

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION.

The old and oft-repeated charge that the Church is opposed to the progress of the human mind, appears now and then in periodicals that affect an air of impartiality. So deftly do they dress the accusation that we have been asked to state a few facts which may be of interest and profit to those concerned. Huxley indeed says, "that the Catholic Church is opposed to modern civilization"—that is, the civilization represented by himself. Tyndal and Spencer, who tell us the question as to our origin and destiny, dies without an answer; without even an echo upon the infinite shores of the unknown. Draper, Mallock, etc., who, however they may view our doctrines, have no hesitation in conceding intellectual vigor to the Church. In fact Draper says, "that its movements are guided by the highest intelligence and skill;" and Matthew Arnold opines "that it will endure while all Protestant sects dissolve and disappear."

Now, let us give a few facts, called here and there, to show that the Church has ever used her influence for the advancement of the human mind. We need not narrate how she preserved the intellectual treasures of Greece and taught Christianity to the Gaul and Hun and Teuton, who had, at the close of the fourth century, swept like a devastating plague over the civilized world. Who was it, asks a non-Catholic writer, in those ages of confusion which followed the fall of the Empire, that sowed and ripened the seeds which were to blossom into such wondrous poetry in the fourteenth century; into such matchless bursts of art in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Who touched in those Latin races the hidden vein of tenderness—the fount of tears—the delicacies and courtesies of mutual kindness, these riches of art and the artist's earnestness. And he goes on to say "that the cause of causes which made other causes fruitful, was the presence of the Christian Church in the hour of distress, with its message, its teaching and its discipline."

If the Church is hostile to progress, how is it that Frederick Harrison, writing in the thirteenth century, tells us that our faith "still sufficed to inspire the most profound thought, the most lofty poetry, the widest culture, the truest art of the age." Great thinkers like Albert of Cologne and Aquinas found it to be the stimulus of their meditations. Mighty poets like Dante could not conceive poetry unless based on it and saturated with it. Creative artists like Grotte found in it an ever living well-spring of beauty. And Ruskin sees in the old cathedrals, with their vaulted gates and pinnacles and towers, the only instance, perhaps, that remains to us of a faith and fear of nations.

The Church is opposed to progress, and yet Ranke, speaking of the Jesuits in Germany, says in his history of the Papacy that "they conquered us upon our own ground in our own homes." We fetter the mind, and Carlyle declares that in the Catholic universities of Europe "nearly all the inventions and civil institutions whereby we yet live as civilized men, were originated and perfected." If the Church was afraid of education how comes it to pass that long before Luther's revolt these great halls of learning were in existence and flourishing? She could have crushed them for she was then in the zenith of her power. But not only did she bring them into being, but she guided them to power and influence, and in almost every instance endowed them. Oxford and Cambridge, Aberdeen and St. Andrew's, Paris, in short, sixty-five universities were established by the Church long before Luther enunciated the doctrine that "high schools were an invention of Satan."

Of these ages, Emerson, addressing Harvard students, said: "Human thought was never more active, and never produced greater results in any period of the world."

Another fact is, that the Vatican library, which contains more than two thousand five hundred Greek, Latin and Oriental manuscripts and more than one hundred thousand volumes, many of which are extremely rare, is open to the public. Among the indefatigable delvers into the archives are Protestant scholars, but as Leo XIII. said, "we have nothing to lose through the appearance of truth in history."

Among the discoverers to whom the world accords a memory we notice

Marco Polo, of the thirteenth century, who spent twenty-four years in the East; Columbus, Vasco de Gama, who first doubled the Cape of Good Hope; Magellan, the first man around the Horn; Cortez, Balboa, Pizarro, Cartier, Champlain, etc.—Catholics all, who contributed to the knowledge of the world.

Gerbert of the tenth century and Friar Bacon of the thirteenth century were distinguished as astronomers. Nicholas of Cusa first called attention to the weakness of the Ptolemaic system, and Copernicus, a priest, developed his views, and dedicated his work to Paul III. Were they condemned for their devotion to science? No: the former was made a Cardinal and the latter a professor of astronomy in Rome. Galileo had a brush with theologians in 1615, because he defended the Copernican theory as an established truth and dragged the Sacred Scriptures into the controversy. The sentence against him in 1616 we need not discuss here, save to say that it was directed against his recklessness and indiscretion. And as proof we know that Castell and Cavalleri taught the Copernican theory in the Papal States and throughout Italy at the very time that Galileo was waging war against his opponents. We may mention here that Tycho Brahe, a contemporary of Galileo, and a non-Catholic, had his observatory on the island of Haen destroyed by Danish bigots, who declared that his "studies were not only useless but noxious." He found a patron in Rudolph, the Catholic Emperor of Austria. John Kepler's astronomical discoveries were condemned by the Protestant Tabingen University as contrary to the Bible. The Jesuits dissuaded him from destroying his work and opened to him the door of their college at Graz. His brethren, the Lutherans, persecuted him, the Catholics bade him welcome. England wished to have him but he did not accept the invitation. And commenting thereon, (Brewster, page 200) says: "We rejoice that the sacred name of Kepler was thus withheld from the long list of distinguished, whom England has starved and dishonored."

In mathematics, physics, chemistry, anatomy, physiology, medicine, and in the natural sciences, Catholics have ever been foremost in the vanguard of progress. At another time we may give their names, and show how many of them, pioneers in every department of human activity, were aided by the Popes.

One word more. To the statement that the Church is a barrier to the advancement of the mind, we submit the testimony of a modern writer, Dr. Brownson, who, in his "Convert," says:

"I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the Church, or felt it restrained or myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have, as a Catholic felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while a non-Catholic."

### THE REASON.

"Why do Catholics go on pilgrimages to certain shrines as Lourdes, St. Ann de Beaupre, etc.—A. B."

The pilgrimages, instances, answers Rev. John Price in the Pittsburg Observer, are public acts of veneration paid the Blessed Virgin, St. Ann and others, because God honored these saintly personages in some special manner. Lourdes is a village in France, where, it is held by multitudes of the faithful, the Blessed Virgin appeared to a peasant girl, and where, too, many pious persons touch the water they have received great blessings, both in body and in soul. St. Ann had the distinguished privilege of being the Mother of the Blessed Virgin, and the crowds who frequent her shrine in Canada, go there to pay the homage of respect to a relic of her, that was brought to Beaupre years ago. As at Lourdes, a record of blessings which were received through the intercession of St. Ann is attested. Explain it as one may, the stacks of crutches and plaster forms left behind by the afflicted are undeniable evidence of bodily cures having been wrought.

We are well aware that there are many persons who look upon pilgrimages as superstitious and senseless. But the objection is what is senseless: for Protestants are as eager to visit the house of Luther's birth as Catholics are to visit spots memorable as the natal places of their great saints. Infidels are seen to gather in Voltaire's old home in Ferney. If, too, patriotic Americans go in crowds to Mt. Vernon to visit the old residence and the tomb of Washington in order to honor the Father of this country, what process of reasoning makes it wrong for Catholics to visit and to honor the places associated with the holy mysteries of faith or with the saints? The Bible tells us that Eleans and Anna paid annual visits to Silo, and that the Blessed Virgin with Jesus and St. Joseph went yearly to visit the holy temple in Jerusalem.—Church Progress.

### HOW THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

Written for the True Voice by Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J.

XII.—THE REFORMATION IN OTHER EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.

We have so far sketched in rapid outlines the establishment of the Reformation in most of those European lands in which it obtained permanent dominion. The situation about A. D. 1500 is thus described by Prescott in his History of Philip II: "Scarcely forty years had elapsed since Luther had thrown down the gauntlet to the Vatican by publicly burning the Papal bull at Wittenberg. Since that time his doctrines had been received in Denmark and Sweden. In England after a vacillation of three reigns, Protestantism, in the peculiar form which it still wears has become the established religion of the state. The fiery cross had gone forth from the hills and valleys of Scotland; and thousands and tens of thousands had gathered to hear the word of life from the lips of Knox. The doctrines of Luther were spread over the northern parts of Germany, and freedom of worship was finally guaranteed there by the treaty of Passau. The low countries were the 'debatable land' on which the various sects of reformers, the Lutheran, the Calvinist, the English Protestant, contended for mastery with the established church. Calvinism was embraced by some of the cantons of Switzerland and at Geneva its apostle had fixed his headquarters. His doctrines were widely circulated through France, till the divided nation was prepared to plunge into that worst of all wars in which the hand of brother is raised against brother. The cry of reform had passed even over the Alps, and was heard under the walls of the Vatican. It had crossed the Pyrenees. The King of Navarre declared himself a Protestant; and the spirit of the Reformation had insinuated itself secretly into Spain, and had taken hold, as we have seen, of the middle and southern provinces of the kingdom."

The more carefully one studies the Reformation, especially in its early stages, the more clearly he understands that "religious liberty" in the mind of those sectaries meant the liberty to tear down what they called the idolatrous worship of the Catholic Church; the Holy Mass, the altars, the sacred images, the monasteries of the monks, the convents of the nuns, driving out and murdering the faithful Bishops and priests, and vesting the spiritual power in temporal princes, who at once proceeded to plunder whatever riches the piety of centuries had dedicated to the Divine service. This was the Reformation in a nutshell.

It was absolutely necessary for every Catholic nation to refuse and forcibly put down that species of religious liberty, and to use for the purpose legislation, imprisonments, banishments, executions of the leaders in heresy, etc. All this was at times carried to excess, as is always the case in civil wars as well as in foreign wars. Catholics waged war on rebellious citizens; for in those days heresy meant war upon the old religion; and nowhere, in no single country, did Protestantism prevail except by war. The Protestant Bishop Stubbs writes: "Where Protestantism was an idea only, as in France and Italy, it was crushed out by the inquisition; where, a conjunction with political power, and sustained by ecclesiastical consecration, it became a physical force, there it was lasting. It is not a pleasant view to take of the doctrinal changes, to see that where the movements toward it were pure and unworldly, it failed; whereas it was seconded by territorial greed and political animosity, it succeeded." And again: "The instruments by which it (the Reformation) was accomplished were despotic monarchs, unprincipled ministers, a rapacious aristocracy, and venal, slavish parliaments. It sprang from brutal passion, was nurtured in selfish and corrupt policy, and was consummated in bloodshed and horror. The cry of 'Ireland is a striking example of all this. If over any land was made desolate by the burning zeal of fanatics who strove to force their own novel notions upon an unwilling population, it was the fair Isle of Erin; and the crushing process was continued during three long centuries. I would not attempt to write the history of that bloody business, for to do so would be to do what is unprofitable and unbecoming; but I do not see how I could keep cool while handling such a theme. I am no Irishman, nor of Irish descent; but I feel my pen warming in my hand, and my cheeks glowing, and my heart throbbing with indignation and compassion at the thought of such wrongs, such cruel and persistent violence used for generations to stamp their religion out of a faithful, heroic people."

Let a bigoted Protestant, the poet Spenser, speak in my place. He was in Ireland at the close of the Desmond rebellion, and he got three thousand acres of the confiscated Irish land as his share of the booty. He wrote:

"Out of every corner of the woods and glens they (the Catholic people) came creeping forth on their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat dead carrions; happy were they who could find them. In a short space there was none almost left; and a most populous and plentiful country was suddenly void of man and beast."

This is but one scene in a tragedy of woes, more pathetic than Shakespeare's tragedy of King Lear. But all this is deeply written in the mind and the heart of the entire Irish race, and need not be recounted to prove that God has heroic servants in every age, and that He will not allow the gates of hell to

prevail against His own faithful friends. Here are a few more scenes of this sad tragedy. I will give the words of D'Arcy McGee: "While the war against the Desmonds was raging in the south, under pretence of suppressing rebellion, no one could help seeing that in reality it was directed against the Catholic religion. If any had doubted the real objects, events which quickly followed Elizabeth's victory soon convinced them. Dermid O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel, being taken by the victors, was brought to Dublin in 1582. Here the Protestant primates Loftus besieged him in vain for nearly a year to deny the Pope's supremacy, and acknowledge the queen's. Finding him of unshaken faith, he was brought out for martyrdom on Stephen's Green, adjoining the city; and there he was tied to a tree, his boots filled with combustibles, and his limbs stripped and smeared with oil and alcohol. After a while they lighted and quenched the flames which enveloped him, prolonging his tortures through four successive days. Still remaining firm, before dawn of the fifth day they finally consumed his last remains of life, and left his calcined bones among the ashes at the foot of his stake. The relics gathered by some pious friends were hidden away in the half ruined church of St. Kevin, near that outlet of Dublin, called Kevinsport. In Desmond's tour of Kilmallock were then taken Patrick O'Haley, Bishop of Mayo; Father Cornelius, a Franciscan, and some others. To extort from them confessions of the new faith, their thighs were broken with hammers, and their arms crushed by levers. They died without yielding and the instruments of their torture were buried with them in the Franciscan convent of Askeaton. The Most Rev. Richard Creigh, primate of all Ireland, was the next victim." Catholicity in Ireland has outlived the storm of three centuries of persecution, and is become the seed of salvation to as many millions in our age all over the earth as there were thousands of victims in the age of Queen Elizabeth and after.

2. France. The Reformation failed in Ireland because drowned in the victims' blood; it also failed in France but there it was drowned in the blood of Catholics and Huguenots alike. Spelling's history of the Reformation briefly sums up the story as follows: "The whole history of the Reformation in France may be related in two sentences: The Calvinists sought by intrigue and by force of arms to gain the ascendancy and to establish the new religion on the ruins of the old; but after a long struggle they signally failed, and France was preserved to the Church. Long and terrible was the contest between the turbulent Protestant minority and the determined Catholic majority to settle the momentous question, which should finally control the destinies of France: for nearly a hundred years civil war, rendered still fiercer by the infusion of the element of religious zeal and fanaticism, waged with but brief intervals of pacification throughout the country, which it distracted and rendered desolate. Finally the Catholics, meeting intrigue with intrigue, and repelling force by force, remained in the ascendancy, and the Protestant party, once so aspiring divided down into an insignificant fraction of the population." The expression "meeting intrigue with intrigue" refers to the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The massacre of every where and all along their lines of conquest, used intrigue and deceit, as we have shown in these papers; for once they were outside in the use of that vile weapon in France, not by the Catholic Church, nor by Catholic Bishops or priests, but by an unprincipled queen dowager, Catherine de Medici, an infidel at heart though happening to belong to the Catholic party. We do not here dwell upon the though without it France might have been lost to the Church; for no evil may ever be done that God may come of it. Yet, let Protestants remember, they have no right to complain that they were that time outwitted in wickedness.

