

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record

London, Saturday, August 18, 1900.

"FILTHY" FULTON'S SAD FLIGHT.

Dr. Fulton, of unsavory fame, must be a sorely perplexed man these days. Time was when he was looked upon as an Apostle, and the bad odor of his petrescent concoctions was regarded even in Canada as an ambrosial fragrance. But now, according to the Sacred Heart Review, his brethren have advised him to keep in the background. Too much Fulton is ruinous to any cause! The Cambridge Tribune refers to him as a clergyman who has gained "a somewhat unenviable notoriety by his venomous and very injudicious attacks upon the Roman Catholic Church."

Possibly the poor old man may now amend his ways and become a decent citizen.

SAMPLE ORANGEMEN.

The Orangeman, especially in the old country, hold the world's record for downright, unfiltered blackguardism. It seems to be their peculiar possession. There are many kinds of ruffianism, but the Orangeman's is one of an insane and revolting brutality. In Belfast during the 12th of July celebration they paraded the streets cursing the Pope with all the vigor of their picturesque vocabulary. Some of them climbed on the roof of a house belonging to a Catholic and cursed the Pope down the chimney and executed a few other feats that proved up to the hilt their superior civilization. The Catholic's daughter was near to death, but that fact made no impression on the followers of King William. They are a class apart—valorous when they have the constabulary behind them, chivalrous to women, and ardent mouth supporters of the British Empire.

SUCCESSFUL MISSIONARIES TO NON-CATHOLICS.

The Catholic Missionary Union is reaping an abundant harvest in the United States. The Fathers are accorded a courteous welcome in every part of the country and non-Catholics form no inconsiderable part of their auditors. As our readers know they eschew controversy and content themselves with a presentation of Catholic doctrine. Their aim is to show non-Catholics that our belief is not the monstrosity that traditional bigotry would have it. In this way they are battering down the obstacles to truth, and we feel sure that as time goes on men will be more and more convinced that without the barque of Peter there is no peace or security. All we want is a fair field.

We hope that we may soon see a band of clerics doing similar work in Canada.

IMPERIALISM AND MILITARISM.

Some of the Republican orators touch very lightly on the questions of imperialism and militarism. They affect to regard them as of no moment. But we hope the voter will think otherwise. A Democrat victory would give at least a setback to the dangerous idiots who dream of war and talk of it as if it were a mere after-dinner experience. Militarism and imperialism, the new name for grab and rob, are two evils that appear false ideals, force a nation from the path of honor and prepare the way for its destruction. The politicians who are tinkering up the map of the world should not forget that in the writing of history God plays an important part. Imperialism means indeed new markets for the trusts, but increased taxes for the workingman; the plaudits of the multitude for the few, but death on field or in fevered hospital for the many. It is a belauded idol just now, but sensible men ask if the glory of placing a bit of bunting over a foreign country is not too dearly bought by the blood of brave men, by the anguish of widow and orphan.

At the beginning of the Spanish American war a United States Senator declared that the whole business was not worth the life of one American soldier; and we believe him.

We should never do nothing. It is better to wear out than to rust out.—Donn P.att.

BOULGER'S ADVICE TO ENGLAND.

Writing in the North American Review a Mr. Boulger wants England to declare war on Russia, and at once. To his mind England's success is assured. Smash the Russians at Manchuria; take the Black Sea forts; capture St. Petersburg and presto the thing is done. The gentleman is evidently out for trouble or perhaps qualifying himself for the position of Colonial Secretary. What the Czar and his followers would be doing during the execution of that programme is not stated.

Before the beginning of hostilities with the Boers there was much sanguine prediction from special correspondents—war critics and other performers on the national drum. The war would be of short duration, and we are not out of the woods at this writing. The Boers would be unable to withstand the military intelligence and strategical ability, and yet British generals have learned, and to their discomfort, that knowledge of war is not necessarily locked up in military academies. The Boers again would not venture to attack in the open, and we have had Spion Kop. The British taxpayer who has to pay for the expensive luxury of a nation propped up by wealth and hemmed round by bayonets and death-dealing inventions may be near its downfall. The sheen of gold may cover festering wounds in the body-politic. In London, the workshop of the universe, as it is called, there are thousands who, so far as regards true civilization, are as ignorant as the most benighted pagans. This is admitted by sane-minded Englishmen, and a writer declared recently that Lord Rosebery should be given the task of organizing and civilizing London. There, hard by the lord and millionaire is the beggar: close to the mansion is the tenement. Laughter from those to whom life is a jest, and tears from the many who find it a burden. And what else can one expect it to be for those who have been despoiled of the supernatural? But still the doctrine that wealth is the criterion of a country's greatness finds listeners in too many places. It is a sure sign of decadence, and the individuals who preach it are as ignorant of the elements of true civilization as they are of the teachings of past history.

England is ready and Russia is not. Russia has the itching to clutch India with the power to do so; and if England is firm and resolute, and fights in a proper spirit and not in the silly hypercivilized manner she has pursued in South Africa, she can shatter the Asiatic dominion of the Tsar to its base and give the Russians something else to think of than the invasion of India for another hundred years.

The plan is exceedingly simple! Reads like a patent medicine advertisement! Meanwhile, the Czar, oblivious of the impending danger, is intent upon making the Hague Permanent International Tribunal a reality.

A PROTESTANT'S TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES.

Writing in the New York Freeman's Journal M. M. Barclay gives a very readable account of the experience of Major J. Kerbey, sometime a United States consul to the Brazils. Though a Protestant, he has no love for missionary enterprise. The missionary spirit is all right in the abstract, but experience and observation show that whatever the original motive may have been, the missionary motive is always supplemented by the demands of trade, which, in turn, invariably result in introducing selfish motives under the guise of civilization, followed by a dismemberment or absorption of their country.

He goes on to say that whatever advancement in civilization has been attained in South America is due to the earlier and continued efforts of the Catholic missionaries. So far as regards crime he believes there are more crimes in Pittsburgh and in some of our interior countries, such as one may hear of in a day's attendance at County Court, than there is in all of South America, which has an area as great as North America.

The following is part of a conversation he had with a Spanish Padre, Father Viserlot:

"You people do not send us your average men as missionaries, but I rather surmise we receive some of your over-zealous people."

"You know," added the Padre, "the line of caste is distinctly drawn in these countries, but it is not a color line, nor a moneyed aristocracy. There is, however, a disposition to magnify the best blood of the families."

"The Catholic missionaries do not, as a rule, get any help from large home or foreign missionary funds. The Protestants, on the other hand, are sustained by home organizations. I think, as a rule, the missionaries live better than the American Consuls. Millions are collected and sent abroad annually."

"The priest pressed his interview. 'What for instance, would your people do if one of our Padres would disturb your funeral ceremonies or interrupt your church services by telling your people 'All that is being told you by your preachers is false?'"

"Why, I said, 'we would mob him.'"

"Of course," said the good Padre, laughing, "yet most of your missionaries seem to think it their duty to tell our children that all we have taught their fathers and mothers during these years is false. And yet we do not attempt to mob your missionaries."

"When I attempted to get at the motive of such an intelligent man as the Padre spending all his life among Indians, living with them, in all their discomforts, the old man's face beamed with a bright, sad smile as he answered:

"My son, if I can but hold this crucifix to the eyes of a single dying Indian I am satisfied, fully." And he silently uttered a prayer.

Mr. Kerbey continued with emphasis: "When I am in those countries I always stand up for my country—right or wrong—and, finding the old man had the best of the argument, I fell back on the familiar quotation, heard in missionary meetings: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.'"

"I felt that this was a settler, and would justify all our missionary efforts, but the old

Padre gathered himself together and looked at me benignly, as he said, with a significant smile:

"Yes, my son, but that command did not come from America."

"What more could be said?"

"I am glad to give this old Padre's message to the American people."

This is the substance of the story as I heard it from Major Kerbey, and there is no reason to think he exaggerates, especially as he himself is not a Catholic.

POVERTY vs. AFFLUENCE.

Of all the cant talked to day the most pauseless kind is that concerning the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon. One would imagine that its title to the foremost place in the world was indisputable. But there are some individuals, at least, who form their opinions on something better than data furnished by politicians and hysterical writers. It has, it is true, force, energy, decided ability for the assimilation of alien peoples and for the making of money in many and various fashions. But does this constitute a clear title to superiority? Dazzled by the clamor of material prosperity we are too apt to pay but little attention to the essential constituents of national life. Let us never forget, however, that armies and navies and all the treasures of art and commerce, can never give permanent nationality.

A country poor in material resources can reach a high plane of civilization: a nation propped up by wealth and hemmed round by bayonets and death-dealing inventions may be near its downfall. The sheen of gold may cover festering wounds in the body-politic. In London, the workshop of the universe, as it is called, there are thousands who, so far as regards true civilization, are as ignorant as the most benighted pagans. This is admitted by sane-minded Englishmen, and a writer declared recently that Lord Rosebery should be given the task of organizing and civilizing London.

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A BASE CALUMNY.

The Chinese trouble has given some non-Catholic editors an opportunity to vilify and calumniate the Catholic Church. Sometime ago the Christian Guardian denounced the Catholic missionary as the cause of the present disastrous uprising. There was not a scintilla of proof in the article to support the assertion. It was merely a product of his editorial mind, dashed lightly off to impress the backwoods Methodist with a sense of Rome's iniquity. In tone it was rather suggestive of the heavy villain in a third-rate comedy, and was doubtless very much appreciated by individuals who read nothing but the Guardian.

But we are moving—even in Toronto; and the editor who imagines that any screed, no matter how bigoted and dishonest, may do duty as mental pabulum is presuming too largely on either the ignorance or gullibility of his readers. If our friend will take up his John Wesley he will read the following words: "What wonder is it that we have so many converts to Popery, and so few to Protestantism, when the former are sure to want nothing and the latter almost to starve?" In view of this, is it not illogical for Methodists to go as missionaries to China, or any where else? If, according to Wesley, Catholicism can satisfy every spiritual need, why do not our brethren refrain from giving foreign countries the advantages of the Revival and Amen corner. We also think that the saving of money and the avoidance of unpleasant experiences which would follow the adoption of the course suggested by us should be taken into consideration. Above all, we should not have the Guardian writer throwing truth and charity to the winds for the sake of "copy" and of gratification of his anti-Catholic tendencies.

The canard was hatched by some imaginative reporter and was forthwith pronounced on by a few preachers, and given due credence. The re-

porter, unlike the Guardian, endeavored to bolster up his assertion by saying that the Catholics had, under the treaty of March 1897, acquired a political ascendancy that aroused the jealousy of the Chinese, and thus paved the way for the Boxers. It is useless to point out that the treaty simply gave Catholics the privilege of dealing directly with the Chinese authorities in matters concerning religion, and not, as heretofore, through the consuls of the different Governments.

That this present outbreak cannot, with any show of justice, be attributed, says the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, to the decrees of 1897 is evident from the significant fact that the Catholics are in some respects suffering less now than they suffered during the two preceding years, and are now no longer singled out for special attack and singular demonstrations of fury.

MGR. CONATY TO CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

The following magnificent and thrilling discourse was delivered at the cathedral by Right Rev. Mgr. Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University, and former President of the National Temperance League, to the members of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America who were last week assembled in Convention at Philadelphia.

Mgr. Conaty spoke from the following text: "As to the rest, brethren, be strengthened in the Lord and in the might of his power. Put you on the armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the snares of the devil. Stand therefore having your loins girt about with truth and having on the breastplate of justice." (Ephesians vi., 10, 11, 14.)

After giving to the Catholic Total Abstinence Union a greeting of gratitude from the Catholic University, which has been the recipient of its kindness by the generous endowment of one of its professorial chairs, Mgr. Conaty congratulated the union upon its splendid record of twenty-eight years in the cause of total abstinence. He proceeded to discuss some of the reasons which underlie the establishment of the organization as well as the necessity for its maintenance and development.

"It is an effort for social and moral reform and demands heroism which finds its inspiration in religion. Heroes are always needed, and heroes are not confined to those whose deeds are heralded with blare of trumpet or written up in newspaper and book. Heroism is at its highest when exercised in bettering mankind. The moral reformer who lives that he may lead others to goodness is the highest type of a reformer. There is something of Christ in such a life. This demands a love of virtue, a devotion to high ideals, a conquest of self: it demands sacrifice. Men admire such heroes as they admire the Vincents de Paul, the Father Mathews and the Damians of every age, because they see unselfishness and love of humanity and God incarnated in them and inspiring all their actions."

