

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record.

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POVERTY vs. MONOPOLY.

Mr. Bryan is just now very busy in supplying adjectives to qualify the "Trusts." When he has a few leisure moments he should go and hear Messrs. Rockefeller and Carnegie lecturing on the blessings of poverty. He might be persuaded that the aforesaid gentlemen are merely in business to prevent men from tasting the privations of the rich and that they are not the commercial Molochs we are wont to believe them. The fact that Mr. Carnegie has given largely of his means to found public libraries—to fill large rooms with books for people who have no time to read them, might appease the redoubtable Democrat. But talk as he will, the Trusts hold the trump card—the mighty dollar. It stands for everything this generation holds in esteem. We may and do betimes indulge in musings over it, as being dross and perishable, but that in the rush for preferment and power does not prevent it from winning easily.

Religion, of course, has a remedy for the existing evil, but religion has no place in the stock-book of the ordinary capitalist. That the workman is a man and a Christian—that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by; that employers are bound to see that they have time for the duties of piety, are truths that never trouble the money-kings.

Now if Mr. Rockefeller, instead of discouraging plattitudinously on Poverty, would use his wealth and influence to abolish the sweat-shops that drive so many children into premature graves, he would be doing something.

THE UNITED IRISH LEAGUE.

The Most Rev. Patrick O'Donnell is, as our readers are aware, an enthusiastic supporter of the United Irish League. He has for some time been a prominent figure in Irish national affairs and none who has watched him will deny that his efforts have been for the good of the old land. He has never lost heart in the cause: and, even when it was surrounded by the dark and lowering clouds of disunion, he saw, or professed to see, beyond them the blue sky of unity and amity.

The League, aiming as it does to stem emigration, to make the farmers the true owners of the land, to cultivate and to return a solid parliamentary representation at the general election, should be acclaimed with the unanimous voice of every Irishman.

It is about time to give the individuals who have been attending to personal affairs rather than to Ireland's an opportunity to retire into private life. We do not forget their work in the past: but the clamor and wrangling and pitiful conduct during the last few years has undone it and shorted them in the minds of many of any claim not only to consideration but even to respectability.

Now that they have a common platform, they should be forced, and they will be forced to do something more than bandying insults and firing off rhetorical pop-guns. "It remains," says the Bishop, "for the United Irish League to give practical effect to the voice of the people at the general election. In this diocese, so far as I can ascertain, the electors will support those who have supported the League, and no others."

ANGLICANISM A FAILURE.

We came upon an article recently in one of the current magazines entitled "The Episcopal Church in New York," which cannot fail to amuse anybody who reads it. Here and there it seemed that the writer intended to be taken seriously, but the tone and the statements and description of some of the clergymen more than half convinced us that he was indulging in a little pleasantry at the expense of New York divines.

He refers to Dr. Newton's "iridescent and extravagant," and tells us that probably no Episcopal body outside of New York would have had strength enough, breadth enough, wisdom enough to retain him in its ministry. What a wonderful man the doctor must be if he can so tax the resources of Anglicanism! But the writer we

think is unfair to Episcopal bodies outside the metropolis. Everywhere he will find the same flexibility of creed—no bottom of course—and breadth enough to support anything from Ritualism to Evangelicalism and to give ample space to "the hundred sects battling within one Church." If the writer should look up the records of some of the liberal-minded preachers, he would be more guarded in his words of appreciation. It is a noted fact that the most insidious attacks against the Divinity of Christ have come from the churchmen with flexible creeds. Dissenters, excepting Socialists and Unitarians, have never tried to despoil Christ of His Divinity, or to make Him out but one of the world's philosophers, or to indulge in doctrinal rhapsodies that are the chief stock-in-trade of some Anglican divines.

Any scientific or doctrinal rag can be patched on the piebald costume of Anglicanism; and any divinity with sufficient audacity can preach anything he pleases without being adjudged heterodox, because, as has been well said, one cannot be doctrinally outside the Church of England. It takes in everything from St. Mary the Virgin, with its incense, vestments and bogus priesthood, to the other churches that hold fast to the old tradition that sacerdotalism is "idolatrous and superstitious." And still they are all united!

The divines never wrangle about creeds because they are too urbane and gentlemanly. Each one is his own theological tailor. Dr. Newton's doctrinal garments would not fit the rector of Trinity, and Dr. Rainsford might not without a previous rehearsal "be able to rest himself and go through the ritual of the Mass according to the use of St. Mary the Virgin."

New Yorkers cannot certainly complain of dull uniformity. What more pleasant than St. Mary's, resplendent with lights and rich robes of the gentlemen who trace their religious reign back to primitive times. It certainly has a very soothing effect on the nerves, and whilst strengthening us against the wiles of the wicked world cultivates a taste for color. If you want something novel, an up-to-date sermon, for instance, you can betake yourself to St. George's. The one thing to bear in mind is that this ecclesiastical hotch-potch labelled the Anglican Church, is very wealthy, thoroughly conversant with the best forms of spiritual good breeding, and anxious to please everybody.

You may abominate Sacerdotalism or regard it as something to be tricked out in lace and gold, to be respected sentimentally at least: you may or may not believe in the necessity, and you still remain an Anglican within the limits of the essential truths of Christianity. What the essential truths are you must discover for yourself. At all events, you cannot, whatever creed you may adopt, get outside the immeasurable and eminently flexible Anglican body.

The reason given by the author for the beautiful harmony prevailing among Episcopal divines is they believe with the gentleman who had his university training at Tarsus that courtesy is a part of true religion. Now, that is simply a splendid and satisfactory reason. That kind of courtesy, however, has another and very ugly name—but it does not matter.

St. Paul was doubtless very courteous, but he did not pat every heretical interloper on the back. He besought his brethren to mark them who caused dissensions and offences contrary to the doctrines which they had learned, and to avoid them.

If he had opened his arms to every dissension and mental aberration of the preachers of his time, he would, according to Anglican standards, have been the very plank of courtesy. But he was not an idiot. The privilege of saying that black is white and white is black at the same time, belongs to Anglicans, if we may believe the writer.

If religion is simply a matter of music and preaching—a catering to the Sunday tastes of those who prefer going to church than to stopping at home—Anglicanism leaves nothing to be desired; but if religion means faith, an acceptance of well-defined doctrines which must be accepted under pain of eternal damnation, Anglicanism is,

despite its social and oratorical machinery, an absolute failure.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

In this age of new ideas, when people go about seeking new channels for superfluous energy, when societies for about every kind of improvement to humanity are organized, it is strange no one has ever turned his thoughts and influence to a guild whose work would be in the lines of the Catholic Truth Society, with the difference, that as the former's realm is literature, this should be art—in a word, the distribution of beautiful representations of Our Lord, His Blessed Mother and the Saints in our Catholic homes.

Why should not everything about the Redeemer be beautiful—and more traits of His life illustrated on our walls? Yet how many homes are there where there is not even a single sacred picture! Father Faber speaks somewhere of an old Jesuit who every time he wrote the name of Jesus took a new pen. As we linger over the thoughts suggested by the passage, we can fancy the beauty of the illuminated manuscript in which that Holy Name was transcribed. Everything surrounding it would be in keeping: parchment the finest; letters beautiful in their clear and delicate tracery, and brilliant with blue and crimson and gold. It was a labor of love wrought by one on whose heart was written that Sacred Name and in whose ears was sounding the magic sweetness of the Captain's voice.

Many of us would be rather startled if we should be called Jansenists. Yet what else do our lives illustrate? Go into the average Catholic home and what evidence have you of the faith that should burn in our hearts? We allude to the well-to-do family.

In the parlor or drawing room as the case may be we look in vain for any trace of a representative faith. Should you enter the sleeping apartments you may or may not see it; your enlightenment depends on the individual. In nine cases out of ten the rooms will have an air of repose and elegance in its furniture and decorations and in the costly objects of vertu scattered about. Occasionally your eyes rest on a picture of our Lord, but a glance tells you it has been purchased at less cost than the owner gave for a pair of gloves. The nicest taste is exercised in the choice of profane pictures—but any monstrosity of color can do duty as a pious picture. Some years ago an eloquent French preacher condemned the grotesque interpretations of religious truths, which render them ridiculous in the eyes of unbelievers and corrupt the taste of the faithful. Various attempts have been made by the authorities to mitigate the ardor of the picture makers or to direct it into rational channels, but we have so far witnessed no diminution of the plague.

In the Catholic World—Dec. 1875—Leon Gaubier narrated his experience in purchasing some pictures for a friend. "I have before me," he says, "four or five hundred pictures," (such as we use for prayer-books) which have been sold to me as "pious," but which I consider in reality among the most detestable and irreverent of any kind of merchandise. Then he proceeds to analyze some of the pictures. Firstly, "we have a ladder, which represents the way of the soul to God." This is very well, although moderately ideal—but then who is mounting this ladder? You would never guess. It is a dove. Yes, the poor bird is painfully climbing up the rounds as if she were a hen getting back to roost, and apparently forgetting that she owns a pair of wings. The hand issuing out of a cloud I recognize as the hand of my Lord God. I admit this symbol, which is ancient and truly Christian, but this divine hand which the Middle Ages could most carefully have guarded against charging with any kind of burden; this hand which represents Eternal Justice and Eternal goodness—can you imagine what it is here made to hold?—a horrible and stupid little watering-pot from the spout of which trickles a dribble of water upon the cup of a lily. Further in I see the said watering-pot is replaced by a sort of jug which the Eternal is emptying on souls in the shape of doves; and this the legend informs me is 'the

heavenly dew'—Heavenly dew trickling out of a jug."

The author pays his respects to the picture manufacturers who scatter broadcast representations of the Blessed Eucharist and Sacred Heart, "which ruin taste, sentimentalize piety and give occasion to the enemy to deride, if not to blaspheme."

We have seen just such pictures described by Leon Gaubier in possession of individuals who pride themselves on their sense of the beautiful. One reason perhaps for their vogue is their inexpensiveness. They are willing to pay a good price for an art tableau, but when it comes to purchasing religious symbols they are apt to be very economical. Again, they will have nothing but subjects from approved masters for parlor adornment; but anything from an insipid drawing to a hideous chromo is good enough for a sacred picture!

A society formed for the purpose of distributing good pictures would be, to our mind, productive of much good.

The following pathetic story was told by a priest and personal friend of the late Dr. Manning. Visiting a poor woman down about the London Docks, he saw a print of the Cardinal adorning the wall opposite the bed.

The sick woman, answering his enquiring glance, said simply: "He often came to see me, and when he died and people spoke about all his cleverness, I cut his picture out of the newspaper, for I knew he loved poor folk best, and would rather I kept his picture and remembered him than all the fine things those great people said is preached about him." The old woman's story forcibly reminded me, continued Dr. Rivington, "of the last occasion upon which I broached a certain educational subject to His Eminence—a few days previous to his death. 'Do not speak to me of the rich—they have many to further their interests; I care only for the poor.'"