3. The Netherlands we will consider last. This region comprised the present kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, with some minor provinces, part of which are now in France. The country was very prosperous when the Reformation began, but it was subject to the dominion of the Spanish crown. It became restless of the foreign yoke when the Calvinists from France, Protestant immigrants from England, the intrigue and subsidies of Elizabeth and the Lutheran notions, which the youths of Flananders brought home on their return from the German universities, fanned that region a hotbed of rebellion against Philip II. and his Catholic governors. Civil independence was the boon in sight, the union of all the malcontents in mutual cooperation was the means, and the malcontents were chiefly heretics. The result was there, as in every land to which the new gospel came, a period of war, which in the Netherlands lasted about half a century. It finished in the establishment of the Dutch republic. As soon as this was established, it proceeded to stamp out Catholicity within its boundaries. The Protestant historian, Menzel, puts the matter thus: "The Calvinistic tenets and forms of worship were established to the exclusion of those of the Catholics and Lutherans. The cruelties practiced by the Catholics were equalled by those inflicted on the opposing party by the reformers. The most horrid cruelties were perpetrated by Snooi, by whom the few Catholics remaining in Holland were exterminated. A. D. 1577." So says Menzel; but, how can we believe that the remaining Catholics

were few, since the first Protestant service had been held only three years before, as he informs us? Either there must have been very many or there must have been a vast exodus of the faithful. The extent to which the Reformation had taken possession of Europe by 1570 is thus stated by Macaulay in his criticism of Ranke's History of the Popes: "In fifty years from the day in which Luther publicly renounced communion with the Church of Rome and burned the bull of Leo before the gates of Wittenberg, Protestantism attained its highest ascendancy—an ascendancy which it soon lost, and which it has never regained. In England, Scotland, Denmark, Sweden, Livonia, Prussia, Saxony, Hesse-Wurtemberg, the Palatinate, in several cantons of Switzerland, in the northern Netherlands, the Reformation had completely triumphed; and in all the other countries on this side of the Alps and the Pyrenees, it seemed on the point of triumphing."

We had undertaken, in this series of papers, to explain the origin of the Reformation, so as to show that it was not the work of the Holy Ghost, and of the calm prayerful co-operation of holy men, full of that charity by which the true Church is animated; and we have finished that task, in a brief but truthful account. While many minor points, here and there occurring in our statements, will, no doubt, be controverted, our main line of thought is unassailable.

We will conclude this brief sketch of the first origin of Protestantism with some remarks of Macaulay on what we may call the second stage of the Reformation. He writes: "At first the chances seemed to be decidedly in favor of Protestantism; but the victory remained with the Church of Rome. On every point it was successful. If we overleap another half century, we find her victorious and dominant in France, Belgium, Bavaria, Bohemia, Austria, and Hungary. Nor has Protestantism, in the course of two hundred years, been able to reconquer any portion of what it then lost. It is, moreover, not to be dissembled that this wonderful triumph of the Papacy is to be chiefly attributed, not to force of arms, but to a great reflux in public opinion."

### STRIKE FRANCE HARD AND QUICKLY.

The proposal to have Catholics interdict the use of all French goods as a protest against the attack by the French Government upon Catholicism in France has met with hearty approval. The means is so feasible, so easy of utilization and so certain in its effects that it appeals both to reason and sentiment. For complete success it requires merely the possession of a little moral courage upon the part of all Catholics and a general adoption of its effects have already been felt in certain directions.

Catholics in America must fully realize that their contributions towards the enrichment of the various nations of the world are very considerable. In the United States and Canada are not less than 18,000,000 Catholics. If one were to attempt to calculate the effect upon commerce of the simple cessation of the use of tea by all of these millions, one can get some conception of the shrinkage in the sale of that commodity.

If each of these 18,000,000 consumed but half a pound of tea in one month, six pounds yearly (which would be a ridiculously small allowance), the total consumption would be 108,000,000 pounds. If the tea were but an ordinary grade, costing, say 40 cents a pound, the value of the 108,000,000 pounds would be \$43,200,000, a sum, which, if withdrawn from the tea trade, would bring losses and failures upon hundreds of jobbers, importers, planters and others.

The purchases by 18,000,000 Catholics of French goods are far in excess of the small sum allowed in the above calculations for tea by each individual. French goods exist in multitudinous forms. Perfumes, silks, wines, food articles, toys, toilet articles and scores of other forms are examples of French goods that will at once occur to one who thinks about the matter. Food articles, toys and toilet articles, including perfumes, are forms of French products that may be found in almost every home from time to time.

To make a boycott of French goods effective, it becomes the first duty of every earnest believer in this form of expression of resentment and indignation by American Catholics to ask concerning every product that he does not absolutely know about, "Is this of French manufacture?" If the answer is "Yes," the Catholic should say, "Then I do not want it." Most salesmen or merchants may, perhaps, ask "Why?" And the Catholic should say, "I do not want to contribute to the prosperity of a country that persecutes my religion. That is answer enough."

There is a compelling power about cash that always secures attention from business people. No good business man wants to tread upon the sensibilities of his customers. The moment that any customer, or any number of customers begin to refuse all French products the business man will see that the customers' wishes are gratified. The sole requirement is moral firmness on the part of the consumer.

There is a second view of the matter that invites consideration. Just as surely as the interdiction of French goods means a tremendous shrinkage in French exports and a great diminution in French prosperity, just as sure is it that the volume of purchase moneys of indignant Catholics, directed towards other manufactures, will enhance the

prosperity of various other individuals and nations.

Self interest, if nothing else, and self-interest in business is a mighty factor, will impel the competitors of French manufacturers and exporters, to furnish as good a quality of merchandise for their new customers as the resources of industrial art will permit. So, too, will such competitors gladly aid the boycott by Catholics on French goods by every art that business competition can summon. As all experienced men know, business competition is so keen in these modern days of industrial magnitude that it has resulted in the control of legislatures, judges, courts, railroads and thousands upon thousands of men in various posts. The energies of our own government are now directed towards the suppression of the evil effects of relentless competition in business. Indictments, trials, disgrace of numerous rich men and hundreds of other sorrows will surely follow the present investigation of our trusts and their evils.

Therefore, we Catholics can surely count upon the damaging effect of our direct action in boycotting entirely every class of French products and we can also depend upon the energetic assistance of every competitor of French manufactures as the result of natural laws in business.

The Catholics of France who, by the legislation of the French Government, are to be deprived of their immemorial rights, denied the use of the sacred ceremonies in which their religious economies have been carried on for years—these Catholics are our spiritual kinsmen. They are our brothers in the sight of God. Their single resource is revolution, but this is the last step to be adopted, because in its awful wake follow thousands of ill-deeds, confiscations and wrongs, committed in the name of liberty.

Against solitary, unmindful of all else save the commands of their officers, unarmed men and women can do little. They can, however, without actual battle, force the soldiery of France to make the intentions of the Government of that country perfectly plain in every instance by surrounding their churches and compelling the soldiers to enter only by deliberately driving the Catholics away. The Catholics can make a passive resistance, under good fellowship, that will arouse the Catholic world to a full realization of the purpose of the French Government to confiscate entirely all Church property and drive Catholicism from France.

But we American Catholics, fortified by a real freedom in religion, appreciating as we should the blessings of a genuine liberty, should strike out for our persecuted brethren in France. No legal, no moral objection stands against this course of absolute boycott upon all French goods. Adopted by our Catholics throughout America, enforced with vigor and determination, its tremendous and quick effect upon French prosperity would so certainly and so suddenly awaken the infidel government of France to a conception of the horror and indignation of the world at the plans of that government in its attack upon Catholicism that such a state of resistance as were not so blinded in religious bigotry as to forget entirely their duty as Frenchmen would quickly find the means to temporize at least; to soften and to remove, if possible, if not too late, the mighty indignation of the Catholics throughout the world.

All we need is unity. There are no consequences that anyone should fear. The voice of American Catholics can be spoken from a hundred platforms and voiced in a thousand resolutions of indignation against the French government and of sympathy with our fellow Catholics in France. But more powerful than all words, more potent than all resolutions and more convincing to French statesmen than all speeches would be the vigorous, determined, unrelenting boycott of every French product by every Catholic in America and every sympathizer whom the Catholics could persuade to their cause.

Touch the pockets of France and you strike her a deadly blow. Her desire to confiscate all the great property of the Catholic Church is because she needs the immense sums for her greedy government and her internal and external expenses. Convince her that a single step towards the fulfillment of that sacrilegious purpose means a crushing blow at her exports and manufactures, a blow that will be relentless, unremittent, continual and deadly, as a great, universal Catholic boycott upon French goods can be, and the position of the Catholics of France can be quickly ameliorated.

The Holy Father has God on his side. He stands alone, relying upon the Divine support for the preservation of the faith in France and the protection of the Catholics in that country. If the Catholics in America rise to the occasion, and by universal attack upon the French policy through the method of boycott upon French goods, indicate their militant and determined spirit of resentment against the persecution of their brethren in France, we shall see France humbly seeking the advice and admonitions of the Holy Father and withdrawing from her attitude of persecution of Catholics.—New York Register.

The friendship of Jesus is constant and persevering. No matter how strong and tender may be the ties of friendship that bind you to others, those friends may be withdrawn from you by force of circumstances, or they may abandon you through infidelity, or they may be removed by death. But no power on earth can separate you from Jesus against your will.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

By T. W. POOLE, M. D., LINDSAY, ONT.

CHAPTER VIII.

On a quiet street, at a little distance from the centre of the village, stood a house of humble exterior, surrounded by a garden. Here lived Mrs. Jenks, an invalid widow, with her two grown up children, named respectively, John and Matilda.

The former, who had just attained to man's estate, had for nearly a year been Mr. McCoy's confidential clerk, and at least, while under his master's eye, had conducted himself with commendable propriety.

Although in receipt of a fair salary, it somehow happened that so much of this was spent in certain extravagances, that but little of his earnings was available for the household expenses, the chief burden of which fell to the lot of Matilda, now in her nineteenth year, and as good and industrious as her brother was wild and reckless.

Unable to leave her mother, who was a bedridden paralytic, to go out to work, she took in plain and fancy sewing, and by this means, together with the proceeds of the garden, the simple wants of her mother and herself were amply met.

"Tilly Jenks," as she was usually called in the village, was a young woman of graceful form, of dark hair, and eyes of a depth and power, which lit her otherwise plain face, with a subtle charm.

Unfortunately, her attendance at school had been cut short by her mother's sudden affliction; but this loss seemed compensated, in a great degree, by a natural quickness of perception, which together with the domestic burdens thus early thrown upon her, had developed in her a certain capacity and clearness of observation, and a power of action, beyond her years.

Tilly was respected in the village. The matrons spoke well of her, and assisted her in many ways. What strange thoughts must have passed through the mind of this young girl, as she sat and stitched during the long hours and weary days, near the bedside of her stricken mother!

She had but few visitors; the young men especially, who came to the house, were chiefly the friends or companions of her brother—society young scapegraces—who stood in awe of her, as did also her unworthy brother, over whom she sometimes exercised a strange control.

It was during the hot days in July, when the hay harvest was in progress, and business dull, that John Jenks asked and obtained, a day's holiday. For some time past, unknown to him, his sister had been taking a deeper interest in his affairs than usual. The truth was, Mr. McCoy had found reason to suspect his clerk of speculation, and after much anxious deliberation as to the best means of dealing with the culprit, being aware of Tilly's excellent disposition, he had thought it prudent to take her into his confidence and to invoke her assistance.

On the day of her brother's holiday, she had gone to Mr. McCoy's store, where she found him "in a brown study," as she said to herself afterwards. He was sitting on the counter, and as she thought, looking very wretched and wee begone.

"Well, Miss Tilly?" he said, inquiringly, as she presented herself. "I am afraid you are right, Mr. McCoy," she said in a low voice, looking round timidly, as though she feared the shelves of calico had ears. "I am very sorry, I am sure," and she drew forth her handkerchief to dry the tears she could no longer suppress.

"Don't fret, my dear," he said, "You know I will not harm him. It is not the first time I have had reason to suspect him; but I wished to keep him on for your sake and your mother's. I think now, I must dismiss him."

"I could not ask you to keep him longer, I am sure," she said, turning to go, having accomplished her errand.

"His shall have a month's wages extra," he said, "on condition that it goes to you—and—stay—let me see—are you very busy now?" "Not busy at all," she replied.

"Because only this morning I received an order for some shirts, which I would like you to make, just when you can."

"You are very kind, I am sure," she said, "and your mother, who is she of late?" he asked, with more of feeling in his tone than he had ever shown; probably because undergoing suffering himself he felt more sympathy for others in distress.

"My mother is daller than usual," she said. "She often wanders a good deal now, and forgets to day what happened yesterday."

Perhaps it is just as well, he thought to himself in silence. "And I say, Miss Tilly," he added, following her to the door "if there is anything I can do for you, or your mother, any way I can be of use to you, if you should ever need a friend, do not hesitate to let me know."

"Thank you," she said, as she went away with swimming eyes. "A clever good girl," he said looking after her a moment, ere with a sigh he re-entered the store.

her return was indefinite and uncertain. This served to increase the solitude in which he now found himself, yet he was rather pleased than otherwise, since it enabled him to ponder unobserved over the strange turn affairs had taken.

The studied coolness of the minister's letter had been a crushing blow to his hopes, which might have survived the more emotional if not less decisive dismissal of his betrothed; whose continued absence, and unbroken silence left him no hope of effecting a reconciliation.

Under the circumstances he was glad when the hours of business were over, to wander forth alone, in the cool evening air, to think over the strangeness of his lot and the problems still unsolved which weighed upon his moral sense, but still seemed to evade solution.

One sultry evening he had thus set out, in meditative mood, along a bye way which led to a low range of hills at a little distance from the village. Here, reclining on the grass, he watched the setting sun, and listened lazily to the tinkling cow-bells and other sounds of rural village life, which alternate with his ears amid the quiet of the evening hour.

As the darkness began to fall, he saw the lights of the village, one by one, gleaming here and there in the distance.

Night had set down upon the landscape, and he was becoming aware that it was time for him to set out on his return, when looking in the direction of the village, a sudden glow of light appeared which seemed at once to leap into a flame.

"A house on fire!" he exclaimed aloud, springing to his feet, and starting for home at his utmost speed.

When at length, he reached the scene, it was to find his own shop and dwelling falling a prey to the flames, the entire structure with its contents was evidently doomed. Almost the entire village were spectators of the scene, looking on in hopeless inactivity. For though willing hands were there almost from the first alarm of fire, little or nothing could be done, such was the rapid progress of the flames, which now towered aloft in awful grandeur.

Out of breath as he was, the shock so overpowered him that at first he was unable to reply to the numerous questions which were showered upon him.

"How could it have happened?" "Where had he been?" "Was he insured?"

For a time he heard nothing but the roar and crackle of the flames, and saw nothing but the red glow of the huge furnace, angry and threatening, with its myriads of sparks, which like living things, flew away into the sullen darkness of the night.

"How could he account for it?" He could not account for it at all. There had been no fire and no lamp lighted on the premises that day. Its origin was a mystery.

"Insured?" "Yes, to a moderate amount, but nothing like enough to cover his loss.

Such were the answers which he made to enquiries of the excited crowd, some of whom were sorry and some secretly pleased at his misfortune.

"Incendiarism!" began to be passed from mouth to mouth. "Looks bad," said some one, in a low whisper; house and stock insured; business dead; things running down."

Others exchanged meaning looks, shrugged their shoulders, and moved homeward; pausing now and then among the still lingering groups, with whom the origin of the fire was a matter of lively speculation. Hovering on the outskirts of one of these groups was a young man, who for some time had been scanning the faces and listening to the remarks which fell among the crowd.

"He seemed to avoid the bright glare of the light of the burning mass, which still illumined all the place, but more than once he might have been seen to withdraw altogether into the gloom, and when he did so, it was to visit a black bottle, concealed in an adjoining wood-pile, the contents of which seemed necessary to his present well being.

As yet he was not drunk; there was merely a certain loosening of his faculty of speech, which gave a freer flow to his words; while whatever might have been the effect on his moral nature, his sense of hearing seemed quickened rather than impaired. Pasting around among the now thinning crowd, and listening intently to the undertone which reached his ears, he soon found himself in a congenial group.

"He acts like well, don't he?" enquired a tall lank individual, looking round among his shuns. "Pretends he was away on a walk by himself, eh? Too thin by half, I say, and the speaker rolled a huge quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, at the same time expectorating furiously over the heads of smaller men beside him.