"The total abstinence movement, as we appreciate it, is based upon the same principles and is actuated by the same motives. Its ideals are in a manhood redeemed by Christ, and its inspiration springs from a love of God and the neighbor. Its only ambition is to do good and its only honor and glory are the honor and glory of God. Its reward is in the saving of souls. Social reforms are often effected in the blood of the innocent as well as the tyrant, but our movement reaches to social reform by the upbuilding of the individual life. It believes that the life of society depends upon virtue, and not on wealth or material success, and it labors to foster and maintain a virtuous citizenship. Vice is destructive of the individual and society; and the organization which in a Christian spirit exists to root out vice, to combat it and maintain personal and domestic virtue deserves well of God and man. This movement sprang from a desire to unite for the purpose of staying the tide of intemperance which had set in strongly among the people. The immortal Father Mathew gave it the first strong impetus, laid its foundations and showed forth its tremendous possibilities for good. Christian temperance had always been taught and preached, but Father Mathew made known to the world that the best safeguard to temperance was in the counsel of total abstinence. A mighty appeal was made for self-conquest and self-sacrifice. Men were asked to fore-swear their own privileges for the sake of their weaker brethren, and a world-wide army of earnest and devoted men and women, actuated by religious motives, sprang up to fight the giant evil of the day."

"They were not afraid to pledge themselves against the use of all intoxicating drink in order the more securely to avoid the dangers of abuse. They never forgot that while drink itself is not an evil, the evils resulting from its abuse are of a character to frighten us all. Familiar with the appetites of men and the temptations

which lie before them, they raise their voices against the danger which threatens to destroy them. The ruin which drink brings to the home and the individual makes them reckon the losses to manhood and to God which result from the vice of intemperance and call on men to organize against it. Drunkenness is one of the giant evils of the day, and a crusade is needed to battle against it by building up an army of pledged total abstainers who are determined to protect their own lives and save the lives of others by the spirit of an apostolic self-sacrifice. Our movement is a moral and religious movement which finds its strength and success in the practices of our religious life. As citizens we are free to act politically against the evil as it entrenches itself in our legislation; but as an organization we feel that the strongest prohibitory law is in the practice of a personal total abstinence."

"As a worker with you in the ranks for over a quarter of a century, as one who has often been honored by your confidence, I come to you to day bearing to you a message of congratulation and encouragement. It is a message from the cross and the flag, from Church and State, from home and manhood for the good done by this organization from its birth, in 1872, until this moment. What a splendid record in the cause of virtue! God alone knows the whole story of the good done, the lives saved, the homes redeemed and preserved, the citizenship purified, the manhood developed. Your numbers, great as they may seem, are but the faintest expression of your work. Millions have been benefited by your crusade. Legislation has been improved by the sentiment you have aroused, the arrogance of the liquor traffic has been curbed, the stamp of an unbecoming business has been impressed upon it, total abstinence has been made an honor and not a reproach, our little ones have been marshaled as total abstainers on the First Communion and Confirmation days, our councils have given sanction to the movement and the opprobrium of rum rule has been largely lifted from our people."

"Despite all our efforts intemperance is still entrenched in social habits, and daily and hourly it drags down thousands to destruction. Society still groans under the burdens placed upon it by intemperance. Our system of charities, our tribunals of justice, our reformatories, prisons and asylums make us realize what a curse it is to our communities. No rank is too high, no condition too low for its ravages. Much remains to be done. Our work can never cease, for we are face to face with a relentless, sleepless foe which preys upon the weaknesses of human nature. Our duty is to be ceaseless and as relentless in our opposition to it. We should constantly sound the alarm, be ever on guard and armed against the foe of all we hold dear."

"To all classes we bear the message of virtue and honor which are at stake. Above all we should warn labor against it, for it is the greatest of all curses which threaten it. Its blood tax absorbs even the pittance which labor grudgingly receives. There is no monopolist so exacting, nor corporation so soulless, no slavery so inhuman. It is worse than Moslem in its hate for the things religion loves. It alone of all the vices renders useless the redemption of Christ, for it takes man's senses and robs him of the intelligence and makes him incapable of exercising free will. It is not a plague of India which threatens us, but a plague of manhood which is at our very doors. Men trade on it, grow rich upon the misery which it produces and wantonly sneer at all who labor to mitigate its evils. Manhood, home, society, religion all appeal to us to rise up and organize against it. In answer to that appeal we are here to day before God's altar begging God's blessing upon our efforts."

"In God's name then go on with your work. Be not afraid; God blesses you and sends you forth as missionaries of virtue. Vice is organized against you, but take courage; God's Church loves your work and God's Pontiffs urge you on. Be as guardian angels of the home. Look to the little ones and save them. Catholic women, take your places in this great army of virtue. Preach the pledge as a means of protection for all you hold dear. Be not ashamed to let the world know that you are pledged total abstainers. It is not the mark of reformed drunkards, but rather the testimony of men and women who desire to be preserved from the dangers of drunkenness. Let us not sit idly by while intemperance works havoc among our brethren. On with the battle, up with the standards of the cross and fight like men of faith. God wills it, crusaders. He wills that we save home and manhood from the slavery of vice. Fellow abstainers, we have fought together for many a year, and our only reward has been in the sense of a duty done. Philadelphia has always been a source of encouragement and pride in its splendid organization and its still more splendid results. To day we are called as never before to rally around our temperance flag, to battle against the sensuality of the age, to labor for social and moral

reform. Be men of sacrifice and stand ready to die if need be for the grand principles of Catholic total abstinence. The sense of sin is decaying and society is drifting into rottenness and corruption. An age fast equaling, if it has not already surpassed pagan decadence, needs to have the horror of sin preached to it. In God's name arise; gird your loins with truth, stand against the snares of evil, practice and preach total abstinence as the best means to prevent intemperance."

"You are not foolish enough to believe that this is the only evil from which society suffers, or that temperance is the only virtue; but you do believe that intemperance is a great and general evil and that temperance is a cardinal virtue, often the gateway to all others and the protector of all others. Be true apostles, going forth like good Samaritans to heal some of the ills of society. Sanctify your own lives, love the Church and be its agents for good. Be models of all you preach and be loyal to truth. Bring the aroma of heaven to every home, and rest not until you have succeeded in making men love virtue as the foundation of true manhood. May God bless you in your work, may His spirit guide you in your deliberations, and may this convention, held in the liberty-loving City of Brotherly Love, give new inspiration to you that you may return to your homes and your societies more determined than ever to follow the white banner of temperance, that you may thus bring the kingdom of Christ into your own lives and into the lives of others."

BAN ON WOODMEN.

Kansas Catholic Dignitaries Includes Maccabees in Sweeping Order.

Bishop Fink, of the Diocese of Leavenworth, Kan., has created a sensation in religious and lodge circles in that State by placing the ban on the Modern Woodmen and Maccabees secret societies, and forbidding all Catholics joining these secret orders.

Bishop Fink believes that practical and faithful Catholics are not allowed to join these societies, and are not allowed to remain in them after becoming members. On this account he holds that belonging to these orders tends to injure the Church.

The following is the order which he has sent to all the deans of the diocese:

"Very Rev. Dear Father,—Please make known to the priests of your deanery that the Right Rev. Bishop on examination has found that the societies of the Modern Woodmen and Maccabees are, in his opinion, societies which no practical Catholic is allowed to join or remain a member thereof. He desires the priests of his diocese to keep the faithful in their charge from entering them."

Maccabees had already been put under the ban in several dioceses.

GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

Cardinal Rampolla speaks of our Martyred Missionaries in China and Other Lands.

Last Saturday a representative of the New York Journal called on Cardinal Rampolla at the Vatican, and in the course of an interview the Papal Secretary of State spoke as follows:

"No massacre will stop the Catholic Church from developing its propaganda in infidel countries. The Church has been for many ages accustomed to such disasters. How many martyrs has it had? How many will it yet have? This new blood flowing in torrents will be fruitful in new conquests for the faith of Christ and for civilization."

"The papacy cannot disapprove of the work of Christian nations in delivering the survivors of the massacres and preventing their renewal. But no Christian should speak of vengeance. The Scriptures teach us that Christ did not reply to attacks against him, but pardoned them. The mission of Christian nations ought not to be one of vengeance, but of perseverance in carrying civilized methods amongst barbarians, and in the development of the Christian faith in these far regions. But even if the nations were to renounce this noble struggle the Church would not renounce it, but would make a persevering fight for it although there were no Christian army behind her."

WE HAVE THEM IN CANADA, TOO.

The Michigan Catholic calls attention to a very prevalent abuse, common to many American cities and towns, in the following paragraph: "Our police department seems to be awakening to the fact that poisonous literature has been spread broadcast throughout the city. Quack medicine handbills, reeking with obscenity, are peddled from door to door by young boys, and often picked up and read not by the parents, but by the children of the households. We trust, now that attention of the police department has been called to the matter, a systematic prosecution of the filthy vendors will be pursued."

A constant source of error in reading Church history, is the fact that we always mistake the clergy for the Church.—Austin O'Malley, The Ave Maria.

AURELIA; OR, THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

PART THIRD—THE VESTAL CHAPTER VIII.

ILLUSIONS OF A CONSPIRATOR.

We have stated that on Gellia's arrival home, she had found Misticus, who had just returned from his mysterious journey.

"At last, Misticus," said the young woman, "we must have an explanation." "An explanation? Concerning what?" asked Misticus gloomily.

"Misticus, you conspire!" exclaimed Gellia, amidst a flood of tears. "And as Misticus made a gesture of denial, she repeated the same words."

"Yes, you conspire," she repeated in a peremptory tone. "I know it now. I have the proof of it."

"How do you know it?" asked Misticus uneasily.

"For the past three months Misticus is scarcely ever at home; Misticus neglects his wife; Misticus has dealings with suspicious people who hide; Misticus is silent, peevish, anxious, in prey to continual fear; Misticus copies sedulous writings, one of which fell into my hands yesterday, and Misticus asks how I know that he conspires!" replied the little woman with great volubility.

"Oh! gods!" sighed Misticus, and he looked at his wife, with a wild wonder.

"You are working your ruin, Misticus, and mine also."

"And Gellia, falling on a seat, hid her face in her hands and sobbed violently."

"Gellia," whispered Misticus in her ear, "in a few days we shall enjoy the greatest honors and all the blessings of wealth."

"Yes, I conspire; but it is for you, my Gellia, for you alone, do you hear? They have promised me the sacerdotal rank. You will be the Marital Flaminia."

"For!" cried Gellia in a tone that stopped the flow of words of her too conceited husband. "How," she proceeded, "can you, a simple flute-player at the sacrifices, believe that they will confer upon you dignity which in former times was the prerogative of patricians?"

"Why not?" asked Misticus, "if it is given as the reward of great services rendered Rome by the overthrow of her tyrant."

"That's it! That's it!" repeated Gellia, stamping the floor in a nervous manner. "The tribune Misticus is going to overthrow the emperor! . . . unless the emperor should make a month of this Misticus! . . . Indeed, I don't know what keeps me from weeping my resentment on you, as I did this morning on the sacred gander of the Archigallus!"

The name of the Archigallus caused Misticus to start; but as a husband will not give up so easily the point contested by his wife, he remained in an animated and solemn tone.

"But you are not aware that an army will soon march upon Rome . . . that the general commanding that army waits my signal . . . that it is I who have fixed the day for the uprising."

Gellia, notwithstanding her fear, looked compassionately at her husband.

"Misticus, my poor Misticus," said she, interrupting him, and there was a great tenderness in her voice, "are you insane? What is it that has disturbed your mind so? Poor man, where have you picked up these visions?"

"Vision! Gellia . . . they are realities!"

"So much the worse, then! . . . You are a poor fool whom wicked people have caught in a snare. . . . They make use of you, Misticus! . . . But you will be the victim!"

"Impossible, Gellia!"

"Tell me, Misticus," asked the young woman, "when you are in the theatre and you blow in a flute accompanying the actor, is it you the audience applauds?"

"Of course not . . . but . . ."

"And when you are in the temple," continued Gellia, "during the assembly with the sedulous sounds of your instrument, is it you, or to the sacrificers the offerings are brought?"

"But, Gellia, what connection is there . . ."

"This one, dear Misticus: you are again playing for the benefit of others. . . . The general triumphing will reap the ovations and honors, and Misticus will be forgotten. The general failing, . . . I will not say what will happen to Misticus."

"What shall I say? Gellia, the die is cast," muttered Misticus, finding the argument unanswerable.

"But, fortunately," continued the little woman, "Misticus has a wife who watches over him and will save him. . . . The Archigallus promises me . . ."

"Does the Archigallus know?" asked the tribune with terror.

Sacrificer fled from the forum as soon as this ceremony was ended.

