# The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1907.

A LESSON FROM THE PAST.

An exchange informs us that " one of the treasures of the Protestant Episcopal cathedral of New York is a magnificently illuminated Bible, the work of the monks of Cluny in the twelfth century." Little did they think, these monastic craftsmen, that this testimony to their skill would, after the lapse of centuries, find its way into alien hands, and the manuscript, on which they lavished such care and time, into a cathedral which knows not the faith that animated them. But the fact may be a shock to those who believe D'Aubigne's story of Luther's "discovery" of the Bible. This tale is frayed at the edges, but it is used now and then as an argument by those who cling with pathetic persistency to any figment that has an anti-Catholic appearance. That Luther published the first Bible in the language of the people is disproved by non Catholic writers. Prior to Luther there were versions not only in Germany but in other European countries. We have Saxon Bibles of the eighth and tenth centuries. But it boots little to go far in this well beaten path. We may remark, however, that the Bible, deprived of the guardianship of the Church, has been subjected to many and various experiences. It has been and is used to support the most absurd theories and to sponsor a hundred and more sects mutually destructive and hopelessly irreconcilable. Divines have eliminated this and that portion of it and the notoriety-seeking preacher has poised it in the pulpit as a target for the shafts of criticism. It has been scattered among the nations, among heathens, as if they could understand its pages burdened with mystery, reflecting all moods, and bearing upon every condition of life. It has been scattered to the multiplication of sects that fain would render ineffective the Lord's prayer for unity. But the the witness of the life and death and resurrection of Christ, is the guardian and interpreter of the Scriptures and defends it against the onslaught of both liberal Christian and Infidel. And the Church is the only barrier to the tide of infidelity. She alone has authority and is recognized by the adversary as the one factor that can deprive him of triumph. Outside the Church there is but private opinion and denial of all religious authority. the Church, cannot check the vagaries of her own children. Opinion clashes against opinion, divines wrangle with

# THE CENTURIES-OLD CRY.

one another to the unsettling of all be-

"The creed of Rome is out-worn."

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Not indeed an original remark, though it has a semblance of novelty to the young people who utter it. Poets and poetasters of erotic tendencies, and certain novelists who have woven phrases in honor of impurity, regard it as a first principle. But what are they going to give us in lieu of it? That science which, according to its exponents, knows nothing of the life beyond the grave? Or opinions which look benignly upon the aberration of passion and have high sounding names for moral turpitude? Our creed is outworn and yet it is enshrined in the love of millions, giving them light and consolation in a way not comprehended by either science or progress, and establishing a kingdom of souls without any spirit of antagonism to temporal sovereignties. The cause that can produce the effects which are visible and endued with vitality is neither dead nor outworn. We mind us that in Paris, under the Directory, an individual evolved a creed which was to supplant the Church. Not being successful, he asked the advice of Tallyrand. The astute diplomat shrugged his shoulders and said : " Get crucified, rise again on the third day, and all will be well."

HEED THE VOICE OF AUTHOR-ITY.

Some Catholics, the worldly ones, who have been and are a source of trouble to the Church, assert that our youth can be entrusted, without danger to their faith, to the non Catholic colboys coming from homes whose atmos- when it will be discovered. phere, so far as faith is concerned, is stardy Catholics in college or any-

ion that prevails in non-sectarian institutions is a menace to Catholic robustness. Opposition may call into play a defence of the faith, but the studied disregard of religion and the constant application of the faculties to things of earth and the incessant singsong anent success are very useful weapons in the hands of the devil. We do not think that Catholics of the enthusiastic kind troop forth from non-Catholic institutions. They may be respectable citizens, or they may be polished imitations of ungodliness or ular and permanent legacies of hate, staunch upholders of the docurine that getting found out " is to be avoided. The advice, however, we proffer to parents is to follow the guidance of authority in this matter. Let us take it desolation, despair and death. our cue from it instead of echoing the cry of those who give much instruction but little education. Our colleges are not so well equipped as are their competitors. True, our laboratories are not so resplendent as they are with machines and instruments. But our colleges have, we are informed, a few machines, and, despite our niggardli ness, keep the sheriff from their doors. And they were able to store the student's mind with principles, to arm him against false philosophy, to fit him to read a newspaper without swallowing any absurdities he may see therein, and to habituate him to the sacramental help which alone can sustain him in the storm and stress of life. Suppose our friends imitate the non-Catholic, who believes and acts upon it, that a dollar in the way of tuition fees or of a ben efaction is more useful to a hardpressed institution than any amount of

"Christianus mihi nomen est

### NOT INFALLIBLE.

Without questioning the sincerity or impugning the motives of some of our moral crusaders, we are of the opinion that their dicta on this or that question are not infallible. Other men as interested as they are in safeguarding the interests of the country may not see eye to eye with them on questions of public import. Some temperance work ers, for instance, are in favor of absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic; others regard high license as a check to its evils and advocate the formation of a powerful public opinion that would force the beer and whiskey men into

obscurity. Archbishop Ireland contends that the temperance workers who would have more stringent and radical meas-Protestantism, which rebelled against ures adopted, who would fain see the liquor traffic swept out of existence, will support high license, for they cannot fail to recognize that it must be productive of most beneficial results, lief and to the conviction that anyone even if it be not so far reaching in its bold and self-sufficient enough can effects as they could desire. They will compromise no principle - to tax a traffic is not to sanction it, to repress abuses by law is not to authorize them.

We are told that liquor-selling in itself is no violation of the divine law. The trouble is, that it is, as a rule, surrounded by myriad temptations to intemperance and that the saloon as it exists to-day fattens upon intemper-

## WORTH REMEMBERING.

Says Archbishop Ireland :

"A large proportion of those who open saloons are broken-down, impecun-ious men who have failed in other oc-cupations and are fit for nothing but cupations and are not for nothing out liquor selling. The man spoken of in Scripture, who will neither work nor beg, seeks a wholesale dealer who is willing to set him up as a saloon-

Never give your votes to put saloon keeper in office : it is not to be expected that he will forget in the service of his country the interests of his own traffic.

Keep out of office the timid man who will fear to do what is right lest he offend the saloon-keeper.

Some years ago a would-be model saloon keeper announced his advent in Detroit; he posted up over the bar rules which were to regulate his saloon: in less than a month he closed his doors. The saloon conducted in a

decent manner does not pay. We must reach the potent cause of int mperance if we would arrest its onward course : this cause is the traffic which the State only is competent to regulate, and to hold within legitimate

Let us waste no words on the saloon that is, on the possible or ideal saloon. lege. For our part, we believe that It will be time enough to discuss it

War is so great an evil that one of the Gospel of Christ as it was preached by its legates to emperors and kings.

Through centuries of selfah feudal-

Its benefits, if any, are indirect and uncertain; its evils are immediate, in-evitable, and universal—vitiation of human character, waste of life and of gain, arrest of human progress, injus-tice to the helpless and innocent, pop-

So true is this that, at all times, men have imagined perfect happiness to be have imagined perfect happiness to be some state of universal peace, a golden age long past or to dawn. "Peace on earth to men," the complement of "Glory to God on high," was the greeting which heaven sent to earth in the most solemn hour of the world's history. Could we abolish war in the twentieth century, we should hand to posterity an earth made perfect as a dwelling-place for man.

We owe a debt of gratitude therefore to all who devote themselves to this could use in the working head of the great Catholic body, over the many of the great Catholic body, over the many and the continued, drawn up at Lille by Catholic savants in November, 1886. Could easily be accepted by England, which following the example of Germany and Spain.

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The Holy See is still the working head of the great Catholic body, over the many and Spain.

to all who devote themselves to this Christlike purpose. It is the duty of every citizen to respond to their generous appeal, and to contribute what is in him to the accomplishment of their aim. It is an aim that uplifts and enin his physical life.

We must all admit that even if we We must all admit that even if we cannot totally abolish war, much can be done and is being done to mitigate its horrors. The people of the world should be grateful to all who have in any way contributed, as individuals, rulers, or associations to improve the conditions of warfare, i. e., to strip it of its barbarian character, and emphase. of its barbarian character, and emphas-ize the dignity and rights of man even on the field of battle.

on the field of battle.

I am not prepared to say that we shall ever entirely remove that dread scourge from society; but I believe it can be notably diminished in frequency and mitigated in its conduct. If this mitigation of the brutalities of war is mitigation of the brutanties of war is to continue and is one day to cease among men, it will be through the influence of two great moral forces, religion and education.

We are told by the wise men in the

daily press and in our universities that the only true and sufficent cause of war in modern times is the desire to retain areas of commercial influence, or equire new ones, or to oust other rora such as we have learned to desire. from such as we have learned to desire.
If this be the case, whatever will serve
to appease the root of desire, to create
a spirit of moderation and contentment,
to enlarge the horizon of the heart,
and show it new regions of enjoyment. certain and abiding, must prove a universal benefit. If in all the nations that make up modern Christendom the youthful generations were taught in all earnestness the law of Christian holiness and rectitude of life, and made to know the Divine Exemplar of that effects as they could desire. They will life, we should have begun the formation of take alarm at a name: they will life, we should have begun the formation of a Christian public opinion that would in time discredit many of the motives and occasions from which wars have in the past originated.

I am of the opinion that we ought to appeal more directly to the influence of all religious bodies. In the individual peace is a natural fruit of the religious sentiment. Logically, there fore, it should be the mental habit of fore, it should be the mental nable of a society, that, speaking in a very broad sense, calls itself Christian, knows no higher ideals than those of the Prince of Peace. Hence I read the Prince of Peace. Hence I read with pleasure that Doctor Holls, the historian of The Hague Conference, justly praises Radbertus' fine definition of the art of politics—" the royal art of ascertaining and accomplishing the will of God." Yes, "Christian justice, the maxims of the gospel, the fear of God are the only true basis of a lasting peace." (Cardinal Rampolla in replying to the invitation of the Emperor of Russia to take part in The Hague Conference.)

Public opinion we must cultivate but any genuine and durable public opinion must eventually have a basis of relig-ion. Otherwise it will be only a series on. Otherwise it will be only a series of popular ebullitions, a form of pyschology of the mob, that te-day shouts for "Liberty" and to morrow goes drunk over its violent extinction.

We ought to welcome all organized religious efforts in the interest of a peace, for all such effort is ssentially Christian, and supremely

humane and uplifting.

The real evil of our modern industrial and commercial conditions is the selfishness they tend to engender. Why should we ignore the most powerful solvent of selfishness that has ever been discovered, the religious senti

I believe with all my soul that until we recognize openly the moral power and authority of religion, not of the vague individual sentiment, but of organized religion —our efforts for a universal peace will accomplish but an

imperfect result.

I shall not, therefore, surprise anyone if in connection with the profound influence of religion in all that tends to create and preserve a state of peace

where else. The indifference to relig- ARCHBISHOP FARLEY ON PEACE. known that all impartial historians even FORCEFUL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HIS
GRACE AT THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK,
SUNDAY, APRIL 14.

Was a successful court of final resort
for countless conflicts. The only practical international law for centuries was the Gospel of Christ as it was preached

> perfect state of human misery. There is wanting to it no horror, moral or into countless little States, the Holy See was the only external force they bowed to and habitually invoked as unselfish, independent, courageous, be-loved by the poor and weak, and feared by the rapacious and powerful.

Stanley in the House of Lords, July 25th 1887, thus referred to it, when the question of international architectures. and all the fiercest and most ruinous passions of the human breast. Its genuine symbol is the storm that blots out in a brief space the harvest, the home, even life itself, leaving behind it desolation, despair and death. of Rome; all continental Europe was disposed to recognize it as the proper arbiter when war was threatened between nations." He called attention to the heavy settlement of the Caroline the happy settlement of the Caroline
Islands by Leo XIII, whereby war was
averted between Germany and Spain.
"The Code of the Law of Nations,"

authority was never greater. All these countless millions would surely welcome the recognition of the Holy See as

factor in international arbitration.

It stands forth universally venerated nobles all human nature, and tends to reveal in man spiritual heights and to the work and the interests of peace depths that get obscured in those by the nature and history of its office, brutal conflicts from which he emerges at the head of a great working system of international religious administration his physical life. tion which permits it to reach rapidly and efficiently the minds and the hearts

and honor.

It is certainly significant enough that when the Czar Nicholas first proposed an International Tribunal of Peace, he invited the Holy See to take part in the proceedings, and that the Queen of Holland wrote personally to Leo XIII, reques ing his co-operation.

I think I can safely say that if the Holy See were no longer excluded from the noble and eminently religious enterprise, the thirteen or more American Catholics would at once take a livelier interest in the movement for the abolition of war. would appear to them as more than an Utopian scheme, as something practicable and in a large measure attain

### THE BRIGHT FUTURE OF IRELAND.

THE THROB OF NEW LIFE IS NOW IN THE OLD LAW.

I was called over to Dublin to attend a meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party, and took the opportunity of seeing some of the leading personali-ties of Dublin, writes T. P. O'Connor,

REJUVENATED IRELAND. strong popular sympathies, done much for Ireland, and will do more; and the thing which most imd me in the company was that everybody seemed to be doing something, and something new for Ireland.
To one man had been intrusted a great To one man had been intrusted a great part of the gigantic work of the resettlement of the Irish land, by Mr. Wyndham's Land act; another was considering what was to be done about building some twenty-five thousand new cottages with money that had been voted by Parliament for the erection of dwellings for the laborers; a third—it was Dr. Douglas Hyde—was full of the revival of the Gælic tongue, and had just completed his labors as a member of a commission to consider nember of a commission to consider the improvement of university educa-

tion in Ireland.

A WONDERFUL CHANGE.

What other recycle who were present were doing in regard to non-political movements had to me almost a greater fascination and interest, however, than those semi-political labors in which the those semi-political labors in which the others were engaged; for this was a new departure. By my side I found a lady who had started a new stained glass window factory. "Fifty thousand pounds," she said to me, "goes out of Ireland every year to buy stained glass windows for Irish churches and chapels; and I mean some of that to stick in Ireland"; and so she had to stick in Ireland"; and so she had started her stained glass factory. I may add-for it had its significance may add—for it had its significance in Ireland, and in the present conditions, as will be seen—that this lady was a Protestant.

Among the guests was my old friend,

Lady Gregory. It was not her general conversation on which I propose to dwell; it is one curious little sentence she uttered which has remained with she uttered which has remarked and which is the keynote of the article I am writing. I was conveying to her the impression I had got from even my few days in Ireland, that there was an extraordinary amount of

movement in the country; in short, that Ireland was alive again.
"You are seeing in Ireland," said Lady Gregory, "not merely a revolution but a renaissance." And then she

it for a month!" Strange, striking, new language applied to Ireland, from which escape to any other land seemed for more than half a century to be the most burning desire and chief ambition of her sons and daughters!

her sons and daughters!

And there came immediately on top of this the other conversation which helped to produce the impression I now have of the present temper and prospects of Ireland. I was ascending the staircase of the Irish secretary's office to have an interview with Mr. Birrell, when whom should I meet coming down the same staircase but Mr. Bryce—now the ambassador in Washington, and only recently the chief secretary of Ire-

It was an astonishing little conversation we had. I made the remark fresh from my experiences in Dublin and my conversation with Lady Gregory, that Ireland at this moment was very interesting and full of movement. "Why, yes," said Mr. Bryce, "there's some yes," said Mr. Bryce, "there's some thing fresh to interest you every day." I was struck at once by the extraordin ary coincidence that an Irish government official and an Irish lady of strong ment official and an Irish hady of strong Nationalist leanings should within a few days use almost precisely the same language with regard to Ireland; should both declare that Ireland was so alive that every hour brought its new manifestation, its new movement, its new surprise, its new source of interest. ERA OF HOPE.

And this is just what is taking place. These is something new every hour; the whole island is full of strange noises such as those which bewildered Caliban in Prospero's enchanted land. The truth is that you see at this moment a new nation rising, being born under your vary eyes. Later on, when people have got the right perspective, they will realize all this mighty transformation, this revolution and this renaissance, as Lady Gregory called it; realize the fact that for seven centuries there has been a continual, a bloody, a desperate, in Ireland, between two races: and that the prize for which they fought—was the land. The Land!—the Land!—the Land!—there is the battle cry that has brought millions of men into armed conflict—has drawn them from icy or torrid deserts into cultivated plains has been the secret and sinister motive of all the invasions, all the crash and the creation of Empires in the history

of the world-and has therefore been in Ireland, a battle cry big enough, worthy enough, vital enough, to make one understand why two races should think it worth while to fight under it for even so long a period as seven hundred

LANDLORDISM DISAPPEARING.

Everybody in America knows this road fact; but how few realize what all this means in the inner life of Ire-land! I look with something like awe and amazement at these government and amazement at these government officials who are engaged in this work. It gives one a curious impression that Ireland is not only one of the most ancient nations in the world, but one of the nations in the world, but one of the newest and the youngest. You hear of some ancient landmark like a castle and an aristocratic family whose mansion has just been sold, and whose whole territory is now entirely in the hands of the peasants, whom, in my own time, this same family could rob or exile.

The despair of the impossible situa-tion in the Ireland of forty or fifty years ago was worse almost than the servitude. There was no room left for REJUVENATED IRELAND.

One evening I spent at the house of high government official, a man of trong popular sympathies, who has of the soil and there could be no hope in a system which permitted the landlord to rob the tenant of every addition the latter made to the wealth of the soil and there could be no hope or prospect in a system which kept the tenant liable to eviction from his hold. ing whenever the landlord wished to do so. And now realize that on half the soil of Ireland the people never see a landlord or a landlord's representative; that every year brings them nearer the time when they will be the absolute owners of their holdings; that they now that their children will secure full possession and complete ownership f they do not, and you can understand what a new strong tide of hope and exultation there must be in the breasts

A few years ago, there was no estate in all Ireland in which the conditions were more hopeless from every point of view than the Dillon estate. There were some hundreds of tenants huddled together on wretched plots of three or four acres of bad land. Most of them went to Eagland or Scotland every year for the harvest months, and enyear for the narvest months, and enduring terrible hardships—sleeping in barns, living on potatoes and herrings, denying themselves everything—managed to scrape together the few pounds which enabled them to pay the rent and keep their cabins over their heads. The landlord was an absentee. stood in the midst of the estate a great castle, gaunt, half ruined, going into decay, the mansion which the ancestors of the landlord had occupied in ancient times. To-day that estate is owned by a peaceful and happy body of Irish farmers-independent and pros-

## The Irish In America.

Mr. Kettle, who was in this country recently as a representative of the Irish Parliamentary Party, has returned home, and advises strongly against Irish emigration to this country. Yet

was the position which the Irish have attained there. Everywhere we went, we found that they had reached a high position in public life — in the professions, in business, and, in fact, in every walk of life. We found that not I call attention to the continuous existence of a famous tribunal of peace—the Holy See of Rome.

Its services in the past are so well learning to receive the Holy See of Rome.

Its services in the past are so well learning to receive the Holy See of Rome.

Its services in the past are so well learning to receive the sounded at first almost only were they good American citizens, but that they were good Irishmen as on in Ireland now that you darn't leave learning the received the services are services as the continuous existence of a famous tribunal of peace—the Holy See of Rome.

Its services in the past are so well learning the received the recei

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

Archbishop Blenk was consecrated Archbishop of New Orleans on April 24th.

The Italia regards it as almost certain that King Edward and Queen Alexandra will visit Rome and that King Edward will be received by the Pope.

The Sisters of Mercy, of Buffalo, N. Y., will erect a new motherhouse in Abbot Road. It will cost about \$200,-000. Two other Buffalo convents also ontemplate erecting handsome new buildings in the near future.

The Abbe Jouin, rector of the church of St. Augustin, whose trial began Apr. 11 on the charge of inciting to rebellion from the pulpit in connection with the taking of the church inventories, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$3 20 and costs.

On Sunday evening, St. Patrick's Day, the rosary was said in the Irish language, followed by an Irish sermon in St. Alphonsus' church, West Broadway, New York. Father Cunnifie de-livered the sermon. He is an eloquent Irish speaker and an able Gaelic

The will of the late Edward Byrne, of Portaferry, County Down, shows that he has left almost all his fortune, amounting to over \$70,000, to Catholic charities in his native town and in Belfast and Downpatrick. He was one of the early pioneers in the gold fields of Australia.

The Rev. A. H. Lang, one of the six preachers of Canterbury Cathedral, Eng., and for twenty years connected with the Anglican Archbishop's mission to the Assyrians, both of Persia, and as organizing secretary under three Arch-bishops of Canterbury, has been re-ceived into the Catholic Church at Erdington Abbey by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.

The new and beautiful Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, of Charleston, S. C., erected on the site of the former Cathedral of St. John and St. Finbar, was consecrated last Sunday with elaborate ceremonies. Cardinal Gibbons, Msgr. Diomede Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate, and 100 Archbishops, Bishops, Monsignori and clergy took part.

Rev. Paul B risall, rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Albany, N. Y., takes the public into his confidence in a letter to the Journal of that city, in which he announces that his sister, Miss Ruth Birdsall, has become a Catholic. His Reverence adds that the step was taken without the consent of himself andhis brother, the Rev. Ralph Birdsall.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, the nother of Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain, has developed such a liking for Spain and Spanish ways that she intends to practically live near her daughter. Msgr. Brindle, the Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, has great influence with the Princess and her daughter, and it is said that the mother will soon follow the Queen into the Catholic Church, the faith.

At the meeting of the directors of the Apostolic Mission House, Washing-ten, the Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P., read the annual report. It showed that 1,000 missions had been given to Catholics during the year, and 1,440 to non-The success of the latter Catholics. The success of the latter was shown by the announcement that 6,176 converts had been received into the Church, and fully ten times that number were under instructions.

The late Cardinal Tripepi, who be-The late Cardinal Tripepi, who bequeathed 700,000 lire to the Holy See, was a great friend of the Catholic press and his will bears satisfactory evidence of the fact. It provides that the six of the fact. It provides that the six oldest and largest Catholic papers of Italy are each to receive 600 lire. The thirty oldest journalists of these papers are also to receive 600 lire each. The distribution of these premiums is to be made through the editorial department of the Civilta Cattolica, of Rome.

The Pope has just appointed the Rev. Stephen Soter Ortynski, a monk of the order of St. Basil the Great in Galicia, order of St. Basil the Great in Gallets, as the Bishop of the Ruthenian Greek Catholics in the United States. This appointment is particularly pleasing to the Greek Catholics, for they have been desirous for many years of having a Bishop of their own rite, since Bishops of the Roman rite are unacquainted with and are not permitted to celebrate any services according to the Greek

Rev. Alexander R. Goldie, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, formerly vicar of Elvaston, Derby, and rector of Gawsworth, Macclesfield, is one of the latest converts to the Catholic 1sith. He was received into the Church on March 8, at Bath, by the Rev. Dunstan Sweeney, O. S. B. Among the immediate causes of his conversion was the reading of Froude's "History of England." The anti-Catholic, violently partisan Froude was a signpost pointing out to Mr. Goldie the right direction, and he trusts that Froude may do the same good turn to many others.

Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., last Sunday evening brought to a close the annual mission which he holds in Carlisle place, London, for costers and other working men in connection with St. Vincent's Guild of the Sacred Heart. St. Vincent's Guild of the Sacred Heart.
There were about 200 men present.
The service began with vigorous hymn
singing which was followed by a sermon
from Father Vaughan, based on the
text, "I know whence I came and
whither I go." He urged them to
keep away from the bookmaker. It was
a sin for any man in any position to bet a sin for any man in any position to bet with what he could not legitimately afford to spend on his pleasures. If that were so, they could not, without sin, throw away their earnings on harpies who were trying to get them to take

### GIENANAAR

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE

BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D. AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "LUKE DELMEGE," "UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS," "LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIII. A WEDDING AND A WARNING.

The lights that he saw in his delirium were the lanterns of the rescuing party, who had been sent forward to search for him, after their unavailing quest for Nodlag in the mountains; and the voices were the voices of his brother Owen and the men-ervants. When he awoke from the stupor and lelirium he found himself lying on the delirium he found himself lying on the hard settle in the kitchen, propped by pillows; and as the cells of memory began to awaken, and he wandered over the events of the night, he turned

"Thanks be to the great God," said his mother, coming over, "your're

yourself agin."
"Nodlag?" he said, impatiently.
"Where is Nodlag?"
"She's all right. She's in bed; and

nothin' the worse for her sousin'.'

He relapsed into silence. They gave him some drinks of milk and whiskey. But for a long time he could not catch on to what had occurred; and the dream of his delirium was yet haunting him. Then he asked:
"Who saved us?" Where

"You were near enough," said his in the ditch at the end of the sister, "in the ditch at the end of the church-field. But a miss is as good a a mile. You must change, and be a good by now, for you were never so near your end before."
"Was it so bad?" he asked.

"Twas, and worse. You were talk ing all the raimeis in the world." I felt my mind wandering before in the said. "It was the quar-

thing out and out, altogether."
"Betther get on to bed, now," said
his mother. "'Tis time for us all to

What time is it?" said Donal.

"Just four o'clock!" said his mother. "And the boys must be up at five."
The next day he was all right, ex cept for the intense muscular pains in back and shoulders. His father said nothing; but looked at him with his keen, kind glance, and gripped his hand with a fervour that was more than eloquence. Little Nodlag lay unwell in the inner room. The chill had brought on a slight attack of pneumonia; and when Donal entered she looked very ill and feverish. But she fixed her great shining eyes upon him. and her great shining eyes upon him, and said not a word. The strong man shook with emotion. The very sense that he had saved her intensified the great love newly born in that night nd on that drift where he had found

her. "We lost the lamb, Nodlag," he said. "He wint down the river. found him dead in your arms, when pulled you from the snow.'

"Was he dead?" she gasped.
"He was, and cowld and hard as a
stone. But I'll give you another,
whin you're up and around."

whin you're up and around.
"This is the second time Donal
saved you, Nodlag," said his mother,
coming in. "Begor, you'll have to
marry him now, whether you like him

or no."
"She doesn't want me," said Donal, in a bantering tone; "'tis Owen she wants. She wouldn't believe it was I saved her from the snow and the

The large shining eyes of the child ere fixed on him. Then she did a retty thing. She put aside the hot drink which Mrs. Connors was offering her, and asked Donal to give it to her. He held the vessel to the child's she drank eagerly. But his hand trembled. His mother wiped her lips with a handkerchief; and the child made a sign.

"Stoop down said his mother, "she wants you." The big man stooped;

and Nodlag put one hot arm around his neck, and drew him closer. He pressed her hot lips with his own and

went out to have a good cry.
When they were gathered around the fire that night, old Edmond Connors in the centre, looking as was his wont, dreamily at the blazing wood blocks. there was a good deal of banter and fun, which Donal had to bear. "Begor, Owen, you're cut out altogether. Nodlag and Donal now are

bound to one another; and 'twould take the Pope himself to brake it." "No matther," said Owen, "we must get somebody else, I suppose.
'Twill be a quare story if we can't pick up some likely colleen at Joan's

There'll be the power an' all of people here, I suppose,' said Donal.
"Where'll we put 'em?"

barns big enough for Aren't the the whole parish?' said the old But, if this weather lasts, the neigh

bors won't come. Won't they though ?" said Owen. "'Tisn't snow, nor hail nor wind will keep the boys and girls away from a

good wedding."
"Wisha, thin, Donal," said Joan, who was anxious to turn away the conversation from herself, "wasn't it the

quare things you were sayin' last night, when you wor brought in?"

"What things?" said Donal, an-xiously looking at his father.
"Never mind!" said the old man. "Share you were out of you're min' with the cowld and the hardship; and you didn't know what you were sayin'. You wor talkin' and talkin' about

jedges, and black caps an informers, an Daly and his wife, and Nodlag." things mix themselves Tis quare how

drames like that up in drames like that."
"I remimber," said Donal cautiously,
"jest before I fell, I thought I was in the ck, an' the jedge was puttin' on his black cap, whin a woman, a great tall woman stood up, and stopped him. An'

like a big snowball for all the world."
"How is the night?" said the old
man, anxious to change the conversation. "Do you think ye'll have every
thin' in for the weddin', Bess?" he
said to his wife. "How many gallons

of sperrits did ye ordher?"
"We ordered thirty," said the vanithee. "But sure we can get

"An' the rounds of beef?"

"An the rounds of seet?
"They're all right!"
"An' the hams?"
"They're all right," said the wile, inpatiently. "Can't you lave thim things to ourselves; and not be interfaring with our work? Did you settle

wid the priest yourself?"

"I did, God bless him!" said her
husband, "an" 'twas aisy settlin'.
He'll have twinty weddings that day,
and more cummin' in; but he'll be here at 3 o'clock to the minit, he says; s that we can have nine hours rale Keol, before Ash Windsday breaks upon us!"

before Ash Windsday breaks upon us!"
And they had—real, downright,
tumultuous, Irish fun and frolic. From
North, South, East, West, the friends
came, as heedless of the snow that lay
caked upon the ground, and the drifts
that were piled in the ditches and
furro As, as a Canadian with his horses
and sleds. There was the house far off
the objective of all the country that and sleds. There was the house far off —the objective of all the country that night-with its small square windows blazing merrily under the flerce free apon the hearth; and afar off, clearly outlined against the white pall on the ground. ground, were the dark figures of the guests who had gathered to do honor to a family on which no shadow of a shade of dishonor had ever rested. And they feasted, and drank, and danced; and, late at night, the old people gathered around the fire in the kitchen, and told stories, whilst the kitchen, and told stories, whilst the youngsters, to the sound of bagpipes and fiddles, danced themselves into fever in the decorated and festooned barn. And Donal led out Nodlag, and insisted on dancing an Irish reel with her, much to the disgust of his intended oride, who watched the child with n friendly eyes, and half determined that the moment she became mistress of Glenanaar farm, out that waif and foundling should go, and seek a home elsewhere. But no shadow crossed the nind of the child, now thoroughly re covered from her illness; but she danced, and danced with Donal, and

that somehow there was something uncanny about it all.

At last, 12 o'clock rang out from the kitchen timepiece—an old grandfather's clock, an heirloom in the family for generations—and Lent broke solemnly for generations—and Lent broke solemnly on the festivities of the night. Some of the youngsters, a little heated, in sisted on keeping up the fun till morning, and queted as an excuse for additional revels the old distich:

Owen, and Jerry; and some old people shook their heads, and said 'twas the fairies brought her and left her, and

Long life and success to the Council of Trint That put fast upon mate, but not upon drink

But the elders were inexorable. tion, the first day of penance, and all should yield to the Church's behests in this grave and solemn matter. So, in the moonlight of that March night, the great crowd dispersed with many a good wish for the happiness of the oung people who commenced to carry the burden of life together that solem

night. As they said goodbye ! after many a dhoc-a-dhurrus, young Burk, the bride-groom, whispered to Donal:

Light your pipe, and walk down a bit of the road with us!" bit of the road with us!"

Donal did so. Burke and he had been always close friends, even before they assumed this new relationship. They allowed the cars to go on before them with their female relatives, and

trudged along the hardened snow, smoking leisurely.
"Twas a pleasant night enough!"

said Donal, not wishing to make too much of their profuse hospitality. "Nothin' could be grander," said surke. "It bate every weddin' in the

Burke. He went on, smoking silently.

"I hope you'll be good to Joan," said Donal; "there isn't, and 'tisn't because I say it, a better girl nor claner housekeeper in this counthry.' "Do you doubt me ?" said his com-

panion, half offended.
"Divil a doubt," said Donal, "but we were fond of Joan, an' we'll miss Burke was again silent.

You've somethin' on your mind to me," said Donal. "Wasn't every tell me.' thin' right, marriage money an' all?'

His companion gave him a rude shove.

"Thin you have somethin' to say," cried Donal. "Out wid it, man What have you to be afeared of?" "I'm afeared of nothin' for meself,"

said Burke. "But I'm afeared for ye." Then suddenly turning, he asked fiercely: "Who's that girl ye have up at the

house? Girl? What girl? We've no

Girl 7 what girl 7 we've ho girl there but Norry and Peggy!"
"I don't mane thim. We all know who thim are. But who's that young thucka ye danced with to-night?" "I danced with many a one," said

Donal, on his guard. "With your sisters, and your cousin, Kate Heaphy, and Lucy Kelly, and "I don't mane thim naither," said Burke. 'I mane that youngster whom ye tuk into yere house, and who's been

wid ye since."
"Oh! Nodlag!" said Donal, waking up.
"That's her! Who is she? Where

did she come from? Who're her be-"Ask me somethin' aisy," said Donal, fencing and parrying the ques

"Do ye mane to say, Donal Connors, that nayther you, nor your father, nor your mother, know who the divil's breed it is ye are keepin' on a flure that

found her meself amongst the cows." Burke walked on in silence, till they came to the forge just at the cross-roads above the bridge where old Edmond Connors had interviewed Nod lag and her mother. Here he stood still, and hailed the cars that were beneath them in the hollow where the bridge was sunk. He held out his

"I see ve don't know it, nor suspec it," he said in a hollow voice, "tho' it is the talk of the country side, and is spoke of where you wouldn't like to hear. Thiggin thu! Well, I'm your brother-in-law now; and wan of family. So I put you on your guard. If the boys," he whispered, hoarsely, looking around cautiously at the time, "find out that what they suspect itrue, there'll be a bonfire at Glenanas.

before St. John's Eve."

"Yerra, what is it all about?" asked
Donal, affecting great ignorance and
alarm. "What do they suspect? Or,
what harrum can a poor little girsha,
like Nodlag, be to any wan? It they
want to do mischief, haven't they Bond
Lowe and his libes...." efore St. John's Eve.

want to do misonies, naver they bond
Lowe and his likes——"
"There are worse than Bond Lowe,"
said Burke, meaningly. "The thraitor
within dures is worse than the inimy

swinging his hands loosely, he passed on, and overtook the cars that held his young bride and the members

f his own family.

Donal stood still for a moment shocked at the unexpected revelation of his father's secret. Then, when he thought of all he had suffered for Nodthought of all he has subtlet in Notal lag that night, three weeks gone, when he rescued her from the snow, and the winning ways of the child, and her utter helplessness, he muttered between

his teeth : "Why the d-I can't they keep their selves quiet? There's always some blackguardin' and ruffianism brew their selves quiet? ing betune them. What's it to thim who Nodlag is, or where she kum from?

But, be the powers—"
"Fine night, Donal Connors," said the cheery voice of the blacksmith, Redmond Casey, or, as he was popular-ly known, "Red" Casey, partly as an abbreviation of his name, and partly explanatory of a red shock of hair which was always victoriously engaged in a deadly struggle against the black dyes of the smithy. He was a young man, and had taken over the business on his father's death a few years pre on his father's death a low years pro-viously. His aged mother was his housekeeper; and his smithy was, as is usual in Ireland, club and newshop and House of Parliament for half the coun try side. Here, in the flerce light of try-side. Here, in the fierce light of the mighty fire, fanned by the huge bellows, and to the music of the clang-ing sledge and anvil, were all subjects of parochial, national, political, and ecclesiastical affairs discussed—the ecclesiastical affairs discussed — the only silent man being the smith himself, who pared and cut, and measured and nailed, drinking in every kind of information, but saying nothing. He stood this night of the wedding, calmly smoking at the door of his forge. He had been kept busy up to the last moment, "frosting" and "kniving" the horses that had been the meaning the horses that had been the meaning the horses that had been the meaning the second that the second that he was the meaning the second that th moment, "frosting" and "kniving"
the horses that had borne the merry

crowds to and from the wedding.
"'Tis a fine night, Red," said Donal. coming over. "I'm sorry you couldn't

"So was I; but there was no help for it. Ye broke up airly."
"We did. The ould people would

"We did. The outd people would have no more dancin' nor sportin' after 12 o'clock. An' now we have to face the black tay in the mornin'."

"Well, but ye'll be havin' your own wedding soon," said Red. "An' I hope we'll have a rale night of it."

"I hope so," said Donal, moving homegred."

"I say, Donal," said Red, as if suddenly recollecting himself.
"Well, Red, what is it?" said

Oonal.
"'Tis a family business, an' I suppose I shouldn't interfare," said Red,

blushing in the darkness. " But they say your intinded, Donal, don't want Nodlag on the same flure wid her, an' the ould woman here does be lone You mane you'll like to have her

"That is, av there's no room for her at Glenanaar," said Red.

"So long as there's bit, bite and sup yonder," said Donal, solemnly,
"Nodlag will have her place at our table, no matter who comes in—"
"Oh, I meant no offince," said Red.

"An' I take none," said Donal.
An' at laste, it is somethin' to know that she has a friend in you, Red, if all fails her.

That she has, and some day I may have the chance to prove it," Red. "Good-night!"

### CHAPTER XIV. A MIDNIGHT SYNOD.

It was in an old gray keep, one of the square frontier fortresses, built in Queen Elizabeth's time, that the mid-night synod was held. The castle rose night synod was held. from a little swen, or probably was in ancient days the moraine of some mighty glacier that down from the mountain valleys and pushed the detritus of sand and earth before it. It was built of gray limestone, and "stood full square to all the winds that blow."

Here, in past ages, were entrenched the mail-clad warriors, who held the whole country side against the rapparees; and here this moonlit, frosty night, with the snow still glittering all around, were gathered the descendants of these same rapparees, as fierce, as generous, and as vindictive as their sires of three hundred years gone by. Some sate on the stone steps that led to the upper stories of the old castle; ned against the heavy walls and two or three were on the hidden behind the parapets, sentinels against the approach of strangers or enemies. They were all young men, of the farming and laboring class. A few were still members of the White boy vendetta. All had worn the white shirt in their time. Two were the sons of the Dan Lynch who was executed at woman stood up, and stopped him. An' thin I heard voices: 'Donal! Donal! 'You've taken a little dhrap too 'You've taken a little dhrap too much to-night,' said Donal, 'altho' much to-night,' said Donal, 'altho' we seldom do it, and 'tis a good man's ye seldom do it, and 'tis a good man's ye seldom do it, and 'tis a good man's ye seldom do it, and 'tis a good man's ye seldom do it, and 'tis a good man's ye seldom do it, and 'tis a good man's ye seldom do it, and 'tis a good man's ye seldom do it, and 'tis a good man's ye seldom do it, and 'tis a good man's ye seldom do it, and 'tis a good man's ye seldom do it, and 'tis a good man's ye seldom do it, and 'tis a good man's ye seldom do it, and 'to is, that no sign or token has come to us to tell us who the girl is, since the night I

heavy hands upon them. The smouldering fires of hatred were newly lighted by the startling report that had gone far and wide over the country. These

iar and wide over the country. These boys, too, were first cousins to Nano Hegarty, Donal's future bride.

There were few preliminaries. At least, there were no synodical prayers.

"Boys," said young Lynch, "ye know what ye're here for. It has gone round the country that the said and round the country that the seed and breed of that infernal ruffish, Cloumper

Daly, is in our midst, leit here by her father and mother. And, the question is, what's to be done?"
"Is that what we're summoned for?" said a young farmer, no great friend of

said a young tarmer, no great triefle of
the Lynch's.

"Tis, and isn't it enough?" hotly
replied Lynch. "Do ye mane to say
that we're goin' to stand by, and see
that hellspawn amongst dacent people,
who never had shame, altho' they had
their fill of sorrow at their dure?"

"Tis a quare thing, though," said he former speaker, "that we should the former speaker, "that we should be called upon to make war upon a slip of a child that never did nobody harm. How can she help those from whom she was got?"
" Tis alsy for you to talk, Connor

Brien," said Lynch, " but if you knew what it was to rise in the mornin," and think of your father swung by the throat by thim Sassanachs in Cork; and he, before the High God, inni-Here the poor fellow's emotion

smothered him; and he could not pro ceed. But it had the effect of the most deadly eloquence upon his audience. "Thrue for you, Dan," said a great, urly fellow, rising. "Tis only whin

burly fellow, rising. "'Tis only whin it comes home to our own dures, that we feel for other's troub'es." "If I thought," said another, "that the spawn of that sarpint was amongst us, be the Holy Moses, 'twould soon go

down the river, or up the sky in smoke. "We're all of wan mind in that matther," said a peace maker. "But, before ye go farther, wouldn't it be well to know what 'tis all about?"

"What the divil, man," said young Lynch. "Don't we all know what 'tie about? Are our heads growin' onder our oxters that we haven't hard what "Alsy now, aisy now, Murty," said

the peace maker. "Does anny man mane to tell me, that Edmond Connors would give food and shelter to any war of that seed, breed, and gineration? "They say he don't know it,"
replied the other. "All he knows is,
that he picked up the child on a Christ
mas night, and kep' her out of charity.

"An' how can anny wan prove she's Cloumper Daly's child?" asked an

"An' how can anny wan prove she's Cloumper Daly's child?" asked an other who was for peace, and who was tired enough of violence.

"There's no proof if you come to that," said Murty Lynch. "But Cloumper Daly's wife wint to America without her child; and the child at Connors' was found about the same time."

"Yerra, what proof is that?" asked the pleader. "And was there anny more onlikely place on the face of the airth for Cloumper Daly, or his wife, to put their child than at the dure of the man whose life they wor swearing

Begor, that clinches the matter Dan," said a young fellow, who had been hitherto silent. "Sure, in the whole wurruld they couldn't find a Dan,"

wonoie wurring they cludned that worse spot than Glenanaar. Ould Ned Connors would have pitched her straight to the divil."

'But sure, man, I tell you he didn't know it; nor does he know it till this day. Thin, ye heard what Dunscombe day. Thin, ye her said to his wood-re great snow fell?" od-ranger, just before the

No i no! what's that?" said many voices, whilst all faces were turned up

expectant.
"Is it Linehan you mane?" said
one, to make quite sure of the personality.
'Yes, Thade Linehan-'

"The divil a much I'd give for what that ruffian and rint-warner would say," cried a boy, who had been pro-secuted by Linehan for poaching. "He's not much better than an in-former himself."

"No matter for that !" said Murty Lynch, angrily, as he felt the tide of opinion setting against him, "the divil himself will tell the truth whin it

suits his purpose."
"Well! well! what did Danscombe say? Let us hear it!' oried a dozen

"What did he say?" repeated Murty, to emphasize the answer. "He said he made an offer to ould Ned Connors about that child, which he'd

be sorry for not takin'.'
"What was the offer?" cried the incredulous ones. "It must have been a chape bargain that Dunscombe offered He'd split with the divil himself. for. He'd split with the divided, and "He offered to take the child, and

do for her, and rare her up a lady
"An' make a souper of her?" "He didn't say that." He meant it.

"Well, I see ye're all agin me, said Dan Lynch. "But, be this and be that, I'll take the thing into me own hands, as ye haven't the heart of a

'Yerra, now, aisy, Dan," cried the great big giant. You know us as

well as any wan—"

"I know you, Dinny; an' I know
you're a man, an' a man's son."

"You know well, Dan," said the
giant, soothed by the flattery, "that
I'd face all the landlords, an' agents,
an' bailiffs in Munster; an' it it come to that, I'd think no more of spitting one of thim thin I'd think of spearin' salmon in the close saison. different altegither, whin it comes to talkin' of doin' away wid a little slip of a colleen, that never did no harrum to

"An' who the divil talked of doin away wid her?" said Lynch, angrily.
"I never mintioned it, av ye did."
"Hallo! me beuchal, is't that ye're said the giant.

afther?" said the giant. "Ye want to save yere own skin; and let uz pay the piper. Is that it?"
"Ye're a parcel of white livered kinats," said Lynch, now losing all control of himself. "Tis aisy to see

that none of ye, nor of thim belongin' to ye, ever swung for yere creed or

"Begor, you're right, Dan," said one of the "boys," passing his finger inside his collar. "Taat's a cravat that must be cut to be loosened. None

of us ever wore it."
"Tisn't too late a-yet," said Lynch,
moving away. "High hangin' and the
divil playin' is what some of ye will
see before ye die. Come, Murty!
Come, Darby! All the sperrit is died
out of the country!" out of the country !"

And he and his brother and the one

follower left the meeting.
"Wisha, in the name of God," said one of the boys, rising up to return home, "is that what we're brought here for this cowld night, whin we ought to be in our warrum beds? Begobs, some people will soon call a meeting if they want to snare a hare, or spear a salmon."

spear a salmon."
"Lynch thinks we're obligated to "Lynch thinks we're obligated to him and his, on account of his father," replied the giant. "An' if it wor a clear case, and someboby besides a woman or child consarned, I'd not be for backin' out of anything in fairity. But, be the hole in my coat, I'm not goin to pick a quarrel with Edmond Conners, nor his family, bekase he

chuse to take in a little gorlach of a child on a Christmas night."

"I was spakin' to his son in-law, John Burke," replied the former. tould me he gave a hint to Donal, which he wouldn't have done, only he had a sup in him the night of weddin'—an' sure if he hadn't it thin, whin would he have a right to it? An' he tould me, from the way Donal took it, he had no more idee of it than the

unborned." babe unborned."
"Av course," said the giant, "ould women's talk will go far an' wide across the country. Give 'em the tay an' the snuf, an' begob, they'll vint stories and romances long as from here to Bantry Bay! But why are the Lynches so hot ut it?" was asked. "Sure, it

can't be they want to revinge the murdher of their father on such a child No! but there's another weddin comin' on, I'm tould," was the reply.
"Donal Connors is bringin' in Nano Hegarty from out there beyant Ardand sure she don't want any wan to share the flure wid her."

"Thin Owen and the sisther go out, I suppose?"
"Av coorse, they do. An' av she could turn out the ould couple widthem, she think no more of it than of saying, 'Harrish!" to the pig."
"An' that's Dan Lynch's game, is

it?" cried the others, in a chorus of indignation. "Wisha, thin, bad luck to him, the naygur, to think we were goin' to bind ourselv' to help Nano. goin' to bind ourselv to help rand 'Twill be many a long day afore we'll come to a meetin' of the Lynches

again. And the boys dispersed, one by one,

each taking a different pathway across the snow-enveloped fields.

The great giant, Thade Ryall, and one young lad, who always accompanied him, lingered behind.
"Have you a steel and flint about
you?" asked Thade.