What a record to go echoing down the ages—"I care only for the poor!"

WOMAN'S RIGHTS WOMEN.

Cardinal Gibbons Characterizes Them as the Greatest Enemies of the Female Sex.

New York Freeman's Journal. Baltimore, Feb. 6.—The sermon delivered by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons at the Cathedral last Sunday was not only heard by a very large congregation, but the reports of it in Monday's morning papers have been read by very many people throughout the city. As will be seen by the following abstract, the Cardinal deals some heavy blows against divorce, polygamy, the woman's rights question and leaders in "high society." The deliverance of the Cardinal throughout is, indeed, one of the most remarkable he has ever made from the Cathedral pulpit. I find that it is having wide discussion, and it is universally admitted that he uttered truths that cannot be controverted and that must have a very beneficial influence in the circles to which they are directed.

The subject upon which he discoursed was "The Christian Woman," founded largely on the Gospel of the day. He said in part: "Every impartial student of history is obliged to admit that woman is indebted to the religion of Christ for the elevated station which she enjoys in social and family life. In pagan countries, before the Christian era, the woman had no rights which the husband was bound to respect. She was in a state of perpetual bondage and tutelage. She was treated rather as the slave of man than as his equal and companion. And even to day, in countries where Christianity does not exercise a dominant influence, she is the heavier of wood and the drawer of water." In a recent official report to our Government on "Irrigation in India," by Robert M. Wilson, we find that the work of draining and canal building in that country is chiefly relegated to women, who receive for their labor a cents a day.

"But let us look at woman in our own country, and in the light of an American civilization. What is the condition of woman among us as soon as she closes her eyes to the light of the Gospel? She is not, indeed, here, as in India, a beast of burden, but she is not too often the victim of perdition; principles and of moral degradation?"

WOMAN'S RIGHTS WOMAN THE WORST ENEMY OF THE FEMALE SEX.

"I regard woman's rights women and society leaders in the higher walks of life as the worst enemies of the female sex. They rob woman of all that is amiable and gentle, tender and attractive; they rob her of her innate grace of character, and give her

nothing in return but masculine boldness and brazen effrontery. They are habitually preaching about woman's rights and prerogatives, and have not a word to say about her duties and responsibilities. They withdraw her from those sacred obligations which properly belong to her sex, and fill her with ambition to usurp positions for which neither God nor nature ever intended her. Under the influence of such teachers, we find woman, especially in higher circles, neglecting her household duties, gadding about, never at peace unless she is in perpetual motion, never at ease unless she is in a state of morbid excitement. She never feels at home except when she is abroad.

THE NEW WOMAN A MENACE TO SOCIETY.

"When she is at home the home is irksome to her. She chafes and frets under the restraint and responsibility of domestic life. Her heart is abroad. It is exulting in imagination, in some social triumph or reveling in some scene of gaiety and dissipation. Her afflicted husband comes home, to find it empty or occupied by a woman whose heart is void of affection for him. She is ill at ease; thence arise disputes, quarrels, recriminations, estrangement, and the last act of the drama is often divorce. I speak of the drama as when I allude that for the wrecks of families in our country woman has a large share of the responsibility. The remedy for this is found in the teachings of Christ.

WOMAN'S CHARTER OF LIFE IS THE GOSPEL.

"Where will woman find the charter of her rights and dignity? In the Gospel. The Catholic Church, following the teachings of the Gospel and of the Epistles of St. Paul, proclaims woman to be the peer of man. 'Ye are all,' says St. Paul, 'the children of God by faith which is in Christ Jesus. There is neither Jew nor Greek, neither slave nor freeman, there is neither male nor female.' The meaning of the Apostle is this: 'That in the distribution of His gifts, God makes no distinction between race or condition of life or sex. As man and woman are made of the same clay and have the same origin, destined for the same inheritance, so they are equal in dignity, and they should share alike the blessings and prerogatives of domestic life.

In the two instances given of heathen prayer and praise—prayer to Baal and praise to Diana—there is nothing reprehensible in the manner, in the form, in the time or in the repetition, but only in the object of the petition and praise. The form was simple and natural, such as would be used by any earnest Jew or Christian, and the perseverance with which they continued their prayer and praise would have been worthy of praise if their petitions and lauds had been directed to the true God instead of to their idols. Not one of the Fathers ever found fault with the length of the prayer and praise given to Baal and Diana, or with their repetition, but with the foolishness and blasphemy of addressing them to idols.

INVOLUNTARILY OF MARRIAGE THE PALADIUM OF WOMAN'S HONOR.

"But it is chiefly by vindicating the sanctity of the marriage bond that the Church has upheld the dignity of the female sex. The holiness and inviolability of marriage is the palladium of woman's honor, while polygamy and divorce would involve her in bondage and degradation. Whatever may have been the constitutional rights of Mr. Roberts, of Utah, I think that his exclusion from the House of Representatives was a most righteous act. Had he taken his seat in Congress as a legislator for our common country his presence there would be an insult to our common Christianity, an insult to every Christian woman in the land. It would be construed as a quasi-apology for or as a sanction of polygamy, and would be a fatal step towards woman's moral degradation.

UNITY AND INDISSOLUBILITY OF MARRIAGE ALWAYS MAINTAINED BY THE CHURCH.

"The Church has always maintained the unity and indissolubility of marriage. She has invariably declared that a man can have but one wife, and a woman but one husband, and that the death of one can alone permit the other to enter into second nuptials. She has upheld this law against the encroachment of temporal sovereigns and the violence of human passions. Innocent III., in the thirteenth century, compelled Philip Augustus of France to take back his lawful wife, Ingeberga, whom he had repudiated, and to dismiss Agnes, whom he had married. The Pope refused to grant Henry VIII. of England a divorce when he wished to marry Anne Boleyn, but the King easily obtained it from Cranmer, the reformed Archbishop of Canterbury. In the beginning of the present century the most powerful monarch of Europe—Napoleon—tried to force the Pope to grant a divorce to his brother Jerome, who had been married to Miss Patterson, of this city, by Archbishop Carroll.

WOMAN'S DEBT TO CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

"Mothers and wives, what an immense debt of gratitude you owe to the Christian religion of to-day! You are regarded as the equals and helpmates of your husbands, and not as their slaves, like Asiatic women. If you are

the mistresses of your household and not tenants at the will of your husbands, like the wives of pagan Greece and Rome; if you are the honored and queens of the domestic kingdom and not confronted by usurping wives, like Mormon and Mohammedan women, you are indebted for these blessings to the Sovereign Pontiff, who have upheld your right against the encroachments of monarchs and the passions of men.

THE GOSPEL HAS ELEVATED AND ENNOBLED WOMAN.

"If woman has been elevated and ennobled by the Gospel, she has not been ungrateful. She deserves eternal gratitude for the blessed influence she has exerted in the family and in society. Not to speak of the grand army of consecrated virgins who devote their lives to the sacred cause of education, of charity and religion, how many thousands of homes there are from which God withhold his avenging hand on account of some righteous mother, just as Christ showed mercy to the young man led to the tomb on account of the grief and sobbing of his mother, the Widow of Naim? How many brothers buried in a life of sin have been raised to a life of grace by the intercession of a pious sister, as Lazarus was raised from the grave at the entreaties of Mary and Martha?

THE TRUE DUTIES OF WOMAN.

"Mothers and daughters, you have a sacred mission. You cannot be apostles in the strict sense of the word; you cannot preach the Word of God; for women are commanded by the Apostle to be silent in the Church; you cannot be priests, but you are chosen to offer up in the sanctuary of your homes and in the altar of your hearts the sacrifice of praise, thanksgiving and supplication to God. Christian women, let the husband and son on returning home after buffeting with the waves of the world, find there a haven of rest. Let the angel with the flaming sword protect and preside over your homes, repelling from them all unbidden thoughts. For, what is a home from which chastity has fled but a deserted temple, from which the spirit of God has departed."

THE WORSHIP OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

By Cardinal Manning.

Throughout the whole world from sunrise to sunset—for in the Kingdom of Jesus the sun never goes down—the Sacred Heart is worshipped day by day. When the tapers on the altar are lighted for the Holy Mass in our morning, in other regions of the world they are being kindled for the evening Benediction. And as the sun goes around the world, in the language of men, the Holy Mass follows it, and Benediction comes in its train. Everywhere Jesus is upon the altar, in the tabernacle, under the canopy of the world-wide Church; and there are millions upon millions and myriads of millions adoring Him in perpetual worship and saying "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus; Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabbath; Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest."

And that worship upon earth mingles with the worship of Heaven. For before the throne there are saints and Martyrs, and Angels and Archangels, and Dominions and Principalities, and Powers and Virtues, and Thrones, and Cherubim and Seraphim; and in the splendor of the eternal glory all created things are casting their crowns of gold before the Sacred Heart of Jesus saying: "Worship and glory and thanksgiving and wisdom and praise be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne." The Sacred Heart of Jesus to all eternity will be adored in the glory of God the Father.

A MONK WHO WORKS.

Not long since, in the London Catholic Times, a writer told of a work worthy to appear from the pen of a young Dominican Father, for which a great demand may be anticipated. It treats of certain aspects of the social question, which the writer has studied under medical peculiar circumstances. In peasant garb and under an assumed name the good friar presented himself some twelve months ago for employment at one of the principal mines in the Charleroi district. He was taken on, and for a year worked in the pits as a common miner, residing the while in one of the ordinary lodging houses, and to all appearances leading the life of his fellow-workmen. Mixing freely with the miners, coming into frequent contact with the chiefs of the revolutionary party, and occasionally meeting some of the great industrialists, he has gathered a rich store of experience and has been able to collect a mass of invaluable information respecting the social problem, more especially with reference to the object for which strikes are periodically organized. Some curious and interesting revelations may be expected as to the inner workings of the Socialistic movement among the mining population of Charleroi and its environs. It is stated that the young Dominican author is soon to undergo his examination in social philosophy at Louvain, on which occasion the question of strikes is to be the object of his thesis.

Books, journals, tracts, sermons, are all good in their place; but, for the conversion of unbelievers and sinners, prayer and example are better.—Dr. Brownson.

FEBRUARY 17, 1900.

A HOLY AMERICAN BISHOP AS A BOY.

Dr. Faust's Early Recollections of the Venerable A. Neumann.

Boston Pilot.

The Ave Maria is always so good, so bright, so opportune in its topics, and so judicious in its treatment of them, that it is hard to praise any one number as better than the rest.

The initial article is "My Recollections of Bishop Neumann," by A. J. Faust, Ph. D.

Dr. Faust is one of the faculty of St. John's College, Washington, D. C., and a contributor to several religious and secular publications.

Dr. Faust has some very early recollections of the saintly fourth Bishop of Philadelphia, whom we are already privileged to call "Venerable John Neponemune Neumann," and to honor as one of the glories of the Church and of the Redemptorist Order in America.

We quote: "I was privileged as a boy to understand, with the average intelligence of a boy, a great and noble character in whom this threefold life was clearly manifest even to casual observers."