"During the invocations and prayers, a flute-player accompanied the voice of the priests with the sound of his ivory instrument. The King of the Sacrifices gave this position to Misticus, who obtained a similar employment at the theatre. He guided and sustained the voice of the actors by playing on a flute."

Young Misticus earned thereby enough to live comfortably; but he felt very lonely in the midst of that immense city of Rome, where, since his mother's death, there was no one to care for him. One evening, as he was returning home, Misticus heard some one groaning in the recess of a private portico. He approached and found, crouching in the dark, a poor young girl, who seemed in prey to the most bitter grief.

This young girl was Gellia. She told him that on that same day her mother's corpse had been consumed on the funeral pile, and she was now without friends or shelter, having been driven from the house by pitiless creditors.

Misticus, in compassion, was deeply moved by this sorrowful tale. He tried to find words of comfort for a grief so much like his own, and taking her by the hand, raised the girl from her recumbent position; but hunger and sorrow had worn out her strength, and she fell senseless. The humane flute-player was not far from home; taking Gellia in his arms, he carried her into the house, and having succeeded in reviving her, offered her some food, and gave up to her the little room he occupied.

At the end of the year, Misticus and Gellia went to the Pretor and made a public declaration that they were united by simple usage, an easy but legal form of marriage, the validity of which was never brought in question. The poor people knew no other mode of legitimate union; the wealthy alone could afford to claim the expensive and solemn forms of confederation and coemption.

No married pair more dissimilar in disposition, although closely united by mutual affection.

Gellia was quick tempered and thoughtless; Misticus was slow and vacillating, except when his imagination was seduced by fanciful appearances, for then he ceased to use illusions with childish eagerness, and clung to them with all the obstinacy of conviction. Gellia was superstitious; Misticus, initiated into the secrets of the temple, despised the vain sciences of the priests, and laughed at the faith put in the oracles. Gellia was impatient and meddling; Misticus was a simple man. Gellia's mother had brought her up in luxury, and developed her coquetry; Misticus had learned from his mother to be contented with little. Whilst Gellia had not very vague desires of wealth, Misticus had his mind on the most ambitious hopes, not for himself, but for Gellia, who frequently made thoughtless remarks about the happiness of the rich.

These two young people sited each other precisely, because they differed so completely, each having the qualities or defects which were wanting in the other. Everybody liked them; the neighbors compared Gellia to Calia, the Roman heroine of marriage; they said that Misticus loved her as Philon loved Baucis, and the Pretor should cut their thread of life on the same day. Alas! these kind wishes were not written in the book of Fate.

One evening, a stranger called and had a long conversation with Misticus. From his tone and manner he was a noble man. We must explain in a few words how this was brought about.

The senators and others implicated in the conspiracy, wanted a trustworthy agent in Rome, who would be their means of communicating with the Pretor, commanding the army in Germany.

This agent should be so obscure as not to attract attention, and yet so compromised as to give assurance of his fidelity. The King of the Sacrifices, who with Gellia's mother, recommended his flute-player, Misticus.

The vanity and secret aspirations of the unfortunate tribune made him an easy prey. A considerable sum of money was paid him and he was promised the rank of tribune. Besides, the Pretor was in direct communication with him, and apparently, at least, depended on him for all necessary information and for the signal of action. It is true that Misticus did not know the names of the conspirators; that he was but an intermediary, placed between two points, one luminous and tangible—Lucius Antonius, who he knew; the other—the conspirators, surrounded by impenetrable darkness. But the flute-player believed himself the true head and prime mover of the conspiracy. He devoted himself, body and soul, to his secret task.

We know what followed, and how Gellia innocently betrayed her husband. The poor little woman now wept over the cause of her imprudence; Misticus was thinking how he should escape Gellia and save himself. They remained until night plunged into this intolerable anguish, and trembling at every noise.

Suddenly, a knock was heard at the door. Gellia hesitated. The knock was repeated, and at a voice cried out, "From the Archigallus!"

"Ah!" said Gellia, "I remember he promised to come to our assistance ere the day ended." And she hastened to open the door.

Apollio's messenger entered, and said simply to Misticus: "Follow me."

"Is it the Archigallus who sends you?" asked the flute-player.

The Archigallus wishes to see you concerning the writing your wife gave him this evening."

"I am ready," said Misticus, somewhat comforted by the thought that the Archigallus still had the proclamation in his possession.

Gellia felt confident. She told him as she kissed him good by: "You will see that Apollio did not deceive me."

Misticus had not walked very far when three men ran upon him, threw him down, and roughly tied his hands.

The messenger then gave the order to proceed.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Misticus.

"You will soon know," replied the stranger.

They walked on silently, down the deserted streets, and reaching the Tiber, crossed the Palatine bridge. They were then going to Regulus' house? Doubtless, the Archigallus had betrayed Gellia's confidence.

"I am lost," thought the unfortunate Misticus, as the truth broke upon him. "May the gods grant, at least, that I may protect Gellia."

The tribune was introduced into the

exedra, where we have witnessed the interview between the wily lawyer and poor old Ceclius. Regulus was seated at a table upon which were placed conspicuously a bronze bust of Domitian and a pile of gold.

"You see," said he, when he was alone with Misticus—and he unrolled the copy of the proclamation, "that you are discovered. It would be useless to deny it. Who is the author of this?"

"And without waiting for an answer, he added, pointing at the pile of austeri,— "You have the choice . . . This or the emperor . . . do you understand?"

Misticus made signs that he comprehended the informer's meaning. The money meant shame; the tribune would not sell himself. The emperor—to die was death. Misticus did not want to die. He was thinking of Gellia.

"No," he said resolutely to Regulus. "No money, but a guarantee."

"Of what nature?"

"Write an acknowledgment that I have divulged the plot voluntarily. Otherwise Misticus will be nothing."

"Not bad," remarked the informer, as he proceeded to write the acknowledgment. "You are a cunning fellow. Now," he added, as he handed him the paper, "what are the names?"

"Lucius Antonius," said the tribune, after reading the document and securing it under his tunic.

"What! Lucius Antonius, the general of the army of Germany?" exclaimed Regulus. "Is it then a rebellion?"

"No," said Misticus. "Who are his accomplices in Rome?"

"I do not know," replied Misticus; and he explained his singular position as the agent of an unknown body.

"This is a skillful arrangement," remarked Regulus; "in this way one may conspire without danger. But we shall manage to find them out. However, how do I know that you tell the truth about this revolt? I must have a proof."

"You will have one to-morrow night." "How is that?"

"If you will be at the twelfth hour on the Flaminia way, near Garden Hill. A courier from Germany will bring me dispatches."

"I shall be there," exclaimed Regulus. "Am I free to go?" asked Misticus.

"Certainly so. Good-by till to-morrow night."

"Good-by, my lord, till to-morrow night."

An hour later, Misticus was in Gellia's arms.

"We are saved," he said to her; "but your Archigallus is an infamous rascal! He had betrayed me to Regulus. . . . Finding it impossible to deny, I have been compelled to avow all. . . . This, take good care of this declaration signed by Regulus, which he knows but we may want it at some later day."

On the following night, Regulus, concealed on the Flaminia way, received from Misticus the package of dispatches from Germany. With what joyal surprise he read the contents, and the important documents, the letter written by Metellus Celer to the Grand Vestal, which, while it gave a proof of their intimacy, revealed, moreover, the object of Antonius' conspiracy.

By Regulus' letter, Antonius, giving "the gods protect me!" This letter gives me a new hold upon the Vestal and those Christians who might have escaped. The emperor may send for me, now. . . . I no longer fear having to remain silent before a king and a tribune."

We have seen that Domitian sent for Regulus, and what use the latter made of the documents received from Misticus. We shall now seek Gargus, whom we have left much embarrassed with Misticus' letter, which he had undertaken to deliver to Cornelia.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FUNERAL OF A CHRISTIAN VIRGIN.

When perchance an idea saw the light in the brain of our friend Gargus, one could affirm that it was an original and remarkable idea. Here is the reasoning by which Gargus got rid of his dilemma.

"If," he thought, "I get Gellia to carry this papyrus to the Capena Vestal, I plunge her into the greatest dangers. Now, I love Gellia too much, not to understand that she is the wife of Olinthus, to expose her again to persecution. . . . What shall I do?"

Here Gargus paused and scratched his head.

"Ah!" he suddenly exclaimed, "I've got it! . . . Yes, that's it! . . . I like this pontiff of the Christians! I have seen him at work! . . . It seemed to me that he felt an interest in the Capena Vestal. . . . There is, besides, in this letter, something that concerns the young Caesars, to whom he is said to be related. Suppose I were to intrust him with this delicate mission?"

Upon this, Gargus, who seldom wasted more time in reflection, cut a joyful cap, and called aloud to his vespiilus, who presented themselves forthwith, bearing torches.

"Forward to the Capena Gate," cried Gargus.

Two men preceded him to light the way, and the party set out briskly. They passed the Capena Gate, and entered the Appian way, which they were to follow some distance to reach the ancient grove of the Muses where the wretched hute of the Christians was built.

They are waiting for you over yonder! . . . Pason!"

Gargus hastened to avail himself of this permission, but he could not get over his astonishment at the facility of his escape, and at the words spoken by the trimvir.

"This trimvir understands," he muttered; "that is very well! . . . but what is it that he understands? . . . They wait for me yonder! . . . That is not likely! . . . By Venus Libitina! my intellect is at fault. . . . Well, never mind, that is of no importance. . . . Let us make haste, lest this night should change his mind."

Another cause of astonishment awaited Gargus and his men. As they came in sight of the sacred grove of the Muses, they perceived that the base of the dark mass scarcely visible in the gloom of the night, was illuminated by thousands of lights, some stationary and some moving in the direction of that part of the woods consecrated to Libitina.

"What are those Christians about?" exclaimed Gargus, "that they are not asleep, but wandering out at this late hour, with torches? . . . Could it be that they really expect me? . . . This would be curious! . . . But let us go on, we will soon find out!"

When the party left the Appian way to enter the grove of the Muses, they were again stopped. With the exception of Gargus, by two Christians, placed as sentries on the outskirts of the woods.

"Gargus!" replied the designator, in a much firmer tone than he had answered the trimvir's challenge.

"You are welcome," said the voices.

"This is well! what are you doing, Gargus?" said one of the Christians, coming forward and grasping the designator's hand. . . . "But we should have expected to meet from your friendship and devotion. . . . Thanks, in the name of our brethren . . . You will find them all in tears!"

"But what has happened?" inquired Gargus, completely bewildered. "I cannot understand what you say! . . . You can know nothing of the business which brings me here."

"You ask what has happened?" replied the Christian; "we have lost our mother. . . . Petronilla, the sainted virgin, fell asleep in the Lord, day before yesterday, and we are watching here to welcome the Christians who will attend her funeral at daybreak. . . . I thought you had been informed of this great misfortune."

"No," said Gargus, "I had not heard of it." "Petronilla, the poor old woman, whom I loved so much for the affection she bore Cecilia, is dead," he added, with emotion, returning the pressure of the Christian's hand. "This, Gargus, is the reason why the trimvir told me I was expected here. . . . Let your mind be easy, everything will be done in a suitable manner. . . . Only, I should not have been advised so late."

It was the Christian's turn to wonder. "Are Olinthus and Cecilia here?" asked Gargus.

"They closed Petronilla's eyes. . . . But they returned to Rome yesterday, to bring back Flavia Domitilla and our other brethren. We are expecting them."

"And the pontiff Clemens?" inquired Gargus, remembering the mission he had undertaken, "is he not here?"

"Clemens has not left Petronilla. . . . He is praying for her at this moment before the altars of Christ. . . . I shall go very well," said Gargus. "I shall go and see how matters stand, and give my orders without delay."

Gargus and his vespiilus penetrated into the grove. The worthy designator had never done so much thinking as on this eventful night.

"Let us see," he reasoned, as he walked on, "these Christians are poor. . . . This is evidently why they did not send for me. . . . I understand this. But Gargus knows the facts, and the occasion of my coming here. . . . I liked Petronilla; I shall take charge of her funeral, and I want people to speak of it! Let us organize the ceremony. First, I walk at the head of the cortege with my lit torches. . . . Next, the priestess, Flavia Domitilla, who will follow Petronilla, she has a papyrus. . . . Did Petronilla have any? Ah! yes, one Peter, a very celebrated man, I have heard! . . . Besides, I have in my store rooms any quantity of images of ancestors for families. . . . Very well! We shall want twenty mourners. I shall see to this! I shall say a word to the woman who acted as chief mourner at funerals. . . . and they will utter lamentable cries! There will be no lack of relations. . . . I imagine all those Christians will follow Petronilla. The funeral will be a pyre? That's my lookout. Ah! the funeral discourse? It is rather late to get somebody to prepare it. But I shall ask the Pontiff Clemens for a delay of twenty-four hours to organize my ceremony. He cannot object to that."

