

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### PROTESTANTISM THE MOTHER OF DOUBT.

Our respected friend the editor of the Christian Guardian is gifted with the ability of being happy and courageous under the most distressing circumstances. To him Protestantism is still growing prospects. He cannot see that the fervor of the old revival days of his sect has passed away, and that the "mood and sensation" kind of religion has been the fruitful mother of religious indifference and doubt. This is apparent to unprejudiced eyes. The editor, however, cannot see it, and reads a little homily on pessimism in the Church. To his mind there is no reason for it. But we, for our part, imagine that the croaker has ground for complaint. With the sects steadily increasing; with ministers besmirching their pulpits with vaudeville allurements; with feeble protests against the sacrament of marriage; with the Bible under the scalpel of broad-minded divines; with our Methodist friends addicted to the tactics of superciliousness; with the report before us that the majority of young men, in the United States at least, never darken a church door, it is little wonder that all the brethren are not so hopeful as the editor of the Guardian. One of them, a Rev. Mr. Raab, tells us that radical attacks on the Bible are being tolerated. He is not a whit optimistic as to the future, and says that a worldly, half-paralyzed church, led by ministers who do not know what to preach, will fall short of changing the moral complexion of the world. Then, again, the leaders of the propaganda against all Christianity regard Protestantism as an inconsequential barrier to their progress. Men like Matthew Arnold declare that Catholicism has a great future before it; that it will endure, while all Protestant sects dissolve and disappear. Others are becoming convinced that to reject historic Christianity and to patch up a theoretical Christianity out of Bible texts, and to claim for this scheme of the brain a sanctity and import which are denied to the source and fountain-head of the Bible itself, is a procedure against which common sense must revolt with scorn and indignation.

### CATHOLICS AND CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

We see by the daily press that our esteemed friend the Hon. Mr. Hackett has received a gracious welcome from his C. M. B. A. brethren in the maritime Provinces. We are pleased to note the fact because the hon. gentleman has left no means untold to make his presidency of the Association an unqualified success. From all accounts also the C.M.B.A. is no weakening in the provinces. Its membership roll is a lengthy one, and represents educated and influential Catholics. There are, of course, men of every social grade on the roster. But the fact of Catholics who have some prestige in the community giving it support and encouragement leads us to believe that they are awakening to a sense of their responsibilities. By throwing in their fortunes with the C. M. B. A. they are bestowing good advice on the Catholics who are tempted to join associations not under the auspices of the Church. We all know what cunning pleading, which is of perilous potency when directed against men out of work or the worldly-minded, is done by the secret society. It talks of mutual assistance and benevolence and hints at the social and political standing it can offer. It points to the members who bear honored names. Day by day it casts its nets, seeking to drag in the Catholic who is ready to sell his soul for anything the ledge can give him in the shape of worldly position. And it does meet with some success, for some of us are cursed with that contempt of authority which is one of the hall-marks of this generation. Instead of listening to the voice of the Church he hearkens to the advice of an advocate of the secret society and becomes a duly installed brother with an assortment of grips and passwords. He knows that such a society has been banned by the Church, but allows himself to be cozened into believing that the decision is for Europe and not for this country. He can easily get authoritative information on this point, but he does not want it. What he is in quest of is a job for himself or a social berth for his wife. He may or

may not secure them, but one thing he is certain to obtain is the contempt of every non-Catholic who can despise a traitor, the terror of a guilty conscience and the fate awaiting every recreant Catholic.

For those of the fold who know their business the secret society has no danger. Their standard is set by the declared principles of the Church. They know that, as the "devil is the ape of Almighty God," this kind of society veils its designs under attractive garments. When, therefore, they ally themselves with the C. M. B. A., which inculcates honesty, justice and charity, without substituting them for the Church of Christ, they are giving good example to those who are beset by the allurements of the secret society.

In Ontario we have reason to be proud of our benevolent associations. To claim for them immunity from defects would be intemperate eulogy, nor would it be sanctioned by their strongest adherents. But they are certainly doing something towards social unity and the upliftment of our brethren. Their charity has carried, and still carries, solace into many a homestead. They have brought some of us out of the rut of low aspiration. They aim at removing their organizations far from the antipathies and petty jealousies and self-soakings which hamper the progress of societies we vot of. We wish them success.

We are glad also to learn that they give little quarter to the members who have a tendency to orate on all occasions, and any attempt to muzzle them will receive our approval. If there be one thing more than another demoralizing to any association it is the kicker and everlasting talker. A good presiding officer can exercise a deterrent influence on these gentlemen, but the members who have the aims of the organization at heart, can find ways and means to extort their resignations. If, however, they are allowed to gang their own gait they can be depended upon to put the society into a comatose condition. We have evidence, and to spare, of this fact. Societies which began well, enthusiastically even, are dead or dying. Literary associations which were but a few years ago full of vitality are just kept from the grave by the proceeds from the billiard tables. Others abound in the young men who talk shop and sport and weary political magnates with petitions for something nice and easy in the way of employment. Various causes can be assigned for this, but to our mind the principal cause is that they suffered themselves to be alienated from the support of the sensible by the orator and kicker.

We do not apprehend any such fate for the C. M. B. A., entrenched as it is in the affections of thousands of Catholics, but it is well to remember that the loquacious member and the former of cliques will then be watching.

Now and then we hear C. M. B. A. members discuss the weighty question of grips and passwords. Some, we understand, would like to press them into service. Others, and amongst them a learned Canadian prelate, look upon them as tomfoolery. We content ourselves with saying that a grip on the Church and the password about the Easter duty will keep the C. M. B. A. in the full tide of prosperity.

### A SELF-CONCEITED EDITOR.

We cannot pay the editor of the Dominion Presbyterian the compliment of having "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy." He appears to be an old timer who retains affection for the controversial methods that are now a matter of history. However a glance at some of the papers of some other denomination may convince him that an editor can be a gentleman even when attempting to score a point against Catholics.

In a recent issue he had something to say about the encyclical of the Pope on the Blessed Eucharist. To his mind it is a delusion, and the "Romanist's" profit by its product. Whatever our friend's claims to politeness, he is certainly not lacking in self-conceit. Because he cannot understand the mystery it must be a delusion. And he is surrounded by mysteries. He knows and believes a hundred facts which he cannot account for. Are they delusions? The objection to the dogma is pathetic in its weakness. But he can take heart of grace in knowing that he did not invent it. It is the common property of atheists and of the divines who are trying to manufacture, on the lines intimated by our friend, a better kind of Christianity than the Son of God

intrusted to us. Whatever they cannot understand goes by the board. Revelation is something not to be accepted in its entirety, but to be dissected and adapted to present day needs. They are getting near Ingersoll's saying that he could beat the Ten Commandments.

### RAILROAD KINGS.

We are of the opinion that the scribes who furnish us with information about coal and railroad kings are, to use a phrase of Arctonus Ward, the individuals who get "filled up and slop over." After having read a fulsome eulogy we took from our note book an extract from a speech delivered by Mr. Stickeney some years ago at New York, before Jay Gould and others of equal prominence in the financial circles of the period. "Gentlemen," he said, "as individuals, you are a very decent, respectable lot. If I were going to make my will this afternoon I'd as lief choose any two of you for my executors as any other two men of my acquaintance. But as railroad presidents you are all — and I would not believe one of you on his oath."

All of which goes to show that the speaker would not be a brilliant success as a panegyrist of railroad presidents.

### THE COAL STRIKE.

Some time ago a speculator remarkable for his success in hammering his rivals on the Exchange declared that the man who had more than \$1,000,000 was a menace to the State. We do not know his reasons for the statement. He may have been outwitted by a rival in a deal with a legislature, and hence his declaration. But at any rate the millionaire wields a power which is far ahead of that enjoyed by the merchant princes of the Middle Ages. For instance, President Roosevelt is credited with a desire to end the coal strike, but the strike is still on. Pierpont Morgan, it is admitted, could settle it in five minutes. He, however, refuses to do anything in the matter. The operators do not want arbitration. They are stormed at by public opinion, but they merely smile and get ready for big dividends. Meanwhile the strikers starve; peace and order are endangered; the country at large suffers, and will suffer, until Morgan and his associates wish work to be resumed.

The attitude of the operators during the strike should cause all reasonable men to demand, as Leo XIII. has said, that the laws should be beforehand and prevent these troubles from arising. They should lend their influence and authority to the removal in good time of the causes which lead to conflicts between masters and those whom they employ.

### ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

W. T. Stead's Pen Sketch of the Great Prelate.

Seven years ago William T. Stead, the distinguished English journalist, contributed a character sketch of Archbishop Croke to The Review of Reviews. Though, as usual in the case of Mr. Stead's work, colored by that gentleman's views on religion and men, it was to a considerable degree sympathetic and was a fascinating politico-religious history of the great prelate and patriot. Following is an extract of the sketch:

It must be five or six years since Cardinal Manning urged me to lose no opportunity of making the acquaintance of Dr. Croke. "The Archbishop of Cashel," said the Cardinal, "is accents full of loving admiration 'is a saint'; and he added many expressions of affection which showed that he loved him as his own brother. The very day before he died, as he lay on his deathbed, he said to Canon Ryan, rector of St. Patrick's college, Thurles: 'Give my love to Dr. Croke, and tell him we have always been two honest radicals.'"

The constant association of Dr. Croke and Cardinal Manning had led me, not unnaturally, to picture to myself an Archbishop of Cashel who somewhat resembled the sainted ascetic, the frail, emaciated body, within whose form there was more spirit than either flesh or blood, who for so many years was "virtually Archbishop of all England."

Imagine, then, my great amazement on entering the palace at Thurles to find myself confronted by a stout, stalwart man, about six feet in height, who might not have been more than sixty years of age, and who was still in possession of an unimpaired physique, and rejoicing in thees and sinews which might safely be backed to down any member of the Irish Parliamentary Party, Parnellite or McCarthyite, who ventured to try conclusions with him at a bout of fistfists.

Here, indeed, was no pale ascetic, no emaciated enthusiast. The Cardinal's saint was an Irish saint of the true breed of St. Patrick, full of physical vitality, keenly interested in the world and all its affairs. An ecclesiastic indeed, to his finger tips; but an intensely human man, with genial sympathy with the sports and pastimes of mankind. Measured by the almanac,

Dr. Croke had passed his three score years and ten, but in his heart he is still as much a boy as ever, full of interests in sports and athletics, delighting to recall the memories of the earlier days when he was a champion athlete of the Irish race, swift of foot and stout of heart, with the proud exhalation of one who, whether at hockey or football, in leaping or jumping, or in combats which were waged with fists or blackthorn, never came off second best.

We talked of many things in the long and pleasant conversations which I had had at Thurles, but first and before anything else we talked of sport.

Traditions of a famous long jump of his are still current in the diocese. Once, when bathing in the Loire, without training or any preparation, he jumped nineteen feet six inches forward and backward. On another occasion he made a wager at the dinner table that on leaving the room he would run a mile in four minutes, then, without stopping, to take breath, would walk three miles in twenty minutes, coming back over the four miles in twenty-four minutes and entering the drawing-room after he had covered four miles out and four miles back in forty-eight minutes. The wager was accepted. Young Croke there and then started, and in less than forty-eight minutes returned, winning the wager with a minute or two still in hand.

One of the conspicuous ornaments on the walls of the spacious and airy library in St. Patrick's College is an illuminated address recording the meeting of the League of the Cross at Thurles. The Archbishop, as becomes an athlete, is a strong and sturdy advocate of temperance. He confirms no child in the diocese of Cashel who does not take a solemn pledge not to touch, taste or handle the accursed thing in the shape of alcohol. A genial man he is, charming in society, a delightful host, a teller of good stories, and one who on occasion does not shrink from singing a song after dinner, when that is the mood of the moment and his guests are mellow with music and good fellowship.

Mr. Parnell was some time before he followed where Michael Davitt had led. At last the evidence was too strong to be resisted that the Irish people had at last roused themselves from the lethargy into which they had fallen since 1818, and when Mr. Parnell made his plunge. Mr. Parnell was a Protestant—a cool, somewhat cynical, iron-handed man; but he understood Ireland and had the initiative of genius. The moment, therefore, that he decided to throw in his lot with the Land Leaguers, he hurried over to Thurles and implored the Archbishop to join the cause. But Dr. Croke, who was not blessed with an over-abundance of this world's goods. Our Lord, in selecting the Apostles, did not choose them from the rich and the powerful. They were taken from the ranks of what in our days we should call the working class. Christianity powerfully appealed to this class by teaching the doctrine of man's dignity as the child of God. For two thousand years that doctrine, never ceased proclaiming that doctrine. To make the House of God a sort of a club for the well-groomed alone is, therefore, utterly repugnant to Catholic instinct, if we may be permitted to use such an expression. It we seek for the historical reason for the non-existence in Protestant churches of the similar feeling we shall find it in the fact that Protestantism came into existence under the patronage of kings and princes whose views had a greater or less effect in determining the attitude of Protestantism.

This explains the element of aristocracy in the Protestant sects which manifests itself in the spirit of exclusiveness that exists in many so-called fashionable Protestant churches. It is this feeling which is emptying Protestant churches of workmen and their families. To what extent they are being alienated from Protestant churches may be judged by the testimony of the Rev. George L. McNutt, who at one time was pastor of one of the leading Presbyterian churches of Indianapolis. Here is what he says:

"The question in a nutshell is this: Has the wage-earner and his wife—be with his grubby hands and worn clothes, and she, with her hands swollen with dish and clothes washing, and her wearing apparel hardly what the fashionable expect—any place in the management of our churches in the average Indiana cities and county seats? It was not long ago that I went to an Indiana town where there was a great deal of complaint that the laboring people were getting far from the church, and I found in that city of fifteen thousand that the leading Church had not a solitary wage-earner on its rolls, though that town was essentially a town of wage-earning people. What was the reason?"