In recalling impressions, rather than recollections, of the Right Rev. John Neponemune Neumann, who died as Bishop of Philadelphia, on Jan. 5, 1860, I am constrained to mention a few facts personal to myself for the reader's appreciation of the individual influence of one of the most saintly of our American hierarchy.

My mother, an ardent Episcopalian, was left a widow in my childhood; but she continued after the death of her husband, who was a devout Catholic, to keep open house—as it was called in those days—for the Catholic clergy serving the mission of Carlisle, Pa., then attached to the parish of Chambersburg.

Carlisle was then, as it still is, the seat of Dickinson College, founded by the Presbyterians in the last century in the days of Bishop Neumann the parish belonged to the Diocese of Philadelphia, and during this period its strength was numerically increased by Catholic officers and soldiers then stationed at the United States Barracks, a school of cavalry practice situated in the suburbs of the town.

"The man is clearly before me as I write. In stature, he was below the average height. His presence had none of those commanding aspects which sometimes repel children, and which are usually associated with leaders in Church or State.

His face was decidedly of the German type, and its features were saved from what we Americans call homeliness by an expression so placid, so benign, that it carried with it even to childhood's fancy, the thought of great goodness.

The boy instinctively felt that there was something about the man to awe into timidity. The fatherly gentleness of face and manner invited confidence, and the boyish response was always more than half way.

Bishop Neumann's head was remarkable for its size and conformation. And I remember thinking as a boy, and perhaps saying to him, that his hat would be safe among numberless others at a public function requiring their removal; for it would cover the face as well as the head of the average mortal.

"The room set apart for good Bishop Neumann in my mother's house would be regarded as rather antique in these days, when the remains of old style architecture are rapidly disappearing before the spirit of the present enterprise.

It was a great cause of wonder among the servants and younger children why the Bishop never occupied his bed at night, but seemed to make use of chairs arranged by himself for sleeping purposes.

Self-mortification, so little known among non-Catholics, was first taught to me by the example of him who, we all trust, may soon find his place with the beautified of Holy Church.

Childhood's experiences cannot fathom the needs nor the modes of self conquest; for the dominion of evil is only complete when habit fixes in its iron grasp the victim of desires. Habit comes with years, when the will is a tenant of the brain, ready to vacate its supremacy in the day of conflict.

"While Bishop Neumann was a general man in the best sense of the term, I can remember no mere talk for talk's sake. Badinage, the delight of some of the saints, had no place in his mental makeup.

I can clearly discern a new fixed purpose in his conversation with the clergy, which was to direct its topics into a higher range than the mere play of the hour.

In the expression of his opinions, literary or theological, he had the grace of exquisite humility, which appeared to be a normal intellectual trait of character rather than a result of acquirement.

"In the centre of our garden, which was a large one, my father had built a beautiful summer-house, the delight of his children. It was covered with honey suckles and grape vines, which entwined themselves in its lattice-work, making a fragrant bower secure from the rays of the sun.

This secluded spot served as a smoking-room in mild weather. Thither the clergy retired after dinner, with now and then an army officer from the barracks, to enjoy their cigars. Bishop Neumann, as I remember, did not smoke, but he usually went with the

smokers to their outdoor retreat, seemingly enjoying the delicious odor of vines and flowers rather than that of the best cigars.

An old family dog named 'Brandy'—why I know not—followed him about in a winsome way, and reclined at his feet, when the Bishop was seated.

Animals and little children instinctively turn to those who notice them, and become friends with the kind and the gentle, illustrating the truth of Shakespeare's words, that 'love lends a precious seeing to the eye.'

I wish I could recall more definitely the conversations in the old summer house, now among the things that were; but many of the subjects discussed were quite beyond the reach of boyish apprehension.

Those who thus look to humanity's God-given guide, are those who, whatever religious belief they profess, realize one great truth—that social regeneration, to be effective, must be from the heart out.

They know that the Catholic Church directs all her efforts to the hearts of men that she may win them for God and righteousness.

The Catholic Church, with its ever open doors, its succession of Masses in the early morning hours of the weekdays, its sodality meetings and benedictions in the evenings, its impressive Sunday services, its annual retreats and occasional missions, its temperance societies, its benevolent and literary associations; above all, its schools—becomes the centre, not only of the spiritual life, but, in a sense, of the social life of its attendants, and is a promoter of good citizenship vastly more effective than any agency moved by fear or by mere utilitarian advantage could possibly be.

Cardinal Manning immeasurably advanced the spiritual and social progress of the Catholics of London—and of the Protestants also—by his policy of multiplying comparatively small and inexpensive churches and schools throughout that vast city, rather than by concentrating time and money on one great architectural expression of Catholic devotion.

While the press from time to time echoes the dismal story of the "unchurched masses," and the steadily decreasing attendance at the Protestant houses of worship—magnificent edifices in fashionable localities unused save for a couple of hours once a week—the Catholic churches in every part of every one of our great American cities are taxed on Sundays beyond their accommodation, despite their from three to six services for the Protestants' one; and often show at week day services what would be in the Protestant churches a respectable Sunday gathering.

Take four typical churches—outside of the great Cathedral, in New York City—St. Stephen's, St. Francis Xavier's, St. Alphonsus' and St. Paul the Apostle's centres of spiritual, intellectual and charitable activity, fountains of grace, bulwarks of law and order.

We might as easily match these with four in Boston. Or we might tell of the rapid and most necessary multiplication within the past decade of auxiliary churches in Boston's suburban parishes, each of which soon becomes the very forward bud of a new parish church.

These examples are not lost upon thoughtful non-Catholics, as we see by attempts to improve bad conditions through census taking, house to house visitations and sundry sensational methods, which, as the Catholic writer truly says, "savor very largely of the futile and fatal struggle for life."

The Protestant churches cannot draw the people as the Catholic churches draw them, until they give them what the Catholic churches give. And how shall they give what they have not received?

The spirit of the world in its American form, the shadow of our luxurious civilization, impatience for wealth at any cost, eagerness for pleasure, and all the rest, tempts and misleads Catholics as well as Protestants.

But the Church meets with the Mass, with the Sacraments, with daily prayer, with her fasts and feasts, with her fearless priests who preach the Word of God and the penalties of moral transgression, to the despairing admiration of thoughtful Protestants, and not domestic nor art nor literature nor domestic topics like "the joys and sorrows of moving," which preachers fall back on who are "called" of man, not "sent" of God.

Our churches, on the material side represent not often the easily spared offerings of the rich, but the sacrifices of humble and sometimes poorly requited labor.

They are "Credos in stone" or in brick or wood, as the case may be. They mean faith, for they are built primarily for the Blessed Sacrament. They attract faith, they send faith forth. Put the altar, the Mass and the Real Presence into any of the deserted temples of our separated brethren, and they will not be able to contain the multitudes seeking their portals.

Catholic faith alone can contend successfully with the paganism and irreligion of our day.—Boston Pilot.

THE BEST should be your aim when buying medicine. Get Hood's Sarsaparilla and Good Digestion should wait on appetite. To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some, so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better regulator is procurable than Farmiee's Pills.

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edge of our modern, especially our African steam navigation be not quite up to date, we will not fail to bring any overlooked point under the notice of the Great Fisherman of Galilee.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE EVANGELIZATION OF CITIES.

"The deepest students of our civic problems look to the Catholic Church for the regeneration of city life."

This is the concluding sentence of an article under the above title in the Catholic World for February.

Those who thus look to humanity's God-given guide, are those who, whatever religious belief they profess, realize one great truth—that social regeneration, to be effective, must be from the heart out.

They know that the Catholic Church directs all her efforts to the hearts of men that she may win them for God and righteousness.

The Catholic Church, with its ever open doors, its succession of Masses in the early morning hours of the weekdays, its sodality meetings and benedictions in the evenings, its impressive Sunday services, its annual retreats and occasional missions, its temperance societies, its benevolent and literary associations; above all, its schools—becomes the centre, not only of the spiritual life, but, in a sense, of the social life of its attendants, and is a promoter of good citizenship vastly more effective than any agency moved by fear or by mere utilitarian advantage could possibly be.

Cardinal Manning immeasurably advanced the spiritual and social progress of the Catholics of London—and of the Protestants also—by his policy of multiplying comparatively small and inexpensive churches and schools throughout that vast city, rather than by concentrating time and money on one great architectural expression of Catholic devotion.

While the press from time to time echoes the dismal story of the "unchurched masses," and the steadily decreasing attendance at the Protestant houses of worship—magnificent edifices in fashionable localities unused save for a couple of hours once a week—the Catholic churches in every part of every one of our great American cities are taxed on Sundays beyond their accommodation, despite their from three to six services for the Protestants' one; and often show at week day services what would be in the Protestant churches a respectable Sunday gathering.

Take four typical churches—outside of the great Cathedral, in New York City—St. Stephen's, St. Francis Xavier's, St. Alphonsus' and St. Paul the Apostle's centres of spiritual, intellectual and charitable activity, fountains of grace, bulwarks of law and order.

We might as easily match these with four in Boston. Or we might tell of the rapid and most necessary multiplication within the past decade of auxiliary churches in Boston's suburban parishes, each of which soon becomes the very forward bud of a new parish church.

These examples are not lost upon thoughtful non-Catholics, as we see by attempts to improve bad conditions through census taking, house to house visitations and sundry sensational methods, which, as the Catholic writer truly says, "savor very largely of the futile and fatal struggle for life."

The Protestant churches cannot draw the people as the Catholic churches draw them, until they give them what the Catholic churches give. And how shall they give what they have not received?

The spirit of the world in its American form, the shadow of our luxurious civilization, impatience for wealth at any cost, eagerness for pleasure, and all the rest, tempts and misleads Catholics as well as Protestants.

But the Church meets with the Mass, with the Sacraments, with daily prayer, with her fasts and feasts, with her fearless priests who preach the Word of God and the penalties of moral transgression, to the despairing admiration of thoughtful Protestants, and not domestic nor art nor literature nor domestic topics like "the joys and sorrows of moving," which preachers fall back on who are "called" of man, not "sent" of God.

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They are "Credos in stone" or in brick or wood, as the case may be. They mean faith, for they are built primarily for the Blessed Sacrament. They attract faith, they send faith forth. Put the altar, the Mass and the Real Presence into any of the deserted temples of our separated brethren, and they will not be able to contain the multitudes seeking their portals.

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The Catholic Record.

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PRESBYTERIANISM DECLINING

The Observer, one of the chief organs of American Presbyterianism, bewails sadly the gradual but sure decline of that denomination during recent years.

DECLINED TO INTRUDE.

The Protestant Bishop of Milwaukee was recently requested by the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church to go to Puerto Rico to oversee the missionary operations of the Episcopal Church on that island.

A BEAUTIFUL COMMEMORATION.

In memory of the nineteenth centuries of the Christian era which will be completed with this year, the International Committee of Solemn Homage to Jesus our Redeemer have determined to erect nineteen colossal crosses on the summits of Tusculum and Tivoli.

