

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XVI.

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For the CATHOLIC RECORD. LUCIFERIAN PLAN OF CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

"This is in general the plan to be followed in regard to countries belonging to the Christian group.

"Now let us cast a glance at Italy. There Freemasonry, while following this plan to the letter, must labor hard and incessantly to abrogate the law of guarantees to the Holy See, to which our chief of political action directs our attention. Begin by attacking furiously the system of two sovereignties in one country, in one capital. Show the inconvenience of a double diplomatic corps, half of whom are accredited to an Italian crowned with the tiara and in continual conspiracy against his own country. This attack must be supported by Freemasonry of countries that have an ambassador at the court of the pontifical superstition.

Then attack the inviolability of the ecclesiastical congregations so imprudently conceded. Create conflicts between the political authority and any pontifical authorities. Use every occasion to excite the people against the occupant of that accursed See, so that troubles will be caused if he should leave the Vatican. Accustom the people of Italy to consider the Pope's presence as a dangerous embarrassment.

"As soon as public opinion is ripe for the expulsion of the Pope, one of us must be ready with a measure to the following effect:

"Art. 1.—Italy recognizes no State religion.

"Art. 2.—The Christian Church, formerly called Catholic, must be exclusively Italian in order to have a right to the free exercise of religion.

"Art. 3.—Its Bishops may convene in general national council to name one of their number as Patriarch for the Peninsula, Sardinia and Sicily.

"Art. 4.—The actual Pope is eligible to this dignity, if he renounces all superior Christian direction outside of Italy.

"Art. 5.—The Christian Patriarch of Italy, not having any character of a sovereign, can have no ambassadors accredited to him.

"Art. 6.—The Sacred College of Cardinals ceases to exist, as well as the Congregations of the Holy Office, of the Council, of the Propaganda, of Rites, and of the Index and Indulgences, and, in a word, every superior ecclesiastical committee formed for universal administration, be it spiritual or financial.

"Art. 7.—The titles of Cardinal and Archbishop are abolished. Before the civil power all Bishops are equal, except the Patriarch, who is the first Italian Bishop, and who in official ceremonies of state will take his place between the presidents of the courts of cassation and the president of the court of accounts.

"Art. 8.—Each Bishop administers his diocese under the direction of the State, and the Bishops recur to the Patriarch only in questions of the purely spiritual or liturgical order.

"Art. 9.—Every act of the Patriarch, in violation of this law, involves his immediate deposition and banishment.

"Art. 10.—Every Bishop found guilty, as accomplice of the Patriarch in the violation of this law, shall be imprisoned in a fortress for from five to ten years; and shall, moreover, be degraded in presence of the people in public assembly before the cathedral of his diocese.

"Art. 11.—A central commission of worship, composed of as many lay members as there are dioceses, and appointed by parliament, shall receive all reports of the civil authorities regarding acts of administration or other diocesan affairs, and shall form a permanent superior council, deciding all differences between the Bishops and their subordinate ecclesiastics, with the exception of matters regarding purely spiritual or liturgical affairs, which remain subject to the supreme jurisdiction of the Patriarch.

"Art. 12.—The curates shall be elected by ballot by the faithful, and shall be irremovable from their parishes; actual curates, declared eligible by this law, but not imposed on the people, shall be subject, within six months from the date of this, to be confirmed in their functions and title by the free suffrage of their parishioners.

"Art. 13.—The Bishops shall be appointed by the Patriarch, the Government naming three candidates. However, actual Bishops, submitting to the present law, shall remain in office. Every Bishop not accepting this law shall become simple priest, and shall be appointed to a rural vicariate by his successor, and shall forever be ineligible as a parish priest.

"When this bill is presented before parliament, a copy of which will have been sent to every country infected with Roman Catholicism, it shall be at once published everywhere and freely praised by the press. The wisdom of the Italian liberals must be universally commended for having found so excellent a solution of the religious question hitherto existing. Show in its proper light the absurdity of the former situation; how evil it is for Italy to have

one of its citizens conspiring against his country; how evil it is for other states to have a real state within the state, having its functionaries (the priests) depending from a sovereign stranger. The papers shall request the progressive members of their parliaments to submit a similar measure in their own country, freeing the national clergy from the foreign yoke.

Thus a great agitation will be set on foot in all the countries where Roman Catholics are numerous; and by legal means and by means of a common understanding, emanating from Freemasonry, a great division of this disastrous religion will be brought about. These results will not be brought about in twenty or thirty years. They will come when Roman Catholicism shall have been entirely discredited, when only women and a few incurables will be its partisans and when a large number of its priests will be secretly on our side.

"The favorable circumstances, if one country or another, having worked better than others, shall have entirely done away with State support of the Church and reduced the priests of superstition to depend on offerings of the faithful, now diminished in numbers; it will be useful to be generous to priests who accept the new conditions and to again give them state aid. Proclaim with all your might that the State will magnificently endow the clergy, and thus promote the interests of religion as soon as it is no more the pretext of conspiring with foreigners against the State. Neglect nothing that will help to parcel out the religion of Adonai and deprive it of its international character. Then its complete destruction will be easy.

"Act then unceasingly with the view of obtaining this important result, and do not allow any difficulties to discourage you.

"Moreover, nourish in your hearts not only the hope, but the certitude that this division of Adonai is not an idle fancy; because it is revealed to us in the book of the Redemption in *Apoc.*

There it is also said that the Pope of Superstition, sitting in Rome, will refuse to submit to these new conditions at the time of a moment, nor of a year, nor of a century. The work that endures is that which is accomplished by slow steps. The nineteenth century has seen the conception of true Catholicism; the twentieth will be the century of gestation to bring on the term of its birth, fixed by the book of heaven (September 29, 1896.)

"Written and given in Solemn Arch, and signed at the foot of the Sacred Palladium, by the Sovereign Pontiff of Universal Freemasonry, by the Ten Ancients composing the Most Serene Grand College of Emerited Masons, at the Supreme Orient of Charleston, in the Valley loved by the Divine Master, the 29th and last day of the moon, A. C. of the year 000871 of the True Light (15 August, 1871.)

Such is the secret plan of the sect—worthy, indeed, of Lucifer and his worshippers. It deserves careful study by all who have their own welfare and that of their fellows at heart.

Some time ago *The Monitor de Rome* had a notice of the reconciliation with the mother Church of Mr. Dominic Margiotta, 33, General ex Inspector of the Masonic sect. Now the same paper publishes a letter from Mr. Margiotta to Miss Diana Vaughan, a Lucifera, giving a detailed account of his conversion. In another letter to Mr. Julius Ossia, Grand Orient of the Masonic Order of Mesraim, Mr. Margiotta gives notice of his renunciation of the order, and exposes the horrible sacrifices of an apostate priest, John Baptist Pessina, Secretary of the Grand Orient. Among other things he says, "That Pessina, a free, consecrated Hosts necessary for the profanations carried on in the Triangles of the Palladians. At Paris, whither Pessina was sent, he, doubtless, continues these infamous practices, although he pretended to have regretted his apostasy and to have had himself reconciled with the Church in order to have free access to ecclesiastics as well as to the lodges."

"As soon as the new order of things is legalized among the western people, we must suppress completely those dangerous propagandists called missionaries, who go among our brothers in Asia and to the idolaters of Africa and Oceania, whose conversion must be our work. The Governments will prohibit, under severe penalties, these detestable emigrations, which are apt to cause continual conflicts with the Asiatic nations, whose faith will then have become thoroughly enlightened by means of the wise measures of Thibetan priests. Our Freemason auxiliaries of India and China must be respected.

"However, without waiting for this distant epoch, every Freemason must henceforth combat with pen and word against the missionaries called Catholic, and spread a deadly hatred against and contempt for them. Those missionaries are our most dangerous enemies. Any Freemason who does not fight them must be considered a traitor; any one that assists them in their damnable work, or even encour-

ages them by public praises, will be put to death.

"Finally, it will be good to cultivate revolutionary ideas among the lower classes of every nation—ideas of socialism and the like, which are apt to go to the most violent extremes. Atheism, being bad in itself and turning in its object the whole work of anti-Christian renovation, we must direct it and mix it up with the most exaggerated social doctrines, which must necessarily fail; although they may cause a momentary upheaval, this will be speedily followed by an energetic reaction. Now, on the one hand, we will discredit entirely the superstitious theory of the Divinity in such a manner that people, still filled with Adonaiism, will gradually draw away from it and end with not believing anything, while the last priest of Adonaiism, cut up and emasculated, will be entirely gained to our cause. This will be a period of transition—the period of Freethinking Deism.

On the other hand, we must beware of depriving the multitude of their belief in the supernatural and divine; but we will only proclaim on all occasions the existence of a Supreme Being, without, however, saying publicly what our holy traditions and our mystic revelations are. The Good God wants it so.

"When the Russian empire shall have become the stronghold of Popish Adonaiism we must let loose upon it the Nihilistic and Infidel revolutionaries, and provoke a formidable social cataclysm, which will show the nations in all its horror the effect of absolute infidelity, the mother of savagery and the most bloody disorders. Then the citizens, being obliged to defend themselves against the crazed minority of revolutionaries, will exterminate these destroyers of civilization; and the innumerable crowd, weaned from Adonaiism, thirsting after the ideal and not knowing to which God to turn, will receive the true light by the general manifestation of the pure Lucifera doctrine.

"The birth of the religion of Lucifer, the Good God, and its establishment forever, without a rival on earth, is not the work of a moment, nor of a year, nor of a century. The work that endures is that which is accomplished by slow steps. The nineteenth century has seen the conception of true Catholicism; the twentieth will be the century of gestation to bring on the term of its birth, fixed by the book of heaven (September 29, 1896.)

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THE MORALITY OF SUICIDE.

A Sin as Bad Even as is the Murder of Another.

Rev. George M. Searle, the distinguished Paullist Father, delivered the following sermon Sunday, Sept. 2, in the church of St. Paul the Apostle New York.

"See ye that I alone am, and there is no other God besides Me; I will kill, and I will make to live."—Deut. xxxii., 39.

Many, perhaps most of you, my dear friends, have recently had your attention called to a discussion, which has been admitted into the public prints, about a very important matter of morals. Arguments, or at least opinions, pro and con, from one person or another, have been freely admitted, and the reader has been supposed, and we may say invited, to take his choice. The consequence has probably been that some, under the influence of the more or less specious ideas presented, together with the temptations under which they were previously laboring, have been induced to lay violent hands on the life which God had given them. For this matter thus rashly presented for discussion was no less than this: It was whether, indeed, suicide is really the sin which Christians have always considered it to be; whether the Christian teaching concerning it, which has become the belief of the civilized world, is right or wrong, correct or needing correction.

Now this is a moral question, of course, and therefore a question of science; but, strange to say, the world of to-day, outside the Catholic Church at any rate, does not seem to realize that morals are a science at all. It is even commonly said, and said so often that indeed one gets actually sick at the absurdity of the remark, that it makes no difference what a man believes as long as he does what is right. Here, of course, you see the calm assumption is made that every man knows what is right to do; that moral questions offer no difficulty whatever; to say nothing of the palpable and obvious fact that what is called belief is largely concerned with precisely these questions as to what is right and what is not, and that therefore the actions of two men with contradictory beliefs on some moral point cannot both be in accordance with the absolute standard of moral rectitude.

One good, then, arising from the discussion of a question like this of which we are speaking, certainly ought to be to show that morality is not in all points simply self-evident. It is hard to see how any one with any respect for his neighbor's judgment can fail, if he enters on a question like this, to get rid of that delusion.

The fact is that a scientific question like this cannot be settled except by scientific methods. Morals are a science; a Divine science, certainly, but a science all the same.

Hence a fixed, firm and rational religious belief is necessary to the construction, or perhaps better, to the elucidation and development of a fixed and definite system of morals. No progress can be made, no certain conclusions reached, if first principles are constantly to be called in doubt. Now such a belief, fixed, firm and rational, the Catholic Church has always had; consequently its doctors and theologians have been able to reason on morals and to arrive at accordant and satisfactory conclusions. Some fine points, of course, may remain undecided; and especially doubts may arise as to the application of principles, however clear in themselves, to cases complicated by a multitude of circumstances. Absolute certainty in every point requires, not only fixed principles and scientific methods, but also in some instances an individual power of analysis which comparatively few can have. The game of chess is a strict science, from which chance is excluded; all can learn its general principles; still, in any individual position, one man will apply them better than another. But the difference between the Catholic and the Protestant moralist is like that between an instructed chess player and one who does not know the moves.

Of the many profound ignorances under which the mass of Protestants labor concerning the Catholic Church, one of the most striking is their absolute want of information as to the immensely numerous and thoroughly scientific writings of Catholic moralists, compared with the professional accuracy of which their own amateur efforts are simply insignificant.

But it is time we should come to the point which we have now specially to consider. I need perhaps hardly say that the question as to the morality of suicide is not an open one to Catholics. We all know, or should know, that suicide is considered by us not only as a sin, but as a mortal or grievous sin; and not only that but as specially great and grievous among mortal sins, self-murder being of the same nature as the murder of some one else; and yet more, as in one sense the most deadly of all mortal sins, since it ordinarily implies dying in the very act of sin, and therefore shuts out the hope of repentance or pardon.

Of course, however, we allow it to be quite possible that this most fatal of all

acts may be committed in a state of temporary insanity, which may greatly reduce or even entirely remove its criminality; or it may be committed by one who, though sane, is not aware of the teaching of the Church and of right reason on the matter, or without fault on his own part, does not believe in that teaching.

Also it is quite possible that even though death should seem to follow immediately, there may yet be time for enlightenment by God's grace and repentance for the act. So in no case can we absolutely assume as a certainty that the soul of a suicide is indeed lost, or even that the act was in itself mortally culpable, as it appeared in the mind of the one committing it. Indeed, our experience is that "formal" mortal sins, as we call them, that is, mortal sins which the sinner recognizes as such, are usually committed with the hope or expectation of repenting at some future time in this life; and as there can be no such hope in the case of suicide, it would seem probable that as a rule it is not regarded as a mortal sin by the one committing it, and that therefore he is not held to a strict account for it, though he may well be for other sins which he has committed and not repented of.

One thing more. It should of course be understood that we do not class as suicide acts which are really heroic, such as the exposing of one's self to death in order to accomplish some good work for the sake of God or our neighbor; least of all is it suicide to allow one's life to be taken rather than to commit a sin, as the martyrs of faith and charity have done. Other more obscure questions have been raised on similar points, and have been discussed and answered by the thorough and precise theology of the Church; but we need not consider them now, for the question actually now proposed is whether, after all, a man may not commit suicide for the express purpose of taking his life; which really means whether he has not a right to his life, to dispose of it, as he may of his property, according to his own will, it being understood that no one else's rights are violated by his act; as for example they would plainly be if he owed service to any one for money received, and was working out that service. Or, to put it more briefly still, the question is, whether a man's life when free from special obligations to others or to the public, does not belong to himself, to be disposed of as he will?

According to the ideas generally prevalent in the non-Christian world, the answer would probably be that it does so belong. Take the case, for instance, of a man who has no wife or children depending on him, who is out of work, and whose services are not, as it would seem, required in justice by any one; many, perhaps most people who are not Christians, would say that he was as free to dispose of it as he would be to throw away an old coat, or a new one, for the matter of that, if he should choose to do so.

The idea of crime, and indeed of sin itself, where positive religious teaching does not correct it, is very apt to be restricted to an injury done to one's neighbor. People say,—"and some even say so who are Christians and Catholics, and ought to know better"—people say, "I do not steal; I do not injure any one's character; I do not trespass on any one's marital rights; what sin, then, do I commit? If I get drunk now and then, what harm is it to any one but myself? If I am not always pure, where is the wrong, so long as no one is involved in my act without their own free consent?"

Now it ought not to be necessary, and I think it hardly can be, to tell you, my friends, well instructed Catholics as you are, that all this sort of talk is utterly abhorrent to Christian faith and morality. We know, if we know anything of our religion, and even an unperverted conscience will tell us as much,—that all sins, even those against our neighbor, are primarily sins against God, and chiefly culpable on that account. Sin is essentially a rebellion against God, an attack made on Him, an injury done to Him. Sometimes it is merely the breaking of some law that He has made for good and wise purposes, but which is revocable at His will; in this case it is simply an act of disobedience; this is bad enough. But sometimes it takes a worse character: it is a direct violation of His essential rights, and of the relations which necessarily exist between the Creator and His creature. Such, for example, is blasphemy; which God Himself could not make lawful for us.

Understanding now what sin is, what shall we say with regard to suicide? We must say that it is, according to Catholic teaching and right reason, clearly a direct attack on God, a clear violation of His rights. It is, in fact, whatever, since it inheres in the very nature of things, and of God Himself.

But still, practically, there is no difference. The prohibition is in possession; the presumption reserving the life of each and every one of us as God's untransferred property, remains till it is overthrown by an express statement on His part, in general or in the particular case. The suicide, then, is always a thief; and, moreover, a sacrilegious one, laying hands on what is the exclusive possession of the Almighty.