"In another Indiana city the pastor of the Presbyterian Church told me that in spite of all that he could do or wish, his church was unconsciously but actually a class church, so much so, in fact, that for the good of young people in his mission Sunday school he advised them not to join the parent church that supported that school. It was the fashionable church of the city."

The Rev. Mr. McNutt, who by the way, became a wage-worker to study the needs of workmen, is apparently an honest and earnest soul who is desirous of remedying the conditions he complains of. It can be safely predicted that he will not succeed. What he complains of is inherent in Protestantism. In that Indiana town he speaks of where the leading Presbyterian church had not a single wage-earner on its rolls there is probably a Catholic

Genial, sociable, hospitable, one of the old school, anything but a fanatic, full of a kindly human tenderness and a charming affection for the dumb creation, which is one of the most endearing traits of his character. It is possible that many, both Protestants and Catholics, might be disposed to think that they could suggest improvements if they had to create the Archbishop again according to their ideals of what such a man should be in such a place; but to take it all in all, there are few who would not agree that it is more than doubtful whether in all their pattern prelates would fulfill so well the manifold functions of a post so important as does Dr. Croke, the Archbishop of Cashel.

### WORKINGMEN AND PROTESTANTISM.

To Catholics it seems strange that the spirit of caste should make itself felt under the roof of a church. In all ages and in all countries the Catholic Church has ever shown herself a mother in the true sense. To her the accidents of race, color or social condition are matters of small moment. The essential thing, in her estimation, is that men and women are really and truly children of God. Viewing them in that light she sets a priceless value upon them.

As we write we have before us the August number of the Les Missions Catholiques, the organ of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith. Turning over its pages, we find four pictures of groups of natives of Central Madagascar who are afflicted with the loathsome disease known as leprosy. Men, women and children who, even in their normal condition, would be repulsive, are here presented to us disgraced by the ravages of the horrible disease of which they are the victims. Father Beyzime, a Polish Jesuit Father, is photographed with each group. It is a touching sight, this picture of a highly-educated man devoting himself to the service of these outcasts. The Les Missions Catholiques gives the following extract from a letter recently written by Father Beyzime: "I have given them all I have. I shall have the leprosy and die of it. But the Holy Virgin will send another Polish Jesuit to them, and all will be well."

Heroes of this sort Protestantism has never produced and never will produce because Protestantism has never impressed upon its followers the infinite value of a soul in the same way the Catholic Church has. Hence the radical difference between Catholic and Protestant influence. This difference is perceptible in our own country in the attitude of the Church and the Protestant sects assume toward those who are not blessed with an over-abundance of this world's goods. Our Lord, in selecting the Apostles, did not choose them from the rich and the powerful. They were taken from the ranks of what in our days we should call the working class. Christianity powerfully appealed to this class by teaching the doctrine of man's dignity as the child of God. For two thousand years that doctrine, never ceased proclaiming that doctrine. To make the House of God a sort of a club for the well-groomed alone is, therefore, utterly repugnant to Catholic instinct, if we may be permitted to use such an expression. It we seek for the historical reason for the non-existence in Protestant churches of the similar feeling we shall find it in the fact that Protestantism came into existence under the patronage of kings and princes whose views had a greater or less effect in determining the attitude of Protestantism.

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Church filled every Sunday with workmen and their families. Why does the Catholic Church retain the filial affection of workmen?"

It would be well for the Rev. McNutt and others interested in the relations existing between the churches and workmen to give this question some thought. If they will act on this suggestion they will learn that the Catholic Church, faithful to the traditions handed down from Apostolic times, does not estimate man by such mere transitory things as wealth or station in life. Never would it occur to one imbued with the Catholic spirit to put such a question as that the Rev. Mr. McNutt was called upon to answer. We quote him once again:

"I have often been asked point blank separate for religious services? Why should the mistress and her maid and the manufacturer and his men go to the same church when their tastes are so different? I have not reached the point where I have learned that redemption from sin and growth in grace were essentially a matter of taste, requiring a different bill of fare. Maybe it's coming, maybe it has come, that to meet the tastes of its patrons the gospel train must have a 'Jim crow' car added to its equipment."

The "Jim crow" car annexed to the Protestant gospel train would be an announcement that Protestantism rejected the doctrine of equality before God. Toward the "Jim crow" car Protestantism has been slowly moving for a long time.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### THE ROOTS OF ANTI-HEBRAISM.

Catholics Should Remember of What Stock Christ Came.

Rebuking the outrage offered to certain Hebrews at the funeral of one of their most honored religious leaders, lately, in New York city, the Rev. Cornelius Clifford, editor of the Providence Visitor, endeavors to get at the roots of that race prejudice which so disgraces professing Christians. Anti-Hebraism is not a characteristic merely of those poor quarters of any great city wherein lowly European immigrants gather together and keep for a while the narrow prejudices of their native villages. It prevails in American public schools and in the ranks of the smaller professional men not less. Continues Father Clifford:

"Why is this, asks the Catholic who has himself had melancholy experience of a similar persecution, and in parts of this country suffers from it still? We think the reason is to be found partly in the Jew himself, whose racial egoism is of a curiously irritating, though religious kind, and partly in the inborn tendency of un instructed human nature, which America affords no exception, to mistrust what it cannot explain in the terms of its creed. The Jew is a potent in the world. He has shown more-over, wherever we meet with him in history, a turn for successful enterprises in trade, and particularly in finance, which fills a society like our own with secret dismay. The man who controls the market and adjusts the rates is the man to watch. The Jew has done that for the European bourses practically since the fall of Napoleon. He is beginning to do it in his latest fortress of influence in Wall street with a remorselessness that is not less Hebraic because it is thought to be business-like and American."

"This fact, it is true, will not account for the feeling the Jew arouses in those 'lower-middle' classes of which we have spoken, unless we accept the theory that dislike of him is a social poison that has trickled from the upper strata of society downward, and that what might be well-founded mistrust in the one has become mere religious prejudice, with a tendency to baiting, in the other. It must be admitted, too, that where Jews of the poorer sort herd together in tenements, their finer virtues, which are undoubtedly noble and often inspiring, fail to show themselves to such advantage as to quench the scorn of their Gentile critics. Take this very circumstance of the funeral attack, which might have won them substantial sympathy, even from the most ignorant. A highly placed official announced the other day that he would waste no more time in examining witnesses in order to obtain evidence of police brutality, because he was convinced that those who were behind the agitation were entering into a sordid conspiracy to make money out of the affair by bringing suit for large sums against the city of New York."

"What is one to do in the face of allegations like that? Give the Jews, we say, such treatment as you will give a colony of mistreated Gentile immigrants, were they in like case, and if you are a Catholic, resolve in your heart to secure them fair play as being the oldest and nearest of those over whom our Lord once pronounced the benediction vouchsafed to neighborliness, and for whom the broadest mind of His Apostles was willing to be made anathema."

### Burke on "Priest Ridden" Protestants.

"No Roman Catholic priest can make a pleasing discovery to his congregation. He and his whole congregation are bound by the authority of their whole Church, in all times and in all countries. . . . The ways of us Protestants depend more on the individual pastor."

The aim of all intellectual training for the mass of the people should be to cultivate common sense.

HEART AND SOUL.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "ESPRITU SANTO."

CHAPTER III.

The summer passed, autumn came and went, winter was with us. Pretty Alix could laugh now at her superstitious fears. Nothing untoward had happened, which seemed sufficient guarantee that nothing ever would happen. Alix had become fairly reconciled to my lonely fate, and was still looking forward for an occasion to prove my unalterable, unselfish devotion. I wished Alix, of course, to love her young knight and to be faithful to him, for it should do so, but sometimes I dreamed that there might be a temporary misunderstanding between the lovers, and that I should be the happy instrument of their reconciliation, or I dreamed that his life was in danger and that I was the one to rescue him and bring him back in health and safety to her arms. All the reward I asked was that she should in some way owe her happiness to me, otherwise my self-abnegation was complete. I almost gloried in it.

I was in a very exalted frame of mind during the betrothal ceremony, and the continual frivolity of Alix's young brothers and sister grated on my highly wrought nerves. "You vain, silly little thing!" I whispered, getting little ten-year-old Etienne into the door and giving her a good shaking. "Have you no more consideration for your sister than to go hiding round corners like a grinning monkey and laughing at her? But sturdy little Etienne did not mind the shaking. She only made faces at me, pounding me, and I am sorry to add, kicking me, and threatening to scream out if I did not let her go. In vain I hissed "Shut up!" She only said, tauntingly, in a loud stage whisper:

"He who in quiet of 'Silence' boots, It says to make the hubbub he implies." By this time matters were worse than when I interfered. The boys were giggling loudly, the guests were looking round to see whence the interruption came, and Alix's eyes glanced at me reproachfully. I let go of Etienne quickly, but the solemnity of the occasion was fatally disturbed. I could have hugged the child, but one of the older relatives pounced down upon her and she was dragged off, shaking her fist at me and shrieking, "I can't wish you were dead, Eric Fremont, for that would be a sin, but I wish you had never been born!" And I slunk out of the room, muttering to myself, vengefully, "I'll take it out of you some day, you little devil!"

The first days of winter were ushered in by intense cold. The river was frozen over from shore to shore, and far out into both lakes. Although navigation had formally closed with the last days of autumn, yet many belated boats were ice-bound and their crews rescued with difficulty. It was at this time that my opportunity came to make a supreme sacrifice for Alix, but not in any such manner as I had dreamed of.

One evening my grandfather had gone into Detroit on business, and I was taking tea with the Chaberts, when a knock came at the door and the doctor was called out into the hall. For a few moments there were whispered consultations and a general air of mystery; then the door returned to the room, followed by Emile McNiff and two Duncan lads from Windsor. "Eric Fremont, we want you to lend a hand with the ice-boat to-night." "Thank you, but I don't go ice-boat-ing at night in zero weather for fun," I remarked, stretching myself comfortably before the fire. "Something's up, and we want your help," urged the boys. "No! No fooling to-night," I replied, impatiently. The boys hesitated, then Alix drew near, her big grey eyes wide open with excitement and emotion.

"Eric, dear Eric," she whispered, "it is a case of life or death! You will not refuse to help us. Dear Eric, be good, do be good and help us!" I looked up at the doctor for explanation. "I must take you into our confidence, my boy," he said, looking me steadily in the eyes. "For I know that even if you refuse to help us you will not be cross over from Sandusky day before yesterday, thinking that the channel was still open. She is now beating about in the broken ice about six miles out in Lake Erie."

"I know; I heard about it in the city this afternoon," I replied, "but a relief party is to be sent out to-morrow at daylight." "Yes, in the morning, but"—sinking his voice to a mysterious whisper—"there is a passenger aboard that must be taken off to-night." I understood him in a moment. The existence of the Underground Railroad in Ohio, and of its agents and abettors, not only in the Canadian ports, but also among those of strong anti-slavery sentiment on the American shore, was well known, and the landing of fugitive slaves at Amherstburg and Windsor, and even on the American islands in the river, was not infrequent. The law in operation throughout the Northwest compelling the return to their masters of fugitive slaves captured on free soil engaged the active sympathy for the runaways of many who otherwise were law-abiding citizens. Their secrets were closely kept, however, and I had never suspected these, our most intimate friends and neighbors, of any connection with such transactions. Doubtless the knowledge of all I had suffered at the hands of the Africa race, and my violent antipathy to negroes, had made them particularly careful to avoid the subject in my presence.

"I suppose you mean a nigger," I said contemptuously. Alix pressed closer to my side, then, kneeling down, she clasped her hands across my knees, and, looking up into my face appealingly, took up the story. "It is a poor runaway slave, Eric," she said, "and the United States sheriffs are after him. He escaped through

West Virginia and Ohio, and then found the boats for Canada had stopped running. A couple of men of the 'Underground Railroad' offered to take him across the lake in this tiny tug; they are within sight of freedom, but the ice has caught them and holds them helpless. The sheriffs at Detroit have been warned and are looking out for the boat and you know what that means. It means that the law will send the poor slave back to his master to be treated more cruelly than ever, for he would not have run away from a kind master. The boys will try to get him off to-night, but it is too late to reach Bon-souled or the Indian pilots, and no one else knows the river as you do. Dear, dear Eric, you will not refuse!"

I turned away from her, sick at heart. The fugitive belonged to a race that had murdered my parents and made my childhood's years one long terror. At my first Communion I had, indeed, with sobs and tears, renounced my boyish plans of vengeance, yet the old repulsion was still strong. It seemed to be part of my physical nature, and I could not overcome it. Every instinct rebelled against the thought of risking my life for creatures who filled me with misgiving and a wild, unreasoning terror. Anything but this, Alix! anything but this!

"Aren't there others that could do this thing?" I asked, falteringly. "Aren't there abolitionists at Amherst-burg or Grosse Ile?" They are fifteen miles nearer than we," said Emile McNiff. "Father learned of it accidentally through one of the deputies at Detroit. The Duncans were over here with their ice-boat, but none of us know the river as you do, and there is no time to lose if we would be back before daylight."

"If I do not go, will you give it up?" I asked of the boys. "We will alone, and go now," they answered without hesitation. That decided me. I could not see them go alone. Every impulse of manliness rose in me; I tried to forget the object of the expedition and only remember the better than they, and should be responsible for their lives if I permitted them to face the danger without a guide. "Get out of the boat, and I will put on my togs and join you," I said.