THE METHODIST'S ANSWER TO AN ANGLICAN REQUEST.

The Methodist clergy of Toronto have returned an unfavorable answer to the message of the Anglican deputation which recently waited upon them to obtain their cooperation in the establishment of a system of parochial schools in which religious teaching shall be given to the children.

the youth of our country during the formative period, the years of keenest susceptibility, would militate against the feeling of unity that we all wish to see developed in our country.

It is not easy to see how religious and moral instruction, which recognizes even in an enemy the face of a brother, could create the dissensions here pessimistically foreshadowed, we should suppose that the effect of sound religious teaching would be something of very different effect from this.

LITURGY AND SECTARIANISM.

The New York Literary Digest of Jan 27th. states that according to the records of the Churches concerned, the Baptist, Presbyterian, Reformed, and Methodist Churches have all decreased in membership and Sunday school attendance during the past year.

THE MONTEAL MISSION AND ANGLICAN ORDERS.

The mission conducted by the Rev. Father Younan in Montreal for the enlightenment of Protestants in regard to Catholic doctrine, and their conversion to the Catholic faith when they become thoroughly convinced of its truth, is proving to be most successful in its results.

THE REASON WHY.

We have been asked to explain the large attendance at lectures by "ex-nones." The "large attendance" is largely mythical. Here and there certain local conditions exist, mostly the outcome of ignorance and religious hate.

Within the last half century the Church of England, or a portion thereof, has re-adopted most of the ceremonies which were at first abolished, and now we find even the sects which attacked the Catholic ritual with the greatest bitterness opening their eyes at last to the gravity of the mistake they made.

The Catholic Catechism gives briefly the reasons on account of which the Church instituted ceremonies in the first place: "to excite devotion and reverence to the sacraments, and to signify and explain their effects."

The Westminster Confession, in fact, having in view the Liturgy of the Church of England, which is a greatly mutilated version of the mass, declares that "The Liturgy hath been a great means, as on the one hand to make and increase an idle and unedifying ministry which contented itself with set forms made to their hands by others, without putting forth themselves to exercise the gift of prayer, with which our Lord Jesus Christ pleased to furnish all His servants whom he calls to that office; so on the other side it hath been, and ever would be, if continued, a matter of endless strife and contention in the Church, and a snare both to many godly and faithful ministers, etc."

We have in the present movement only another illustration of the uncertainty and mutability of sectarianism.

DR. PARKHURST AS PROTESTANT POPE.

The irrepressible Dr. Parkhurst, at a recent meeting of prominent New York ministers created a considerable sensation by telling what he would do for the instruction of his flock if he were the "Protestant Pope."

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less we must admit the superior courtesy of Dr. Hackett, who, in speaking of Catholics, calls them by their correct name, Catholics, whereas the Rev. Mr. Troop in his discourses rudely uses such nicknames as "Romanism, Romanized, the Italian mission," etc.

In regard to the validity of Anglican orders, the Rev. Dr. Hackett denies the statement of Father Younan to the effect that it is claimed only by the Ritualistic section of the Church, and that the Greek and Armenian Churches reject these orders as well as Catholics.

On what ground does this claim rest? Dr. Hackett informs us that A. Bulgareff, professor of ecclesiastical history at Kiev University, and M. Sokoloff, holding a similar position in Moscow university, together declare that "through connection with the Roman Catholics, the historical continuity of Anglicanism must be accounted to be undoubted."

The Pope's Bull, so far from confirming this statement, expressly shows that Anglican orders are not and were not valid from the beginning. This matter is declared to be finally settled, the ground being the evident one that the priesthood of the Catholic Church is something entirely and essentially different from the office which Anglican ordination was meant to convey from the very nature of the belief of Anglicanism.

For another reason this question needed to be fully examined into. There has been a real and laudable movement among clerical and lay members of the Church of England to return to the Catholic Church in a body. Some entertained the notion that on this union taking place, the Anglican clergy might be recognized as properly ordained priests, and that in this capacity they might be allowed to exercise priestly functions in the reunited Church.

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in it, as none of the sects have actually adopted it as yet. It is generally regarded as a very nondescript creed, as it necessarily brings down the doctrines of Christianity to a minimum of positive belief. In fact, it may be said that the opinion passed upon this work by one of the organs of Presbyterianism reflects the general sentiment of the Churches regarding it.

It is further certain that for nearly one hundred and fifty years a form of Episcopal consecration was used which did not express the episcopal office. Even if before that time there had been real Bishops in the Church, they would have died out, and there could be no true Bishops left to consecrate others or to ordain priests.

Regarding the Apostolic succession of the Catholic hierarchy of Bishops, priests, and deacons, there is not a shadow of doubt, and the fact that Anglicans, including Dr. Hackett, claim their succession from Catholic Bishops, is an admission of this.

The Apostles alone could transmit this authority, since they alone received it, and no one can take this honor to himself but he that is called by God as Aaron was. (Heb. v. 4)

The Apostles in fact transmitted this authority by ordaining Bishops and priests, as Mathias, Timothy, Titus, and others, as they deemed it necessary; (Acts i, 26; 2 Tim. i, 6; 1 Tim. iv, 14; Titus i, 5, 7;) and the same passages show that these also transmitted their authority, a fact which is also clear from ecclesiastical history and tradition.

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CHURCH MUSIC AND THE MUSIC OF CHURCHES.

Sir—Your correspondent, J. A. D. writes vigorously, as you say I agree with the priest who said that indeed when angels adore near the altar the devil seems sometimes to take possession of the west gallery to bring mockery upon God. Perhaps he has been hearing a Tantum Ergo such as Rosewing's.

PLAIN SPEAKING IS GOOD FOR US.

Listen to this—from the Stonyhurst Magazine lately (quoted in the Tablet, Dec. 30, 1889): "I have reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that of the immense number of religious sects at present existing in England, there is probably not one whose Church music is so greatly superior, from the points of view of solemnity and devotion, to our own. The humiliating conclusion to come to is: but any one who looks for correspondence between the music and the solemn act of worship which it is intended to pay to Almighty in the church, it seems to be only possible conclusion. Putting aside other sects, let us take as an example the Anglican Church music. The music sung in Protestant Churches absolutely puts us ought to put us, to shame. Where have anything like it? In what Catholic Church we hear music so completely in harmony with the prayer that is being offered up there? By those cathedrals which are rendered by their very architecture and by their chant which are so stirring and elevating, and assist the congregation to take their high Masses, on the contrary, the performing pieces of an operatic character, very often scandalously light in style, and full of symphonies which would more fittingly be reserved for the concert hall, which not only have no correspondence with the words of the liturgy, but which, moreover, are eminently distracting to priest and people.

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CHURCH MUSIC AND THE MUSIC OF CHURCHES.

Frederickton, N. B.
Sir—Your correspondent, J. A. D., writes vigorously, as you say. He agrees with the priest who said that indeed when angels come near the altar, the devil seems sometimes to take possession of the west gallery to bring mockery upon God. Perhaps he had been hearing a Tantum Ergo such as Rosewing in G.

By the way, be it said, as to Mozart, that his so-called 12th Mass has been found to be Mozart's at all. But, doubtless, your correspondent has excellent principles of taste; among which must first come suitable relations between subject and artistic expression thereof. Haydn and Mozart wrote fine music for the concert hall. The Church wrote another sort—for the altar. And as Mozart, I believe, said he would rather have written the Pater Noster music than all his own pieces. How many hundreds of times have we thanked God that the Church decided against our composers laying their profane hands on the Pater Noster and the Preface.

But this brings one to the chief points of my letter. It is as follows: Your correspondent says: "I think it is a great shame that the Catholic Church has ever permitted such Masses to be sung and you yourself say: 'It may be safely left to the authorities of the Church to decide.' To what extent figured music should be allowed."

My point is this. The Church has decided, again and again. It is not to be safely left to any local authority to decide against the Congregation of Rites. But there are local authorities that have submitted to Rome.

The Archdiocese of Cincinnati has just issued a list of forbidden and permitted Church music. Among the former are Haydn's and Mozart's products of a time of anti-Catholic and un-Christian ecclesiastical art. The Archdiocese of Dublin has also appointed a diocesan commission on music to which the best compositions must be submitted before awful things are sung at congregations trying to worship.

PLAIN SPEAKING IS GOOD FOR US.

Listen to this—from the Stonyhurst Magazine lately (quoted in the Tablet, Dec. 30, 1889):

"I have reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that of the immense number of religious sects at present existing in England, there is probably not one whose Church music is not greatly superior, from the points of view of solemnity and devotion, to our own. This is a humiliating conclusion to come to; but for any one who looks for correspondence between the music and the solemn act of worship which it is intended to pay to God Almighty in the church, it seems to be the only possible conclusion. Putting aside all other sects, let us take as an example the Anglican Church. The music sung in the Protestant cathedrals absolutely puts us, or ought to put us, to shame. Where have we anything like it? In what Catholic church can we hear music so completely in harmony with the prayer that is being offered up, as that rendered by those cathedral chorists? And yet their act of worship is, so to speak, fictitious; whereas we have the great unbloody sacrifice offered up on our altars. Their empty celebrations are accompanied by chant which are soul stirring and elevating, and assist the congregation to take active participation in the service. During our High Masses, on the contrary, we are performing pieces of an operatic character, very often scandalously light in style, or orchestral symphonies which would have more fitting places in the concert hall, etc., which not only have no sort of correspondence with the words of this liturgy, but which, moreover, are eminently distracting to priest and people. I do not wish here to be understood as advocating the exclusive use of Plain Chant. Let us, by all means, 'rejoice in the Lord,' in our Church music. But I conceive that we can do so without resorting to profane style or making a hideous noise."

At a cathedral in Ontario lately, you could hear a *Credo* made up of hymns, tunes, and various skipping airs—shapeless, vulgar, meaningless, on an artistic level with a popular band's selection of half-finished airs.

Look at such a collection of hymns and tunes as the important body, the Christian Brothers of the United States, does not shrink from publishing the Young Catholics' Hymn Book, I think it is called. Compare its music, its musical editing, its taste, its regard for the Church's spirit with—perhaps I may say—any generally used hymn book among Protestants. Do not say, except "Moody's and Sankey's"; because very lately at a great Canadian church of a famous order, all through a Mass were sung series of hymns, which for flat, depressing nothingness, uneclesiastical frivolity, and anti-Catholic sentimentality could not be surpassed in any revival hymns, or even in some tunes of the Canadian Messenger. Oh, the pity of it!

The Catholic Church is on the side of your correspondent. It is a good side to be on.

And here is what the Catholic Church says, not what local churches say:

Rome, 1884: "Only such vocal music is allowed in the Church as is of an earnest, pious character, becoming the House of the Lord and the praise of God, and being in close connection with the sacred text, is a means of in-

cluding and furthering the devotion of the faithful."