Such, my brethren, is the plain, logical and reasonable teaching of the Catholic theology on this point. I have omitted various technical terms which might have been brought in, if my object had been simply to show that I am speaking by the book; but I think they would hardly have made matters really clearer. I trust that what I have said will help you to answer the specious pretences of those who would persuade you that self-destruction is one of the rights of man, and at any rate that you will be convinced that the prohibition of it by the Church is not an arbitrary law, but one firmly based on natural reason, and the revelation which all Christians admit; and that it any difficulties should perhaps still remain on account of this necessarily concise presentation on the subject, you will seek those who can develop more fully the Catholic doctrine regarding it.

to Him. Common sense, as well as religion, sanctions the words of holy Job in his affliction: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; as it hath pleased the Lord, so is it done; blessed be the name of the Lord." This is not merely a blind submission to an irresistible power; no, it is the confession of an indubitable right.

Nevertheless, though all belong to God, He has been pleased to give us a real ownership of some things, in the sense that we can not only use them in any way which does not involve a transgression of His laws, but that we can also throw them away or destroy them if we choose to do so. We do not have to get a special Divine permission to dispose of them, though of course God could, by virtue of His eminent domain, revoke our right in any particular case, or in general, if He should so choose. But it has stood from the creation of man; it was given in His words to Adam and Eve. He said to them: "Rule," or more precisely, be masters of owners, "over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and all living creatures that move on the earth"; (Gen. i., 28.) the human race itself being obviously excepted. And if this ownership extends over animate nature, still more does it over the inanimate; as we read in the Psalms: "The heaven of heaven is the Lord's; but the earth He has given to the children of men." (Ps. cxiii., 16.)

We can, then, kill animals as we will if we do not violate the rights of our neighbor in doing so. The brute creation is subject to us; and common sense has always recognized this.

But over human life we have no such power. The natural ownership of God over us remains; He has never parted with it. He can, indeed, commission us, or makes us His agents or ministers to take over human life. Such a right is recognized by the common sense of mankind, and sanctioned in the Scriptures, as inherent in the State; but even by the State it can only be exercised in God's name, as the minister of God's justice. Even the State never acquires an ownership over man.

Still less can one individual man acquire ownership over another, in the absolute sense of the word. It is, of course, plain that he can acquire a right to the service or work of another; such a right exists in any contract of employment for a definite time, which contract can undoubtedly be made irrevocable on the part of the employee, as well as on that of the employer. And such a contract can be made for life, if natural obligations do not interfere.

But that man should acquire complete ownership over man, to dispose of him as he pleases; that he should entirely possess him, body and soul, the law of God has never allowed. Slavery, in this sense, has always undoubtedly been a crime or a sin against God's law, an infringement of His rights.

What, then, follows from this? It follows, of course, that in this sense, no man can own himself. No man has the right to absolutely dispose of his own life, any more than that of another man. He is here infringing on the right of God, expressed in the words I have taken as a text: "See ye that I alone am, and there is no other God besides Me; I will kill and I will make alive."

The suicide, then, directly puts himself in the place of God; he arrogates to himself the right which belongs to God alone, and which has always remained reserved, and never communicated to any creature in general terms. It may indeed be so given by special permission; and in that sense the law forbidding suicide is not like that which forbids blasphemy or the disbelief of God's word or revelation, for this latter law cannot as has been said, be revoked or dispensed in any case whatever, since it inheres in the very nature of things, and of God Himself.

But still, practically, there is no difference. The prohibition is in possession; the presumption reserving the life of each and every one of us as God's untransferred property, remains till it is overthrown by an express statement on His part, in general or in the particular case. The suicide, then, is always a thief; and, moreover, a sacrilegious one, laying hands on what is the exclusive possession of the Almighty.

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S. of diphtheria, after doctors
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of contraction of muscles
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S. RACHAEL SAUNDERS,

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ARMINE.

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 CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"In that case it is well that you should hear Duchesne," said the other; "and, as it chanced, he speaks to-night in the Faubourg Montmartre. I did not think of going, for I have heard him often; but he is always worth hearing—a man of wonderful power, *ma foi!*—and I shall find pleasure in accompanying you."

"You are very kind," said Egerton; "but is it necessary that you should give yourself that trouble? Can I not go alone, or with Winter?"

"The meeting is, of course, not secret—we have advanced beyond that," said the other; "but people of your class and general appearance are not common in Montmartre, and, in order that you should see and hear to the best advantage, it is well that you should be accompanied by some one better known than our friend Winter."

"I am only a 'looker on here in Vienna' like yourself," said Winter. "You had better accept Leroux's offer. He is one of the army of which Duchesne is a leader."

"Then I accept it with thanks," said Egerton. "But, if I may be permitted to ask a question," he added, looking at Leroux with a very clear and comprehensive glance, "it is, What ultimate end does this army propose to itself?"

The other smiled a little grimly. "An end which is not likely to please men of your order," he said. "A thorough equalizing of all the inequalities of fortune, a share of the sunshine for every human being, and such an entire recasting of society as will make it impossible for one man to accumulate wealth from the labors of others."

"They are apparently very fine ends," said Egerton. "What I fail to perceive is any means by which they can be secured which would not be a worse tyranny than that which you wish to abolish."

"It will seem a tyranny doubtless, to those who are the sufferers," said Leroux; "but they may console themselves with thinking that worse things the great mass of humanity have endured for many ages."

"That is, I am to be comforted for being robbed of my coat, by the consideration that other men have lived and died without coats."

"If you choose so to put it. Have you not an English proverb which says that 'turn about is fair play'? Well, the Socialists turn about with these men who have been so long crushed by want and agonizing distress; they only say, 'You shall share with them the fruit of their toil; the great bulk of humanity shall no longer groan and travail that a few may wear purple and fine linen. We demand and we will have an equal share of the goods of earth for every human creature.'"

"I for one, am willing to admit that the demand is natural on the part of those who make it," said Egerton, "and I am willing to go a step farther and declare that I should be glad to see the thing accomplished, if it could be done without great and overwhelming injustice."

"Do you mean that equality would be injustice?"

"I mean that to forbid a man to profit by the powers of mind or body which exalt him above another man would be manifestly unjust."

"And would it not be, is it not, more unjust for him to use those powers of mind or body to take from the other man his right of prosperity and happiness, to make that other a mere machine to minister to his pleasure and to do his bidding?"

Egerton did not answer. He was, in fact, confronted with a subject on which, as he confessed to Winter, he

Health Restored
ALL RUN DOWN
No Strength nor Energy
Miserable
 IN THE
EXTREME
Hands
COVERED
 with
SORES.
CURED BY USING
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had thought little, and that little in a vague manner. There was to him, as to most generous natures without, a firm basis for thought, some attraction in the ideal which Socialism presented; but he could not blind himself to the practical difficulties in the way of the realization of that ideal, though not sufficiently equipped with arguments to be able to present those difficulties in a forcible manner. It was Winter who now broke in, saying:

"The new gospel of the world—that on which Socialism rests—is the gospel of man's duty to his fellow-man. We have outgrown and flung by the childish fable of Supreme Being with the power to bestow arbitrary rewards and punishments, and the belief that there is another life of more importance than this. We have faced the fact that this life is all of which we know or can know anything, and that it is our duty neither to spend it in misery ourselves nor suffer any one else to do so."

"It seems to me," said Egerton, "that in such case the word duty becomes unmeaning."

"On the contrary, it becomes more imperative in its meaning than ever before," said Winter, "for the object of it is close beside us instead of being remote as formerly, and is altruistic instead of egoistic."

"Yes," said Leroux, "the immortal principles of the French Revolution—that first great assertion of the rights of man—are now the watchwords and battle-cries of humanity throughout the whole world. The fundamental truth which Jean Jacques Rousseau was the first to announce, that 'man is naturally good and that by institutions only is he made bad,' is the foundation of all the teaching of modern philosophy and the hope of the human race."

It occurred to Egerton that this hope of the human race was very much belied by its past experience; but he kept silence with the modesty befitting one who was receiving new and enlightening ideas. Whether it was owing to abstinence or inspiration, Leroux proceeded to expound these ideas at length and with considerable eloquence, so that when Egerton finally parted from his companions—having made an appointment for the evening—he felt as if it were hardly necessary to journey to Montmartre for more of the revolutionary gospel.

As has been already said, however, there was much in this gospel which attracted him. He was not one to wrap himself in material comfort and scoff at dreams for relieving the misery of mankind. He recognized the truth that in these dreams there is a great deal of noble and generous ardor, if not a large amount of practical wisdom. As he walked slowly toward the Seine, glancing here and there into those narrow streets, lined with tall, dark houses, which open from the modern boulevard, and where the poor of the great city still dwell in wretchedness and squalor and crime, some of the sentences which he had been hearing came into his mind. "An equal place in the sunlight for all." Surely it was little of physical, mental, or moral sunlight which these children of poverty knew from birth to death!

The great bulk of humanity shall no longer groan and travail that a few may wear purple and fine linen. He looked down with a slight whimsical smile at the careful attire which with him represented this purple and fine linen. "Well, if it could be made absolutely certain that they would no longer need to groan and travail and live in darkness, I should be willing to resign it," he thought.

It was at this moment that he entered the Place St. Michel, and his glance fell on the fountain, above which stands the sculptured figure of the great Archangel trampling his infernal foe, the enemy of God. No Christian faith or knowledge had this man of letters; to him that majestic angel, the captain of the heavenly host, was no more than a poetical myth; but as an allegory and a type of the eternal battle between good and evil, between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, it struck him at that moment with peculiar force. Was it not seething and roaring all around him, this battle? and was not this wonderful Paris the chief battleground of the world, the place where strife was hottest, where the loftiest good confronted the deepest evil, and where light and darkness met in an irreconcilable struggle? And then there rose in his mind the question which in these days many a perplexed soul is asking itself: "Where is light?"

Leaving the Place, he walked toward the Quai St. Michel, and as he emerged on it he lifted his eyes to see a glorious and beautiful sight—the great front of Notre Dame, with its massive towers rising in the golden sunlight of late afternoon. Many volumes have been written upon the architectural splendor of this noble church, but no words can express the air of steadfast repose in which it seems steeped, as if the ages of faith had breathed their spirit over every stone. Like that truth which is unchanging amid the changing fashions of time, it stands in the heart of the turbulent city, on that island of the Seine where the Parisii built their huts and founded the town of Paris, where St. Louis administered justice, and where for eight hundred years successive storms of human passion have raged and innumerable millions of human beings lived and died around those mighty walls, within the shadow of those splendid towers. Well may they wear their aspect of immovable calm, and well may the host of sculptured figures look serenely down from over the vast portals through which the Crusaders passed; for this old sanctuary of faith has heard the battle-cries of the League

and of the Fronde, and the wilder cries of Revolution, yet stands and looks over the great city of to-day as if it looked over the "good town" of Philippe le Bel.

Some of those thoughts were in Egerton's mind as, having crossed the bridge, he paused in the square before the cathedral and looked up at its marvellous facade. And as he looked the eloquent words of a writer from whom the light of faith was, and yet veiled, recurred to his memory. "There are," says Victor Hugo, "few more beautiful specimens of architecture than that facade, where the three porches with their pointed arches; plinth embroidered and fretted with twenty-eight royal niches; the immense central mutilated window, flanked by its two lateral windows, like the priest by the deacon and the subdeacon; the lofty and light gallery of open-work arcades supporting a heavy platform upon its slender pillars; lastly, the two dark and massive towers with their slated penthouses—harmonious parts of a magnificent whole, placed one above another in five gigantic stages—present themselves to the eye in a crowd yet without confusion, with their innumerable details of statuary, sculpture and carving, powerfully contributing to the tranquil grandeur of the whole—a vast symphony of stone, if we may be allowed the expression: the colossal product of the combination of all the force of the age, in which the fancy of the workman, chastened by the genius of the artist, is seen starting forth in a hundred forms upon every stone; in short, a sort of human creation, mighty and fertile like the divine creation, from which it seems to have borrowed the twofold character of variety and eternity."

It is this twofold character of variety and eternity—but chiefly of eternity—which the mighty stones of Notre Dame most fully breathe, and which at this moment appealed even more than its beauty to the man who gazed. "It had that repose—the old faith," he thought with something like a pang of regret. It did not occur to him to question what he had long accepted as a truth, that this old faith, having helped mankind in upward progress, was now to be thrown aside as a thing fit only for the infancy of the human intellect; but he felt that none of the new creeds offered the sublime repose which was expressed here. "If I could put myself into the thirteenth century how undoubtingly I should enter and kneel before that altar!" he thought. "But a man must belong to his age."

He did not enter. He turned and walked away, while the great front of Notre Dame with its solemn grandeur mutely answered that man's dreams and theories indeed pass with the passing time, but that God's eternal truth is for all ages.

CHAPTER V.

It was with an agreeable sense of penetrating below the strata where his life was spent, and exploring certain social and political phenomena, that Egerton went with Leroux to the Socialist meeting in the Faubourg Montmartre. But his lightheartedness vanished and something like a sense of weight seemed to fall upon him when he entered the place of meeting and found himself in the midst of a throng of men—mostly artisans, as he perceived at a glance—some of whom looked weary, many of whom looked pale, but all of whom looked resolute and grave with an almost menacing concentration of purpose. It was plainly for no mere airing of discontent, no mere purpose of listening to political harangues, that these men were assembled. Their attitude, and seemed to say that the time for words had well nigh passed and the time for action well-nigh come. As Egerton looked around he felt that if he had ever stood on the crest of a volcano before the mighty flood of lava and flames burst forth, and had felt the trembling earth grow hot beneath his feet, he should have had much the same feeling as that which came over him in this assembly of desperate, earnest men, strong with that almost resistless force which union gives, and ready at a word to overthrow all which we know under the name of civilization.

"Duchesne is not here yet," said Leroux, with a quick glance around when they entered. A very energetic and fluent speaker was, however, on the platform, and Egerton during the next fifteen minutes heard much fiery declamation on the usual revolutionary themes—the rights of man, the oppression of Governments, the tyranny of capital, and the infamous qualities of the bourgeoisie, whom the proletariat now hates more intensely than he ever hated the aristocracy. But suddenly a side door opened and a dark, slender man with a face of higher culture than any other present made his appearance. "Duchesne!" said Leroux; "and when the orator on the platform hastily finished his address, and this man stepped forward, there was a movement of sensibly quickening attention among the audience. 'A man of education and a man of talent,' thought Egerton, regarding critically the keen face and dark, brilliant eyes. There was a moment's pause, while those eyes passed over the sea of faces and the felt noted his own countenance, before the speaker said, "Mes Freres," in a singularly melodious voice.

By the tone of those words Egerton was at once interested. It was not the tone of a demagogue, but of one who felt the brotherhood which he expressed. Nature had done much for this man in giving him a voice which

could put meaning into the simplest utterances, could sink into men's hearts to sway them with magnetic power. But it was soon apparent that he had also much besides this. As he went on Egerton was struck by that clearness and precision which distinguishes French thought even in its wildest aberrations; that is, given certain premises, the Frenchman uncompromisingly carries them out to their logical conclusion, and does not, like the Englishman, halt at a middle and illogical point of compromise. You might readily take issue with Duchesne upon his premises; but, granting those premises, there was no escape from the merciless logic of his conclusions. And the eloquence with which those conclusions were pressed was genuine, burning, almost resistless. If he decreed the destruction of all existing forms of social order, it was that the new order should arise from the ruins of the old—the new humanity, strong in solidarity, ruled by justice and love, with equal rights of property and happiness secured to all, and an ideal of perfection set before the race to which it might advance unimpeded by the social fetters now fastened on it. And toward this ideal France should march in the van, as she has ever marched on the long road of human progress. But in order to do this she must first shake off the bourgeois rule which had fastened itself upon her in the name of the liberty, equality and fraternity which it professed.

This (in substance), and much more than this, was the matter of a speech that seemed to Egerton the most thrilling to which he had ever listened. The enthusiasm of his nature was stirred by the glowing words which painted the future of mankind as contrasted with its past of wretchedness; he seemed in listening to discern what the other saw with the clear gaze of a prophet and described with a power that lent unspeakable fascination to the vision. All the misery of all the centuries seemed summoned before him, all the long travail of toil and pain in which myriads of millions had lived and died without hope of escape. He did not wonder that the men around him were like reeds shaken by the wind. It was not denunciation alone in which this man dealt. He indicated, in terms that could not be mistaken, the means to the end; but he did not dwell on those means. It was the end on which he fixed his gaze, and which he described with passionate fervor.

"Eh bien, what do you think of him?" said Leroux when the address was concluded.

Egerton turned quickly. "Think of him!" he repeated. "I think that I have never heard anything like it before! He ought to be sent to preach a new crusade."

"What else is he doing?" asked the other. "He does not spare himself; he comes and goes, speaks, organizes, works incessantly. You might think from his speech to-night that he is visionary, but it is not so: he has great practical ability."

"His face indicates it," said Egerton. "That keen glance does not belong to a visionary." Then, after a moment, he added: "I should like to know him. Is it possible?"