The meditations of the designator were interrupted by the sound of pure voices ascending to heaven in pious concert. Looking up, he stopped in a respectful attitude. The corpse was before him.

Petronilla, the octogenary virgin, was placed in a reclining position, on a bed of flowers—remnants of the purity of her life; a wreath of white roses encircled her brow. One would have scarcely realized that she was dead, such was the serenity of her features, which retained an angust expression very different from the rigidity of death. Around her burned torches of resin, emitting an aromatic odor, and perfume that filled the atmosphere with their fragrant emanations.

On each side of the funeral bed was a choir of women and young girls who watched and sung alternately, sacred hymns or passages from the holy canticles. These were the voices Gargus had heard.

The women sang:

"Blessed be the Lord! She died in His grace; the betrothed came; she held her light lamp burning."

The young girls replied:

"She has flown to Heaven like the dove of the desert; her soul is as white as the lily in the field; her pure breath has tarminated her virginal body."

And all repeated together, three times:

"Glory be to God! Glory be to God! Glory be to God!"

The designator looked at these arrangements with a critic's eye, and commended, in an undertone, to his vespiilus his condemnation of such things as did not appear to him in harmony with the established usages.

"Where are the embalmers?" he whispered, "to wash the corpse, and to dry it in this respectful manner? Where are the faces which should surround that bed? By-the-by, it should have been decorated

with better taste. I don't see the black hangings; nor the cypress trees, clipped into a mournful shape, nor the flute-players who should accompany these funeral songs. If I have been advised, at this moment, to escape, and at the words spoken by the trimvir, I should have done so."

A hand laid on the designator's shoulder interrupted the expression of his regrets.

"Ah!" said he, turning round, "Olinthus and Cecilia! Why," he added reproachfully, "did you not inform me of this sad news?"

"Dear friend," said Olinthus, "since two days we have not left our mother one moment. She passed away in our arms."

Olinthus exclaimed Gargus, "I must take charge of the funeral. . . . I only ask for a few hours' delay in order to prepare it with becoming solemnity!"

"Thanks, Gargus, but this cannot be."

"And why not, my dear Olinthus? Should a friend's services be refused?"

"No, Gargus, but Libitina, the goddess of funerals, cannot preside over the obsequies of a Christian virgin," replied the centurion, with a smile.

The designator looked shocked.

"You Christians are very exclusive!" he remarked, discontentedly.

"Gargus!" Gargus!" said Olinthus, in a tone of friendly reproach, and pressing the worthy designator's hand. "Do not feel vexed. . . . Here comes the pontiff Clemens, followed by the first of the pontiff in the distance; he will tell you, better than I could, the reasons of our refusal."

The dawn lighted faintly the sacred grove. The first rays of the rising sun were about to give the light to the twilight. The damp mist of night melted, driven by the morning breeze. The loud chirp of the insects mingled with the voice of the birds, celebrating with joyful songs the return of light.

Amidst this concert of awakening nature, grave and pious voices intoned the sacred canticles; a long file of men and women, bearing green palms, approached slowly, and surrounded the bed upon which rested Petronilla. Each one, as he or she passed the foot of the bed, made the sign of the cross, and sprinkled the body with the holy water used in Christian ceremonies.

Then in the rear of these men and women, came the Bishop Clemens, surrounded by the apostles, the first of the pontiff blessed the crowd, who bent their heads reverently. Having arrived near the corpse, he sprinkled it three times.

The time had come for the funeral. Olinthus and Cecilia joined the cortege; they were followed by Flavia Domitilla, and by Flavinus Clemens and his two sons, who had listened to pay the last honors to the daughter of the chief of the apostles. They had been detained in Rome by important cares. During the night, Domitian's summons to attend on the next day the examination of the sons of David, had been delivered to them.

Gargus and his vespiilus mingled with the crowd.

"My brethren," said the pontiff, addressing the silent and collected multitude, "Petronilla is no more. Almighty God has recalled her to Him. She is in His Tabernacles, repeating the eternal Hosanna, and singing the praise of the Lamb. She awaits amidst the just virgins of the faith, the holy virgin who through the mysterious spouse, glorious and consoling."

"Let us rejoice, my brethren, for this day is not a day of mourning; let us, also, sing Hosanna, for she has manifested in this humble servant, His grace, and in the most precious gifts of His love."

"Glory be to God! Glory be to Jesus Christ! Glory be to His elect!"

The assemblage repeated these three invocations.

"My brethren," continued Clemens, "the days of persecution are near; I feel it in my heart; God has revealed it to me by secret warnings. Let us await with peaceful souls the hour of trial; let us bless the Lord if he wisheth that we should confess His name."

"I have appointed seven notaries to preserve the names of those who shall fall by the sword, in order that the memory of their constancy shall not be lost for the encouragement of the weak, and the imitation of future Christians; I have prepared the asylum where the bodies of our martyrs will rest until the day of eternal life."

"We are going to place Petronilla in this first Christian field of rest; it was meet and just that Peter's daughter should be the first to enter that asylum which will extend one day under the city of Rome like an invisible boulevard, and where the bones of our brethren who died for the faith of Christ; will be so numerous, that they will serve to make the cement of its walls, and the stones of its vault!"

"Glory be to God! To our Lord Jesus Christ! To His elect."

The assemblage again repeated the joyful words of the pontiff.

"And now, Christians," continued the pontiff, "having celebrated the holy mysteries, let us lay Petronilla in the grave, whither her body will arise, impassible and glorious at the consummation of ages. We shall not, as the Gentiles do, throw to the winds her ashes gathered from a funeral pile; she will remain amongst us a pious memento, as a sacred relic—humble and gentle example during her life, glorious exhortation after her death."

"Amen!" responded the multitude. The pontiff then took a palm from the hands of one of the faithful, and having dipped it into a vase containing water, sprinkled a few drops upon the venerable virgin asleep in the Lord; after this he turned around and sprinkled the assemblage.

The sacred dew fell on Gargus as well as on the other assistants.

"That's the lastral water," whispered the designator, for he had not been allowed to throw it on the relatives and friends of the deceased, but this should be done at the end, not the beginning of the ceremony. Another mistake! Why did they not let me do it?"

The bed of leaves was lifted by twelve young maidens, dressed in white, and crowned with white flowers. Near them walked other young girls, also clad in white, and singing sacred songs. Next came the women carrying pine torches, and lastly the men, grouped around the pontiff and his priests, and joining their deep voices to those of the maidens. A young woman, dressed in the deepest mourning, walked immediately behind the funeral bed, supported by Flavia Domitilla, the emperor's niece, and Eutyphia, the mother of the plebeian centurion. This disconsolate mourner was Cecilia. The young matron was so overwhelmed

by her grief that she would have fallen but for the assistance of her two friends.

As for Gargus, he followed the cortege at some distance, still criticizing the arrangements, but respectful, and with uncovered head.

The funeral procession soon reached the crypt which was to receive Petronilla's body. Some of the men took the place of the young maidens, to lower the body in the grave, which was lined with a thick layer of laurel leaves. The sainted octogenarian was placed on this aromatic bed, with her face towards the east; and the young girls kneeling around the grave, threw into it their wreaths and palms.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES.

One of the most serious objections to Protestant missions in Catholic countries is that they not only do no permanent good, but work a positive injury; first, by discrediting the country from which they come; secondly, by disturbing the amicable relations existing between the two countries, and thirdly, by introducing discord, confusion and dissension among a people heretofore at peace and unity among themselves. This is a matter in which every patriot—every true lover of our country, whatever his religious preferences may be, is deeply interested, and about which we should judge dispassionately—without prejudice or prepossession—and act accordingly.

We have heretofore taken occasion to quote liberally from the dispassionate testimony of the able and independent Protestant correspondent of the Boston Sunday Herald in Mexico. But we wish now, specially to accentuate his testimony upon the particular points above indicated. In one of his gentlemen's letters, in which he took occasion to vindicate the character of the Mexican Catholic clergy, he dwelt particularly upon these points. He said that in conversation with leading influential Mexican gentlemen, they expressed themselves very strongly upon what they deemed the impertinent presumption of Americans coming there to interfere with their religion, thereby assuming a superiority both in knowledge and in character over them. This has a tendency to generate a strong prejudice against the American people. It certainly is not calculated to promote feelings of amity and international friendship.

These

HOW MRS. JANE STOOD OUT.

BY MAUDE MORRISON HUEY.

"There, I guess you can carry them out now, Edwin!" Mrs. Jane Ellis stooped for the last anxious touch to the boxes of huckleberries that sat on the floor, distributing the few extra large ones on the top of the baskets. Then she tucked the newspaper cover in at the edges.

thing I wouldn't stick out so," she told her. "I'll tell him, too, when we get back, that I guess I can do without any new hat this summer. That'll chirk him up some. I'd planned on having one, but I guess I'll try and get along. I won't tell him now—I'll save it till we get back to sort of chirk him up."

looked out. Groups of people crowded every corner, but she saw nothing of Edwin. She watched vainly crowd after crowd as they passed, and little Marion stood with meek patience beside her.

The last sound of music died away, and still Mrs. Jane stood, holding fast to little Marion's hand. The street grew deserted, only a few forlorn children still lingered, and a stoop-shouldered woman in a brown gown.

went on. "See, thought I back. Shall I put it on?" His eyes sought hers. "How could you, Edwin?" she gasped. "Oh, Edwin! There was a moment of confusion. When Mrs. Jane looked down again, the familiar gold band shone where the white shrunken line had been."

"Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

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

Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P. for South Tyrone, Ireland, though a Unionist and an Orangeman, has publicly declared that it is but justice to establish a State.

A STATE-ENDED UNIVERSITY.

Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P. for South Tyrone, Ireland, though a Unionist and an Orangeman, has publicly declared that it is but justice to establish a State.

CUBA TO BE SELF GOVERNED.

We are not of those who would accuse President McKinley of anti-Catholic bigotry, yet we cannot but observe that under his policy of assimilation of the territories acquired by conquest from Spain, numerous have been the instances in which the liberties of the people, civil and religious, have been set aside as if they are not worthy of a moment's thought or consideration.

ANOTHER FANATICAL SECT.

A new sect is reported to have been recently started near Demorest, Georgia, to which the name of "The Fire Baptized Association" is given.

indicates a return to the methods of George Fox and Johanna Southcote in the exercise of private judgment on the interpretation of scripture—and this in the full blaze of the enlightenment of the nineteenth century!

THE GOVERNMENT OF CUBA.

The time appears to be within sight when the people of Cuba will have the opportunity afforded them of deciding in what way their country shall be governed.

ANOTHER SPIRITUALISTIC FRAUD.

Professor James H. Hyslop of Columbia University read some time ago before the New York Society for Psychological Research, a paper in which he maintained that he had discovered a Spiritualistic Medium named Mrs. Piper who may be relied on implicitly as not being a fraud in connection with the intercourse she holds or pretends to hold with disembodied spirits.

THE DIVORCE EVIL.

Periodically the attention of the people of the United States is directed for a while to the consideration of the question of divorce, and recent statistics have once more directed discussion to the same subject.

THE COLOR QUESTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

It has been a serious problem in several of the Southern States how to ensure the supremacy of the whites for all time by securing to all whites, as far as possible, a right to vote, while the franchise is taken from the negroes.

Many white men were found to fall when the test was employed in their case, and those negroes who have by any means acquired a fair elementary education are, of course, able to pass the test successfully, so that where the proportion of the colored population is large, there exists always the danger lest from some unexpected cause, the colored vote may predominate at some general State election, and the power be thrown temporarily into the hands of the colored population.

To North Carolina belongs the distinction of having brought forth a draft of an amendment to its Constitution which is the most ingeniously devised of any which have yet been framed for the purpose we have indicated.

The amendment now under consideration of the Legislature of that State prescribes that the poll tax of any intending voter must have been paid for the previous year or before May 1st of the year in which he proposes to vote, and also that he must be able to read and write any section of the Constitution in the English language, otherwise he shall not be registered as a voter.

The new clause provides for the enfranchisement of all whites who were voters before 1867, and for all their lineal descendants. That is to say, practically, all white illiterates shall have votes, unless their forefathers, whereas colored natives illiterates shall have no votes, because they and their ancestors before 1867 were not voters.

It seems to us that, cunning as the proposed measure is, it would be easy to over-reach the designs of its promoters if the negroes had in Congress a few determined friends to espouse their cause. It would seem that the measure is a plain evasion of the Federal Constitution and that the second section of the 15th amendment gives to Congress full authority to deal with the matter, without referring it to the States individually.

