LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1906. "SPRINGES TO CATCH

WOODCOCKS." Why our friends wno are averse to

dogma should not screen their own special brand of dogma from observation is a mystery to us. We can bear with men who are averse to our beliefs. but that they should go out on the housetops and command us to yield up our dogmas for theirs is a severe test of patience. One dogma in favor with our friends is that it matters not what we believe if only we do what is right. Without dwelling on the obvious ab. surdity of this proposition, and pointing out that truth is a fact with intrinsic value, despite the errors of men concerning it, does it matter, we ask, whether we adore Christ, saying with St. Peter : " Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God," or whether we blaspheme, Him saying with the Pharisees: "We do this because Thou being a man makest Thyself God." If God came upon earth and proved that He was God, then His revelation must be accepted in its entirety-not parts, but all of it. For reason stultifies itself when it declares that truths which God has revealed are of so little import that they may be disputed and denied. The Lord is not only the friend of the poor, the refuge of the oppressed, but He is the Beloved Son Whom we are mmanded to hear. We have to hear just what He teaches. And it seems to us that they who want a creedless Christianity sit within a helmless barque, driven over the waters of phantasy and caprice, not infants crying for the light, but men whose wills are bondsmen to the dark.

ANOTHER DOGMA.

Another dogma is the Church cannot keep step with the times. These wenderful times! She has, however, seen many generations come and go, has worn many kinds of dress, and has heard undismayed many threats and seen many men digging her grave. But she lives to-day with vitality undiminished. This is a curious problem to non-Catholics. But the history of the past should have a restraining infinence on the would-be prophets, and cause them to wait and see if the Church that has coped with the civilization of ages agone, and survived, shall fall before our own. Another thing worthy of attention is that some very distinguished men do not see this generation in the light of a slayer of the Church. As proof we might quote the testimonies of Catholic saints and scholars, but we suppose it would be better to adduce something more "up to date." Now Mr. Mallock, a non Catholic, conversant with the spirit of the age, its aspirations, its thinkers, may be given an attentive hearing. A few years ago he wrote in the Nine teenth Century that: "If the Christian religion holds its own at all times in face of secular knowledge it is the Christian religion as embodied in the Church of Rome, and not in any form of Protestantism that will survive in the intellectual contest. . . Chris tian doctrines can neither be defined nor verified except by an authority which, as logic and experience prove, Rome alone with any plausibility can claim. Rome has a unique capacity for defending the Christian faith, and, without being false to any of its principles, turning modern science into its principal witness and supporter."

POINTED REMARKS.

Dr. Arnold put it neatly when he said to a parent who asked him what benefit the study of Latin would be to a boy when he would never use it. "The question, sir," he answered, " is not what your boy will do with Latin, but what Latin will do for your boy.' And in one of the letters of the Self Made Merchant to his Son we read "I've learned," says the hard headed man of business, "that the better trained they are the faster they find reasons for getting their salaries raised. The fellow who hasn't had the college training may be just as smart, but he's apt to paw the air when reaching for ideas." And to the question: " Does college education pay?" he answers : "You bet it pays. Anything that trains a boy to think, and to think quick, pays. College doesn't make fools: it develops them. It doesn't make bright men: it develops them."

And we saw somewhere an educator prefers his liking for classical training

The Catholic Record to early specializing in natural sciences

"I should much prefer to have my boy know how to scan a page of Homer than how to skin a cat."

OFT REPEATED ADVICE.

To a subscriber we beg to say that Leo XIII., in an audience granted on the 13th December, 1898, to the Cardinal Prefect of the congregation of In dulgence and Sacred Relics, has granted to all the faithful of both sexes who piously and devoutly read for a quarter of an hour each day the Holy Gospel. the edition whereof is recognized and approved by legitimate authority, an indulgence of three hundred days for each reading thereof; and to those who shall have continued the above reading each day for a month, a Plenary Indulgence on any day within the month when they shall have approached the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion: offering their prayers to God in accordance with the intention of his Holiness. The people ought to read the Word of God. It stirs the heart, preaches morality by parable and example and is the most abundant source which ought to be left open to everyone to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times.'

THE OLD FAIRY TALE.