Here Alix suddenly threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. "My own dear, brave Roderic!" she cried. It hurts me, I confess, that Alix should think it a matter of courage, and that she should not have guessed the real reason of my hesitation. She knew my tragic story, and yet she did not seem to remember for an instant the reason I had to feel repugnance for the object of our expedition. She was all enthusiasm, and flew round to help the boys trim the lanterns and pull on their coats. I took down the doctor's gun from its rack, and was pulling on my cardigan jacket and fur-cap when Etienne crept to my side and timidly thrust something into my hand. I looked down. She was a strange child, usually very loquacious and animated, but on critical occasions very reticent and quiet. She stood there, black-eyed, intent, silent, while I took from her the little picture. It was one of the religious prints that the French delight in, and represented her patron saint, the martyred Stephen, kneeling down, amid a shower of stones, and with angelic, upturned countenance blessing and praying for his enemies, while underneath were written the words, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

It touched me to the heart that this child should be the only one to remember my past and understand all that the task before us signified to me. I felt sorry that I had ever been cross to her; but there was no time for words now, I could only thrust the little picture under my jacket and kiss her a hurried good-bye, with a murmured "Pray for me, Emile," which was my name for her when we were on good terms. She squeezed my big fist between her two soft, firm little hands for an instant and let me go without a word. The front door suddenly opened, and there stood my grandfather, breathless and panting, eagerly beckoning to us.

"Run, boys, run!" he gasped. "There is not a moment to lose. The sheriffs fear a rescue, and are going to board the tug to-night. They have a small fleet of ice-boats, and have secured pilots, and mean to head off any possible attempt of the abolitionists. They suspected me and were watching the house. I had my rig brought round to the front door, and then I slid out of the back door down to the river, and have skated all the way here. Heaven bless and keep you, my boys—my only boys!" He sobbed. "It is hard to let you go, and for such a purpose, but I am old and sinful; I need God's mercy; and He has said, 'Inasmuch as ye do it to the least of these my brethren—' Here he broke down completely and pushed me from him. I sprang upon the ice-boat, where the boys were already on the forward runners, clinging to the shrouds, and, taking the tiller, I shot diagonally across the river and sought the protection of the Canadian shore.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a wild chase that night. We had a little lead of the sheriff's posse as we drew out of Windsor, hugging the shore along the Sandusky road, where we were somewhat in the shadow. We could see the three ice-boats plainly as they came down the dock at the foot of Woodward Avenue, sailing close to the American shore to avoid the thinner ice of the mid-channel. At Fighting Island we crossed the river and skulked along the American shore between Ecorse and Trenton until beyond the Mamajoy Light, while the great white vessel, in the middle channel, the usual route of the large craft and steamboats. The moon was continuously under a cloud, and we felt confident of having escaped detection. As we neared Amherstburg they crossed to the Canadian shore, sailing to leeward of Grosse Ile and Bois Blanc; but I foresaw this probable move, and had quietly kept to windward of Grosse Ile. In the narrow, marshy stream that divides this long island from the American shore, the ice was fearfully rough and full of air-holes; but the wind was steady abaft beam; there was no danger of being seen, and we went bumping and bounding along at high speed, taking the air-holes at flying leaps. But when we shot out into Lake Erie, below Sugar Island, further concealment was impossible. The wind shifted, the clouds cleared, and a flood of moonlight poured over the vast ice-fields. The sheriff's boats were making a series of short tacks to reach the tug which lay about six miles off the Canadian coast. I resolved to cut directly across their path as if bound for Kingsville. I should have to cover more ground than they by so doing, but on the other hand, I should gain slightly in time by having to come about only once. We now made no effort to avoid them, and were plainly visible as we crossed their bows. They hailed us, but we answered that we were Canadian curlers, bound for Kingsville, and, as we affected indifference of manner, hanging carelessly over the frame and humming snatches of French folk songs, they seemed not to suspect us. At any rate, they did not try to overhail us, though they took the precaution to search us closely. "Vive la Canadienne!" sang Tom Duncan, at his loudest and cheeriest,

"Vive la Canadienne! To a, non coeur, vole! Vive la Canadienne! To a, non coeur, vole! Vive la Canadienne! To a, non coeur, vole!" The breath was nearly knocked out of us as we bumped over the rough ice and clung for dear life to the shrouds, but our voices never quivered as we joined heartily in the chorus at the end of every line. "Vive, non coeur, vole!" We were walking away from them in fine style, and still we sang on:

"Ainsi le temps se passe— A moi, non coeur, vole! A moi, non coeur, vole! A moi, non coeur, vole!" About two miles down the coast we reached our favorite angle, and, coming about quickly, headed straight for the tug. The wind had steadied into a small gale, and we were sailing close-hauled, and sped like an arrow before it. Then at once the other boats understood our purpose, and the race began in dead earnest. Two of the boats were poorly managed, and bumped about in the rough ice, and soon slowed round and spilled over, sending their crews spinning over the surface of the lake; but the third was superbly handled. I know beyond a doubt that there must be one of the old Indian pilots at the tiller, for had I not, even as a lad of fifteen, won prizes in races on Lake St. Clair above sea-level, which would give us ample start on the homeward race, but I had not foreseen the skill that would be matched against mine. I could hardly forbear exclamations of wonder and admiration as I saw the nicety with which every angle of advantage was calculated, and the art with which the tiller was handled. They were gaining on us rapidly, and my advantage now became a question no longer of minutes, but of seconds. For an instant, when they were on the leeward tack, we were almost face to face, and I could plainly discern the stolid, brown countenance of Antaya ending the ruder's shoe. Our eyes were riveted, and I made a sign, though the Indian sat imperceptibly, and no change came into his eyes, yet I knew instinctively that he recognized me, and that he now learned for the first time that it was his friend and pupil who guided the boat he was pursuing. There was a momentary hesitation on the Indian's boat, a slight awkwardness in handling the sheets that was imperceptible to any but a practised eye, but it was enough to make my heart beat exultantly. I had a friend in the enemy's camp! Without betraying myself, Antaya had won for me the instant of time that I needed. He was heading for the bow of the tug and I was aiming for the stern, where I could already see the captain and the engineer standing, glasses in hand, watching the race, uncertain which way the sheriffs got between you and Amherstburg. Look out for the currents, and beware of the mid-channel; it is open in spots."

"May the saints keep you out of air-holes, for you never can see by this light," grumbled the doctor. "Have you plenty of matches? Take this flask of cherry cordial; you may need it. Steer for Kingsville with your passenger if the sheriffs get between you and Amherstburg. Look out for the currents, and beware of the mid-channel; it is open in spots."

My grandfather, trembling from his late exertion and from emotion, suddenly clasped me to his breast. "Heaven bless and keep you, my boys—my only boys!" he sobbed. "It is hard to let you go, and for such a purpose, but I am old and sinful; I need God's mercy; and He has said, 'Inasmuch as ye do it to the least of these my brethren—' Here he broke down completely and pushed me from him. I sprang upon the ice-boat, where the boys were already on the forward runners, clinging to the shrouds, and, taking the tiller, I shot diagonally across the river and sought the protection of the Canadian shore.

"Excuse me," replied the sheriff; "she is hired and run by an American skipper, and she is American soil. She has on board a fugitive from the laws of American law, I claim him, and propose to take him back with me. And let me warn you, young man, that if you attempt to interfere it will be my duty to arrest you."

"You will arrest me at your peril!" I exclaimed. "I am not amenable to American law, I am a Spanish citizen, the subject of Isabella the Second, and whoever lays a hand on me is answerable to the government of Spain. My companions are subjects of Queen Victoria, and England will protect her own."

I do not know what their respective majesties would have said to my defiance of the laws of a friendly nation, but I could see the sheriff hesitate. Antaya was creeping about and muttering to himself in an uncanny manner. I caught one word constantly reiterated in the Ottawa language. It was "powder, powder, powder." An idea flashed into my brain. The engineer had taken his stand by my side. Something in his languid, eye-banded person, and keen eye emboldened me, and I said, bravely, "I give you warning, Mr. Sheriff, that these are desperate men. They prefer death to American justice. They will blow up the boat, and themselves with it, rather than see their fellow-being fall into your hands. Let me inform you that powder is stored in the stern, and the nearer we keep to the bows the safer we are."

I took three steps forward. They all instinctively drew three steps backward; then they looked ashamed and burst into coarse laughter. "Oh, that's no go! What are you giving us?" they jeered. But the Indian began to tremble violently, and jabbered and gesticulated excitedly. The deputies watched him out of the corners of their eyes, and I could see that his actions made them a little nervous; but the sheriff stepped boldly forward, drawing his pistol.

"I regret to tell you, gentlemen, that the law must be enforced, and we are prepared to enforce it," he said, firmly. The deputies took courage and advanced slightly. I laid my finger on the trigger of my gun. "The signal to blow up the boat is the first shot fired," I said, warningly. The engineer sprang below. "Are you ready, Mr. Brown?" I called. "Ay, ready, sir!" he called back, as he disappeared. The deputies glanced at each other uneasily. "One step forward and I fire!" I cried. "Nonsense!" said the sheriff, sturdily stepping forward. I pulled the trigger and fired into the air. Instantly a ripping, tearing noise was heard; we were enveloped in a cloud of steam, and the tug shook violently from stem to stern. The Indian let out a blood-curdling yell, rushed for the bow of the tug, and began climbing over, howling and jabbering and flinging his arms wildly about. His terror was infectious, and the panic-stricken deputies hurled themselves headlong overboard after him. The Indian grabbed them, pulled them about, and shoved them on to his ice-boat, sprang aboard, let go the sheets, and in an instant was speeding for Detroit River, still whooping and gesticulating madly. Before the thick steam had cleared enough for us to see, the skipper had hauled the fugitive up from the hold and was helping him over the stern into our ice-boat. The sheriff and I stood alone facing each other. "Don't wait for me, boys; I shall be all right, and there'll be more news," I called, and with a sigh of relief dimly discerned the ghost-like form of the white boat glide by the stern, and heard its iron-shod runners click over the ice and the whistle of the wind through the wire rigging. A moment later the kipper was shouting to the engineer to stop that confounded noise, the steam was shut off, the tug ceased to shiver, and the smoke slowly cleared away.

The sheriff took the matter calmly. He was a sensible man, who did not wholly rely on the errand on which he was employed, and was perhaps glad of the whole to be relieved of an unpleasant duty. The engineer emerged from below and gave me a long, comprehensive wink. "Young fellar," said he, "I'll answer to you on a pinch, but my name isn't Brown—it's Halburton." He offered me some tobacco, which I refused. I felt myself grow strangely weak, now that the strain was over. "I always keep up steam," he went on; "you never know when 'twill be wanted. It's sorter handy to be ready for anything that may turn up."

"It seems to me," remarked the sheriff, "that your powder kinder went up in smoke." I wanted to laugh; I tried to laugh, but somehow I found myself crying instead. I was trembling from head to foot. Excitement had kept me up till now, but I had been intensely wrought

up, and the hazard had been great. Had the sheriff and his deputies been as well acquainted as the Indian and I with the colonial history of Detroit, my bold experiment would not have succeeded. How often I had joked Antaya about his Wyandotte ancestors who attacked the little English war-ship that was bringing relief to the beleaguered garrison at Detroit, then besieged by the great Chief Pontiac and his braves! The Wyandottes had almost overpowered the crew when the captain gave orders to blow up the ship, and instantly enjoyed a comfortable sleep in the cosy spare room of the fine old physhyter, and in the morning Father C. and I at the Presentation Convent, a fine place, at whose extent and work I was surprised. This is the school for girls and very small boys, and the Christian Brothers have the boys' school. The Sisters, very hospitable and friendly, kept us for breakfast, and then brought us into the school, and been long to get into an Irish school in session, and here came the chance unasked for. Here are taught not only the ordinary branches, but also cooking (we were through the school kitchen) dairy work, sewing, fancy work, etc. When we were here a few minutes, Father Sheehan, with Father C. came, and the different rooms in turn entertained us in a most enjoyable way. And what a fine lot of children they were, so healthy, clean, all with bright, intelligent faces, many of them handsome, especially the smallest, who are always very plump; so many lose that as they grow older.

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of the history, tradition and legend of the country around Doneraile, and many stories which he has woven, with little or no change, into his books. He was plainly pleased at my knowledge of his earlier work, and at my preference for "The Triumph of Failure," which he regards as his best work. He told me that "Remanded" was a true story, and that "Un Pretre Manque" (student who failed to reach the priesthood), which I remembered and admired, was founded on fact. You need not wonder that it was well on toward midnight when we got to bed. We enjoyed a comfortable sleep in the cosy spare room of the fine old physhyter, and in the morning Father C. and I at the Presentation Convent, a fine place, at whose extent and work I was surprised. This is the school for girls and very small boys, and the Christian Brothers have the boys' school. The Sisters, very hospitable and friendly, kept us for breakfast, and then brought us into the school, and been long to get into an Irish school in session, and here came the chance unasked for. Here are taught not only the ordinary branches, but also cooking (we were through the school kitchen) dairy work, sewing, fancy work, etc. When we were here a few minutes, Father Sheehan, with Father C. came, and the different rooms in turn entertained us in a most enjoyable way. And what a fine lot of children they were, so healthy, clean, all with bright, intelligent faces, many of them handsome, especially the smallest, who are always very plump; so many lose that as they grow older.

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GREGORY'S AMBITION.

Gregory Walsh grew up to be eighteen years old, living from day to day without any thought of the future. He was an indolent, good-natured, self-indulgent, and pretty ignorant country lad, who had come to town after the death of his shiftless parents (who were carried off almost together with typhoid fever), and had found work in a foundry and machine shop. He had only one tie that bound him to the old life—his love for his sister, Monica, who was two years younger than himself and who had gone to service in a neighboring farmer's family.

The home in which Gregory was reared was not one likely to fill him with high ideals or spur him to some noble ambition. His father had been a poor blacksmith's helper, living in a rented house, with a few acres of ground attached, and had never had any schooling himself or any idea of giving an education to his son. The mother was a sickly, slatternly, gossiping woman, who had no thought above her condition, except in a dull, hopeless way, to marry the wife of the blacksmith or the prosperous trucker of that region.

Gregory grew up, a frequent truant from school, when he was sent there, which was not long nor regularly, for he was put out to work at odd jobs almost as soon as he was fit to use a rake or drive cows to pasture. When the boy was over fifteen years old, his parents died and then he was taken to rear by his father's sister and her husband. They found work for him in the machine shop, near the crossing where the man himself was employed as flagman on a railroad.