Another wife subject to sick headaches was made sicker by the smell of tobacco which her husband sometimes used; and still another considered her husband guilty of cruelty for not supplying the house with water, and otherwise making their home comfortable.

A SO CALLED "DIVINE HEALER."

A personage has made his appearance in Toronto, who calls himself "the Rev. Chas. McLean, M. D., otherwise known as Schlatter, the divine healer." He announces that he has made his appearance in the city in obedience to a command given him by Almighty God.

In Cleveland, Ohio, there were for the year ending June 30, 646 applications for divorces to 3,295 marriage licenses issued, being one divorce application to every five marriages.

In Massachusetts and other Eastern States, the increase in the number of divorces has not been so great as in the West. Thus in Massachusetts the proportion to marriage licences issued is one to fourteen; but even there it is on the increase, and that increase would be much more rapid only that in these localities the influence of the morality of the Catholic Church is being more and more felt every day as a restraining force on the irreligious tendencies of the bulk of the population.

The trivial character of the pleas on which divorces are granted may be imagined when we mention a few cases called for the records: One was that of a wealthy young woman who felt herself under too much restraint in being under control of a guardian.

Another plea was that "defendants goes gadding about town leaving the children to go supperless to bed." Mrs. Jellaby would have fared badly if her much-neglected mate had brought up her matrimonial delinquencies before the court which pronounced sentence on this occasion.

One lady was divorced because her husband complained: "my wife wouldn't walk with me on Sundays;" and a wife obtained a decree because "her husband would not allow her to walk with her relatives on the street."

Another wife subject to sick headaches was made sicker by the smell of tobacco which her husband sometimes used; and still another considered her husband guilty of cruelty for not supplying the house with water, and otherwise making their home comfortable.

SPANISH AMERICA.

The question of the future of the Spanish Republics of South and North America is being considerably discussed at the present moment by the Mexican, South American, and Spanish press.

years ago, he has been healing the sick and preaching the gospel in obedience to Christ's command to His disciples to go forth and spread the Word of God.

"Yes," he said, "I claim that I have a divine mission in this world. I do not say that I am any better than any other person, but I claim to be Christ's messenger, and everything that I do is done under the direct inspiration of God. My mother told me she had been informed by God that her son would be the greatest divine healer, and the most famous preacher, next to Christ Himself, that the world had ever seen. She foretold that I should be dead and buried and rise again, and much of this has come to pass."

When the reporter asked this Mr. Schlatter, alias McLean, "Do you mean to assert that you have actually been buried and risen again?" he answered: "Yes; it occurred in this way. I had been preaching in Denver, and had been threatened with arrest for blocking the streets. I had failures in hearing, and I thought I had done some wrong, and I would have to go back to God and do penance and ask His forgiveness. In obedience to the divine command, I retired to the mountains of Colorado and there spent forty days and forty nights. Nobody knows the spot but myself. I can not reveal the place, for people would then go there and worship me, and that would be idolatry. While there my soul left my body and went to Heaven. I saw God and the Angels, and the glories of Paradise, but I am not at liberty to reveal what I witnessed or what transpired. I am again to be buried for forty days and nights, and afterwards to write the history of God, of Christ, of the Holy Spirit and the Angels."

Further, he claims to have raised seven persons from the dead—four in London and three in Chicago—beside effecting many wonderful cures.

We notice that Mr. Schlatter tells that his healings are done gratuitously, yet he admits that he has an enormous income through presents sent him by rich people. His profession is therefore quite lucrative enough to induce one to stick to it on pecuniary considerations.

The healer make some other extraordinary assertions which lead to the suspicion that he is not sound in mind, though we admit that we are not sufficiently informed regarding his personality to make positive statements in regard to this matter.

AN OBERAMMERGAU FUNERAL.

The funeral of the Burgomaster Herr Lang was most touching and impressive; he had given his life strength to the furthestance and performance of the Passionsspiel, year, alas! he was absent for five years in Munich, where his son is buried, and after much suffering was sent back here for burial.

had been a Catholic when living in Germany. It is somewhat of a surprise to us to learn now that his parents were Scotch, and he was born in New York, and that he is a Presbyterian clergyman, having graduated as such at Glasgow University, and that he obtained a medical degree in Chicago Medical College.

We apologize to our readers for writing so much on this matter; but as Mr. Schlatter had many followers in the West, where people are so easily carried about and tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine, we wish to set them on their guard against being dupes of a dangerous hallucination.

SPANISH AMERICA.

The question of the future of the Spanish Republics of South and North America is being considerably discussed at the present moment by the Mexican, South American, and Spanish press.

Before the collapse of Spain's military renown through the Spanish American war, it seemed a thing scarcely to be believed that the United States would look toward the Spanish-speaking republics of the two American continents for an extension of territory.

On the other hand, the great Northern Republic, based, according to the designs and principles of its founders, upon the natural equality of all men, should be above being suspected of any design to acquire new territories by conquest, and of ruling them against the will of the conquered people, or at all events without their consent.

From the Mexican and other Spanish-American papers, however, it is clear that the nations which these papers represent do not place implicit confidence in the entire disinterestedness of their northern neighbors.

It is not surprising that the United States of the sovereignty over the projected Nicaragua Canal is another object lesson which proves to them that the greater the power acquired by the United States Government, the stronger becomes the desire to extend its territory into new lands.

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There are nearly always two opposite opinions held by those who are most interested in the result of proposed civil policy, and we are surprised that even among the cans there should be a few who imagine that it would be a thing to be desired that their country become part of the United States.

But this is far from being the general opinion either of Mexican or of citizens of the Southern republics. These are mostly of the opinion that it will be preferable for them to shape their destiny in their own hands.

The South Americans and the cans are not all convinced that the United States could conquer Spanish America if they were minded to do it by conquest, yet it will be conceded that if the United States put forth its strength to that end, it might succeed in the long run in reducing to submission any single one of the Spanish-speaking republics.

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But this is far from being the general opinion either of Mexicans, or citizens of the Southern republics. These are mostly of the opinion that it will be preferable for them to have the shaping of their destiny in their own hands. Some of the politicians of the United States, however, are undoubtedly of the opinion that their country has a mission to introduce its ideas of civilization and progress into all the countries of the two American continents, if not of the whole world, and if this cannot be attained by peaceful negotiations, they are ready to carry out their policy by an appeal to the sword if that be necessary.

The South Americans and the Mexicans are not all convinced that the United States could conquer Spanish America if they were minded to annex it by conquest, yet it will be conceded that if the United States put forth all its strength to that end, it might succeed in the long run in reducing to subjection any single one of the Spanish-speaking republics. Yet the lesson which has been taught by the war in the Philippines shows that this could not be effected against the will of the people without a great sacrifice of treasure and human life; and the difficulty would be increased beyond measure if the South American republics were united in one Confederacy. We may also suppose that if the whole of the Latin republics were united, it would be practically impossible to subjugate them as a whole, though, no doubt, the United States might gain certain strips of territory in the event that a war of this kind should take place, and might even gradually reduce several of their republics to subjection.

The fear that some effort may be made by the United States to extend its territory by annexing one or more of these Spanish republics has caused the question to be seriously mooted between the latter, whether such a Confederacy as we have referred to should not be established. The difficulties of uniting so many varied interests as occur in these States would undoubtedly be very great, but they do not appear to us to be insuperable. At all events the matter is being discussed, and it would not be very surprising if within a few years the union of some of the most powerful of these republics, at least in South America, should take place, though we would be hoping for a Utopia which would be scarcely practicable if we were to suppose that they will all, or nearly all, unite within any definite period of time.

AN OBERAMMERGAU FUNERAL

A Burial and a Birthday Ceremony After Quaint Bavarian Customs.

The funeral of the Burgomaster Herr Lang was most touching and impressive; he had given his life and strength to the furtherance and performance of the Passionsspiel. This year, alas! he was absent for weeks, ill in Munich. He has been ill in Munich, where his son is surgeon, and after much suffering was brought back here for burial. The house inside and out was covered with wreaths, as is customary in Germany, and of course, every person in the village surrounded it. The solemn procession started at 9 o'clock, in front of the village and theatre bands playing church music, followed by the Schutzgeistler, or chorus, of the Passionsspiel, chanting the sad dirge. Then about twenty little girls dressed in white with black scarves, and white flowers in their hair, carried the wreaths from the houses. The coffin was borne by soldiers (there are no hearses in Oberammergau), and beside it walked the priest, preceded by the acolytes bearing the cross and swinging censers, then the mourners with their lighted candles, and the townsfolk, while at the rear followed the women, in deep mourning, praying audibly. One followed this mourning procession to the grave, where the coffin was reverently laid, touched only by holy water after the service had been read by the priest and chanted by the choir, and words were spoken by those who knew him.

After the sprinkling of holy water all filed into the church for the Messe Solenne. When it was over, a half hour later, the grave had been filled in, and only a bank of flowers and wreaths was visible. Surely nothing

could be more beautiful. The holy water still remained to sprinkle, but it was heartrending to see this great son break down, and even St. John weep copious tears. What was more noticeable, the band played solemn music, after the service in the church, at the graveside; somewhat contrary to our military custom of a joyous march back, so significant of once gone, to be forgotten! It was also remarkable that every one was decently clad in mourning; no brown boots and gloves, but black everywhere. Certainly a tall hat on the top of Herod's long locks had a distinctly peculiar effect, but then he only wore it going home; and the Christus with his lighted candle and golden hair, could only look what he was! At the postman's funeral the coffin was, of course, carried by the postmen, and at the hauptman's grave—who died of pneumonia, caught in the theatre after three days' illness—there was a superb wreath of yellow roses and purple iris sent by the soldiers of Pius and the Rabbi.

We pass from these sad scenes to the other end of the village, where the Namenstag is celebrated. It is not "birthday," but the day of the saint after which the person is named. Only by accident was it discovered, the night before St. Anthony's Day! Of course there are many "Antons" in the village, but to the English mind there is but one—Christus. He was a picture on his birthday morning, with his gentle grace and dignity and his grand presence. It was a joy to see him accept the little offerings of the grateful strangers those who among multitude beg never to be forgotten. Like a king he said, "Von mir," as he ordered wine and we ate his birthday cake, at the table where the Namenstag presents were shown. Later came the Tyrolean peasants with their music improvising a song to the zither in honor of their host.

These people are absolute geniuses; they recite and sing to the manner born, and there are few people in the village who do not play several instruments. It starts one when mine host, who plays the violoncello in the theatre, the horn in the village band, the zither and violin at other times, after apologizing for his hands being a little hard with his carpenter's work, sits down to the piano and reads through Wagner's scores, "Lohengrin," etc. The Namenstag are constant. Next Friday comes St. Peter and Paul, but of course that of the Christus must always come first.

THE "BOXER" SPIRIT IN OUR OWN LAND.

It is our wont to be aroused over devilish doings in far-away lands. Let some one be oppressed in the farthest corner of the earth and the press of the United States forthwith clamors for war with the oppressor; and the people of this great country of the free, worry and work themselves into a fury of philanthropy and humanitarianism and lots of other high-sounding things, until the other nations of the earth stand aghast at our meddlesomeness. In order to prove our claim that the stars and stripes is the symbol of hope to all the struggling peoples of the world, we are ready to do battle with any nation—smaller than our own—and we are just pining to put "decadent" races out of business. We point with pride to the work we accomplished in freeing Cuba; and just at present we are bending every energy to show the Chinese Boxers what happens when the eagle screams. But, like Tommy Atkins, Uncle Sam is an "absent-minded beggar." In justice, oppression, massacre occur in his own household and go apparently unnoticed. While his eyes are fixed upon the doings of the Chinese Boxers he does not see the manifestation of the Boxer spirit within his own domain.

Down in New Orleans, the other day, for instance, there was an outbreak of mob violence and race hatred, "enough," says one editor, describing it, "to shut the mouth of every American citizen against the Chinese Boxers." The excuse for this was the killing by a negro, Robert Charles, of two policemen, and the wounding of another. No sane man, of course, would attempt to condone the crime of such a desperado, black or white; but the actions of the mob, following upon the negro's crime, were atrocious, and, in a self-styled civilized community, unpardonable. Composed of the very worst elements of the white population, many of its members, doubtless notorious law-breakers themselves, the crowd organized itself into a black man's hunt, and whenever a negro appeared he was shot at or otherwise maltreated. Several negroes were killed and a large number wounded. Scenes of bloodshed and riot lasted for several days, during which time many negroes left the city, as their color was a challenge to the desperate gangs to assault them murderously. It was not to avenge the outraged majesty of the law that these white thugs went hither and thither assaulting peaceful colored people. It was race hatred pure and simple—a manifestation of the Boxer spirit here on the sacred soil of the United States, where we are all supposed to be free and equal. To be shot at it was only necessary to be of the negro race. Education, virtue, good citizenship counted for nothing. In one instance the mob broke open the door of a house where an aged negro and his wife were peacefully sleeping. As the latter arose and appeared in the doorway she fell, pierced by a dozen bullets, and died in a short time. A fitting climax to the fanatical doings of the mob was the burning of the

Lafon colored school building and the fine negro residences surrounding it. This building was as handsome as any white school building in the city. It was named after Thomy Lafon, a negro who accumulated a fortune of some \$600,000 and left it all to charity, part going to the building of this school, part to a charity hospital and part to two homes for aged people, one for the colored race and one for the white. And simply because the school building was devoted to the education of colored people, it was burned to the ground by the white mob.