The story that before Luther's time the people were deprived of the Bible, need not be commented upon in these columns. It has been relegated to the region of fable, and no writer of reputation alludes to it save as a proof of the interest that some of us entertain for fiction. The fact is there were over half a hundred editions of the Bible published in different languages and with the approval of the Holy See before the time of Luther. D'Aubigne says otherwise; but he, so far as his tory is concerned, is in Anthony Fronde's class. Dr. Maitland, not to quote others, tells us that during the Dark Ages" the Scriptures were more accessible to those who could use them-were, in fact, more used-and by a greater number of persons than some modern writers would lead us to suppose. In obedience, then, to the Holy Father, let us read the Scriptures. We may well be proud of the zeal of our forbears in the faith for the preservation and dissemination of the Bible, but better far is it to emulate by our daily reading their love of the

THE CONVERSION OF SCOTLAND.

HOW IT CAN BE EFFECTED. By Dom Columba Edmonds. O. S. B.

The following is a paper read at the general conference of the Young Men's Societies of Great Britain, held at Dundee, August 4th, 5th, and 6th,

Our spiritual guides not unfrequent age; that we must be up and doing. Whether we realise the fact may be open to question. Judging from obit would seem that we are but gradually shaking off the notion that our only concern is with Catholics.

True, the constant leakage that is going on, especially among our poorer ambers deserves most earnest attention; but is it not apparent that one of the most effectual means of checking our losses is to do all we can to bring into the Church those outsiders among

whom our people's lot is cast?

It has been constantly pointed out that so long as non Catholics are in the majority leakage is inevitable. Convert the masses, and our losses will virtually cease.

The object of my paper is to indicate some of the principal means which may be employed in order to discharge our

duty in this all important work.

Scotland deserves our special attention because the field here is of great extent, and the laborers in the harvest

are comparatively few.

Let us star with a few facts bearing on the religion professed by the major ity of Scotsmen. By Act of Parlia in 1560, Papal jurisdiction was formally rejected in Scotland. Up to that time this kingdom had been Catho lic, true to the inheritance bequeathed to it by St. Ninian and St. Columba; mited, as the rest of Christendom, to

But, alas! Knox and his fanatical adherents determined to break with that glorious past, in the same way as the apostate Luther had done in Germany, and the lustful King Henry in

Knox and his party began their so called reform by scattering the stones of the sanctuary, and by endeavoring to exterminate the priesthood. A new creed was devised for the new "Kirk of God," and all distinctive Catholic observances were swept away by the "First Book of Discipline."

Then Andrew Melville came upon the scene. He completed the work which Knox had begun, and organized Kirk Sessions, Synods, and General

Contrary to the wishes of the Pro-

testants, the system of Episcopacy was introduced into Scotland by King James in 1610, and shortly afterwards Protestants in general, and their the five articles of Perth were enforced

The subsequent attempt of King Charles to foi t a liturgy upon Scottish Presbyterians egregiously failed, and led to fresh and more serious disorders. The formation of the Covenant in 1638 marks an eooch in Scot and's struggle

against prelacy and liturgy.
With the advent of William of Orange, Presbyterianism vigorously reasserted And finally the Act of Security of the reign of Queen Anne, guaranteed to Scotland "in all succeeding ages" Presbyterian Church government and

In the course of its comparatively short existence the Kirk has had many conflicts from within as well as from without. Heresy of its nature tends to disintegrate, because it bears within itself the germs of death.

Knox had intended that his Kirk should be independent of the Crown, not only in the examination and institution of its ministers, but in the administration of patronage also; that is to say, in the presentation to vacant

for freedom in this matter lasted till the year 1874. These internal conflicts gave rise during the Eighteenth Century to the formation of several inde pendent bodies, and it was the amalgama tion of these that led to the creation of the United Presbyterian Church.
In 1813 the Established Church

suffered a stunning blow from the "disruption," involving as it did "disruption," involving as it did the exedus of 400 ministers and the inception of the now famous Free Presbyterian Church. The details of the unification of the United and Free Churches, and the subsequent litiga-tions, are too fresh in our memories to need comment.

I have refrained from taking into consideration the Scottish Episcopal Church. Suffice it to say, this body has absolutely no connection with the ancient Church of this land. Episco nalianism owed its existence in Scotof the Stuart Kings, who imported it from England.