There were already five children in the family, which occupied a tenement in the squalid part of the town. These children were growing up in dirt and neglect. The father was too ignorant to instruct them, and at night, when he came home from his work, he was too tired to mind them. He was usually met with stories of their misbehavior, told by his wife, to which he patiently listened and which he habitually ignored, except when liquor fired his heart and stirred within him the parental sense of duty to give them a beating.

The mother scolded and slapped them from early morning till late at night. Her loud voice was after them almost all the time. Her only idea of training them was to "jaw" them and whip them after they had done what she thought was wrong.

In these surroundings Gregory had lived for nearly three years, apparently contented, with coarse food, soiled clothes, a small room shared with two of his cousins, and the prospects of becoming a laborer. His evenings he spent on the doorstep, or playing baseball on a lot near the railroad crossing, or with a gang of other rather tough young fellows on the corner near the saloon.

It happened that in the closing week of May the last lecture of the course held under the auspices of the local branch of the Young Men's Institute was to be given in the parish hall. It was to be delivered by a lawyer from Cincinnati, who had himself risen from a printer's case to a fairly prominent and remunerative position at the bar. His subject was to be "Ambition."

The assistant foreman of the shop in which Gregory worked, who was a Catholic, bought a ticket when asked to do so to help the society along, but not caring to go himself, as he was hard of hearing from the effects of his experience in a boiler factory when he was learning his trade, he said to himself: "I'll give it to the fellow here who seems to have the least 'get-up' in him."

Accordingly he presented the card to Gregory Walsh. Gregory was not anxious to go and hear the lecture. He had never been to a lecture and imagined that it would be a sort of sermon. Besides, he would have to wash himself thoroughly and put on the cheap suit that he called his "Sunday best." Moreover, he had little idea what ambition meant and he was not attracted by the word. However, he thanked the assistant foreman—not knowing the reason why the latter had bestowed this favor on him, and finally decided to go.

The lecture was a clever piece of work. It was witty, humorous, pathetic and inspiring by turns. Now the audience were moved to laughter and applause; and anon they felt called to tears. And it was eloquently delivered. The lawyer was an orator. His words rolled out in a flow of melody. His diction was full and choice. His voice was strong, mellow, and finely modulated.

To Gregory the lecture was a revelation. Never had he heard a man speak as that man spoke. Some of what was said was above his comprehension, but what he did understand he took in at once and appreciated it. He laughed and cried by turns. He marvelled and admired the wisdom and the self-confidence of the orator. He enjoyed the illustrations, the anecdotes, the jokes. They stuck in his memory to stay forever.

Finally the speaker said: "Have an object in life. Set your mark high. Don't think of yourself alone, but plan for others. Let your ambition be a noble ambition. Let your life count, like one needed note in the chord of mankind's answer to the summons of the Creator to be of use in the world. Have a noble ambition and be true to it. It will raise you up to its own level. Like the magnet drawing the needle, it will attract you from lower aims, from environment, from baser motives, and from the midst of difficulties, onward and upward, to the stary heights of an ideally useful and altruistic manhood fit for the sons of God."

Amidst the roar of applause that followed this peroration, while the orator was bowing again and again to the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience, Gregory sat silent. "Have an object in life; have an ambition." That was all he remembered of the beautiful passage. But he remembered that as if it were engraved on his memory in letters of living light. "Have an object in life; have an ambition."

He picked up his hat, as he saw other

men doing, and walked out of the hall with the crowd, while the orchestra played the finale. All the way home Gregory thought of the lecture, and over again he spoke the words, "Have an object in life; have an ambition."

When he got to his room, his cousins were asleep and he went to his own camp-bed in haste, for the hour was late. Weary with his day's work, even the excitement of the lecture could not keep him awake, but the very last thought that he had in his mind before he lost consciousness was this: "Have an object in life; have an ambition."

It came back to him the first thing in the morning. "Have an object in life; have an ambition." But he was in too big of a hurry to dress himself, to bolt his breakfast, and to get to work, to do much thinking over it then. But, later in the day, in the shop, he went over the lecture, from beginning to end. Then he took a survey of his life. It was pretty low. Next he made an inventory of his possible opportunities. There did not seem to be any opening for a reasonable ambition, one likely to be realized. He was poor, he was uneducated, he was friendless, he was doing hard work at low wages. And these conditions were likely to continue to the end. He might have all the ambition in the world, but how could he realize it?

Just then a young girl, aged about fifteen, with a bright open face, a trim figure, and a lovely dress of white lawn, decorated with cherry-colored ribbons, entered the wide gate near which Gregory, begrimed with dirt, was working, and she gently asked him for the assistant foreman.

Gregory, struck to the heart by this vision of loveliness, showed her the way to the office and then went to the yard where he knew that the party who was wanted was overseeing a job of work at that very moment.

"There's a young lady wants to see you," he said. Then he went back to his work. But his thoughts of the lecture were now bothered by thoughts of the young girl. How sweet and clean and innocent she looked! How calm and trustful she was! How sure she seemed to be of kind treatment! How soft her voice was!

Then he thought of himself in his dirty overalls, of the five squabbling children at the house, of his own childhood, and of his sister. The thought of Monica—ignorant, ill-dressed, rough-handed, coarse-shod, but pretty and warm-hearted Monica—flashed on him another thought. He had an object in life now—he had an ambition at last worth having and also possible—he would work to make Monica like that lovely girl in the office. God would help him. There must be a way to effect the transformation. That way must be found.

Gregory turned to his work with new interest. Soiled were his garments, begrimed his face, and humble his task, but the fire of a noble purpose had kindled in his heart. He held his head higher and a brave light shone in his eye. Even in the dark and dirty foundry he was transfigured.

When this determination fixed itself in Gregory's will, he noticed the young girl who had sought the assistant foreman passing along the street by the big gate. He watched her as she walked toward the trolley car line. She was indeed a dainty picture of budding maidenhood. Oh! if Monica could only look like that!

At noon time the assistant foreman met Gregory near the door. "How did you like the lecture?" he asked. "It was fine, sir," he answered. "Well, I suppose you're so full of ambition this morning you intend to buy out the firm and own the shop?"

"This was said jocosely, with an interrogation inflection. But there was no answering simper on Gregory's face. Instead, he said very gravely: "It did make me think of something, sir, and I'd be glad if you'd tell me how to do."

"How to do? Well, you must first tell me what you want to do." "I want to know how to get some schoolin', an' be a smart man, an' get to be a master mechanic or a foreman like you."

"Whew!" whistled the assistant foreman. "You're getting on pretty fast. That lecture must have riveted itself in your mind and clinched the bolts on the other side. But it's dinner time now, and I must be off, for my little sister and I are going to the church, and she who is a pet of mine, found her way down here this morning, for the first time in her life, to ask me to get a half day off and take her to the circus this afternoon for her birthday. So I must hurry off. But you come to me at the office to-morrow noon or to-morrow night and I'll do what I can for you."

Thanking him, Gregory hastened to his room, thinking to himself: "So that is his sister, is it? No wonder she is his pet and that he can refuse her nothing!"

The result of Gregory's conference with the assistant foreman, to whom the young man disclosed his ambition to educate and refine his sister, without saying what ideal he had in mind for her, was that he began a course of study. One of his cousins gave him lessons in spelling, writing, history and geography, and the assistant foreman himself taught him arithmetic, algebra and geometry. It was hard, hard, hard work. Often Gregory grew faint and hearted, but the assistant foreman, who was a St. Vincent de Paul man, encouraged him to go on, and the vision of a beautiful cultured sister helped him forward.

By September Gregory's wages were raised and the increase was used to send Monica to a convent academy, in which the Sisters had been made interested in the case, and who agreed to receive her at a reduced price.

So the days passed on for three years—Gregory working, saving, and advancing in the laundry under the protection of the assistant foreman; a member of the Y. M. I. himself; interested in debates on social questions, and getting to be an expert on electrical machinery; and Monica developing into a pleasant, nice-mannered young girl, not much of a scholar nor apt at orna-

mental accomplishments but fond of vocal music, skillful at needlework, an adept at housewifely arts, and sufficiently well read to love a good book and to write a nice letter.

And what is the end of the story—that Gregory fulfilled the jesting prophecy of the assistant foreman—bought the firm out and owned the shop? That he married the assistant foreman's pet sister? That Monica made a grand match, and they all lived happily ever afterwards, without a bit of trouble to remind them of the cross? Not at all. Not one of these has come true.

Monica went back last vacation to visit the home of her childhood, and in October contentedly married a young farmer, a very worthy and genial man, who comes of a pious family, has a sound but plain parochial school education, and industrious. She is happy in her housewifely duties, her flowers, her chickens, and her bees.

Gregory is out of his time as an apprentice, is making his \$4 a day as a machinist, has some money saved, is well liked by the firm, and is apt to be of use in the world. And, while it is true that he is not yet married, it is also true that he and Irene, the assistant foreman's pet sister, are engaged and that there is to be a wedding next June in which they will take a prominent part.

And the point of the whole story? It is this—that the very thing that his ambition was suited to—the refinement of his sister—aided him in his accomplishment, interested the assistant foreman in it and in him, and was the very means to make a man of him—a useful, successful, honored, practical Catholic man. He more than achieved his object in life, and in the labors, the struggles, the sacrifices, the efforts to rise that were required to attain it, he created and refined and spiritualized himself.

NON-CATHOLIC LADIES SEE POPE LEO XIII.

In the last issue of The Catholic Standard and Times was an account of the visit of two Jewish young ladies to Rome and their audience with Pope Leo XIII.—Miss Julia Friedberger and Miss Estelle Goldsmith. The latter stated in a letter to her sister that His Holiness "won her heart completely, as he had an exceptionally good face and was as genial as could be." These ladies were not alone in securing this great privilege. Miss Laura H. Cadwallader, a Methodist, and Miss Edna Zorn, a Baptist, were also in the party. The former in writing to her brother, Charles L. Cadwallader, who is secretary of the Junior American Mechanical and Beneficial Association of the United States speaks of her visit to the Vatican galleries, the Sistine Chapel and the principal churches, and grows enthusiastic over the paintings and sculptures of the masters and the beauties of St. Peter's.

Under date of July 24 she says: "In some respects this has been the most wonderful day of the trip. We are admitted with a party to the Vatican. We learned before leaving Rome that a party of pilgrims were going to Rome on Hohenzollern and thought we would like to join in, but never dreamed it would be possible. We talked of it to every one who could give us any information, and on the way from Naples to Rome we rode in the same compartment with a priest, the Boston and his sisters, a ticketed from him that the pilgrims would be received in audience on Thursday, but that only a limited number would be admitted. We learned the name of the conductor of the pilgrimage, Father Porcile, of New York. We all four went over to see him last night, but he could give us no assurance. We kept up our spirits, however, and were pilgrims at Mass at 9 o'clock and were afterward admitted to the private gardens of the Pope and then to the audience with His Holiness. The Pope is a dear old man. He held his hands on my head and blessed me, also held both his hands out for me to take in mine and to kiss his ring. Of course he did the same to the others. I had six rosaries on my wrist, which he blessed also. Miss Cadwallader speaks of her visit to the Mamertine prison, and evidently forgets for the moment to question, as so many of her co-religionists do, the fact that St. Peter was in Rome. Visits to the Churches of the Gesù and St. Lorenzo are described, also the Castle of St. Angelo, the "Quo vadis" church and the catacombs, the Church of St. John Lateran, St. Paul's, St. Peter's and the Capuchin Monastery. The singing at St. Peter's comes in for its share of praise, and the church itself filled her with "awe and admiration." Describing the Pope in a letter to a friend, she says:

"He is a lovely old man, ninety-two years of age, and was dressed all in white. He was greeted around the room and we all had our turns in being blessed. I knelt down and he put his hands on my head, blessed me, held out both hands for me to take and then held up his ring, which I kissed according to the custom. I had previously purchased six rosaries, which I held on my arm, and which were, of course, blessed. Was it not fine? I read your calendar this morning, where you mention about seeing the Pope's toe. Do I remember it? Wasn't it strange it should happen to-day? This experience took the entire morning. We rose before 6 to begin preparations and did not get back till after 1, but it was a wonderful experience."

Got Lame Back or Lumbago? Not that now. That sort of pain can be knocked out in short order, for Polson's Nervine, which is five times stronger than any other, penetrates at once through the tissues, reaches the source of suffering, drives it out and thus gives relief almost instantly. But stick to it, for strength that gives Polson's Nervine this power. You will think it magic, however, if you try it, pain goes so quickly, sold by druggists everywhere, in large 50c bottles.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs of consumption, while you can get Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

THE FALSE GOODFELLOWSHIP OF TREATING.

It is gratifying to see that public sentiment is being aroused against the pernicious treating custom which does so much of the devil's work among those who frequent saloons. If the treating custom were abolished it would mean that a very great part of the drunkenness which now disgraces our towns and cities would be done away with. As workmen are particularly likely to be tempted this way, we quote with pleasure the following opinion of treating, from the Bricklayer and Mason, the official organ of the International Union of America: "The treating habit is nonsensical. The only defense offered for it is that it is the means of bringing together convivial spirits; that it makes for goodfellowship. Does it? Not always. How often do we see two men meet who are on the best of terms, and feel so good toward each other that they invite each other to 'come and have a drink.' The drink is returned, and so on until sober friends become drunken enemies. It is no exaggeration to say that more than half the rows that land principals in hospitals and morgues, and jails and scaffolds, begin over the 'social glass.' And yet there are those who insist that the habit is based upon goodfellowship, or, at least, makes for it. On the contrary, were the habit to be tabooed, goodfellowship of the kind that is really good would gain immeasurably, and public morals would be vastly improved.