"I have," said the boy, searching "An' a piece of spunk?"

"Here you are!" 'Tis dyin' for a dhraw I am myself this cowld night."

Thade Ryall lit his pipe by striking fire from the fint and steel, and catching the spark on the spark. his breeches pocket. ing the spark on the spunk; and smoked for a long time leisurely. Then, he handed the pipe to his co

and, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, he remarked:
"I'm thinkin' to-night's meetin' won't ind here !' I'm thinkin' the same," said the other, reluctantly joining in the dia-

ogue. "What are you thinkin', Jim?" said the giant.
"I'm thinkin' I'd like to hear you talkin', Thade," said Jim, innocently. "'Tis the pity the weed is not grown in Ireland," said Thade. "What manufacturer and consumer and gin

eral daler you would be !"
"Go on, Thade! Go on!" said Jim, economizing every valuable moment.

"The top of a rick of turf, a sunny day, and the wind from the south to timper it, and a well-blackened dhud-

timper it, and a well-backened undu-een, and the tin box full—""
"Shtop, av ye don't want me to shtrike you! What the divil do ye want grigging a poor fellow like that for?" said Jim as the delectable vision rose up before him, and the stern con-

trast was all around. "Well, as I was about saying, whin ye interrupted me wid yere minan derings," replied Thade, "I don't think the Lynches with shtop their hand ofther to night."

What can they do?" said Jim. "What can anny wan do whin the divil inthers into him? Whin I kim out that moonlight night tin years ago. d'ye think I had any notion of drivin them slugs through the Ameral's car risge? An' av I knew his daughter was wid him, don't ye think I'd sooner

turn the muzle upon meself?"
"Whist!" said Jim, cautiously.
"Do ye hear nothin"" "Nothing at all," said Thade, un-concernedly. "And when you, Jim Cassidy, as good and riligious a boy as ever broke his mother's heart, lie in

wait that night for George—"
"Whisht, for God's sake, whisht!"
said Jim, rising up. "The walls have said Jim, rising up. "The walls have ears. Here's yer pipe, and bad luck to ye wid it. "I thought I'd get it out av ye, said Thade, coolly smoking. "Nothin but one thing could take the pipe from

your mouth, Jim !" But what were ye saying about the Lynches " asked Jim, crossly, for he felt he had been cheated.

Nothin' pertickler, 'cept they won't shtop there."
"Ned Connors is a dangerous man," said Jim. know a more dangerous man."

"Donald Connors. He's the wan man I'd be afeared to meet, av his timper "I think I'll put him on his guard,"

" Who ?'

said Jim. "He did many a good turn for me."
"You can't," said Thade, senten.

"Why can't I?" said Jim.

"Haven't you yer oath, you rufflan?" said Thade. "Didn't ye sware on the crossed shticks not to revale iss, aye or no, that'ud happen here?" or no, that'ud nappen here?"
"Thrue for you, begobs," said Jim,
"Shure I forgot meself. But it will be
no harrum ay I have it convayed to
Donal, that he may expect a visit, but
that they won't shtay long."
"Well, that's another question," said

Thade, balancing the morality of the thing in his mind. "It's wan thing to tell, another thing to convay. Well," he said at length, "I suppose you may, but don't let the Lynches ever hear it, av ye vally yer life, an' dont care to be tied to the settle." "Are ye done, Thade?" said Jim,
"It's mortial cowld here."

"Take another shaugh,' said Thad,
"N-no!" said Jim. "But I'll take
the lind of a loan of your bacey-box
till to-morrow. Ah!" he said, lovingly
as Thade handed him the little flat tin box, "Sure, 'tis atin' and drinkin,' and sleepin'—all thegither!"

A few nights later there was a little

scene at the forge. A few of the boys met as usual to talk over events; and met as usual to talk over events; and the conversation turned upon Nodlag. "Whatever they say, the Lynches are right," said one, lighting his pipe at the forge furnace. "They might be, if they could prove themselves," said another. "That's just it!" said a third.

'No wan manes anny harrum to the girl,' said the first speaker, "but it is clear this is no place for the likes of her girl," aiquals, afther all that occurred, Begobs, people have their feelings; and 'tisn't Ned Conners should go agin them, whatever tie he has in the "The right thing would be to frighten him, without hurtin him; and let him sind her on the road, where he picked

her up," said the first.

Red Casey was swinging his sledge with great strokes on a horseshoe that was held redhot by a boy with a long, forked tongs. He caught the conversation, however; and lifting high the

sleege in the air, he said:
"The man that puts a wet finger that girl, by G.—, I'll smash his skull as aisy as I shtrike that shoe."

He brought the heavy sledge down with a fearful thud, and the red sparks flew fast and thick all around. boy, who held the horseshoe, let it fall in terror; the rest slunk silently from

And Nodlag, the cause of all this commotion, slept calmly the sleep of innocence, and dreamed out her little span of happy oblivion till the dawn. TO BE CONTINUED.

### HUNTING WILD ANIMALS.

In Camp on the Summit of the Man Mountains.

FEBRUARY 8, 1907. The following interesting paper is from the pen of Mr. Frank N. Gibbs, son of Mr. Chas. T. Gibbs, accountant of the Senate of Canada. The writer is a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, and a civil engineer. He went to South Africa with the last contingent. When the war was over he was employed by the Portuguese Government, and succeeded in bringing water from the mountains to supply the city of Lorenzo Marquis, a distance of seventy miles:

Am returning from my trip towards the German East African Border and expect to be in Naivasha in two days time. To-day makes the twenty-fourth day since leaving Naivasha and I have been very lucky indeed, shooting every-thing. I came here for Neuman's harsibeest, wilderbeest, topi, eland, giraffe, hyena, wild dog, leopard and very exciting times so will have many a yard to spin you when we meet again There are only four other species of big game in this country now that I have not shot, and I am going to have a try for three of these yet. They are elephant, kudoo, oryx and buffalo. Elephant, I shall have to give up an son of the year for this country, and I do not want to go into Uganda for them as it is in the bad fever districts where

they are found.

The camp I am now writing from is about 12 000 ft. elevation on the summit of the Nan Escarpment and it is quite old, ice at night, think of it! and

almost on the equator too.

I think one of the happiest days of my life was the day following the night when I bagged my first lions. I suppose there are not 25 per cent. of the sportsmen who come here and spend five and six months who go away with a lion. This is how it happened. On the 29th I shot a cow giraffe by mistake. It is difficult to tell the difference between the cow and the bull at a distance and as my Shikari said one of five, was the largest and a bull, I promptly shot it at a distance of 300 yards. It is against the law to kill a female and you are only allowed to kill one bull giraffe for which you have to pay a special license of £5 which I had taken out. An infringement of this law is liable to a fine of some 800 rupees so a there was only the Shikari and myself present at the time we left the giraffe and came away. The next morning being again out for giraffe, my Shikari, whom I sent on ahead with the pony to scout for lions at some kills I had left out for then (it being about came back and reported that he had come across a giraffe which had been killed by lions and partially eaten. (This was for the special benefit of the camp followers who were with me.)
The fact that lions had visited the car-The fact that lions had visited the carcass and eaten a portion of the giraffe was, however, quite true enough as I plainly saw on visiting it, so I decided to sit up that night and had a clump of bushes arranged within about 10 ft. of the carcass. That night two lions came within 40 to 50 yards and roared, but they evidently suspected danger and did not pay a visit to the giraffe, so nothing came of the first night's vigil. men and started out down after giraffe again. I so of giraffe until I had cross the next valley, where I so two old ones and a young three quarters grown. The three quarters grown. Thing on some trees at the open plain about half a m was obliged to wait pathalf an hour until the giraft into the bush and down a theu started out after the then started out after of ceeded in getting within 40 I was confronted with an of 150 yards on which I can full view of the giraffe, see feeding. I succeeded, safely negotiating this by pent-like crawl on my han thereby reaching the cove bushes, from which latter bushes, from which latter tage I successfully stal within a hundred yards, v examination with the glas disclosure that they were very much to my disappoint now been walking about decided to stop and have and a drink; then return reaching it about 6 30 ) reaching it about 6 30 some dinner, I then, whead Shikari, took up my the kill. I was very tire twelve hours walking d and was soon fast asleep; to keep watch. Evident suit later on, for about suddenly awakened by th

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JAN. 31st., THURSDAY \$1X

OUT FROM NAIVAS

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short interval. This apparently satisfied the danger for they commer tearing away at a g straining my eyes I comake out a moving for away at its midnight my eye at the strain my eye. tinued to strain my en ake a bite and while not 10 feet away. agined it could see so not certain. The next get the rifle into pos tempt, or a guess without the least bit neant good-bye to the meant good-bye to the the slightest sound wa inch, between bites, muzzle of the rifle; th turning its head and until finally the rifle was fire. The next few of great tension as I to their ntmost to try and get them lined thought would be t simply to guess my h must leave to Allah a the dream of my ex upon the line that rife as I pulled the trigge 450 soft nosed men Then a report like a to be immediately fo st equally loud ros see dimly two object down un me at the t missed the only chan

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I decided, however, to sit up the next night also. What happened i will just copy from my diary which I wrote up the next day.

JAN, 31st, THURSDAY SIXTEENTH DAY OUT FROM NALVASHA.

the next day.

AN. 31st., THURBDAY SIXTEENTH DAY OUT FROM NAIVASHA.

About 6 a. m. I took Jammar, my second Somali gun-bearer and a few men and started out down the valley after giraffe again. I saw no signs of giraffe until I had crossed over into the next valley, where I sighted three, two old ones and a young one, about three quarters grown. They were feeding on some trees at the edge of an open plain about half a mile away. I was obliged to wait patiently about half an hour until the giraffe had passed into the bush and down a declivity and then started out after them. I succeeded in getting within 400 yards when I was confronted with an open space of 150 yards on which I came under the inil view of the giraffe, which I could see feeding. I succeeded, however, in safely negotiating this by a painful serpent-like crawl on my hands and knees, thereby reaching the cover of some thin bushes, from which latter point of vantage I successfully stalked them to within a hundred yards, when a careful examination with the glasses led to the disclosure that they were all females; very much to my disappointment. I had now been walking about five hours so decided to stop and have a bite to cat and a drink; then returned to camp; reaching it about \$30 p. m. After some dinner, I then, with Oswar, my head Shikari, took up my position beside the kill. I was very tired after nearly twelve hours walking during the day and was soon fast asleep; leaving Oswan to keep watch. Evidently he followed suit later on, for about 1 a. m. I was suddenly awakened by the most fearing of to keep watch. Evidently he followed suit later on, for about 1 a. m. I was suddenly awakened by the most fearful crunching noise and the tearing of partially dried flesh, followed by a peculiar noise. I shall never forget how the lion mouthed and masticated the great chunk it had signed off. My how the lion mouthed and masterated the great chunk it had ripped off. My heart commenced thumping like a steam hammer for there was no mistaking the sound. No other animal could rip, tear and crush flesh with such power.

There succeeded this first noise of the cating quistness and a patter

it was not dead. He then threw a stick at it but no movement did the lion make, a second stick receiving a similar reception; he then cautiously There succeeded this first noise of flesh cating, quietness and a patter of padded feet, which told me that the lion or whatever it was, had cleared, and my hopes dropped to zero. Slowly, however, and with great caution I emerged from my blankets and got into position so that I could see out of the small peep hole in the brashes for similar reception; he then cautiously advanced and gave its tail a pull. This proverbial twist, not eliciting even a roar, we concluded that it must indeed be dead and going up close I into position so that I could see out of the small peep hole in the bushes for that purpose, a sort of small port hole, and taking my double barrelled 450 cordite rifle across my knees awaited further developments. There was a moon but it was obscured somewhat by clouds which made sight very difficult.

with a coat in the very primest of condition.

Now, as to the first lion, I had fired at. About 20 feet a way from the giraffe I spotted blood from spoor which we followed cautiously, not knowing from which bit of brush we might expect a spring. However after following the blood 50 yards the Somali's eagle eyes spotted the lion stretched out stone dead 50 yards further ahead. A lioness also with a likewise perfect skin shot clean through the centre of the body about 12 inches behind the shoulder blade. The second lion was shot through the heart, the bullet also going right through the body, even the first lion had a hole through her that you could pass a walking stick through and yet she had gone exactly 100 yards from the point where she was shot; far enough to charge and kill a man. It illustrates the wonderful vitality of these brutes. In nine cases out of ten it is always the lioness which charges and the male follows.

I think that day was the happiest I clouds which made sight very difficult.

A few minutes passed and then two
lions were suddenly heard at the carcass; one at each end of it. A crunch, a tear and then both of them scampered of again to return once more after a short interval. This time they were apparently satisfied that there was no apparently satisfied that there was no danger for they commenced ripping and tearing away at a great rate. By straining my eyes I could just dimly make out a moving form as it worked away at its midnight meal. As I continued to attain my eyes the four tinued to strain my eyes the form be-came clearer and I could see the lion ake a bite and while chewing it turn its head and stare right into my face, not 10 feet away. It evidently im-agined it could see something but was not certain. The next problem was to get the rifle into position and an at tempt, or a guess at the sighting, without the least bit of noise, for that meant good-bye to the lions forever, if without the least bit of inoise, for that meant good-bye to the lions forever, if the slightest sound was made. Inch by inch, between bites, I advanced the muzzle of the rifle; the lion each time turning its head and looking at me, until finally the rifle was in position to fire. The next few minutes were ones of great tension as I strained my eyes to their utmost to try and see the sights and get them lined on a point which I thought would be the centre of its shoulder but it was no use and I had simply to guess my best. The result I must leave to Allah and yet I felt that the dream of my existence depended upon the line that rifle was pointing in, as I pulled the trigger and let loose, a 450 soft nosed messenger of death. Then a report like a clap of thunder boomed out on the stillness of the night to be immediately followed by an almost equally loud roar from the throats of two lions simultaneously and I could see dimly two objects leap past my vision and then black despair settled down on me at the thoughts of having missed the only chance I might possibly ever have of bagging a lion. My feelings of disappointment at that moment were indescribable. I remained thus in the same position as when I had fired with the barrel of the rifle still half way through the "Port Hole" and the butt at my shoulder; just how long I could

give up an wrong sea-ntry, and I da for them ing from is the summit of it! and through the "Port Hole" and the butt at my shoulder; just how long I could iest days of not say (as I seemed to be in a sort of ons. I sup-cent. of the stupor of misery) when I was suddenly electrified to life again by a roar which seemed to come from the bush, a short distance in front and to one side of me, this noise was followed just afterwards by a curious mixture of roars, growls cussion which exists at Rome in all and groans indescribable in their circles with regard to all subjects that by mistake sound, but in which appeared to be mixed a mass of pent up feelings of ull at a disd one of five anger, surprise and anguish. Oswan touched me on the shoulder and whis

> I thought so too, but my experi-I thought so too, but my experience of lions being for the most part
> limited to zoos and circuses,
> I could only hope that it was
> true. Nevertheless not being able
> to see or verify the fact I was tormented by doubts and fears which only
> the advent of daylight could solve and true. Nevertheless not being able to see or verify the fact I was tormented by doubts and fears which only the advent of daylight could solve and this I must wait with what patience I could muster for the occasion. At one minute, I was absolutely certain that I had hit fatally, but the next minute, when I considered all the conditions, not seeing the rife sights, a very hazy object to fire at, and the general excitement of the moment, I realized how easy it would be to miss. I lay down in my blankteds again and the conditions, it would not see the daylight, when we might go out to search for the wounded it was.
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pered in my ear in a tone of subdued

excitement: he dies: he dies: he is

of Rome, that the evil spirits have direct powers in this world and that these manifestations are a proof of diabolical power, in spite of the growing disbelief in a personal devil that characterizes so much of modern thought.—

Catholic Union and Times.

angelic virtue of purity. Catholic purity is as high raised above the purity of the non-Catholic world as the purity of the latter is above the abominations of paganism. But that virtue is concealed. That virtue the world does not see. But it is a virtue that the breaking of a twig informed me that Mr. Leo was returning for another

helping and in a moment or two he was

ripping away at the same point where I had fired at the first lion. Three differ-

had fired at the first lion. Three different times he ran away and returned, by which time, being satisfied, he settled down to a good feed. The clouds had cleared somewhat by this time and as I looked out I could distinctly see his form and the outline of his foreleg. As before I very cauticusty got the rifle into position and again did I strain my eves for all they were worth.

roars subsided to moans and then all was quietness again. I now knew for certain that I had killed a lion and

beheld an extremely handsome lioness with a coat in the very primest of con-

DR. LAPPONI ON HYPNOTISM.

The physician whom Leo XIII.selected to be his medical attendant and who was for so many years the daily visitant to that greatest of modern pontiffs, wrote not long before his death

neighborhood of the Pope himself.

### AMERICANS WANT RESULTS.

THY INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH IN THIS COUNTRY IS NOT GREATER—
THE WORLD'S PLATFORM—CATHOLIC LAITY MUST SHOW SUPERIORITY OF THEIR RELIGION BY THEIR PRACTICE

-- A STRONG SERMON ON THE RESPON SIBILITY OF LAYMEN.

The Rev. D. S. Phelan, of St. Louis, editor of the Western Watchman, preached a very timely and suggestive sermon recently on "The Apostleship of the Laity." This is a subject on which many discourses have been made in recent years, but it has seldom have treated more nithily and practirifle into position and again did I strain my eyes for all they were worth. This time I thought I could just faintly see the foresight and then I got a line on his forearm and slowly following this upward, pulled, as I thought the centre of his shoulder was reached. The boom of the rifle was answered by a mighty roar of rage as I saw an object leap 6 feet into the air and tumble down behind the body of the girafle on the opposite side of us. A succession of deep roars followed, during which I quickly reloaded and prepared for a possible spring from the lion at us in case he was not too badly wounded to do so. However in a few minutes the roars subsided to moans and then all been treated more pithily and practi-cally than by Father Phelan, whose weekly sermons are marked by a directness and force that always hit the

Speaking of the preaching of the Word of God in regard to its influence on those outside the Church, Father Phelan declared that it is so often inmark. effective because "it has become the fashion to preach a gospel that will not

offend."
"Now, I do not like controversy," was questiess again. The varieties a last accomplished a long cherished wish, I again rolled myself up in my blankets, and with Oswan to keep watch until daylight, in five minutes I was sound asleep. I was awakened by Oswan at dawn and we pulled the branches away from one side of our hiding place and cautiously emerged with rifles at full cock. Going a little to one side I could see the tail and hind quarters of the second lion sticking out behind the body of the girsfie. I at once started to walk up to it when the Somali caught me by the shoulder, and pulled me back saying he thought it was not dead. He then threw a he said, "especially when my antagon-ist does not know what he is talking about; and controversy between priests and non Catholic laymen, and between educated Catholics and uneducated non-Catholics, is very barren of results non-Catholice, is very barren or results simply because our adversaries do not know anything. But we make a great mistake when we think we will bring people into the Church by minimizing the Church's doctrines; by assuming a compromising attitude with those outside her pale. We owe it to God; we owe it to Jesus Christ; we owe it to mankind, to state the truth plainly.

THE BEST BERMON EVER PREACHED.

"The best sermon the Christian
world ever read was the sermon
preached by St. Peter in Jerusalem to preached by St. Peter in Jerusalem to the Jews, the week after Pentecost. That was the best sermon ever preach ed by priest or prelate. It was the best sermon ever preached on this earth by a minister of Christ. It was a model sermon. Now what did St. Peter say in that sermon in Jerusalem? He told the Jews that they had killed the Author of Life; that they had murdered the Son of God; that they freed Barrabbas, the murderer, and con-demned the Messiah to death. That was an awful announcement. He was speaking in Jerusalem; he was speaking to Jews; he was speaking to people who a few days before saw Jesus Christ crucified. There could be nother ing added to make the language of ing added to make the language of Peter more exasperating to Jewish the ended by saying: 'You did it through ignorance, and you did not know what you did, and your rulers did not know what they did.'

"Now here we have a model Catholic sermon. Tell the truth to those outside the Catholic Church. Tell them they are considering Jewis Christian.

outside the Catholic Church. Tell them they are crucifying Jesus Christ again. That in assaulting the Catholic Church they are attacking Jesus Christ Himself. Tell them that in dismembering the kingdom of God, they are simply dividing His garments among themselves, as did the soldiers on Good Friday. Tell them that what they say against the Catholic Church is said against Jesus Christ. Tell them that anything they do against the Catholic I think that day was the happiest I have ever spent. I felt so good that I wouldn't go out after the girafie as arranged, wouldn't go out at all except to go and shoot a couple of Brant's gazelle on a plain a few hundred yards areay from the spot. anything they do against the Catholic Church is done against Jesus Christ. Tell them that; but also add that in United States. away from the spot.

When the men or boys as we call them out here, came to visit the camp in the morning and saw the two lions, they simply went mad and then collected and executed a war dance about doing so they may be acting in invin-

cible ignorance. " WE WANT RESULTS."

But it is not those who preach the word but those supposed to exemplify it, Father Phelan went on, who are most responsible for its fruitfulness or unfruitfulness. "If this great American nation is to be brought back to the Catholic Church, it will not be through the priests, but through the Catholic lits" We have good priests:

"And that is why those outside of "And that is wh Catholic laity. We have good priests; they are working hard. But we are making no impression upon the great non-Catholic public. They say: Those priests are educated men; those priests visitant to that greatest of modern pontiffs, wrote not long before his death a book on hypnotism and spiritism, and certain allied subjects. As might be expected from a man who had been so closely in touch withithe great head of the Church, this book is an eminently practical exposition of many of the features of an interesting subject, and especially points out the abuses that are likely to creep into various practices allied to hypnotism and certain of its relations in the supposedly scientific world, spiritism, occultism and the like. Surprise has been expressed that a papal physician should discuss such subjects at all. The danger of saying something unorthodox would be supposed to be enough to keep him from it. Such a thought, however, can only exist in the minds of those who know nothing of the absolute freedom of discussion which exists at Rome in all abuses with regard to all subjects that priests are educated men; those priests are good men; those priests are hard working men. But that is their business; that is their profession. Other men work just as hard and as faithfully in their several professions. We priests make no impression upon the great American people. The American people are very practical. They say: If the Catholic Church is the best Church, then it ought to produce the best the Catholic Church is the best Church, then it ought to produce the best people. They say: If the Catholic religion is the best religion, then Catholics ought to be better than other people. They say: If those who go to the Catholic Church on Sunday morning and assist at Catholic services on holydays are following the voice of God, and are receiving special aids from on high, then they should show it in their lives; they should not only be as good, but they ought to be better than other lives; they should not only be as good, but they ought to be better than other people. They say: We want results. And in this they are standing upon an honest and fair platform.

"And that is where they have us stumped. We haven't the goods to deliver. We are not prepared to point to our Catholic people and say, they are not directly related to matters of faith and morals and, therefore, have not been the subject of Church de cisions. Nowhere in the world is dis-cussion more free than in the immediate

cussion more free that the most interest in the considers that there are associated with hypnotism, and especially points out that neurotic patients may be made to have even less control over themselves than before as the result of experiments in hypnotism made on them, and that they may thus eventually lose much of their character. He considers that occasionally hypnotism should be employed, but ally hypnotism should be employed, but there is an impression abroad, that

priests know and recognize.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF CATHOLICS.