"Entirely possible," replied Leroux. "I will introduce you at once."

So Egerton followed him up the now thinning room to where the orator of the evening stood, surrounded by a group of friends. He turned as Leroux approached, and the latter held out his hand.

"Let me congratulate you," he said. "You spoke—more than well. And let me present M. Egerton, an Englishman—no, an American—who wishes to offer his congratulations also."

"They are most sincere congratulations, monsieur," said Egerton. "I have seldom heard such eloquence."

"You do me too much honor," said the other, with the air of a man of the world. "But my subject is one to inspire eloquence, if one has any power at all. You are interested in it, or you would not be here," he added, with a quick glance. "I hope that you are in sympathy with us?"

"I am in sympathy with you," Egerton answered. "But my sympathy does not mean going all lengths, and I confess that I am in doubt on many practical points."

"Yet we are very practical," said the other, with a smile. "Indeed, the fault that most people find with us is that we are too practical."

"Oh! I know that you aim at revolution," said Egerton; "and that is certainly practical enough. But the difficulties of which I speak will confront you afterwards."

"There are difficulties in everything," said Duchesne. "Can you conceive the smallest undertaking without them? And what we aim at is not small, for it is nothing less than the regeneration of society."

"But you denounce all forms of government," said Egerton, "and I am unable to conceive a state of society without some power to maintain law and enforce order."

"In other words, because man has long been a slave you think that he cannot exist without a master," said the other. "But we hold that he is capable of governing himself, and that when the institutions are abolished which have been the cause of his crime as well as of his wretchedness—when he has his fair share of the goods of earth and the happiness of life—he will no longer need to be throttled or overruled by the bayonets of standing armies."

There was a murmur of assent from those around, and one man remarked that they would soon make an end of

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

all such infamies as police and armies. "How?" asked Egerton.

"By any means that will serve our end," he answered. "Desperate diseases require desperate remedies." "It is impossible, M. Egerton," interposed Duchesne quickly, "that you can form any clear idea of our plans and aims from what you have heard to-night; but I shall be happy if you will afford me the opportunity to explain them to you more at length."

"I shall be very happy if you will take the trouble to do so," said Egerton, who, apart from his curiosity about Socialism, felt great interest in this socialistic tribune.

"Then if you have no farther engagement for this evening, and will do me the honor to accompany me home—I regret to say that I must leave Paris to-morrow morning."

Egerton eagerly accepted the invitation, and Leroux, to whom it was also extended, accepting likewise, Duchesne bade his other friends good-night, and the three went out together. The cab in which Egerton and Leroux arrived had been kept by the advice of the latter—cabs not being easily obtained in Montmartre—so Duchesne entered it with them, after giving his address to the coachman. This address rather surprised Egerton, for he had expected that the advocate of social equality, notwithstanding his refined appearance, would probably live in the Faubourg St. Antoine, but instead it appeared that he had his abode in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs.

After leaving the Montmartre quarter it was through the most brilliant part of Paris that their road lay, passing down the Rue Chaussee d'Antin to the Place de l'Opera—with its floods of electric lights, its sparkling cafes, and constant stream of carriages crossing the Boulevard des Italiens, with its flowing throng of well-dressed people—and following the Avenues de l'Opera to the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, where, before a house which occupied an angle of the street, the cab stopped.

"I am sorry that you will be forced to mount *au quatrieme*," said Duchesne, as they entered under the *porte-cochere*; "but rents are very high in this quarter, and as I find it necessary to live in a central part of Paris I compromise by ascending towards the sky. Fortunately, my daughter does not object."

"So he has a daughter!" thought Egerton. "And she does not object to living *au quatrieme* in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs! Where does she expect to live, I wonder, when the *Revolutions Sociale* has taken place? By the bye, I must ask Duchesne whether, under such circumstances, Montmartre will come down in force and take possession of the hotels of the rich, or whether everybody will be driven to Montmartre to live."

These somewhat flippant conjectures were cut short by their arrival on the landing place of the fourth floor, where Duchesne with a pass-key admitted them into a vestibule on which three or four doors opened. Unclosing one of these, he led the way into a small but very cosy room, oblong in shape and evidently cut off from the *salon*, with which it communicated by a draped doorway. This apartment had an altogether masculine air and was plainly a place for study and work. On a large table a student's lamp burned in the midst of a litter of books, pamphlets, and newspapers. There were some comfortable leather-covered chairs and an array of pipes and cigars.

Leaving his guests here with a few words of apology, Duchesne passed into the next room, where his voice was heard mingled with feminine accents. He returned in a few minutes, saying with a smile: "I find that my daughter has prepared for me a little supper, in which she begs that you will join us."

Both men rose at once—Egerton with a strong sense of curiosity concerning the daughter of this well-bred Socialist—and they passed into the next room, which proved to be a very pretty *salon*. Before the open fire a slender, girlish figure stood. It turned as they approached, and Egerton thought that one of the most charming faces he had ever seen was revealed by the movement. If he had been struck by the father's refinement both of physiognomy and manner, what could be said of this delicate, sensitive countenance, with its large, soft eyes of golden brown—eyes which regarded him gravely and, he thought, with a certain surprise?

"M. Egerton is an American, Armine," said her father; "and then he added, 'My daughter has some friends who are Americans.'"

"Yes some very special friends," said Armine in her musical voice.

"May I ask who they are?" said Egerton. "I find generally that nothing expedites acquaintance like discovering that one has acquaintance in common."

"The friends of whom I speak are M. and Mile. D'Antignac," she answered. "Although their name is French, they are Americans by birth."

"The D'Antignacs—is it possible?" said Egerton, as much surprised as the Vicomte de Marigny had been when he heard of the acquaintance from the other side. "I am glad to say that I know them very well and admire them immensely. In fact, I esteem it an absolute privilege to know such a man as D'Antignac. He is the truest hero I have ever seen."

The beautiful eyes gave him a quick look of approval. Then saying simply, "M. d'Antignac's heroism seems to me beyond all words of praise," she turned, spoke to her father, and led the way through another draped door into the *salon manger*, where a small, bright supper-table was set.

"Armine seldom fails to have this ready for me when I come home at night," said Duchesne as they seated

themselves. "She is aware that speaking is exhausting to the vital energies."

"And I am also aware that you will spend several hours of the night after your return in work," said the girl.

"It is true," said he. "Whether it is good for health I know not; but I am never conscious of appetite at any other hour."

"But mademoiselle provides so bountifully that I should think you would be rendered unfit or your further night's work," said Leroux, with a glance over the table.

"At least I know that I do not indulge my appetite freely if I have brain-work to do."

"The word appetite with you and with me, *mon cher*, probably represents very different qualities," said Duchesne, smiling.

A glance at the two men—one lean as a greyhound, the other with every mark of what phrenologists call alim-entiveness—made this sufficiently evi- dent. Meanwhile Egerton had turned to the young hostess, and anxious to wake again the look of interest and pleasure in her eyes, said:

"I have to-night had the pleasure of hearing your father speak, ma- demoiselle, and it has proved indeed the most genuine pleasure. Eloquence like his is so rare that I have seldom, if ever, heard anything to equal it."

The golden-brown eyes looked at him again; but what was it that he read in them now—doubt, hesitation, anxiety? It was certainly not the expression he had expected, but one which equally surprised and puzzled him.

"My father has great eloquence— yes, monsieur, I know that well," she said in a low tone and a little sadly.

"But how is it that you have been to hear him? Do you, then, belong to his school of thought?"

"I have a friend," said Egerton, "who calls me a trifle dipping into all schools of thought but making none of them my own. Absolute conviction of mind is, indeed, no easy thing. I envy a man like your father who has attained to it, who with passionate fervor believes that he holds the true panacea for the ills of humanity."

"But you do not think that conviction is the only thing necessary?" she said in a still lower tone. "For you know it is possible to hold false prin- ciples with passionate fervor."

"Yes," he answered, though still more surprised, "that is the point. One must test things—beliefs, creeds, theories; and the most of them do not bear testing. I am about to test your father's," he added after a moment, "for I should be glad to share his en- thusiastic belief in the future of human- ity, if possible."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Spread The Light.

In the September number of the Catholic World, a writer, evidently a convert from Protestantism, argues that it is not dogmatic differences which stand in the way of winning American opinion to the Catholic Church, but prejudices of a character which he enumerates as follows:

"Behind the times, un-American, opposed to science and freedom, that it forbids the reading of Holy Scrip- tures; encourages false speaking, underhand ways; has funny, mysteri- ous services which nobody understands and glories generally in mummery, medievalism and ritualism."

This view of "the lion in the path" will be endorsed by all who have had association with their Protestant fel- low-citizens. The thing to do is not to convert but rather to remove misappre- hensions. Mr. Adams says:

"To a layman it does seem that the times are ripe for the ministrations of 'preaching friars,' who not being ab- sorbed by the business of building churches and schools and not being taken up with looking after the Catho- lies who come pouring into our ports, shall go out into the 'market place' (which in plain 'American' means Cooper Union or any kind of place that is not a church) and preach."

The Catholics who are coming into our ports, if they come from countries deserving to be called Catholic coun- tries, would come with enough priests to organize them and go with them when they settle. It is not perhaps for the gains in membership that such a policy would secure that the Church should go out "into the market place" and preach the gospel, but for the sake of the rising generation who are within its fold; and who would be held to the Church better by the specta- cle of an aggressive, intellectual and advancing policy of this kind that by the most gorgeous ceremonial or the most rococo architecture. — Catholic Citizen.

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A SON'S INGRATITUDE.

Typical Lesson for Upstarts, of Which, Alas! There are too Many.

I have always felt the greatest aversion towards dwelling on the dark side of things; indeed I have nothing but the heartiest contempt for those croak- ing pessimists who take a secret pleas- ure in relating the frailties of all sorts of evils to the children of Adam.

Generally speaking, it is far better to let the dead past bury the dead and not to be habitually raking up the shady conduct of poor erring human nature. However, there is a good deal of truth in the old adage, "wise men learn much from fools." It is, undoubtedly, the duty of those who have trod life's thorny path, to point out its dangerous places to those who have most need to be on their guard.

This is sometimes best done by laying before them glaring examples of the retribution which infallibly awaits the cowardly, the mean-spirited and the wicked. These were the motives that guided a dear, gray-headed friend of mine who recently related to me the following tale of dark ingratitude.

"I have often seen," began my friend, "many lads (and lasses too), especially among the humbler classes, who are pusillanimous enough to be ashamed of the author of their being. It may be that their parents are poor, ignorant, shabbily-dressed people, who do not come up to *beau ideal* of the sixpenny novel, but is that any reason why they should be looked down upon by their own children? Certainly, it is very difficult to conceive anything more truly despicable than the be- havior of those youngsters. What is still worse in this conduct is more marked in those in whom we should least expect it—those whom education has placed in positions of responsibility. I wish I had an opportunity of telling each of them the story that I am now going to narrate to you. I have very little doubt that it would effect a material improvement in their con- duct. Here it is. I hope you will always keep it before your eyes as an object lesson."

"It is now," began my venerable friend, upwards of thirty years since I was employed as a steward on a fertile estate whose banks were washed by the gentle waves of the Irish sea. Bordering on my cottage there lived Larry Keane and his wife, a most thrifty and worthy couple. Larry, who was a blacksmith, was possessed of a small farm of fifteen acres, every sod of which was as well cultivated as if it had been a market garden. They had, the neighbors said, a crock of money in the bank. Yet, advanced years, which induce the majority of people to take things easy, did not cause them to relax their exertions by one iota. At daybreak each morning the ding dong of the anvil could be heard in the little forge. Mrs. Keane, in addition to keeping her house as clean and tidy as a little palace, spent most of the day outside in the fields, working with her servants cheerfully and lightheartedly. Larry Keane and his wife plodded on. Neither the cold of winter nor the heat of summer suffered them to become remiss in their con- tinued toil. What was the motive power that impelled them on to this? The answer lay in their only child, a young stripling named John. They centred all their energies in the laud- able aim of making a doctor of him.

In the course of years Master John came home from college after having earned the much-longed-for privilege of writing M. D. after his name.

John Keane was as proud a blade as there was in the province of Leins. He would pass his old school fellows on the road without as much as giving them a glance of recogni- tion. His abilities as a physician were eminent in the district. Conse- quently, he was a *persona grata* with the upper ten. As a matter of course he became engaged to a young lady far above him in the social scale, at least as far as birth was concerned. He was returning one summer's even- ing in company with her, and her brothers and cousins from a picnic, when, passing the road near his paternal abode, who should he see but his father attired in his usual garb, giving water to his cows.

"Good evening, Johnny," said the old man, "I hope you've enjoyed your- self well."

Judging by his look John would have rather than the ground had swallowed him up than have met his father just then. He merely shot a lightning glance at the old man, and muttering some reply, rode on. Further down the road they met some young men who were bowling. Jack, as usual, did not seem to take the least notice of them, although some of his old school fellows were among them. "O, the Lord save us," said one of the youngsters loud enough to be heard by Doctor John's company, "if Larry Keane's son was the Prime Minister of England he couldn't be prouder." John like the magnanim- ous fellow he was, charged this rebuff to the account of his father. Return- ing home that night, and meeting his mother at the door, he began sullenly to dilate on his sorrows in having such a lowly little man as Larry for his father.

"Ah, Johnny, aleih," said his mother, "your father does not deserve to be spoken of like this. If he were a rogue or a thief, or if he wasn't all there—"

"All there! Why there's too much of him there," retorted the sneaking John. "He's everywhere before me." The old man had been listening with open mouth to these dagger words. This was the reward after all his years of self-denial! It stung him to the

DIGESTION AND PIETY.

Evil Effects of Chronic Derangement of the Liver on the Religious Faculties.

There is a very intimate and power- ful reciprocal influence between the body and the mind. *Mens sana in corpore sano*—a sound mind in a sound body—it is an old adage which expresses the true, normal condition of man.

But how rarely it is realized in ex- perience. The multitude of insane people is almost countless. By insane people we mean not merely those who are shut up in asylums and mad houses, but the multitude who are of unsound mind, outside. Insanity means unsoundness of mind, and of that class, as experience abundantly proves, the number is incalculable, and we believe, as a general rule, that unsoundness of mind is the result of derangement of the physical system.

This derangement may be produced by over-anxiety of mind, or it may be the result of disease or some radical defect of the constitution. Anxiety of mind goes to the stomach and pro- duces indigestion; indigestion reacts upon the mind and increases the anxiety, resulting in a morbid con- dition of greater or less virulence ac- cording to circumstances. But we are persuaded that the most prolific cause of physical as well as mental derangement is excessive indulgence of the appetites and passions.

All this has a direct and important bearing upon the spiritual life and religious experience. Undoubtedly, feeling—emotion—has a great deal to do with religion. There is such a thing as spiritual joy and happiness in religion.

Grant, if you please, that there is danger of mistaking emotion, mere animal feeling, for true religious feel- ing and that the danger needs to be guarded against, especially in emo- tional natures, still it is true that spiritual joy is a legitimate object of pursuit, and one is more likely to ex- perience spiritual joy and consolation in connection with a sound body and good digestion than a poor dyspeptic, suffering, perhaps, the consequences of irregularity of habits or over indul- gence.

The poet, no doubt, sang truly: "Strange that a harp of a thousand strings Should keep in tune so long."

We may add, strange, especially, when we consider the terrible strain which is put upon the great majority of harps to throw them out of tune. One thing is certain, when the harp is in tune it produces most exquisite music, cheering, consoling and in- spiring, and to the truly religious mind it adds immensely to its happi- ness.

We must not be understood, now, as holding that spiritual joy is incompat- ible with a deranged condition of the system, as in cases of sickness or a life-long malady resulting from some organic or even functional disease. True spiritual joy comes from the Spirit of God, and God bestows it when and how He will. We know that many saints have experienced intense spiri- tual joy in the midst of great pain and suffering. Indeed, Christian martyrs furnish striking instances of an elevation of spiritual joy that seemed to render them insensible to the flames that were consuming their flesh.

But we are speaking now of the great majority of ordinary Christians, and we say that at least one promi- nent reason why so many complain of the want of religious feeling and fervor is that the bodies are not in a sound condition. The harp of a thousand strings is out of tune, and too often this condition is the result, as we have said, of excessive indulgence of the appetites and passions.

Such indulgence, as all experience proves, disturbs the normal action of the functions of life, blunts the nervous sensibility, acts directly on the brain, impairing its powers, obscuring its perceptions, producing melancholia, which leads to gloomy and despairing views of life—sometimes ending in suicide. In religiously inclined persons the effect is to blunt the con- science, obscure the line between right and wrong, truth and error, and even leads one to despair of salvation. Hence wise spiritual directors—physi- cians of the soul as well as physicians of the body—are in the habit of pre- scribing for such persons attention to their physical health; a careful re- gime of diet—bodily exercise and plenty of fresh air.