"As yet he was not half a Papist, any how, d—n him," said another. "I could tell you something about that," said the young man, thrusting himself prominently among the group. "Ha! Jenks is that you?" "That's me," said Jenks, "every time."

"Jenks, I say old boy, you've been having something to drink. Where's your depot?" "Right here," said that worthy, leading the way to the wood pile: from which he produced his bottle, to which he helped himself freely before passing it round.

The bottle was soon emptied, but not before Jenks had unburdened his mind of a secret which seemed to weigh heavily upon it. "I knew it," cried one. "I told you so," said another. "Just as I expected," added a third. "Penitentiary?" suggested some one. "Serves him right," was the response, as the group separated to tell the portentous story to others. So startling was the report thus put in circulation, that Jenks became at once the hero of the hour; and so rapidly did it spread, that few heads of families in Mertonville, sought

repose, or slept, (so eagerly was the news discussed) till far into the night.

CHAPTER IX.

The next morning was wet, and as the rain caused a suspension of work in the hay fields, people from the country came into the village, intent on various errands, in greater numbers than was usual during the busy season.

"How did it happen?" enquired a stout farmer, who with his wife and daughter had just alighted from his wagon.

The person addressed, being a prudent man, merely shook his head and passed on.

"I'm very sorry indeed," said Mr. Dan Maloney, who had made the enquiry. "He was a nice decent man."

"He has been turning out badly of late, I am told," was said a few blocks further down the street by one of two farmers who were discussing the fire over a glass of toddy.

"Did McCoy lose much?" one of them asked the bartender. "Not likely," was the answer, or he would not have done it."

"Who? not have done what?" "Set in fire," said the bartender. "Who? McCoy?" "So they say."

"I don't believe it." "Fact all the same, said the bartender, wiping his glasses. "Who says so?" "Who's John?" "Who's Jenks?" "Why, John Jenks, his clerk, you know."

"That's dreadful!" exclaimed both men in a breath, as they sallied out in to the street.

From the vicinity of the still blazing ruins, Mr. McCoy passed to a room in "The Traveller's Home,"—the principal hotel in the village—all unconscious of the terrible crime with which his name was associated. Thoroughly crushed by this fresh calamity, it was morning before he passed into the oblivion of sleep; when when at last it came, was prolonged almost till noon of the succeeding day.

He awoke at length, roused to consciousness by the multitudinous noises of the public house, and with a heavy heart lay awake for a time thinking over the additional blow which fortune or fate had just dealt him, and asking himself what further evil remained in store.

A contingent group of men and boys had gradually been forming in the adjacent street. "That's his window up there," said one, pointing to the hotel.

"Has he woken up yet, I wonder?" asked another, with a yawn. "The constable is on the look out, you may be sure that he does not escape through the back window," said a third.

"The trial at 2 o'clock, an' I guess Mr. McCoy had better hurry up." "But he get's off."

"No he don't. Jenks was too wide awake for that."

Jenk! (said with an air of disgust) "I heard my father say, if this had happened a year ago, no one would have believed it of Mr. McCoy. But now you know —"

"Aye, now he's down, everyone of you blackguards wants to give him a stick," said a big man, as he strode through the crowd, with a way for him right and left. "Take care of yourselves," he added, shaking his closed hand, half threateningly towards them from the steps of the public house.

"That's Dan Maloney," said some one in the crowd. "What a big fist he has!"

"He has a big heart, too, thank God," said a voice, near by, but the speaker failed to be recognized in the general movement now taking place.

"Where is Mr. McCoy?" asked Maloney, aloud, as he came to a pause in front of the bar. "In number four," said the landlord. "The constable has just gone up to place him under arrest."

"Then I'm going up too," said big Dan, turning away; and as his eyes swept over the crowd of loafers filling the room, he added, raising his voice, "An honest man like Nell McCoy! I don't want a friend, if I can help him."

"Bravo! Maloney," cried some one. "Papist both," was hissed from among the crowd; but too inaudible to reach the big man's ear, amid the noise and confusion.

Mr. McCoy was in the act of dressing when the constable's knock brought him to the door. "He acts like well, don't he?" enquired a tall lank individual, looking round among his shuns. "Arrest you in the Queen's name!" said the constable, laying his hand on Nell's shoulder.

"Arrest me!" cried the latter, in surprise. "For what?" "For setting fire to your store," said the man of law.

"Mr. Cummins is this a joke you are playing if so—"

"No joke, at all—dead earnest," said Cummins. "You are to appear before the magistrates at 2 o'clock. Better hurry up."

Neil was dumfounded, and sat down on the side of the bed in a sort of stupefaction. This new blow, in addition to all that had gone before, might well have unhinged a less vigorous mind. For a moment he seemed like one in a dream and unable to collect his waning senses. This dull lethargy which for a brief time overcame him, besides being highly dangerous in itself, might easily have been mistaken by those about him for an evidence of guilt, or the sullenness of despair.

From this condition he was happily roused by some one bursting into the room, apparently in spite of the remonstrances of the constable. "Oh you need not be afraid, Mr. Cummins, said Mr. Maloney, "I am not going to interfere with your duty. Mr. McCoy, here, I am sure, is as innocent as yourself or me, and does not want to run away." And he laid a brawny hand on Neil's shoulder, giving him a vigorous shake.

you are," he said, repeating his words, of half-morally."

"Thank God!" exclaimed his visitor. "I know you are,—and remember if you want a friend in your trouble, Dan Maloney is your man."

"Thank you," said the stricken man with new animation. "I discharged that scoundrel from my employment for thieving, and now this is his revenge."

"There is justice in heaven," said Dan, "even if it should be denied on earth. Isn't that so, Mr. Cummins?"

The latter nodded assent. "I must have my breakfast, said Neil, turning to the constable with a more cheerful air.

"Certainly," said the official. "During the entire day, the village and surrounding country underwent a thrill of excitement, never before had Mertonville been able to boast such a first class sensation. The fall shows, the circus, and even the election were left far in the shade.

It was known in certain circles, from an early hour, that Squire Henry would be assisted at the trial by two other Justices of the Peace, who resided within easy access. As the hour approached for the hearing of the case, the village hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. Eager glances were now and then directed to the door of entrance; while the pros and cons were being discussed in a low murmur of voices, which seemed to lead to the occasion an air of solemnity and dread as if some impending blow were about to fall.

As for the accused, now that the first shock of the false charge was over, and he had fortified himself with a good meal, of which he ate heartily, he felt his forces rejuvenated and was in readiness to meet his accusers in the full possession of all his faculties and with a keen appreciation of the prospect before him.

"God help me!" was his mental exclamation, as he listened to the reading of the terrible accusation, and waited while the preliminaries of the investigation were being gone through.

The first witnesses testified to having seen the fire, at first gleaming through the windows, and then bursting through the roof. They were the first to arrive on the scene, when they saw no one in or about the premises. The back door was found unfastened, and readily admitted them to the interior, from which, however, they were speedily forced to retire by the advancing smoke and flames. Only a few articles of trifling value were rescued from the burning building.

This evidence being noted down, a hush of silence seemed to pervade the crowd, which at length was broken by the constable calling for John Jenks to appear as a witness.

A movement took place near the rear of the crowd, and then the witness stepped to the front, looking as though he were far from pleased with the position which he found himself in. His hair was disordered and his eyes still heavy as the result of his last night's positions. He continually fidgeted with his hands, shifted his slouching form from one to another; but persistently avoided looking at, or meeting the eye of the accused.

His story was brief but effective. He swore that he had been passing along the street, near the store, just after dark, on the evening of the fire, when he saw the form of a man pass towards the back door from the adjacent offices, in a crouching stealthy manner, which arrested his suspicion.

The kitchen and dining room were on the ground floor, in the rear of the store, and separated from it by a partition. Believing the man had entered the kitchen from the rear, and curious to see what was going on, he the witness had passed back towards the store, the side of the store to the outside of the dining room window. Here he found that a light had already been struck within, and a defect in the window blind enabled him to see into the interior of the room. Here he saw Mr. McCoy take a large can of coal oil in his hands, scatter a part of its contents over the floor and furniture, and then dash the remainder through the door communicating with the store. He then deliberately set the whole on fire, with a lighted match, at the same instant rushing out and away from the building at a rapid pace."

In response to the questions of the justices he said the whole affair was done so quickly and so unexpectedly that there was no time for him to interfere, even if it were possible for him to do so. The prisoner, (of whose identity with the incendiary he had no doubt) had fled almost before he (the witness) had realized the nature of the crime that was being committed.

Such was the tenor of his evidence. As he proceeded, he seemed to lose some of his previous nervousness, and he finally completed his story with a countenance unabashed.

Mr. McCoy was about to ask the witness some questions, but Mr. Henry, who acted as leading justice, reminded him that at this stage of the proceedings and in a preliminary examination of this kind, only the evidence against him could be offered or accepted. If his brother justices agreed with him, as he thought they would, it would be necessary to send the case for trial to a higher court, and till then the accused must reserve his defence.

The other justices nodded their assent, and the ominous words were uttered. "Committed for trial."

Then it was that McCoy began to feel the reality of the painful position in which he found himself; and though a strong man of firm nerve, he felt a momentary paleness pass over him, while the perspiration gathered on his face and brow.

The crowd now seemed as eager to get away from the building as they had been before to enter it. Mr. McCoy was turning mechanically to go, when the magistrate reminded him that he must consider himself under arrest.

"You will accept bail, I suppose?" he asked, with suppressed emotion.

Mr. Henry glanced at his colleagues, who held a brief consultation, the

result which was the acceptance of bail, the amount being fixed at \$1,000 for the prisoner, and two sureties in sums of \$500 each.

"Who are your bondsmen?" asked the justice.

Neil looked round at the now rapidly thinning hall, as if in search of friends who would stand by him in this emergency. "I will be one," said Mr. Maloney, starting to his feet and coming forward.

"Thank you," said the prisoner. "But no one else appeared, and Neil was obliged, with a quivering lip, to ask a respite of twenty-four hours, in which to find bail; in default of which, he said, he would be ready to go to prison.

"The constable can attend me at my own expense," he added; and to this the magistrates finally consented. The crowd had already dispersed, as he left the hall of justice, closely guarded by the officer of the law, who had him in charge. But here and there along the thoroughfare curious men and women stood, expecting to catch the comments of the crowd, and to see how the prisoner bore himself in this trying ordeal."

Neil saw few of the eager faces thus bent on him. But at one point in the road, he found himself confronted by a young woman of graceful form and winning face, who offered him her hand.

"Miss Maloney."

"Oh, Mr. McCoy, we are very sorry for this," she said, blushing at her boldness.

The prisoner drew himself up, and raising his right hand to heaven, said solemnly.

"As sure as there is a God, heaven I am innocent of this crime."

"We are all sure of that," she said, fervently. As she stole a shy glance at his face, she thought his eyes had filled with tears, but was not sure, for there seemed a mistiness in her own.

"Oh, Mr. McCoy, don't give up." "I will have to give up and go to jail to-morrow," he said mournfully, if I cannot find another friend besides your father to go bail for me."

"It was very kind of him," he added; "all the kinder, because I have but few friends now, it seems."

"There was a pause, and then he whispered—"your prayers have not done much for me yet," as he bade her good bye, and passed on to his room in the public house.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THADY O'BRIEN'S FORTUNE.

Dr. O'Rourke had just returned from a professional call one biting December morning. On alighting from his carriage he caught the eyes of his daughter, as she stood at the front window, riveted on some object at his horse's head, with an expression of countenance in which pity and mirth seem to be struggling for the ascendancy.

Turning round to see what thus attracted her attention, the doctor perceived a little ragged and bare-footed boy hanging at the bit of his horse, with an air of as resolute a determination to hold on as if he had seized Bacchus by the head stall.

"Hallo! you little omdhaun," he cried "who pays you to hold a horse that would n't run if you whipped him?"

"Is it me ye mane, sir? It's the least trouble to hold him, then, if he won't run," said the boy; "an, if your honor should forget to gimme the sixpence, I'm no poorer than I was before!"

"Ho! ho!" said the doctor; "it's a wit we have! Here, Tom," to the groom, who had come upon the scene, "turn the horse into the stable and send this little Arab into the kitchen, and administer some hot coffee with rolls, and half a pound of chops."

"Sure, that will not be bad to take," said the groom, following the groom. "Your honor has the name of the best doctor in the country."

Breakfast with his family, soon forgot that such a being as Thady O'Brien existed; but his daughter Lucy, who had youth and charity on her side, descended to the kitchen to see for herself how the shivering little boy looked after a warm breakfast. On her return she said:

"Well, father, your little patient says he is ready to go now."

in order, if possible, to confuse the young hopeful.

"Thaddeus O'Brien, Blind Alley," answered Thady, putting his hands behind him and standing erect. "No, sir. Yes, your honor. Five o' them. No, sir. I wish I had. If your honor would only try me."

"Ave you really in distress or only shamming?" the doctor inquired after a half a dozen of "Ho! ho's" at the lad's ready wit.

"Maybe I shammed hunger, your honor," said Thady. "Ask Biddy if I ate any breakfast; then go an' ask me another an' five sisters when it was that they took mate enough of the table to feed six—after they had done."

"Another hint, Mrs. O'Rourke," said the doctor, smiling. "Just fill a basket for this original."

Thady was soon fitted out with shoes, warm socks and a basket of broken food.

"Now," said the doctor, "will you be sure and come back to-morrow morning?"

"Will a duck swim, your honor? Will a fly come back to the treacle?" "Be sure, then, and bring home the basket," said Mrs. O'Rourke.

"I'll do that, me lady, an' I'll do another thing, too," said Thady, making his best bow as he backed out of the window, wishing them all "the top of the morning."

Thady O'Brien, on the whole, left a good impression on the doctor's family. The doctor was captivated by his ready wit: the wife and daughter pitied his evident though uncomplaining destitution. The key to the little ivy enigma, in a word, beyond which no city reader or rather had been a "newsboy"; as such he had acquired development for the natural aptitude of his tongue—as he had learned the readiness of reply and keenness of report which astonished the doctor's household. Thady's father had died but a short time previously, after a long illness, which had eaten up the small earnings of the little family and sent their moveables, one by one, to the pawnbroker's. Consequently as these poor chattels seemed, every sixpence a treasure to the suffering poor, and the widow O'Brien was looking in vain for some article convertible into cash, though ever so trifling, when Thady arrived with his basket of provisions.

"Oh, Thady, dear," said his mother, as she spread out the food on the table before the famished children, "ye must have begged hard to get all this."

"Sorry 'tis, then, did I get beggin'?" answered the boy. "It souls them me mother an' five sisters worse than starvin' with cold an' famishin' with hunger, an' begged for a penny or two to buy them bread; but the people either pushed me aside an' looked 'you lie!' or tault me so, an' done with it. At last, and here the little fellow stood up proudly, "I tried another way for it."

"You didn't stale, Thady?" cried his mother, looking frightened. "An ye have shoes an' stockings to your feet, too! That it should ever come to this!"

"Is it me own mother that asks me that?" said Thady, his eyes glistening with tears of pride and sorrow. "No, I didn't stale, mother. I shamed a rich an' good-natured man out o' what he'll never miss—an' look how it helps he childer! Take a hault yourself, mother. I've had me breakfast—an, by the same token, the same man is good for to-morrow."

A rude knock at the door interrupted Thady. "Come, Mrs. O'Brien," said an equally rude man, entering the little room abruptly, "if you can't pay your rent, it is high time that you made way for those who can. Three weeks behind time, terms weekly in advance. It is a hard loss to us, but we shall have to put up with it, I suppose, and let you go scot-free."