To turn to the belief of Presbyterians. In 1643 certian Scottish and English Presbyterian divines assembled at West-minster and drew up a declaration of belief known to this day as the "West minster Confession." It was fully accepted in Scotland, and has ever been regarded as the authorised summary of Presbyterian doctrine. Its heresies re manifold, but chief among them is repulsive Calvinism which destroys the free will of man and upholds a false

But a great change has taken place in the Presbyterian mind during re-cent years. If we exclude the small number of adherents of the Free Church, hardly anyone is now to be found who accepts the Confession of Faith in its original plain and literal Modified interpretations have been accepted by means of Declaratory Acts in almost all the bodies which exist apart from the Establishment, and in the latter, measures are in contemplation which will free the minds of re sponsible members from the obligation of pledging themselves to accept a Con-

ession in which they no longer believe.

Another fact, significant of the change of tone in the Presbyterian onange of tone in the Fresbyterian mind, comes to us from the United States. Not so long ago the American Presbyterian Synod declared, contrary to the words of the Westminster Confession, that the Pope is neither "anti-Christ" nor the "Man of Sin." A

somewhat refreshing discovery With this approach to ortholoxy on the one hand, on the other there been an increase in the spread of the rationalistic spirit, which manifests itself in the whittling away of the plain words of holy Scripture, ending in some cases with a virtual denial of the moreover, of the divinity of Our Blessed

Associated with the spread of ortho doxy, there is a movement going on among Presbyterians deserving of special interest, if not sympathy. Irefer to the High Church party. The men who are its pioneers are doing a work we cannot do. They are causing Scotsmen to become familiar with Cath olic Principles in music, art, doctrine

and ritual. This modern revival presents to us Catholics the most hopeful side of Twentieth Century Presbyterianism, for it is from this section we have of late received our most distinguished

onverts in Scotland. Any day of our lives we may meet with Scotsmen professing to follow one of the varying forms of Protestantism, and we must be prepared to exercise our anostolate towards them.

Now, we who belong to this society know full well there is nothing so gran or so glorious, nothing so beautiful, nothing so honorable as to be a Catholic. We should also be convinced that a rule, the non-Catholics we mee are sincere and anxious to do what is

It is their misfortune rather than their fault that they are deprived of the Catholic heritage. In any case, we must not be indifferent as to whether they enter the Church or remain out-side. None of us couch None of us ought to say with "Am I my brother's keeper?"

I referred to this as a missionary age Now, the work of a missionary is not confined to the priesthood. Priests, it is true, have special duties in spread-ing the faith, but laymen must co-

operate with them. Each Catholic, and, above all, our

young men in particular, regard priests with some degree of misgiving, especi ally when they have never been brought into contact with them. The office, the workshop, the inner family circle are usually closed to priestly influence.

In these cases we have to rely on our "unordained apostles," as our young men have sometimes been termed. They can do untold good in spreading a knowledge and a respect for the faith we value so highly.

HOW THE PROTESTANT REFORM-ATION WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

Written for the True Voice by Rev, Charle

We have seen how Luther, under the pretence of attacking some abuses ex-isting in his day, had gradually been emboldened by his success in arousing popular passions, and had proceeded so far as to proclaim an entirely new scheme of salvation, which, as he admitted, had never before doctrine of the Church. He claimed that he had been taught his Gospel di rectly by Heaven, and that he had been commissioned to preach to the people that his was the only means of salvation. How did he succeed in gaining tral Catholic faith, and accept him as the reformer of the old religion? This we are now briefly to explain.

First, we must remember that he

did not begin by preaching openly a novel creed. He claimed at first only to be the spokesman of many Catholics, clergy and laity, princes and people, who complained of some scandalous ex tortions of money for pretended holy purposes, which were said to enrich Rome and the Pope at the expense of Germany. This complaint stirred up passions the more violently because the preceding Pope, Julius II, had rescued Italy from German domination. The Germans nourished a grudge

against the Popes.

Luther complained also of abuse which happened to be connected with the preaching of an indulgence; and he but gradually made bold to attack the doctrine itself. Many causes were conspiring at the time in Germany to alienate its people more and more en-tirely from the See of Rome.