"Offentimes a man who is accustomed to a glass 'for his stomach's sake' proceeds when he feels the need for it to have a drink, as he calls it. Once inside the saloon he meets Jones, and because of the singular ethics of this goodfellowship he feels in duty bound to invite Jones to participate. And Jones returns the compliment and the drink. At this juncture, either recognizes an acquaintance, and the circle of goodfellowship enlarges. Then the newcomer, rather than to show that he is as good a fellow as either, proposes a third drink. And the third drink is taken. A story is told; then the bartender, who has overheard it with such interest that he at once deems his customers 'mighty good fellows,' sets up a 'good fellows' party. So jovial and generous a bartender attends to the need for a drink—that is, one drink—emerges from the saloon more or less affected, and finds that he has taken more than is good 'for his stomach's sake.' Quite often the little party, now a jolly, not to say hilarious one, and increased in number by one, two or more additions in the shape of those 'good fellows' who are always found about such places, have found seats at a table, and they remain until the lights are put out, and very generally until they, too, are subjected to the same treatment. So it is in this way that a man drinks more than he would were he at liberty to drink alone, and according to his personal desires, not according to a tyrannical code of so-called 'goodfellowship.'

"It is a mistake to suppose that the invitation to drink always implies goodfellowship, for quite often the one who invites does not do so much because of any good feeling as from a desire to avoid the appearance of meanness. 'Viewed in any light, the treating habit is one of the worst of habits. It makes men drunkards against their will. When men shall have gotten from under its tyranny there will be not one class that will regret it—the saloonkeeper; thousands of homes will be gladdened, and goodfellowship will recover its dignity, and cease to be a barroom burlesque."

Our Special Mission.

Through the early Christians the world was converted from paganism, and it must be through the Christians of our day that the world is converted back to faith and the Church. It is the special mission of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to make use of united prayer in obtaining the coming of His Kingdom. This is the end of our Apostleship of Prayer. Moreover, the devotion to the Sacred Heart has arisen in the world as a last effort of God's love to conquer the world of Himself. After a century of treachery and deceit and ruin resulting from the pretended right of man, it is time for Catholics to unite in earnest prayer that God's rights may be restored in the world.

THE CHURCH'S WORK.

Its Methods in Converting the World. The Founder of the Catholic Church was announced long before His coming as the Prince of Peace. At His birth the angels sang, "Peace to men of good will." He gave to His disciples the command to go and teach all nations. He taught them how they would bring the world to Him and His Father. An example He gave them. He redeemed the world by dying on the cross. Furthermore, His teaching, His example, His cross, were to be instruments of man's salvation.

Nowhere does He preach the doctrine of force. On the contrary, He comes to give that peace which the world cannot give, and as He was sent by the Father to teach the two great commandments, love of God and love of neighbor, so He sent His apostles into the world to do the same. They were to teach, not to coerce; they were to baptize, not to convert. He established the Church, the Holy Ghost, to enlighten and strengthen those who were divinely commissioned to spread His gospel, and that day until now they preached Jesus Christ crucified.

A few ignorant fishermen go forth to convert the world and succeed. The story of their labors is a glorious record of sacrifice, self-denial, suffering and blood, and the end thereof is written in their blood. From the beginning the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. In every age of the Church there have been zealous imitators of the

apostles, missionaries whose zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls has made them willing to give up father and mother, sister and brother, home and country, to go out in the face of untold dangers, to preach to savage nations and to plant the cross on every hilltop, so that all may see the sign.

They go forth from no human notions, these Catholic missionaries. No salary lures them, no earthly reward in expectation. They leave comfort and pleasure behind; they throw off the world; they take up the cross and follow him; they go about doing good. As in the days of Christ, again to-day in these pagan countries does God permit miracles to be wrought that all may know God in Him Whom He sent, Jesus Christ. Again the blind see, the lame walk and the poor have the gospel preached to them. Paul and Barnabas and all the early martyred apostles live over again in these missionaries, whose only weapons are prayer, penance, sacrifice, the word of God, the cross and faith in the Church which Christ founded.

Nations may have tried to force the gospel on other nations. Individuals like Cortes and Pizarro may have made a pretense of being evangelists in order to excuse their crimes, but the Church has never used any but peaceful means to spread the teachings of Christ among the peoples that were in darkness, and to the Church only was given the divine commission to preach and to teach. The only force her missionaries exert is the force of example. They exemplify the Christian virtues in their lives. St. Paul, St. Patrick, St. Francis Xavier, Father Damien, the martyred Chinese missionaries who but yesterday gave up their lives for Christ and His Church, are types of all true missionaries. They carried the cross and eschewed the sword; they converted the world; they prove by their works that force is not necessary for the spreading of the gospel.—The Little Star.

What the World Needs. So it is that, in life, we often weary of the men of intellect who keep up perpetually on the rack. We wish to get away from the clash and jargon and lofty thinking and hold converse with him whom Longfellow calls "the humble poet," who tells us of God and rest, and things that exist in that Larger Life which exists in the quiet. The world to-day needs a deep soul to speak to it of things that satisfy as urgently as ever the same has been needed in the past. The souls of men are tired of walking on hot deserts. Gladly would they turn aside to cool woodlands and streams that murmur only of peace.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

That the Desires of our Heart are to be Examined and Moderated. Son, thou hast many things still to learn, which thou hast not yet well learned. What are these things, O Lord? That thou shouldst conform in all things thy desire to My good pleasure; and that thou be not a lover of thyself, but earnestly zealous that My will may be done.

Desires often inflame thee and violently hurry thee on; but consider whether it be for My honor or thine own interest that thou art more moved. If thou hast no other view but Me, thou wilt be well contented with whatever I shall ordain; but, if there lurk in thee anything of self-seeking, behold this it is that hinders thee and troubles thee.

Take care, then, not to rely too much upon any preconceived desire, before thou hast consulted Me; lest perhaps thou afterwards repent, or be displeased with that which before pleased thee, and which thou didst zealously desire as the best.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Help Little Babies and Big Children in All Their Minor Illnesses. When your child—whether it is a big child or little baby—suffers from stomach or bowel troubles of any kind, is nervous, fidgety or cross and doesn't sleep well, give Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine is the quickest and surest cure—and the safest, because it contains no opiate or harmful drug. No matter how young or how feeble your little one is, the Tablets can be given with a certainty that the result will be good. For very young infants crush the Tablets to a powder. Mrs. Geo. W. Porter, Thorold, Ont., says: "My baby had indigestion badly when he was about three months old. He was constantly hungry and his food did him no good as he vomited it as soon as he took it. He was very thin and pale nearly all the time, both day and night. He was constipated; his tongue coated and his breath bad. Nothing did him any good until I got Baby's Own Tablets, and after giving him these a short time he began to get better. His food digested properly; his bowels became regular, he began to grow, and is now a big, healthy boy. I always keep the Tablets on hand and can recommend them to other mothers."

The Tablets can be obtained at any drug store or you can get them by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

WEEKS BRAIN WORKERS.

All fagged-out, ideas flow slowly as molasses snap and energy gone! The buoyancy that made work a pleasure is gone. A doctor says you are run down, enervated, neither eating or digesting enough. It's Ferrone you need. It's that life-giving appetite and invigorating assimilation and digestion so that lots of pure strong blood will be formed to nourish the broken down system. Ferrone will drive away the tired feeling, restore your spirits and energy, revive your ambition and strength for work. No tonic or rebuild like Ferrone—try it. Price 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50; at Druggists, or Poison & Co., Hamilton & Pillsbury, Chemists.

HAMILTON'S PILLIS CRUIX CONSTIPATION.

To Those of Sedentary Occupation. Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Parle's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question, the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

Consumption

The only kind of consumption to fear is "neglected consumption."

People are learning that consumption is a curable disease. It is neglected consumption that is so often incurable.

At the faintest suspicion of consumption get a bottle of Scott's Emulsion and begin regular doses.

The use of Scott's Emulsion at once, has, in thousands of cases, turned the balance in favor of health.

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Prompt use of Scott's Emulsion checks the disease while it can be checked.

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CARDINAL RICHARD'S LETTER.

To the President of the French Republic:

Sir,—A profound and painful impression has been created throughout all France by the decree which has closed one hundred and twenty-five schools, and by the ministerial circular which has shut up two thousand five hundred additional schools.

It is our duty to communicate to the official head of the State the solicitude we feel on this occasion, on religious as well as patriotic grounds.

The first question which suggests itself is: What are the motives which have called for this sudden and violent measure? There has been no scandal, no disorder in these educational establishments, which are under the direction of teachers holding certificates as the law requires.

The only reason there can be advanced is that the instruction given in these schools is in keeping with the principles of the Catholic Faith, and that the teachers belong to religious congregations.

Additional reason is that the Freemasons openly declare that every Christian idea shall be eliminated from the education of the young.

This is a violent attack upon consciences directed against families. As a Bishop, it is our duty and our right to protest in the name of these families against this sort of tyranny which is the most cruel of all tyrannies.

It is to be noted that these attacks have been systematically planned by the Freemasons and the anti-Catholic sects.

In 1886 a law dealing with school eliminated religious instruction from the school curriculum. Four years later teachers who were members of religious congregations were excluded from the public schools on the grounds that the teachers, being Catholics, taught things the State could not permit teachers in its pay to refer to.

Families, by way of reply to these laws, established schools at the cost of many sacrifices frequently renewed. Great crowds of children flocked into these schools. As a counter stroke to this, continuous manifestations of the wishes of families, the Freemasons enacted the law of association, which aims at making the establishment of free schools impossible.

The simultaneous closing of about three thousand schools has no other object in view than the doing away with religious instruction in the free schools after it had been excluded from the public schools.

After the statement of these self-evident facts, we deem it useless to stop to discuss in detail the measures adopted for the closing of the schools. After the declaration made by Premier Waldeck-Rousseau, a great number of the directors of these schools felt they were safe. Their sincerity cannot be called in question.

The ministerial circular closing two thousand five hundred schools had not made its appearance, and, besides, a ministerial circular cannot order the closing of educational establishments.

If the authorities desired to afford, we shall not say in a spirit of kindness, but in a spirit of indignation, to the teachers who had not done so an opportunity of complying with legal formalities, they could have manifested this desire by granting reasonable delays.

The granting of such delays was rendered more necessary by the fact that persons versed in knowledge of the laws and of administrative regulations question the necessity and the legality of the formalities required of the teachers.

The measures adopted manifest an evident desire to close the schools after every means had been employed to bring this about.

These measures are the more regrettable because France needs an era of good feeling. You yourself, Mr. President, have given expression to this view on more than one occasion. We all share it. Now, there can be no ordinary feelings, unless due regard be had for religious and civil liberty.

The history of the past teaches this lesson. At the dawn of the century just closed France demanded a cessation of the tyranny which the anti-Christian sects had imposed upon her. Very instructive is the spectacle of the legislative assemblies studying in 1802 the essential conditions on which social order depends.

The first cry, so to speak, that went up from all parts of France was that religion was absolutely necessary. M. Portalis, a man of eminence, who was intrusted with the task of presenting to the legislative body the grave questions involved in the restoration of social order to the country, declared: "The laws and morality will not suffice. The law can only stay the uplifted arm; religion rules the heart."

swept away by the tempest of the Revolution. To-day Leo XIII. comes to us in the same spirit of love for our fatherland. "We have omitted no effort," says Leo XIII., "to accomplish for France the work of pacification which will secure for her incalculable advantages, not only in the religious, but likewise in the civil and political order." The French bishops share Leo XIII.'s desire to bring about harmony.

Thus do we respond, Mr. President, to the wish you recently expressed in references to the subsidence of animosities and the union of our dear beloved France. Respect for religious and civil liberty will bind mind to mind, and heart to heart. If France is attached to existing political institutions, and we unhesitatingly recognize that she is, she does not desire religious persecution.

The Freemasons are unceasingly at work trying to create division by attacking Christian institutions. As for us, Mr. President, we will continue, with God's aid, to fulfill the duty of a Bishop—a French Bishop. We will defend religious liberty; we will defend the liberty of the family in matters touching the education of children; we will defend all legitimate liberties to which, as citizens, we are entitled.

We ask no privileges, but we demand that Catholics shall not be deprived of rights which they share in common with all French citizens. We are convinced that in acting in this way, we shall be working for the general pacification.

In closing this letter, we express, as our vernal predecessor, Cardinal Guisbert, before us expressed, the hope that France will never permit herself to be despoiled of the sacred beliefs which were the source of her strength and of her glory in the past, and which placed her in the first rank among nations.

I commend, Mr. President, these grave considerations to your wisdom, and beg of you to accept the expression of my most respectful consideration.

FRANCIS CARDINAL RICHARD, Archbishop of Paris. Paris, July 19, 1902.

CATHOLICS AND "CURES."

Official Attitude of the Church Towards Alleged Miraculous Recoveries and Sacred Relics.

From the Providence Visitor.

Many Catholics, we are told, have expressed their surprise that Bishop Farley should have declined to offer an opinion to a newspaper man on the real significance of the "cures" which are reported to have been worked lately by an alleged relic of St. Ann.

Preserved in the French Church of St. John Baptist in New York city. That any wonderment should be aroused at all in the matter shows one how general is the laziness that prevails even among well-instructed Catholics on the Church's official attitude towards "cures" and the relics that are popularly believed to bring them about.

Bishop Farley, let us say, once for all, could not in reasonableness have published an "opinion" in that offhand fashion, even if he had made up his mind as to the true character of the portents described. Ecclesiastical personages know what value attaches to their words in times of passing excitement; and they are bound by a kind of informal etiquette not to add fuel to the fire.

Long experience has begotten among them a tradition of reserve, and the prelate who should transgress it would probably find himself a subject of discussion at Rome.

The Church has never lent herself to the Protestant and semi-naturalistic view that the age of miracles is passed. She seems to hold that the rewards promised in Scripture to "great faith" may be won at all times, if men will only seek them in the right temper. As betraying her instincts in this, she has instituted severe legal processes—processes more fastidious searching in their treatment of evidence than, let us say, our own august Senate Document 190 has ever been submitted to.