"Let us go! Where are we to go to?" "Well, that's your own lookout, you know. We can't harbor you rent free any longer, at any rate. What, Thady, comfortable shoes and stockings, eh? You've improved on yesterday. You must be fitted out, I suppose, whether your mother's debts are paid or not."

"Troth, sir," said Thady, a little angrily, "they worn't bought; they're a free gift, an' made by a man who don't grudge you your shoes, nor the heart o' the man who stands in 'em."

"Holy-toity, little Thady bantam! I mean no harm, I'm sure," said the man, provoked, but ashamed to betray it. "You might as well have begged money to keep a house over your head as shoes for your feet, while your hand was in."

"Beggars can't be choosers," said Thady, with provoking calmness. "If they could, we shouldn't be your tenants."

"I'll choose for ye," said the man, now thoroughly enraged. "Don't let me find you here to-morrow. If I do, the whole troop of you shall be bundled off to the poorhouse—except you, sir, and you shall be sent to a reformatory."

care more for a gallipot than for your breakfast, and would rather read a tedious old medical periodical than see your family. It is too bad; Confess now, isn't it?"

The good doctor smiled with arch meaning as he laid aside his magazine and took his seat at the table. "You are right, Lucy," he said. "Physicians are such nuisances that I can never think of admitting another into the family; and as to that number of the Medical Review, it is a stupid affair, sure enough. It is nearly half filled with a paper contributed by some young quack named Cromie, or Crosbie, or some such name."

"Lucy busied and laughed, and laughed and blushed again. Her weapons were now fairly turned against herself."

"Well, my dear, did you miss any spoons yesterday?" Dr. O'Rourke inquired of his wife a moment later, and being answered in the negative, the old gentleman continued: "Then, unless little Thady considers your basket worth more than anything he could get here to-day, he will come back this morning."

"To be sure he will come," said Mrs. O'Rourke.

"To be sure he will, father," said Lucy.

"Well—perhaps," said the doctor, pre-empting to have his doubts.

Biddy here announced that the young gentlemen were already below stairs.

"Give him some breakfast, Biddy," said the doctor, "and then send him up. Now, you see," he added, turning to his daughter, "that little Thady is deep. He throws a sprat to catch a hake. He will keep on till he gets far enough into your confidence to steal something worth while."

"For shame, father!" said Lucy. "How can you be so uncharitable? He knows that honesty is the best policy."

"Very good! Very good," said the doctor. "And I'll tell you what, my pretty preppetess—I know you believe what you predict, and I'll make you a promise on the credit of your own faith. You shall marry this young Dr. Cromie, or Crosbie, or whatever his name is, whenever Thady has a house to let you."

Before she could reply Biddy announced a caller. It was one of the doctor's tenants, and he directed that he should be shown up. He was a leasee of several large houses in a poor part of the city, which the doctor hardly saw once in a year, and could not point out without a guide. His lease was about expiring, and he called to obtain a renewal, but wished it on diminished terms, as he said there was a prospect that certain contemplated improvements in the city would ruin the property.

"Ho! ho!" said the doctor; "a hard improvement, that. They pay but little more than the taxes now, and if they are improved at this rate I shall be made a beggar with them. I must look into this a little, sir."

At this moment Thady made his appearance at the door. Lucy went to him and entered into conversation with him. He looked like another by this morning. Hope and pleasure shone in his face and his whole appearance was tidy and cheerful.

The doctor's leasee soon took his leave, having first conversed in an under tone a moment or two, with a frequent look toward Thady. The doctor's countenance showed that he had gained little in this interview.

"Now," said the doctor, as Lucy led the lad to him, "your name is Thaddeus, I believe?"

Thady bowed.

"I am very sorry to learn," the doctor went on, "that you are a very bad at a very impudent boy, though I might have guessed the last."

Lucy and Mrs. O'Rourke looked astonished, and poor Thady, gathering a hope of sympathy from their faces, said, as he hung his head and burst into tears, "Sure, sir, that will be news to me mother, wherever you heard it."

"Come, come, sir," said the doctor. "No more play with us—we've had enough. I don't want to condemn you unheard, and if you are deserving I would do you good. Now answer me straight, what have you ever done to maintain yourself?"

"I sold the papers, sir."

"I see. Yes that explains something. Why don't you sell them now?"

"My father, sir, took sick, and was very bad, and was day with another, sir, I spent me little money, and another boys got me customers, and another heart was gone, and me mother and sisters were starvin', and the rent wasn't paid, sir—and the Lord save you and you from tastin' the bitter cup!"

"But how could a boy suffering all this be so full of fun and nonsense as you were yesterday, and as you would have to-day if everything had gone as you expected?" the doctor asked, in a kinder tone.

"Oh, sir, there's many ways in the world, an' them as travels wan don't know the stones in another! Two or three days, sir, I shiver'd bare footed in the cowle, an' tould the people what I've tould you just now, sir, an' I couldn't get a sixpence; so I thought of trying another tack, an' your kind face, sir, made me try it on you—an' that's the whole truth, sir. I'm no black guard, if I look wan."

"Very well put in—very well told, Thady. But I've something more to say yet. The house you live in is my mine, and your landlord is my tenant."

"The house?" said Thady, "he's a better tenant than landlord."

"Well, he tells me that yesterday you lied to him—that you hadn't a shilling in the world."

"Lied to him! Sure, it was the blessed truth, sir!"

"But he says he threatened you with the purchase and the reformatory, and that this morning your mother found money to pay the rent in full. Now, you must have had this money at the time or you must have stolen it since, for he says you are very stout."

"Ah, look at him, your honor! Think of this backbiting! He knows I am poor, he says, and he threatens me with the reformatory for not payin' me

mother's rent. An' maybe he didn't tell ye, sir, that he tould me that I might have begged money as well as shoes, an' abused me for the very kindness which your lady had for me. An' then he says I stole the money, an' still he puts it in his pocket idont a tear."

"Thady, you have made the case bad for your accuser, but you haven't helped yourself yet. Tell me honestly, where did this money come from?"

"It was loaned to me, sir. Maybe, sir, you think the impudent little black guard has no friends; but there's a God above who remembers the widow an' the fatherless, an' He sent a friend to us when we was all in the sorrow. An' it isn't the first good thing he's done, sir. He's come out of his bed in the bitter night, t'ine an' again, to relieve the pain of the poor who couldn't give him fee or reward, an' he's put his hand in his pocket over an' often to pay for the medicine for the dyin' man when he knew he could not live so much as to thank him—the blessings of heaven fall on him for it! An' now me poor father is in heaven, an' Dr. Crosbie may be long day meet him there—may it be a long day of it! Good mornin', ladies, an' you, too, sir; an' when next you would play with the poor, don't put the face before the tragedy, sir, if ye please, sir; for that's not the way at Blind Alley."

Lucy was in tears, and her mother in silent amazement at the little fellow's eloquence.

"Here, Thady—stop!" shouted the doctor as the boy moved away. "Your name is O'Brien and the doctor's is Crosbie, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here," continued the doctor, "is the Medical Review, in which your father's case is prominently set forth."

"I can read, sir," said Thady proudly. "Don't play with the bones of the dead, if ye please, sir."

"No, no, Thady," said the doctor, kindly. "I know Dr. Crosbie, and there are those in this house who know him better than I." Thady shrewdly looked toward Lucy, and she blushed crimson. We will inquire about you, Thady. What rent do you pay?"

"A shilling a week, sir."

"Fifty-two shillings a year. And how many rooms have you?"

"Wan, sir."

"And how many tenants are there in the whole house?"

"Ten, besides the grocery on the ground floor, sir."

"Hum! hum! I said the doctor. "So the fellow gets more for that one house than he pays me for five—and he wants me to reduce his rent at that. Miserably must the poor be crushed by such bargains!"

"True for ye, sir," said Thady. "If your honor would only take the house into your own hands."

"I can't do that, boy," said the doctor, musing. "Thady," said he, after a pause, "how old are you?"

"Sixteen come Twelfth Day, sir."

"Hum! hum! Well, I'll ask Dr. Crosbie about you, and if he gives you half as good a character as you have given him I'll give you charge of the house you live in. You shall have it at the same price he pays—on condition that you don't charge the others more than enough to get your own part rent free and a fair price for the trouble in collecting. A dill not renew his lease for any of them, either. If you show yourself honest and capable, here's an opening for a living for you."

Thady's heart was too full for words now. He blushed, hung his head, stood still, and then wept his thanks.

"Call here to-morrow," said the doctor, willing to relieve his grateful embarrassment.

"Thady, said Lucy, calling him back, "I want a word with you. Have you a couple of pleasant rooms in your house to let me?"

"What, miss—me lady?" said the boy, astonished.

"What?" said Dr. O'Rourke.

"Why father," said Lucy, "you certainly have not forgotten your promise you made this morning that when Thady has a house to let I may be married."

"Ho! ho!" said the doctor. "Well, when one has a pill to take the sooner it is off his mind the better. Marry as soon as your mother can get you ready, for I see you are both of a mind. But don't you go and tell Dr. Crosbie what depends on his endorsement of Thady here."

"Sure, sir, Dr. Crosbie would not tell a lie to us—to us—to free Ireland," said Thady earnestly.

"Get out of the house, you little rogue!" said the doctor. "You've done in two hours what my wife and daughter have been trying in vain to do for two years."—M. P. Saechain in the Mount Angel Magazine.

THE AGE OF THE EARTH.

The discovery of radium has again introduced the question of the age of the earth. The Church will, no doubt by insinuation if not overtly, be assailed for her want of knowledge on this great question. It is well to remember that when the Church speaks of six days of creation she has never defined the length of the days. A man then, is free to believe that the days were of twenty-four hours' duration, in which the great Creator wrought the wonders that years, according to His established order, would take to perform; or that the days are another name for ages of illimitable periods.

The Church has no objection with the size of "the days of creation," for she does not teach science, and yet fearlessly challenges department of knowledge to do aught but confirm her ideas received in revelation, and her wisdom in teaching and preserving her everlasting tenets. Science cannot contradict revelation, for all science can do when it does well, is to discover in the coal pit what is the meaning of the hieroglyphic of nature found there—and this is nothing more or less than deciphering a revelation. Nature's voice and religious expression are cognate; both tell of the Creator; both are revelations in the true sense of the term; both bespeak His everlasting truth.—Catholic Union and Times.

THE PERSONALITY OF A BISHOP

ITS FAR REACHING INFLUENCE IN THE LIFE AND GROWTH OF THE DIOCESE OVER WHICH HE RULES.

Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, the able and beloved Superintendent of the Parish schools of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, enjoyed the high privilege of preaching the sermon at the consecration of Right Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., the new Bishop of Portland, Maine, in the cathedral of that diocese on Thursday, October 18. Bishop Walsh, it may be stated, advances to the episcopate from an office similar to that occupied by Father McDevitt, that of Superior of schools of the Archdiocese of Boston, and in the choice of the Philadelphia priest as the preacher at the consecration ceremony of October 18 is seen a happy expression of the esteem engendered in the devoted men for the same holy cause—Christian education. Father McDevitt had a distinguished audience, including all the prelates of New England, prominent State officials and a vast congregation of the laity. His spoke in part as follows:

Truly the complexity and vastness of the Catholic Church and her oneness in faith constitute an ever present miracle and must compel the question, what the power that coordinates into our simple belief the nations of the world? What the ever abiding influence that keeps and has kept through the ages the countless heterogeneous body of men, one in belief, so that the child of the Church, at all times, proudly claims that the spiritual inheritance that is his comes down so him pure, unchanged and undiminished. Is it of God or of man? It is of both.

The unity of the Catholic Church is divine in its origin: Almighty God however, deals with all institutions that concern man in a human manner. Hence in the maintaining of the unity of the Church, the most wonderful perhaps of all her notes, God makes use of human instruments, those whose duty it is to guard the Church and especially that note which brings her closer to the one God of truth. Those upon whom rests the responsibility for the oneness and the purity of the faith are the chosen Bishops, the Pope himself being one by reason of the power of order, while the priest is but the delegate of the Bishop.

To day we assemble to witness the consecration of one of those leaders in Israel; and the ceremony, so beautiful and significant, suggests a few thoughts upon the character and labors of those who are honored by the Most High.

I would here express the conviction that the preacher's place on this occasion might more fittingly be filled by one of the distinguished members of the hierarchy. A Bishop is the only one who can adequately describe what is the character, what are the labors of a true Catholic Bishop.

With the wisdom and strength that flow from the grace of order, with the knowledge that comes from the testing or the modifying of theories in the actual government of the Church, as a one familiar with the religious, moral and social aspects of his office can best tell the characters, the duties, the trials, the labors, the failures, the successes, the sorrows and the consolations of a Catholic Bishop. I shall be pardoned if in his presence I presume to speak what another might more fittingly utter. What I shall say is drawn from the observation of the working out in another field of activity, of principles, fundamental and universally recognized.

The life, the soul, the animating spirit of diocese is the Bishop. He inspires, strengthens, encourages, or he culls, stifles and paralyzes. He dominates for good or evil priests and people, and he leaves the impress of his rule upon a diocese for generations. Flow powerful and far reaching is the personality of a Bishop. Most striking of all the reflections is the fact that while he moulds and fashions by word and deed, he makes the keenest and deepest impression through the influence that flows out from his interior, spiritual life. We are apt to forget that the mightiest forces of nature are secret and hidden, and that the great deeds of a man's life are not always those which place his name high and clear on the scroll of fame. Truly has it been said that a man's most effective work is often done when he seems to be making the least effort; that there is a power coming from an individual, not by voice of design, but silent and involuntary; that this power takes its quality from the very substance of a man's character and flows from the very spirit of a man's life. What a man has, no gives; what he has not, he cannot give, and no verbal declarations, no high sounding pretensions can make things other than they are. "It is not what we say and do, but what we are," says a thoughtful philosopher, "that actually counts in our dealings with men."

Therefore, if sincerity, zeal, truth, justice, humility, piety and reverence dominate the life of a Bishop, quickly indeed, will priest and people respond to the all moving influence. No fact is more luminous, more certain than the play of mind upon mind, of heart upon heart.

No child can withstand the influence of parent affection. No people can say the force breaking forth from a true pastor's life; no diocese can remain unmoved by the silent grace that radiates from the high, noble and spiritual life of the man of God who presides over its destiny. His influence is restless as the incoming waves of the sea.

Around the true Bishop ever gather a loyal, God-fearing people and a noble priesthood.

What should be the work of a Catholic Bishop? The ultimate end of a Bishop's life are the honor of God, the glory of the Church and the salvation of souls. \* \* \* The means and methods by which the high purposes of a Bishop's life are accomplished vary according to times and conditions and partake of that wondrous adaptability of the Church herself.

Now a Bishop is a St. Ignatius—a

martyr, pouring out his life's blood in testimony of Christ. Now a St. Augustine, illumining the world with the light of his glorious intellect. Now a St. Acharius—a victim of persecution and harassment, hunted like a wild beast of the forest. Now a St. Gregory, dying in exile because of his love of justice and his hatred of iniquity. Now a missionary, like St. Patrick, carrying the light of faith to the people buried in heathenism and paganism. Now a St. Thomas of Canterbury, ever doing battle against tyranny and oppression that would enslave and destroy the Church. Now a St. Francis de Sales, drawing to God multitudes by the sweetness and the loveliness of his character. Thrilling and inspiring is the story of the heroism, the zeal, the labors and the loyalty, the devotion to all that is high and noble, of these leaders in Israel.