There was first the Humanist move-

ment. This had arisen from the influx of Grecian teachers of literature, who had come West in large numbers especially when Constantinople was cap-tured by the Moslems in 1454. The en thusiasm created by them for the study of the ancient classics had infatuated the educated generally with admiration for pagan ideals, and substituted the love of elegant language for the former appreciation of Christian truth. It had fostered a worldly spirit, even among the clergy, and had made the implicity of former ages contemptible. Pride of intellect is most unfavorable

endence of the judgment. A large portion of the Humanists elcomed Luther as their champion in he cause of intellectual freedom. wrote to him to express their pprobation and to promise support for is attacks on Rome. Janssen says of hem: "In their struggle against reliable contemporary of Luther the both breaking their solemn vows, wh same author aids: "With their lips they had taken at the sacred altars. and their pens, the Humanists fought unweariedly for Luther, and idisposed the hearts of the laity towards his cause. They attacked the prelates and theologians with all manner of abusive and derisive language, accused them of covetousness, pride, envy, ignorance and coarseness, and said that they only persecuted the innocent Luther be selves, and because he had sufficient andor to speak out the truth in oppo expecrites. As these Humanists, bedes being shrewd and gifted could also use both spoken and written anguage with eloquence and skill, it easy matter for them to excite pity and regard for Luther among the aity, and to make out that for the sake f truth and justice he was persecuted by a set of envious, grasping, unlearned clergy, who, living themselves in idleness and debauchery, endeavored to get money out of the poor silly people by working on their superstitions." (V. iii. p. 101.)

Unfortunately Erasmus, the greatest cholar of the day, though he never became a Protestant, wrote most enthusi tically in commendation of Lathertil e found out the further purposes of the eresiarch. He and his fellow-Human ists were like the Higher Critics of to day, many of them being Rationalists rather than Christians; some of them even questioned the immortality of the It was such men who the liberator of the human ind from the slavery of religious auth

ority.
No period in all history could have been more favorable to the rapid spread of novel views among the learned classes. and in the awakening minds of the con mon people, than was the first half of the sixteenth century. The late inven-tion of printing had created an extra ordinary ferment of thought, and Luther eagerly seized upon the press to address the whole German nation. His style was powerful and most popular unsparing in denunciation of wrong and

by side with them appeared thousands wife while his first wife remained marof leaflets, satires and pasquils, which struck at all existing institutions of Church and society. In no other period of German history did revolutionary journalism acquire such importance and sible to you to abstain from this importance and sible to you to abstain from this importance. such wide circulation as at that time. Crowds of adherents flocked round Luther, not from any preference for his religious opinions, but, as Melancthon explains, because they looked upon his as the restorer of liberty, under which ness has therefore in this writing the name each one understood the removal of whatever stood in his own way, and the attainment of the particular form of happiness he individually wished for by no other motive than the love of destroying. By speech and by pen they labored for the destruction of social order, and undermined through all classes of society all respect for the inward restraints of religion and

conscience, and the outward control of the law." (ib p. 101.)
The party of Luther was immediately increased by the easy morality im plied in his doctrine. If faith alone can save us, then there is no more need of confession, of fasting and pen ance to obtain pardon of sin, no need of sorrow and reform of life. No more good works were demanded, for all our acts, even the best, were only new sins. No more accountability for our actions; for we are not free in our choice; if God mounts the soul, Luther said, He rides it to Heaven; but if the devil bestrides it he rides it to hell. Yet there is no fear of hell for anyone, if only he believes firmly that Christ has paid the full ransom for his individual sins, they are all covered by the cloak of His merits and at death that man goes straight to heaven. All this followed of it taught explicitly in his work "On the Slave Will

Another seduction was the free scope given to the human intellect; for each one was to read the Bible and judge for himself. It was like a general intoxi-cation of passion and independence. And all this was declared to be not only a safe way, but the only safe way

to eternal happiness.
All that remained to be done in order to complete the total separation from Rome was the favor and co-operation of the temporal princes. To secure this, Luther offered them the seiz ure of all the churches and monasteries of their respective lands, with the gold and silver ornaments and precious d rich vestments that the piety of many ages had besto wed upon the worship of God. Wheresoe'er Lutherism was accepted by the rulers, all those treasures were eagerly seized by them to enrich them and their friends. And once possessed of church lands and other property of the kind, the princely robbers found it to be their interest to foster and maintain to restore their ill gotten goods.