We do not wish to be understood now as holding that all religious despondency results from abuse of the function of the body. Aridity—spiritual dryness—may be, and often is, caused by worldliness, dereliction of duty, indulged in some secret sin, the best cure for which is a good confession, accompanied and followed by a firm purpose of amendment. But ordinarily, as functional derangement of the system leads to depression of spirits and consequently to discouragement, moroseness—what in popular language is called the "blues"—so healthy, normal condition produces joy, elevation of feeling, and it is wonderful what a change such a con- dition causes in one's views of life, of the world, of everything around one, and how much easier it is to be pious, to take a cheerful view of life, to be more lenient to the faults others—in short, to love God and one's neighbor, and, as we say, enjoy our religion.

There is such a thing as joy in the Holy Ghost independent of all adventi- cious circumstances, but we fear it is comparatively rare, though it should be earnestly sought after by all Chris- tians. But there is also a joy of exist- ence which is the result of the harmo- nious development—the union of the

O'CONNELL'S ELOQUENCE.

The following description of O'Connell as an orator is by one of Amer- ica's greatest orators, Wendell Phillips:

"Broadly considered, O'Connell's eloquence has never been equaled in modern times, certainly not in Eng- lish speech. Do you think I am par- tial? I will vouch John Randolph, of Roanoke, the Virginian slaveholder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed, 'This is the man, these are the lips, the most elo- quent that speak the English tongue in my day.' I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate, the iron logic of Calhoun, the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss; it has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean; but I think all of them together never surpassed, and none of them ever equalled, O'Connell.

"Nature intended him for our De- mosthenes. Never, since the great Greek, has she sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a trib- une of the people. In the first place he had a magnificent presence, im- pressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. His presence filled the eye. A small O'Connell would hardly have been an O'Connell at all. These physical advantages are half the battle.

"He had a voice that covered the gamut. I heard him once say, 'I send my voice across the Atlantic, career- ing like the thunderstorm against the breezes to tell the slaveholder of the Carolina that God's thunderbolts are hot and to remind the bondman that the dawn of his redemption is already breaking.' You seem to hear the tones coming back to London from the Rocky Mountains. Then, with the slightest possible Irish brogue, he would tell a story and Exeter Hall shook with laughter. The next moment tears in his voice like a Scotch song, five thousand men wept. His marvelous voice, its almost incredible power and sweet- ness, charmed millions."

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London, Saturday, Oct. 6, 1884.

ECCLESIASTICAL VAGARIES.

Ecclesiastical vagaries appear to be the favorite amusement of some dignitaries who claim to have and to be able to transmit Apostolical succession, and those who contrive to exhibit the most extraordinary fakes appear to be the Bishops of the Anglican communion and of its sister Church, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

It will be remembered by our readers that it was a Western Bishop of the latter Church which first brought forward into prominence the fraud Vilatte, who is now figuring as the first Archbishop of the newly-started Polish National Church of the United States.

Vilatte had managed to gather in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, a small congregation of Belgians and Walloons, on whom he passed himself as a priest of the so-called Old Catholic Church, and with this congregation he was admitted as a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He persuaded these people, who were disconcerted on account of not having a French priest, that they could remain good Catholics though separated from the authority of the Pope, and in order to retain them he went through the pretence of saying Mass and administering the sacraments of the Catholic Church, while receiving the support of the Protestant Episcopal Mission Board of Wisconsin, which was glad to have the adhesion of a knot of Catholics under any pretence. The Episcopalians, however, did not enjoy this state of things for long, for now Vilatte is figuring as the Old Catholic Archbishop of America, being at the head of a Church of his own making, which he calls the Polish National Church.

This new fangled creation, however, is not destined to have either a long life or a prosperous one, notwithstanding its pompous title. It is composed of only a few Poles in Cincinnati who have followed the lead of an ex-communicated priest there, together with Vilatte's little Fond du Lac congregation; and with Vilatte it is evidently a matter of dollars and cents; for it is stated that he demanded, and we believe received, \$500 for his services in instituting this new Church.

It is satisfactory to know that the Poles of America have no sympathy whatsoever with this absurd movement, as it was resolved unanimously by the delegates to the twenty-first annual convention of the Polish Catholic American Union that the Cincinnati priest who presumed to speak on behalf of the Poles has no claim to represent the Catholic Poles under any pretence. He is not even himself a Pole, though he has assumed a Polish name from an unworthy motive.

These circumstances recall to mind an event in which Bishop Cox, of Buffalo, known as the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western New York, figured when he visited Paris to administer Confirmation to Pere Hyacinth's congregation of Old Catholics, a sect which consisted only of Pere Hyacinth's own family and a few adherents. This sect is now defunct.

A recent telegram from Madrid gives the intelligence that Baron Plunket, the Anglican Bishop of Dublin, has opened a Protestant Episcopal Church in that city, and has consecrated a Bishop of Spain. This new Church will have no more connection with the Church of England than the fact of its denial of the Pope's authority; so that it appears that according to the theory of these Anglican dignitaries the only doctrine necessary on which to found a Christian Church is hatred of the Pope.

But on what plea do these gentlemen attack the Pope and repudiate his authority? It is on the plea that he is an usurped authority, and that he has no right to exercise authority in England, or other countries outside of Italy. How is all this to be reconciled with their assumption of Episcopal authority in France and Spain, where there are already real Bishops totally unlike the spurious ones that thus foist

themselves on those who for some cause of dissatisfaction or other are willing to accept their ministrations.

These proceedings are much on a par with the assumption of the Archbishop of Canterbury in presuming to keep up a succession of Bishops in Jerusalem, where assuredly Anglicanism has no ecclesiastical jurisdiction even according to its own theory. One would think that in Jerusalem the Anglicans might manage to patch up some kind of understanding with the Greek schismatical patriarch who claims jurisdiction there—but the fact is the Greek patriarch will have nothing to do with Anglicanism.

MONSEIGNEUR SATOLLI'S ENLARGED POWERS.

The statement is made by the Right Rev. Bishop Keane, dean of the Catholic University of Washington, that a letter from the Holy Father to the Bishops of the United States will soon be forthcoming setting forth an enlargement of the functions, authority and dignity of Mgr. Satolli, the Pope's Delegate to the United States.

Many reports have been circulated from time to time since Mgr. Satolli's appointment as Apostolic Delegate, to the effect that the office would be abolished, and Mgr. Satolli recalled; but all such statements are positively declared to be without foundation, and the office is stated to be a permanent one.

The Holy Father is highly pleased with the manner in which his Delegate has fulfilled his important duties, and has given his unqualified approval of all the Delegate's decisions, as far as he has been made acquainted with them, and the proof of this is found in his determination to enlarge the Delegate's authority.

Bishop Keane has been on a visit to Rome on business connected with the new University over which he so ably presides, and has had many interviews with the Holy Father. He has just returned home, and he relates that the Pope has a wonderful amount of information as to the details of the work done by the Church in the United States.

In regard to the expected promotion of Mgr. Satolli to the Cardinalate, the Bishop stated a few days ago to a representative of the New York Herald that there is no doubt Mgr. Satolli will be made a Cardinal, but that it is impossible for any one but the Pope himself to say when this elevation will take place. It is not customary to elevate an ecclesiastical dignitary to the Cardinalate until the work is finished on account of which especially the promotion takes place, yet it is possible that in the case of Mgr. Satolli the elevation might be made sooner as he would be thus quite able to fulfil his duties as Apostolic Delegate.

In fact, on this question, when the Herald's representative asked whether the elevation of Mgr. Satolli to the Cardinalate might be simultaneous with the enlargement of his authority, the Bishop answered that such might be the case, though he could not say positively. There are at present twenty-two vacancies in the College of Cardinals, the number of Cardinals being now fifty-five, whereas the full number authorized is seventy-seven.

It is indubitable that Mgr. Satolli represents faithfully the views of the Holy Father on questions affecting the Church in America, and the Pope has the utmost confidence in him. So true is this that Bishop Keane says the increased authority which will be given to the Delegate will constitute him a supreme tribunal from which there will be no appeal on questions of canon law.

The Protestant press generally appear to be under the impression that the office of Mgr. Satolli makes him practically a Pope on this continent, and they frequently speak of him as "the American Pope." Bishop Keane explains that such a view of the situation is erroneous. He says: "The Supreme authority of the American Ablegate would extend to cases of disputes, and would be in the nature of a supreme court, subject, however, to the Papal power on all questions outside of those of Church discipline and procedure."

It is no new thing for the Pope to establish an Apostolic Delegation. This has been the custom for ages, though the name by which the representative of the Pope was called, varied; and even now in the Catholic countries of Europe there are frequently legates appointed by the Holy Father with various degrees of authority. In former times such legates exercised very high authority in those European countries which are now Protestant, and the appointment of

Mgr. Satolli was made for reasons similar to those which caused such appointments to be made in former ages, with the difference that the peculiar laws and Constitution of the United States makes the position of Mgr. Satolli to regard solely ecclesiastical matters, as he has not been appointed with any function to fulfil in relation to the United States Government.

Owing to the wonderful progress of the Church in America, and the importance of many questions of canon law which have been frequently cropping up, the establishment of the Apostolic Delegation was a necessity; the more especially as the distance of this continent from Europe rendered it extremely difficult to settle such questions satisfactorily. Thus a reliable representative of the Holy Father became a need of the Church in that country; and it was for this reason that Mgr. Satolli was so appointed; but even so, it is out of the power even of the Pope to transfer his own supreme authority, which is divinely associated with his office, to any representative; so that the talk of an American Pope, which is indulged in by some of the public journals, is in the highest degree absurd.

Notwithstanding the fact that in the beginning there was some opposition on the part of certain eminent ecclesiastical dignitaries to Mgr. Satolli's appointment, and even to the establishment of the office he fills, the manner in which he has performed his duties has given general satisfaction, even to those who offered the strongest opposition. It must be remarked, however, that such opposition did not in any case amount to rebellion against the authority of the Pope, though some newspapers seemed to be anxious to make it assume this character.

THE CONDEMNATION OF ZOLA'S BOOK.

The newspapers and monthly magazines have been busy for the last few weeks in discussing the effect of the Pope's condemnation of Emile Zola's new work on Lourdes.

The New York Herald seized the opportunity afforded it by the author of the book to publish it in its columns, and is, no doubt, well pleased with the amount of gratuitous advertising the work has received and is receiving through these magazine articles; but throughout nearly all of them runs the ludicrous error that Lourdes has been elevated into a dogma of Faith by the pronouncement of the Holy Father.

Zola went to Lourdes with the pretence that his intention was to discover the truth and afterwards publish it in realistic colors. The book has appeared; but as it was never expected by Catholics that such a writer as Zola would tell the plain truth concerning a sacred theme, the expectation which was really entertained, that it would be a parody, has been realized.

Zola could not be expected to make any other hypothesis than that the fame of Lourdes and of the miracles wrought there is merely the result of a money-making conspiracy, and this is the impression he desires to make by his new novel or romance—for a romance it is, notwithstanding the high pretence that he wrote with the desire of publishing the truth to the world.

To those who have followed even cursorily the history of Lourdes as a shrine of the Blessed Virgin, it will be impossible to doubt that an astonishing number of miraculous cures has taken place there; and these have been of every imaginable description. It might be thought that these wonders could have been effected by physicians or the use of medicine, but the fact is that in most of the instances of cure, medical skill had been baffled, though all the resources of medicine had been tried before the effect of the water of the miraculous spring at Lourdes had been tested at all.

Yet the miracles of Lourdes are by no means a matter of Catholic faith, and the condemnation of Zola's book is not at all to be regarded as elevating them to the rank of Catholic dogmas, as the non-Catholic press of this continent and Europe have very generally stated to be the case, on the authority of some newspaper correspondent at Paris.

The Holy Father by condemning Zola's work condemns the false principles which lurk in the book. There is the limiting of the power of God when Zola lays it down as a principle that all supposed miraculous interventions are to be regarded as impostures. It is also quite within the province of the Holy Father to issue judgment against a book which distorts facts or history in such a way as to do injury

to religion. This is done by Zola's book on Lourdes, but it does not follow from the condemnation of such conduct, that all or any one of the miracles wrought at Lourdes is a matter of Faith. Books or writings of any kind may be condemned, even when there is nothing directly against Faith in them, and such condemnations have been frequently issued because the purpose of the book was bad; but in the case of Zola's book there is plenty to deserve condemnation even independently of its misrepresentations of the circumstances under which miracles have been wrought at Lourdes.

It would be out of place for us to decide dogmatically on the truth or falsity of the reports of any of the miracles in detail which have been wrought at Lourdes, before examination into them by the proper ecclesiastical tribunals, and we shall not do so; but we can say that the historical evidence of many of them places them beyond reasonable contradiction. They are to be judged of as other historical events; and if they are attested by witnesses who are not deceivers nor deceived, they become established as truths beyond reasonable doubt, even though they are not thus rendered a part of the Catholic faith. These miracles have been wrought, not only for Frenchmen or women, but for pious visitors from all parts of the world to the holy shrine, even for Americans; and it has been our privilege to meet and converse with some in whose favor they have been wrought.

Zola's book has not even the pretence of being an actual history of events. It is an essentially a work of fiction as the novels of Eugene Sue or Alexander Dumas; and, like these authors, Zola sacrifices truth to his desire for making money. With this object in view he parodies the history of Lourdes from the beginning, and thus casts, or endeavors to cast, ridicule on religion.

In this connection we may appropriately mention a recent statement made by Father Marie-Antoine, the celebrated Capuchin, well known in France as an ardent propagator of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

This Rev. Father says, in reference to scenes witnessed at Lourdes by himself while Zola was near him: "Sights capable of melting the rocks into tenderness, M. Zola alone has failed to understand. Instead, he has sunk into the mire of mud and money. Woe to him who comes to Lourdes without his seeking the Lord! I said to Zola one day, close to the grotto, 'Beware of rejecting the grace that is given to you: Lourdes is a vision of heaven. There the eyes see what man has never seen, the ear hears what man has never heard, and the heart feels what man has never felt. To come to Lourdes is a grace unto salvation. Take care that this grace does not turn to your own destruction. The rock of Lourdes is one that smites if it does not sanctify. Now is the time of your ascent, or of your fall.' The unhappy Zola failed to understand, and he sold himself to the Gil Blas newspaper! Woe, thrice woe to him who sells his pen to Satan and to man."

Zola has declared that it is now his intention to publish next a book which will be entitled "Rome," and that for this purpose he will soon make a long visit to Rome and seek an audience with the Pope. He declares that in writing "Lourdes," he wrote only what he believed to be true; and it is said that he is rejoicing over the advertisement which the Pope has given to him.

We have no doubt that he is glad to get notoriety in any form, as this will endeavor him to those who hate religion, and it is through such notoriety of evil that he expects his books to be read. It is none the less true that the good shepherd must warn his flock against the noxious pastures of bad books, and the destruction of those who heed not the warning of the shepherd will be upon their own heads.

Zola's first popularity as a novelist arose out of the extreme filthiness of his writing, and nothing good is to be expected from his pen now. It is not at all likely that he will be granted the desired interview with Pope Leo XIII., though we may presume he will carry out his design of writing on Rome. But the purchasers of his foul books will not be those who desire to know the truth, but those who revel in filth. It is said that Zola's writings have not even the recommendation of being meritorious from a literary point of view; but they bring in money—filthy lucre—and to the writer, and this is all that he aims at.

The Catholic press of Portugal have started a movement to celebrate with extraordinary pomp the seventh centenary of St. Anthony of Padua, who was born in Lisbon, 1195.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Congregation of Cardinals having in charge the questions which concern the Church in the East is preparing a programme of matters to be discussed when the Oriental Catholic Patriarchs will visit Rome in October for the purpose of taking steps to facilitate the return of the Eastern schismatics to Catholic unity. Negotiations for the bringing about this reunion of Orientals are being vigorously pushed on, and the prospect of their success is encouraging.

Premier Crispi's Venetian speech does not appear to give promise of reconciliation between the Pope and the Italian Government. It is still said that Crispi is inclined to make any concession to the Church, provided the Holy Father will consent to the present position of subjection to the Italian Government, but, as he is not likely to do this, it is probable the status quo will be still preserved.

Because an elected sheriff in Texas runs a faro table Ontario is urged not to elect its county officers. No doubt the sheriff in question reflects the morals and sentiments of the people he represents. Those who believe that such a man could secure office in Ontario by a popular vote have a poor opinion of the people of this province. —Toronto Mail, 24th Sept.

The Mail is evidently looking for new alliances or it would not have inserted the above among its editorial notes. But what kind of an opinion must the Mail have of the people of Ontario when after all its advice to them to elect P. P. A. candidates at the June elections, it only succeeded in persuading two constituencies to accept its platform pure and simple? Surely Ontario must be in a bad plight in the Mail's estimation. It may be good policy to laud Ontario when it suits its private interest, but it is bad logic to be so profuse in compliment when the difference in opinion between the Mail and the Ontario electors is so great.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

OCTOBER DEVOTIONS.