What should be the work of a Catholic Bishop in America? In this land, blessed by God as few lands are, should a Bishop surrounded by loyal, generous and obedient priest and people may carry out in peace and tranquility the divine mission of the Church. True, indeed, there have swept over this country the storms of religious hatred and persecution, but the causes of these sudden outbursts were found in misconception and misrepresentation. Now every day sees the waning of unwarranted prejudices; and the time is not far distant when the great un-Catholic body will behold in the old Church of the centuries not a power to be feared and suspected, but an agency mighty in the rebuilding and the preservation of the institutions of the land. We rejoice that no atheistic oligarchy, fraudulently claiming to be a sister republic, is here to hamper, resist or strangle the Church. No secular official, whether King or legislator, either by law or custom, can dominate the Church that she seems rather a part of the State machinery than the one divine organism founded by Christ, the Son of God.

Here in America varied and vital interests claim a Bishop's zeal. Problems, religious, educational, social, philanthropic, humanitarian, civic and financial demand his attention. Nothing can be neglected; all must be looked after. But with Church free and independent of the secular power the Bishop is at liberty to adopt the methods of action best suited for his environment. But to matter what work may be attempted I venture to say that success, in greatest measure, will follow whenever the mode of procedure is adopted that has been fraught with so much success in the scientific world.

A few words will elucidate this thought. The triumphs of modern medicine form a marvelous history. Face to face with disease the physician of to-day claims many a victory that was but a dream of the physician of the past. But the transcendent glory of the physician of to-day has been achieved not so much in the cure of disease as in the prevention of disease. Curative medicine has its thousands of victories, preventive medicine has its tens and tens of thousands. Now the world has ever its deep moral ailments. Sometimes the heart grows sick when are contemplated the iniquities of our times, the corruption of our political life, the violations of right and justice, the breaches of trust, the ease and flippancy with which the marriage tie is formed and broken and the sorrows and sufferings of humanity.

I may be pardoned if, in the light of the importance of the subject, and the conspicuous attention that the newly-consecrated Bishop has given to it for many years, I refer to the question of education. It is not necessary to dwell upon the clearly recognized position of the Church. Because she is the Church of Christ, guided by the Holy Spirit and rich with the experience of centuries and the nations of the world, she possesses the only true solution of the educational problem. She contends that education must embrace religion; that morality and religion are inseparable and she does not hesitate to say that the elimination of religious truth from any system of popular education must eventually be disastrous to our Christian civilization. For these principles she stands and to make them effective she bids schools arise over this broad land where religious and secular training shall go hand in hand for the perfecting of the whole child. No more constructive and powerful agency for constructive effort in behalf of his people is to be found by a Bishop in America than that of Catholic Christian education.

What glorious possibilities unfold themselves when is scanned the field of Catholic educational effort in America. The Church herself is par excellence the teacher of the world. As a teaching organism she has ever followed the soundest principles and employed the

best methods of education. No proof of this vital truth is needed for those who believe the Church to be divine, because the very fact of her divine commission implies that when Christ gave her authority to teach, He likewise gave her right principles and methods of teaching. Hence, with the Church as an inspiration and a guide, by reason of her principles and methods, with a great army of men and women consecrated to the high calling of the Christian teacher, the leaders of Israel have but to co-ordinate these elements of power in the work of education to produce mighty results.

SCORES DANCE HALLS.

Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, addressed a meeting of the w men of the Cathedral parish and the other Catholic parishes on Sunday afternoon, giving one of the most forceful addresses ever heard in the Cathedral. It has been the desire of the metropolitan for some time to address the various temperance organizations of women in the Dubuque parish, and on Sunday the announcement that he was to address them brought out a large delegation of interested workers. The Archbishop was especially severe on the dance hall evil, and announced his purpose to adopt severe measures to stamp it out. In speaking of this matter he said:

"I beg of you, dear friends, most earnestly to take this to heart. It concerns the purity and enjoyment of our young people. What the school is for the soul, so the dance hall is to the young. Such halls exist among us. Then our duty is to keep an eye on them, our duty to stamp them out of existence. It is the intimate duty of each to see that no young man or woman of your family should enter these dance halls. During this winter season never see sight of this and especially on Saturday night see to it that none of your family shall go to the dance hall. I shall call the clergy and advise them to refuse admission to those who frequent these dance halls. And the parents shall likewise be refused admission. You see how profoundly I take this matter. Please co-operate with me and spread it among your friends in the city, to all Catholics and decent people. Let every young woman make up her mind that nothing shall influence her to enter such a place. Take this to heart and work for it, and it, during the winter the word comes to me that the dance hall evil is on the wane, how I shall bless you for my aid in putting a stop to the evil."—True Voice.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

If we bore carefully in mind what Christmas really is, we wonder what our Christmas gifts would be, and whether Christmas would be quite the time of hurry and worry, confusion and care, that only too often now it is found to be. Christmas is really the season of peace; the time when God gave to earth His own most wonderful gift, His Son Jesus Christ. But that coming of Jesus was not in luxury and grandeur, to riches and state. No, He came in poverty and lowliness to a stable, to want and cold. Surely our first thought on Christmas ought to be of Jesus of the love of Jesus, of what we can do for Jesus. But what is it really that we do?

Are we not so busy with Christmas preparations, in the way of Christmas presents, that we do not find time to prepare as we should for our Christmas Communion? If our thoughts were centered on that—on the meeting of the Child Jesus in His Sacrament of Sacraments, not being content with the obligation of hearing Mass only, but craving to hold that—our newborn Saviour in our very hearts, to have a smile, if someone think we should begin to consider also what gifts we would and could give to Him in His poor and needy; and that gradually we would care less and less we grown people, for Christmas gifts to one another. Those could come on birthdays, birthdays, anniversaries, instead. Christmas day would be kept sacred for our offerings to our pastors, who bring our Lord to us—for our gifts for children, "the little ones" of Christ's flock;—and for our lavish offerings to Jesus in the person of His poor, sick, lonely members, whether in hospitals, prisons, noisirs, or wherever they might be.

Shall we not think this matter over, very carefully, and decide, once for all, to keep Christmas—Christ's birth day—for Christ indeed, giving our hearts and everything else to Him?—Sacred Heart Review.

No one can be good or great or happy except through inward effects of his own.—F. W. Robertson.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 15th, 1906. To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

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

I, therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

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

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

In its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Believe me and wishing you success, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, APOST. DELEG.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1906.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ontario took place on Tuesday, 11th inst., at the Bishop's residence, Peterborough.

For several years these meetings have been held a couple of times a year, when matters pertaining to the Church in the Province were discussed.

No doubt they will tend to promote peace and good-will and happy relations between the ecclesiastical authorities and the laity.

ENEMIES OF THE CROSS. It is sad to think that Ecuador's politicians have taken a leaf out of the book of M. M. Clemenceau and Combes, and have determined upon the destruction of religion in that State which was so recently as 1865 a model Catholic Republic, under the glorious rule of that model President, Garcia Moreno.

During the Garcia regime, the Republic was solemnly and officially consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, but it lost its religious fervor after Garcia was assassinated in 1875 by one of the anti-Christian Free Masons' clique, and since then the State fell into the hands of a transient Atheistic and Masonic clique who have determined to make the country Atheistic by the total destruction of all religion.

These persecuting rulers have for years kept religious teachers out of the schools, banishing them from the country, and not permitting them to do any part of the work for which they were instituted, such as managing the hospitals and refuges for orphan children and those who have been abandoned by their parents. Even they interfere with the celebration of divine worship and where they see fit, prevent the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

There are seven dioceses in Ecuador, but all are without Bishops except Quito, where the aged Archbishop Suarez is allowed to live precariously, because he is old and feeble, and the government, or rather the tyrant, who as President, governs the country according to his own will, imagines that the Archbishop is too feeble to oppose his will effectually.

But it may be said, why does not the Holy Father appoint Bishops for the vacant sees, as there is complete separation of Church and State in the Republic? It is because the President claims all the rights of patronage, which were formerly claimed by the kings of Spain, as if an anti-Christian President could possibly inherit rights in the administration of Church affairs, which were granted to Christian Princes, from time to time, in consideration of their zeal for religion, and their encouragement to its practices. Among the rights thus claimed is that of nominating Bishops.

It is just the position in which the Holy Father found himself placed when nearly a score of dioceses were vacant in France. The Holy Father was patient to that degree that he did not fill the vacant sees while it was clear that great offence would be given to the Atheistic Premier M. Combes. But there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and M. Combes reached that point, and on one day the Pope himself consecrated the eighteen Bishops who were needed to fill the vacant sees, and these took possession of their sees to the intense indignation of the tyrant, who looked on with no consoling thought further than to nibble in anger at his finger nails.

The day will come when Ecuador will throw off its apathy, and by that time

France, too, may celebrate its triumph over its apostate rulers.

History furnishes us with many examples of the evil fate of persecutors.

In the old Roman Empire, freedom of worship was first proclaimed for Christians in A. D. 312—but not till 323 was this proclamation put into force.

By 330, Christianity was the dominant religion of the Empire. In 390 Julian the Apostate attempted to crush Christianity and restore Paganism, Judaism, and anything which might annoy the Christians. In 263 Julian was himself crushed by a pagan army from Persia, and he died dreading heaven with the blasphemous exclamation: "Galilean, Thou has conquered."

In the next year Christianity was again dominant, and its influence increased rapidly till Rome became an independent monarchy under the Popes in 728, and it flourished by its concord with Pepin of France in 755, and with Charlemagne from 800, and for many generations.

In 1793, the Catholic Church was crushed in France, and was even in a worse condition that it is in to day.

To make sure their work, the French Republicans abolished the calendar and even the days of the week. The seasons were changed and the era of the revolution was substituted for the era of Christ. A pagan idol—that is, a woman of ill fame, was set up in Notre Dame church of Paris to be adored by the people. But the Revolution's insatiable appetite for blood was appeased within a few years by the blood of its own parents and children—Marat, Danton, Robespierre and the reign of terror ended after nine years' existence!

History will repeat itself alike in Ecuador and France.

We need not be so very much astonished at such things happening. It is the spirit of the world, instigated by the devil, who is always endeavoring to overthrow the work of Christ—and local attempts are made to do likewise, from time to time, in almost every parish in our own country. The devil is at work as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour; and, as a matter of course, his devotees seek to destroy the priests, who are the instruments by means of which their machinations are exposed and made harmless. Just as in France and in Ecuador, in our Canada also these disturbers carry on a campaign of lies—and they cannot endure to have the mask of hypocrisy torn from their faces.

Christ Himself will protect His Church and its pastors; for in sending them forth to preach His Gospel, has He not said:

"Into whatsoever city you enter, and they receive you not, going out into the streets say, even the very dust of your city which cleaveth on us do we wipe off against you. It shall be more tolerable in that day (of their sin and their judgment) for Sodom than for that city. Wee unto thee Chorazin! Wee unto thee Bethsaida! For if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon which have been done in you, they would long ago have done penance sitting in sackcloth and ashes. But it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the judgment than for you. And thou Capernaum, which are exalted to heaven, shall be thrust down to hell."

Then more specially to the priests, represented by His seventy-two missionary disciples as well as to the Apostles, He adds:

"He that heareth you, heareth Me, and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me." (St. Luke x. 16.)

The Catholic people of Canada are of a different class from those of France and Ecuador, and they will not tolerate for a day the crusaders of calumny—snakes in the grass who strike in the dark, but who will surely be dragged forth to have their deeds exposed in the full light of day.

As long as we strive for what we can get out of the world in material things, there will be strife, and war, and distress, but when we try to see what we can put into this life, and how we can enrich it, the world will be transformed. If we were to instill this religion of the lowly Nazarene into every life, it would not take long to get rid of graft and corruption in politics. I am satisfied that every year finds our religion farther and farther along, and the time will come when 'every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess,' and when that time shall come, we will all stand on that platform which Christ laid: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.'

Many deep thinkers having in view the wonderful progress which the Catholic Church has made, and its unprecedented vitality, are of opinion that the Catholic Church will surely win her way to the first place in the United States, and will be practically the national Church of the great American Republic. Pius X. has also expressed this opinion, and we believe the day will arrive when this shall be the case. Should this forecast be correct, the morality and prosperity of the country, temporal as well as spiritual, will be assured; for the causes which are leading it to destruction will then be removed, and "the truth will make the

nation really free," under the influence of a religion whose dogmas change not because they are true, and whose morality, founded upon an indestructible faith will lead the human race to the noble destiny for which it was created.

"I think as I grow older, that I place a higher estimate on moral questions than I used to. In fact, I believe that we all do, for in our later years, these things attract us. In our earlier years, we are filled with thoughts of money, and power and fame. But as we grow older, we begin to consider more those things which are ethical."

He made reference also to the opinion some months ago given utterance to by Dr. Osler, that men cease to be of use at sixty years of age, and that at this age it would be well that they were chloroformed. Mr. Bryan said:

"It may be that while man reaches, perhaps, before this age the zenith of his physical or mental powers, yet the sweet wholesomeness of his moral character becomes a benediction to all mankind in his declining years." He added impressively, "a man's moral character ought to grow up to the moment of his death. Since I have had the opportunity of studying other religions, I have come to place a higher estimate on our religion. I joined the Church when I was fourteen years of age, an age when I was too young to understand much about creeds; but I believe I understand the fundamental principles of the different beliefs."

I read a book by Herbert Spencer, at one time, in which he tried to frame morality without religion, and I was never in my life so disgusted by the utter failure to prove a point, as was evident in that book. There can be no morality without religion."

I cannot conceive of a morality without religion. Religion is the staying power which holds a man up regardless of what may be the storm around him. I have only known public affairs intimately for about sixteen years, and yet in that short time I have known man after man that he lacked religion. If a man has not that staying quality, he is going to break down, for the only power which enables a man to stand the responsibilities and worries of this life, is the power of religion."

It is much to be regretted that French statesmen are not imbued with similar belief in the power of religion. Had this been the case, the schools of France would not have been made godless by force, and the morality of the people would not have been destroyed by the Godless education in which the present generation of France has been reared, with the result of an unprecedented increase of crime, and a degeneration of the people as evinced by the falling away of population to the extent of 10,985 in a single year. Alas! how rapidly has Infidelity among that once progressive and prosperous people caused their fall through the predominance of an Infidel government for a generation!

Mr. Bryan continued:

"To my mind the greatest virtue is forgiveness, for no one can forgive who does not love, and no one can love who does not forgive. It is because this religion of Jesus Christ is founded upon love that I believe it is going to conquer the world. I believe there is going to be a great change in our ideas."

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TIME FOR ACTION BY KNIGHTS.

The situation of the Catholics in France requires prompt action by the Knights of Columbus. The eloquent Father Fidelis lamented the fact that the American Federation of Catholic Societies and the Knights of Columbus were not in France to take up the burden of militant Catholicism not to defend the Church.

It is a time when knighthood is needed for the defense of the faith in that country. We Knights of Columbus are thousands of miles away from the scene of the conflict between infidelity and the grand old Church. But we can make our shots tell as forcefully as if we were on the ground.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

As Christmas is the feast of the children and of the family, inevitably, when it comes around, memory goes back to days of old. Who does not remember Christmas as it was in the days of his childhood?

PRE-CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Once again the blessed Christmas-tide draws nigh when the Christian world seeks respite from care and the spirit of unrest; and the larger heart and kinder hand of humanity are everywhere in evidence.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

But Christmas is especially and so prominently children's day. It is theirs by every right, human and divine. Then, indeed, the words of Christ, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," have an emphasized, tender significance.