In a couple of years the demoralization was complete. On March 28, 1523, Luther issued an appeal to the Grand o the spirit of faith and submission to Master of the Teutonic Knights, urging him with all the religious of that order to set aside their sacred vows, contract sacrilegious marriages and divide the monastic lands and treasures among themselves. He added: "I have no doubt that many Bishops also, many abbots, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries would marry if they were not afraid of being the first." Most of scholastic learning and ecclesiastical the Knights yielded to the temptation authority the latter (the Humanists) welcomed this audacious reformer, and entered the lists for him." Quoting a self married a nun, Catherine Bora,

both breaking their solemn vows, which torrent of impiety was poured forth over the land; the in his followers is well exemplified by what he admits had taken place in his own person. For he wrote that, while a Catholic, he had passed his life in austerities, in watchings, in fasts and praying, in poverty, chastity and obedience, but after his change of religion he declared that as it did not depend upon him not to be a man, so neither did it depend upon him to be without a woman, and that he could no longer forego the indulgence of the vilest natural propensities. Meanwhile he was ill at ease in his inmost heart. He wrote this frequently to various friends. To one he says: "Many people think, because in the intervals I am cheerful in my outward bearing, and I live on a bed of roses, but God knows what my real life is." He was incessantly at war with his conscience, and, according to his own confession, he sought relief in those fits of despair which often frightened his friends, in incessant drinking, in card playing and conviviality or else in ontbursts of vindictive fury against the Church, its teachings and institutions, especially against the Pope.

For the last fifteen years of his life he usually passed the evenings at the Black Eagle tavern of Wittenberg, he conversed over the ale jug, with his boon companions, Melanch thon, Armsdorf, Aurifaber, Justus Jonas Lange, Link, Staupitz and others. Two of these published select morsels of this Table Talk, "Tish Rede," which their vile tastes admired; but the book reveals in Luther's a heart, so coarse, so corrupt, so lustful, spiteful proud, resentful, etc., as to revolt and orrify the reader. Happily the English language has so far refused to re produce those profanities, except in brief extracts and expurgated editions. His language against the Supreme Pontiff is like the ravings of a maniac much further he would have dragged down the standard of public morals if he had lived longer we do not know, Each Catholic, and, above all, our young men, must do something towards the conversion of Protestants. It may Lutheran books was enormous, and side Landgrave of Hess to marry a second

sible to you to abstain from this im-pure life, we wish you were in a better state before God. . . . But, after all, if your highness is fully resolved to approbation of us all, in case of necessity, concerning what you desire," etc. The lengthy document is printed in full in an appendix to the History of the Reformation by Bishop Spalding. It is signed by Martin Luther, Melanch-thon, Bucer and five other leaders of

the new religion.

Here are facts enough about the origin of Lutheranism to show that its author was not a man of God, and his work was not the work of God. sent members of the Lutheran religion because they have been born three hundred years after his death. The majority of them do not know these facts nor even the early tenets of their sect. But once they know better, they must return to the one Church of Christ if they wish salvation, and it is not barshness but charity to tell them so.

A CASHEL PRIEST HONORED BY THE POPE.

Dublin Irish Catholic, Sept. 29. The congregations at Cappawhite at both Masses on Sunday, 16th inst., were addressed by the Rev. Dr. Treacy, P. P., Dixie, Toronto, a native of Cappa-white who said: "I had the honor of a private andience with His Holiness Pope Pius the X. on the 5th inst., and took rius the A. on the 5.h inst., and took advantage of the occasion to present the literary works of your parish priest, Father O'Keeffe, to His Holiness. These were 'Moral Discourses,' 'Sermons at Mass,' and 'Self-Teacher of Music and Singing.' The Pope inquired from if the green parter had been able. of me if the good pastor had been able to write these books and still be able to perform his parish duties. I replied, 'Yes, your Holiness; and you will see by the criticisms of the high ecclesiastical authorities given in the books, notably, Cardinals Newman, Manning and Vaughan, and also Archbishop Croke how strongly they are recommended to the public. The Pope then care to the public.' The Pope then carefully examined them and the criticisms. The Musical Chant, said he 'is a most important subject in our time, and one which I deemed necessary to write about recently in an encyclical letter addressed to the Universal Church. Tell him from me that I bless him, and his works, his family, and his parishioners; and to show my approbation, I hereby give the Apostolical Benediction. He then took his gold pen and with his own hand (which he He then took his gold rarely does) wrote the following-'Diecto filio ejusque operibus Apostolicam Benedictionem ex animo impertimus. Pius P. P. X.' (Translation- To our beloved son, and to his works, from our soul, we impart the Apostolic Benediction. Pius X., Pope.')"
Father O'Keeffe then ascended the

altar and said :