Rome, 1894: "Let Bishops exercise supervision over parish priests and rectors of the churches, so that they may not permit music contrary to this instruction of the present regulations, having recourse, if need be, to canonical penalties against delinquents."

Yours truly,
W. F. P. Stockley.

P. S.—The penny pamphlets of the Catholic Truth Society (69 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E.—with branches in Canada) will fortify your correspondent. For instance: "Our Church Music: what it is and what it ought to be;" and *The Westminster decree on Church music*. Also, the penny monthly of the C. T. S., *Catholic Book Notes*, has always some vigorous words on Church music affairs. Another thing, Cardinal Vaughan recently repeated his injunction against the indecency of advertising the names of singers at High Mass, Benedictine, etc. "They know not what they do."

Poor old Catholic St. Patrick's, in Dublin, used to be called Paddy's Opera, because of the bad behavior some years ago of its now Protestant congregation. Yet even there, the most shameless would never have dreamt of advertising Mr. So and So's singing—magnificent and exquisite and Catholic—solemn music as it all mostly was.

Not only men, but women, we actually parade in the public papers as about to sing the "Agnus Dei," the "Benedictus qui venit," the "Et Incarnatus, est." It was a Protestant historian who said: "The Catholic Church is the great school of reverence." Catholics do their best sometimes to make the House of Prayer a den of fools or knaves, with tickled ears or hardened hearts.

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

The First Contract Laborers and Their Fate.—Their Numerous Progeny.—"Sons That Dishonor Their Simple Forefathers"—New England Unitarianism.

"G. W. P.," writing from Plymouth, Mass., to the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times, says:

Two hundred and seventy nine years ago this week the Mayflower cast anchor here for the purpose of discharging one hundred contract laborers sent from England at the expense of John and William Pearce, two London merchant adventurers, who lost \$12,000 by the venture, for the Pilgrim Fathers had "conscientious scruples" against paying for their passage in work or kind, and after they had eaten the food and drunk the ale and rum that came out in the Mayflower, they kicked over their contract and shifted for themselves. During the first winter half of the poor creatures died of hardships and disease. Of the remainder two were hanged for murder and one was murdered by a brother Pilgrim father. From the forty odd men and women who survived millions claim descent. The truth seems to be that there are not more than thirty thousand living persons who are descendants of the Pilgrim fathers, and most of them are scattered about this state.

A few days ago a great many professional speakers and writers, whose board, bed and washing has been paid for years by the exercise of vivid imaginations in talking and writing about the Pilgrims, met here to dedicate a church, which they claim is the original Pilgrim church and has existed as a religious body from the time of the Pilgrims. The building is in the school of architecture which Thomas Carlyle denominated cow house Presbyterian.

It cost about as much as the cheap temporary churches which are built by mission priests when establishing parishes in manufacturing towns. It is feeble in numbers and influence. I counted six times as many souls coming out of St. Peter's Catholic church here after High Mass as came forth from the Pilgrim's church, or more properly speaking, meeting house.

Some of the descendants of the best families of Pilgrim days are Catholics. Bishops Cheverus, Fenwick and Fitzpatrick were very successful in converting descendants of the Pilgrims and of the Puritans who landed at Boston. Rev. Father Bodfish of this diocese is a direct descendant of a governor of the Plymouth colony. Archbishop Bayley was of the same stock, and in several Catholic parishes of Boston and New York there are nearly two hundred descendants of the Pilgrims. If the New England historians would revise their books and write the truth about the Pilgrim fathers, their writings would be vastly more interesting as showing how a flock of honest laboring men and women, pitchedforked helter skelter on a leaky ship and bad women who were the scum of England, pulled themselves together on a bleak shore, ridged the colony of the worst members, compelled the idle to work and

the vicious to keep within bounds, and built up a sober and thrifty community, wherein men and women of opposing religions and antagonistic races managed to pull together on many issues for the common welfare. But instead of writing the cold facts, the Yankee romancers have filled Pilgrim books with falsehoods about the Pilgrims fleeing from religious persecution to found a Church without a Bishop and a State without a King," and their ranting phrase goes.

Talking with a Unitarian minister whom I met at the hotel to-day, I said there was a strange fact that the so-called Pilgrim Church here to-day, which he claimed is the legitimate parent Church of the Pilgrims, maintains a creed and sets forth an interpretation of the Bible which if professed or set forth in the hearing of the Pilgrims and their descendants, until a century ago, would have consigned the holders of such views to the hangman, the gall and the pillory. The minister said that my contention was absolutely correct, but he maintained that if the Pilgrim fathers were to-day on earth and in touch with the "progressive ideas and high culture of our times, they would reject the Apostles' Creed and hold with the Unitarian body that Jesus Christ was a very ordinary person, destitute of culture and narrowed by a too-strict interpretation of the Hebrew religion."

This minister fitly represents the average narrow-minded New England Unitarian sect, invented by shallow-minded mediocrities like Channing and the tiresome waddler, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and that horde of New England college professors and ministers, literary characters and journalists whose crudities and vulgarities make the American who loves his country hang his head with shame when he sees foreigners of learning and character mistake the New England Unitarian charlatans for men of light and learning.

These Unitarians have no sense of honor in anything connected with profiting by trust funds left by men and women who believed the Apostles' Creed and the Ten Commandments with all their hearts and souls. Not only in Plymouth, but in every old town in New England, many Unitarians derive their whole support from funds left by Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and members of other sects that maintained the divinity of our Lord for the support of churches, chapels, colleges and schools in which all the articles of the Apostles' Creed were believed and taught in the days of the testators. Several of the leading colleges of New England which are dominated by infidels were founded by God-fearing men and women and enriched with bequests to the amount of millions of dollars, the income of which to-day is applied to the support of open enemies of Christianity and for the support in luxury and idleness of alleged professors rioting in Europe six months in the year and at home blaspheming God the remainder of the year.

Most of the daily and weekly newspapers of New England are under the control of atheists graduated from the instructions of these godless professors, who see nothing dishonorable in drawing their living from trust funds left with the distinct idea that the money would be paid out to believers in Christianity. As it is with colleges where funds are diverted from the original purpose of the testator so it is with churches, uncoined by the Unitarians from denominations which believed all the articles of the Apostles' Creed. For instance, there is the King's Chapel in Boston, the first Anglican chapel set up in Massachusetts, and of which four kings and three queens of England were benefactors. When the Royalists were driven out of Boston through the brilliant feat of General John Sullivan in getting around the British and bottling them in Boston, from which they went forth on St. Patrick's day, 1776, a cabal of swindlers engineered a deal to steal the valuable property of the King's Chapel, which included a valuable wharf and rows of buildings devoted to the chapel by men and women who held every doctrine of the Church of England. The game succeeded well, and the cabal entered into the enjoyment and use of the large income, applying but a small part of it to the keeping up a garbled form of the Anglican liturgy, which has been maintained for more than a century, for the purpose of keeping on the shady side of the law of forfeiture.

Several Sundays ago I was going past the chapel when I noticed that a famous stump speaker was advertised to preach. I suppose, in the language of the day, he had "consecrated himself" and considered himself as good a minister as the next. I went in to have a look at him, for I had seen much of him when he was in Congress. He began to read the service, which included the Apostles' Creed, of which I had once heard him say he did not believe a word, and then he went on with the garbled Anglican service, and then delivered a sermon with about as much religion in it as there is in a report of the census bureau. In the chancel are the graven tablets of the Ten Commandments the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer that were set up there at the expense of Sir Edmund Andros, who offered a reward for the head of King William, who afterward, in the name of Queen Mary, presented a flagon, paten and alms basin of silver to the chapel. At funerals, as conducted to day in this chapel, the minister, who, as a Unitarian, does not believe in the divinity of our Lord, goes before the corpse up the broad aisle reciting the complete burial service of the Church of England, beginning, "I am the resurrection and the life, and whosoever believeth in Me shall not perish, but shall

enter into eternal life." Just fancy the degradation of a being so lost to honor and dead to shame as to recite that and then maintain that he does not believe in the divinity of the Saviour of mankind!

THE OPENING OF THE HOLY YEAR.

We take pleasure in publishing the following lines, taken from an Irish paper, from the facile pen of the Very Rev. Canon Casey, P. P., of Athleague, Co. Roscommon, Ireland, now nearly eighty years of age. These verses will be read with pleasure by most of our Irish readers. Well may we write, for the story is as true to-day as in days of yore, "While greater countries lost the faith And made a foolish choice, Poor Erin's Isle has ever heard And followed Peter's voice."

Which made the Immortal Pius IX. cry out before an Irish audience, after being plundered of the Church's possessions, "*Hibernia fidelissima, Ecclesiae Dei.*" (Irishmen are the most faithful children of the Church of God.) We learn from the "Poets of Ireland," by the gifted Mr. D. J. O'Donohue, that the worthy Canon is one of the greatest among them. We have nothing better than his lines on '98, which we published in May of last year. Want of space prevents our giving a list of his several works in verse which have passed through several editions. In the meantime we thank the worthy Canon, and hope we may often hear from him, notwithstanding his advanced years.

Lines on the Opening of the Holy Year, 1907.

BY CANON CASEY.

The Holy Father speaks the word,
Proclaims the Holy Year,
And full two hundred million souls
With joy and gladness hear.

He calls on all to worship God,
To thank Him and adore,
And to repent of all their sins,
And mercy to implore.

To pray that Holy Church may win
All stray ones to her fold,
That all may hold the One true Faith
As in the days of old.

He calls on all to sanctify
Of this great year, the birth,
The last of twenty centuries,
Since Christ appeared on earth.

Was born for us an humble Babe,
A manger for His bed,
True God of God, true Light of Light,
Salvation's light to spread.

The Pope, Christ's Vicar, shows the way
In every land beneath the sky,
To go in thought to Bethlehem,
And fly the thought of sin.

And he permits a Midnight Mass
In churches widely spread,
Wherein the Lord of Glory dwells
Beneath the form of bread.

And million souls beat high with joy
And fill the midnight air,
With holy hymns and anthems sweet
As they to church repair.

To praise the Lord at Midnight Mass
And grateful anthems sing
To Bethlehem's Babe, the Child Divine,
The Saviour and their King.

This New Year's Day in every land
Are hymns to Jesus sung,
In every land beneath the sky,
In every spoken tongue.

The glorious hymn the shepherds heard,
Which angels sang of yore,
Is heard to night more widely sung
Than e'er it was before.

In all great churches of the earth
Is heard the angels' song,
And e'en in rural churches too,
To which the faithful throng.

"Glory be to God on high
And peace to men on earth"
Is sung to night by countless souls
Who hail the Saviour's birth.

Before rich altars all ablaze
With dazzling lights of light,
Adorned with flowers of various hues,
So pleasing to the sight.

Are priests arrayed in vestments grand,
Of silk and cloth of gold,
To offer Christ in sacrifice
For all the Christian fold.

The Host is placed upon its throne,
While clouds of incense rise,
And all fall down, adore, and bless
The Ruler of the skies.