The following circular was read in all the churches of the diocese on Sunday last, by order of the Bishop: To the Reverend Clergy of the Diocese of Hamilton:

Reverend and Dear Father—As the month of the Holy Rosary is approaching, I desire to call your attention, and that of your flock, to the devotions directed to be observed by the Holy See every year, during the month of October. This is all the more necessary, inasmuch as there has been in the past some misunderstanding as to the nature and obligations of these devotions, and as to the time and manner in which they are to be performed.

As it is desirable that there should be uniformity in the practice of these devotions, and that the faithful should know the many spiritual advantages to be derived therefrom, I think it my duty as chief pastor of the diocese, to point out what the Holy See teaches and requires in relation to them.

On September 1, 1883, the Sovereign Pontiff issued an Encyclical in which he exhorts the faithful of the entire world to fervent prayer, and the assiduous practice of those virtues of which the Blessed Mother of our Divine Saviour is not only the highest expression among creatures, but of which she, now reigning in heaven, is the fosterer and protectress. As the devout practice of the time-honored prayer known as the Rosary is one of the surest methods for gaining this end, and as the present needs of the Church call for special and united prayer, the Holy Father directs that the devotions of the Holy Rosary be revived among the faithful.

The month of October, therefore, is set apart for daily public prayer to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary as a time most opportune to explain to the faithful the beautiful meaning, and to recite with more than ordinary solemnity the prayer of the Rosary.

In the year 1885, the Holy Father prescribed that the October devotions should be continued as at first established, until the liberties of the Church were fully restored to her, in the freedom and full exercise of lawful jurisdiction of her Sovereign Pontiff. Hence the October devotions are of obligation until the freedom of the Holy See is secured.

The devotions are to be as follows: "From the first day of October to the second day of November following, five decades of the Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin shall be daily recited in all parochial churches and in public chapels dedicated to the Mother of God, and in all such chapels as the ordinary may designate."

If these devotions take place in the morning, the prayers are to be said during the Mass; if in the afternoon or evening, the Blessed Sacrament is to be exposed and the Rosary, Litany and Prayer to St. Joseph to be recited in the presence of the Most Holy Sacrament. Benediction follows with the usual ceremonies.

For those who live in the country and are during the month of October engaged in harvesting, by special faculties of the Holy See, I grant permission to postpone the devotion to

November or December, with the same privilege as granted in the month of October.

In churches or oratories having, on account of poverty, no Remonstrance, Benediction may be given with the Ciborium, which by special privilege, during these devotions, may be taken out of the tabernacle, and Benediction given with it to the people.

INDULGENCES ATTACHED TO THE DEVOUT PERFORMANCE OF THE ABOVE EXERCISES.

All who are present at the public recital of the Rosary, or who, if reasonably prevented, recite the same in private, gain an Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines each time.

All who assist at these devotions in public at least ten times, or, if lawfully hindered, perform the same as often in private, gain a Plenary Indulgence, provided they receive the sacraments of penance and holy Eucharist worthily during that time. Those who receive these sacraments on the feast of the Holy Rosary, or within the octave, likewise gain a Plenary Indulgence. To obtain these Indulgences the usual condition is to pray according to the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

THE ROSARY ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

On the eve of Christmas, 1883, the Holy Father issued a Brief in which he prescribes that in the Litany of Loretto, after the invocation (Queen conceived without original sin) shall be added the prayer, "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, Pray for us." In this Brief the following passage occurs: "We exhort and beseech all to persist religiously and constantly in the custom of daily reciting the Rosary; and we declare it to be our wish that in the principal church (Cathedral) of each diocese it should be recited every day, and in the parish churches every Sunday and festival day."

For the greater glory of God, the honor of our Blessed Mother and the edification of the faithful, it is my most earnest desire that every pastor of a diocese, during the coming month of October, should deliver on the occasion of the prescribed devotions, short and instructive discourses on the origin and advantages of the Holy Rosary, on its adaptability to every age and class and condition of life, in its admirable twofold form of mental and vocal prayer, dwelling finally in detail, and portraying as so many precious pictures each in succession of the several mysteries of joy, of sorrow, and of glory connected with the life of our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother, together with the practical lessons to be derived therefrom.

I have also to call your attention and that of your flock to the annual collection in aid of ecclesiastical education, which, in accordance with the diocesan regulations, is to be taken up every year on the first Sunday of October. Here is an opportunity offered to each member of the congregation to assist in the good work of educating students for the priesthood. The necessity and advantages of good works are clearly inculcated in the Holy Scriptures, especially by St. James (Chap. II.) who says: "What shall it profit, my brethren, if a man say he hath faith, but hath not works? Shall faith be able to save him? Wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead. Was not Abraham, our father, justified by works, offering up Isaac, his son, upon the altar? For as the body without the spirit is dead, so also faith without works is dead. And what work can be more pleasing to Almighty God than that in which our Divine Lord Jesus Christ was specially engaged for the last three years of His life on earth, namely, the training and forming of the minds and hearts of men specially chosen for the office of the priesthood? We read that besides the Apostles who were His constant companions, He also selected seventy-two disciples, and that 'He sent them two and two before His face, and into every city and place, whither He himself was to come. And He said to them, the harvest indeed is great but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He send laborers into His harvest.' (St. Luke, x., 1-2.)"

So also it may be said of the Church in this Province of Ontario: "The harvest indeed is great and the laborers are few."

To supply faithful laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, is my object in appealing to priests and people to assist me in the good work of educating students for the ministry, a work I believe to be specially dear to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord and to the immaculate heart of His blessed mother, who sacrificed her only son as priest and victim on the cross for the salvation of the world.

It is a work also highly pleasing to our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., who was pleased to give it his special approval and blessing, and authorized me for this purpose to assess the several missions in proportion to population. I hope and pray also that some good benefactors may be found in the diocese who will found a scholarship for the education of a student in our diocesan college at Berlin, or at the Grand Seminary in Montreal, in both of which institutions there is at present a very large number of students studying for the diocese. We have, besides, a classical school in the city of Hamilton, with an ever-increasing attendance of younger students. This classical school shall henceforth be free, and all expenses connected with it shall be paid out of the collections taken in the city churches.

This collection shall be taken up on next Sunday (Feast of the Holy Rosary), and every year on the same festi-

val, and should the collection fall short of the assessment the balance is to be taken out of the pew rent or church funds.

The collection may be, if necessary, continued on the following Sunday or on Sundays in October, and the amount forwarded without delay to our Chancellor.

Thanking you, Reverend and Dear Father, and your good people, for your kind and cordial cooperation in the good work, and asking a share in your pious prayers, I pray Almighty God to bless you all.

Your faithful servant in Christ, THOMAS JOSEPH DOWLING, Bishop of Hamilton.

This circular shall be read in all the churches and public chapels of the diocese on the first Sunday after its reception.

By order of His Lordship, J. H. COVEY, Secretary.

Hamilton, September 26, 1894.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

On Sunday next (the first Sunday of October) the Bishop will visit the missions of Acton and Eramosa. On the following Sunday His Lordship will visit Antbar.

A few Sundays ago, on the occasion of the announcement of the new parish of St. Joseph, which by the way is the second parish to be cut off from the Cathedral Parish in the last few years, a very interesting summary of works done in the interest of religion and education was given by the Rector, Rt. Rev. Monsignor McEvay.

Three new churches were erected, viz., the church in Holy Sepulchre cemetery, the church of St. Lawrence, and St. Joseph's church. Three institutions were extensively improved—Loretto Convent, St. Joseph's Convent and Orphanage, and St. Joseph's Hospital opened and a large wing added. Two new beautiful and well-equipped schools built by the Separate School Board. St. Lawrence and St. Mary's and the De La Salle Institute opened and renovated. The Bishop's house and grounds were purchased and improved and the priest's new house on Mulberry street was built and furnished. St. Mary's cathedral was roofed and entirely renovated, and the school adjoining was fitted up for practical parish work. A chapel, hall, library, recreation and meeting room are now found within its walls.

The total cost of these grounds, buildings, etc., was in round numbers, two hundred thousand dollars (\$200,000). The rector then stated that a printed statement, giving all details, would be distributed. In the meantime, he was happy to say, that towards the meeting of these expenses, ten persons generously contributed forty thousand dollars (\$40,000).

In conclusion, he heartily thanked the people for their good-will and generosity, and hoped that, although the Cathedral lost a number of families sufficient to compose two flourishing parishes, the congregation by their united and earnest endeavors would continue to go forward in the fulfillment of the work of God's holy religion.

In reference to this statement of the Right Rev. Mgr. McEvay, the Hamilton Spectator, of a recent date, says editorially: "Whatever may be said of the Roman Catholic Church as a political factor in the community, no one can deny that, as a religious organization, it is characterized by an energy, zeal and a perfect tact in applying means to ends, which the Protestant churches may well envy. In this country it is nearly always fortunate in the prelates who are chosen to preside over its destinies. The summary published elsewhere in this issue, of the visible material work which has been done in Hamilton under Bishop Dowling's auspices during the few years since his consecration as Bishop of this diocese, is sufficient evidence of His Lordship's indomitable energy, and his devotion to the cause of the Church which he serves so well. It also proves that the Bishop is popular with his people, for if he were not beloved it is hardly likely that the Roman Catholics of Hamilton would have responded so generously to the calls which have been made upon them. If the spiritual progress of the Roman Catholic Church in Hamilton is commensurate with its material prosperity under the regime of Bishop Dowling, the people who look to him as their spiritual guide will indeed have reason to rise up and call him blessed."

From our own Correspondent.

FROM PICTON.

Remarkable Cure After a Pilgrimage to St. Anne De Beaupre.

For about twenty-four years, up to the fall of 1893, Mrs. Jas. Kervin, Picton, had been in a very delicate state of health, suffering from kidney and spinal trouble. For ten years of that period walking was difficult, and for five years almost impossible. For the three years previous to the fall of 1891, with the aid of crutches she was assisted by others, she was able to move about the house occasionally, but her movements were so painful and difficult that she rarely attempted it. The two years previous to the fall of 1893 she was confined to her bed. During all this time no expense or trouble was spared to alleviate her sufferings, the best medical attendance being procured; but all to no purpose.

On Feb. 11, 1893, Mrs. Kervin left Picton to join a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. Needless to say her resolve to perform the pilgrimage filled her friends with anxiety on account of her ill health

and infirmities. The effort cost her much suffering and pain. On the first day after her arrival she suffered intensely, and had to be carried on a stretcher into the church. On the second day she was again carried to church at 5 o'clock in the morning to assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion. The first feeling of relief she felt was at the Elevation. After Mass she was carried to the altar, where the priest in attendance touched the relic on the back of her neck. She cannot describe her feelings at that instant. A great and wonderful change took place: she felt that God had at last yielded to the constant prayers of herself and friends, and to the powerful intercession of good St. Anne, and was about to perform a miracle. And so it was: for this poor, helpless invalid, without assistance, stood up and walked back to her pew, giving thanks and glorifying God for this wonderful manifestation of His power. And from that hour Mrs. Kervin has walked—and her health has wonderfully improved. She neither crutches at the shrine, and has not needed them since. She made the pilgrimage again this fall by way of thanksgiving.

The writer saw Mrs. Kervin in the fall of 1892 lying on the lounge in the helpless state above described. In 1893 she had just returned from the pilgrimage, and he heard the report as above stated, but had not time to enquire or examine into the matter. A few days ago he had the pleasure of calling at her house, where she was walking around as well as ever.

Can any one doubt that her case is a miracle? Every one, Protestant and Catholic, around Picton knew of her sickness and infirmity. No medical skill could effect such a wonderful cure, in such a short time—not gradually, after months of treatment, but in an instant, at a moment when exhausted by the long voyage and the extraordinary efforts she made, when she was worse than at any period of her life.

LUKE KING, Picton, Sept. 29, 1894.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

A MODEL PARISH.

It was fortunate for your correspondent that he happened to be in the parish of Mount Carmel on last Sunday, for, as a consequence, he had the privilege of witnessing on that day a ceremony which is of comparatively rare occurrence.

For the last two years the people and their pastor, Rev. H. G. Traher, have been struggling to wipe out a large debt of the magnitude of the mortgage, principal and interest, together with some other outstanding parochial debts, amounted up to last Sunday to a little over eleven thousand dollars. The prospect was indeed dark and discouraging, but, inspired by the energy, the devotedness, the patience and perseverance of their pastor, the people aroused themselves and applied themselves with determination to free their church from the hands of the banker. And so successfully did they work that on Sunday last they had the inexpressible satisfaction of witnessing the formal presentation of the mortgage to the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor. It was a little less than two years before that the first amount was subscribed towards liquidating this great debt and to-day the parish owes not a cent. Comment is unnecessary. Readers may draw their own conclusions.

The following facts will be an evidence of the cordial relations existing between pastor and people. In preparation for the ceremony a sanctuary lamp of French manufacture, valued at \$70.00, was presented by Mr. and Mrs. David O'Brien; a magnificent ostensorium, made to order by Benziger Bros., New York, at a cost of \$160.00, was given by Mr. and Mrs. T. Coughlin, in memory of the late Mr. John Barry, and a valuable ciborium from the same factory was presented by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Quarry.

His Lordship confirmed eighty-four candidates, of whom twelve were adults, after which the following address was read by Dr. McGinnis: To the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of London: My Lord—It is not formally welcome Your Lordship to our midst; it is not to voice our fidelity to Mother Church, nor to affirm our loyalty to you, her representative, that we venture to prolong the services of this morning by a brief address. A hearty welcome is never formal, and loyalty is not proven by words.

As the head of the diocese, as the chief pastor of each parish, Your Lordship has many responsibilities beget anxieties. Relief from responsibility and its consequences is ever welcome. Our address, therefore, will be welcomed, for the purport of it is to announce Your Lordship's release from all responsibility in connection with our recent heavy parochial indebtedness.

Your Lordship's release from this responsibility is real and permanent; for the indebtedness referred to no longer exists: in proof of which it is with pleasure, and with, we trust, justifiable pride that we now present to Your Lordship the recently discharged mortgage upon our parochial property, and with it, testimony of other parochial obligations fulfilled.

Particulars we would deem but self-praise. Our announcement is made, but before moving we beg leave to offer to Your Lordship the united good wishes of the parish for a successful future, to ask Your Lordship's blessing and Your Lordship's prayers that the "final summons" may find us all as free from indebtedness to God as we are now free from indebtedness to man.

On behalf of the congregation, T. Coughlin, Angus Campbell, Ed. Dietrich, Arthur O'Leary, Jas. Doyle, sr., Lawrence Dietrich, J. J. Quarry and Gabriel McPhee.

The singing of the choir was very creditable and showed careful preparation. They were directed by Miss K. McLaughlin, the organist. P. J. N.

Nothing deepens the mind so much as a habit of charity.—Faber.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

Cardinal Vaughan's Inaugural Address—The Re-Union of Christendom.

London Catholic News, Sept. 15.

On Monday evening, Cardinal Vaughan, delivered his inaugural address as President of the Catholic Truth Society as follows: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. My Lord Bishop of the diocese, Your Grace, My Lords and Reverend Fathers, ladies and gentlemen.—I have the honor as president of the Catholic Truth Society to be here in your midst this evening. I can assure you that I have looked forward with no little gratification to the holding of our annual meeting in the old Catholic town of Preston (applause). We know that nowhere can we obtain the same hearty welcome, and in fact everything has been done by the most careful and intelligent committee to make this great gathering the success which to-night it promises to be (hear hear). Happily we have here a very considerable number of representatives of the Catholic Church throughout this kingdom, not merely in the presence of BISHOPS, PRELATES, AND CLERGY.

But we have here His Grace the Duke of Norfolk (great applause), Her Grace the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle (applause), the Ladies Mary and Margaret Howard (applause) and Alderman Sir Stuart Knill (applause); and many other gentlemen of the county, and last but not least (hear, hear and laughter) Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University of Washington, in America (applause). The Catholic Conference meets during two days not to discuss

QUESTIONS OF FAITH

or of Church authority, for happily we are all one (applause). But we gather together to discuss certain questions of practical interest which arise naturally through changes of times and circumstances, and we take council together as to what may be the best or more prudent methods of procedure in dealing with those various practical questions. And now, without dwelling more upon the general subject of the Conference, I will proceed as time is going on rapidly, and waits for no man (laughter)—I will proceed to deliver that inaugural address that I have been invited to give upon this occasion, and I have chosen for my subject one interesting, I trust, to you, but one which is of far more general interest than anything that might be confined to our own more domestic requirements. There is in the air a question of the RE-UNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

It has been discussed for many years past by our friends outside of the unity of the Catholic Church. They have written many papers, delivered themselves of many speeches, communicating to the press of the world their various opinions, and now the time and the occasion seems to be made in which I may venture to lay before you and before those who may be interested in that which I shall have to say, certain sentiments, opinions, convictions, and statements which I hope will not be productive of heartburnings or of animosity, but that if my trust that no one either here or elsewhere will question for a moment the sincerity of my interest and love for our non-Catholic fellow countrymen—(applause). One of the happiest signs of the times is the growing desire for the reunion of Christendom. This noble aspiration manifests itself outside the Church in societies at home and conferences abroad. It witnesses to a state of dissatisfaction with the religious divisions which cover England. It recognizes, at least in some degree, the incalculable evils which spring from the sin of schism. The pressure of grace and the Catholic instinct carry the minds of some still further. They ask themselves of what avail the exercise of many virtues by the soul that is alien from unity and severed from the vine? They fear, with good reason, that their prayers, and good works will not avail to salvation unless they are quickened with the life of the true vine, unless they are living members of the Body of Christ, which is His Church. With them the question of reunion is one of life or death.

