis, Sec. Treas., St. Raphael's, Ont. 1513-2

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR PUBLIC S. S. No. 1, Arthur. Duties to commence August 17. Address: F. Dupuis, Sec. Treas., St. Raphael's, Ont. 1513-2

TEACHERS WANTED—A LADY TEACHER as principal, holding at least a second class professional certificate and knowing both French and English languages. State experience and salary expected. Also two female teachers, holding second or third class professional certificates, and capable of speaking and teaching both French and English. Salary \$175 a year. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Address: F. Dupuis, Sec. Treas., St. Raphael's, P. O., St. Raphael's, Ont. 1513-2

A MALE QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED Able to teach French and English. Time to begin after summer vacation. Salary \$475 per year. Apply to D. A. Chénier, Cache Bay, Ont. 1513-2

A TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE school, No. 6, Preston, holding second or third class certificate. To commence after summer holidays. State salary and experience. Please contact via Mount Forest. Apply to Thomas Begley, Sec., Eglerton, P. O., Ont. 1513-2

WANTED FOR R. C. S. NO. 4 BROMLEY. A female teacher holding a second class professional certificate and knowing both French and English languages. State experience and salary expected. Apply to J. Sheehy, Sec. Treas., 1513-2

SEVERAL TEACHERS HOLDING FIRST OR SECOND class (professional) certificates are wanted for the Windsor R. C. S. schools. In answering please state salary and qualifications. The applications should be sent on or before the 15th of August to M. A. Bran, Esq., Sec., Windsor, Ont. 1513-2

TEACHER WANTED, LADY, CATHOLIC with a second class certificate for school No. 2, Gard and Humberwood. Salary commensurate with experience. Please contact via Mount Forest. Apply to Thomas Begley, Sec., Eglerton, P. O., Ont. 1513-2

MALE TEACHER FOR CATHOLIC HIGH School, Montreal. Apply, stating capabilities and salary required, 55 Durocher Street. 1513-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 1, GLOUCESTER. Female teacher holding second or third class certificate, with good records. Apply to T. Meagher or Martin Cahill, South Gloucester, Ont. 1513-2

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