But we must meet the world on its own platform. We must show our superior religion by results. We must show that we are the true and only followers of Jesus Christ, by results that appear to men and that can be seen and felt. We must meet the world on this ground if we would be true to Christ. I tell you plainly, you are not recognizing your responsibi-lity. You do not care whether non-Catholies are edified or scandalized by your conduct; and it is shameful to think that Catholies are so indifferent to the interests of God and Mis

Every Catholic is burdened with the responsibility of bearing that sacred name and honor. And if every Cath-olic in this country to-day were really worth of that name, there would be very few Protestants in the United States. But because Catholics do not care; because they are perfectly in-different to the fate of non-Catholics; because they are always ready to say that these non-Catholics can die and go to hell as far as they are concerned, the Church is making very little or no

progress here.
"The priests are doing their duty they are building churches and work ing and trying to collect money to pay for them: but there is not a country in the world to-day where Catholics are such strangers to the missionary spirit of Catholicity as in the United States of America. Last week I saw in the morning paper the result of the missionary work of the women of one Protestant church in St. Louis for the year 1906. The women of that one Protestant church, and it is not the strongest Protestant church in the city either, raised more money for home and foreign missions than was raised by all the Catholics of the Archdiocese of St. Louis put together. These women of one Protestant church of one of the middle class Protestant churches of St. Louis, raised more money to spend the curse and con-tagion of Protestantism than all the Catholics of the Archdiocese of St. Louis to spread the gospel of Jesus

Christ. EMPTY BOASTING.
"Now think of that, we who are boasting of our achievements. We are priding ourselves on doing great things and being a great Catholic people; but is it not an empty boast?
"We have in the Catholic Church
to-day in America the pick of all the
national churches in the world. We have in the American Catholic Church to-day the choicest members of the Catholic churches of Ireland, England, France, Spain, Italy and But if as we are the premier nation of the world to day, why is it that the Catholic Church of Auerica is not the premier Church of the world? We are as numerous as the Catholics of Ger-

many. But how poor and contemptible we are in comparison.
"Why do I say that American Cath olics have no love for their religion Because they do not want very much of it. The less of it they get, the better they like. We are getting down now to the bare essentials. We ask: What is the least we must do to be saved? There is no place in the world to day

"Now, is it not true that what we love, we like to talk about? What we love we like to hear about? What we love we like to read about? Catholics

"And that is why those outside of the Church do not come in. St. Chry-sostom, away back in the very morning of Christianity, declared that the preaching of the word of God was the true ministry of God. He declared that the priest or Bishop who could not preach should never have been ordained. " And that is why those outsi He may have every other qualification, but if he cannot preach he should never be ordained. And it is a fact that the be ordained. And it is a face that the halvon days of the Church have always been those when people loved to hear sermons. We brick and mortar clergy of America will soon disappear, and the sooner the better, to give place to a

sooner the better, to give place to greate to greate to greate and until the priests begin again to preach, and until the people hunger and thirst for sermons again, we cannot expect to do much in the way of converting

America.

"The American people want a religion that will make them happy. That is the one end of true religion. If they should be a religion on their their controllers are hard in their see that Catholics are happy in their religion they will join them. Now are we happy in our religion? Is it not a heavy burden for most of us? Is not attendance at church and the reception. tion of the sacraments an irkson duty? Does our religion make us grow in love? What secret agencies were at work in those heroic days of grow in love? What secret agencies united supplication of the Church milwere at work in those heroic days of
Christianity when whole nations entered
the fold en masse? We do not hear of
what the priests did or said: but the

of taking heaven by storm.

heathens say: 'How these Christians love one another.' God, send us back those blessed days when we shall be interested in our religion and be happy in its practice .- Catholic Universe.

THE MOMENT OF THE CONSECRA-TION.

No wonder that the golden-tongued No wonder that the golden-tongued doctor of the ancient Eastern Church, St. Chrysostom, wrote in his treatise on the priesthood: "During that time angels stand by the priest, the whole order of heavenly powers fervently pray, the sanctuary is full of choirs of angels come to honor Him Who is offered up in sacrifice. All this may be most easily credited, even from the very nature of the sacrifice which is celebrated. But I have been told by a certain person who had it from an aged and wonderfully vener-able man, to whom God was wont to reveal His secrets, that a clear vis-ion had once been granted to him by God of what went on at Mass. He then teheld during that time a multitude of angels come down on a sudden upon the sanctuary bearing a human appearance, clothed in bright raiment and surrounding the altar.
Then they reverently bowed down
their heads, like courtly soldiers
standing in the presence of their King.
And all this I most easily believe."

The lives of many saints marrate similar apparitions. Frequently they were favored with the vision of Christ Himself, whether under the form of a lovely Infant resting on the uplifted hat do of the priest, or smiling upon him from the corporal on which it lay; or under the aspect, at other times, of the crucified Redeemer hanging on the cross. Thus Bollandus the historian, relates of St. Colleta that one day when she was assisting at a Mass said by her confessor, she suddenly exclaimed at the elevation (My God! O Jesus! O ye angels and (My God! O Jesus! O ye angels and saints! O ye men and sinners! Behold the great marvels!) She saw our Lord as if hanging on the cross, shedding His sacred blood and imploring His Heavenly Father, saying: "I beseech Thee, My Father, to spare poor sinners

and to forgive them for My sake."
In 1258 in the "Saints Chapelle" in
Paris, close to the palace of St. Louis, at the elevation of a Mass, a beautiful child was seen in the hands of the priest by those present. The appari-tion lasted some time. But St. Louis refused to go and see it saying: "Let them go who do not believe that our Lord is in the Sacred Host, my faith enables me to see Him in it every day." It is the first thought uttered by Christ: "Blessed are they that have not seen and have believed."

Various and authenticate I facts are on record by which Jesus glerified the celebrant of the Mass Himself, who as explained above, is merged in Christ during the consecration. Thus St. Philip Neri was several times seen by Pallip Neri was several times seen by the faithful present raised above the ground waile he said Mass, at other times with rays of glory around his head. The priest is a son of the people as is our ruling Pontifi; but at the altar he is vicar of Christ, performing in the person of Christ the mystery of propitiation.

REV. CHARLES COPPENS, S. J.

### INGRAINED PREJUDICE

The author of a "Modern Pilgrim's Progress" tells an amusing story con cerning her first encounter with Catholic nuns, which, besides being amus-ing serves to show what absurd no-tions are engendered in the minds of even the best intentioned people outside the Church.

The lady in question, who is a well educated English woman wanted to acquire the continental pronunciation of Latin, learned that Catholics used this pronunciation and that she could probably take lessons from the Dominican nuns of a neighboring convent. In

her own words:
"I answered that I should not dream going to such people. At la of going to such people. At last, however, my desire to learn the correct pronunciation of Latin, my curiosity to see what a nunnery was, overcame my dread, and I drove to the convent. Before entering I placed a note in the cabman's hands saying: 'Wait a quarter of an hour; if I do not return, ring; and then if within five minutes I do not make my annearance, drive quicknot make my appearance, drive quickly to my brother and give him this.'
The note ran as follows: 'I am in the Dominican convent, and can't get out. Come and help me.' How often since then I have laughed with the nuns over that note as indeed I did that very day. Finding them charming, gentle, and refined, I was soon at my ease, and when the ring came ventured to tell what I had done. Why I should have thought that English gentle-women who devoted themselves to the service of God and the poor became dishonorable in consequence, or what good I could have derived from my detention I cannot tell ; I suppose popular delusions acting on ingrained prejudices had overcome whatever common sense I possessed." — The True Voice.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Apostolic Delegacion.

Apostolic Delegacion.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is included with a strong Catholic spirit. It strong the satisfaction that it is included with a strong Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it welfare of religion and country, and it welfare of religion and country, and therefore, carnestly recommend it to Catholic himses. I therefore, carnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work lief families. With my blessing on your work and best wishes for its continued success, and best wishes for its continued success, and best wishes for its continued success, and best wishes for its continued success.

Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:
Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, The Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleas ure, I can recommend it to the faithful Blessing you and wishing you success, believe as a remain. Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1907.

TO OUR MONTREAL SUBSCRIBERS - We have been informed that an unauthorized person has been collecting subscriptions for the CATHOLIC RECORD in Montreal, and desire to warn our sub scribers against such frauds. They should pay money only to those whose names appear on the paper as authorized agents, or those who show written authority from the publisher on office letter head, to make collections. The fraud to whom we refer assumed a name somewhat similar to that of one of our regular agents.

WHY ILL INFORMED?

In a brief review of the first volume of the new Catholic Encyclopædia the Toronto Globe makes a strange yet candid acknowledgment. It says:

"It is undoubtedly the case that Protestants are ill-informed regarding the history, the doctrine and the insti-tutions of the Catholic Church as these are viewed by Catholics themselves. and without raising any question of ultimate truth in the field of contro versy, it promotes even the cause of truth to have each side formulate its case with skill and present it with authority. This is what his been at-tempted on the Catholic side in this Encyclopædia, and as far as the first is concerned, apparently with a high degree of success. This is too candid to be silently

passed over, too general not to be deplored. Why are Protestants ill informed upon the Catholic Church ? It seems they are ill-informed upon the Catholic Church from an interior stand-point. What sort of information they do possess concerning the subject self, but upon the narrow, round-thecorner view from which they examine question. How else can any enquire into the history, doctrines and which has developed and explained her maintained her countless institutions. must watch the mission from Pentecost and the march through the centuries of that power which, without arms, broke down idolatry and conquered nations. Still more to appreciate the history of Catholicity the Church must be regarded as a divine institution. If the Catholic Church is looked upon as antagonistic to national progress, as a mere stumbling block to worldly advancement, she can never be understood or appreciated. And as for her doctrines, how else can people view them, if they wish to know what they are, except they know the Catholic teaching about them. If any one wishes to learn about the Mass he surely would not go to the English Book of Common Prayer or the Westminster Confession of Faith. And if an enquirer wished to know about a convent he would not take Maria Monk for guide, philosopher and friend. The view which Catholics take of the history, doctrines and institutions of the Church is the only correct one. All others are distorted, discolored and misleading. But why are Protestants ill-informed ? The Catholic Church is not a secret organization whose light is hidden from the world. A beacon was she to shipwrecked paganism, as to day she is to discontented modern society. Her history and her institutions are interwoven in the warp and woof of civilization. Her doctrines are to be found in the decrees of her counoils and the writings of her teachers.

Catholic Church it is their own fault. It is a disgrace in an age which boasts of enlightenment and prides itself no its judicial, equitable fairness. Nor can it be claimed that men need not study the Church." As the great English essayist put it: "There is no institution so well worthy of examination as the Catholic Church." Men are too busy nowadays making money - their eyes bent to earth, their energies, intellectual, physical, moral, all devoted to material development-men are too busy to turn their attention to religion or lift their gaze beyond this world. Thus will men move, ill-informed upon the stately, struggling, strong Church whose history is the civilization of the world, whose doctrines are the rock walls and foundation of God's supernatural temple, and whose institutions are the towers of protection against the threatening vils of society. We hope most earnestly that this new Encyclopædia will fill the needed want so that there may no longer exist people ill-informed upon the Catholic Church. They will certainly have no excuse. Many do not know the Church, because they do not want to know it.

CONVERSION OF A CANADIAN.

News from Edinburgh has reached theology. Canada which to many will be as unexpected as it is gratifying. An announcement, most reliable in its source. is that a daughter of the late Hon. George Brown, and her husband, who is a professor in the University of Edinburgh, have been received into the Catholic Church. Any reception into the Church is a subject of thanksgiving to God and of congratulation to the person most concerned. It is no small matter for a soul to be led from doubt to certainty or from a mere sect into the true fold of Christ. It is no light gift-this faith which crowns a soul and is a greater treasure than gold and precious stone. The influence and example of a good convert who, appreciating God's choice and gift, lives in love and obedience, are a light, unto many. In the present instance there are family circumstances which make this conversion especially interesting, and which throw a halo of romance about it. But fact is stranger han fiction. Those who remember the Hon. Geo. Brown in the fifties-all through and beyond the fifties-will scarcely think his house would be a nursery of Catholic converts. Staunch Presbyterian he was, and no doubt conscientious. But his views were not thus confined to the mere practice of his own religious belief. He thought he had a work to do, a mission to fulfil. He undertook to crystallize the Scotch into the clear grit party, which he had cut away from the old Baldwin reform ers. How he bent all his great energy to the task, how he antagonized every Catholic in the country, how in the Globe as well as on the public platform he championed liberalism, but fettered it with religious prejudice and dwarfed it with sectional strife and the view a narrow horizon always gives - these will depend, not upon the Church it- are matters of past history rather than subject of present comment. Had a prophet stood before Mr. Brown and dden him stop his tirades against the earnest student or lover of truth en | Church, for that a child of his would one day see its beauty and enter its institutious of the Catholic Church than gates, he would have laughed that by the light from within, which has prophet to scorn. He lived to moderdirected the pathway of the Church, ate his political views and win many whom he had in earlier days alienated. doctrine and which has founded and His religious views never changed. Time sees many changes. Few are so To learn the Church's history one pleasing as the conversions of intelligent, conscientious persons as the daughter of the Hon, Geo. Brown and her husband. We feel, as we think of the past, that she has indeed left her

father and her father's people.

SUBJECTS FOR SERMONS. Parsons are much to be pitied. They have to preach frequently to the same congregation. On the other hand, subjects are very scarce. Without any dogma, with very little moral and no ascetic|theology at all, the poor men are at their wit's ends. Politics are danger ons and social matters are delicate. Questions of the day are a favorite theme. What these questions are it is hard to say-anything rather than re ligion, the last four ends of man, God's love and fear. These are not suffici ently up-to-date; they are antiquated. good enough for simple folk but not for city congregations. To tell people what they must do to save their souls. to tell them what they must believe, to explain grace and glory-these are themes for a church with authority and dogma, for preachers with divine power and for a people with a divine faith, not for those who merely desire to dis play their ability or tickle their hear ers' ears. An example showing the length to which a preacher will go in ransacking the despatches for a subject and in searching for a text, has been lately sent us. A preacher of the Glebe Presbyterian Church, Ottawa, the Rev. J. W. H. Milne, took for his

Chapleau and the Sand Point wrecks. What these unfortunate disasters had to do with the salvation of his flock or their fulfilment of their own duties would depend largely upon the view taken. But society never appointed any particular parson guardian of railway management. Few things could be more out of place than for a minister to use his pulpit as a stand for criticism of a subject very remote from religion and of which the speaker most likely knew nothing. Another difficulty was to select a text. The Bible, as it is well-known, has not a word to say about railways. It speaks of the narrow path and hints at a broad guage. In neither case is the reference made to steam railways. Away back, however, in Deuteronomy, there is a command as to the proper building of the flat roofed houses. "When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof. ' That will do fine. It did fine. It showed the biblical learning of the preacher, his skill in applying it to railways as well as houses, his greater skill in using it for the criticism of present railway management, and his profound respect for the word of God in turning it to his own purposes and not using it against his congregation. Any subject will do provided it is not dogmatic or moral

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

IV. The last question on our list is: "Why did Jesus emphasize His purely human personality by naming Himself the Son of Man?" "But that you may know that the Son of Man hath power to forgive sins (He saith to the sick of palsy), I say to thee, Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thy house." (St. Mark, ii. 10-11.

Before answering the question we protest against its terminology. Without intending error the question implies that our Lord was a human person. or had a purely human personality which on certain occasions He emphasized. Now Jesus Christ was not a human person. To be sure He was a man. But the Man, Christ, had not a numan personality. He had a human

me real complete hody and soul, a human body and a human soul, substantially united together. That human nature of our Lord's never subsisted in a human personality. The instant it was complete, the moment the human nature was formed, that very instant this individual human nature was clasped forever in the embrace of the divine Personality of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. Thus this human nature subsisted in the divine Personality of the Word of God. Jesus Christ was never a human person. His Personality was divine. He had a human nature, and, therefore, with truth. He could call Himself man, and be rightly termed man. He had the feelings of a man. He felt sympathy for the sorrows of others. And the tears He shed over Jerusalem were real tears of manly grief. And the pain he felt at the scourging and the nailing on the ist disturbing the peace, should be cross was real pain. All these things and ten thousand more were terminated in the divine Person: for, to use a philosophic axiom, actions are to be predicated of supposits. It was God Who lay in the stable of Bethlehem, the same Who preached to the poor, the same Son of God Who bled in the garden and Who died on the cross. The waves of suffering and the floods of action which had their origin in the human nature of our Lord never disturbed the immutability of His divine nature. Yet as sufferings and actions they were divine; for the Person Who underwent the one and performed the other was divine. Now for the question. The present case in which Christ cures the man sick of the palsy and at the same time forgives him his sins is really a foreshadowing of the power He intended to give, and actually did give, His other. Church. As to our Lord's frequent emphasis in speaking of Himself as the Son of Man, it was necessary to prove to, and convince the Jewish people, that he was a real man, that His fiesh was real flesh, that He was a child of Adam's race, and Israel's stock. How also could He. a ghost, an angel like Raphael to Tobias, with unreal human nature, come to God's people who had been accustomed to prophet, priest and king? If He were not man He could not die for the world ; nor could He have suffered the sting of poverty and

Before closing the whole subject, we If men are ill-informed concerning the subject two railway accidents, the beg to make a comment upon a remark must be set down as tyranny.

the wound inflicted by contempt. Our

Lord much more frequently spoke

of Himself as Son of man than Son of

God. The reason is that unless the

reality of His human nature were

firmly established and insisted upon,

then after His resurrection this reality

would be called in question and denied.

His death would have been regarded as

not a death at all, and His resurrection

a sham.

which our correspondent's friend passes upon Renan's Life of Jesus. In speaking of the book he says it is the clever est book he ever read. How may any book be regarded as clever? Is it by the powers of imagination which it exercises over the minds of its readers? Is it the convincing arguments which it advances in support of its subject? Or is it the polished diction, the gentle flow of style and the classic choice of words which like some river carries the reader along amidst varied scenery of language, thought and fact? The term clever is often used in a dubious sense, meaning tricky. A novel may be clever whilst the history upon which its plot is based may not be true. Any serious book to be re garded as clever ought to win confidence. Herein Renan fails. He had no confidence in himself or his theories An erudite scholar, he played with history as a Japanese juggler. It was all pleasantry to him. Fact and fiction were alike. A book to be clever ought to aim at truth. But Renan never loved the truth. He was curious. He was always ready to enquire into a semitic inscription or some linguistic question. His religion, his truth, was mere literary erudition. A biography to be clever, must be founded on truth must set down naught in malice, and must be conformable to the inner being and character of Him whose life the book claims to portray. In all of these Renan has grieviously offended. He wrote a romance when claiming to write a life. He denied a miracle when sketching the Living Miracle. He claimed to set science in judgment upon religion. Thus while exercising his own freedom he refused freedom to God. In no way except in the subtlety of its style and the dangerous snares of its insinuations is La Vie de Jesus a really clever book.

A DANGEROUS ELEMENT. The city of Montreal seems to be the Mecca for that dangerous element of foreigners, largely made up of late arrivals in the country, who yearn for the time when luxury and ease may come to them without the performance of an honest day's labor. To these people socialism appears as a full blown rose. They seem to forget, however, that the rose will die and leave but thorns. They are not practical, these socialists. They bubble over with theories beautiful to the eye, but when these theories are put into practice, they will be found travelling along the old path, keeping a firm grip upon their present possessions, and hungering for the acquisition of more and more, regardless of the rights of their fellows. That feature of the socia istic element which has lately developed in Montreal is, as we nave said, a dangerous one, and the great mass of the citizens of our Canadian metropolis should lose no time in using every lawful means to effectually stamp it out. The processions of these people, with the red flag in evidence, and with the shouts of the revolutionprohibited, and, if the law is defied, those engaged in the processions thoughts sprang in the well should be arrested and imprisoned, springs of Christ's most holy soul, and even if it were found necessary to erect another jail in the city. The American people now realize that a serious mistake was made a generation ago in not dealing summarily with this species of madness. On all hands it is now acknowledged that the work of suppressing the revolutionists should have been begun immediately after the Haymarket riots in Chicago about twenty years ago. That murderous enisode in the career of the anarchistic elament gives us an exhibition of the length to which these people are prepared to go in their madness. We hope the authorities in Montreal and other centres of population throughout Canada will see to it in good time that freedom of action and freedom of speech are not abused by those who have not a true conception of either one or the

To show the danger point to which a portion of our population is advancing, we quote the following extract from the definition of " Anarchy " as given in the " Catholic Encyclopedia." The restless characters in Montreal, to whom has been given the name of "reds," approach very closely to, even if they are not actually members of, of a Government or a municipality.

the class here described : " Sociologically it is the modern theory which proposes to do away with all existing forms of government and to organize a society which will exercise all its functions without any controlling or directive authority. It assumes as its basis that every man has a natural right to devel p powers, satisfy all his passions, and respond to all his instincts. It insists that the individual is the best judge of his own capacity; that personal in terest, well understood, tends to im prove general conditions; that eac ne recognizes the advantage of jus tice in economic relations; and that mankind, in the man, is right in what it does. As a human being is a free, intelligent agent, any restraint from without is an invasion of his rights and ALCOHOLISM.

The Catholic Encyclopedia, now being published by the Robert Appleton Company, is a mine of the most useful information, even on matters not directly connected with the faith and prac tice of the Catholic Church. We give herewith an example. Under the head of alcoholism we find :

"There is no difference of opinion among physiologists regarding the facts of the action of alcohol in the human body. They differ strenuously regard ing the conclusions to be drawn from ing the conclusions to be drawn from these facts, some contending that alcohol is a "partial food when taken in moderate qualities." Modern knowledge justifies the belief that in health it is never a food in any sense, be the quality large or small, but always a poison, biologically or physiologically speaking; in disease it is neither a food nor a poison, but may be a suitable and helpful drug. It should be rightly called what it rightly is: a drug, and not a drink; a narcotic, and not a tonic. Its use as a drug will then be rightly restricted, as in the case of other drugs to the intelligent direction of men up whom the State imposes, at the present day, rigid restrictions as to preliminary education, supplemented by study of the technical knowledge of the profession of medicine. Its uses in disease sion of medicine. Its uses in diseasare many, but their consideration do within the scope of this There are cases of typhoid not come within the sco article. There are cases fever, pneumonia, and diphtheria, in which alcohol is a most valuable help, and in some other conditions its may be advisable. Careful observa-tion of its effects, in private practice and in extensive hospital experience compels the writer to subscribe to this conclusion: "Alcohol in health is often a curse; alcohol in disease is mostly a blessing." From a sociological stand blessing." From a sociological stand point, we are compelled by incontrover evidence to acknowledge that it is of all causes the most frequent source of poverty, unhappiness, divorce, suicide, immorality, crime, insanity, disease and death.

TWO IMPORTANT WORKS.