Where'er a priest, this New Year's Eve
Before an altar stands,
Is Christ, our Lord, become again
Incarnate in his hands.

And is on compass altars laid,
Though hid from mortal sight,
And come to dwell in humble souls,
And fill them with delight.

Ye proud Ancestors, come and see
The millions that adore,
And read a proof of Unity
Ye never read before.

One heart, one soul, those millions have,
One Pastor they obey;
One voice alone has brought them all
To worship thus and pray.

St. Peter's voice is heard to-day
As gladly, it appears,
As e'er it was in ages past,
Well nigh two thousand years.

While greater countries lost the faith,
And made a foolish choice,
Poor Erin's Isle has ever heard
And followed Peter's voice.

So may it be for ever more
We humbly beg and pray,
Till Christ shall come to glad His own,
The great accounting day.

And may He shed His light divine
On erring souls to night,
That all may share in His above
His blessed Vision bright.

CLASS OF CONVERTS.

Harrisburg, Penn., January 22.—One of the most elaborate and impressive functions thus far participated in by Right Rev. J. W. Shanahan, Bishop of Harrisburg, was that held in St. Patrick's pro-Cathedral last evening. A class of forty-seven adults, thirty-three of whom were converts, were confirmed in the presence of the largest congregation that has been seen in St. Patrick's for years. Long before 7 o'clock worshippers began to crowd the church, and by 7:30 even the aisles were filled to overflowing. The candidates had been attending instruction since the close of the mission given by the Passionist Fathers in September.

DIVINE GRACE FOR ALL OF US.

Since the fall, the spirit of God has assisted from the beginning every man that has come into the world born of Adam; so that there never yet was any soul which had not sufficient grace, if it had sufficient fidelity to correspond with it, to escape eternal death.

Keep ever in mind this great truth; for it is the foundation of the whole doctrine of grace. There are men so narrow as to say that no soul among the heathen can be saved. The perfection of God, the attributes of mercy, love, tenderness, justice, equity—all rise up in array against so dark a theology. The word of God declares, first of all, that the Son of God is "the true Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." Every soul created in the likeness of God is illuminated by the light of God even in his creation. There never yet was a soul born into the world that had not the light of reason, and the light of conscience, that is, the light of God, shining in his soul.

No man can hide himself from the love and from the glory of God. Go where he may—if he walk upon the earth, God is there; if he ascend into heaven, He is there also; if he go down into the deep, God is there before him. Every living soul, therefore, has an illumination of God in the order of nature, by the light of conscience, and by the light of reason, and by the working of the Spirit of God in his head and in his heart, leading him to believe in God, and to obey Him. Once more: St. Paul says that "God will have all men to be saved and to come to a knowledge of the truth"; that is, without any exception, Jew or Gentile. And once more, "We hope in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, and especially of the faithful," that is, of those who believe, therefore, of all men without exception.—Cardinal Manning.

FLOWERS AT FUNERALS.

Priests of Paterson, N. J., have begun a crusade on flowers at funerals. Father Dolan has gone so far as to notify his congregation that in the future he will allow no flowers to be carried into the church for funeral services.

Father Dolan finds a basis for this rule in the pockets of his parishioners, and urges it as a measure of justice to the families of the dead. In many cases, he points out, where a death occurs there is a small insurance. As a rule, a part—sometimes not inconsiderable—of this is spent for flowers.

Very Rev. Dean McNulty expressed himself in emphatic terms several years ago as being opposed to the practice. His denunciation saved many dollars to members of his congregation.

HOW DOES IT HAPPEN?

From the Arkansas Colored Catholic. There are three Bishops in Arkansas at times, of the same name and, perhaps, the same stock, yet representing three very much separated churches—Right Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, Catholic Bishop; Right Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald, Methodist Episcopal South Bishop, and Right Rev. J. Fitzgerald, Methodist Episcopal North Bishop. According to the laws of Arkansas and B. D. Williams, three of a kind is hard to beat! Arkansas is ahead on Bishops.

DRAWING OF PRIZES, TOMBOLA, BROCKVILLE.

The following are the list of winners of the capital prizes, together with the amount won by each:

- Miss Bridget Fenton, Brockville, \$200.
- Mrs. Thomas Burns, Brockville, \$150.
- Jas. Shanahan, South Nelson Road, N. B., \$100.
- Mrs. P. Murphy, Brockville, \$50.
- Alex. Paquette, Russell House, Sudbury, Ont., \$40.
- Thomas Onda, Pike Creek, Ont., \$30.
- St. Nicholas, Russell House, Sudbury, Ont., \$25.
- Mrs. Clements, North Augusta, Ont., \$20.
- R. Pinnault, Valleyfield, Que., \$15.
- Marguerite Smith, 75 Durocher street, Montreal, Que., \$10.
- Mrs. Patrick Kelly, Brockville, \$5.

The following are the names and addresses of the winners of minor prizes:

- Frank Bennett, Moose Creek, Ont.
- Miss J. Toohy, Eastwood, Ont.
- Miss A. Murray, Brockville, Ont.
- Edmund Trudel, Regina, N. W. T.
- Wm. Gray, Montreal West, Que.
- Mrs. P. Delaney, Earnestown Station, Ont.
- D. C. McEwen, N. B.
- Wm. McKee, M. P. Winton, Ont.
- Mrs. Helen O'Donohue, Brockville, Ont.
- Nicholas Murphy, Algonquin, N. Y.
- Miss Lizzie Dunlop, Brockville, Ont.
- Moses Tompkins, Truro, N. S.
- Thomas Lee, Arton, West, Ont.
- T. S. Sweeney, Redwood, Ont.
- Mrs. M. Sullivan, Brockville, Ont.
- Mr. Fred Allard, Algonquin Park.
- Edmund Trudel, Regina, N. W. T.
- Miss Mary Gilman, Brockville, Ont.
- N. Whitman, Westport.
- R. Robinson, Moose, Que.
- Miss Catherine Murphy, Brockville, Ont.
- Frank Barnes, Brockville, Ont.
- Lambert H. Fahey, Upper King's Clear, N. B.
- Daniel Comerford, Winkle, Ont.
- Mrs. John Foxton, Brockville, Ont.
- J. Wade, Brockville, Ont.
- Thos. P. Gardin, Stillarton, N. S.
- Hon. M. F. Hackett, Stanstead, Que.
- Rev. Superior, House of Providence, Holyoke, Mass.
- John Murphy, 38 De Russey Street, Birmingham, N. Y.
- W. J. Lynch, Ottawa, Ont.
- Mr. A. Gilman, Brockville, Ont.
- Thos. Southworth, Toronto, Ont.
- Rev. M. Mougher, Kingston, Ont.
- Mr. W. H. Sharp, Brockville, Ont.
- Michael T. Barrett, Newark, N. Y.
- Mrs. Paul Veau, Brockville, Ont.
- Thomas Freeman, Jones' Falls, Ont.
- D. Kelly, Eastport, Me.
- Lambert H. Fahey, Upper King's Clear, N. B.
- Miss Currie, 68 Wellington Place, Toronto, Ont.
- Richard O'Brien, St. John, N. B.
- Miss Mary Robinson, Brockville, Ont.
- D. Hogan, Perth, Ont. (Revere House).
- Miss Alice Brennan, Brockville.
- John O'Hara, New York.
- Mrs. Helen Lee, Napawan, Ont.
- Mrs. J. Kelly, 125 White Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
- Phillip H. Bowes, 306 Brussels Street, St. John, N. B.
- S. M. Keenan, 160 Bau Street, Ottawa, Ont.
- E. T. Edwards, Ottawa, Ont.
- James Henniff, Bridgeport, Conn.
- Miss Ida May Brantiff, Brockville.
- Miss K. Shea, Brockville.
- Miss Della Backadar, Black River, Placentia Bay, Newfoundland.
- Paul Wilks, Belmore, Ont.
- Wm. Meahan, Brockville, Ont.
- Miss S. A. Davis, Perth, Ont.
- Harry A. Wilson, Westport, Ont.
- Mrs. J. P. LeBlanc, Mississauga, Ont.
- John M. Campbell, Finch, Ont.

J. A. Mitchell, 17 King Street, Kingston, Ont.
Alex. Young, Cor. Stairs & Agnes Street, Halifax, N. S.
Mrs. E. A. Hermon, Centre, Montreal, Que.
Mrs. Frank Ludlow, Centre Augusta, Ont.
John O'Keefe, Roundout, N. Y.
Miss Annie Brady, Smith's Falls.
W. J. Thomas, Toronto, Ont.
Michael Hefferman, Arctur, Ont.
Mrs. T. Jones, Brockville, Ont.
Miss Helen Murphy, Wolfe Island, Ont.
Mrs. J. Latimer, Lansdowne, Ont.
M. A. Beaton, Mechanicville, Ontario, Ont.
F. McCloskey, Chesterville, Ont.
Miss Maggie Venevy, Brockville, Ont.
Miss Blanche Cronin, 352 S. Albany Ave., Chicago, Ill.
E. A. Engwell, 21 Trydall Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Will Henry, E. W. Main, N. Y.
A. L. Kimbich, 27 Laurier Ave., Montreal, Que.
Mrs. A. J. Hadou, Richmond, Que.
Geo. McHugh, M. P. Lindsay, Ont.
Mrs. W. J. Mackey, Brockville, Ont.
Joe T. Baranow, 1 Hill Street, Troy, N. Y.
Miss Marie Gavan, Gananoque, Ont.
Mrs. M. Ryan, Smith's Falls.
J. H. Warden, Morrisburg, N. Y.
Mrs. Annie Sues, 503 Broadway Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
John J. Dwyer, 217 Nelson Street, Bradford, Ont.

F. M. T. A.

Almonte, Ont., Feb. 3d 1907.
Dear Sir—In the list of F. M. T. A. officers which I sent you last week there was a very serious mistake. Through our fault, our Spiritual Director's name was omitted. Will you kindly publish the following correct list:

SELECTION OF OFFICERS.
At the semi-annual election of officers of F. M. T. A. of Almonte, on Feb. 1907, the results were as follows:
Spiritual Director, Rev. Canon Foley; President, James P. O'Connor; 1st Vice-President, Thomas Hogan; 2nd Vice-President, E. J. O'Connor; Secretary, M. F. Trainor; Assistant Secretary, Joseph O'Leary; Treasurer, Ed. Leary; Committee of Management, M. Hogan, Sr., P. Fravelly, John O'Reilly, Chas. Leoney and John Malone.

ST. JOSEPH SANITARIUM, MOUNT ST. JOSEPH.

One of the most thoroughly equipped and efficiently conducted sanitariums and bath-houses judging by the circular we have just received, is the three-story brick building recently opened by the Sisters of Charity, Mount St. Joseph, Mich., whose mother house is at Mount St. Joseph, Cincinnati, Ohio. The cost of the Sanitarium and Bath House is \$100,000, and the plan upon which St. Joseph's is so ably managed, together with the unquestionable medicinal value of the waters of Mount St. Joseph, combine to render it attractive and beneficial to all health seekers. The charges are very moderate, considering the excellent accommodation, from \$2.00 to \$5.00 a day—and the Sanitarium is in fact a home and hospital not alone for invalids but for men and women in quest of perfect rest and quiet.