The Bishop of the diocese in which the "signs" are alleged to have shown themselves is the obvious judge of their genuineness and authenticity. Canonically, he has the right to convoke a court of inquiry, if an investigation is deemed useful or necessary. Usually Bishops are slow to act in such junctures; not because their faith in the supernatural is weak, but because their knowledge of human nature is usually of the kind that begets a habit of incredulity towards people with a story to tell. They are hard men to convince; and most of us are ready to thank God for their mental inertia. It is best for all concerned that they should move slowly. It is a note of wisdom to be in no hurry to draw conclusions. A newspaper reporter on a New York daily, if one will only reflect upon it, seems a ridiculously inappropriate person to inaugurate an official inquiry. His business is to feed the appetite for sensation; a Bishop's business is to build up and strengthen among his people the faith of which he is the hereditary guardian.

Then, as to the relics themselves, which are reputed to work these extraordinary phenomena. It is here, if anywhere, that the true ethos, or hereditary disposition, of the Christian Church, against the jealous custodian of the original, as the jealous custodian of the original, deposit of faith suffers her ministers in a hundred ways to cultivate the habit of *pieta credulitas*, or the dutiful instinct of alertness towards the ever-present supernatural in her children, she herself has never yet set the seal of her authentic approval on any relic whatsoever. As Father Sylvester Hunter, S. J., puts it, "She has never made a declaration." "She has never made a declaration," he adds, "and we therefore never can have certainty on the point."

She allows it to stand or fall entirely on particular testimony of which she takes no official cognizance. Witness her attitude towards the so-called "Sacred Winding Sheet of Turin," of which we have spoken before in these columns: watch her in the presence of those orthodox controversialists who impugn the genuineness of any of the accepted instruments of the

Passion, the True Cross, the Holy Coat of Treves and the like. In all these cases she leaves us free to follow our own individual beliefs. It is a matter of private judgment, in one sense, and has nothing at all to do with that larger or supernatural assent by which we accept her as the inerrant witness to the world of our own time of the whole cycle of Christ's teaching. Of course, if we are made of the right spiritual stuff we shall not be too anxious to test the faces of these problems. We shall keep something more than the scholar's open mind. We shall have "the wish to believe," even while we resolve to be most wary.

CARDINAL PAROCCHI ON DIVORCE

American Messenger Sacred Heart.

The circular letter of Cardinal Parocchi, vice-chancellor of the Church, and secretary of the Congregation of the Inquisition, has contributed not a little to the national sentiment against divorce in Italy. The letter, issued in the name of the eminent Cardinals Inquisitors, is addressed to all the Archbishops and Bishops of Italy, and has for purpose to draw more fully to the late allocation of Pope Leo the attention of all pastors of souls, and to arouse their zeal "so that there may not be a single diocese in Italy in which the teaching and general warning of the Head of the Church would not find a due response."

Before everything else, writes the Cardinal, it is important to explain to the people that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Redeemer of the human race, having abolished the custom of divorce, brought marriage back to the principle established by the Creator, namely, that it should be one and indissoluble. To which principle the Divine Master alludes when he says: "Therefore now they are not two, but one flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." (St. Matt. xix, 6.) The principle applied by St. Paul to the Corinthians: "A woman is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband die, she is at liberty; let her marry to whom she will; only in the Lord." (I Cor. vi, 39.)

Furthermore, let the sanctity of marriage, raised by Jesus Christ to the dignity of a Sacrament, be fully demonstrated. Wedlock having become, in the New Law, the figure of the indissoluble union of Christ with the Church, and an edifying sign of the grace given by the Sacrament to the spouses, Christian marriage is thereby withdrawn from the civil power. Not only this, but a lawful and consummated marriage cannot be dissolved even by the supreme authority of the Church herself. That the secular power may legislate concerning the civil effects of the contract, no one doubts; but when it goes further and attacks the bond, it does not protect marriage but favors adultery.

This teaching, imparted to the people in a plain and practical form in the churches, especially in catechism lessons should be proclaimed in the press, as well by newspapers as by pamphlets. It is important that concerning this most weighty theme, every one, great and small, should be instructed, for in the present day, even in the highest classes, there is great ignorance of questions affecting religion.

Let the Church's constancy in condemning divorce be put in the clearest light. From the first ages, when this abuse was sanctioned by Roman laws, up to now, throughout twenty centuries, this policy she never has been false. Recall the example of the early Fathers, and the laws of the State, especially those of the State, but to the laws decreed by Himself the Lord judge thee on the last day," said St. Chrysostom, when reminded of the opposition between civil and sacred law in this matter. "The laws of Caesar are one thing; those of Christ, another," adds St. Jerome in the same regard.

The Council of Trent, condemning the very sink of errors gathered by the heretics against Christian marriage, smote with an anathema those who say "that for heresy, or cruelty, or abandonment, the bond of matrimony may be broken"; as well as those who pretend that for adultery, at least the innocent party is free to marry again; or that such a subsequent union is not adulterous.

Our people must not be left unacquainted with the constant solicitude of the Roman Pontiffs to combat every attempt to introduce into the laws of the State, or into the laws of the Church, a few examples, St. Nicholas I. with fearless firmness, compelled King Lothaire, of Lorraine, to dismiss his adulteress and take back his lawful wife, whom he had divorced. Thus Pope Urban and Paschal opposed Philip I. of France. Celestine III. and Innocent resisted Philip II. Less easy to forget is the later struggle of Clement VII. and Paul III. against the unworthy desires of Henry VIII. of England. The hearts of these most zealous Pontiffs beat as they contemplated the disasters which fell upon the Isle of Saints; but to avert them, they could not betray their trust, or allow the violation of that Sacrament which is great in Christ and His Church. No one can forget the July Consistory of 1808, protesting against divorce and secular interference in the question of matrimonial impediments, imposed by Napoleon on the Italian provinces annexed to his empire. Similarly, with weight of warning and argument, Gregory XVI. protested in his Encyclical of Aug. 15, 1832. And his successor in the Syllabus of Dec. 8, 1864, condemning the proposition which asserted that the bond of marriage was not by natural law indissoluble, and that valid divorce might be granted for various causes by the civil power. The Apostolic Constitution *Arcaam Divinae Sapientiae*, of the present Pontiff, published on Feb. 10, 1880, may well be called an exact compendium of the Catholic doctrine concerning marriage, and a complete refutation of the errors opposed to it. Since then, he has repeatedly proclaimed that divorce is a profanation of the sanctity of Christian

marriage and the ruin of the very foundation of domestic society; that though it there exist only adulterous unions, and never lawful marriages.

Moreover, rational ethics and the true science of jurisprudence, whether we consider the case of the individual or of public society, condemn divorce. Reason, experience, the authority of well-instructed and disinterested judges, demonstrate with absolute evidence that divorce is repugnant to the principles of morality and justice, and is the ill-omened source of immense evils, to individuals, to families and to civil society. As Pope Leo has declared, "Marriages are thus rendered unstable, mutual confidence is restrained, the temptation to infidelity, the well-being and proper education of children is jeopardized, there is a constant incentive to the disruption of family life, the seeds of discord between families are sown, the dignity of woman is debased, for she will be sought only for the gratification of low passions and then abandoned."

A special wrong may be mentioned in the case of civil divorce from mixed marriages. Hence the non-Catholic contracting parties are allowed by the State to marry again, and such ensuing civil marriages are protected by the laws. But the Catholic parties are not allowed to marry again, and thus are left without the protection which civil law affords to those who enter into the marriage contract legitimately. In this case, the non-Catholic divorced persons are allowed to profit by their own excesses.

What shall we say of the children? Their education belongs to the parents by the law of nature. They need the father's firmness and labor with the mother's love and ceaseless care. The cruel separation of spouses destroys the training and the future of children. The Catholic Church has never ceased to protest against divorce. She has never sanctioned the dissolution of a valid and consummated marriage. There may be calumnies to the contrary; but they are absolutely devoid of truth.

TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH.

Taken From the Report of Dutch Reformed Church, Australasia.

The report of the third meeting of the Dutch Reformed Church at Batavia, Australasia, gives a splendid testimonial to the Catholic clergy in that far-away land.

It cannot be denied, says the report, that Rome makes an alarming headway in the East Indies. United like the Macedonian phalanx, the Catholics keep moving on, gaining victory upon victory.

The organization of the Roman Catholic Church is much superior to ours. Whilst the president of our ecclesiastical synod is forced upon us by the government, the head of the Roman Church is a Bishop appointed by the Holy See and recognized by the State. This Bishop is always a man who grew up with the country, who enjoys a serious authority and who governs with a firm hand.

The disinterestedness of the priests is truly admirable. They share like brothers the salaries which the State pays to a few of them. Their zeal in visiting the hospitals and prisons is worthy of all praise. The army is unanimous in lauding their cordiality and spirit of sacrifice.

These priests, rich in courage and conviction, see the number of their adherents increase everywhere. They know even how to take advantage of the materialism and indifference prevailing in these countries. This is especially the case in mixed marriages. Protestants, indifferent to their own religion, conform themselves to the demands of Catholic parents and permit their children to be raised in the Catholic religion.

The Church of Rome concentrates all its energies upon youth; she has schools in all the cities. These schools are of an all-round excellence; everybody holds them in great esteem, and few are the Protestants who do not fear a Catholic college education for their children. The Sisters educate the girls confined to their care with a skill commanding admiration; and it is a rare thing to find one of their pupils not speaking sympathetically of their religious teachers.

To Fair and Fearless.

Rev. J. L. M. Campbell, a Protestant minister and editor of the Southern Banner, of Dallas, Texas, a new publication, writes thus in his salutatory:

"The editor of the Southern Banner belongs to a Protestant family. His father had more than ordinary devotion to the old Presbyterian creed—Bible reading was with them a family institution. Brought up among Catholic people, often in the intimacy of friendship, the undersigned editor realized in his youth that Catholics were grossly misrepresented. A large experience with non-Catholics convinced him that a very great number of them are men and women of great moral and intellectual worth, fair-minded and ever ready to acknowledge truth, wherever it may be shown to them. Many of this class are often making inquiries with Catholic people about their religion. To answer these questions to which often a non-theological cannot respond, the Southern Banner in part makes its appearance. There is a class, mainly composed of preachers, who distort the doctrines of the Catholic Church, through ignorance. The Southern Banner, if they will it, will enlighten them. Finally, there is the doctrinal or moral wretch, Protestant or renegade, that makes it his business to desecrate the temple of truth by infamous lies of all kinds, and these the sacred precincts. For the sake of lucre they turn the temple of truth into a cavern of thieves. The editor is the sole party responsible for utterances contained in the Southern Banner. His motto: 'Impartial in thought, fearless in utterance.'"

WHITEWASHING HENRY VIII.

Efforts to whitewash Henry VIII. are occasionally made by historians. James Anthony Froude, it will be remembered, made a hero of Henry, much to the amusement of unbiased readers and writers of history. A book, "Henry VIII.," by A. F. Pollard, recently published in London, while it does not go quite to such lengths as Froude in extolling the wisdom and virtue of Henry, tries to place the monarch of many wives in as favorable a light as his character will admit. The book reviewer of the London Athenaeum, commenting on this, remarks:

"There is a good deal to say for the theory that in his early years Henry was animated by generous impulses, and he was certainly popular at the beginning of his reign. But it is another thing to tell us that he was not degraded afterwards by an insane passion; that he did not advance farther in the path of conjugal infidelity than after having at least two undoubted divorces he sought a divorce from his first wife really for conscience sake; that it was his conscience that made Henry so dangerous; and further that in constitutional matters he was a champion of liberty, not at all the sort of king who established a virtue absolutism by packed Parliaments.

The Athenaeum points out further flaws in the picture of Henry as presented by Mr. Pollard, and views with disfavor the author's endeavor to exalt the King at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey, remarking that the "general reader, no matter how unversed in diplomatic history, will not readily take Mr. Pollard's word for it that the Cardinal was a blunderer in statesmanship, whose policy was an anachronism."

A writer who takes in this way, continues the Athenaeum, will hardly be listened to with respect when he avers that there "never was a flimsier theory than that the divorce of Catherine was the sole cause of the break with Rome." This is a familiar way of discrediting the Pope's attitude on Henry's appeal for divorce. Mr. Pollard states that Henry had really convinced himself "that to continue to live with his brother's wife (Catherine) was a sin, but the Athenaeum neatly offsets that theory by showing from Mr. Pollard's own words how insincere were Henry's convictions on this matter. Mr. Pollard says that he (Henry) "told the papal nuncio in England that although he had studied the question of the Pope's authority, and retracted his defence of the Holy See, yet possibly Cleme might give him occasion to probe the matter further still, and to recon- firm what he had originally written."

The Athenaeum's comment is: "No doubt of it. If the Holy Father only would have granted Henry his divorce, how zealously would not Henry have recalled his words, and maintained once more the Holy Father's authority? There never was a mind so open to conviction—when good inducements were held out to him for a change of view."—Sacred Heart Review.

PRIEST'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE W. C. T. U.

Remarks of the Very Rev. Frank A. O'Brien as Reported in the Kosary Magazine.

You have asked me to tell you in ten minutes what the Catholic Church is doing for the temperance cause. There are about one thousand societies banded together, uniting about one hundred thousand members, under the banner of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. Branch societies of this union are in nearly every State. One hundred thousand men pledged in this cause of total abstinence means much; it is, however, but a small portion of the work of the Catholic Church for the cause.

You can never curb the will of a man by force. Influence must be brought to mould that will. The earlier the will is brought under submission, the greater is its possession. The child is more than a million children in the parochial schools in this country. From their youthful years they are trained to self-denial. No meat on Friday, doing without sugar during Lent, etc., all this helps them realize that there is money in self-denial. This is established in youth. Conquering self brings with it more than earthly reward. The knowledge of the practice of self-denial is a thousand times more beneficial than the effects of alcoholic charts and similar instruction in our public schools. I do not believe that the presentation of the evils of alcohol by charts, etc., is the best thing for the child. It brings the evil effects before the thought, "How can I prevent the effects, while indulging in the evil?" Where the love of the virtue is not instilled there is no object for self-denial.