ADVENT.

The last month of the year ushers in the holy season of Advent. The word advent implies a coming, and is used by our Holy Mother, the Church, to designate the season of devotion and religious preparation for Christmas, the birthday of our dear Lord and Master.

Let us pray for those to whom the season of Advent brings tears and yearning. Let us be generous as we pray during Advent, which brings us such sweet and holy thoughts of the coming of the dear Babe of Bethlehem.

With Advent comes the last month of the year and we are constrained to look backward. Perhaps we shall gaze on days of sorrow and think of the loved ones that in the past year have been taken from us, or it may be that we shall think of the happy days now gone, when the goodness and the mercy of God were so manifest even to our dull understanding.

MEDITATIONS ON THE ROSARY.

THE RESURRECTION.

The body of Jesus was taken from the cross by Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea and laid in a beautiful new sepulchre and His blessed mother attended Him there with all the neatness and gentleness of a loving mother's hand.

THE ASCENSION.

Forty days after His resurrection, during which period He constantly appeared unto His chosen apostles and instructed them concerning the government, ministrations and sacraments of the Church, He led them out to a hill near Bethany and lifting up His hands, the same hands still marked by the wounds from the nails, He blessed them, and said: "All power is given unto Me in Heaven, and on earth, go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and lo! I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

When the days of Pentecost were accomplished, they were all together in one place; and suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting.

And there appeared to them parted tongues as it were of fire, and it sat upon every one of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak.

THE ASSUMPTION.

Fifteen years after the death of her divine Son, the Blessed Virgin died. Her death took place in Jerusalem in the same room in which Our Lord had instituted the Blessed Sacrament.

THE CORONATION.

The Blessed Virgin, after her glorious assumption into heaven where she was received by millions of angels, was crowned by her Divine Son as Queen of all the angels and saints, and the holy Church on earth also calls her as her Mother and her Queen.

MODERN CHARITY EXPLAINED.

THOUGH LITTLE UNDERSTOOD IT MEANS PURE POLITICS, GOOD GOVERNMENT AND SANITARY LAWS.

On a recent Sunday the Rev. M. J. Riordan, of St. Charles' church, Pikesville, Md., delivered an eloquent sermon on the beauty and glory of "Charity." His treatment of the topic is based principally upon the changing significance of the word under the laws, the wealth and the habits of modern civilization, and he strikes far below the stereotyped surface of things into the true bed rock of all which that most Christian virtue should stand for.

THE HIGHEST KIND OF CHARITY IS THE LOVE OF GOD FOR HIS OWN SAKE, COUPLED WITH THE LOVE OF MAN FOR GOD'S SAKE.

Modern charity deals with causes rather than effects, believing that an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure. One life is saved by the nurse on the battlefield, but thousands are spared by stopping or preventing war.

Fruit-a-tives advertisement. "FRUIT-A-TIVES" differ from any other remedy in the world. They cure, absolutely, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Bowel and Skin Troubles. Because none of the usual remedies have given you relief, is no reason why you should not give "Fruit-a-tives" a good, honest trial.

for money to buy comforts for the worker against the work "by fathers for their families, by mothers for their children, by children for their parents," by the poor for the poor, and by neighbors for one another, and the latter will outweigh the former.

An Ideal Christmas Gift THE ROSARY IN FINE JEWELS. We have made a careful selection of Jewels and you will find them "rich and rare." Our Rosaries are especially strong in wire and chain connections, and we claim they are the best now offered to the public.

EPPS'S COCOA. You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than EPPS'S COCOA. A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical.

HAYES' PATENT METALLIC ROOFING CO. TORONTO, CANADA. STEEL LATHING. To be good and disagreeable is high reason against virtue.—Aron.

We Have Plenty of Hard Coal, and it is Truesdale Coal. which will surely give you satisfaction. It is a favorable time now to get in your requirements for the winter. Phone me. JOHN M. DALY, Phone 348 19 York Street

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Third Sunday of Advent.

THE VICE OF SCANDAL.

"And he confessed, and did not deny." Gospel of the day.

Brethren: It is too bad that Catholic laymen do not realize the important mission God has confided to them in the workings of His Church among men. How much they can and ought to do, not only for the salvation of their fellow-Catholics, but for those outside the Church, is a fact seldom considered. Yet this is a truth: Catholic laymen by their good example, owing to the peculiar and daily opportunities thrown in their way, can bring back to the practice of faith not only negligent Catholics, but also many honest Protestants whom a priest could never reach.

Now, Catholic men, God has given you a great and precious gift when He blessed you with a divine faith, and it is a gift for which you will some day have to render an account. It is true you are not called upon to go out on the streets and proclaim before the public the faith that is in you, to boast of your Catholicity; but you are obliged to confess before all men, by your example, by the modesty of your conduct, by the purity of your speech, by your honesty in business, by your charity to the poor, by your respect and reverence for God and things holy, that you belong body and soul to a faith that teaches uprighteness of life and abhors iniquity. This is the confession you are called upon to make, and this is the confession which many Catholic men in our day fail to make, and by their failure bring discredit upon the religion of Christ, disgrace upon the Church, and ruin upon their own souls.

You do not realize, brethren, your own power to influence others. See what advantages you possess. You have a faith that is unerring. You have a religion that is an infallible guide. You have principles founded on that faith which will always direct you in the right path. You have the examples of the heroic lives of the saints to encourage you, and the advice and counsel of earnest Bishops and priests to instruct and assist you. Where others are weak you are strong, strengthened with the sacramental grace, with a faith that is divine.

But the great folly with many Catholic men is this, that they fancy their only work on earth is to look out for themselves, enjoy life to the full, and then by some miracle of God's mercy scramble into heaven as best they can. Let every man take care of himself, is a false and heathen maxim, and one unworthy of a Christian to whom God has freely given the faith.

Besides this, brethren, while there are many who do not confess the faith openly and honestly, who by their want of a rightness fail to make the influence of their faith affect those about them, there is still another class who may be said to actually deny their faith. That sounds strange to your Catholic hearts, but, brethren, thank God there are few who squarely and openly deny their faith, and such a denial is usually preceded by a total rejection of nearly all the commandments.

But there are many who practically deny it, many who turn a deaf ear to its moral teaching, many to whom the faith is a problem, an hypothesis, true enough in theory but too exacting in practice. They are the Catholic men who rarely approach the sacraments; they are the Catholic men who feel no remorse at missing Mass; they are the Catholic men who make light of religious observances. The men who, when they come together, aping the manners and the swagger of the worldly-minded, consider it a smart thing to boast of and joke about, how careless and how indifferent they are to the practices of their faith. This is particularly a mean and cowardly fault in some young men who, while believing in their hearts, converse and act as if they did not believe.

Brethren, your faith is too precious a treasure to be treated lightly, and the things connected with it are too sacred not to prize it highly. Your calling as Catholic laymen demands that you should first cherish it yourselves and then make its influence felt by others.

TALKS ON RELIGION.

THE LAST SACRAMENTS.

The sacraments which Christians receive as a preparation and an aid to help them from time to time to a happy eternity, are called the last sacraments. They include the last confession, the last Communion and the last anointing before death shuts out the world from our mortal view.

"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching." (St. Luke xii. 35). Sentinels watch in the time of warfare to raise the alarm when the enemy approaches. There is a watchman at the prow of the ships that plow the deep to signal danger ahead. Then our Lord says to us: "Watch ye, therefore, because you know not the day nor the hour." (St. Matt. xxv. 13). At our baptism when the priest placed a burning taper in one hand he admonished us: "Receive this burning light, and keep thy baptism as to be without blemish; observe the commandments of God, that when the Lord shall come to the nuptials, thou mayest meet Him in the company of all the saints in the heavenly court, and have eternal life."

To have eternal life we must be ready when the sudden call comes. The call into eternity, though expected, is sudden. The coming of the bridegroom was expected by the foolish virgins, yet was so sudden that they had no oil for their extinguished lamps. There is no welcome for those who go beyond the grave, if they have not on the wedding garment of sanctifying grace.

We do not know the day nor the hour. David spoke truly when he said that "there is but one step between me and death." Someone else, several

whom we know are near death, but we do not realize that the hand writing on the wall is for us—that our days are numbered. How many experience the feelings of King Ezechias: "My generation is at an end, and is rolled away from me as a shepherd's tent. My life is cut off as by a weaver; whilst I was yet beginning he cast me off." (Is. xxxviii. 12)

Men who go as defendants before an earthly tribunal make special preparation for the ordeal. It is therefore evident that Christians should prepare for the judgment instituted after death by Our Lord Himself. Many daily pray, but we fear in a rather listless way. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death."

We cannot overestimate the importance of our last earthly confession. All confessions are most important, but the last is the most important of all in this time of probation and of mercy. "The night cometh when no man can labor." It is an unworthy cowardice which makes Christians who are seriously sick delay their confession. It is a sinful neglect for those who notice that the shadows are gathering not to notify the sick of their condition. The love that conspires to deceive is counterfeited, the friendship which makes people dumb at such an hour is treason—treason to an immortal soul.

The iniquity of life will then seem to be concentrated into one brief moment. The approach of death will remove many disguises and we will realize our want of sincerity, the weakness of our purposes of amendment, then we will seek to make up for our deficiencies. We will then see how little we can do of ourselves, and how much we depend upon the mercy of God and the Precious Blood of Our Lord. The last confession ought to be a link in a chain of good and sincere confessions that reach back to the dawn of reason.

A good last confession is a preparation for the reception of Our Lord in the holy Viaticum. The Lord comes to comfort and to strengthen the dying person. The priest says, as he enters with the Blessed Sacrament: "Peace be to this house and to all who dwell in it." In Bethlehem the angels sang in the presence of Our Lord, "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will." It is to be expected that the sick person is one of good will; one who says from his heart, "Father, not my will but Thine be done." The priest in giving the Viaticum says: "Receive, brethren, the Viaticum of the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ, to keep thee safe from the deadly foe, and lead thee into life everlasting."

Extreme unction is next imparted. The Catechism says: "The sacrament of extreme unction is the anointing of the sick with holy oil, accompanied with prayer." St. James says of this sacrament in verse 14, and chapter 5: "Is any one sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him."

The soul is comforted and strengthened by this sacrament. It should be received not when the good fight is nearly over, but in the beginning of the battle for heaven. Hence it should not be unnecessarily delayed. In anointing the organs of the senses, the priest says: "by this anointing aid His own most tender mercy, may the Lord forgive thee whatever thou hast sinned by thy sight," "hearing," etc. After the indulgence the command is given: "Go forth, O Christian soul!"

USE THE NEWSPAPERS.

The Pailist Father Smith says that "the tallest pulpits to day is the printing press." Who can doubt it? But even if it were not the tallest it is very tall. In the United States for instance, there are a few score millions of people who are preached to from other pulpits.

In our seminaries much time is taken up in the oratorical training of candidates for the priesthood. The results are, on the whole, satisfactory. But not so much time is put in the literary training of the seminarians. Yet it is much harder to learn to write well than to talk well.

Our priests are compelled to become talkers by the necessities of their ministry. Very few of them write for publication, because they did not receive the necessary discipline in their student days, and necessity does not step in to make literary artists of them after they begin the actual work of the ministry.

There is a feeling among priests that it is not exactly dignified to appear in the public press. But it is conceivable that St. Paul would have shrunk from newspaper publicity if it had been offered him?

Before the invention of printing men had to talk; it was the only effective way of spreading ideas. But now that we have a better way, we should make use of it.

Over in England at a recent conference of the Catholic Truth society the Rev. Dean Rothwell told of his method of using the bill board for the spread of Catholic truth. He suggested the use of colored posters, attractively printed, on which Catholic belief and practice might be set forth in simple words.—Catholic Sentinel.

Among the blessings and enjoyments of this life, there are few that can be compared to the possession of a faithful friend, who will defend you when you are unjustly assailed by the tongue of calumny, who will not forsake you when you have fallen into disgrace who will rejoice at your prosperity and grieve at your adversity, and will add to your joys and diminish your sorrows by sharing in both.

The highest sanctity is perhaps oftenest reached by utterance peasants of whom nothing is heard—men who frequented no literary realms of fancy but deemed themselves sufficiently provided for by a world of Duty and a world of Hope.—Abbey de Vere.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

The New York Sun of recent date contained a pathetic narrative of the death of an old Chinese physician, who had been baptized a Catholic forty years ago in China—but "forgot" and relapsed in paganism.

A few weeks ago word came to the Bellevue hospital that an old Chinese physician poor and far spent in consumption, lay awaiting death in his mean little room at 8 Pell Street. They sent the ambulance to the house and took away the sick man, whose name was Samuel Tinlock, to the hospital.

One day, soon after he had been brought to the home wherein he was to die, the sick man's eye caught a glimpse of the black garbed priest moving from bed to bed down the long rows and bending over each sufferer to speak something into his ear. The priest was Father McCaffrey of the Carmelite church on East Twenty eighth street near First avenue.

The Chinaman raised a skinny arm and crooked a finger at the priest. Father McCaffrey came over to his bedside. He had to bend his head very low to catch what the sick man was saying.

"I want to bless myself, Father," said Tinlock. "I want you to hear me and see if it is right. I used to know how to say it many years ago."

Then the Chinaman's lips moved and there came the whispered: "In the name of the Father and of the Son"—the skinny finger strove to trace the sign of the cross across the forehead of the old man, but the priest's hand was held back by the sick man's chest, and the final words of the blessing trailed away into a murmur.

Father McCaffrey sat down on the side of the bed and talked low to the patient. Only the sick man's eyes answered; they shone with a responsive gleam when the priest recited the prayers for the grievously afflicted and the dying.

Several days passed and Father McCaffrey came once more to the bedside of Tinlock. Again the sick man made appeal with his eyes and again his lips moved in whispered response to the prayers.

The priest would have asked the Chinaman where he learned the words of the blessing and how it was that he had become a son of the Church, but the yellow lips of the dying man could do no more than move noiselessly; the breath for speech was not in him.

Another time the priest from the Carmelite church came to the hospital, and that morning they told him that Tinlock would probably die before night. The priest hurried to the bedside of the Chinaman and prepared to give him extreme unction.

That day Tinlock made an extra effort. He spoke to the priest, telling him in halting sentences that he wished to be shrived, praying that the sacraments be given him so that he would then die in peace.

"I was one of the Church many years ago," whispered Tinlock. "It was in Canton—the good father of the Jesus Society, he made me a Christian and my father. But I forgot—but I forgot."

Tinlock had not told it all; just for a fitting moment had he raised the shadow from the past, but the priest had seen enough to assure him that it was a baptized son of the Church that lay dying there.

He heard the confession of the Chinaman, a simple confession, made by noddings of the head to the questions put by the priest, who administered the last sacraments to the returned Christian.

For the last time Samuel Tinlock trailed his skinny finger across his breast in making the sign of the Cross and one final blessing his lips framed. He died an hour after the priest laid his bedside.—True Voice.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Concluding "Some Memories of Cardinal Newman" apropos of the disappearance of the old Birmingham Oratory, a contributor to the London Catholic Weekly writes:

Newman's last resting-place is at Rednal, in a little graveyard among the pine clad hills, and beside the tiny chapel of the Father's country house. A little patch of green where the wood comes to an end is dotted with simple crosses which mark the graves. At the head of one mound is a cross similar to the other, save that it bears two names, and beneath it lie the bodies of John Henry Newman and Ambrose St. John. "I was a Newman," wrote in 1870, "with all my heart, to be buried in Father Ambrose St. John's grave; and I give this as my last, my imperative will." And again in 1881: "This I confirm, and insist on, and command." On his memorial tablet in the Oratory we read the words penned by himself as his epitaph: "Ex aëthere et imaginibus in veritatem, from the shadows and symbols of earth into the fulgence of truth that is beyond; from an earthly home into that great eternal home, of whose peace and joy these homes of ours are but dim shadows and types."