LITERARY NOTE.

In order to introduce OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN, the illustrated Catholic monthly, in every Catholic family, a three months' trial subscription will be sent to any address for only 50 cents. This is a special offer, and will hold good only for a short time. OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN contains stories by the Famous Writers—special articles on interesting subjects—Current Events—Science and Inventions. A Course in Spelling, Phonography, Home-hold Talk, on Dress-making, Art, Games, Tricks, Amusements, Puzzles, Letter Box, Fiction, Compositions, Conics, For Little Towns, and 25 to 30 illustrations in each number. Send 50 cents today to Benziger Brothers, 26 Barclay Street, New York, and the book will be mailed regularly for 3 months. Subscriptions taken by Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD office, London.

HONORS TO A LONDON BOY.

Chas. Garvey, 99, Toronto University, a son of Mr. John Garvey, 141 Maple Street, London, has been chosen as one of "Varsity" with representatives in the annual debate with McGill College, on Feb. 15.

THE GREAT FARM.

Of the Late John Murray, Owen Sound, Ont.

By order of the executors is now offered for sale. It consists of 220 acres, more or less, 220 of which is a soil clay loam, well watered, and in a first class state of cultivation; three acres of fruit bearing orchard, the balance good pasture land, with a magnificent cutting stream of running water, and some timber. The buildings on the property (centrally located) consist of a large new two-story stone house, well finished; one barn 12x50 feet with stone stabling for a hundred head of stock, having a fine power house, and a hot and cold water to stables; also a hay barn 100x30 feet; buildings all comparatively new, and erected by competent judges not excelled in the province for farming purposes. Conveniently located two miles from the city of the town, and approached at either end by a fine town road, the property affording exceptional advantages for profitable farming and stock raising, comprising the ever increasing demand of the large supply port for both dairy and vegetable products, all of which have long been accustomed to sell from this farm. The property is beautifully situated, overlooking the bay and gently sloping towards it, making one of the finest homesteads that could be desired, being in a healthy locality and on the whole one of the most valuable properties in Northern Ontario. For further particulars address Executors of Murray Estate, P. O. Drawer 45, 110 5 Owen Sound, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED.

For a genuine money-making proposition, books, insurance, or lake scheme; every house a customer. Particulars free. Write to-day.

THE F. E. KERN CO., 132 VICTORIA STREET—Toronto, Canada.

TEACHERS WANTED.

FOUR NORMAL TRAINED CATHOLIC teachers wanted for Northwest schools. In two cases the teacher must be able to speak French. Apply—Northwest Teachers' Bureau, 45 E. Pecora, 113 3.

MY NEW CURATE.

All Souls Gathered from the Stray Leaves of an Old Diary by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P., Doncaster (diocese of Cloyne), author of "Goodbye, Auntie; Sudent"; "The Triumph of Faith"; etc. For sale by Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD, office, London, Ont. By mail free on receipt of price, \$1.50.

LITTLE FOLKS' ANNUAL 1907.

Price Five Cents. This beautiful and attractive little Annual for Our Boys and Girls has just appeared for 1907, and is even more charming than the previous numbers. The frontispiece is "Bible-land"—Jesus and His Blessed Mother in the stable surrounded by adoring choirs of angels. "The Most Sacred Heart and the Saints of God" illustrated; a delightful story from the pen of Sara Traimer Smith—the last one written by this gifted author before her death in May last—entitled "Old Jack's Elderly Boy" illustrated; "Jesus Subject to His Parents" (poem); "The Rose of the Vatican" illustrated;

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Poor Polly is Dead. A parrot owned by Dr. C. M. Gill, of 112 Hopkins place, and which had an interesting history, died recently. It was about fifty years old and was purchased by the doctor's father.

A True Fairy Tale. "Instead of telling fair stories, let us be fairies ourselves," said Aunt Della, when the children begged her for a fairy tale.

"How can we be fairies, auntie?" "What are fairies?" asked the lady. "Why, little, wee folks that go about doing wonderful things. Some times they make butter after the dairy-maid has gone to bed.

"Well," said Aunt Della, "Here are Tom, Ned, Mary and Sue. Let us organize a fairy band. Bridget has gone to the dentist with a bad tooth. The baby is cross, mamma has a headache, the sitting room is in disorder and papa will be at home by and by, all tired out with the work.

"I will be Moustard Seed," said Tom, "mindful of his last Shakespeare reading. 'I'll take the baby to the croquet ground and roll the balls for her; that always amuses her.'"

"I will be Apple Blossom," said Sue, naming herself from her favorite flower. "I will set the tea table so very quietly that mamma will not hear me. When she finds it all ready, it will seem like fairies work to her."

"I'll be Blackberry," said Ned. Here goes for the berry-patch. "I will be Aschenputtel and do the dusting," said Mary, beginning, with great zeal, to put the sitting-room in order.

The next moment the click of the balls and the music of the baby's ringing laugh came from the lawn. Mary, duster in hand, looked out of the window and smiled to see them so happy. "It is a great deal better to help," she said, polishing a table with all her might, "than to sit down and make auntie amuse us."

Sue sang softly to herself, as she put the cups and plates in order: "Little child the long day through, Find some helpful thing to do. Then you know, in work or play, Why good fairies are so true."

"Blackberry," in the berry patch, whistled as he picked the plump, shining fruit. The largest, ripest berries he put into a separate dish for mamma. "She will smile when she sees them," he thought. "Perhaps they will cure her headache. She always tells us that kindness is a cure all."

After a short and rather restless sleep, mamma awoke feeling a little discouraged. "I believe I must go away somewhere for a change," she thought. "Housekeeping is very wearing, especially when baby is cross, and poor Bridget is always having a toothache in these days." But the first thing she heard when she went down stairs were the baby's shouts of delight. Then the clean, orderly sitting-room with a bowl of sweet peas on the polished table, made her glow all over with pleasure. Next she caught sight of the tea table, all ready for tea; that, too, was sweet with flowers. As she went into the kitchen she met Ned. His face was bright with the real good fairy smile, as he offered her the delicious fruit.

Aschenputtel ran to get some cream for mamma's berries. "Fannies can do without cream," she said. "They are supposed to sip honey from the flowers all day long." "Why, what is the matter with everybody?" said papa, coming in. "Is there good news? Has the family inherited a fortune?"

"We have had a visit from the fairies," said mamma, as they sat down at the table.—Household Words. John's "Memory Book." John was six years old and went to the kindergarten. One day mamma awoke to the fact that this dearest, most lovable of boys was getting some unkind ways.

headed tyrant said very sweetly many times a day.

However, a new reign began about this time. John must be unselfish and useful, as well as his older brothers and sisters.

"But I can't remember every time!" he cried, as he dragged his reefer across the floor to the drawer in the wardrobe, banging the drawer together because Mollie had been asked not to put away his clothes. His eyes were full of angry tears as he obeyed his mother's low voice to come to her.

"Mamma is not well, dear, and yesterday the doctor said she must go away for a short rest and leave all the children. What will my boy do without me?" "Oh—could you bring me home something nice?" in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Papa and mamma will be far away for two weeks and we wish you to do your share in keeping house while we are gone." "What can I do?" asked the boy, brightly.

"How would you like a Memory Book to keep during those two weeks?" replied Mrs. Wilson. She led the way to the store closet, from a huge, old fashioned bureau of which was brought forth an immense drawer filled with scrap-book pictures.

Then shutting the nursery door against all intruders, mother and son spent a very mysterious happy afternoon. It must have been a helpful secret they shared, for Sister Mollie surprised Master John many times during the week, in the act of laying his clothes carefully away in his own drawer.

When she accused him of leaving her nothing to do, the small boy blushed with pleasure, and muttered something about: "This is only practice, you see!" but what he was practicing for he did not tell.

At last mamma and papa were ready to start. The trunks had been strapped and taken to the station. Tearful good-byes were said. Mamma kissed again the youngest, the pet, saying softly: "Will my boy remember?"

And Johnny nearly smothered his mother with a bear's hug, answering: "Yes, mother, every day. I will explain it all to Mollie to night." "Oh, dear," sighed kind-hearted Mollie, as 7 o'clock in the evening drew near. "How I do dread putting John to bed. He'll tease to sit up late. Why don't small boys grow sleepy at the proper time instead of wider awake."

"Is it bedtime, Mollie?" asked a cheery voice. "I'm so glad, for I have some 'portant business to explain to you!" and with his yellow curls tumbling in wild confusion over his head, the boy took his sister's outstretched hand.

When upstairs he quickly brought her a blue book, which he announced in an awe-inspired way, was his "Memory Book." "I am going to do everything it says all the time mother is away, and put a star at night on the blank pages for everything I do."

The book was made from common unruled letter paper, fastened with pale blue ribbons, tied at the back with a dainty bow. Pretty blue paper had been pasted on the outside leaves for the cover.

Mollie opened the book. On the first page she saw the picture of a bright-faced boy, on the highest round of a ladder turning the hands of a clock, as he glanced over his shoulder with a roguish smile. Beneath this was written: "Bedtime, 7 p. m. Rising bell, 6:30 a. m. Early to bed, and early to rise, will make John healthy, happy and wise."

The opposite page that was marked with stars each day that he rose and retired at the proper hours. The next picture had been cut from a child's Sunday paper; it was a sweet faced boy kneeling by the bedside with his hands folded in prayer: "To say my prayers is not to pray. Unless I mean the words I say."

were the thoughtful lines which his sister read. The duties coming soon after rising in the morning followed. A tooth-wash advertisement furnished the reminder for brushing the baby's teeth. A picture of a small boy buckling on some stocking supporters buckling on one corner of the page, while a fat baby cupid sat in another, ready for his morning bath.

"What does it say here?" asked John, with breathless interest. "I'll comb my hair, be washed and dressed—And come to breakfast with the rest," said Mollie, reading very slowly and impressively. Then came cuttings from a fashion magazine, a blouse waist, a small pair of trousers, a cap, a reefer, leggings, boots and rubbers. The rhyme was as pleasant to him as usual. "My clothes to hang up I'll not fail. Each one shall have its proper nail."

Memory Book for every duty done during the whole of his mother's absence—Youth's Companion.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Among the contributors to a symposium recently printed in the Chicago Record was Mr. Alexander H. Revell, a prominent business man of that city, who wrote on

The Young Man's Chances. It should not be assumed that the subject necessarily implies that one chosen to treat it has obtained more than a measure of success. One may observe men, and measure somewhat closely in passing through life, and perchance make some fair deductions from such observations.

Before one can say with truth that a man has achieved success one should first ascertain what the man's own idea of success is. One man seems satisfied though he lose honor and accumulates a million. Even then, perhaps, he does not know how to enjoy life. Years after he has made this money, people may be heard to say "He is a success." On reflection would you say so?