Of course a little thing like this negro hunt in New Orleans will prevent us from still continuing to flaunt our "higher Christianity" and our "higher civilization" in the faces of poor, benighted foreign peoples, to whom one man is as good as another, be his color black or white; but before pouring forth the visals of our wrath on the Boxers in China we should remember our own Boxers at home. —Sacred Heart Review.

SAD SCENES IN A HOSPITAL.

Touching Description of the Last Moments of a New Orleans Riot Victim.

Blackest crime and thrilling deeds of bravery were plentiful in New Orleans last week. One man, a brutal colored desperado, turned the ordinarily peaceful city into one vast field of riot which raged for days. A dozen men were killed and more than a score were wounded. As is often the case, the hero priest was on the scene in the person of Father Fitzgerald, who faced death in the exercise of his sacred ministry. A militiaman, Corporal Lally, had been shot down in the street by Charles, the murderous black who started the whole trouble, and lay dying on the sidewalk still within range of the deadly rifle of the assassin, the latter having taken refuge in a house, from the windows of which he kept up a constant fire. Unmindful of the danger, Father Fitzgerald, accompanied by two brave laymen, hurried to the wounded man's side and administered Extreme Unction. The priest performed similar services for another victim of the colored man's rifle. During this ceremony Andrew L. Brufield, a layman, who was holding a candle for the priest, was shot through the heart.

Corporal Lally, who first received the priest's ministrations, was subsequently removed to the Charity Hospital, where he died. He was a devout Catholic. The touching scenes around his death-bed are thus described by the New Orleans Daily Picayune:

A TOUCHING SCENE. The wounded man had all been placed in ward 13, which happened to be vacant, and the corporal's condition being hopeless, the bed was screened off, and over him moistening the pallid lips and whispering words of comfort was a gentle Sister of Charity. At her side sat Mrs. Lally, the devoted wife of the gallant corporal. Mrs. Lally had been brought to the hospital about 7 o'clock to see her husband. She was met by Sister Agnes and tenderly prepared for the worst. She was told to be brave; not to give way under this bitter stroke of fate. She knelt beside her husband, she kissed his hand and said: "John, how are you? It is I, your wife." He opened his eyes; he took her hand and spoke to her gently, tenderly bidding her be brave and bear up under this trial. And then for a while the Sister left them alone—those two whose hearts were so bound together and who were soon to be separated by death. Then he asked for his son, and after a while Mrs. Lally went home for a while to see her little children; but in a short while she returned with the boy and took her place by the bedside of her dying husband, not again to leave it until his eyes were closed in death.

"She was so quiet, so brave, her sorrow was so deep and her position so pitiful," said the Sister who sat with her, "that it would have moved the stoniest heart to tears. There was no loud demonstrations of grief, no heart-rendering sobs, but, holding his hand in hers, she sat by the bed whispering ever through the hours of that last sad night words of hope and helpful prayer. Now and again he would speak to her and tell her to be good, to be brave and she would answer, 'I am brave. I will be good; oh, God bless you, John.'"

The Sisters in charge of the ward moved quietly from bed to bed, for many of the trained nurses were home on their summer vacation, and extra help from among the Sisters was called in. Almost all night Dr. Bloom remained in the ward dressing wounds and directing the care of the cases. Every now and then he would visit Corporal Lally's bed, but he could do but little, for the brave corporal was fast passing from earth. The priest came and prayed with him and administered the sacraments and the Sisters and Mrs. Lally knelt at his bedside.

"SISTER, I AM DYING." The Sister saw that the end was coming, and she moved her lips in prayer and tried to make him more comfortable. He said: "Sister, I am dying." And she answered: "Yes, my dear friend, you have come where we must all come one day. Now, make a good act of contrition for the last time and ask God's pardon for all your sins." He answered: "Yes, Sister; but here in the presence of death I can lay my hand on my heart and say that in all my life I have not knowingly done an unkind act towards any one. May God help me now."

"God will help you; God is helping you," said the gentle Sister of Charity. And all this time Mrs. Lally was sobbing quietly with her husband's hand in hers. Then with superhuman courage she said: "We will pray together, John," and he answered: "Yes." "We will say the Rosary," she said, and she began to recite softly the beautiful prayers so dear to the Catholic heart. He answered audibly the rosary through, and then his voice grew weaker, his lips moved slowly, his pulse more feeble. He looked into his wife's face once more, as if he would speak, then, with the words "Our Father, who art in heaven," he passed into the presence of God.

Mrs. Lally laid her lips upon the lips so cold in death. She did not move, she gave no wild exhibition of grief, but her look was that of a soul undergoing the crucifixion of Calvary.

HIS BRAVE WIFE. "It was all the more heartrending," said the gentle Sister, who remained with her to the end, "because she was so self-contained under this fearful stroke. The little boy was equally brave and seemed to realize what his mother sought to impress upon him, that there were other sufferers in that ward, and by no noisy demonstration, no untoward exhibition of grief that was consuming their hearts must they give way and imperil the condition of the other wounded. Her faith, her courage were most edifying. Seldom even in this hospital, where we witness so much of the sorrow of earth, have we been so deeply impressed. After a while we went up to her and gently sought to lead her away. She said: 'So soon, so soon; yes, it must be,' and then, leaning over him, again she kissed the cold lips and said: 'We will meet in heaven.'"

Then the Sisters took her to their rooms, and after a while she was sent home and the body of Corporal Lally was removed to the morgue. The Sisters took charge of his clothes and all his little effects of personal wear, and later in the day they were sent to Mrs. Lally. Then the Sisters, who had been on duty all night, were relieved by other Sisters, and so the faithful watch will go on. In all these trying hours none have been more surely tried than these patient, ministering angels of the Charity Hospital.

URSULINES 50th ANNIVERSARY.

On the 8th August, 1900, the Ursuline nuns celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their Community's establishment in Cleveland, Ohio. Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Right Rev. Bishop Horstmann.

After the celebration of Mass the Bishop spoke a few words to the Sisters, congratulating them on the completion of a half century of noble work, and remarked on the wonderful growth from the humble beginning in 1850. He also spoke of his intense gratification in being able to participate on the great occasion—the golden jubilee of the establishment of the Ursuline order in the Diocese of Cleveland. He then pointed out the glorious work that had been accomplished in the past fifty years, and urged the Sisters to emulate the noble work of the pioneer Sisters. The Bishop also spoke of the holy and unselfish motives that brought the Sisters into religion, and urged them to be mindful of their own sanctification and to labor for the education of youth for God's greater honor and glory. He then imparted the episcopal blessing.

Mgr. Thorpe delivered the sermon. It was an eloquent and deeply impressive oration, during the course of which he eulogized the Sisters on the magnificent success which had attended their efforts during the fifty years of their residence in the diocese. Forty-four priests, besides Right Rev. Bishop Horstmann were present during the celebration, which lasted three days.

RELICS AND MIRACLES.

An Intelligent Catholic Reader Addresses Some Pertinent Remarks to the Editor of a New York Daily.

To the Editor of the New York Times.—Answering a question of your correspondent, who writes about the relic of St. Anne, which is reverently kept in one of our Catholic churches in this city, I will say that for a Catholic the matter of any reported miracle is one of evidence, to be believed or believed, as the evidence is weak or strong. Further, however, we believe that God's power is untrammelled as of old, and that in every case of the Church miracles have occurred through the intercession of his saints. In our own times at Lourdes we see wonders performed which have converted more pronounced skeptics than your correspondent.

Your correspondent confuses two distinct questions—the genuineness of relics and the honoring of them. To say that it is impossible to preserve relics is manifestly absurd. Besides, consider the attitude and practice of the Church back to the very first ages. When the crowds had left the pagan shows, did not the friends of the early martyrs quietly take away their remains? And when they with religious care soaked up the blood with sponges from the arena, did they throw those sponges away, or was it to keep them with the bodies as precious things to be revered? It is on the face of it probable that from the zealous, relic-saving, primitive times down through a relic cherishing Church there are genuine relics in abundance. Here again the question in any particular case is one of evidence, to be believed or believed. But Catholics know the scrupulous care Mother

Church takes in this matter, and when a relic is vouched for we do not argue over it. For we do not fear these remembrances of our glorious brethren, but rejoice to have them. And we can admit the possibility of a mistake without very great concern. If a Prince in a peasant's cottage saw a strange likeness mistakenly honored for his, he would be pleased with the evidence of good will.

The Emperor of Germany knew well how to strengthen himself with millions of his people when he made the Catholic Church a gift of the Jerusalem dwelling house of the Blessed Virgin. He knew it was a welcome gift; that the recipients would not be embarrassed over it, as would have been the case had he given it to his own Church. For then the predicament would be this: They would either have to treat it with neglect and implied contempt, or they would have to treat it with reverence and somewhat as a shrine, which would make them as bad (or as good) as the Catholics. They doubtless would have treated it with reverence; probably, though from a feeling of strangeness, they would have been awkward and half-hearted, instead of being natural and whole-souled.

In fact, which it comes to any particular case (as noticeably with the Trier celebrations some years ago), non-Catholics in a discussion prefer not to get beyond the question of genuineness, and this for some undisclosed *a priori* reason they decide in the negative without argument.

As to the second point, charity alone restrains me from characterizing the implication that when we extend to relics marks of honor, we are guilty of idolatry. Every little child among us knows that such honor is purely relative; that we refer it to the saints, whose spirits still live, and that, further, we honor the saints because they are God's saints, whom "the King deigneth to honor." Will any objector be consistent? Then let him tear down ancestral pictures in his house; let him heap contempt on Lafayette uncovering his head at the tomb of Washington and bowing to dust and ashes. It may then occur to him that it was not to the ashes and stones in themselves, for themselves, that this reverence was given, and he may learn to think justly of us.

We are, then, criticized for our do nations to our churches. Now, as it happens, this is one thing that Catholics are just a little proud of, though after all we do not do half enough. Believing our churches to be temples (in a way that others disclaim for their churches), we consider it a grand thing to help to the splendor of God's house.

Next we are joined, irrelevantly, with the Christian Scientists, who forbid natural remedies for sickness. We, on the contrary, hold that to pray for help, and at the same time to neglect the means Providence puts in our reach, is as wrong as the contrary practice of trusting to natural means and forgetting from whom we have them or believing that to such means God's power is restricted.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, why have you offended us by publishing a letter in which our faith and practices are grossly and violently attacked? You may say you let us answer the attack. But this does not affect the initial wrong, against which please receive a protest. Surely your rule against immoderate language does not allow an exception where the object of abuse is our religion?

We do not answer the abuse in kind; no, let it rather be in kindness. We herewith tender your correspondent our sincere and best wishes. Let him be assured that if he becomes a Catholic and honored the saints of God, it would be his joy to find it a beautiful and ennobling practice. With this in view, we can ask the prayers of St. Anne, that glorious matron standing high among the blessed ones in heaven. NEAL H. EWING. New York, July 23, 1900.

CATHOLICS AND THEIR CONVERTS.

Rev. John Talbot Smith in Donahoe's for August.