Where will you find a friendship so disinterested as that of Jesus Christ? He comes to you, laden with gifts. He brings to you joy and interior sunshine. He brings you peace and tranquillity of heart. You come to Him, empty handed; or, if you have a gift to offer Him, it is the fruit of His bounty.—Cardinal Gibbons.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS.

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C. B., 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Hon. W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice, Hon. J. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario, Rev. John Potts D. D., Victoria College, Rev. Father Tealy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto, Right Rev. A. Sweetman, Bishop of Toronto, Rev. Wm. G. Larn, D. D., Principal Knox College, Toronto, Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, CATHOLIC RECORD, London.

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WHY THE CHURCH IS STRICT.

NO COMPROMISE WHERE THE MARRIAGE BOND IS CONCERNED. Catholic Columbian.

Ever since January 1, 1853, when the divorce courts were established in England under Lord Palmerston, we have frequently heard the question asked, "Why should the Catholic Church be stern in her law regarding divorce?" In these days when the English and American secular press is so full of the subject and when marriage is being secularized in so many countries, it may be well to remind ourselves of what the great sacrament of matrimony is in the Christian system.

We may rest perfectly assured that if the Catholic Church is founded by the Redeemer of man there are many and good reasons for her stern laws. Not the least among them is the necessity to preserve the sacrament of matrimony itself, and consequently to assist in her own preservation. At the present day we have the advantage of working to throw light on the science of the sacraments. That light makes clear the gladsome tidings of great joy, how in the olden time the Maker of man came on earth to teach and help his weak and erring children.

A church which had no marriage legislation would lack what we should expect from the foresight of a wise man; but a study of the Catholic sacrament of matrimony proves that He who instituted it was divine and perfectly understood the needs of His creatures. At the right moment, in the fulness of time our Saviour came on earth to set us the example of His life, to teach us the way to the happiness of heaven and to give us the grace of being born again.

By the union of a Catholic husband and wife an ark is prepared wherein the coming children of the Church are sheltered from dangers to their faith, insured Catholic surroundings and secured a reasonable certainty that they will become members of the Redeemer's household.

From antiquity, his lax guardianship of the marriage tie has by that neglect alone proved itself not of divine origin, not imbued and permeated with a principle of self preservation and propagation, and not zealous for the interests of Christ's creed.

Lax guardianship of the marriage tie leads to disintegration of the family and that fact alone quite justifies the stern law of the Catholic Church regarding marriage and divorce. What then is Catholic marriage? It is not merely a contract for the preservation of the home, the family and human society, but it is far more. It is a contract for the preservation of the Catholic Church. Out of that contract comes the main body of the next generation of Bishops and priests.

The Catholic Church does not, of course, depend absolutely on the sacrament of matrimony for her concrete existence, because she gains recruits by her commission to preach and consequent admission to her fold. But matrimony is one of her own internal means by which she perpetuates herself to people yet to come, and therefore the reasons for her legislation are many and of vital importance.

If the system is destined to preserve and accompany the main body of the Church throughout all time and over all lands, it must be in every way superior to all the opposing systems it will necessarily come in contact with among different nations and from diverse forms of government and religion. If it were not superior, it would soon alter in character and rapidly disappear before the influence of the marriage customs and the strength of the marriage laws it would meet with all over the face of the earth and down the centuries of time.

In the marriage contract there are difficulties sometimes met with, as there are difficulties and disadvantages in every contract for social or business purposes which can be undertaken among the race of men.

Throughout our lives there are misfortunes, troubles, accidents and sickness which will overtake us, whatever our station and whatever our occupation. The golden rule that the inevitable which cannot be cured must be endured, holds good of matrimony as well as of any thing else human. These difficulties which sometimes crop up among the parties to the marriage contract are included in the vow to take each other for what or for worse, but the Catholic knows that the sacrament gives grace and strength to bear it, the proper spirit such trials should they arise.

In bearing them he knows that he strengthens his own heroism and suffering not only for his family and country but for the sake and advantage of that Church whose Founder and Builder is God.

I find that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—O. W. Holmes.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG N.

Studies One Can Take Alone.

People who have a little income and feel their lack of education can make wonderful strides in a year by putting themselves under good tutors, who will direct their reading and study in different lines.

The danger of trying to educate oneself in a desultory, disconnected, aimless way, which does not give any thing like the benefit gained from the pursuit of a definite self-improvement programme. A person who wishes to educate himself at home should get some competent, well-trained person to lay out a plan for him, which can be effectively done when the adviser knows the vocation, the tastes and the needs of the would-be student.

There is one special advantage in self-education, and that is, you can adapt your studies to your particular needs better than you can in school or college. Everyone who reaches middle life without an education should read and study a great deal along the line of his vocation, and then broaden himself out as much as possible by reading in other lines.

One can take up, alone, many studies, such as history, English literature, rhetoric, drawing, mathematics, and can also acquire, alone, a reading knowledge of foreign languages, almost as effectively as with a teacher.

Nothing else will so easily give a person the appearance of having general culture and of being well-read as good knowledge of history. A man who knows history well appears to much better advantage, and he can not be considered an ignorant man, whatever else he may lack.

The daily storing up of valuable information for use later in life, the reading of books that will inspire and stimulate to greater endeavor, the constant effort to improve oneself and one's condition in the world, is worth far more than a bank account to a youth.

How many girls there are in this country who feel crippled by the fact that they have not been able to go to college. And yet they have the time and the material close at hand for obtaining a splendid education, but they waste their talents and opportunities in frivolous amusements and things which do not count in forceful character-building.

It is not such a very great undertaking to get all the essentials of a college course at home, or at least a fair substitute for it. Every hour in which one focuses his mind vigorously upon his studies at home may be almost as beneficial as the same time spent in college.

Every well-ordered household ought to protect the time of those who desire to study at home. At a fixed time in the long winter evenings there should be by common consent a quiet hour for mental concentration, for what is worth while in mental discipline, a quiet time untroubled by time-wasting callers.

In thousands of homes, where the members are devoted to one another, and should encourage and help each other along, it is made almost impossible for any one to take up reading, studying, or any exercise for self-improvement.

Perhaps, those who have nothing in common with their aims or their earnest life, drop in to spend an evening in idle chatter. They have no ideals outside of the bread-and-butter and amusements questions.

There is constant temptation to waste one's evenings, and it takes a strong ambition and a firm resolution to separate oneself from a jolly, fun-loving, and congenial family circle or happy-hearted youthful callers, in order to try to rise above the common herd of unambitious persons who are content to slide along totally ignorant of everything but their particular vocations.

A habit of forcing yourself to fix your mind steadfastly and systematically upon certain studies, even if only for periods of a few minutes at a time, is, of itself, of the greatest value. This habit helps one to utilize odds and ends of time which are unavailable to most people because they have never been trained to concentrate the mind at regular intervals.

A good understanding of the possibilities that live in spare moments is a great success asset. The very reputation of always trying to improve yourself, of seizing every opportunity to fit yourself for something better, the reputation of being dead in earnest, determined to be somebody, and to do something in the world, is a little better than assistance to you, would be of untold assistance to you. People like to help those who are trying to help themselves. They will throw opportunities in their way. Such a reputation is the best kind of capital to start with.

One trouble with people who are smarting under the consciousness of deficient education is that they do not realize the immense value of utilizing spare minutes. Like many boys who will not save their pennies and small change because they can not see how a fortune could ever grow by the saving, they can not see how studying a little here and a little there each day will ever amount to a good substitute for a college education.

I know a young man who never even went to a high school, and yet he educated himself so superbly that he has been offered a professorship in a college; and most of his knowledge was gained during his odd ends of time, while working hard in his vocation. Spare time meant something to him.

The correspondence schools deserve very great credit for tempting hundreds of thousands of people to save the odds and ends of time which otherwise would probably be thrown away. We have heard of some most remarkable instances of rapid advancement which these correspondence school students have made by reason of the improvement in their

education. There are tens of thousands of clerks and employees of all kinds—even mill operatives—who are taking courses in these schools, many of them with almost incredible results. Students have found that their education paid them a thousand per cent. on their investment. It has saved them years of drudgery and has shortened the road to their goal wonderfully.

Wisdom will not open her doors to those who are not willing to pay the price in self-sacrifice, in hard work. Her jewels are too precious to scatter before the idle, the ambitious.

Charles Wagner once wrote to an American regarding his little boy, "May he know the price of the hours. God bless the rising boy who will do his best, for never losing a bit of the precious and God-given time."

The very resolution to redeem yourself from ignorance at any cost is the first great step toward gaining an education.

There is untold wealth locked up in the long winter evenings and odd moments ahead of you. A great opportunity confronts you, what will you do with it?—O. S. M., in Success.

Little Things. The little things in this world often count for much. As we produce happiness in those around us by little acts of kindness, so we can make ourselves and those around us miserable by small acts of meanness. Henry Ward Beecher says:

You need not break the glasses of a telescope, or coat them ever with paint in order to prevent you from seeing through them. Just breathe upon them and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars. So it does not require great crimes to hide the light of God's countenance. Little faults can do it just as well.

Take a shield and cast a spear upon it, and it will leave in it one great dent. Prick it all over with a million little needle shafts, and they will take the polish from it far more than the piercing of the spear. So it is not so much the great sins which take the freshness from our consciences, as the numberless petty faults that we are all the while committing.—Young People.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Cardinal Gibbons to the Children. On a recent Sunday Cardinal Gibbons preached to the children in Baltimore. We hope our boys and girls will read carefully the following beautiful extract from the discourse:

The words of St. Paul may apply to you; you are the temple of the living God, and the spirit of God dwelleth within you. Where the spirit of God is there is liberty. They also enjoy the glorious liberty of the children of God who possess the spirit of God; the heart that is with God. You would like to know how to ascertain whether the Holy Spirit dwells within you. There are certain marks and certain signs by which we can ascertain whether or not we possess the Spirit of God. As we know the tree by its fruit—so we know the presence of the Holy Spirit by His operation within us.

Now, children, the Spirit of God is first of all the spirit of prayer. The man who has the Spirit of God is a man of prayer; he leans upon God. He does not desert human energy or human effort, but he has his confidence and trust in God, and, in every emergency, has recourse to Divine power; so that the man of God, the woman of God will spontaneously lift up their hearts to God in every temptation.

Go to your morning prayers with as much regularity as your morning meals, and pray not only morning and night, but also in times of temptation. Besides these private prayers which we are all obliged to practice at home, I would exhort you, children, and not only you, but all within the reach of my voice, never to fail to worship God in His Church on the Lord's Day, at least. Go hither to lay your sorrows and cares, your burdens and trials, at the altar of God. Go hither, brethren, to refresh your souls, to hear the Word of God, and to receive the sacraments.

Again, children, the Spirit of God is a Spirit of Love. It is a sign that you have the Holy Spirit within you. "You shall love God with your whole heart and soul and your neighbor as yourself." Resist temptation. Now, children, I want to give you—the boys, particularly—the test of your courage. Remember, that the Spirit of God is the Spirit of Temperance. I propose to give the pledge to the boys to-day. All that are under the age of twenty-one are to keep this pledge till they are that age. "Be not drunk with wine; wine is a luxury," said the Apostle. "Be filled with the Holy Ghost,"—Montana Catholic.

Be Honest. Be honest, boys and girls, in all your dealing. Never let the least crookedness enter into your life. Be honest with yourself. Too many people try to deceive themselves. Let there be no dark corner in your heart into which you do not wish to let God's light. Let there be no secret chamber into which you are afraid to enter to note what it contains. Young people get the habit of being untrue to themselves, of shunning whatever is painful or unpleasant. They strive to satisfy themselves that everything is all right, yet their conscience troubles them, and they are afraid to look into the matter to see how they stand. A good examination of conscience in God's holy presence would be very helpful in clearing away the cloud that may harbor a great deal of dishonesty. Be honest with your neighbor. In all your dealings be open, clear, above board. Let the truth shine out in your words, be seen on your countenance, and evidenced in your acts. Men will respect you; your reputation for integrity will be established; and the nobility of your honesty will meet in this life with a great reward.

Be honest with God. The eye of God is ever resting on you. All things are known to Him. We may deceive man, but not God. Honesty is indeed the best policy, and all should be honest,

because it is right and just.—True Voice.

Little Kindnesses. Little everyday acts of kindness—what a power they are! The thoughtful, cheerful word at home, the encouraging word to a friend, the smile that gladdens, the little assistance given regularly for the poor and the reading matter sent them—all these seemingly little things make our lives broader, our sympathies deeper and our minds better and wiser.

Run there is the visit to the sick, the flowers given them now and then, the letter of congratulation or condolence, all proving the truly Christian, thoughtful heart. A helpful life is a happy, useful life, while a selfish existence, even though it be surrounded with luxuries, has nothing to beautify or elevate it.

The reason why so few of us do much good is because we do not understand our limitations, which we can make good only for the trying. We set too small a value on little things, not knowing that they make up our lives and influence them for better or worse.—True Voice.

The Cheerful Face.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it. The bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, but cannot express, and its cheerful smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for very joy. There is a word of blessed magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it, for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.—Our Young People.

IN MEMORIAM ETERNAM.

We justly praise the living when they are worthy by their character and their deeds that they days be long on the dead, and what they were and what they did. "Out of sight, out of mind," is oftenest the case with regard to those on whom the shades of death have fallen; and yet justice to their memory demands that they be not forgotten, when they made the world the better for their dwelling in it. God's ways should be our ways, His grace aiding us; and so we should not forget the good and worthy for He says through the psalmist, "The just shall be in eternal remembrance."

What is noble in a man is always noble; what is beautiful in character is ever worthy of admiration, and though the possessor of these qualities may no longer be present among men, still they live eternally in him because of his immortality. They have their due, but we often forget the dead, just as if they were still among the living. They are remembered in many cases in a way, for example, by some few words on a tombstone, or if they be among the more illustrious, by some few words in print. Still how sorry the memory and how useless the encomium. The marble tablet is seldom seen, and the book or pamphlet grows dusty on the shelves of neglected libraries, and soon the memory of the good and the great and what they did and said pass into oblivion. How forcibly the words of Shakespeare come to the mind wherein the grave-digger, to Hamlet's query, replies that an ordinary man's memory may last six months and a good man's two years, but if it is to last longer, then "Faith, he must but cherish it." It is evident, then, that the praise of the Church best kept the recollection of the departed, and honored their names and works, especially those done in her behalf, by her continuous and effectual remembrances. And what the Church, the mother of all the faithful does, the same should do all her children, notwithstanding the neglect of the rest of men. The nearer are the dead to us by ties of blood and friendship, the better and oftener they should be remembered. The good deeds of father, mother, sisters and brothers should ever be in the halls of our memory to urge our emulation. With them we were in their life's brief span, and we should remember the possibility of our meeting them again where death is no more—in that heaven, let us hope, for which all men were created.

A HEROINE IN THE HABIT.

Some years ago in a city in France all the soldiers were drawn up on the plaza. A woman in the habit of charity was called out in front of the governor general and this is what he said: "Mother Mary Teresa, when you were twenty years of age you received a wound from a cannon ball while assisting one of the wounded on the field at Balaklava. In 1859 the shell from a mitrailleuse laid you prostrate in the front ranks on the battlefield of Magenta. Since then you have been in Syria, in China and in Mexico, and if you were not wounded it was not because you have not exposed yourself.