From the publishing house of Longmans Green & Co., London and New York, we have received the first volume of a book entitled "History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal," by Rev. Thos. Hughes, S. J. This first volume treats of the first colonization up to the year 1645. The whole of this history, like that projected for England, as the pre face says, is only one part of a compre hensive historical series, comprising, in different languages, an authentic account of the society over the world. The price of the book is \$4.50. It is a large volume and contains six hundred

and fifty-five pages. From the publishing house of Benziger Bros., New York, we have received a work bearing the title "Benedicenda; Rites and ceremonies to be observed in some of the principal functions of the Roman pontifical and the Roman rituals," by Rev. A. J. Schulte, Prof. of Liturgy in Overbrook Seminary. The present volume, we are told, is meant principally for the convenience of Bishops, priests and such clerics as may take part in the ceremonies it describes. It is also expected that it will find its way into the hands of the students in our eccles iastical seminaries, who should, from the earliest moment of their course. begin to understand and to love the infinite variety of detail comprised in those ceremonies. The price of the \$10,000 to the new French Catholic work is \$1.75.

A FOE TO GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD.

A friend has mailed to us a copy of the Orange Sentinel of May 2nd, with a marked article, which, we take it, he would wish us to notice. We desire to say to him that long since we determined to pay little or no attention to the utterings of this paper. When the late Mr. Edward Clark, M. P., was editor it was conducted in a different fashion. He was a stout Orangeman at all times, but, withal, there was about him a manliness that is entirely missing in the new regime. No, we cannot waste time noticing the utterances of the present-day Orange Sentinel. The paper gives us a sample of the furious "climber" who wishes to attain prominence by pandering to the most unlovely traits of human nature. His constituency is made up for the most part of men of little education, strong inherited prejudices, and a weakness in the direction of following with docility the wordy grand master whose goal is a promirent position in the gift either He is justly dubbed " mediocrity by his fellow-citizens, and dealing in Orange shibboleths, served up hot and strong in weekly doses, is the only method by which he may attain the end he has in view. Papers like the Orange Sentinel should be condemned by all good citizens of Canada, for its purpose seems to be to foster feelings of rancor between neighbor and neighbor. The man who would have his readers believe that the Catholic Church and its Bishops and priests are only awaiting an opportunity to take away their civil and religious liberties - whose preachments would lead his readers to look askance at a Bishop, a priest or a Catholic, as he passes the way—is an when one should.—Bossuet.

enemy to the peace and the progress of the country and should be shunned by all who love honor and truth and fair play. A pity it is that there are so many who pin faith to the utterances of these Most Worshipful mischief mongers; but, then, so long as we have the race of simpletons, we must expect to have, side by side, the race of knaves.

A SPLENDID WORK.

It was announced last Sunday, in St. Peter's cathedral, that His Lordship Right Rev. Dr. McEvay, Bishop of London, had decided to erect a parish hall and Sunday school on the church block. It will cost between \$15,000 and \$20,000. For a long time he has felt the need of such a building and determined to have it erected at the earliest possible date. Many of the members of the congregation have also taken a deep interest in this work, and, having put this interest into practical shape, His Lordship has determined to carry it out without delay. The great importance of undertakings of this kind is beginning to be recognized throughout the country. Time was when home-life was more in evidencewhen the evenings in the family circle were both a school and a joy and a pride-and when the family gatherings were looked forward to with the utmost delight. But this our age has brought about a considerable change, and the evenings are now to a greater or less degree spent elsewhere. The importance, then, of bringing the people, young and old, together, at frequent intervals, in the parish ball, will be generally acknowledged. In this assembly room there will be a library, a reading room and amusements of the higher character, which are not adjuncts of the bar-room, for it is of importance that young men do not have placed before them those things which generate the gambling habit. Many a oung man has wasted precious hours in the hey-day of his life shuffling pieces of pasteboard and shooting billiard balls, and when the time came for taking part in the serious side of life with the more prominent of his fellow-citizens, he found his place in the pit, and not on the stage, because he had thrown away his opportunity for acquiring intellectual equip-

ment. There will not be wanting in the new assembly room entertainments which will be looked forward to with the greatest interest, such as concerts, lectures and debates, and like means of passing the time which will prove to be elevating in character, and tend to develop the intellect, broaden the understanding and impart a knowledge of men and affairs which will be found most useful in every rank of life. That every success may attend the new assembly room and its admirable work is the sincere wish of the CATHOLIC RECORD, and we hope to hear that many other places throughout the Dominion have followed the example of London.

THE NIGGARDLY RICH. A press despatch from Cornwall informs us that Mr. and Mrs. John Mc-Martin of that town, had subscribed church to be erected at Alexandria, of which the Rev. Joseph Dulin, formerly of Cornwall, is pastor. We draw special attention to this fact because it has been remarked that Catholics, as a rule, are not as generous towards the Church as their fellow-Canadians of the non-Catholic sects. We regretfully admit that there is but too much truth in this charge laid against some of our people. Those who are blameworthy, however, are almost exclusively confined to the well - to - do or wealthy class. To all seeming, they are very faithful children of the Church, and their lives are as good as those of the average. They pretend, also, to be deeply interested in the welfare of holy faith, but when the time comes to give a practical exhibition of regard for it, their pocket books are shut up tight, and, when the winter of life approaches, and it becomes advisable to make disposition of their wealth, the claims of God's Church and the claims of charity are seldom remembered, or, if thought of, the dole is of the parsimonious mould. These Catholics believe that the Church to which they have given their fealty is the handiwork of the Almighty, and yet we find them niggardly to a degree when they are asked for contributions, while the adherents of man-made forms of belief give of their wealth with abundant generosity. We do not for a moment mean to convey the impression that the great bulk of Catholics are not generous to their Church. This generosity is quite evident all over the country. But the pennies of the poor count for far more than the donations of the wealthy. True it is that many wealthy Catholics are generous, but equally true it is that there are scores who ought to be

ashamed of themselves.

8. J., OF LIVERPOOL, 1 Rev. Robert Kane, S. most elequent preacher delivered the first of a mons on "Home" on A Church of St. Francis Xa pool. The particular is Ring," and the discourse the words, "What Go the words, "What Go together let no man (Matt. c. xix. v. 6.) the Catholic Times the follows :

Home! What gentle dear dead days the wor full, deep meanings it spot where peace show present, and where should reign supreme! messages are breathed word of a sympathy and of a friendship that and where In time of joy the word song learned in days of still ever echoes in or ullaby of our earliest of trouble or of trial though it recall many a appointment, even the still a strange sweetne a strange balm in its b speaks to our heart of that survives sorrow, a ness that defies death. word vibrates through strong chords of char music of a beloved n tenderness of an inn the sacredness of an h Home is that charme which live and love dearest friends of ea not merely mean the pens to shelter one, no ture within. Home is than what is made of b with added means of c comfort. Home is n material dwelling place chance to eat and sle the roof-tree which a Home must be on earth, for this is th terpart. It may hav material surrounding sounds, its trifling by childhood and sa to which endearing a its simple ornaments ful memories cluster, ings, unnoticed by t are priceless heirloom heart. But Home more. Home must n resting-place where that are most sacred the temple of heart a sanctuary blessed to unselfishness; it is crated to highest hu neans the bonds of tenderness which cl intimacy the hearts in hand, journey her is the moral circle w and hearts share breathe the same at same burdens, symp sorrows, enjoy the divide the same toils the same success. I of thought and will linked together in melody, with varying harmoniously like his each in its own way echo the same son home is the spot wh blessing of love or made their own

> may indeed be often weary mist of ter times be darkened pest of grief. Arou strife may shrick silent clouds of like snowflakes. Y ways there. Howe be in the day of the night of life's l lit up in the ever glory of sunset, wh it is almost always promises and color asm. Thus it con comes before the or the maiden who order to seek for a home. It is alway story, yet it is a freshness of its " love's young misunderstand. noblest in tinet of good, nothing no in human life that ture. There is no not exposed to the ceited cynic, or to its majesty may, be made to look most exquisite i been warped into in human brutish of love that is t which is the ve realization among and the lost know comes. Its faith and its caricatur root of unselfish whatever has r flower is perfect power in human ways. It may fir

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THE IDFAL " HOME."

IT SECULD BE THE FANCTUARY OF NOBLE UNSILFIEBNISS, THE HEART'S TEMPLE - MARRIAGE SACRAMENT IS ESSENTIAL TO ITS PRESERVATION - EXQUISITE SERMON BY THE REV. ROBERT KANE, 8. J., OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

Rev. Robert Kane, S. J., one of the most eloquent preachers in Eogland, delivered the first of a series of ser-mons on "Home" on April 6 in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, at Liverpool. The particular theme treated had for its title, "The Plain Gold had for its title, "The Principles of the Ring," and the discourse was based on the words, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." (Matt. c. xix. v. 6.) As printed in the Catholic Times the sermon is as

Home! What gentle memories of dear dead days the word awakened in the mind, said the preacher. What full, deep meanings it conveyed of a spot where peace should always be present, and where true affection should reign supreme! What faithful messages are breathed through that word of a sympathy that never fails and of a friendship that never forgets! In time of joy the word is like an old song learned in days of childhood, that still ever echoes in our ear with the lullaby of our earliest love. In time of trouble or of trial the word, even of trouble or of trial the word, even of trouble or of trial the word, even though it recall many a memory of dis-appointment, even though it bring back many a motive for regret, has still a strange sweetness in its sadness, a strange balm in its bitterness, for it speaks to our heart of an unselfishness that survives sorrow, and of a devotedness that defles death. Home! The very ness that defies death. Home! The very word vibrates through all the deep, strong chords of character with the music of a beloved melody, with the tenderness of an innocent fear, with music of a beloved melody, with the tenderness of an innocent fear, with the sacredness of an heroic prayer; for Home is that charmed circle within which live and love the parent and the content of the conscious of their own shamefulness. Thus, for instance Zela mediants and the content of the conscious of their own shamefulness. Thus, for instance Zela mediants and the content of the conscious of their own shamefulness. which live and love the nearest and dearest friends of earth. Home does not merely mean the house that hap-pens to shelter one, nor only the furniture within. Home is something more than what is made of bricks and mortar, with added means of domestic use and comfort. Home is not merely that material dwelling place where one may chance to eat and sleep, nor is it only the roof-tree which a man can call his own. Home must be indeed some spot own. Home must be indeed some spot on earth, for this is the material coun-terpart. It may have the details of material surroundings, its sights, its sounds, its trifling objects cherished by childhood and sacred to age, its characteristics of position or structure to which endearing associations cling, its simple ornaments round which tearful memories cluster, its thousand noth ing, unnoticed by the stranger, that are priceless heirlooms of love to your heart. But Home must mean much more. Home must mean the hallowed resting-place where linger the loves that are most sacred on earth. It is the temple of heart affection, it is the that are most sacred on earth. It is the temple of heart affection; it is the sanctuary blessed by roblest human unselfishness; it is the shrine conse-crated to highest human love. Home means the bonds of blood and ties of means the bonds of blood and ties of tenderness which clasp into one close intimacy the hearts of those who, hand in hand, journey heavenwards. Home is the moral circle within which minds and hearts share the same shelter, breathe the same atmosphere, bear the same burdens, sympathize in the same sorrows, enjoy the same pleasures, divide the same toils, and contribute to the same success. It is a moral union linked together in the messure of one melody, with varying tone, throbbing harmoniously like human chords which, of thought and will, so that lives are harmoniously like human chords which, each in its own way, catch up and recent the same song of soul. Thus, home is the spot which souls united by blessing of love or bond of blood have strife may shriek, or upon it cold, silent clouds of misfortune may fall be in the day of life's struggle, or in the night of life's loneliness, it is often lit up in the evening of age with a glory of sunset, while in youth's dawn it is almost always brilliant with bright promises and colored by warm enthus iasm. Thus it comes to pass that this ideal, in its truest and holiest aspect, comes before the thought of the man or the maiden whose heart begins to flutter forth from that parent nest, in order to seek for another and a dearer home. It is always old, that old, old story, yet it is always strange in the freshness of its revelation—the story of "love's young dream." Do not misunderstand, do not misjudge the noblest in tinct of human life. Alast thore is nothing true nothing or the maiden whose heart begins to alas! there is nothing true, nothing good, nothing noble, nothing beautiful human life that has not its caricature. There is nothing lovable that is not exposed to the sneer of the conceited cynic, or to the laughter of the vulgar fool. What is most sacred in its majesty may, by a conning buffoon, be made to look grotesque. What is most exquisite in its simplicity may appear contemptible in the eyes of a stupid student. Thus even love has been warped into meaning either what in human idiocy is most silly, or what in human brutishness is most foul. Of such meanings I do not speak. I do not speak of love that is false. I speak of love that is true. There is a word which is the very name of God. Its realization amongst creatures is heaven; and the lost knowledge of it is hell. All and the lost knowledge of it is lief. An iterative and the lost knowledge of it is lief. An iterative is singular to the comes. Its faithful likeness is sanctity, and its caricature is sin. It is the very root of unselfishness. It gives sap to whatever has real worth in it. Its

flower is perfectness. This one great power in human life works in human

ways. It may first dawn with the vision of a beautiful face, or its first echo may thrill its magnetic influence through the tones of a sweet voice, or its elec-

tric spark may first flash forth from the touch of a kind deed or from the nearness of a noble character. But, however simple its cause may seem, the power of love, if it be true, is sacred. It may be born of what is very human, but it lifts man or maiden towards what is divine. It lifts one above come? is divine. It litts one above onesolf. It takes one from out of onesolf. It makes one better than one self. For, if it be love, it does not look for gain or barter. If it be love, it does not turn inward, but it goes forth to bless. Therefore it is that true love is "strong as death." Therefore it is that true love offers with its love all the treasures of its life. Therefore it is that true love holds to the love in the love holds to its love with a devote iness unto death.
Therefore it is that love's young dream looks towards the symbol of sacred constancy, the Plain Gold Ring.

one of the seven sacraments instituted by Christ our Lord, let him be anath-ema." There are two classes of people who deny this truth. On the one hand are all infidels, whether ancient or modern. Modern infidels usually attack the sacredness as well as the strength of the marriage bond under the mean mask of fiction. Amongst such writers are Ouida, Marie Corelli, Tolstoi, Zola, writers not only hostile ness. Thus, for instance, Zola would not allow his own dau hters to read his own novels. We need not pause to answer such men or women. They are unable or unwilling to appreciate the beauty or the majesty of virtue, and we are now speaking of what is very beautiful and very majestic in Christian life, the holiness of marriage. On the other hand, most Protestants consider marriage to be a mere civil contract, so that to them it is in kind, if not also in degree, in no way more sacred than buying or sell ing. But Protestantism, once it inter-fered with the doctrine of the seven Sacraments, drifted hopelessly into un-certainty about this whole matter, so that its thousand different sects hold a thousand different opinions. Most Protestants believe that baptism is a Sacrament. Few of them believe that marriage is a Sacrament. On this point we may appeal to the teaching of the early Church. In the fifth century the doctrine of the seven Sacrament. tury the doctrine of the seven Sacraments, amongst them matrimony, was haid by the universal Church. In proof of this we have the unimpeachable testimony even of our enemies. The herisies which broke away from the Church at or about that period, while they denied some one or other point of Christian Revelation, took with them in their flight this point of the seven Sacraments. Mark the force of this reasoning. These old heresies were absolutely unlike the new heresies of the "Reformation." The "Reformers," in admitting the principle of private judgment, opened widethe door to every possible variety and difference of belief. The old heresies, holding tenaciously to the principle of Church authority, resolutely excluded any authority, resolutely excluded any divergence of belief from that which divergence of belief from that which their Church has always held. Again the "Reformers" were radicals in re-ligion. The old heresies were so staunch in their conservatism as to our most cherished human hopes blossom in secure shelter, and where God's brightest blessings fall; for there is no place like home. Such is the ideal. It may indeed be often overshadowed by weary mist of tears. It may sometimes be darkened by desolating tempest of grief. Around it wild winds of shife may shriek, or upon it cold. must, according to the rules of Tertullike snowflakes. Yet the ideal is allian, have come from the beginning, ways there. However obscured it may be in the day of life's struggle, or in therefore from Christ. The preacher quoted several Scriptural passages and also the testimony of the early Fathers also the testimony of the early Fathers in support not only of Christian mar-riage being a Sacrament, but also show-ing that the marriage tie is indisso-lable. Hence divorce, understood as the annulment of a marriage that was valid, cannot be granted by civil law. No civil law can touch the marriage tie. Kings, Lords and Commons are powerless to undo a Sacrament of Christ--"What God hath joined to Christ— What God hath joined to-gether let no man put asunder." 'Tis the lesson of the Plain Gold Ring. It is only a plain ring. There is upon it no quaint device, no pretty emblem.

Upon it there is no ruby blush, no

dark green depth of emerald, no sheen of sapphire, no diamond flash. It is quite simple. It is quite plain. Deep down under the dark and heavy soil,

amidst the stones and clay, the living

root spreads its tender fibres out, and

root spreads its tender libres out, and from the moist earth drinks the draughts with which it feeds the strength of the tree's gigantic stem and gives their loveliness or their lu-

ciousness to flower or to fruit. Thus,

all the strength and worth of social life, its fixedness of moral principle, its branching forth in science, art and industry, its useful fruit or fascinating

flower, all this living outcome of man's

higher nature draws all its power from

its roots in human homes held together

by the plain gold ring. It is plain; but it is precious, precious as purest gold. Gold is less strong than steel,

more heavy than lead, yet gold is the

king of metals, and mightily rules the world of matter. There is nothing

curious in art, strange or stupendous in science, energetic in industry, useful for comfort, helpful to health, or potent

that gold cannot buy, except one thing, and of this thing gold is only the lesser type and emblem. Gold is the emblem of love. No gold can buy love. Love is what is most precious in life, and therefore it is that maken. "There was truth in the dispatches cent to America the therefore it is that maken." love. Love is what is most precious in life, and therefore it is that when the loves of bridegroom and bride are made one love of home they are united with a plain gold ring. Plain and precious, it has also its meaning as a ring. The plain but precious atoms are moulded into one line which yet with ceaseless, constant curve turns towards one central point line which yet with ceaseless, constant curve turns towards one central point so that the line is never ending, but makes one revolving circle—it is a ring. Thus, too, the line of life, through all its daily round of teil or rest, of grief or joy, through all its plain but precious trifles of simple helpfulness or sweet sympathy, bends always, with unfailing faithfulness, with enduring devotedness, towards the one central point of the love that encircles the home with the perfectness and the home with the perfectness and the deathlessness of a ring. The love of the plain gold ring can only fail when the hand which it clasped has crumbled to ashes, and when the warm young heart which it dwelt in has become changed into dull, cold clay. Wherefore on that great day when the heart of the young man fluttered forth from his lips to be man nuttered forth from his his to become one with the heart of his bride, he says to her, "With this ring I thee wed." Therefore did each say to each "I take thee to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part; and thereto I plight thee my troth". Of you whom God's holy, happy Sacra-ment of love has wedded into one life, making your loves no longer two but one—Oh, hold to your plighted trot, in most absolute honor, in most high reverence, in abounding patience, in enduring generosity, in most gentle sympathy, in most fond affection, so that whether fortune smile or frown, whether riches be heaped around you or you be left in poverty's rugged road and sterile soil; whether the young, quick blood beat sturdily in your veins r you sink and shiver in the grasp of disease or under the stroke of accident even when the beauty of her maiden-hood shall have faded away from the brow of the bride, even when the once stalwart frame of the bridegroom is crippled and bent, even when old age with its ills and its failings shall have with its ills and its failings shail have come upon you, there may remain in your hearts, with a brightness of sun and a warmth of summer, the early romance of the days of your sweet-hearting, the freshness, the fervor, the faithfulness of love's young dream, the beloved lesson of the plain gold ring.

### A NEW YORK NEWSPAPERMAN IN FRANCE.

SHOWS HOW MISLEADING ARE THE RE-PORTS THAT COME TO THIS COUNTRY.

The special correspondent in France of the New York Evening Mail, Ernest L. Aroni, is doing much by his articles to counteract the effect of the meager and often erroneous cable des-patches which are printed in the American newspapers. Writing under date

informative and interesting to every American Catholic. For a century it was an open question whether a declar ation of independence of Rome would not, sconer or later, be formulated by France. Socialism has closed that question, once open.

"Three things impress immediately the control of the control

the Pennsylvania and other American railroad loans would be taken here in large quantities merely because of the steadily growing power of Socialism here and the beilef that in spite of falling prices in Wall street, there was hope, for a time, that the pendulum would not swing so far in the United

States.
"But the keynote of the Parisian mind, which echoes through the press of London and Berlin, as well as through the continental news agencies, is one of cynicism, pessimism and in

difference. MUDDLED POLITICAL SITUATION.

"Second of the striking facts is the muddle of the political situation. It is worse than the customary crazy puzzle presented by parliamentary problem in a country without a party system. Clemenceau, master always of phrase and insight, has called the situation one

and insight, has called the situation one of 'incoherence.' In plain American slang his Government is 'buffaloed.' They call it 'embete' over here.

"it has been outgeneraled by the Vatican and choked on one side by capitalists, and on the other by labor unions. I shall deal with its condition in latest letters. It may fall two weeks in later letters. It may fall two weeks or two months or ten months hence. But it began with iconoclasm; it has accomplished only a tangle, and it will leave a record of futility and confusion worse confounded. The income tax law will not be passed; the Church and State problem will not be solved; not a state problem to the features of its pro-State problem will not be solved; not a single one of the features of its programme will be concluded when a comgramme will be concluded when a com-promise, eclorless, opportunist, stop-gap ministry succeeds it in April, August or October.

CHURCH FORCES UNITED.

against disease—there is nothing that man's eye can see, nothing that man's hand can grasp, but can be bought with gold. Gold is the standard and the measure of all value. There is nothing

ertia.
"There was truth in the dispatches sent to America that the country priests—the 'cures de campagne'—had expected to comply with the Separa tion law in every detail. Failure to do so meant losing their small incomes from the State, their modest homes and gardens and beehives and flower beds. It was but a continuation of the cam-paign against the religious orders, they thought, and Rome would submit with only formal protest, as it had before. But from the moment that word came from the Vatican that non-acceptance of the terms was necessary for th tinuance of Christian worship, absolute cheerful and unquestioning loyalty and elf-sacrificing acquiescence has been the unvarying rule.

NO SIGN OF A SCHISM. "What is true of the numble village riests is true of the higher, richer elergy of the cities. From Normandy the Mediterranean there is not a normur of insubordination. The Government would give any sort of a grant for the slightest sign of a schism. But there is not the faintest. The Vilatte services in the Church at the Batignolles have fallen flat. They form a farce that has not had even a success of disesteem.' Elsewhere every effort to set up opposition to the stablished Church authorities has established Church authorities has been abandoned. Gallicanism is utter-ly and absolutely dead. The super-ficial cause would seem to be the natural cohesive results of spoliative attack. But there are earlier and

deeper causes.
POPES SPIRITUAL DOMINANCE. "One of the ablest of the younger members of the French bar, a man of Catholic descent, who is neither clerial nor anti-clerical, and who by reaon of much travel has lost the narrow ndifferent attitude of the boulevardier,

aid to me yesterday:
"'The loss of the Papal States cost the Pope some territory. But it saved for him the loyalty of France. It would take too long to explain, if I could, the mentality of a whole nation. But we are Frenchmen, republicans and lovers of our country. The most reduct Catholic would be state before ardent Catholic would hesitate before giving obedience to an outside tempor-al power in conflict even with French ministers whom we condemned. But though it may be unorthodox to say that stripping the Holy See of its land in Italy was not wholly a cause for re-gret, there is no doubt that it gave the Pope a spiritual dominance over French Christians that he had not had since the eighteenth century. No French-man feels that he sacrifices his patriotism or his republicanism in rejecting Socialism and spoliation. He might have his doubts, if Pius X. were a temporal sovereign.