Another man is happy if he can make enough to maintain a modest, comfortable home, while he retains and adds to an honorable reputation. While admiring him, few people think long enough to call him a success. Perhaps he did it most complete success. He did it honorably and, the chances are, develops, as he gradually moves upward, a love for life and a knowledge for its enjoyment.

It is true that accidents at times conduce much to fortune. Favor, opportunity, the death of others—all or any of these may, and doubtless do shorten the road to success. But chiefly it is the mold of a man's fortune in his own hands.

The mercantile agents tell us that of one hundred persons who start in business, but four succeed; and it might be added of the four who succeed, but one can hold on to the money longer than twenty years. Remember, here, however, that money is not the only measure of success. Let us go a little deeper into the matter.

Each person has certain inclinations which should be followed, if the direction indicated is toward a higher life of knowledge or usefulness. There are certain talents in every life that might be called seeds. These seeds will be productive if cared for, but will decay if neglected, just as tender plants will die without nurture. Find the man who has followed the better leadings and hints that come from his own soul, and you will find one for whom success may safely be predicted. The extent of that success will be limited only by his capacity.

Self-culture plays an important part, and the concentration of effort is what the world is demanding to-day. Far-sighted young men and women will listen to the promptings which indicate a single aim, for the single aim is the one that wins.

Physicians have learned the lesson. You will find that those who have become eminent and rich are they who have selected some special study and given it the larger part of their time, experience and practice. The general practitioner has to a large extent been relegated to portions of the country where the population is sparse. To-day the specialist is sought out, the expert artist, or the oculist, the physician who understands the lungs, the brain, or who has devoted much of his time to surgery alone special lines.

It seems to be the same in law. Those who are achieving wealth and renown have adopted the plan of securing their greatest knowledge on some one branch, so that when difficulties arise in any department of human activity, a certain name, or a few names, will immediately come into the minds of the disputants. The name might be found famed in connection with the laws on condemnation, the laws on riparian rights, commercial law, corporation law, criminal law, or patent law.

In business even in the largest stores, where centralization of people and merchandise, with a certain tendency to engulf all small stores (which is to be regretted) they recognize the principle I have been telling about. You will find the store divided into fifty or a hundred departments, with the most expert man in charge of each, and you will find no one department having much, if anything, to do with the others.

Could we not go into every part of industry and find the same result? And why? Because life is short and should be fully occupied, and any small portion of this great integral system is sufficient to demand the earnest, thoughtful, richest part of a man's efforts, which may be at most twenty or thirty years. The whole channel is toward the single aim.

Then, besides selecting your vocation and staying with it, there is necessary a certain something to achieve true success—call it nerve and brains, or overdrawn assurance, or untiring patience—it is a recognized characteristic of the true American. There may be reason at times to mourn its over-vigorous existence, but it remains a necessary factor in modern life.

How long it shall so remain we will not attempt to say. I believe there is too great a rush, too great a haste in this country; but we do not live in Utopia. A part of our life's record has to be made in America during the last few years of a vanishing century, in the latter half of which century more has been accomplished by the human race than in all preceding ages. In the midst of this unendable hurry and rush a man will be left in the rear who

is not aggressive. Mere brain power is not enough—there must be brain force as well.

The man of mere intellect may be a fine scholar and a thoughtful student; but if these alone, he can never mingle successfully in the busy actualities of the world at large. There is needed a determination to make the world feel your ability, if you have any. It need not be shown in any way to annoy or disgust; quietly but persistently the intellect may be made to influence the lives of others.

The genius of the head may be exerted by the grasp of the hand, and the genial familiarity which thereby follows. Pluck and courage are required. To stand among the on-lookers, meekly waiting an invitation to better your position, is pretty poor policy nowadays. While you are sitting on the fence viewing the procession or filling your present position in a listless, haphazard manner, some of those in the wide-awake, moving throng will pass up and achieve wealth and renown. Keep looking onward and going onward. To stand still in this busy world is to go backward.

"Well, how shall I let it be known that I am around?" may here be asked by some young man. Let me venture an answer: By filling the position you are engaged in, no matter how humble or exalted it may be—whether cleaning windows, laying rails, writing letters, keeping accounts, selling merchandise, defending a law suit, printing a paper, building a structure or building a sermon—with the best thought, time and patience you have at your command, letting conscience be your guide.

If one is a salesman, a shipping clerk or a machinist, a bricklayer or an office boy, one should be a successful salesman, a successful shipping clerk, a successful machinist, a successful bricklayer, or a successful office boy. That is, do honest, thoughtful work each day. Be a success as far as that day, that week is concerned. Create a favorable impression thereby in the mind of him for whom the work is done, be he foreman or proprietor, even if you do not secure adequate compensation. For of what benefit would it be to you to do poor work? You do not accomplish what you engaged to do, the work pleasing neither yourself nor the person for whom it was done. If such work attracts attention at all, it will be to condemn, instead of to admire, to "pull you down" instead of "push you up," and you have lost an opportunity to build for the future. This applies as well to a salesman as to a bootblack or a porter, to a bookkeeper as to a mechanic, physician or business man, and the same thought can be carried into every part in life.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part, there all the honor lies." That young man is a success who does good work according to his ability, who is constantly striving to do better, that he may in the end better himself. He should live within his means; for he is poor indeed, and no success in life no matter what his estate may be, who lives above his income.

Avoid waste. 'Tis said that in this country we waste more than France consumes. Every man in a workshop, business house or office ought to constitute himself the guardian of his employer's property. If this were done, millions of dollars would be saved to the nation, a much larger percentage of profit would go into the pocket of employers, and in the end the individual employe who does this cannot fail to be benefited in his position, as well as adding to and strengthening his own ability. All other workmen and employes would proportionately be benefited, according to the amount saved. In a few instances waste may appear to bring some immediate gain, but ultimately it hurts all.

I do not believe that young people lack inspiration or right impulse. If properly applied there is enough of it in a hundred average youths to transform a city. What is needed is to back up that good inspiration, that noble thought, that right impulse, by immediate action and constant habit. A young fellow listening to a sermon or a lecture on wastefulness and extravagance, for example, will have his best impulses stirred, and resolves, "When I begin to get money, I tell you I'll save some of it against a rainy day." He says, "When I begin."

Does he think of the nickles or dollars he can save to-day? or is he thinking of the hundreds of dollars? His inspiration is of to-day, but his action is away, far away in the future, and of the next year.

The chances are that the hundreds or the thousands will never come if he doesn't practice on nickels, when nickles happen to be the only money within his grasp.

No man without honor—no tricky man—can ever make a permanent success. This tricky man will always be with us, and for a time will apparently prosper, but that very prosperity you envy and cannot understand may be one of the tricks. Watch him, and you will ultimately find that he has been having his day and made the most of it. The world is growing better, not worse; therefore be counted on the right side. A clear and open manner, a desire and a purpose set toward the attainment of some honest position in life, a strong, stern determination to stick to and master that one thing—this will in the end win all the success one life can hope for, and even if it should happen that great wealth comes not as your reward, no thoughtful man can be found who will call that life a failure.

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Now as to all-around success. Make friends; have warm friends. You are better for it; so are they. Show me the man who can attach to himself warm friends, friends of good repute, and I will show you one that will make a success if he will watch carefully the opportunities which are sure to arise. Sometimes half our lives are spent trying to get, not an opportunity, but the great opportunity, and then it is most likely to come through a friend. Stick to your old friends. Many who rise to or are advancing toward a position of fame and fortune are thoughtless in this regard, especially if the old friends be not as successful as themselves. Nothing makes friends so quickly and so well as stability of character. Such character and such friends together create funds, draw patronage, give one influence, and are the straight path to honor and success.

One should never cease endeavoring to obtain a higher education. Make every day count for something. In this country at the present time at least three-fourths of the rich men were formerly poor. Many of these men enjoy leisure now, but were so absorbed in business during their early life that when they might have had a taste for substantial reading and study they thought there was no time for it. And now, with hours and days and years at their disposal, they have not the inclination for study, and some have not even the desire for travel.

Assuming that riches may come to you, are you going to be caught that way? If not, you should at once determine to combine tact and ability in your business or chosen profession with a constantly increasing knowledge, and you will have a combination hard to hold down. Every natural talent pleads for development, and those who cannot improve the mind and acquire a taste for the beautiful things of life lose, despite all their money and past effort, the rarest happiness that can come to mortals on this small planet of ours. Get as many books as possible into your room or home. A mind changes in the presence of books, and a love of books comes from getting acquainted with them in the home and being close to them.

A few pictures in the books or on the walls, a little reading now and then each day, never overlooking a choice bit of poetry, a visit to the art galleries, museums, libraries, whenever possible, without neglecting the more practical needs of life, and soon, while the mind is young, the habit is formed—the love of knowledge, books and art will become deep-rooted and continue to grow until old age comes. When it does come it will find gray hairs—yes, and wrinkles, too, perhaps, but it will also find smiles of contentment, with a vista of years gone by that will bring memories of the past, "And half their joys renew."

Let me refer to opportunity once more. Every man has at least one golden opportunity, and life is full of lesser ones. Do men watch for their opportunities? Do you know how to appreciate them when they come? Are their brains clear and bright and ready, or are they slow and repellent, or soggy with stimulants and excitement? To these questions you must frame your own answer.

You will no doubt recall the excellent sonnet by Ingalls, who pictures "Opportunity" going about among the dwellers of the earth and saying: "Master of human destinies am I; Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait. Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by, Novel and mart and palace, soon or late, I knock unbidden once on every gate. If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before I turn away; 'tis the hour of fate. And they who follow me reach every state: Mortals desire, and conquer every lot—Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate, Condemned to failure, penury and woe, Seek me in vain and nestlelessly implore; I answer not, and I return no more."

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ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

On Thursday, last week the twenty-sixth anniversary of the death of His Excellency, the late Archbishop of Ottawa, was celebrated by His successor, Mr. Duhamel, in the Basilica of St. Joseph.

HON. F. LATCHFORD.

Honored by the C. M. B. A. in Toronto. The reception last evening in St. George's Hall, Toronto, by the officers and members of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, Hon. F. Latchford, M. P., Commissioner of Public Works, was attended by a gathering of the highest quality.

CATHOLICS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD: Sir—There has been a good deal of discussion since the publication of the article in the Roman Catholic in the Transvaal. Statements have been made that were untrue.

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A CORRESPONDENT'S OPINION ON THE PROTESTANT MISSION TO CATHOLICS.

Montreal, Feb. 12, 1900. To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD: Dear Sir—I see that the Presbyterian ministers, in convention assembled, have graciously granted their mission to the Catholics of this city.

MARRIAGE.

PIT-WALD. St. Peter's cathedral, London, was well filled on Wednesday morning, February 7, when Mr. Sylvester Pitt, of the C. P. F., was united in the bonds of matrimony to Miss Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. John Wald, of Arthur Street, London.

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