How easily personal faults, and irritations, and sharp discussions are forgotten when the personality of the convert comes distinctly into view! The venerable form of Newman dominates the English speaking world of Catholics. The controversies to which his conversion gave rise, the cobwebs which envy and folly strung over his name, have all fallen to earth of their own weight, and the grand figure stands at this moment like a towering mountain bathed in the eternal sun. I heard a Catholic gentleman once call Newman a heretic, and wondered how long he might stand the ridicule of his position against the great Cardinal. It was not worth while asking for his reasons. Time and the moths do away with such charges. And how utterly foolish they look before the monumental work, the wonderful influence, the magic personality of this sweet hearted soul, whose name is an argument for the Church more unanswerable than all the controversial books in the English tongue. It seems to me that if every convert were as untractable and untamable and cautious as the Catholic rival of Iconoclast Brann, for Newman's sake he would have to be loved and petted. No one has measured for us yet the depth of this man's hold on the hearts and the imagination of the Catholic millions in the English-speaking world. It is enough to say that his personality has overcome for thousands the natural bitterness of heart against Englishmen felt by other nationalities. For Newman's sake they are bound to be more gentle

in their speech, and less bitter in their revenge of historic wrongs. Grouped around Newman like stars about the moon are the names of Manning, and Faber, and Ward, and Patmore, and Lady Fullerton, with many others, whose hold upon our affections is as firm as the debt of gratitude which we owe them is large beyond the hope of payment. Manning in particular enjoys the love of the American Catholics. He was always gracious to them, his practical methods pleased them, his political sympathy with the workers delighted them, and his role of cabinet minister without a portfolio excited their enthusiasm. To the Irish was he particularly dear, for he had the tact to acknowledge publicly that the resurrection of the Scottish and English hierarchies was due to Irish immigration into England and Scotland. Ward was the idol of the controversialists, Faber beloved of the devotees, and Lady Fullerton of the reading public. Measure their influence who can. They are all at rest, and their work stands forth free from cloud. Our gratitude hushes all criticism. We are agreed to a man that these converts are worthy of our love and our praise, and for their sake others less lovable and without greatness shall be honored.

CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

It is Time to do Battle Against the Demon of Impure Literature.

The action of the German Center Party in arraying itself squarely against the impure in art and literature is, we are informed, soon to be followed by the Catholic Party of Belgium. Of late, it is claimed, Parisian Socialists and Masons have flooded Belgium with a wave of indecent books and obscene pictures, and against the circulation of these in any form the Belgian Catholic Center is preparing to wage vigorous war.

We submit that a similar opportunity awaits the proposed union of American Catholic societies as soon as federation takes place. As Bishop Montgomery points out with rare candor, there are many things far more necessary for Catholics in this country to do than to engage in forming an infeasible political party. If our people can once be educated up to the point of standing out boldly against the thousand and one corrupters of public and private morals, before long they will find themselves receiving the admiration and support of all their upright fellow-citizens. They will thus be a great moral power working to advance right Christian civilization.

It is notable that similar federation and action is now being urged upon the Catholic societies in our neighbor republic—Mexico. During the last few months that country has been flooded with pornographic art and literature, and we are not surprised to find a recent issue of El Mundo Catolico (The Catholic World) of Mexico City, advocating the formation of a Catholic union for the purpose of waging aggressive warfare against the demon of indecency, as well as against other evils pointed out. If this is to be a Christian age, the Christian world must begin to battle a little for the preservation of its ideals. The Church has always been the greatest promoter of purity, and a time has come for her children seriously to consider the labor that awaits them in building a loftier social order. —Midland Review.

OUR LADY'S ASSUMPTION.

The feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, which Holy Church celebrates on Aug. 15, presents to us a subject worthy of our imitation. If Mary triumphs as the Immaculate Virgin and the Mother of Jesus, she is also crowned as the servant of God. She is of all creatures the most exalted in Heaven, and precisely because she was the most humble on earth.

FAITHFUL UNTO THE END.

Rev. Father Piche, who died suddenly at Lachine, Quebec, last month, had just preached a strong sermon on temperance. For the last forty years he had devoted himself to this work. In concluding his sermon with a brilliant peroration he declared he would preach against the liquor traffic until his death. He was found dead in his study fifteen minutes after the close of the service.—Sacred Heart Review.

HIS HOLINESS EVER A PEACE-MAKER.

A Rome despatch to the Central News says an authoritative organ of the Vatican, in commenting on the speech Emperor William made in which he told his soldiers who were to start for China "to give no quarter and take no prisoners," states that it is the earnest wish of the Pope and Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State, that the powers shall not resort to nor permit a policy of retaliation and revenge.

The Pope has issued through the Cardinal-Vicar of the Catholic missions a letter which directs that general prayers shall be offered up in the Catholic churches throughout the world for the safety of the Christians in China. The letter also expresses the hope that instead of motives of revenge the Almighty shall inspire everybody with thoughts of concord and peace which will prevent further ruin and massacre.

If there was more moral courage among the officers of Catholic organizations there would be less conviviality among the members.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Beautiful Legend. Here is a legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclination.

Everyday Love. A group of little girls were telling of the love each felt for her mother, and as the testimony went on the strength of the statements grew.

The Girl Everyone Likes. The most lovable girls in the world are those of sunny disposition. A few people like the quiet, thoughtful girl.

A Five Cent Capitalist. A writer in the Boston Advertiser tells the story of a young capitalist in the town of Plymouth.

A Divine Example. We are told that after Christ, then in His twelfth year, left the Temple with them and came to Nazareth and was subject to them.

A Playful Breed of Horses. Of horses the most companionable are doubtless Arabs. They have lived for generations in the tents of their masters.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

Beautifully Illustrated Catholic Family Bible and a Year's Subscription for \$7.

The Holy Bible containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the Decree of the Council of Trent, translated from the Latin Vulgate.

FOR THE SUM OF SEVEN DOLLARS we should be pleased to express a copy of this beautiful book and prayer cards for carriage, as well as give the year's subscription (for new) to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

FAMILY BIBLE

A Year's Subscription and a Family Bible for Five Dollars.

For the sum of \$5.00 we will mail to any address a copy of this beautiful Family Bible (large size) 1012x3, bound in cloth, gilt edges, splendidly illustrated.

Send \$5 in money, or express order, or in a registered letter, addressed to the book by express, charges for carriage prepaid, and be credited with a year's subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

THOS. E. ROBSON, PRESIDENT. D. C. McDONALD, MANAGER.

The Only Mutual Fire Insurance Company Licensed by the Dominion Government.

CATHOLIC HOME AND LITTLE FOLK'S ANNUALS.

We have a few of Benjér's Catholic Home Annuals for 1900 still in stock, and should be pleased to mail some to any of our readers.

THE NEW TESTAMENT—25c.

WE HAVE JUST PURCHASED A LARGE bound with cloth limp cover—price 25c.

PRAYER BOOKS FOR SALE.

We have a new stock of Catholic Prayer Books ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$2.50.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST, HONOR Graduate Toronto and Philadelphia.

DR. STEVENSON, 391 DUNDAS ST. W. London, (Specialty—Anesthetics). Phone 181.

DR. WAUGH, 587 TALBOT ST., LONDON/ONT. (Specialty—Anesthetics). Phone 181.

DR. WOODBRUFF, 105 Queen's Avenue W. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh, Glaucoma, etc. Eye specialist.

FATHER DAMEN, S. J.

One of the Most Instructive and Useful Pamphlets Ever Published.

The Lectures of Father Damen. They comprise five of the most celebrated ones delivered by that renowned orator.



Songs of Praise

Ottawa, Jan. 20, 1899. I have used SURPRISE SOAP since I started house and find that it lasts longer and is better than other soaps I have tried.

I have used SURPRISE SOAP for the past ten years, I find it the best soap that I have ever had in my house.

I have to wash for three brothers that work on the railroad, and SURPRISE SOAP is the only soap to use.

COWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA

to their patients. It builds up and strengthens the system. It is a perfect food as well as drink.

Preserve Your Teeth

And teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE

They have the largest sale of any Dentifrices AVOID IMITATIONS, which are NUMEROUS & UNRELIABLE.

Use the genuine

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

Cobbett's "Reformation."

Just issued a new edition of the Protestant Reformation by Wm. Cobbett. Revised with Notes and Preface by Very Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, D. D., O. S. B.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt

One bottle of O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt will do what it requires two of other makes to accomplish.

SCROFULA

thin blood, weak lungs and paleness. You have them in hot weather as well as in cold.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

THE SACRAMENTS OF THE CHURCH AND "CATHOLIC CEREMONIES"

TOBACCO, LIQUOR AND DRUGS.

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few weeks.

REID'S HARDWARE

For Grand Rapids Carpets & Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Sincere, the latest Writings, Mangies, Cutlery, etc.

MY NEW CURATE.

A Story Gathered from the Stray Leaves of an Old Diary by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P., Donorale of the Diocese of Albany.

RAIN-KILLER

THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHE, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE.

THE SACRAMENTS OF THE CHURCH AND "CATHOLIC CEREMONIES"

THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS, by James Cardinal Gibbons, the fifty second edition of which has been issued with 300,000 copies.

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PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

XCVIII.

An English Catholic Journal—I think the Tablet—has remarked that while liberal Protestants show a kindness and justice towards Catholicism, and an appreciation of its excellences, for which it is impossible not to feel grateful, yet, as a rule, they are the least accessible to any arguments tending to bring them into the Catholic Church.

Roman Catholics, therefore, so far as they hope for success in proselytism, have reason to wish that there might not be too many liberal Protestants.

Catholics have no special call to be afraid that the Protestants will all turn liberals in a hurry. In Germany it is hard to say whether the so-called liberals or the conservatives are the more intensely and implacably hostile.

I shall by and by have something to say more at length about Professor Nippold, a liberal of the first water. In our own commonwealth, Dr. Philip S. Moxon, a leading liberal, seems, at the time of the senseless outcry over Father Metcalf's perfectly well warranted exception to John Swinton's unlucky misdescription of indulgences, to have made as great a fool of himself as the vulgar "British-American citizen" could have done.

THE NEWMAN OF THE NORTH.

The Ablest Protestant Theologian in Denmark, Sweden and Norway becomes a Catholic.

Writing from Denmark, a special correspondent of the London Catholic Times, himself a convert, gives some interesting particulars concerning the conversion of K. Krogh Tonning, D. D., the famous rector of Old Aker parish, in Christiania, and admittedly the most learned Protestant theologian in all the three northern countries, Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

"At the beginning of the year," writes the correspondent, "he resigned his office, which was one of the most remunerative in the land, and half a year afterwards he made his submission to the Church."

"Dr. Krogh-Tonning is now fifty-seven years old. From his early manhood he has been an eminent theologian. He began as an orthodox Lutheran, but his development went on in what in England is called a Ritualistic direction. Twenty years ago he published an able work on Confession, in which he maintained that absolution as a word from God to the sinner is really in absolute conformity with the Lutheran Symbols, though completely forgotten by the Protestants of the present day."

"With the lapse of years Dr. Krogh-Tonning continued his studies, and his reputation continued to grow. He would have been made a Norwegian Bishop had it not been noticed that his views became more and more Catholic. This is to be seen very clearly in his five-volume book on Dogma, the greatest work ever published on the subject in Danish or Norwegian."

"As the single volumes appeared one by one, it became evident that he was gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the Catholic Church. The question of the Primacy was the last obstacle that separated him from it. In particular he examined both dogmatically and historically the doctrine of the Church on grace and pointed out convincingly that the Protestant charges about the Semi Pelagianism of the Catholic Church are completely false. This he especially set forth in two smaller works, written the first in German, the other in Latin, viz., 'Die Gnadenlehre und die stille Reformation,' and 'De gratia Christi et de libero arbitrio.'"

"His scientific development was accompanied by the growth of grace in his heart. He used to pray: 'O Lord, teach us to know Thy will in truth, to do Thy will in sincerity, and to follow Thy will in obedience,' and the Holy Ghost has heard his prayers. After a time spent in study and pious meditations among the Jesuit Fathers in Awhouse, in Denmark, he obtained the grace to follow the will of God, and he is now a very happy child of the Catholic Church."

"Some of his friends had already gone the same way 'before the learn-

ed master, amongst them Cand. Theol. Sorensen, in Norway, and the writer of this little piece, who asks the readers to excuse his very bad English."

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost. CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

"He hath done all things well." (Mark 7. 37.)

The gospel of all days relates how charitable hands brought to our Divine Saviour one who was deaf and dumb, beseeching Him that He would lay His hands upon him and heal him. The petition of these people is short and simple, but of childlike confidence; they are firmly convinced that the Divine Physician who on so many occasions has shown His power and goodness, can, and will help this unfortunate man. This confidence is rewarded, for our Lord took him apart from the multitude, put His fingers into his ears and touching his tongue said: "Ephpheta, which is, Be thou opened, and immediately his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spoke right."

Truly, a childlike confidence in God will permit no sinner to be lost! This was experienced not only by the deaf and dumb man in the gospel of today, but by every one who in anguish of heart and soul returns by repentance to his Father. Who can count all those who have been afflicted by the sad strokes of fate! How many are groaning so deplorably among the thorns and briars in this valley of tears! How many a good father is compelled to make a miserable living by the sweat of his brow, who amid thousands of cares and privations, must strive to procure the necessary sustenance for his family!