ANOTHER AND AMUSING FACTOR.

"There is another factor, and an amusing one, in the death of Gallican-ism. There was, until a few years ago, an open forum of religious discussion at the Sorbonne, the great national uni versity of France. Protestants, Hebrews, Buddhists, Mussulmans, Shintoists—apostles of every doctrine of March 30, he says:

"Gallicanism is as dead in France as African slavery in America. Despite all misleading statements sent to New York in the gaise of news, and despite all similar reports of schism and discontent that may come later, this is a fact that is indisputable and will be informative and interesting to every mich that their talents with the sum of the lectures feeling that their talents with the sum of the lectures feeling that their talents with the sum of the lectures feeling that their talents with the sum of the lectures feeling that their talents with the sum of the lectures feeling that their talents with the sum of the lectures feeling that their talents with the sum of the lectures feeling that the chair with preachers of every variety of the Catholic faith. Dr. Briggs or Dr. Crapsey or any other american victim of the higher criticism could have spoken there without question. But above all it was a hother than the lectures feeling that their talents with preachers of every variety of the Catholic faith. Dr. Briggs or Dr. Crapsey or any other american victim of the higher criticism could have spoken there without question. But above all it was a hother than the preachers of every variety of the Catholic faith. Dr. Briggs or Dr. Crapsey or any other american victim of the higher criticism could have spoken there without question. But above all it was a hother than the preachers of every variety of the Catholic faith. Dr. Briggs or Dr. Crapsey or any other american victim of the higher criticism could have spoken there without question. But above all it was a hother than the preachers of every variety of the Catholic faith. Dr. Briggs or Dr. Crapsey or any other american victim of the higher criticism could have spoken there without question. But above all it was a hother than the preachers of every variety of the Catholic faith. Dr. Briggs or Dr. Crapsey or any other american victim of the higher criticism could have spoken there without all similar than the preacher and the preacher and th might have wider scope if there were only a friendly affiliation between the Church of France and the Church of Rome. It was on the whole a Christian institution, therefore it was attacked and abolished in the days when Combes was ridding the country of all religious teaching. It would be useful now. Its restoration.

> France to-day from which internal dis-sent or discontent can be spoken with even the semblance of authority. It is fun for the unbiased outsider. But it is death to the hopes of the Clemenceau cabinet, who would, if they could, ir up schism and dissension.
> "Count the Christians of France a

unit. All else may change in a day or a week. That fact rests. Plenty of the priests do not know where they will sleep nor how they will eat a month hence. But there is not a mur mar from a single commune presbytery Discarding all questions of belief, the attitude of the French clergy is a more impressive picture of discipline than has been presented in any modern

### THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

THE GREATEST EDUCATIONAL FORCE IN THE WORLD.

John Redmond, speaking at a Jesuit college in London recently, said: "We Catholics ought to feel proud in the be lief we entertain that the Catholic Church has been in the past and is today the greatest educational force in the world. The day has almost disappeared when an assertion such as that would make the average Englishman would make the average Englishman gasp with amazement. The Catholic Church to-day is no longer spoken of by Englishmen as the Church merely
of the index and the inquisition. It is
recalled by every Englishman that it
is the Church of Paul and Augustine,
and Jerome; of Bede and Alfred; of
Patrick and Columba, of Dante and Angelo, of Fenelon and Newman. And it is recognized by all broad-minded mer that the Catholic Church is to-day ready to bless all that exalts or refines the nature of man. She prays that knowledge may grow from more to more; she holds up to day as she has romise, colorless, opportunist, stop, ap ministry succeeds it in April, ap more; she holds up to-day as she has more; she holds up to-day as she has makes it of vital importance? Truth is necessarily narrow. Take the science of geometry. Suppose you were to make an objection to the definition that a straight line is the short-intion that a straight l on-looker with open eyes and open mind is the massing of the French clergy and their parishioners. They stand shoulder to shoulder—an army ditton of national vigor and national stand shoulder to shoulder—an army without banners, but not inglorious—
passive, unresistant, complying with every law that does not spell annihila-

PROTESTANT ARCHBISHOP CON | CUTE EVERY FORM OF VERTED IN A DREAM.

Readers of Catholic papers are aware of the fact that Robert Hugh Benson, the highly gifted son of the late Protestant Archbishop of Canter-bury is a convert to the true faith, a zealous priest of God, and a writer of books which are not only entertaining and instructive, but are very help ful to those who are anxious and will-ing to obtain "peace through truth." What makes the conversion of the son remarkable is the circumstance that the father was somewhat of a bigot in his attitude toward the Catholic Church. And yet, with all his pre-judice against her, this Anglican Archbishop was once convinced of the truth of the claims of the Catholic Church and was converted to her fold in a dream! The dream was so vivid that it made a deep impression on his mind—so much so, that he was wont to say, that were he ever to see them again he would certainly recognize both the priest who convinced and converted him and the place in which the interview occurred. andum which Professor Sidgwick contributed to the Life of the Archbishop the matter, thus described:
"I have indeed, an impression that in his undergraduate days he passed

through a stage in which the attrac-tion exercised by the Church of Rome upon Newman and his followers was felt by him sufficently to cause him some mental struggle and auxiety; but no trace of this was ever per ceived by me in even the earliest talks that I remember on these topics. Indeed the lonly definite ground that I can recall for the impression is a deceivation become gave in talking description he once gave in talking of dreams, of a peculiarly vivid and memorable dream which he had at Cambridge, in which he seemed to be holding a critical and final dialogue with a Catholic priest terminating in his conversion to Romanium. The diahis conversion to Romanism. The dialogue was held in a certain room in a country house with an oriel window; the man and the room were both unknown; but definite was his memory of the dream that he felt he should recognize them with certainty if he ever saw them in reality."—
Western Watchman.

### ADVANTAGE OF THE CATHOLIC DEATH-BED.

Even the spectator of the Catholic death-bed sees its advantage. A Pro testant physician once told the writer of these lines that he made it his conscientious duty to warn his patients, no matter what their creed, when illness was becoming serious; but that he had often been struck by the different effect of the tidings on those of different faiths. The effect of the Catholic preparation for death was to put the soul at peace and dispose it to receive with equanimity any dispensation of the Almighty. "By reason of this tranquillity of mind," continued the doctor, if there is still the least pros pect of saving the patient, I have ten chances with the devont Catholic to

one with any other."
Said Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes "So far as I have observed persons nearing the end of life, the Roman Catholics understand the business of dying better than Protestants.

\* \* \* If Cowper had been a good
Roman Catholic, instead of having his conscience handled by a Protestant like John Newton, he would not have died despairing looking upon himself as a castaway.

To every sane intelligence adult dying is the one awful inescapable ordeal. The true Catholic meets it bravely, peacefully, yea, often happily, because of the Church. He knows he is a sinner, but he believes in the Church's divinely given power to for give sins. The Sacrament of the Altar nowever, would mean more ridicule than could be withstood.

NO VENT NOW FOR DISCONTENT.

"It is the work of the Socialists that there is no pulpit or lecture rostrum in France to day from which intered discounted."

France to day from which intered discounted to help to help dying a rowarfal also the second s help to holy dying — powerful also to restore him to health it God wills. He knows what is promised to pain Christianly borne and to the acceptance of death humbly at God's hands as the penalty of sin. And these advantages are not the prerogatives of Bishops, priests or religious. They are the same for every Catholic of whatever conditions Pope Leo XIII. died, it might be truly said, with the world about his death held, but the Catholic about his death-bed; but the Catholic laborer has the same essential preparation and meets death in the same spirit .- The Pilot.

### "BROAD CHRISTIANITY."

Father Pardow, S. J., in one of his sermons recently discussed the ques-tion how far the adjective "broad" may be properly placed alongside the great substantive "Christianity."

When you say a man is liberal or "broad minded," says Father Pardow, "broad minded," says rather Pardow, you have taken a long step in our day toward giving him a niche in the temple of fame. The question is: Can we be "liberal" with Christian-Can we be "liberal" with Christianity? If Christianity means only a collection of pretty sayings or fine sentiments about birds, lilies, sunshine, kindness, etc., then we can all be as broad as we like. But if Christianity means truth, definite, concise teaching, then we have no more right to be broad than a man has to take any

thing from the money given him to deposit in another's name in a bank.

If Christianity is merely pretty sentiment then I should say be broad.

But the Lord didn't say that. He said: "I have come to promulgate

means truth, definite, concise teach ing, then we have no more right to be broad than a man has to take any thing from the money given him to deposit in another's name in a bank.

If Christianity is merely pretty sentiment then I should say be broad. But the Lord didn't say that. He said: "I have come to promulgate certain truths; not to propose a doctrine, but to impose one."

If Christianity be not a theory but a truth, then is it not the absolute unchangeableness of this truth that makes it of vital importance? Truth is necessarily narrow. Take the science of geometry. Suppose you were to make an objection to the definition that a straight line is the shortest distance between two given points. A man who would say: "Oh, that is too narrow; I want a broader definition that that would be rightfully judged insane. Once a scientific fact est distance between two given points.
A man who would say: "Oh, that is
too narrow; I want a broader definition that that would be rightfully
judged insane. Once a scientific fact

# Indigestion

After you have eaten a meal, the stomach should do two things—pour out a dissolving fluid to digest the food—and churn the food until completely digested and liquified. Sour Stomach, Belching Gas, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, simply mean that the stomach is not doing its work properly.

" Fruit-a-tives " strengthen the stomach and increase the flow of gastric juice

"Fruit-a-tives" make the liver active and regulate the bowels. There will be an end to those Bilious Headaches, too, as soon as you start curing your Dyspepsia and Constipation

with Fruit-a-tives.
"Fruit-a-tives" contain the
wonderful medicinal properties of fruit-in an active and curative form. 50c. a-box. -6 for \$2.50. At all dealers'.



is established we bow to its finality. The Catholic Church says that Christianity means all that Christ came to teach, His entire doctrine. We have to submit to the conditions He imposes on us if we are to call ourselves Christians. The very powers of nature require that of us. Electricity is a wonderful torce, but we ers of nature require that of us. Electricity is a wonderful force, but we have to handle it carefully or it will hurt us. The rays of the sun will travel 91,000,000 of miles to take your photograph; but there are conditions you must comply with. You must have a camera with a sensitized plate, etc. It is only as much as we submit to all the teachings of nature that we can use her tremendous powers to our advantage. The flowers of the field, the stars in the firmanent, the sun, the moon all emphasize the truth sun, the stars in the figurater, the sun, the moon all emphasize the truth of that statement. Are we to refuse the God of nature the compliance we accord to His works?—True Voice.

What is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee. - Marcus Aure-



Let this Machine do your Washing Free.

There are Motor Springs beneath the tub.
These springs do nearly all the hard work, when
one you start them going. And this washing mashine works as easy as a bleyele wheel does.
There are start on the baskle bottom of the tub.
These slate set as paddles, to swing the water in
any direction you receive the tub.

and them.

Nextyon put the heavy wooden cover on top of the other to enchor them, and to press them down. This cover has slate on its lower side to crip the other and hold them from turning around when each turns.

Now, we are all ready for quick and easy washine.

Now, we are all ready for quick and easy washine.

You grasp the upright handle on the side of the
thand, withit, you revolve the tub one-tailed way
round, till its trikes a motor-spring.

This motor-spring throws the tub back till is
strikes the other motor-spring, which in turn throws
it back on the first motor-spring, but the strength of the promotors, and the ballbearings, do practically all the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking chair and do all that the
washer requires of you. A child can run it easily
full of clothes.

When you revolve the tub heclothes don't move.

Rut the water moves like a mill race through the
clothes. Now, we are all ready for quick and easy washing.

When you revolve the tub the clothes don't move. But the water moves like a mill race through the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water THROUGH and through the clothes at every wating of the tub. Back and forthin and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hos soapy water runs like a torrent. This how it carries may all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten mountes by the clock.

Hardwes the dirt out through the meshes of the fabrics WTHOUT ANY BUBBING,—without any WEAR and TEAR from the washboard.

It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking a thread, or a button, and it will wash a heavy, dirty carpet with equal case and rapidity. Fifteen to twenty garments, or five large bed-sheets, can be washed at one-time with this "1800 Junior" Washer. A child can do this in six to twelve minutes better than any able washerwann could do the same clothes in TWICE the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard.

This is what we SAY; now, how do we PBOVE it! We send any reliable person our "1900 Junior" Washer. free of charge, on a fail month's trial, and we even pay the freight out of our own pockets. No cash depost it saked, no bolos, no consises, no security.

ition of their s Church and aldom rememe dole is of the ese Catholics o which they is the handid yet we find ee when they ns, while the orms of belief abundant gen moment mean that the great t generous to

rosity is quite try. But the t for far more the wealthy thy Catholies lly true it is o ought to be

ment to doubt

THE CONSTANT STRUGGLE Be prudent, therefore, and watch in prays. (St. Peters iv. 7.)

What a happiness many Christians have at the Easter-time through confession and Communion, and how described the characteristics and the characteristics are characteristics. fession and Communion, and how desirable it is that this happiness should continue! I will tell you how to be always thus happy. Wage a constant warfare against your evil passions; for sin is the only thing that can deprive you of the jay which you now have. sin is the only thing that can deprive you of the joy which you now have. But you will say, "It is hard to be always striving." I answer, that the victorious in any contest do not notice the labor which their triumph costs.

Defeat is what makes warfare painful. the laber which their triumph costs. Defeat is what makes warfare painful. For your consolation, remember that you have only to be resolute and arm yourself with God's grace, which is given most abundantly, and defeat is ampossible. God has provided help for you in all possible difficulties. He will not abandon you unless you throw down your arms. You have already gained much in obtaining God's friendship. Your hardest fight was when you were doing penance to get this friendship. What a pity it would be to throw away what has cost you so much labor! what has cost you so much labor!
"Be prudent, therefore," and do not

let yourself be ensuared again by evil. let yourself be ensured again by evil.
Consider the great happiness which you now have, and compare it with your great misery when you were in danger of being lost for ever. Experience is a great teacher, and it is folly not to profit by it. See how it has been with your were consented to sin you Front by it. See now it has been with you. When you consented to sin you were cheated by a pleasure that you found to be unreal, you had to suffer an hour of pain for every moment of grati-fication, and your soul was agitated, depressed, and sorrowful. Besides, in this unhappy state you deserved only

everlasting pains.

Now that you have the happiness of being in God's favor, how you ought to strive not to lose it! Show your prudence by "watching in prayers." Since the Paschal Communion have you watched yourself? or have the old habits of neglect once more begun to apwatched yourself? or Bays the fits of neglect once more begun to appear? Have those morning and even ing prayers been omitted? Watch.

These are the beginnings which prepare the way for a fall into sin. You prayers are the chief defence. God's assistance is continually necessary for all, and it is granted through prayer.

The assistance of God continues while the habit of prayer lasts, but no longer. Pray, and all will be well with you. If you do not pray, nothing can save you. Watch for your failings in the duty of prayer, and continually repair and correct them. No temptation can move one who is faithful to prayer. Such a one's salvation is infallibly cer-If you do not pray, you are without excuse, because all, even the greatest sinners, can pray. It is a maxim of the spiritual life that one who is faith dul in prayer is faithful in all things. cures all the disorders of the Prayer cures all the disording faults, coul, diminishes one's daily faults, coul, diminishes one's daily faults, coul, diminishes one's merits, and due to sin, increases one's merits, and finally conducts to Paradise.

# TALKS ON RELIGION

ST. JOSEPH.
The feast day of St. Joseph, coming ne least day of St. Joseph, Coming to Lent, cannot be celebrated with complete solemnity and joy as other-wise it would be. Hence the Church appoints the third Sunday after Easter to this great saint's honor, under the title of "The Patronage of St.

St. Joseph occupies a place of his own in the devotion of Catholics, such as is given to no other saint. The solid ground of this honor and devotion rest on the fact that St. Joseph was chosen by God Himself as the hus-band of the Virgin Mother and fosterfather of our Lord. In consequence of his divinely appointed his provident care, he is honored with the title of the "Father" of Christ Himself (Luke ii: 48), although, course, Christ had no man for His father in the proper sease of the

We can arrive at a just conception of the eminent virtues and worth of this great saint only by piously con-templating the sublimity of the dignity conferred upon him and the sacred trust imposed upon him by the Eter-nal Father, whose earthy shadow him To be in such intimate relations with the Son of God, to guard and protest the Virgin Mother, to labor and provide for both, to act as their hu-man superior—which in reality, by reason of his God-given office, he was, to be the means and the instrument of working out and effecting the eternal decrees of the immutable, eternal God surely all these sacred and sublime files presuppose the highest graces and the most consummate sanctity. and the most consummate sanctity.

And this sanctity the Holy Scripture And this sanctity the Holy Scripture sums up, in pithy but inspired style, by declaring of St. Joseph: "He was a just man"—that is, he was a holy, perfect man, a saint justified by the outpouring on his soul of the highest wifts and graces of God. In the partial silence of the Gospels concerning the personal characteristics of St. Torente as also of his Virgia apouse, we Joseph, as also of his Virgia spouse, we do but see the indications of their deep, true humility of heart, of their love of silence, modesty and retirement in God, for God, and with God.

But when evil men spoke and taught evil of the Son of God then did the Church call Mary forth to defend the setraged honor of her Son, and placed her before the world on her rightful throne, with the twelve stars of the A pocalypse around her head, blazoning forth her most glorious title of "Theo and for the first time slept directly under the matchless skies of the cloud-less desert. The second day being the feat of their special patron St. Joseph, did the ever watchful Roman Pontiffs after offering the accustomed prayers call on the foster father and guardian of Jesus to come forth and show his gower and give of his aid to the suffering Church militant. Thus we find Gregory XV. and Urban VIII. making St. Joseph's day, the 19th of March, a feast of obligation. Benedict XIII. sees," or Mother of God.

ordered his name to be inserted in the Litany of Saints and the Litany used in the "Commendation of a departing

In 1871 Pius IX, confirming a de cree of the Congregation of Rites, put the whole Church under the patronage of St. Joseph, chose hin as the Church's protector, and made his feast a double of the first class. It was fitting that Christians should appeal to him who care a revealed to the state of ting that Christian about the human him who once protected the human life of our Savior, and ask his inter-cession in behalf of Christ's mystical cession in benait of Christs any serical body. In many ways, especially during the pontificate of Leo XIII. the Church has marked her approval of the growing devotion to St. Joseph.

Among the saints who had a special and tender devotion to St. Joseph may be mentioned St. Bernard, St. Francis of Sales, and St. Teresa. In the sixth chapter of her life, she writes thus: "I chapter the regions St. Lycaph for my chose the glorious St. Joseph for my patron, and I commend myself in all things singularly to his intercession. I do not remember ever to have asked anything of God through him which I did not obtain. I never knew any one, who, by invoking him, did not advance exceedingly in virtue." St. Francis in his numerous writings recommends do his numerous writings recommends de-votion to him, and extols his merits, votion to him, and extors his merits, principally his virginity, humility, constancy and courage. "What a happiness," says St. Bernard, "not only to see Jesus, but also to hear Him, to see Jesus, but also to hear Him, to carry Him in his arms, to lead Him from place to place, to embrace and caress Him, to feed Him, to know the heavenly secrets hidden from the heavenly secrets hidd worldly wise and great.

"O astonishing elevation! O unpar-alleled dignity!" cries out the pious and learned Gerson, in a devout ad-dress to St. Joseph, "that the Mother dress to St. Joseph, "that the Mother of God, queen of Heaven, should call you her lord; that God Himself, made you her lord; that God Himself, made man, should call you father and obey your commands. O glorious Triad on earth, Jesus, Mary, Joseph, how dear a family to the glorious Trinity in heaven, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Nothing is on earth so great, so good, so excellent."

We have written these lines in honor of this great saint as an act of gratitude for special favors obtained from God through the intercession of St. Joseph, and in the hope that our readers may increase in devotion, love and confidence towards the foster-father of our Lord-dear St. Joseph.—Catholic Universal

STORY OF PIONEERING HOLY WOMEN ON A PIOUS MISSION.

DANGEROUS JOURNEY OF ST. JOSEPH SISTERS WHO CROSSED THE DESERTS MANY YEARS AGO.

The following story of the long and dangerous journey of the bloneer Sisters of St. Joseph who, thirty six years ago, established themselves in Tucson, is told by a writer in The Tucson Post. The narrative reads like Tucson Post. The Barratter of the fiction and throws a strong light on the intrepid character of the men and women, priests and nuns, who, in obedience to the voice of duty, endured to the voice of duty, endured the strong triping and triping a the hardships of a transcontinental pilgrimage before the era of overland expresses and through Pullmans, or even the primitive conveniences of the earliest steam transit. Our esteemed contemporary says:

As they are sped over the sweeping mesas and through the mountain passes, to the carefree tourist of to-

day and the happy contented resi-dent of this prosperous and peaceful land of Arizona, there comes little or no sense of the perils and priva-tions which the first settlers of the desert land experienced. Carried in easy riding Pullman palaces from St. Louis to Arizona in a little over two days the traveller in 1906 stepping off at the modern City of Tucson little realizes the tollsome journey over burning sands and chilling moun-tains which barred the passage of the arst messenger of civilization in their search for gold or the more unselfish quest of kindly deeds and noble service.
From the Pacific railroad depot at St. Louis in the soft evening hours of April 20th, 1870, a little party of Catholic Sisters of Mercy departed bound for Arizona. The first transcontinental line then in operation was the route chosen via San Francisco as the most direct way to Tucson and through the wearisome hours of seven e little company of Sisters en dured the hardships of railway travel in those days. At last arrived in San Francisco, the 27th of April, they were allowed two days for rest, then started immediately for San Diego, California,

the second stage of their journey, this the second stage of the second stage of the second stage of the second stage of the second se Gabriel, began the march towards Tucson, setting out eastward to cross the worst strip of country on the continent and protected only by their stage driver, no other passengers accompanying the Sisters. The epistic written afterwards by Sisters. Monica to the Church in the east is still preserved verbatim and tells the story with a realism and simplicity which passes all mere copyist works. Sister Monica is the only surviving member of that initial missionary party.