No similar recognition of the sin of schism, no movement towards the unity of Christendom; is to be found among the French, the German, or the Scandinavian Protestants. A divine grace has been poured out over England for which we cannot be too deeply thankful. It has touched the heart of earnest and devout Anglicans, and has drawn and raised the hand of a multitude of Nonconformists, who have been led to seek some higher level, and to feel about for some basis of reunion, if not with Catholics, at least with Protestant Episcopalians. I do not venture to assert that all who take part in the movement for the reunion of Christendom are led by the Spirit of God. When we see hatreds, contentions, rivalries, jealousies, and other works of the flesh, the Spirit of God cannot preside. Still, even here, in the midst of much that is human and defective, may it not be the Spirit of God that groans and yearns after something better? But what are we to say of those who seek to effect reunion with the Church of Rome by means of invasion and violence? To quote the following printed words of an Anglican appeal:—"One effectual way of displaying the credentials and asserting the rights which those credentials bestow upon her, is for the thousands of Anglican Catholics who visit countries owning allegiance to the Pope to go as

members of the Catholic Church for the communion to the churches of the land in which they are sojourning. Such an open and collective movement would do more for the Anglican communion abroad than building chapels issues are with God." This, surely, is the words of St. Augustine, is "to usurp the sacraments of the Church outside the Church, and in hostility to the Church, to fight against us in a kind of civil war." It is spiritual brigandage and wholesale sacrilege, and merits a heavier chastisement than that which befell the Israelites who touched only the ark of the covenant with profane hands. Whoever be the infatuations with which such Anglicans deceive themselves, they are wolves in sheep's clothing, who steal into the fold, deceiving both the shepherds and the sheep. This surely is not the Spirit of God. But let us turn from this latest Protestant exhibition of private judgment and of contempt for authority to the humble, earnest and prayerful souls that seek by other means the path of reunion. There are many such. They attract and command our sympathy, and deserve all the assistance we can give them, both by our prayers and by counsel and service. Multitudes, to our knowledge, are held back only by domestic ties, and by fear of hunger and poverty. Our hearts bleed for them in their anguish, our hands are stretched out to help them. Some of these, it is to be feared, seek refuge in the hope of a future corporate reunion, and endeavor to affect a compromise with conscience by imitating Catholic practices.

CATHOLICS AND THE SOCIETY FOR THE RE-UNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

Catholics have often been invited to join the association founded by our separated brethren in 1857 for the promotion of the reunion of Christendom. They have never been able to accept that invitation, not only on account of the profanations just alluded to, but for reasons laid down by the Holy Office in the letter directed to the Bishop of England. Indeed, the Catholic Church herself is a vast and permanent society for the reunion of Christendom. She is constantly engaged in prayer and work to this end. To pray "for the rooting out of heresies and the healing of schisms, for the extension of the faith, and for peace and concord among Christian princes" is a standing condition for gaining Indulgences. The official "Racolta" contains a number of indulgenced prayers for reunion which are in use all over the Church. Quite recently, in his Encyclical to the rulers and peoples of the world, the Holy Father has made a new appeal to the conscience of our separated brethren. "Let us one and all," he says, "for the sake of the common weal, labor assiduously to restore the ancient concord and union. To bring about this concord, and to spread abroad the benefits of Christian revelation, the present is the most seasonable time, for never before have the sentiments of human brotherhood penetrated so deeply into the souls of men, and never in any age has man been seen to seek out his fellow-men more eagerly in order the better both to know and help them." Why should not our present century, which is hastening to its close, by a happy change of circumstances bequeath to mankind pledges of concord and the prospect of those great benefits which are dependent upon the unity of the Christian faith? But some among the promoters of reunion thrust aside as intolerable all idea of communion with the Catholic Church. A glance at the map of the Christian world will suffice to show them that any proposal for the reunion of Christendom which does not include the Apostolic See, and the 21,000,000 of Christians in communion with it, would be self-refuted and meaningless. There could be no reunion of Christendom with more than half of the Christian world left out. A mutilated scheme of this kind would clearly be not the reunion of Christendom, but probably at most a reunion of Protestantism. For this reason all who truly and sincerely desire the reunion of Christendom, putting aside passion and blind prejudice, must calmly and honestly take into account and examine the mind and attitude of the Catholic Church on this momentous question.

THE POSSIBILITY OF COMPROMISE.

Let me, therefore, make two brief statements. One as to the possibility of compromise or concession, and another as to the visible mark of unity attached by the Divine Founder to His Church, inherent in its life and constitution. First, they tell us that the Catholic Church is intolerant and uncompromising. There are compromises and concessions which the Church can not accept: there are others which she is free to adopt. First, she cannot accept reunion on a basis of common formularies or creeds, while each one is left free to give to doctrines expressed in them his own meaning and interpretation. Unity of this sort, the Catholic Church repudiates as dishonest and mechanical. Unity must be in the sense and in the soul: it must be the unity of the spirit in the bond of faith, or it ceases to be Christian unity. Second, she cannot accept reunion based upon an exclusive belief in the historical Christ, human and divine. The unity must be based upon Christ as a living, divine teacher, and it must be one of true discipleship. It must cover and include the whole of our Lord's teaching. Not a word that He has spoken, not a truth which He has taught, not a principle or implicitly contained in what He said can be given up, or belief in it looked upon

as optional. Where there is doubt there is liberty; but once we know anything that God has said, be it in small things or great, we have no choice, but are bound by our reason and our faith to accept it. No other attitude is possible for a Catholic than that of a disciple towards a living divine teacher. Third, the Catholic Church cannot accept reunion or communion with any other church, or modification, or compromise in her own divine constitution. The charter of her constitution was drawn up by her Divine Founder. It is, therefore, altogether outside her power or authority to alter it. Such as He has built her upon a rock, such in constitution she remains for ever. The invisible rock is Christ, the visible rock Peter, conjoined in one solidity with Christ. These are truths which are immutable, and no man can change them. But the Church is free for the sake of some greater good to admit changes and modifications in her discipline and in legislation which concerns times and circumstances. She has power over her own commandments and over questions of discipline, such as clerical celibacy, communion under both kinds, over her liturgy, and the language in which the liturgy is clothed. Nor would she hesitate again to make concessions, as she did in times past, for the sake of some great good, could she be shown to surpass in value adherence to the points of discipline to be relaxed. Let so much suffice upon the general principle of concession or compromise.

THE CATHOLIC POSITION.

My second statement is as to the visible mark of unity, impressed by Christ upon His Church. No question of reunion can be seriously entertained without a recognition of the principle and the fact of unity. Our Divine Lord, before He went out to suffer, offered up publicly, within hearing of His Apostles, a prayer to His Eternal Father. The prayer that was a visible mark of unity should distinguish His Church. "1) Holy Father, keep them in truth whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one as we also are one." "And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me, that they all may be one, as Thou, Father in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us; (3) that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." (Jo. xvii.) As Leo XIII. in his Encyclical declares, "The true union between Christians is that which Jesus Christ, the Founder of the Church, instituted and desired, and which consists in a unity of faith and a unity of government." This visible unity was to be the work of the Eternal Father—therefore superhuman. It was to be the mark of divine favor, and it was to be the answer to a divine prayer, and a proof to the world of Christ's mission. It was to embrace and unite men of the most dissimilar character and disposition. Men of every nation and living under every clime were to become one in faith, in obedience and in charity. And what do we behold in fact? Men sharply divided by policies, national rivalries, aspirations, Celtic and Latin races, English, Irish and Scots, French, Germans, and Slavs, Japanese, Mongols, and Indians, Oriental and African tribes and peoples—no diversity of tongue or race or tradition but that it actually presents the spectacle of unity in faith, and submission to one visible shepherd upon earth. The twelve hundred Bishops are shepherds over the globe, and in direct communion with the Apostolic See, preaching one and the same faith, and maintaining one and the same unity. Not one is to be found to deny the authority of the Vicar of Christ, the need of episcopal orders, the sacrificial power of the priesthood, the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, the necessity of auricular confession, or any other doctrine taught by the visible Shepherd and Church of God. This unity is visible and tangible. There has been nothing like it in the world, for it is neither geographical nor racial. It is in direct hostility to the pride and passions of men, which of themselves perpetually tend to disintegration; and it triumphs over them. It is a standing miracle, and a vision of divine glory before the eyes of men. "And the glory which Thou hast given Me I have given to them, that they may be one, as we also are one. I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one, and the world may know that Thou hast sent Me and hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me." Such has been the history of the Catholic Church, not for an age or two, but for nineteen centuries. She has never spared the knife when necessary to cut off rebels against her faith or authority, whether Easterns, or Greeks, or Anglicans under the Tudor rebellion. Men went out from her because they were not of her, as St. Ambrose says, "Unity of faith is indivisible and inaccessible to corruption and to the effects of time." And thus she continues to this day, undiminished in the perfection of her visible unity. Contrast this with Anglicanism. With the royal, the legislative, and the executive powers arrayed on her side, confined to one race and to a small territory walled round by the sea, the Church of England has failed to maintain unity in spite of the enormous influence of wealth the prestige of social station, and in spite of most generous recourse to fines, imprisonments, tortures and executions. And now, as one of their own Bishops has declared, Anglicans are more widely separated in doctrine from one another within their own Church than they are separated from Nonconformists who are without. Who ventures to point to the Anglican Establishment as ex-

hibiting a visible mark of divine unity? Who declares that she presents to the world the fulfillment of Christ's prayer for unity? Who would direct the inquirer to Canterbury as the city of the living God upon the hill? It is not in reproach or in wonder that we point out the inevitable contrast between a divine and a human institution. It is rather in love and sympathy that we would fain direct, if possible, the eyes of men to the visible work of the living God. The marvelous unity in faith and obedience to a Supreme Teacher, visible in the Church of Rome, can be explained only by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and the continual presence of Christ with His Church. It has well been said that the Fathers speaking with one voice during the centuries, proclaim that unity of the faith and doctrine of Christ so inherent in the unity of the Church that the one cannot be disjointed from the other and this is the meaning of that golden saying of St. Cyprian, that the Church is the home of unity and truth. Look at the See of Rome, and say whether she has not been manifest to the whole world, as the city of God seated on a hill during nineteen centuries. The Church of Rome, like her Divine Founder, has been a sign set up for contradiction, and for the salvation of many. It has been made alternately her reproach and her honor that her claim to be the Bride of the Lamb, the Church of the Living God, has never been relaxed. The city on the hill cannot be hidden. If men close their eyes, if they turn their gaze away from her, if they build round themselves a wall of prejudice, if they form themselves in plain into rival schisms and societies, and become blinded by their own fulfillment of the prophecy that the Church, as a city seated on a mountain shall ever be visible, "Neither the sun nor the sun's light is so plain as the Church. For the house of the Lord is on top of the mountains," says St. John Chrysostom. "There is no safeguard of unity," writes St. Augustine, "save from the Church, made known by the promises of Christ—a Church which, being seated on a hill, cannot be hid. Hence it is known to all parts of the world. Let us then hold it as a thing immovable and firm, that no good men can separate themselves from her." The visible unity of the Church in faith and government is maintained by Peter; and St. Ambrose rightly sums up the belief of the Church in every age in the words: "Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia."

THE BRANCH THEORY.

From this doctrine the following conclusions are inevitable: First, that the Church of God upon earth is not an invisible Church, made up of all who lead decent lives, and who call out to Christ, Lord, Lord, and Saviour. Secondly, that the Church is not composed of branches, three or more, in outward antagonism but in secret amity. Separate bodies, each claiming to be the Church of Christ, and yet not visibly united in obedience to one visible authority, and agreeing in the profession of one faith, would present the spectacle not to visible unity, such as Christ prayed for and promised as a distinguishing glory and mark of His Church, but of visible disunion, and of blasphemous contradictions.

Were the possession of a priestly orders, of an Episcopate, of the sacraments, of a multitude of Catholic devotions, a title to be considered the Bride, the true Church of Christ, or a branch of His Church, then would the Arians, the Nestorians, the Pelagians, the Donatists, the Greeks, and a hundred other heretical or schismatical bodies be the true Church. In a word, the Church would present the appearance of a seething cauldron of heresies and schisms, in which the father of lies and the God of all truth and holiness would be allied in a most revolting and accursed mockery of union and charity.

These sentiments and convictions will, no doubt, be condemned as the modern intolerance of Roman Catholicism. They were, however, the sentiments and convictions of the English people for a thousand years. Take the teaching of the two earliest Doctors of the English Church—St. Aldhelm and Venerable Bede. "In vain," says St. Aldhelm, "does that man emptily glory concerning the Catholic faith, who follows not the doctrine and the rule of Peter. And Venerable Bede openly teaches that: "Whosoever shall separate himself in any way whatsoever from the unity of Peter's faith and from his fellowship can neither obtain pardon of his sins nor admission into heaven." Let me beseech, at least, our Anglican friends who boast of their continuity in the doctrine of the old Church of England, and who profess to desire reunion, to take into serious consideration the teaching of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers as to the vital necessity of unity with Rome.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PRESENTATION.

Saturday, the 29th Sept., being the feast of St. Michael, the occasion was deemed a suitable one, by the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to show their appreciation of the untiring energy and unselfish devotion to every duty, of their Director, Rev. Michael J. Tieran. An accordingly society (represented by its officers) assembled at the Bishop's Palace and presented the Rev. Father with a silver-headed, silk umbrella, on which was beautifully inscribed: "Presented to Rev. M. J. Tieran, by the Sodality of the B. V. M., London, on the feast of his Patron, St. Michael, Sept. 29, 1894." They also asked his acceptance of a pair of kid gloves. The Rev. gentleman thanked the young ladies for their thoughtfulness, and hoped they would all some day be celebrating the feast of his patron, in heaven.

God leads with His favors those who delight in exercising mercy.

THE JESUITS AMONGST THE JAPANESE.

[NOTE.—The war now in progress between China and Japan gives an additional interest to the following experiences of the Jesuit Fathers in Japan in the sixteenth century. It is the continuation of Mr. Bent's article in The Antiquary the first part of which appeared in the last number of the RECORD.]

Some letters written by Father Luigi Frois, the head of the Jesuit mission in Japan, in 1585, to the Father General of the Jesuits in Rome, throw light on early missionary enterprise in that country. They illustrate, too, the state of Japan towards the close of the sixteenth century both socially and politically, just twenty years after the energetic Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, first preached Christianity in the chief town of the Japanese kingdom of Saxuma. Furthermore, they illustrate the untiring energy of those Jesuit missionaries who braved almost every danger, and penetrated into the heart of a country which now, after a further lapse of three hundred years, is only beginning to be opened out.

The Portuguese silk merchants took them there, glad to give them a free passage, for the Jesuits did much towards opening the channels of commerce, learning, as they did, the habits and language of the country, and identifying themselves with the natives.

Intellectually speaking, Father Frois sums up the Japanese of his days thus: "The race is very capable, and full of intellect. There is a wonderful aptitude amongst the young for learning our science and discipline, experience of which has been had in the schools of Latin and also of Philosophy, started by the Jesuit Fathers here, also the people themselves. The artisans are not so rough and ready as ours, but of good judgment and well educated, observing the same courtesies amongst themselves, as if they had been born and bred in courts."

In another letter Father Frois illustrates this ability amongst the young Japanese, for in two days some pupils learnt "the Pater Noster, the Ave Maria, the Creed and Salve Regina in Latin, the Commandments, Confessions and other prayers in their native tongue, and the first to be able to say them all was a girl of seven years old, whom, when she had learnt them, taught them to the others."

The work in Japan was pushed on by the Jesuits with wonderful energy, as may be seen from the following account:

"In the college of Funai this year (1583) has been started the study of Philosophy, never before heard of in Japan; also a school of the Humanities. The Fathers of the college, as well as the scholars, are constantly being called out for confessions, preachings, baptisms, etc. They are forever occupied in translating into Japanese spiritual books, the catechism, Lives of the Saints, etc."

This College of Funai was the centre of the missionary work in Japan. From here they sent forth native converts in all directions to pave the way for future work; and King Francis of Bongo—a convert who had taken the name of Francis on his conversion—was their great support. As he grew weakly and old he used regularly to attend the House of Probation and the College of Funai, "as if," says Father Frois, "he had been the father of us all."