About the age of twelve the Catholic child is instructed for its first Communion. At that time it takes the pledge against using tobacco also given. Thus the dangerous time of life is bridged over. These promises are, as a rule, kept, especially when the child is separated from evil companions. The child is guarded through life. The confessional, where intimate relations exist between the priest and penitent, is made use of to instill into the heart of all the love of the virtue of temperance. It is difficult for a man to acknowledge that he is a drunkard, but in the confessional such acknowledgment is made. The priest uses his utmost endeavor to have the penitent practice the virtue of temperance; if necessary, urges the virtue of total abstinence.

Remaining faithful to the precepts of the Catholic Church, there is no danger of intemperance. You tell me that there are Catholics who are drunkards. Are they practical Catholics, receiving the sacraments as they have been directed?

You tell me that there are Catholic saloon keepers. I deny the charge. The confessional reaches the saloon-keeper as well as the drunkard. I will

admit, however, that there are a number of both classes who call themselves Catholics, but are they practical Catholics? The amount of their Catholicity is, as a rule, being buried from the Church. They do not fulfill the laws required by the Church for active membership.

I hold that a saloon keeper cannot be a practical Catholic. He cannot live up to the rules of the Catholic Church and remain in the trade. The Church forbids him to sell to minors, to drunkards or to people whose families would suffer from the loss of the money expended. It obliges him to keep the laws, to sell pure goods, pay his just debts. It obliges him not to be a cause of sin to his neighbor or a bad example to his children. When a saloon keeper endeavors to follow these rules there is "nothing in it" for him, and he gets out of either the Church or the saloon.

The Church does not hold that alcohol is bad in itself, for this is not true. It does teach that the abuse of alcohol is sinful and obliges its children under pain of damnation to avoid its abuse. Her priests continually seek after the weak brethren to encourage them, have them take the pledge for a short time, a year, for instance, and then get around before the end of the year to see that it is renewed. It makes use of the sacraments and such other helps that it has towards the furtherance of the practice of this great virtue. It accomplishes more for the practice of this virtue of temperance than all other sources combined.

The cause of drunkenness is infidelity. Make men followers of Christ and you will make them sober men.

We must not forget that there are more than sixty million of men and women in this country who have no form of religion whatever, who know not God. As long as this great body is in the majority, and it is, we fear, growing in number every day, we cannot expect a general practice of the virtue of temperance.

Many of the vast number glory in the "liberty of getting drunk if they like." How are we to reach this vast army? The answer is easily told. Make them Christians. Baptizing the followers of the lowly Nazarene will not only cure the vice of drunkenness, but other vices equally as grave.

A DISCREPANCY IN STATISTICS.

It is a common saying that figures cannot lie. They can be very deceptive, though. Their reliability depends upon those who make them. The figures of statisticians do not as a rule inspire confidence. In fact, to lie like statistics has become a byword. The Catholic population of the United States is variously estimated at from seven to fifteen millions. One of these extremes must, of course, be an absurdity. Surely there ought to be some way of arriving at approximation in so simple a matter. There would no doubt be less discrepancy in the estimates if the statisticians were to come to some agreement among themselves as to those whose heads should be counted. In some cases only practical Catholics are included, those who "neglect their Easter duty" and do not rent pews being regarded as outsiders. We have the assurance that nominal Catholics in France now outnumber ten to one, those who practice their religion. Every one knows that there are no better Catholics in the world than the good Catholics of France, to use a French construction. Those who are not good are apt to be pretty bad. They will outlive pretend to be infidels and act as if they really were. It is different with us.

There are a great many national Catholics in the United States who, though they have ceased to practice their religion, nevertheless love it, and in their heart of hearts hope to return to their allegiance. They do not deny the faith, and thousands of them are reclaimed every year. By far the greater number of these unfortunates know well the folly of trying to serve God and mammon; at present they are serving mammon and suffering accordingly. Another class, and a large class, will tell you that they cannot afford to attend church—that churches are for persons who can pay for pews, put money in the contribution boxes and wear clothes that are not workaday. This class must be sought out in the highways and byways and compelled to come in. They will never do so of their own accord. They have been frightened away, but it need not be told how. Let it be said that they have drifted away. These are the "apostates" of whom we hear so much from persons who know least about it.

If there are two words in the English language that have been overworked, they are heretic and apostate. Many persons are branded as heretics, who, if it were known, hold all the essential verities of the Christian faith. It is an injustice to call any one an apostate over whom the world or the flesh or the devil has secured a brief ascendancy.

For ourselves, we like the large figures in our statistics; and we think every Catholic, whether nominal or practical should be regarded as a member of the Church. To count out all the strayed sheep would be to drive them farther from the fold, and give the hireling all the more power over them. God forbid that those who have fallen away should lose hope of returning; and let those who think themselves safely folded take heed lest they stray!—Western Watchman.

Every time you surrender to doubt, anger, fear, jealous envy, of whatever you know to be wrong, you simply augment the fault you despise. You are adding more fuel to the flame, instead of putting it out. If you keep the fuel away from the fire, it will go out, because there will be nothing on which it can feed.—Success.

Jesus Christ was, both during His life and at His death, an exact observer of the praiseworthy laws and customs of His country, even of those from which He knew Himself to be most exempt.—Bossuet.

A man's character is all he has... his one great possession, and he loses it...

Of two young men, one of whom belongs to a Catholic society...

For Catholic method, for know the truth, the conditions...

Let us be up and doing... For Catholic method, for know the truth...

For Catholic method, for know the truth, the conditions...

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For Catholic method, for know the truth, the conditions...

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

CCV.

I do not pretend to have a conclusive judgment, in all points, about the Association Law in France...

Of the two best-known so-called religious papers of this country which represent no particular denomination...

The Outlook, it will be remembered, used to be called the Christian Union, as the editor, Dr. Lyman Abbott, was formerly a Christian minister.

The Outlook began by remarking that ever since the Council of 1870 there had been a gradual withdrawal from government buildings in France...

However, it is possible that Dr. Abbott knows what he means better than he cares to show...

I am not quite sure that this is Dr. Abbott's meaning, but if it is, it would explain the talk about the tokens of Vatican subversion...

Knowledge of the Truth. If the spread of knowledge of literature and the arts, in the midst of the culture of the people...

O Mary, your name is sweet to the lips as a drop of honey, more grateful to the ear than the sweetest song...

Why not? The state is not the custodian of conscience. The state is not the Church. Whoever says that it is...

It then the state is not the custodian of conscience, it is bound to refrain from interfering with the aid which men...

Whoever habitually directs his conduct by the judgment of a particular moralist or school of moralists, so far gives his conscience into their keeping...

Mr. Bodley is not a Catholic, and only in a loose sense a Christian. Yet, as we know, he is a man who has spent years in France...

I need not say that in his positive pronouncement in favor of the Association Law Dr. Abbott betrays no knowledge of Mr. Bodley's existence...

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT.

Old-fashioned Protestants believed with Catholics the great truths of death, judgment, heaven and hell...

The attempt to do away with the terrible of an eternal, conscious hell by making it "tolerable" or "bearable" is only another device to rob the Gospel of its power to convict and save men...

Besides, if the figures of heaven and hell that are so terrible, picture to us something that is after all not so bad as might be supposed?

The trouble outside the Catholic Church is that the pulpit has turned itself into a mere lecture platform in order to please the pews...

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments...

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Eighteenth Sunday After Pentecost.

TRUE FORGIVENESS.

"The multitude, seeing it, feared and glorified God, who had given such power to men."

In the holy Gospel which has just been read we have a foreshadowing of that gift from man of power to forgive sins which, after our Lord's resurrection, He expressly and clearly conveyed when He said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."

And truly wonderful is the dignity and honor which, as our holy faith teaches us, has been conferred on man by Almighty God. It is not merely that in God's becoming man human nature has been exalted to His own throne above angels and archangels...

And how is this? Listen to the words of St. John: "If of us we love God, and hate his brother, he is a liar; and notice the reason which he gives: 'For he that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God Whom he seeth not?'"

But of what I have said I can bring in proof the words of a greater than St. John—the words of our Lord Himself. Of the last great day, on which we shall all have to render an account of our deeds and to receive either everlasting reward or everlasting punishment, He Himself has given us a clear description.

Let us not, then, vainly imagine that religion consists exclusively in going to Church and in receiving the Sacraments. If we cherish hatred and revenge, if we are harsh and dishonest; if, in short, we do not really love our fellow-men, all our church-going and Sacrament-receiving will be fruitless and even injurious to our souls.

It is bad passions which contract us. How many sinful souls, therefore, are hindered, too limited for God to contain Himself in them! To them everything is difficult.—St. Hilary of Poitiers.

I will point out to you a terrible adversary to the country, a deadly enemy of the republic, of the empire, of royalty, and of all forms which public justice and authority can take amongst us; it is impiety.—Mgr. Pie.

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ALTAR OF THE UNIVERSE.

Focal Point of the World's Greatest and Most Powerful Agencies.

BY BISHOP HEAVEN.

These are events, standing out like historical landmarks among the chronicles of the past, that arrest and fix the attention of the thoughtful mind. They form the lines, which divide era from era and epoch from epoch.

But the focal point of the climacteric disturbance of the universe is fixed on Calvary's Hill. New conformations of life have arisen therefrom, and forceful and lasting agencies have built up the Christian epoch, and continued, even into our day, in its brightest effulgence, the Christian era.

These mighty forces and agencies were bound up in the omnipotence of the God-Head, until brought to earth by the God-man, where they have been deposited as a sacred trust.

There are many beautiful and singular privileges connected with it. It is the best-kept on which the constitution of the Church is built. Its activity, in all its manifold energies, are inherent to the soul of the Church.

A GRATEFUL TRIBUTE

From a Man who Looked upon His Case as Hopeless.

DOCTORS DIAGNOSED HIS CASE AS CATARRH OF THE STOMACH, BUT FAILED TO HELP HIM—MANY REMEDIES WERE TRIED BEFORE A CURE WAS FOUND.

From the Bulletin, Bridgewater, N. S. We suppose there is not a corner in this wide Dominion in which will not be found people who have been restored to health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Because of their thorough and prompt action on the blood and nerves these pills speedily cure anaemia, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, scrofula and eruptions of the skin, erysipelas, kidney and liver troubles and the functional ailments which make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A man's character is all he has, it is his one great possession, and if he loses that he loses all.

Which is the Happier? Of two young men, one of whom belongs to a Catholic society and goes to the sacraments once a month, the other of whom has no use for church, drinks, frequents low theatres, and goes with vicious company, which is the happier?

Certainly the former, who practices religion has more of mind, and an easy conscience, and self-respect, and the esteem of his associates, and the hopeful feeling that comes from the possession of strength.

But the young fellow that lives in sin, and is a slave to his stomach, and yields to his passion, has a soul dark within him, and is without respect among decent folk, and feels gay only under stimulants. His mirth is forced. His laugh is bitter. His heart is heavy. The blackness of a miserable eternity casts its shadow on his life. How can he be happy?

Let us be up and doing.

For Catholic manhood, for us who know the truth, the condition is never more propitious to labor in the vineyard of the Lord. On every side we find fevered, unsettled minds, souls blindly seeking for truth. Creeds and laws trying to satisfy this disquietude have changed and are changing their forms of worship and the fundamental principles of their belief, but all in vain.

No, let us, by our good, Christian example, our honesty, our truthfulness, our sobriety, our kind words, show them the way. Let us, when occasion requires, boldly profess our belief and as boldly champion it. Truth needs more courage to maintain than words to defend.

Instead of wearing out their strength in contention machines, relief-seekers should flee to the woods and the mountains, should pitch their tents and share the fun of hoeing out a trail to the next neighborhood, should gather raspberries in the deep clofts, and climb trees in quest of squirrels' nests; should fetch their own fuel from the pine-knot bottoms, and arrange expeditions to the highest peaks of the neighborhood.

In that manner, a two-weeks' camp in Elysium will suffice to lay in a reserve store of health for several months of town life; and, besides, experience will prove that work with a practical purpose and the stimulus of visible results enables an invalid to beguile himself into an amount of exercise unattainable by the manual of the horizontal bar.

In stress of circumstances, city dwellers may try the compromise of an amateur carpenter shop, or, like Elihu Burritt, get an anvil to hammer out biliousness and blue devils.

Turner-halls, though, are encouraging signs of the times, and the healing art would enter a new era of success if the patrons of the nostrum-monger could be persuaded to try Dr. Boerhaave's plan and "counteract the disorders of the human organism mechanically, instead of chemically, by chopping down a bitter-wood tree, instead of swallowing a decoction of its nauseous leaves."

The moral healing art, too, is important; it is equally important, for self-reliance has no more insidious foe than the despondency that so often follows the abuse of drugs, and yields permanently only to the magic of out-door exercise.

Movement-cure associations are the harbingers of that reform, and the time may be near when invalids who insist on "taking something" will be advised to "take a whack at the woodpile," or a walk in the park.

A Successful Life. When a youth passes the boundary of boyhood and enters upon the career of a man, he should take a survey of the world and adopt some guide-post principles that will direct him to make the most of himself and reach an honorable end.

Among the first questions that he must settle is this one: What is a successful life? When he has that problem solved correctly, he has the right goal in view and can choose the straight road to reach it. But if, at the start, he fixes a wrong end for his journey or takes a false direction, he is pretty certain to follow a devious course and to wind up in the morass of failure.

Now, what is a successful life? Is it the accumulation of riches, or the attainment of a conspicuous position, or the possession of power, or the accomplishment of some triumphant achievement certain to bring renown?

is reported to have said the other day, "I am due to a resolute will and to persistent work. First, I firmly determined to win; next, I labored indefatigably to carry that resolution into effect."