Across the white sands of Southern California the old fashioned stage reeled into the staggering heat of the desert. The morning of the first day the international boundary line was crossed and the party entered Lower California. Noon found twelve miles of the trip ac complished and lunch was eaten evening sun found the party on the desert alone and camp made at the foot of a mountain, a light supper prepared and the Sisters made their couches on the ground under the wagon, in the wagon and some on a rock and for the first time slept directly

Egypt. The noon of this day brought the little party to a large ranch house where lunch was furnished by a generous hearted American pioneer. At this point many ranchmen from the surrounding country beseiged the ladies and, seeking wives, urged that massacre by the Indians if not death by thirst or wandering on the desert.

thirst or wandering on the desert, stared the unprotected women in the face. The simplicity and earnestness of the anxious would-be hasbands comof the anxious would be hasbands com-pelled the respect of every Sister but duty held all steadfast and, knowing better than before, the reality of their oneoming perils they left, bound on eastward for Tucson.

The night found them again on the waste of absolute desert and the cold waste of absolute desert and the cold of its peculiar nights pierced them through and through. The party had but one blanket among seven, and a few shawls. In the middle of the night the cold compelled them to make a fire of all available stubble, but the early sun bursting through flooding colors of a desert dawn, saw the faithful Sisters again in procession chanting their favorite hymns as they faced again the fatigue and experiences of

another day.

Around and over the desert hills of Lower California the party labored that day and the next, the evening of the second day arriving at Mountain Spring a kind of entrance to the worst part of the American desert, now commonly known as the Salton Sink. At this point Sisters were four thousand feet above sea level, and being compelled to walk on account of the dangerous road, a few were so worn out that they lay down by the side of the rocky road for rest and breath. The south-eastern part of the Sink was at that time covered with a salt sea. At the dread appearance of dead sea salt bordered appearance of dead sea sait bordered with a still more deadly waste of drift-ing sands, hemmed in by towering mountains, courage could well have de-serted them, but joining hands to support one another they began the des-cent into the basin of the Sink. Through the weary miles of this part of their journey the Sisters saw the fateful signs of an angry desert. In one place a thousand head of cattle half buried in the sand, in another fifteen hundred head of sheep with a like fate, the remains of a government stage which had been lost and buried in the sand storms and many single wagons and skeletons of animals and men, vic tims of the treacherous waste. traveled on across the cooler sands by night and for three days endured the tortures of heat and thirst which are known only to the inhabitants of that part of this country. Barely alive with fatigue and compelled to stop often for a little rest, on May 13th the seven a little rest, on May 15th the seven faithful women crossed the Colorado river on a raft and entered Arizona. A few hours later they arrived at Arizona City or Fort Yuma. A hearty

here and for three days they were forced to rest and recuperate for the final stretch of the journey.
Fort Yuma was located at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers and presented the strange appearance of a real adobe city, a novel sight to easterners. Some four thousand people, Mexicans and Americans, constituted the population of the town, and the Indians round about were peaceable which was a most im portant factor in those days of hor rible massacres and outrages.

welcome from Tucsoa's first representative, Father Francisco, awaited them

At surrise of May 17th the last lap of the trip was commenced. For two hundred miles along the banks of the Gila the stage bearing the party wound its way into the heart of boundless Arizona. The cold of piercing nights and the staggering heat of sunny days continued. The fourth day out a burned ranch house and the graves of massacred whites were passed, a terrible reminder of but recent depredations. Later on the Later. tions. Later on the Indian cave for worship crude with its rough images cut in the rocks, and remains of feasts This is no more than politeness and and war dances, gave evidence of the malicious inhabitants of an inimical land. All night of the fifth day was spent in travel, one of the Sisters being compelled to drive as the regular teamster and the accompanying Father were so worn that they fell asleep. The evening of May 23rd they spent at the ranch of Mr. Cosgrove, described by Sister Monica as a "generous hearted Irishman" with the additional remark that wherever Mexicans or Irishmen were encountered

hearty welcome was always in store. The next day the particular danger-ous part of their journey was under-taken, attacks from the Indians being expected at any time. Seventy-five miles out from Tucson the Pima Indians were met for the first time. Living in their little inverted cone mud huts, clothed with two pieces of calico, hair and mud aprons or the inner bark of trees, these desert smitten humans gave a stolid, mute recognition of their guests. The following night a detail of sixteen soldiers rode out of the silent desert, having been despatched to accompany some travelers they knew not who. The following day they were not who. The following day they joined by three citizens of Tucson a number of miners accompanied the party for the protection of the soldiers and later the remaining members of a and later the remaining meaning welcoming party from Tucson were met.

They could speak neither French nor
English, so that little conversation
could be held, but happiness spoke on
the faces of every one. At midnight
Picacho Peak loomed in front. But a week before a large party had fallen victims here to the Apaches. The pass was a favorite ambuscade and every man prepared his firearms. The sol-diers scouted on each flank. The horses began to neigh which was a sign of the proximity of Indians and whip and spur

applied to every animal, the men yelling like mad to give evidence of a large party the cavalcade tore over the rocky mountain road until 4 o'clock in the morning.

With only a short stop for a hasty meal, the party moved on until within fitten miles of Tucson where another rest was taken and with deepest thanksgiving the Tucson welcome an-

thanksgiving the Tucson welcome anticipated. Three miles west from this city a procession of some three thousand people greeted the travelers in truly western style. Led by four priests on horseback, who dismounted in salute at meeting the dismounted in salute at meeting the procession, discharging guns and pistols, waving torches and with uncovered heads a royal welcome, as sincere as demonstrative, greeted the heartweary but happy Sisters as they were driven for the first time up the streets of Tucson. The house-tops were covered with women and children who would not mix with the crowd, and balls of combustibles crowd, and balls of combustibles were ignited along the route, and amid the continuous fusillade of fireworks and firearms the faithful seven entered their new home, the Convent of St. Joseph.—Church Progress.

DUTY TO THE CHURCH.

WHY CATHOLICS SHOULD CONTRIBUTE TO ITS SUPPORT-CONDUCT AT MASS.

Let us consider the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass the great feast to which we are invited; the church, the banquet hall, and the pews, the places set apart

for the guests. There is nothing more conducive to the pleasure and purpose of an assem-blage than the good order and proper arrangement of everything connected with it, and we often hear persons speak of some event which they an-ticipated as being most enjoyable because everything was so well ordered and arranged. Now, all this applies with double force to the public services of religion. Catholics gratefully enjoy the public services of the Church when everything is well ordered and ar ranged, and there is nothing to distract them or jar upon them. For at every service there is the Divine Presence, and where perfect order reigns it soon makes itself felt; its calm peace steals in upon the soul, it communes sweetly and worships "in spirit and in truth."

But in order to secure an external condition of things in our churches so essential to recollection and prayer, each one must know his place and oc cupy it without delay or confusion, and in our present system of church arnt each worshiper is supposed to have his or her special place as ed, and the regular seat in church has become a requirement of devotion as well as a necessity of church finance.

Hence, to secure a permanent place in the church is a duty of devotion as well as something of an obligation; and we find that truly pious Catholics almost invariably try to secure seats in their parish churches, be they ever humble. Indeed, Catholics who fail to do this are not apt to be very steady in the practice of their religion; and in the practice of their religion; and there can be no doubt as to the neglect of duty in the case. To contribute to the support of religion is as much a positive law of the Church as to attend Mass on Sundays and the ordinary revenue for the support of religion comes from the pew rents. We insist, therefore, that every Catholic who can possibly afford it should have his seat in church or mad order according to possibly afford it should have his seat in church; good order requires this as well as duty and devotion. It is a poor business to be all the while oc cupying other people's pews, and sometimes, perhaps, be required to vacate them. Pew-holders have their rights, and they must be protected in them. Nevertheless, to secure good order and harmony at the services of the church, pew-holders must be willing at times to waive their rights and allow strangers and others to occupy the vacant seats in their pews. common Christian charity refuse a vacant seat in church to a stranger is selfishness gone to seed, and they are few, I hope, who would be guilty of such vulgarity.

But while all who possibly can should

have their regular places in church, there will, no doubt, always be a very considerable number who, through pov-erty or perverseness, will be pew-hold-ers at large, and to them I would also address a few remarks. The Catholic ors at large, and to mean I would asso address a few remarks. The Catholic Church is the Church of the poor. This is our glory and our pride. No one can be too poor to attend the Catholic Church. God is no respector of per-

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ors, nor is His Church. The poor are sons, nor is his course. The poor are always welcome in her grandest temples, and none should ever miss a single service of religion because they are too poor to hire a regular seat. In this Church, thank God, everything is free to them, and there are always vacant seats for them to occupy. We not only wish non-pew-holders to oc-cupy the vacant seats in our church but we insist on their church but we insist on their occupying them, for the good order and harmony of the services require that, as far as possible, all should be seated. The only condition we impose is the Gospel injunction: "Do not sit down in the first place," or in the place of another; and if you are told to move up higher do not refuse. Crowding up higher do not refuse. Crowding around the doors is more objectionable than anything else for there is nothing else that interferes so nothing else that interferes so much with the good order and arrange-ment of the services.—Catholic Mirror.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—Washington.



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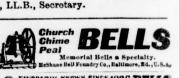
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CHATS WITH Y

MAY 11, 1907.

Value of a Grea A splendid protect when he leaves school goes out into the work pose. There is magne unwavering lofty aim the things that will he those that will hind should be taught the should be taught the sive power of a great tion. The greater of crowds out the lesser, The boy who is bent ment, who is determ education and amoun

the world, is soon le by the aimless boys hood. They know it to get him to wast mind is set on "high a good lesson to incu too many "aimless youths who have no of what career they life. They start ou way and trust to luck along. The conseque vast majority of years amount to much, not become slaves of not carried away of the world. A Spanes Balmaz, wrote
"A well defined of

con cience and a stro the conditions of as be difficult to say wh requisites could ma pensed with in the success. It is easy it the object sought fined;" that is, we that the will shot carrying one's purpo It requires the spi persevere in any un only the discipline exercise determina conscience really m and certainly it is that while the mir shosen course the

disturbed by the pr Boys, then, should selection of the voc are to achieve su wherein true succ youth has an ambi or a carpenter or a fessional man, he s what it is that he go about making rmed with the s earry his purpose the the young people matters which con of a lifetime. The truly successful ar Western Watchman

Gladstone ! It is not always example of good a when advised to d personal incident famous English st to a small visitor, He said :
"When I was a l ing off my kilts, m

taken a fancy to Norfolkshire, war his guest. My good fathe "My good father me on my way to 'Now, William, w board, be sure y does.' Well, I we house and sat do anxiously watches served the guestic things of the contract of the contra following my fath actly as his lords nad been served up from his pla several times. soon I sneezed times I had noted

ing was said, the out interruption utes, then his lor " 'A beastly di around in his cha to close a door t near his lordship Again I wat peating the excitered, I wheele and gave a sim valet.

brow knitted, he gave me such look that I trem "At last be " 'See here, V ing me ?"
"Oh, no, you ed out. Well, what d "Only, your ing what father

was to watch y "His lordship turning to his " 'I am taugh do that which I Then, closing little visitor, M " Little man

Never do anyth good and please To In whatever

engage, pursue purpose, as ti mined to succe never accomplinating. Ther naming. Ther steady, inflexi of your most an aim dignit sures success far from the t good ground done the mo have secured have climbed holiness? Th to their purp

dauntless int ing God. Almost all the catalogue

accept, and war began. One day a

his little girl, and he gave it to the In-

United States government without any trouble — Western Watchman.

A Good Boy Honors his father and mother, and

obeys them in all things, which they

may ask of him. Works while at work and plays while

at play, this makes him happy, joyful

Knows how to play ball, to fish, to

Does little acts of kindness for his

sister, for he knows that she deserves

Goes to confession and Communion

every month, unless he is sick or has some other good excuse.

Abraham's Lincoln's Kindness to a Bird.

In the early pioneer days, when

Abraham Lincoln was a young attorney and "rode the circuit," he was one day traveling on horseback from one town to another with a party of friends

who were lawyers ike himself.

The road which they traveled led

cross prairies and through woods. As

they passed by a grove where the birds were singing merrily, they noticed a baby bird which had fallen from the

nest and lay flattering by the roadside.

After they had gone a short distance, Mr. Lincoln stopped, turned, and said,

Wait for me a moment; I will soon

rejoin you."
As his friends halted and watched

and set it on a limb near the nest.

creature to perish on the ground."-

THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

The socialists have apparently dropped their absurd "reproductions" of the Miracle of St. Januarius, but it

of the Miracle of St. Januarius, but it would seem as if the men of science are now beginning to turn their attention to it—though not for the first time. Vico, Davies, Lalande, Lavoisier, Waterton, Dumas the chemist, Father Secchi, Fergola, the Protestant Hurter, Antonio, Stonnani and other lamous

Antonio Stoppani and other lamous scientists have all witnessed the pheno-menon and have found it inexplicable.

edral of St. Januarius is quite indepen-

dent of the temperature of the church, it is almost instantaneous, and the blood within the phial increases not only in volume but in weight. This

only in volume but in weight. This extraordinary fact has been tested several times scientifically, and Professor Sperindeo has come to this conclusion: "The phenomenon is marvellous, and I do not hesitate to say that it is altegether supernatural." P. Stoppan', who wrote an article in the Perseveranza the other day, and who is evidently of a very cautious turn of mind, refuses to believe that the phenomenon constitutes a miracle but he

omenon constitutes a miracle but he admits very frankly that it cannot be explained scientifically.—Rome.

Stone was the state of the stat

THE'

But as far as strength and years of service are concerned, a worthy succes-sor is found in the Frost Wire Fence. It is the strongest fence constructed to-day. It rivals a stone fence in the years it will give

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MPANY,

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Value of a Great Purpose.

Value of a Great Purpose.

A splendid protection for a youth, when he leaves school and home and goes out into the world is a great purpose. There is magnetism in a strong, unwavering lofty aim, which attracts the things that will help us and repels those that will hinder. Every youth should be taught the marvelous expulsive power of a great or strong affection. The greater or better always crowds out the lesser, the poorer.

The boy who is bent on self-improvement, who is determined to have an

ment, who is determined to have an education and amount to something in education and amount to something in the world, is soon let severely alone by the aimless boys of his neighbor hood. They know it is useless to try to get him to waste his time. His mind is set on "higher things." It is a good lesson to inculcate. There are too many "aimless boys," too many youths who have no well-defined idea of what career they should pursue in life. They start out in a haphazard way and trust to luck, or chance to get along. The consequence is that the along. The consequence is that the vast majority of young men never "amount to much," even when they do not become slaves of vicious habits and not carried away by the attractions of the world. A Spanish philosopher, James Balmaz, wrote: "A well defined object, a tranquil

on cience and a strong will—these are the conditions of success." It would be difficult to say which of these three requisites could most easily be dis-pensed with in the achievement of success. It is easy to understand that success. It is easy to understand that the object sought must be "well defined;" that is, well understood, and that the will should be strong in carrying one's purpose to final success. It requires the spirit of sacrifice to persevere in any undertaking and it is only the disciplined who are able to exercise determination. A tranquil conscience really means a pure heart, and certainly it is an important thing that while the mind is pursuing its chosen course the soul should not be

disturbed by the presence of sin.

Boys, then, should be guided in the selection of the vocation in which they are to achieve success, as well as wherein true success consists. It a youth has an ambition to be a printer or a carpenter or a merchant or a pro-fessional man, he should know exactly what it is that he wants to be, how to what it is that he wants to be, how to go about making the start and be armed with the strength of will to carry his purpose through. Many par-ents and teachers fail to advise with ents and teachers land to avaise with the young people under their care in matters which concern the happiness of a lifetime. There are exceptions, but it is to be noted also, that the truly successful are the exceptions. -Western Watchman.

Gladstone When a Boy. It is not always safe to follow the example of good and great men, even when advised to do so. The following personal incident once related by the famous English statesman, Gladstone, to a small visitor, is a case in point.

When I was a little chap, just leaving off my kilts, my father sent me to dine with Beaconsfield, who, having taken a fancy to me while visiting in Norfolkshire, wanted to have me as his guest.

"My good father, as he parted with me on my way to his lordship's, said, 'Now, William, when at his lordship's 'Now, William, when at his lordship board, be sure you do exactly as he does.' Well, I went to the good man's house and sat down at the table, and anxiously watched my host while he served the guests, bent, of course, on served the guests, bent, of course, on following my father's orders to do exactly as his lordship. When the guests had been served, his lordship looked up from his plate and soon sneezed soveral times. I watched him, and soon I sneezed the same number of times I had noted he had done. Nothing was said, the meal continued without interruption for a few more minutes, then his lordship exclaimed.

"'A beastly draught,' and, wheeling around in his chair, called to his valet to close a door that had been left open near his lordship's seat."

"Again I watched him. Then, repeating the exclamation he had uttered, I wheeled around in my chair and gave a similar command to the

valet.

"There was a silence. His lordship's brow knitted, his lips closed, and he gave me such a hard and inquiring look that I trembled from head to foot. "At last he spoke, his voice quite

" 'See here, William, are you imitating me?"
"'Oh, no, your lordship,' I stammered out

Well, what does this mean ?" "Only, your lordship, that I am doing what father told me. He said I was to watch you at the table and do exactly as you did.

"His lordship laughed merrily, then turning to his greats said.

turning to his guests said:
"'I am taught a lesson. I must not do that which I would not have others

Then, closing the story with his little visitor, Mr. Gladstone said: "Little man, always be careful.
Never do anything because other people do it, unless you are certain it is good and pleasant unto God."

To'Young Men. In whatever laudable pursuit you engage, pursue it with a steadiness of engage, pursue it with a steadiness of purpose, as though you were deter mined to succeed. A vacillating mind never accomplishes anything worth naming. There is nothing like a fixed, steady, infexible aim; an aim worthy of your most heroic endeavor. Such an aim dignifier our nature and ensures success The old maxim is not far from the truth, "Patience and perseverance conquer all things." Take good ground and keep it. Who have done the most for mankind? Who have secured the highest honor? Who have climbed the loftiest heights of holiness? The men who were steady to their purposes, the men who, with dauntless intrepldity, served the liv-

the cabin boy, was one of the most powerful writers of his day. Ferguson was a shepherd boy, but raised himself to the honor of one of the first astrono mers of his age, at whose lectures royalty itself listened with delight. Sir Humphrey Davy, the first chemist

Sir Humphrey Oavy, the first chemist of his times, was the son of a woodcutter and the apprentice of an apothecary. Samuel Lee was a carpenter, but became a professor of Hebrew in Cambridge University. What others have done may be accomplished by you. At all events, have a high, noble ambition to accomplish something for God and your fellows, worthy of your best endeavor.—The Christian Family.

It's Worth Remembering— It's Worth Remembering-

That gossips never secure "perma-nent jobs." That happiness is found only when you look within, not without.

That love may be ever so great, but must also be wise, to grow. That a fool is never so foolish but that he may teach another fool some-

thing. That to be poor without losing s respect or a sense of enjoyment is a That kindness of any true sort must

be expressed in terms of the recipient, not of the donor.

not of the donor.

That capability marks some men, and importance others, but that indispens ability attaches to none.

That friendship which is genuine may invariably be recognized in that it is neither jealous nor selfish.

That indolence among the rich is more to be condemned than ignorance among the noor. The rich know among the poor. The rich know

That intellectual worth is most clear ly shown in the complete and accurate knowledge of one's own abilities. That mediocrity, provided it be persevering, accomplishes more than fitful talent. Hares and tortoises still run

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Jessie's Gift.

"Good-by, my little girl. It is a beautiful day, and I am glad you are to have such a pleasant time on your birth Jessie looked very happy as she re-

turned her mother's warm kiss.
"I wish you would have John drive
you round by old Mrs. Prout's" continued mother. "Go in and tell her

tinued mother. "Go in and tell her your father has concluded to try her grandson Hiram as office boy.
"Why, mother, I thought Hiram was a bad boy. I shouldn't think father would want him."
"If he thought only of his own wishes, he probably would not take him. But there is more in it than that, you know dear. We are not placed in you know, dear. We are not placed in the world simply to do what pleases ourselves, or to give help only to those who deserve it. We hope to help Hiram who deserve it. We nope to help first along by giving him another chance. That will make his poor old grandmother happy, too. So you have opportunity of making three people happy or your birthday. What a fortunate little

girl!"
"Hiram and his grandmother—who is the other ?

" Myself, dear."

"How yourself, mother?"
"In doing for some one else. Don't let us forget that others are happy in the same things that make us happy. They are flesh and blood and spirit like ourselves. They suffer as we do, and enjoy as we do."
"Then," said Jessie, as she turned

away with a thoughtful face, God wants them to enjoy just as much as we."

them to enjoy just as much as we.

"Exactly, dear."

She was quite happy in seeing the joy which spread over the old face as she told Mrs. Prout the news.
"How many times your mother has sent me good things, pleasant things, but never so good as this. And, Miss Jessie, as you, just like your mother, the presence of thousands in the cather than the presence of the presence of thousands in the cather than the presence of the presence of thousands in the cather than the presence of the presence of thousands in the cather than the presence of thousands in the cather than the presence of the presence of thousands in the cather than the presence of the presence of thousands in the cather than the presence of the presence of thousands in the cather than the presence of the presence of thousands in the cather than the presence of t are always doing kind things, could you take this basket of flowers over to Miss Allen's? She's sick, and I promised em to her. I think she'll enjoy 'em.'

It would make her a little late at the lawn party to which she was going, but how could she refuse? A quarter of an hour's drive brought her to Miss

Allen's house.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" The face of the gray-haired mother of the sick girl beamed on Jessie with a brightness which was full reward for delay. "I

which was full reward for delay. "I can't tell you how happy I am to get these. They will cheer her up as nothing else would."

"Miss Jessie—Miss Jessie! will you let us ride with you?" Three children ran out to her as she returned to the buggy. "Just to the merry-goround. It's on the way to your house. It's too far for us to walk both ways, but if you'll only—"

but if you'll only—"
"Now, don't bother Jessie," began
their grandmother.
Jessie had caught her breath a little,

Jessie had caught ner breath a little, but as the clamoring children, quieted by the words, stood gazing with wistful eyes, the new thoughts which had taken possession of her mind held their sway.

possession of her mind held their sway.

"Jump in, all of you," she said.
"I'm not going home, but we will go round that way."

The new thoughts had full sway during the short, quiet ride after depositing the laughing group at the merry goward.

"I shall be late — very late. But what of it? Those little things don't often have a ride. They like pleasant things just as much as I do. And—how does mother say it?—the more people you have happy it's just so much more happiness in God's world. And what does it matter if the happiness isn't just for yourself?"

for yourself?"
With the loving unselfishness in her heart it was not hard to show its spirit in her dealings with her little friends at the party.
"I have been kind to ten people this afternoon," was her report to her

mother.
"One for each year you count today, dear. That is a good record for
your birthday." — Catholic Telegraph.

A Doll That Stopped a War. ing God.