King Francis was desirous of being buried in a retired spot outside his city called Anecuni, where he had built a chapel, and had ordered all the idols in the immediate vicinity to be collected together and burnt. He likewise exhorted the Bonzi, or native priests of that neighborhood, to embrace the new faith, which many of them did. But, at the same time, many refused to do so, and hid their idols in secret places. At this place—Anecuni—Father Frois tells us the Bonzi of Bongo had brought a great treasure of theirs as to a quiet retreat. It was a wooden case containing a box of beautiful workmanship, which contained the nine books of the laws of Xaca, all written in letters of gold with many ornaments, and beautifully bound. "These were written two hundred and seventy years ago, but they still appear new, so well have they been kept." The Jesuits got hold of these books, and one of them, Father Frois tells us, they were going to send as a present to the Father-General at home.

About the Bonzi Father Frois tells us a great deal more in his letters. There were some in the kingdom of Saxuma, called Canusis, married priests skilled in incantations and necromancy. Father Luigi, a Jesuit, went to visit them, and said, "My friends, if you have power to cast out the demons, as you say, into whomsoever you wish, cast them into me; and if your sacrifices and incantations are of no avail, then will you confess that your laws are false."

This plan appeared agreeable to the Bonzi, and Father Luigi, armed only with a cross, sat down in their midst. Around him they placed their satanic instruments, rubbed their hands with kind of grain, went into a thousand contortions, put serpents on their necks, and so continuously invoked the demon in a loud voice that they lost their voices. Father Luigi chided them after the manner of Elijah, telling them not to give up, but to shriek louder, for already he began to feel a pain in the tips of his hair, whereupon they reposed themselves for a little while, and then recommenced their incantations with increased vigour.

Suddenly the devil seized upon the host with whom Father Luigi was staying, a quiet inoffensive man, who, when he found that he had been treated in this fashion, rushed upon the Bonzi and belabored them with his stick;

whereat Father Luigi laughed immoderately, so that the Bonzi were filled with shame and confusion, but said that if Father Luigi would tarry amongst them a little longer they would send for a Bonzo who was even better at incantations than they were, and to whom every demon was obedient, and then he would see if their art was efficacious or not.

Father Luigi remained yet many days in those parts, but the Bonzi lost all credit, and consequently left the Church and did not return again.

We have many curious stories told us in these letters of miracles and conversions wrought by the Jesuits to confound the Bonzi and their false creed, the efficacy with which portions of the true cross cured diseases, and so forth; but these things are of little value compared to the relation of episodes in Japanese history which occurred at this time, and of which the writer was an eye-witness. There can have been no cause for giving false reports on these points, and the simplicity of the narrative testifies to its genuineness.

The history of the rise and fall of a Prince called Nobunanga is related in very full detail by Father Frois. Nobunanga began life as prince of half a kingdom called Voari, and early developed great military valour and talent. He was greatly opposed to the priestly power as exercised by the Bonzi, and overthrew their temples and idols in his dominion. Moreover, he was kindly disposed to the Jesuits, as people who had come from far, and gave them leave to preach and build churches; "but, nevertheless," adds Father Frois, "his arrogance prevented him from being convinced by our doctrines." By means of his military skill, Nobunanga so rapidly increased his dominions, that he soon became the most potent lord in all Japan, and with his power his arrogance increased, so that, like a second Nebuchadnezzar, he aspired to be adored as God. For this purpose he built a temple on a mountain near to Anzuci, and over it put up the following inscription:

"In the great kingdom of Japan, on this mountain fortress of Anzuci, which even from afar gives joy and contentment to those who approach it, Nobunanga, lord of all Japan, has built this temple, and called it Sochengi. The rewards which all who adore it with reverence and devotion will have, are as follows: Firstly, the rich shall always increase their riches; the poor, the base and miserable shall grow in comfort. Those who have no offspring or successors to propagate their race, shall have descendants forthwith, and shall enjoy a very long life with great peace and repose. They shall even reach eighty years. They shall immediately be healed of any disease, and shall have the fulfilment of their desires with health and tranquillity. Every month they shall celebrate a solemn feast in memory of the day of my birth, which feast shall be concluded by a visit to this temple; and all who shall do this with faith shall obtain all their desires; but the perverse, both in this life and the next, shall go to perdition."

From all the other temples of Japan Nobunanga brought the most celebrated idols, and put them up in Sochengi, and issued a decree that on the fifth month of the year 1582, on the anniversary of his birth, everyone, high and low, rich and poor, should come and worship a stone which he had set up higher than any of the other idols in the temple, and on this day a large concourse of people assembled to worship.

"But," says Father Frois, "God did not allow Nobunanga to remain long in peace." He shortly afterwards sent an army to go against the King of Canocuni, and after conquering him, to bring the homage of three other kings back to him at his fortress in Anzuci, where he was busily engaged in extending his city, and giving the principal posts to vassals who built the finest houses. One of these, by name Faxiba, spent no less than 15,000 scudi in bringing stones; and when his army returned victorious, Nobunanga was at the zenith of his power.

At length he determined to terminate a war which he had been waging for four or five years with Mori, King of Amanguei. If he conquered again in this war he would be lord paramount of all the sixty-six kingdoms into which Japan was divided. He then purposed to cross over to China, and leave his seven sons to rule in Japan whilst he was pursuing his victories westwards. Faxiba was appointed general of this armament, and after a short absence he wrote for reinforcements to enable him to crush the enemy and to bring back the head of King Mori to Nobunanga.

Nobunanga got together an additional army of thirty thousand men to send to Faxiba, and put it under the command of a certain man called Achei—of low birth, but a skilled architect—whom he had created Prince of Tamba, and to whom he had given all the revenues of the Bonzi's University of Faimana. This was the man who wrought the ruin of Nobunanga, and schemed to make himself lord of Japan. Instead of going to join Faxiba he went to his own fortress of Tamba with his army, disclosed his plans to a few trusted friends, and taking into account the defenceless state in which Nobunanga had been left, it was determined to march back at once and attack him in Meaco, where he was living in an old monastery which had belonged to the Bonzi, and close to which the Jesuits had a church.

Nobunanga was here surprised as he was washing his hands. He hurried on their approach to his own room, and as some affirmed fell on his sword, after the manner of Japanese nobles; or, as

others said, he was burnt in the flames of the monastery.

The soldiers of Achei then marched through the town, cut off the heads of all whom they considered to be partisans of Nobunanga, and carried them to their chiefs, who collected them in a great heap. And the Jesuits who had been so kindly treated by Nobunanga fell into a great dread, for another general of Nobunanga's, Anzuci by name, tried to play the same game as Achei; and in the horrors of this civil war the Jesuits counselled together and decided to flee to an island in a neighboring lake, the owner of which pretended to be their friend, whilst he actually was in league with the boatmen to spoil and kill the Fathers. They set off, carrying with them their silver candlesticks, chalices, vestments, and whatever articles of value they possessed. They dressed themselves as Japanese to avoid detection, and when they reached the island they paid the boatmen so handsomely that they were allowed to take their valuables with them, and on an early opportunity they sent them all off to the mountains by the hands of a faithful Japanese; and a Christian who spoke favorably of them to Achei caused them to be well treated by the conqueror and left in safety on the island.

Achei meanwhile was dominant in Meaco, and after opening the treasure-houses of Nobunanga, and appropriating all his wealth, he prepared a magnificent funeral for the body of the man whose death he had caused; and while he was in the fortress of Sacomoto, the Jesuit Fathers left their island retreat, and came to him and placed themselves under his protection. "We were kindly received," says Father Frois, "because Achei wished to gain over a general to his side who professed Christianity"; and Father Organtino, conformed himself to circumstances, and replied with assenting words, but at the same time let the brethren know that under no consideration whatsoever should they league themselves with such a tyrant.

Achei gave them an escort to conduct them back to Meaco under the guidance of a squire, to whom Father Organtino gave an Indian umbrella, and many thanks, when they reached home safely again, and found that they had lost nothing.

The peace of Meaco was soon disturbed again. One of Nobunanga's sons, Sanxeci by name, succeeded in getting possession of the capital of the palace and of his father's body, for the burial of which he prepared by cutting off the heads of all that were suspected of having joined the revolt. "Obsequies," says Father Frois, "full of pestilential odours, as it was in the middle of summer, and worthy of that tyrant. So horrible was the odour that when the wind was in a certain direction we could not remain in our church."

This wholesale decapitation lasted for a long while and in many places. Two days afterwards Father Organtino and another Father, having occasion to go to the palace, saw some men bringing an offering or more than thirty heads strung on a cord, as if they had been the heads of so many sheep or dogs, "the miserable people believing that in this manner they would gain the esteem of the conqueror."

The body and head of the rebel Achei were also brought, and "the following miserable end had he who aspired to upsetting the government of all Japan, for Divine justice only accorded him twelve days of life after his horrible conspiracy. His head was first of all presented as an offering to the ashes of Nobunanga; and then, by order of Sanxeci was joined to the trunk, and the entire body was crucified outside the city."

Sanxeci did not long enjoy his triumph, for on hearing of the state of affairs, the General Faxiba, who was fighting against King Mori, abandoned the war and returned with his army to put in his claim for the kingdom. He first attacked Sacomoto, where Achei and his generals had deposited their wives and their valuables. On Faxiba's approach the wretches inside the fortress first of all threw all their treasures out of the windows into the sea, and then shut themselves up in the highest tower. The women and children were killed; and the men fell on their swords, and were burnt in the flames of the tower. "You could not count," says Father Frois, "the number of nobles and others who died in those eight days throughout the kingdom, some by their own hands, others by the hands of assassins. Father Joseph, five days after the victory, in the evening counted as many as five hundred corpses floating down a river."

The victorious army under Faxiba passed on after the sack of Sacomoto to other fortresses held by partisans of Achei or Sanxeci. They spared no one in their march, and Father Frois estimates the number of those who fell during those few days of civil war at more than ten thousand souls. He concludes the letter with his account of this episode in Japanese history, as follows:

"In this miserable and unhappy manner perished a man who thought that not only in this world but in heaven there was no greater Lord than himself. And Achei—his companion in pride, and afterwards his scourge—was killed by the hands of two peasants without even being able to cut open his own belly, which this benighted race consider the only honorable way to die. Altogether it cannot be denied that Nobunanga had good parts in him; but at last it was his arrogance which ruined him."

In another letter Father Frois tells us a good deal about the contest between the successors of Nobunanga, and the final triumph of Faxiba. Xibata, another general, who had married a sister of Nobunanga's, set up his claim to the kingdom, but was beaten everywhere by Faxiba, until he was obliged to retire to a mountain fortress, and was then surrounded. He addressed his followers who remained faithful, reminding them that in conformity with the Japanese custom he was about to cut open his belly, and that his body must be consumed in the flames of his castle before it was seen and disgraced by the enemy; he exhorted his followers to flee and save themselves whilst there was yet time; but with one accord they decided to perish with him, together with their wives and their children. Before dying, they instructed their servants to bring in tables with food and musical instruments; and then they all set to work to eat, drink, and sing as if they were celebrating a triumph or a royal dance, and the enemy outside were astonished that instead of the clash of arms they heard nothing but the sound of music and revelry.

Meanwhile the servants placed straw and combustibles below, and they shut the windows and the doors, and when the signal was given that all was ready, Xibata set the example by rushing on his wife, whom he had married only a few months before, and killing her. All his followers did likewise, killing their wives, sons, and daughters, and then they fell on their own swords amidst the flames. Only one old woman was allowed to escape alive, that she might relate to the enemy all she had seen of this triumphant death.

J. THEODORE BENT.

SHE WILL BE TRUE TO HER TIM.

Kittie Doyle, late of the Irish Village at the World's Fair and now of Dublin, Ireland, can become the wife of a wealthy Kentuckian if she only says the word. Everybody who visited the Irish Village—and that means nearly every one who went to the Fair,—will remember Kitty Doyle—Kittie of the ripe lips and the conquering eyes, who spent the time in smashing hearts and selling bits of bog oak; bog oak fashioned into round towers and harps and miniature shillelahs.

Kittie's eyes were always making mischief and her tongue was ever ready with a gibe or a joke. She flung flashing jeers with enough wit in them to save her from being called impolite at those who dallied at her counter to inspect but not to buy, and she showered compliments, sparkling with fun, on those who fell before her glances and her blarney, and emptied their pockets for the bits of bog oak. All the other girls in the Village noticed the attention paid to Kittie.

Miss Kittie's receipts were enormous, and Mrs. White, the manager of the village, often wondered at it, but she stopped wondering when she listened to Kittie's banter and looked into Kittie's eyes.

Toward the end of the Fair Kittie's receipts fell off. This was the more noteworthy in view of the fact that the receipts in all the other departments increased. One day it was observed that Kittie was receiving marked attentions from "Mr. Kelly, of Kentucky"—"a State's attorney in Kentucky," she added by way of explanation, but with undoubted pride as well.

"So that's the trouble, is it?" asked Mrs. White, when Kittie and herself were alone.

"The truth of it is, he has fairly bewildered me," said Kittie. "He is handsome and rich, and the touch of the brogue that he has yet with him shows that he is no stranger; that he knows what the smell of the turf is. But what I'm bothered about more than anything else, more than my neglect of the bog oak counter even, is, what'll I do with Tim Tierney?"

Then Kittie began to cry. When she dried her eyes she told Mrs. White who Tim Tierney was. He was one of the bravest boys in Dublin and made Kittie promise him when she was leaving that she wouldn't allow "any of those yankee jackeens put the comother on her."

Mrs. White advised Kittie to stick to Tim.

"In the name of God, I will," she said.

She sang a song that told Mr. Kelly pretty plainly of her change of heart. She wrote a letter that night to Tim Tierney and in three weeks after she was on her way to Dublin.

A man giving the name of William Dawson, of Detroit, visited Mrs. White's store the other day and inquired for Kittie Doyle. He had been visiting in Kentucky, he said, and had been commissioned by Mr. Kelly to find Kittie Doyle. Mrs. White gave him Kittie's address. She is not yet Mrs. Tierney, and Kelly may get her. Mr. Dawson would not give any further particulars about his Kentucky friend than to say that he left Ireland when he was ten years old, that he is a prominent and wealthy lawyer and that he is going to Ireland next month "to see the cabin his father was born in."

"To see Kittie Doyle," says Mrs. White.

For several months, I was troubled with a persistent humor on my head which gave me considerable annoyance, until it occurred to me to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before using one bottle, the humor was healed.—T. T. Adams, General Merchant, Turberville, Va.

What do you take medicine for? Because you want to get well, or keep well, of course. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

Minard's Lintment Cures La Grippe.

LOOK WITHIN.

Earnest Words on the Needs of Meditation to Ensure Eternal Happiness.

Is it true that this life is only given to us to prepare? Yes, it is a settled belief by all people that this life is a season of preparation. Then, why not prepare? It seems like madness to neglect this preparation. How long have we to prepare? Aye, there is the rub! We never can know. We do know how few were the days of some. We know how unprepared were others. Some die in their sleep. Are we ready for such a death? Are you prepared? No; but you intend to be? Vain hope, bitter delusion. Hell is full of such good intentions. "Now is the acceptable time," said St. Paul. Commence right now.

THINK OF THE DANGER. If you meditated on that journey you soon must take; each day bringing you nearer to the day of departure, you would change your life at once. You would say, "now I have begun." Your days are numbered. Your next sickness may take you away. Your days are few — you can count them at most in a minute.

Your days are numbered; your very hairs are counted; a certain number of sunsets are for you; a given number of seconds. Death approaches a step nearer every second. That last second might have borne off a prayer to heaven, but you have to learn to value the almost infinite uses of a second. The second is gone forever. No power could bring it back. How many have you lost? If you felt the force of this question you would swoon right where you stand.

A TRAIN OF EVILS. Following each and every sin is a train of accidents, misfortunes, evils, and moral shipwrecks, that received birth from his crimes, and these will reproduce their evil effects, long after his bones shall have turned to dust. The evil that a man does lives after him and the cry of vengeance against his wrong will arise, albeit a whited sepulchre may deceitfully flatter his memory long after he is weighed in the balance. Vain creatures of this world, why will ye not pause and think of the danger that surrounds you?

WHAT MEDITATION LEADS TO. Meditation leads us to think of our sins, and the necessity of sorrow and repentance; it leads us to think of all that God has done for us, and teaches us to be thankful; it leads us to think of the infinite perfections of God, and inspires us to love him. Strange how few love that glorious Being! It is because they do not meditate.

MEDITATION ENJOINED. The Lord, speaking of His precepts (Deut. 6), says: "Thou shalt meditate upon them sitting in thy house and walking on thy journey, sleeping and rising; and thou shalt write them in the entry and on the doors of thy house." You must think of God sitting or walking, sleeping or rising. The Lord has said it. In the psalm of Asaph (76) we read: "I thought upon the days of old, and I had in my mind the eternal years, and I meditated in the night with my own heart and I was exercised and I swept my spirit and I said: 'Now I have begun.' The young, the beautiful, the happy never meditate except on the vanities of life. Is it right or wise that men and women should wait to be old before they turn to God, offering instead of the first fruits, the dregs of a misspent life?"