"In 1870 you were taken up in Rheims covered with many sabre wounds. Such deeds of heroism you crowned a few weeks ago with one of the most heroic actions which history records. A grenade fell upon the ambulance which was under your charge. You took up the grenade in

your arms; you smiled upon the wounded who looked at you with feelings of dismay, you carried it a distance of eighty meters. On laying it down you noticed that it was a gaging burst. You threw yourself on the ground; it burst. You were seen covered with blood but when persons came to your assistance you rose up smiling as if your wound were scarcely recovered from your wound when you returned to the hospital whence I have now summoned you."

Then the general made her kneel down, and drawing his sword touched her lightly with it three times on the shoulder and placed the cross of the Legion of Honor on her habit saying: "I put upon you the cross of the brave in the name of the French people and army. No one has gained it by more deeds of heroism nor by a life so completely spent in self-abnegation for the benefit of your brothers and the service of your country, Soldiers, present arms!"

The troops saluted, the drums and bugles rang out, the air was filled with loud acclamations and all was jubilation and excitement as Mother Teresa arose her face suffused with blushes and asked: "General, are you done?" "Yes," he said.

"Then I will go back to the hospital."—From "The Companionship of Books," by Frederic Rowland Marvin.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. Was in Untold Misery. I should have written before now about that precious Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic, but I thought I would first see what effect it would have. I have used only one bottle this time and am happy to state that I have improved wonderfully. I was not able to leave my bed and could not sleep nor eat, and was in untold misery. Now I can sleep the whole night and am feeling better, and getting stronger every day.

Had it not been for my faith in Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic my life would be too much to bear for the last while, but having used it before I know its value too well to doubt the God-sent relief it brings. Would that the world knew more about it, for it is just wonderful. MAGGIE McDONALD.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. Is the best made. During the last few months great many so-called Liquid Extracts of Malt have been placed on the market and sold at prices for which it would be impossible to make a genuine Liquid Extract of Malt. If you want the best ask for "O'Keefe's" and insist upon getting "O'Keefe's". Price 25c per bottle; 25c per dozen allowed for empty bottles when returned.

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First Wedding Present —not a trinket, but the most necessary article in the new home—a bag of PURITY FLOUR. Choicest Bread Flour in the world. Milled by the latest improved process from the finest Western Canada Hard Wheat. Makes Best Bread With Least Trouble. Sold Everywhere in The Great Dominion. WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., Limited. Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich and Brandon.

SURPRISE A PURE SOAP. HARD SOAP. Illustration of a woman washing a flannel.

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THE DEVIL'S INTENTIONS.

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD: The devil says that I am tired this morning, that I shall have plenty of time to say my prayers after breakfast, because he knows that I shall receive some call to prevent me from saying them at that time; therefore I will rise in time to say them before breakfast.

The devil says it is not necessary for me to hear Mass on week days, because he knows that if I do I shall thereby receive strength to withstand all his wiles and stratagems; therefore I will endeavor to hear Mass, whenever I can.

The devil says it is lawful for me to indulge my appetite to the full, provided I do not make myself ill, because he knows that if I do I shall thereby lose a great deal of my fervor and a full realization of sacred truths; therefore at all my meals I will endeavor to be as temperate as I possibly can.

The devil says it will not do me any harm to follow just once again that inclination which I am earnestly striving to overcome, because he knows that if I resist him, his power over me will become considerably weakened, and that I shall have advanced one long step nearer to God; therefore I will fight against that inclination with all my might.

The devil says I need not have a very great devotion to the Mother of God, because he knows that if I have, she will give me the special protection of her prayers which her divine Son cannot refuse, and because he knows that if I am a dutiful child of Mary I am a child of Paradise, and consequently he will be sure to lose me; therefore I will increase more and more in my devotion to the Blessed Virgin, above all I will daily recite my heads.

The devil says, "don't bother to make acts of reparation to the Sacred Heart, your ordinary prayers are sufficient," because he knows that each time I do so in the proper spirit, I shall very likely be the means of delivering some person though unknown to myself, from his clutches, besides increasing my own spiritual fervor; therefore I will often recite the Litany of the Sacred Heart, or make some other such act of reparation, and especially on the first Friday.

The devil says, "the Holy Church does not oblige me to say my stations, I can be saved without doing so," because he knows that by doing so I shall set free or help to set free the souls in purgatory, who in return will become my intercessors against his power over me, and also because he knows that if I pray frequently for the suffering souls, I shall on the last day, be amongst the number of those to whom the King will say "I was in prison, and ye came unto me;" therefore I will by this means endeavor to help as many souls as I can.

The devil says, that in this dilemma the issues of which I cannot foresee, I must follow the inclination of the moment and act immediately, because he knows that if I do so, I shall find myself in a greater entanglement than ever, and because he knows that if I wait a little longer, there is perhaps a letter on its way to me or some help coming from some person which will unravel my difficulty; therefore I will pray for patience and wait a little before taking action.

The devil is ever on the watch to strike me in some vulnerable part, and at an unguarded moment; therefore I will put on the whole armour of God by using all the means of grace, and he can then do me no harm.—G. F. F.

THE SAINT OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

LITTLE GLIMPSSES OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

There is nothing more noticeable in the character of the Saint of Assisi than his exquisite tenderness towards the temporal needs of his brethren, the wise temperateness with which he ordered and arranged everything pertaining to their physical well being, or the simplicity of his directions in the matter of each individual requirement.

He even went so far as to say that mortification, when carried to that excess which incapacitated a man from performing his duties with exactness, was really self-indulgence. His general teaching is to the effect that, as the body is to be used only as an instrument of the spirit, it should be guided in such manner that it will be as useful and perfect an instrument as possible; inasmuch as if a servant does not nourish himself, or is not given, by his master, sufficient nourishment and care to render him capable of doing his duty, he can be neither a good nor a faithful servant.

We have in the beautiful "Fretti" a vivid picture of the manner in which the Seraph of Assisi made a practical application of this wise and prudent doctrine.

"Once on a time," writes Brother Leo, that quaint and delightful chronicler, "when blessed Francis began to have Brothers, and was staying with them at Rivo Torto, near Assisi, it happened one night, when all the Brothers were asleep, about midnight, one of them called out and said: 'I am dying—I am dying!' And all the Brothers woke up in horror and fear. And blessed Francis got up and said: 'Arise, Brothers, and kindle a light.' And when the light was kindled, he said: 'Who is he that said, 'I am dying?' The Brother replied: 'It is I.' And he said to him: 'What is wrong with you, Brother?' And he said: 'I am dying of hunger.' Then blessed Francis had a meal prepared at once; and, as a man full of love and discernment, and with him, lest he might be ashamed to eat alone; and at his desire, all the other Brothers ate also."

our poverty allows, satisfy his body according to his need."

An incident still more touching, and bearing upon the same subject, occurred also at Rivo Torto. "Another time, when blessed Francis was at the same place, a Brother who was very spiritual, was ill there and very feeble. And blessed Francis, taking note of him, was moved with pity for him; but because at that time Brothers in health and sickness treated poverty as abundance, with great joyfulness, and used no medicines in their infirmities, and even felt no need of them, but rather preferred to take things harmful to the body, Blessed Francis said within himself: 'If the Brother were to eat some ripe grapes in the very early morning, I believe it would do him good.' So he reflected and acted accordingly.

"For he got up one day in the very early morning, and called that Brother secretly, and took him to a vineyard which was near the colony. And he chose a vine on which there were good grapes for eating; and, sitting with the Brother near the vine, he began to eat some grapes, for fear that the Brother should be ashamed to eat alone. And, while they were eating, the Brother was set free (meaning that his ailment departed); and together they praised the Lord."

Incidents such as these, recorded by an eye witness, never lose their flavor but come down to us through the centuries that have elapsed since the son of Peter Bernardone cast aside his raiment in the streets of his native town, and, in the sight of his former frivolous companions, went forth to enter upon the mission of love and labor he was never to lay down till he cast aside the body which had hampered him, and went forth to Paradise, singing palms and praising God.—Ave Maria.

To acquire mistrust of self we have need only to remember three things—first, how often we have erred in our opinions; secondly, how little we have read; thirdly, how little we have studied.—Manning.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

HONORS FOR FATHER MAHONY—DEATH OF FATHER WADEL—CLOSE OF THE GOLDEN JUBILEE. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, His Lordship the Bishop celebrated the Golden Mass at the Cathedral and after the sermon handed the rector, Father Mahony, an official letter commending to him the Holy and King him to the dignity of Dean of the diocese of Hamilton in recognition of his faithful services to the diocese and particularly to the Cathedral, which was indebted for the privilege of its consecration during the year of the golden jubilee chiefly to his zeal in paying off the parochial debt.

The following letter from the Secretary on the death of Father Wadel, the closing exercises of the jubilee year and the offering in aid of St. Ann's was read last Sunday in all the churches.

To the Reverend Clergy of the Diocese. Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers.—In obedience to instructions from His Lordship the Bishop, I hasten to send you official notification of the death of one of our beloved children, the Reverend Father Wadel, after a long and painful illness which he bore most patiently and with resignation to the Divine Will, died a most happy death after being consoled and fortified by the reception of the last Sacraments on Monday last, the 3rd inst., at St. Joseph's Hospital, Quebec. May his soul rest in peace! You will therefore please make your reverent and affectionate prayers for the Holy Communion (if any) in your parishes to remember him in their holy prayers. You are also reminded that the death of the Reverend Father Wadel, who was a member of the Diocesan Synod, requiring every priest on the death of a confessor to say quatuor missae, one Mass for the departed and three for the souls of the faithful departed.

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Your grocer sells it The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Limited NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. Toronto Office, 32 Church St.

THE NATIVITY BAZAAR.

DRAWING AT THE MUSIC HALL—A SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINMENT. The closing entertainment in connection with the nativity bazaar, held under the auspices of the congregation of the Church of the Nativity, took place in the Music Hall on Wednesday night and proved a most successful one. There was a very large attendance. The first part of the evening was devoted to progressive euchre, after which the drawing for the art class donated to the bazaar took place. The National Orchestra played a number of selections during the evening. The winners of the euchre prizes were—Ladies' 1st prize, Miss Ida St. Amant; 2nd prize, Miss Vera Legault; Gentlemen's 1st prize, Arthur Bergeron; 2nd prize, J. Charlebois.

Before the drawing for the Tombois, four of the remaining bazaar articles were drawn for. Little Gertrude Moran from a basket placed in the center of the stage, drew the following numbers:— No. 6, held by Miss Mary Jacques, winning the music machine. No. 15, held by Narcisse Contant, winning the fancy quilt. No. 18, held by George Compton, Brockville, winning the extension table. No. 182, held by Henry Lalonde, winning the art class. The drawing for the Tombois resulted as follows:— 1—Bedroom suit, donated by J. A. McMillan, M. P. P. Glenora; won by No. 332A held by J. Kestwood, Cornwall. 2—Bedroom suit, donated by J. A. McMillan, M. P. P. Glenora; won by No. 129A, held by J. Kestwood, Cornwall. 3—\$10 in gold, donated by D. Danis Pollock, Magistrate; won by No. 270A, held by Joseph Proulx, Cornwall. 4—Fancy extension dining table, donated by Rev. Father Fitzpatrick; won by No. 239A, held by J. D. Morris, St. Henri, Quebec. 5—Novel parlor lamp, donated by J. E. Chevrier; won by No. 38A, held by Miss Emily Leroux, Cornwall. 6—Buffalo robe, donated by T. Desrosiers; won by No. 365A, held by Dr. R. McNichol, Cornwall. 7—\$10 in gold donated by B. LeClair; won by No. 68A, held by Miss Rose Bennett, Cornwall. 8—Fancy vest, donated by Mrs. Louis Bergeron, Cornwall; won by No. 382A, held by Miss Agnes Caron, Cornwall. 9—\$10 in gold, donated by J. R. Duquette; won by No. 374A, held by John Dumas, Three Rivers. 10—Up-to-date suit of clothes, donated by Oscar LeBlanc; won by No. 280A, held by Mrs. A. K. M. Gillis, Cameron's Corners, Cornwall. 11—Baton racket, donated by M. A. Mc Donald & Co.; won by No. 422A, held by John Lefrancois, Chrysler. 12—\$5 in gold, donated by Alex. Laplante; won by No. 101B, held by Calixte Laplante, Cornwall. 13—Five o'clock tea set, donated by Arthur Chevrier; won by No. 409B, held by Jerome Broderick, Cornwall. 14—One dozen artistic photos, donated by R. Douglas; won by No. 894B, held by Mrs. Hurvell, Riverton, Wash. 15—Valuable cut glass bowl, donated by Robert Leland; won by No. 183B, held by D. McMillan, Apple Hill. 16—\$10 in gold, donated by J. R. Tobin, Maple Leaf Hotel; won by No. 1233B, held by Mrs. Leroux, Cornwall. 17—90-cent man's travelling companion, donated by Alfred Boncher; won by 688, held by Donald A. M. D. Smith, Alexandria, lot No. 16 Second Concession of K. N. Y. 18—Gold watch, donated by Rev. Father Moran; won by No. 312B, held by D. G. McDonald, lot 34 Third Concession of Leslie. All persons whose names appear as winners in this list, must present their names and number at the Presbytery before receiving articles.

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The Sovereign Bank of Canada

Table with financial data for The Sovereign Bank of Canada, including Capital Paid-up, Reserve Fund, Sovereign Bank Notes in Circulation, Deposits, and Assets over Liabilities.

Savings Department at all Offices London Branch --- Opposite City Hall, F. E. KARN, Mgr. London East Branch---635 Dundas St., W. J. HILL, Mgr.

Advertisement for Ambrose Kent & Sons, featuring the slogan "Everybody Wants It" and an illustration of a group of people. Text includes "We are Manufacturing Jewelers. Buy from the Master." and "Ambrose Kent & Sons, Limited, 156 Yonge St., Toronto."

Advertisement for "The Gem of Catholic Literature" titled "The Apparitions and Shrines of the Blessed Virgin." It includes the author "By W. J. WALSH" and "with introduction by Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly, D. D." and mentions "Four volumes; 1600 pages; beautifully illustrated."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Canada

THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher

Advertisement for "Catholic Order of Foresters" featuring "Ald. Chas. S. O. Boudreau, Chief Rector of St. Jean Baptiste Court, Ottawa, and Benjamin J. Asselin, Recording Secretary of St. Basil's Court, Brantford, have been appointed Organizers for the Ontario Jurisdiction, and are at work at present, in the interest of Catholic Forestry."

Advertisement for "SPECIAL Pearl Rosaries" with the text "Nineteen inches in length. Post-paid. 50 Cents. CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, ONT."

Advertisement for "Guelph & Ontario Investment & Savings Society" with the text "(Incorporated by Act of Parliament A. D. 1876) DIRECTORS: A. B. PETRIE, President. ROBERT MELVIN, Vice-President. David Sidon H. Howitt, M. D. George D. Forbes, Charles E. Howitt, J. E. McElderry."

Advertisement for "Just Out The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penance." It includes the text "By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L. 15 cents post-paid. CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, CANADA" and "JUST RECEIVED Beautiful Photos of following subjects: Sacred Heart of Jesus. Immaculate Heart of Mary. St. Joseph. Immaculate Conception. Infant Jesus. St. Anthony." and "Price 10c. each. Post Size 4 1/2 x 2 1/2. CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, CANADA"