Almost all great men conspicuous on the catalogue of renown are proofs of the encount of persevering effort. Gifford, PIUS X'S FASTING.

dians. The American government al lotted the Indians certain territory which the latter did not feel inclined THE POPE HAS GIVEN ME NO DISPENSA--HIS REPLY TO DOCTOR'S REMONSTRANCE. (From Rome Correspondence of Catholic Standard and Times)

to accept, and war began. One cay a little Indian girl strayed from her father's wig wam, and was found by the American soldiers. She was crying bitterly, and they were not able to console her. The commanding officer then thought of a doll which had arrived that day for his little girl, and he gave it to the In-Very probably many of our readers will be surprised at hearing that up to the time of the occupation of Rome, in 1870 the citizens observed the Lenten fast and abstinence with almost as great a rigor as did the primitive Christians. Yet such is a fact. Aged priests now tell us that when they dian papoose, who soon ceased crying. Soon after a detachment of soldiers escorted the little girl to her father's wigwam, and its arrival caused great excitement. The Indian mother appeared at the American tents the next were young men, thirty-seven years ago, butchers usually closed their stalls, for the simple reason that no peared at the American tents the next day with the doll, but she was over-whelmed with joy when she heard that her little girl might keep it. The re-sult was that the incident created a change of feeling among the wandering Indians, and led to negotiations which ended in their going quietly back to the land set apart for them by the United States covernment, without any Roman would touch meat during the holy season.

But our readers may be still more surprised to learn that during Lent the Holy Father kept a strict fast, and is, nevertheless, in the best of health. His physician was asked the other evening, after visiting his august charge: "How is the Pope?"

"How is the Pope?"

Il Papa sta benissimo" (the Pope is answer, "His very well), was the answer. "His Holiness has both fasted and abstained the whole of Lent, and when I remon strated with him he laughingly answered, 'Well, what can I do? The

Pope has not given me any dispensa-tion.'"

We need not recall to the minds of swim, or how to carry on some other game; but he also knows how to pray and be well-behaving in church.

Learns good manners, when he is young; so that he might not find it difficult to do so when he will be worker of seventy-three years of age our readers that one over sixty years of old is not asked by the Church to do what Pies X did. However, they will great the sixty years of the church to do what Pies X did. worker of seventy-three years of agought to be "dispensed by the Pope.

> A Danger to Which Many Catholics Expose Themselves.

Again it is our duty to warn a certain number of the parisioners of a great danger they are exposing them-selves tolin not hearing the preaching of great danger they are exposing them-selves toin not hearing the preaching of the Word of God. Unformately many of our people feel that their religious duties are done when they hear a Low Mass on Sundays. They forget that is a duty binding in concience to hear a sermon, for "faith comes by hearing,"
and "without faith it is impossible to
please God." All who can should
hear the sermon at High Mass, and
those who find it impossible or very
inconvenient to come to High Mass, should feel it a religious duty to hear the sermon on Sunday evening.

The weak Catholic is the Catholic who is poorly instructed. The reading of the Bible and of spiritual books may him, they saw Mr. Lincoln return to the place where the helpless bird lay on the ground, and tenderly take it up be of some assistance to us but there is a divine efficacy in the Word of God as it falls from the lips of the successors of the Apostles. "Faith comes thearing, and if we wish our faith pr "Faith comes by when he joined his companions, one of them laughingly asked, "Why did you bother yourself and delay us with such a trifle as that?" served and increased, let us frequently hear the preaching of the Word of God," -The Parish Monthly, Dallas, Texas. Abraham Lincoln's reply deserves to be remembered. "My iriend," said he, "I can only say this—that I feel better for it. I could not have slept to-night if I had left that helpless little

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

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ARCHBISHOP FALCONIO, APOS. TOLIC DELEGATE.

On the occasion of the consecration On the occasion of the consecration of Bishop Guertin, of Manchester, N. H., His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Falconio, Apostolic Delegate, during his sermon made the following referto our Most Holy Father :

The Holy Father was truly deserving of the love, respect and veneration of all Catholic people because of his grand and noble character. He was chosen to his high position," he said, "at a time when society was distracted by a spirit of immorality and there were grave problems waiting for there were grave problems waiting for a solution. The man who was destined henceforth to rule over the entire Catholic Church was chosen from the ranks of the people in order that he might understand their wants and at

bring back the people to God's divine love and God provided the Church with this kind of man in the person of Pius X. Our Holy Father correspond-ing faithfully to the divine call had that spirit of courage which sus-tains the Church against adversity.

" It therefore behooves us to return thanks to Almighty God for having given to the Church such a Pope. The love, respect and veneration en graved on the hearts of the American people and their sympathy so kindly extended during the troubles of the Church in Europe were very dear to the Holy Father and in his name I re-turn to the American Hierarchy and American people his thanks

The brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own works .- Cervantes.

STATELY

HALLWAYS

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Notice that the lateral wires on the Frost Fence are of a special grade No. 9 hard steel coiled wire, heavily galvanized. Any grade of coiled wire will expand, but the only kind we know of which will unfailingly contract is this special grade we are using on Frost Fence—the kind that always keeps Frost Fence taut. Frost Wire Fence Company Trost Fence

Among the various questions which the science of philosophy presents to the consideration of the thinking world, the consideration of the thinking world, social authority holds a pre-eminent place. This question, at all times important, is, in the present feverish state of society, worthy of most earnest attention. Wherever we turn we behold men either in the act of overturning authority or engaged in forming and executing plans to effect that terrible result. The motives that prompt them to these dark deeds are as various as result. The motives that prompt them to these dark deeds are as various as the deeds themselves. Some are urged on under a false notion of liberty; others in the belief that authority is others are the second days naught others in the belief that authority is unnecessary. Some would have naught but republic to exist; others, again, would have what can never be, equality of all. There are some, finally, and by no means few, who know not what they

† Fanaticism and restless ambition are at the root of the evil. There are cerat the root of the evil. There are certain bad characters in every land who, wretched with the desire to rule, vanntingly proclaim themselves "friends of man," etc., and by dint of talking get the people to believe that they are tolerating the worst kind of tyranny and that, as men, they should rise up and throw off oppression's heavy yoke. To remedy this deplorable condition of things philosophy comes to the dition of things philosophy comes to the rescue and, with sound and clear arguments, points out the origin and neces sity of this authority and the course that men should follow respecting it.

Social authority is that authority which directs the citizens of the different States of the world to one comm end, namely, the good of the individual and society at large. Its necessity can easily be seen. Without its existence there would be no order and, consequently, little, if any, peace. Men would infringe on one another's rights, because there would be no punishments to fear, no tribunal of redress to have recourse to. Free to do as they might please, men would war continually on one another, till finally one or more, becoming conquerors of all others, would compel obedience, and freedom would be lost in despotism. Reflection would be lost in despottsm. Reflection on the necessity of authority will show that where it does not exist, these and similar evils must be the consequence. It is the link that binds society to gether. If injured, society is also injured, and, if destroyed, society also is

Social authority is derived from God, Social authority is derived from God, for since He is the author of society, having instituted the family, which is its basis, it naturally follows that He is also the author of the essentials of society, the principal of which is authority. Some have asserted that authority. ority. Some have asserted that authority existing in society is nothing else than the wills of single individuals agreed to one end. But this is nonsensical. It would be an impossibility to have any satisfactory authority if such was the case. What would please one would displease another, and thus no agreement could be arrived at.

Rousseau taught that social authority was formed by men, an agreement having been entered into by which each one surrendered his right, and these collectively went to make up a supreme authority for the good of all. In this way, said he, man was obedient to himway, said he, man was obsalent to him-self alone, and retained the same free-dom that he had before he entered into society. But this will be seen to be ab-surd, for tradition fails to show that any such agreement ever was made, and if it would have been made it would be an injustice to the people of future ages. If such a contract were made we would be bound by it, or not. If bound, we would be shorn of our liberty, of which Rousseau and his followers pretend to be the champions. If not bound by it, we would be free to abol ish the laws handed down to us, and would gradually pass into nothingness. Rousseau would consult the dignity of man, but he takes a poor means to accomplish his object. His origin of complish his object. His origin of authority makes man obedient to man; ours is the nobler in giving obedience to God. According to Rousseau also "law is nothing else than the expression of the common will," and, therefore, he makes the fickleness of the will of mankind the standard of government. Authority is from God and its exercise supposes the employment of reason is and since what is based ou reason is fact, it follows that authority consults and since what is based or reason is just, it follows that authority consults the liberty of the people, while its contrary would favor despotism. God instituted social authority with society itself. In His wisdom He well knew the necessity of so doing, for if left to man, no just authority could ever be catablished.

As regards the manner by which authority is given to the rulers of so-ciety, opinion varies. Some think that God has conferred authority on the multitude, and by it it is given to the rulers of society. Others think that it is given to the rulers directly by God Is given to the rulers directly by God Himseif. A third party holds an opin-tion midway between these two, saying that not always is authority given by God directly to those designated by the people as rulers of society, not always, moreover, is it given to the multitude. This last opinion seems to the the most correct. It matters little he the most correct. It matters little however, as to the manner authority is conferred if it be kept well in mind that it is originally, if not directly from God. If this be kept in mind authority will receive proper treatment, and as a consequence society will be able to exist properly and confer on the members those numerous blessings members those numerous blessings for which it has been instituted.

Social authority demands a proper respect and observance for itself. To the reflecting man all taese conclusions but there are some the relecting man all these containing are readily seen; but there are some, amfortunately, who are so blinded by agnorance or carried away with false reasoning that they cannot so well per-

The good citizen has a duty to per-ferm therefore, in removing this blind-mess and error, and example is his

over abstain from fault-finding ; the more so when the causes for complaint are but trifles, for this is taken up by are but trifles, for this is taken up by the enemies of society to the detriment of authority. In this and like ways, authority will be borne with, respec ted and obeyed, and society, as a con-sequence, will enjoy that peace and happiness which is so desirable to it.— Bisho: Colton in Catholic Union and

### CHARLES KINGSLEY'S CHAR-ACTER.

In connection with the new pocket edition of Newman's "Apologia," recently issued by Messrs. Longmans, the Tablet writer of the "Literary Notes," while affirming that Newman's exposure of Kingsley's conventional methods leaves a very poor opinion of his intellectual powers or of his candor in contraversy contends, on the other in controversy, contends, on the other hand, that despite the unfounded and false charges Kingsley made against Catholic theologians, he was never con-sciously unfair or dishonest. The Tablet writer even goes so far as to say that Kingsley's "candid and courage ous character was incapable of anything like wilful misrepresentation."
This high praise is hardly in keeping with the detailed description of Kingsley's character, written by one who admired him so greatly that it was Kingsley's influence on him that deter-mined him to take orders in the Church of England. We refer to the late Mr. of England. We refer to the late Mr. C. Kegan Paul who, after being an Anglican clergyman, drifted from Agnosticism and Positivism, and finally became a fervent Catholic. In his autobiography, entitled "Memories" (1899), he speaks frequently of his intimate association with Charles Kings ley. In the spring of 1849 Kegan Paul "formed a friendship" with him that "colored many years of his after life." The younger man thus describes the The younger man thus describes the elder: "He was in no sense a learned elder: "He was in no sense a learned
man, nor a sound scholar, nor a
deep theologian, nor a well-read
historian; he knew more of science
than of all these put together, yet was
not really scientific. But on almost
all subjects conceivable he had read enough to talk brilliantly, without any inconvenient doubt that his equipment was entirely sufficient. To young men still in course of formation, this corus cating person, ten years older than ourselves"—Kingsley was then thirty and Kegan Paul twenty-one—"but young in mind, and a born leader of came as a relevation." In the men, came as a relevation." In the very next paragraph, however, Kegan Paul seriously discounts this already qualified praise when he tells us that Kingsley had a habit of representing as lifelong options of his own any new ideas that suddenly flashed across his erratic brain. The passage is worth quoting, "In those days people actually troubled themselves perhaps some do now-about the early chapters of Genesis, and Kingsley, Percy Smith, and I were discussing the subject as we paced up and down the garden. Kingsley, who stammered dreadfully, tossed back his head, and said with a gasp: 'I've always thought that the serpent was a serpent worship ping black tribe.' We came to know that when Kingsley said 'I've always thought,' it meant that the sometimes brilliant, always paradoxical, notion had just flashed into his head for the first time. Percy said with an air of grave puzzle: 'Well! Rector! but grave puzzle: grave puzzle: 'Well! Rector! but
--you know, negroes de not go on their
bellies.' 'No,' said Kingsley, not to
be done, 'they don't, but then snakes
don't eat dirt, and niggers do.' 'Can
a man, who thus habitually misrepresents the genesis of his own opinions
and then bolsters them up with sophistry, be really and truly called "a candid and courageous character, incan-

castigation he received in the "Apolo gla," and in spite of his atheletic habits and frame, died ten years after the publiand frame, died ten years after the publication of Newman's great work, a disappointed man, at the comparatively early age of fifty-six. His books show that he was, as Kegan Paul says, "kind and tolerant ito Nonconformists and their doctrines, and the whole vials of his wrath were reserved for Rome and tee priests of Rome." "Westward Ho!" in particular, is the most unhistorical and subtly anti-Catholic novel of the days. of "good." Oneen Bass" that has ever appeared. ' that has ever appeared .-Central C. tholic.

### A NOTE OF HOPE.

STRIKING LETTER OF THE COUNTESS DE FRANQUEVILLE, A PROTESTANT, ON FRENCH CRISIS.

The Countess de Franqueville, in whose house the French Bishops held whose house the French Bishops held their historic meeting in January, has written a letter to the London Daily Telegraph on the French situation. The following passage from her letter is especially striking:

"The meeting of the French episco-pate in this house, January 15 to 19, brought me for the first time into the

nidst of the clerical part of the French Church. The Bishops were full of the heroism and courage of their clergy, and left me in profound admiration for themselves. Their cheerfulness, cour age, faith, spoke of endowment rather than ruin; and indeed it is plain that the grace of God is with them, is with the Church in this tre-mendous ordeal. Not more than six out of sixty thousand clergy have fol-lowed the schismatic lead of the 'Matin.' (If I have understated I shall be grateful for correction, with the names of each cure and parish. I have taken trouble to find out, but up to date this is all I can verify.) There is no cringing; there is every variety of individuality, but on every side in laity and clergy (both secular and re-ligious) is one splendid, solid rally round the Pope, their head. Indeed, there is every reason to be encouraged, despite the immense difficulties of the despite the immense difficulties of the situation. There is unity; the spirit of sacrifice is spreading like a flame. Personally, I could tell of magnificent gifts from the very poor, from artisans and tradespeople, from the daily necessities cut lower, from savings of many years. I for one look out in hope. As before in this world's history, those whose horizon is limited by flesh and blood have for nd that there are still other forces to be reckoned with, which other forces to be reckoned with, which they had ignored: those of the spirit. The end is yet to see."

### MAY AND MARY.

May, with its sunshine, its songs and its flowers is again ours; and let us permit the sunshine to enter our souls and drive therefrom the mist of selfishness and the chill of sin; let us allow ourselves to be thrilled with the music of dale and of grove; and let us pluck the flower and admire its bloom, for the while we delight in it as a very for the while we delight in it as a very 
"thought of God." In May, heaven 
seems nearer to us, as we are devoted 
to its majestic Queen. The sunshine 
is genial because of the Blessed Mary's 
benignity; the bird's song are very 
psalms of rapture for her who once 
trod the earth and now sits enthroned 
is highest bearen; the flowers breathe in highest heaven; the flowers breath their fragrance as if with religious fervor, and appear conscious that their beauty reminds us of her who is, par excellence, "the Rose of Sharon" and "the Lily of Israel."

All Nature spreads her charms for our Queen to pass in triumph on and then bolsters them up with sophistry, be really and truly called "a candid and courageous character, incapable of anything like wilful misrepresentation"? The fact is, Kingsley, like many men who lack moral courage and honesty, was very fond of posing as a champion of manliness and truth, and the mother of manufacture and condescension she hears our prayers and offers them in someand honesty, was very fond of posing as a champion of manliness and truth, and the thoughtless world took him at his own valuation. He was indeed, as



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these and error, and example is his these to discharge it.

Let him give a full and cheerful of pedience to the mandate of authority. He will persuade others to respect it by showing in self-contentment the results of its existence. Let him, more-

thing dearer than golden thimbles to her Child—hands to which He owes the ender care of His sacred infancy.

Hail, month of Mary! warm and clowing, not only with the joys of the woodland, but with the fervor of hearts

that in gratitude proclaim our Blessed Mother earth's chief joy and heaven's second glory. — Catholic Union and

- Dat man, he was kind to ne
  An' to you an' baby, too,
  When y au were seek an' so poor
  You don' know what to do—
  An' every day for mor' a m' mth
  He came an' make you well,
  An' he give money, but you don' knowPierre he never tell.
- An' he say to me: "Cheer up, Pierre,
  De spring he soon be here,
  Dis slow, an' foe dey go away —
  Soon' you never fear,
  Your wife an chil' dey bet' get well
  In 'bout a week or so."
  An you bet' get well, jus' as he say;
  I wonder how he know?
- An' when I say in few months time:

  "Wast hav's I to pay?"
  Why, he look at me an' laugh an' laugh,
  An' den I turn away
  An. like a fool I bow my head
  An' not a word could speak,
  I almos' cry jus' lak a chil'
  An' feel so very weak
- But I shake his hand an' den he say Somet'ing kind to me; Mon Dieu! de tears come to my eyes So bad I could not see; An' I jus' say: "Merch frien', For what you done to me,"
- 'Sout an hour ago dey tol' me How de died in Mon rest, How de peoples s.y dey lose deir frien'— Peoples big an' smalt; How ey honor bim, not because he rich— But f.; being kind, Ar' dey all say i Canada He de bes' man you can find.
- Marie, if some one ask for me You tol' him what I said, An' say I go to Mon real— My frien' is dead.

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60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL!

THE COMPANY'S GUARANTEE:

An EVANS VACUUM CAP will be sent you for sixty days' free trial. If you do not see a gradual development of a new growth of hair, and are not convinced that the Cap will completly restore your hair, you are at liberty to return the Cap with no expense whatever to yourself. It is requested, as an evidence of good faith, that the price of the Cap be deposited with the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company of London, the largest financial and business institution of the kind in the world, who will issue a receipt guaranteeing that the money will be returned in full on demand without questions or comment, at any time during the

Trial period.

The eminent Dr. I. N. LOVE, in his address to the Medical Board on the subject of Alopsecia [loss of hair] stated that if a means could be de devised to bring nutrition to the hair follicles [hair roots], without resorting to any irritating process, the problem of hair growth would be solved. Later on, when the EVANS VACUUM CAP was submitted to him for inspection, he remarked that the Cap would fulfil and confirm in practice the observations he had previously made before the Medical Board.

Dr. W. Moore, referring to the invention says that the principle upon which the Evans Vacuum Cap is founded is absolutely correct and indisputable.

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mand without questions or comment, at any time during the

Ah, how true and solid a foundation is the word of God, for it is infallible! No one ever trusts in God without reaping the fruits of his confidence.

### POEMS TO REMEMBER.

- THE HABITANT'S FRIEND
- I don' care it was ten t'ousan' mile!

  My hart he tell me right.
  He say: "Go to Mon-reht.
  Go, Pierre, to night."
  I wan' spen' de money for train,
  I walk alone all way.
  Air' I tol' you, my f. ien' he dead?
  He died yesterday.

TROY-On Saturday, April 13 1907. Dr. Wm. Troy one of Ottawa's best known physicians, aged forty-three years. May his soul rest in peace!

SHOEMAKER WANTED. WANTED—A SHORMAKER FOB QU'AP-pelle Industrial School. Permanent position Address Rev. J. Hugouard, Indus-trial School. Lebret, Sask. 1490-2

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(IGOD CATHOLIC HOMES WANTED AT I once for the following children: Two boys 8 years of age; two boys 6 years of age; three boys 4 years of age; two girls 4 years of age; two girls 2 years of age; two girls 4 years of age; two girls 2 years of age. These are all healthy, nice looking children, and in a home where there are no other children or where the family have grown up one of them would be at present good company and a little later on would prove useful to those taking him or her. The adoption of one of these children would prove its own present reward. Applications received by William O'Connor, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont. 1189-4



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OF CANADA

NOTICE IS HEREBY given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent.  $(1\frac{1}{2}\%)$  for the current quarter, being at the rate of six per cent. (6%) per annum on the capital stock of this bank, has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the head office and at the branches on and after Thursday the 16th day of May next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the

15th May, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

D. M. STEWART, Gen. Mgr. Toronto, 30th March, 1907. London Branch—Opposite City Hall, F. E. KARN, Manager. London East Branch—635 Dundas St., W. J. HILL, Manager.

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### COMPLIMENTARY.

The following estimate of the CATH-OLIC RECORD, from M. W. Liddy, of Walkerville, Ont., is highly appreci ated:

You may tell the editor and publisher that the CATHOLIC RECORD is the best paper published to-day and I really cannot be without it I can do without eights, lobaceo and iquor bu I cannot do without the CATHOLIC RECORD and I thus it is should be in the home of every Catholic worthy of the name Catholic.

The largest and one of the best Catholic Fraternal Organizations on the American Continent. In existence twenty four years. Member-ship 125,000.

Insurance cost averages \$12 12 per year Maintenance cost 64 cents per member. On Insurance cost averages \$12 12 per year.
Maintenance cost \$6 cents nor member. Ontario has a membership of 8.490, 12 new courts
have been organized during the past year in
ontario. Sick benefits paid and free consultation for Medical advice given in most courts
\$12 000 000, have been paid to widows and
orphans of deceased brothers since the Order's
inception. Ontario has received its share.
Accumulated Benefit Fund, Reserve, in nine
years \$1,294,000.00.
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is a practical Catholic may join the Order.
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By order of the Board, Toronto, 24th April, 1907.

JAMES MASON, Gen. Mgr.

The Cathol LONDON, SATURDAY

A CAUSE FOR

VOLUME :

Man, according to what of an owl. Thomas was not far we watched the "re zens" trooping into drama that exploited content and disease putrescent ancestry that are usually foun horrors. The play of evening was a rehash to be specific, the si indeed the sordid of the pavement, bu fully and portrayed heroine was not of th of circles which ta dine luxuriously, dot are adepts in the t double meaning. A heroine waxed hyste the prurient to aby was much applaus anent art fluttered matrons. The citizen upon the scene and the hero-an individ invariably chooses a as his affinity-del

with a flood of rhet When we are aga that frees us from of that charnel hou wonder why people dirty messes. We crowd their souls obstruct the view o chaste. We wonde pleasure in seeing divers ways the co battered into pie minded this, accord But dirt is dirt declamation and p may hunger for its substantial citizen passes our compre seem to like it, and least, encourage th of those who appro cesspool. We beli Archbishop Bruche a play presented Theatre des Non was very pleasant people who have terms for dirt.

A REM

" In her justifiat

some time ago, "

everything on the

ace to pure moral may be allowed to representations as in their nature. best theatres are fi easy spronting of a luxury, of falseho suality. Actors at rage and discredit sacred and most -Christian virtue laws, the austeri the sanctity and i riage, the majest; ity. May it not ing of dread wh place in the souls these plays. A be a powerful edu have such a sta resolute in cond nanders to the wo always attack the vulnerable parthim to provide u is healthful and stage that is the morality need fo The Christian mu miracle and "Everyman." S in the fourth cer the unclean sta representations lightened the have achieved s dramatic writing realise that this

> it interwoven fo the world is no and the devil."

With regard tractions which and disturb the of the child. Ar " By the Sacr

WORDS

tion for another and live their 1

future destiny,

supporters of th

The noble life t