God said to Moses (Leviticus xix. 2): "Speak to all the congregation of the children of Israel, and say unto them, ye shall be holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy." We should be holy are cold and indifferent. Religion that is only for profession; merely a Sunday suit to put on and off as occasion demands. Out of a hundred, there are ninety-five that are cold and indifferent. Examine and perhaps you will find this too flattering an estimate. If one could be found in the whole valley that might be justly counted as holy, every one, I am sure, would visit this marvel, and yet the Lord expects holiness in all.—Phillip O'Neill in Catholic Mirror.

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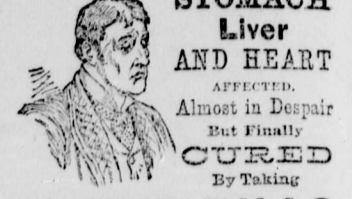
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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.

HOW TO BECOME A SAINT.

"And take unto you the helmet of salvation."

(Eph. vi. 17.)

Brother: God is continually bringing home to our minds by visible signs His love and care for all His creatures, and especially for man. God is everywhere and in everything, by His power, by His essence, by His love. Everything about us, everything that happens to us by the providence of God, is a manifestation of His loving care, and all the events of life are intended as so many aids for our sanctification.

None of us would dare question the statement of St. Paul that we are all called to be saints, to holiness of life; but how few of us fancy it possible or realize how easy it is to attain sanctity!

"To be a saint! God forgive me!" you say, "I never practically thought of such a thing as possible for one like me. I know, and so do my neighbors, that such a state, such high perfection is farthest from my thoughts. Saints! Why, those are people we read about, not every-day Christians, who have a thousand daily cares to annoy and distract them."

Brother, if you do not talk this way I know that in your inmost soul you often think these thoughts. Sanctity is to your minds something away off; it is the top of the highest mountain, at whose base you stand; you look up, wish you were there, shake your heads sadly, and say: No, I cannot reach the top; some few chosen souls may attempt it, but I must stand just where I am, satisfied to remain in the shadow of its great height.

Oh! what foolishness of heart, what want of confidence in God! Does He not most earnestly desire our sanctification? Does He not want us all to be saints? And if so, has He made the road to sanctity so difficult, so disheartening that most of us must give up the struggle through want of courage?

If the work of our salvation, brethren, seems so beset with obstacles apparently insurmountable, it is as surely because we have no just idea of what holiness of life is. For, be convinced of this, that sanctity simply consists in fidelity to the order of God in our daily lives, and this fidelity is possible and within the reach of all. And what is the order of God to which we are bound to be faithful? In the first place, we must be faithful to the duties imposed upon us by the commandments of God and His Church, as well as to those belonging to the particular state of life we have chosen. And, again, we must willingly accept all that God sends us each moment of our lives.

Now, in this is there anything beyond our strength? To enable us to keep His commandment God gives us those seven great channels of grace and mercy—the sacraments of the Church; and to fulfil the duties of our special calling He sends us attractions and aids to facilitate their practice. "All this have I done from my youth," you may say with the young man in the gospel. "The commandments I succeeded in keeping fairly well, but my difficulty is to know how to fulfil the order of God in the duties of the present moment."

Brother, the duty of the present moment is for you the sacrament of the present moment, the outward sign by means of which God bestows His graces upon you. Every care, every trial, sickness and health, poverty and wealth, sorrow and joys, all that comes upon you, are so many means by which the providence of God works towards your sanctification.

Our lives consist in a great number of unimportant actions. Yet it is through fidelity in performing these commonplace actions that we are going to sanctify ourselves, accepting with love and patience what we too frequently endure with weariness and irritation. This great treasure, this constant and ever-present means of grace, this sacrament of the present moment, is yours, brethren, present everywhere and at all times, and in making use of it lies a sure road to sanctity, your helmet of salvation.

A Tribute to Catholicity.

Mr. Walter Blackburne Harte in an article in the *Arena* writing on the wealth of Boston Bay, pays a notable tribute to Catholicity. Though not altogether correct it is worth reproducing.

"The Catholic Church is the only one that is not ashamed to have poverty clinging to the skirts of its most beautiful temples, and although this bitter contrast is not that of an ideal state, still our meaning is clear—the Catholic Church is, and always has been, in closer touch and sympathy with the poor and miserable than the Protestant. The manifest military organization of the Catholic Church, and the intimate hold it has upon the imaginations of its people, prevent it from ever being seized with the complete lethargy that is practically making the Protestant churches merely social leagues among the rich, for the dissemination of a system of canting ethics, in direct contradiction to the teachings of its founder, from which the poor are turning heart-sick, disgusted, desperate."

If your child is puny, fretful, troubled with glandular swellings, inflamed eyes, or sores on the head, face, or body, a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is needed to expel the scrofulous humors from the blood. The sooner you begin to give this medicine the better.

DAN.

A Story For Boys.

By MARY D. BRINE.

CONTINUED.

"Well, count it in your mind, or add it, lad, and answer your own question."

So Dan succeeded in convincing himself that five cents four times made twenty cents to add to the game money, and then his mother laid the whole before him, and laughed with him over his first day's good fortune; and then he dropped the forty-four cents in the "bank," and hugged his mother because he was so happy.

"You won't often be so fortunate as you've been to-day, dear," she said, "and you must not grow impatient, boy, if you don't go smoothly like all the time. There's ups and downs in business, and we've got to be prepared for both things. Don't be forgettin' you owe Miss Vila some money."

"Ah, no, indeed! but she said I mustn't think of that, an' I don't speak of it to her for two weeks, an' then we'd talk a little; she's so good mammy!"

I will not take time to go fully into the history of the croquet game ventures; but will say that, as days went on, people seemed to take more interest in Dan, and the little fellow was more fortunate in getting odd jobs to do, and the "meddler" up by his house became quite a popular resort for the young people, who enjoyed plenty of room for their game, and considered a penny apiece for a game not at all extravagant. When "custom" was scarce, as on some days, Viola was pretty sure to happen along and feel like playing a game with Dan, and always insisted upon paying the price, and presenting Dan with his share of the price as well, for she laughingly said, "The rules are strict, and yet it would look queer for a proprietor to be paying himself for his game, you see."

Oh, she was a kind friend, indeed, to Dan, and when at last the dollar was paid back to her by the proud, happy boy, fairly earned, as was also the "lemon money," she put it in an envelope with a note to Mrs. Carmen, and Dan took it from the post office soon after, carrying that unheeded thing—a letter for mammy—home with great curiosity and speed. You may guess it ought not to be necessary for me to tell you what the note said about the money it enclosed. But Dan and mammy loved Viola better than ever that day.

Of course Bill Barley and "those boys of his" were inclined to annoy Dan, and made several attempts to steal the wickets he left always in position in the field (so as to save mistakes in setting them again), and to find the box of balls and mallets, and the table, which were always hidden over-night in the bushes. But after they had been caught one night, or nearly caught, I should say, by the farmer in charge of the field for Mrs. Howe, a cross, ugly mastiff was left as watchman at night, and no boy dared risk getting over the fence. So Dan was secured from further annoyance of that sort.

So the summer days went on and on. Dan's little heart expanded more and more, and the village people, taking a new interest in him,—of course, owing to the influence of his staunch friend, Miss Viola,—were quite surprised at themselves for ever having imagined the poor little fellow to have been the chief "bad boy" of the place. Why, if they had only had a fair chance to look at him, long before, to have really looked into those honest eyes of his, and watched the expression of that little brown face, as they often watched it now, surely no person of sense could possibly have believed all the miserable notions which had somehow—without any of Dan's fault, we who are behind the scenes have known all along—become circulated about the little "half-breed." Well, all that was over. Dan had no need to shamble along uneasily, keeping his eyes open for Bill Barley or some other misfortune, and he didn't expect now-a-days to hear surlly threats or meet contemptuous glances. Thanks to the dear young lady who had brought all this happy change about, Dan Carmen could hold up his little figure, and feel that his *shrinking* days were over.

The time of the county Fair was approaching, and the village boys were getting excited. Dan was no longer "proprietor" of the croquet-ground. That game had lost its popularity at last, and so, after some weeks of quite successful business profits, Dan pulled up his wickets, packed his set in its box, and stowed it away at home with the old table, thanked Mrs. Howe for her kindness in letting him have the field so long, and then held himself "open for engagements" of any kind that might turn up. His mother had wished to keep his little earnings for him apart from her own purse, but Dan laughed at her. "What do you 'spos I earned it for, mammy, darlin' if it wasn't to help you?" he asked, throwing his arms about her neck with one of his energetic hugs.

However, she made him take out the Fair admission money, knowing how he longed to go, and yet feeling that he wouldn't touch a cent of it unless he was sure there was sufficient behind it in the little pasteboard box. So Dan would get to the Fair after all, and he was a very light-hearted

boy when he told Miss Viola all about it, and received from her—a great surprise to him, too—a bright half-dollar with which to buy something for his mother and himself.

Dan had been working for a farmer for a day or two. The very same old fellow, by the way, over whom he and Miss Viola had triumphed in regard to Mrs. Howe's meadow, you remember. The man had since then grown into a liking for the boy. One afternoon, at a time when the Fair grounds were being arranged, and tents being put up for various purposes, Dan and the farmer's hired choreboy were in the field together helping with the hay. Dan whistled merrily about his work, for not only was he happy, but he seemed to *overflow* with a sort of new delight in being alive, and able to enjoy all the gladnesses which had come to him in various ways, and he wished everybody in the world could be as happy as he was now, with his new friends and his "lots of jobs."

Jake wasn't whistling; oh, no! (Jake was the chore-boy.) He was unusually doleful. I say "unusually," because Jake was always rather doleful and "down in the mouth," as the boys say. He was an orphan, and a stranger—as Dan had been once—in the village. He had no special friend or crony, and the old farmer and his busy wife were not over-abundant with kind words and attentions; and so, when you think of it, poor Jake was really worse off than Dan, who had at least the comfort of his dear mother's love, for all his hard luck about the village. Besides, Dan was no longer a "stranger" there, and Jake had only been there three weeks in the place. He liked it better than the orphan asylum, to be sure, but he was very lonely, and unhappy most of the time, and Dan began to notice it soon after he started in on his work for the farmer. On this afternoon, as I say, Jake was more than ever sad, and was so stupid about his work that the farmer yelled at him crossly.

"Can't ye move like a live critter?" he cried. "Come, stir those stumps of yours, an' creep as lively as ye kin!" Jake tossed the hay sullenly, and made no reply.

"What ails you, Jake, anyway?" asked Dan, his own sturdy little arms raking fast and far as he spoke.

"Nothin' ails me 'cept bein' as I be," answered Jake, "an' I wish I was diff'rent, I do."

Dan didn't fully understand Jake's meaning, but he could see well enough that here was a boy who was feeling as he used to feel before Miss Viola enlisted her kind heart upon his side in affairs in general, and he pitied Jake with all his heart.

"Cheer up, Jake," said he, sympathetically. "There ain't any use in bein' cross, ye see, an' if you don't move faster the old man'll lick you. I see it in his eye."

Dan's intention was more cheerful than his words, but Jake somehow didn't seem comforted, and so the two boys worked together, one happy, the other unhappy, until the hay-cart moved away to empty itself of its fragrant freight and return to load up again. Dan threw his hat down, and bared his curly brown head to the cooling after-noon breeze, and straightened his tired little back, and whistled again.

Presently he cried out gayly: "Oh, Jake, I can see the Fair buildin's an' the tents! Jus' look! Ho! won't be fun!"

"I don't want to see 'em, an' I ain't goin' to," replied Jake, turning his back and sitting down gloomily.

"Why, don't you like to see 'em so far off, an' an' kind of wonder how they'll look when you get inside 'em?"

"I ain't goin' to be inside 'em," sighed Jake; "how'd you 'spos I'm goin' to go to that ere Fair?"

Dan was silent. He had forgotten for the moment that only a little while ago he would have been as hopeless about the Fair business as poor Jake now was.

His little heart grew sad and sorry for Jake in a moment. He felt as if he would like to help Jake have a good time, but he didn't see how he could. He would like to have said, "Here, Jake, you can have half of my money when Farmer Jones pays me to-night, an'— But no, he couldn't say that, for it was mammy's money, not his, he was working for. He had no right to give any of it away. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his handkerchief to mop the little heated face, all tanned browner than ever, and sunburned in the bargain right on the tip of the small pug-nose. With the handkerchief came out a half-dollar. It was the silver-piece Miss Viola had given him just a day or two before, and which he had carried around with him as a sort of personal possession and talisman for good fortune—and the *Fair*. As Dan picked it up from the grass, a thought popped into his head. He wished at the moment that it had not, for when thoughts did come to him in that sort of a way they generally stayed long enough to compel him to do some hard thinking upon all-around subjects. Just now he didn't want to hold this special thought at all. It fretted him considerably, and all the more because he knew it was being very selfish not to give it attention. He went off by himself and sat down, but not until he had heard Jake mutter sadly, "I'd like to have a good time same's other fellers. I ain't never had a good time of it, I kin remember! Folks as does have 'em needn't talk to me 'bout bein' cheerful."

His back was towards Dan all the while he spoke, and he had not seen the half-dollar which Dan now held in

his hand, hesitating between two kinds of thoughts and desires.

A red flush, which had no connection with sunburn, crept up to his brows and met itself in the mass of damp, tangled curls which were matted on Dan's head and forehead. He looked at Jake's drooping back and shoulders, then at the money, then in the direction of the Fair grounds. Then he looked at Jake again very wistfully, and at last he looked up at the beautiful summer sky, so broad and blue above the landscape.

Something he saw there must have helped him to some decision, for he sprang to his feet, turned his back upon the Fair grounds, and went over to Jake.

"Jake, Jake," he said, swallowing something very hard, and trying to speak steadily. "You can cheer up truly, 'cause you're goin'—goin' to have a boss's time, I can tell you. See! this was a present to me, an' I can do what I like with it, 'cause it ain't mammy's money, you see, an' it ain't *carrot* money either else it would be hers. But it's all my own, an'— see here, Jake, I've had lots of good times lately, since I knew a dear young lady who was heaps an' heaps good to me, an' now I'm goin' to let you see how nice it feels to have a good time too." He dropped the coin into the hand of the astounded Jake, and went on. "Now you can go to the—Fair, you know, Jake, an' have as good a time as the rest of 'em fellers."

Jake's face was like a sunbeam. "Ye'r don't mean it, Dan, now, do ye'r?"

"Yes, sir, I do, honest and true! Hello, there's the cart back. Now, fly 'round, do Jake, 'cause you ought to feel better now, you see."

"Don't I, though!" cried Jake, grinning like a new boy, and he sprang with a will to his feet and actually whistled (though Dan did not at this time) as he raked the hay into a pile for the pitchfork, and caused the old farmer to look at him with pleased surprise. Later on, when work was over, Jake and Dan said good-by to each other, and Jake followed the cart and men towards the farm, while Dan, feeling still rather lumpy about the throat, walked slowly home to deposit this day's profits of thirty cents—all the farmer paid "a bag"—in the pasteboard box. He made up his mind to say not a word to his mother about the change in his plans. It would trouble her to have him disappointed, and he would find some good reason for staying at home when the time came, no doubt. But poor little Dan, he didn't whistle much during that walk home, and the smile he put on, when at last his mother saw him, was not very deep down in his heart, after all, though she didn't know it.

The Fair day drew near, and finally there was but one day before the opening. Dan, taking home a basket of clean clothes for one of his mother's patronesses, met Viola Carew at a turn of the road.

She greeted him with more than usual warmth—though she was always so cordial—Dan fancied, and he pulled his cap off with instinctive gallantry as he passed before her.

"You will go bright and early to the Fair, Dan, to-morrow, I suppose?" she asked, smiling, and watching the little brown face closely.

"The boy cast down his eyes and shifted from one foot to the other."

"I'd like to, ma'am," he finally said, feeling that he was giving at least a *true* answer, if not just what she might imagine his meaning to be.

"There'll be nothing to hinder; will you, Dan?" she asked again; and Dan wondered why she asked such searching questions.

"You know I gave you that half-dollar on purpose for the Fair, Dan, my boy. I hope you haven't lost it."

Dan looked up bravely. "Oh, no, Miss Vila, I haven't lost it; no indeed!"

"Well, then, I shall look for you the first thing," she said; "and perhaps you'll wait for me at the entrance gate?"

Poor little Dan, he felt himself in a corner, and feared to explain, lest his partial friend should reprove him for what he had done; and, moreover, he didn't like to tell of his good deed half as much as he would have been willing to confess to a fault. She stood there awaiting his answer, and he kept digging a little bare heel into the dust, and twirling the handle of his cart in great confusion of mind. At last she said, severely:

"Dan, where is that money? I believe you've lost it, after all. How you act! Why don't you look up at me, and be honest in speech?"

"Oh, Miss Vila, I ain't lost it at all!"

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all. Sometime I'll tell you what happened to it, but I don't think I feel like goin' to the—I mean I don't know as mammy can spare me to-morrow, ma'am, an' if you'll tell me 'bout the horses afterwards, it'll be most as good as seein' 'em myself."

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