Poor man that he is, he imagines that he is successful, but there are few who have made such a miserable failure of life as he has, for he has grown gray without friendship, without cultivation of the intellect, and without development of the sentiments of the soul! He has lived to make money; and to that passion of avarice he has sacrificed his being, his opportunities and his hopes. His heart has grown hard. His pride is in the number of his dollars; his useless dollars, useless because unproductive and unused to any beneficial purpose; worse than useless, many of them, cruel and extortionate and blood stained, because drawn from the distress of his neighbors and utilized still further to despoil them. His life has been transmitted into riches. When they fall away from it, it will be left ignorant and bare.

A successful life, therefore, does not depend on the getting of wealth. If it did, every gambler, every speculator, every miser, every thief, every panderer to base appetites, who became opulent, would have to be crowned with the laurel of success; while most of the heroes and benefactors of humanity would have to be classed as failures. No, success is not spelled "ri-ch-es."

If it were, the vast majority of persons would never attain it. For, however the man of millions may attribute his opulence to will and to work, there are legions of human beings who might prosper and strive with all their might to prosper, yet who, for lack of favoring circumstances would resolve and labor in vain. Now, for justice sake, the highest ideal of a successful life must be within the reach of all.

Judged by that criterion, immense riches, high rank, great power, eminent place, and multiplied opportunities to do good, cannot be the measure of life's success, for these are attainable only by the few, whereas no one may properly be foredoomed to failure. These things are extraneous, accidental and venial to a life's success, must be incidental to it, inherent in it, and indispensable to its completion.

What, then, is a successful life? It is one that is lived in the sphere allotted to it, from a sense of duty, and with the abiding motive of aiming at its own perfection. It results in the perfect man. It seeks as its highest welfare the best that he can be rather than the most that he can have.

The Christian would express this same definition in these words: A successful life is one that is lived in accordance with the will of God for it. Judged by that rule, the poor man, the laborer, the uneducated, and the employe can be as successful as the capitalist, the aristocrat, the landlord, and the captain of industry. Position matters not, nor outside possessions, nor even the training of the mind in book learning. The man's the thing, and his glorious motive is the alchemy that turns his life into perfection.

That success is open to all. It is possible. It is permanent. It remunerates the very essence of one's existence. Robbers cannot take it away, age wither it, nor the whirlwind of time turn it down into disaster.

A life lived with that purpose cannot be thus noble without the performance of noble actions. Truth, temperance, honesty, purity, gentleness, contentment, industry, and all other virtues will inevitably shed their radiance upon it. It will put a guard upon every thought, word and deed, and will suffer none of them to be accepted by its will that are not fit for it.

Similarly, a noble life, uplifted by the will to compass perfection in character, will manifest itself in actions of beneficence toward the neighbor. It cannot hide itself. It must do good, according to its opportunities, to all who come within its reach. Justice, kindness, charity—these are some of the sure fruits of the sap of the motive that is within it.

The success of a life, therefore, depends on the perfection of the man's character—the nobility of his principles, the merit of his motive, and the fidelity of his practice to his plan. L. W. R.

The Term "Mother of God." The following communication from the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Fond du Lac, Right Rev. Charles C. Gratton, D. D., will no doubt prove interesting.

To the Editor of the "Living Church": I do not wish to enter at length into the controversy about the title Mother of God. In the production of every human child there is a human and a divine factor. We take flesh of our parents, but God gives the life or soul. Though the mother does not generate the soul, yet she is called the mother of that plural unit she brings forth. The Blessed Virgin is admitted by some of your objectors to be the Mother of the human Body and Soul of the Incarnate Son.

This concise and admirable statement from the Bishop of Fond du Lac was received too late for insertion in the last issue, in which the discussion was declared closed, and therefore appears this week, but without a wish that the subject should be reopened.—Editor Living Church.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

How Billy Walker Joined the Circus.

"Bang—bang!" Billy Walker was delighted. It was the sound of the big drum in the circus procession winding through the town.

"Toot—toot!" This was a blast on the trumpets. Then Billy saw a scarlet wagon filled with red-faced performers, their cheeks puffed out into small pumpkins. After this came a miscellaneous array of "knights," "ladies," a perspiring goddess of liberty, who bobbed up and down on a throne not very securely fastened to a camel's back, and there finally followed a variety show of small lions, a bear, a mob of monkeys in cages. The last vehicle was a wagon all closed up and labeled "Whale." No such fish could be seen, of course, but then nobody could deny but that it might be inside. Billy was in ecstasy. He followed the procession as long as possible, and went home in delight because a clown on horse-back, a clown whose face was streaked with vermilion, nodded to him and gave him a grin that seemed to split the clown's face from ear to ear.

"Grandmother," said Billy that evening, when packed away in his rocking chair near the kitchen stove, he watched that diligent red-tape mixer bread for the morrow, "I think I would like to be a circus man."

I regret to let it go on record that Billy was one of those boys who think that everyday life is dull, that home is a sort of stupid place, that grandmothers are prosy beings (Billy's parents being dead, he lived with Grandmother Walker). The excitement of a circus, a life with that distinguished man, "the clown," with the goddess of liberty and other prominent characters, strongly attracted Billy. He had now declared his wish to be in the show business.

"What, William?" said his grandmother, looking stern. He saw at once that he had made a mistake.

"Like to be a circus-man!" said his relative, giving her mass of dough a furious dig with an iron spoon. "Instead of sitting there talking about going to some place, go and bring your grandmother an armful of wood."

Billy did not stir. It was more pleasant to sit in a chair and muse about a circus like than to go after wood for grandmother's fire.

"If you are going after that wood," said his grandmother, continuing her billiard to a very disagreeable subject, "you had better go now. It is going to rain, and the winds blows, and it will be rather unpleasant going after the wood out in the shed. You see, William, there is a kind of attractiveness about many things, a kind of noise and bluster and going round that pleases some folks; but the king is our duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call you. Now you grow up that way, trying to be contented, and do your duty every day, and don't chase circuses or anything else that sort of tempt you because it makes a great hurra in the world."

Billy did not reply outwardly, but in his thoughts he said: "Guess I know a thing or two as well as grandmother, and I mean to do as I please."

"I am going up stairs now," remarked his relative, "but I will come down in a little while."

Billy was dumb to this remark also. He had his thoughts, however. As soon as his grandmother had left the room he said to himself, "Good! She is gone!"

In a little while he softly stole out of doors, having seized his cap, and scampered towards the circus tent. The band was playing.

"Lovely music!" exclaimed Billy. "Oh, there he is!"

Yes, at the side entrance was his former acquaintance, the clown. "Here I am!" said Billy. "Don't you know me? You smiled at me in the procession."

"Eh?" replied the clown. "I smiled at a thousand folks; and were you one of them?"

Billy was disappointed to find he was not known, but he hid his chagrin and said, "I am going to join you."

"You? What can you do?" This was very modifying to Billy.

"Can you ride a horse?" continued the clown.

Billy dared not reply, fearful lest a negative might lose him all opportunity for employment.

"You can, can you? All right, young man. We will have a rehearsal before the evening show, and we will see how well you can do."

Somewhat the clown was not so funny and smiling as in the procession, but very soberly he led Billy within the tent.

gluing process was, he stuck to the pony like a barnacle to the hull of an old whaler.

And now another thought startled Billy: "What if the pony never, never, stopped? There the pony was, going round and round, and there was the clown cracking his whip. Now the people began to come in, and they laughed to see Billy clinging as the pony bobbed up and down. Billy's eyes rolling, his hair streaming. It was very mortifying. He would have jumped off the pony if he had not been glued on. He must ride whether he wished or not."

"Dear me!" thought Billy. "What would grandmother say if she could see me?"

"Hark! He heard a voice. 'Billy! Billy!' It was grandmother calling. He lifted his head and fancied he saw her before him. Was she coming to rescue him? He felt that she would be a match for the wicked clown, who still cracked his whip and screamed. 'Get up!' But now hope changed to fear, even to despair. The pony seemed to be charging directly upon him, rushing straight at her, and in the consciousness of a collision he awoke."

"Why, Billy, what is the matter?" said grandmother. "You have been asleep, and I just spoke to you and you dived into me."

"It was the pony, grandmother. Where is he?"

"Oh, you've been dreaming. Folks that think so much of circuses think of them when asleep. You had better go to bed."

"No, grandmother, I'll get that wood first."

"It rains," said Billy. "Oh, I don't care. I had rather get in the wood than ride any more ponies."

Grandmother kindly held a lamp at the window while Billy ran out to the shed.

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

It Australia were Governed like Ireland She Would not Stand It Twenty-four Hours.

Writing from Kilkenny a correspondent says that Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, was accorded a magnificent reception on the occasion of his visit to that town, and in reply to addresses from various civic and religious bodies, made the following remarks: "In Australia we enjoy the fullest freedom that citizens can enjoy. We are a free republic. The king is our president, not an elected president, but a perpetual president, and his representative, the governor of the Commonwealth of Australia, resides in this Australian republic. But we make our own laws, and I am sure there is no one amongst us in the empire possessing more freedom of common sense, who will hesitate for a moment to say that the Australian colonies justly rank amongst the most loyal and most devoted colonies of the empire—of any colonies in the world. Our people are loyal because they are free. And precisely it is because they enjoy that freedom that they repudiate the imperialism that home statesmen would seek to fix upon them. Were Australia to be governed as Ireland is—that is, according to the whims of the statesmen who rule at Westminster—I tell you that Australia would not be united with the empire for twenty-four hours. And this it is, precisely, which makes our people truly loyal—because we are free and quite independent of the whims of the statesmen who rule for the passing hour. A stranger coming from a free land to Ireland asks himself how it is, in the dictates of common sense, the same measure of freedom given to the colonies of the empire, which unite that colony to the home country; no one would like to break up the empire that holds such sway at the present time. But we in Australia are convinced that the extension of the fullest measure of freedom to Ireland would not only not disrupt the empire, but would rather cement it, and bring forth that loyalty at home, so characteristic of the children of the empire abroad. In Australia we are famed for our determination to uphold the empire with genuine loyalty. But I assert that, in the very same measure, we are determined that, in the fullest measure, Ireland shall be partaker of the same freedom."

ENCOURAGING HERESY.

Scandal Some Catholics Give—A Warning.

The following communication was addressed to the Sacred Heart Review, and the obvious lesson given in the reply will probably be a warning to many: "I have, with many others, several times attended the meetings of the Salvation Army, merely out of curiosity. At a recent meeting we were a good deal surprised to see a young Catholic girl of a neighboring parish come on the stage and, in regular Protestant fashion, proclaim that she 'had found Jesus,' and denounce 'the errors of Popery.' The leaders paraded this girl's conversion, and even our attendance, as 'signs of the approaching doom of Rome and of the Papal superstitious.' Perhaps our presence, though only in fun, may have been more serious than we imagined."

We can assure our correspondent that her conduct and the conduct of all other Catholics who, under the circumstances described, attend these meetings, is sinful. Such attendance may amount to a denial of faith, as it does in this case, when the leaders see in your attendance an approval of their course. Your intention of going out of a spirit of fun does not excuse you; for the sin con-

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sists in appearing to countenance or approve those who are separated from the Church in their false position; and this is true, even though everything they do or say may be good in itself. This is what theologians call "outward denial of the faith," and what our Divine Saviour forbids when He says, Matt. 10: 33: "Whoever shall deny Me before men, I, e., outwardly in appearance, in the eyes of the world, I also will deny him before My Father Who is in heaven. Your attendance is sinful because it is a scandal, that is, the occasion of sin to others; to Catholics who, by your example, may attend and lose their faith; to Protestants who take your attendance as an approval of their heretical worship, and thus are confirmed in their errors."

You will make no such mistake if you keep the Gospel law as proclaimed by St. Paul, Titus 3:10, before your eyes: "A man that is a heretic . . . avoid, knowing that he that is such a one is subverted and sinneth, being condemned by his own judgment." Very often these misguided heretics in their meetings say nothing but what is true and good, and all this in honeyed words well calculated to deceive; but our blessed Lord bids us, (Matt. 7:15) "Beware of false prophets, who come to you in the clothing of sheep," and again, (Matt. 24:1) "Take heed that no man seduce you; for many will come in My name, and they will seduce many."

Those who attend these meetings may see no danger, but the warning of Christ, "Take heed," points to a great and imminent danger which is, in some respects, hidden and therefore the more dangerous. St. Paul, seeing the great danger to souls from this source, gives in his epistle to the Romans, 16, 17, certain marks by which we may know the heretic; which we may know the heretic: "Now," says he, "I beseech you, brethren, to mark them who cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which you have learned, and to avoid them; for they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ . . . and by pleasing speeches, and good words seduce the hearts of the innocent."

You need no further proof that countenancing heresy in any way, even for fun is, according to the Gospel, a most detestable sin. Hence, in the very first ages, we find the Apostolic Canons forbidding the laic shall go into the synagogues of the Jews or the meeting of heretics, let the laic be suspended." Can. 63; and the Council of Carthage, 472 and 73, held A. D. 398, and at which the great St. Augustine was present, declares that "none must either pray or sing with the heretics; and whosoever shall communicate with those who are cut off from the communion of the Church, whether clergyman or laic, let him be excommunicated."

Do not make the mistake of confounding heresy and heretics. For heretics, if we are true followers of Christ, we will always have true love; mingling with them in business affairs, or in fellow-citizenship, is but a loving toward them. If we are Christians, we will look upon the error of heresy with abhorrence, as being a great crime against God. Our love for the heretic will forbid us to do anything likely to confirm him in his error—our love for him will in his truth and in the pillar and ground of truth, the Church of the living God." (1 Tim. 3.) It will be patterned on the love Christ, who "so loved the Church that He delivered Himself up for it," (Eph. 5:25).

We love naturally all that comes from the heart, all that is great, all that dazzles, and even all that is strange. A heroic act or simple act of generosity moves them indistinctly and provokes their enthusiasm. In these seasons, when they do not see the justice in the heart of the just.—Julius Simon.

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