Others are tortured by the most excruciating pains, and for weeks, months, and sometimes years, are compelled to writhe on a bed of pain. If you ask them whence they receive the strength to suffer this bitterness, they raise their eyes to the image of our Lord on the cross, and say: "My Divine Redeemer has out of love for me suffered so much, and should not I also be willing to endure something for Him? I know that His grace will not be wanting to me, and from the thorns of my present sufferings a beautiful and unfading crown will bloom."

Who can count the sufferings and sorrows, who in their childlike confidence in God, seek consolation and find it!

What is more painful to man, than to have a conscience seared by sin! For many ailments and maladies, change of air brings relief, but should you flee to the end of the world, the warning and disturbing voice of conscience will follow; other sufferings are healed in time, but the wounds caused by sin, receive no balm from time, the gnawing worm of conscience never dies.

There is but one remedy for such a malady of the soul, and this is a loving reliance on the merciful God who does not will the death of the sinner, but that he may be converted and live; who pledges to every penitent sinner the eternal truth, that if his sins were as red as scarlet and as numerous as the sand of the sea, they shall, in the sacrament of penance, become as white as snow, be effaced and immersed in the sea of God's mercy. O sinner, do not lose courage, do not, like Judas, grieve the heart of our dear Lord by doubting His infinite mercy. Cease committing sin, and then, contritely and with loving faith approach that source of grace, the sacrament of penance, wash your guilt-laden soul in the precious blood of Jesus Christ; procure for yourself that effulgent garment which rejoices the angels of Heaven, viz: the garment of grace, and certainly the precious gem of a good conscience will be for you a soothing pillow of rest. The most terrible of all terrors is still before us—death, the grave, judgment, eternity. But even in these that loving confidence in God will not leave us, but will stand as a consoling angel at our death bed, to refresh us with renewed courage and holy hope. Why should we, as children of God, tremble at the final portion of our earthly penance! The body alone dies, the soul lives for eternity. It is really so terrible a trial, to exchange this valley of tears and of sorrows, for a habitation of eternal peace; to exchange a weak body, so often tormented by pain, with the effulgence and glory of immortality! It is only for the impetuous sinner that St. Paul says: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." (Heb. 10. 31.) The royal psalmist assures us: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of the saints" (Ps. 115. 15) and St. John tells us in the Apocalypse: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

THE SACRAMENTS OF THE CHURCH AND "CATHOLIC CEREMONIES"

THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS, by James Cardinal Gibbons, the fifty second edition of which has been issued with 300,000 copies, is now on sale at this office. Price (paper) 50 cents and cloth \$1.00.

Another good and useful work is "Catholic Ceremonies and Explanation of the Ecclesiastical Year. It contains ninety six illustrations of articles used at Church ceremonies and their proper names. From the French of the Abbé Duval. Price paper 25 cents, cloth 50 cents. Price paper 25 cents, cloth 50 cents. Price paper 25 cents, cloth 50 cents.

Any of these works are extremely useful to hand to an inquiring non-Catholic. Sent anywhere on receipt of price. Address: THOS. COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few weeks. For more particulars, see advertisement on opposite page. Price 25 cents. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 312 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Beautiful Legend.

Here is a legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclination.

Everyday Love.

A group of little girls were telling of the love each felt for her mother, and as the testimony went on the strength of the statements grew.

The Girl Everyone Likes.

The most lovable girls in the world are those of sunny disposition. A few people like the quiet, thoughtful girl.

Everybody wants to talk to her and be in her company. Every one is attracted to her without effort on her part.

A Five-Cent Capitalist.

A writer in the Boston Advertiser tells the story of a five-cent capitalist in the town of Plymouth.

This small capitalist was a widow. She lived in a mortgaged cottage with her daughter and a little grandson who were dependent upon her.

The widow invested the nickel in popcorn, and with some molasses found in the bottom of her jug she made fifteen popcorn balls.

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know of no breed that comes up to the Hiltlinger of the Tyrolean valley, says a writer in the London News.

Hiltlingers have been compared with hippopotami and giant "seahorses," and with very good reason.

Hiltlingers ought to make the fortune of any circus master. They (like dacties again) delight in playing tricks, and will learn rough games, such as schoolboys love, and will play them, too, strictly according to rule.

Every man is good for something. In each human life is planted some natural aptness. If it is intense, men call it genius.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

It is encouraging to bear in mind that it is not so much what a young man accomplishes actually as what he accomplishes in view of his abilities and the conditions of his life.

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THE CIGAR IN THE MOUTH THAT WRECKS NERVES.

Naturally an inveterate cigar-smoker would feel his heart quiver and jump at the slightest disturbance of his nervous system.

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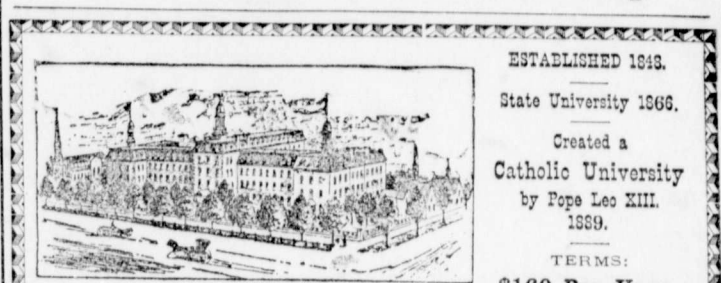
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LABATT'S ALE and PORTER

Used Medicinally: Have the recommendation of nearly all physicians. Reports of a chemist furnished on application.



ESTABLISHED 1848. State University 1866. Created a Catholic University by Pope Leo XIII. 1869.

Catholic University of Ottawa, Canada. Under the Direction of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate.

Degrees in Arts, Philosophy and Theology. Preparatory Classical Course for Junior Students. COMPLETE COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Private Rooms for Senior Students. Fully Equipped Laboratories. Practical Business Department. Send for Catalogue.

Protected from pillage. And the Prussians who came after carefully respected the property.

When the family returned great indeed was their surprise to find the estate had been spared the general destruction.

The favorite family cathartic is Hood's Pills. Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had?

IS THERE ONE BRIGHT, ENTERPRISING CATHOLIC BOY? In each town in Ontario who would like to make from Twenty to One Hundred Dollars?

WESTERN FAIR LONDON SEPT. 6 to 15, 1900. The Prominent Live Stock & Agricultural Exhibition of 1900.

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada. Formerly The Ontario Mutual Life.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS. THIS HAS A LARGER SALE THAN any book of the kind now in the market.

CLARKE & SMITH. Undertakers and Embalmers. 115 Dundas Street, Open Day and Night. Telephone 88.

CARLING

When Ale is thoroughly matured it is not only palatable, but wholesome.

People who wish to use the best Ale should see to it that they receive Carling's.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS. High-Class Church & Cathedral Windows.

"IRELAND IN PICTURES." A Year's Subscription to The Catholic Record and this Beautiful Work of Art for \$6.00.

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"IRELAND IN PICTURES." A Year's Subscription to The Catholic Record and this Beautiful Work of Art for \$6.00.

The war in the East goes merrily on. The Filipinos are being inoculated with large doses of galling-gum...

A WORD TO PARENTS.

We hope that parents will register a resolution to give the advantages of Catholic education. There has been too much neglect in this matter...

WESTERN FAIR.

London, Sept. 6 to 15, 1900—Entries positively close Sept. 5th—Entries closing in rapidly—Early Entries secure best space...

WESTERN FAIR.

Special attractions exceedingly fine—Chartered Greyhounds—The Great Rozzios—The funny animals—Bulky, the Modeler—Bessie...

SERVANT WANTED.

WANTED A GOOD GENERAL SERVANT having a knowledge of cooking. Apply to Mrs. Coffey, 22 Wellington St., or CATHOLIC RECORD office.

TEACHERS WANTED.

MALE TEACHER, HOLDING SECOND-CLASS certificate, holding a B.A. from the University of Toronto, desiring to teach in the 12th or 13th grade...

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE P.M.

Wanted for the P.M. a male or female teacher holding a B.A. from the University of Toronto, desiring to teach in the 12th or 13th grade...

WANTED TEACHER FOR THE 12th

Wanted for the 12th grade a male or female teacher holding a B.A. from the University of Toronto, desiring to teach in the 12th or 13th grade...

TEACHER WANTED FOR S.S. NO. 16

Adjoining holding a first or second-class certificate. Duties to commence after vacation. Salary \$400 per annum. Rev. Jas. J. Gorman, Secretary, Colgan, Ont. 1189-1.

PERSONAL.

Will E. Fraser of Antigonish, N. S., was visiting friends in Fort Brock, Pictou Co., N. S., last month.

Catholic Prayer Books, Rosaries, Crucifixes, Scapulars, Ornaments, Stationary and Church Goods.

For a full list of goods, prices and terms, apply to J. & S. ADLERS, 1189-1, St. James St., Montreal.

SACRED PICTURES.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF IMPORTED photographs of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Sacred Heart of Mary, and the Holy Family, 25 cents each.

CHEAP BOOKS.

Clocks (Iron Bound) at 30 Cents Each. Any of the following books, neatly bound in cloth, I can supply for...

INFORMATION WANTED.

JOSEPH DWYER, of LODI, ONT., who died last week, was a young boy of the age of about ten years at the time of his death. He was a young boy of the age of about ten years at the time of his death...

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

Eighteen boys and fourteen girls approached the Most Holy Sacrament for the first time on Tuesday last week, in the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, St. Mary's Mission.

ORILLIA.

A GOOD AFFIRMATION. We are pleased to learn of the appointment of our old friend, Mr. A. Lynch, to the office of Collector of Customs at that place.

QUOYON, QUEBEC.

A quiet forty-eight hours spent in this village, at the City Hotel, of which Mr. McLean is the proprietor, on the Sunday and Monday of last week.

MARRIAGE.

GRAVES DEWAN. On Tuesday August 14, St. Peter's Cathedral, London, was well filled with the numerous interested friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Charles Graves and Miss E. Dewan.

A SOLEMN CEREMONY.

St. Boniface's Corner Stone Laying. His Grace the Most Rev. P. W. Riordan laid the corner stone of the new building of the Golden Gate Avenue near Leavenworth street, Watonsville, California, last Sunday afternoon.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Susanna Maid Rynde, Streetville, Ont. On Sunday, August 5, the death occurred at the age of twenty-nine years of Susanna Maid Rynde, of Streetville, Ont.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

Students of the Teachers' Training School Successful. Information has been received from the Education Department that the three Sisters of the House of Providence, who were candidates at the recent provincial examinations for second-class certificates, held at the Normal School, Ottawa, passed.

MALATESTA'S STATEMENT.

It is now generally believed, on the authority of the Tribune, an Italian paper, that the authority of the Italian government is being sought and brought about the plot to kill King Humberto, which was, unfortunately, so successful.

C. M. B. A.

London, Aug. 8, 1900. At a regular meeting of Branch No. 392, Maryville, Ontario, held on August 6th, 1900, presided over by Bro. F. J. McNamee and seconded by Bro. J. J. McNamee, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Another Letter from Chaplain Bennett, With Second Canadian Contingent. Honing, Spruit South Africa, July 1, 1900. The following communication, you, no doubt you will have long since read of what is going on in this region, I may say in this very place.

MONUMENT TO CAP DES ROSIERS VICTIMS.

The rocky coast of the lower St. Lawrence has been the scene of many disasters. One of the most recent was the wreck of the ship "Carricks of Whitehaven," which occurred on the 25th of May, 1847, in the middle of the night, during a blinding snow storm.

BARON RUSSEL OF KILLOWEN DEAD.

London, Aug. 10.—Baron Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, died this morning as the result of an operation performed for the relief of his bladder.

THE TROUBLE IN CHINA.

The advance of the allies toward Peking for the purpose of relieving the Chinese Christians who have taken refuge with them, has met with the most serious opposition offered by the Chinese.

ANARCHISTS' WORK.

In Fiume, Italy, a dynamite cartridge exploded on Thursday last week. The police express a conviction that the cartridge was placed on the track by anarchists in revenge against the citizens for the mourning demonstration held in the city on account of the assassination of King Humberto.

MARKET REPORTS.

London, Aug. 16.—Grain, per cental.—Wheat 47s. 6d.; oat, 45s. 6d.; rye, 41s. 6d.; barley, 41s. 6d.; corn, 37s. 6d.; clover, 35s. 6d.; butter, 100s. 0d.; lard, 110s. 0d.; sugar, 110s. 0d.; cotton, 110s. 0d.; wool, 110s. 0d.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

Again from the Transvaal comes the unwelcome news that the Boer forces are making a somewhat smaller scale than other military operations, the British garrison of 200 men at Middelburg, in the Transvaal, has been captured by Gen. Buller.

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