My Dear People-I desire in my own name and in yours to thank the Very Rev. Father Treacy, P. P., Toronto, for the great and unexpected favors which he has so kindly brought to this, his native parish, from Rome, from the Sovereign Pontiff, the Supreme Visible Head of the Catholic Church. And without my asking, he has voluntarily brought these favors. honor for an author to have his books presented to the Vicar of Christ, and to have the Pope himself sign with his own hand the Apostolical Benediction the author : and still more, through them, do I rejoice that a child of this parish has brought from the Pope a essage that I should impart message that I should impare the Papal Benediction also to all the members of my parish. In writing these three books, "Moral Dis-courses," "Sermons at Mass," and the "Self teacher of Music and Singing," I spent almost all the spare ments of a busy missionary life for five and thirty years. Night and day I worked at this labor of love, and often thirteen hours out of the twenty four. And three years and a half of that time Providence ordained that I had to work over a guano store. God gave me strength to do so, and I leit that I was working, and that I should work for the salvation of souls both far and near; any gold or any earthly honor could not pay me. I yearned to cast the bread upon the running waters. I wrote exclusively for the honor and glory of God. For, as the Psalmist says, "Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy Name give glory." The Saviour condemned the man that buried his talent, in a napkin in the ground. He forbids us to hide our light under a bushel. And He says, that all who see your good work may glorify their Father Who is in heaven. As I have often preached to you, and as I have written also in my books: We have nothing of good but what ne sarily comes to us from God. therefore, be ignorance and pride to ourselves as coming from ourselves. All we can claim as our own is our sins; and we should do penance for them, an in all humility make reparation to God for them. I have only to add that words fail me to express my heartfelt gratitude to His Holiness for the great which he has graciously bestowed upon

me and my parishioners.

Father O'Keeffe then gave the Apostolic Benediction, the whole congrega-

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

▲ TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER XXI.

A FRESH AND A HEAVIER CROSS. The Easter festival was over, and the rest of Easter week had run its course. The prisoner in the condemned cell was prepared for death and daily, hourly, he expected the announcement that his sentence was to be carried out

on the morrow.

He was perfectly calm and resigned to his fate. The warders declared that they had never known a man under sentence of death look forward with so little dread to his last hour; with such an utter absence of either braggadoeio and feigned bravery, or fainthearted despondency: of abuse of judge and jury, or stoical indifference, or again o e of judge and complaining and lamentation. His de-meanour was grave, and he spent a great deal of time in prayer, but he was ot melancholy; on the contrary, he not meiancholy; on the contrary, he seemed to possess inward peace and even joy, incomprehensible to the prison warders. Could they have looked into his soul they would have seen that though nature shrunk from the manner of the death awaiting him, the cause of

It filled his heart with consolation.
"I die a victim of my sacerdotal
obligations," he said to himself. "My obligations," he said to himself. "My death will be regarded by the Church as equivalent to martyrdom, like that of St. John Nepomucence. The Church teaches that such a death washes away sin and removes the penalty of sin, and that the individual whose privilege it is to suffer it, receives the crown of a martyr and enters immediately upon eternal felicity. Regarded in the light of faith I am the happiest of I only fear that I worthy of this supreme happiness.

were Father Montmoulin's dis positions subsequent to his condemna-tion. He offered to God the sacrifice of his life, and prayed that it might be accepted. It was more the hope of obtaining this glorious crown than dread of a convict's life that actuated him in his unqualified rejection of Meunier's suggestion that he should petition for a pardon. The lawyer guessed the reason,

and did not press him further.
So did Father Regent. "I understand your motive," he said, "and should do the same in your place. You bound to take steps to avert a death which will be attenued with such

great blessings for you."
This utterance of the venerable priest was a real consolation to Father Mont moulin, as it relieved his mind of a scruple which he had felt till then. He had a yet greater consolation in receiving Holy Communion, which Father Regent obtained permission to bring him several times. . It was also a com fort to hear that his mother and siste had been set at liberty, and that their maintenance was provided for. He could now look forward tranquilly to the solemn hour when he should pass from the scaffold to the tribunal of the Great Judge, Who knew his spotless

Sunday came, and the poo priest in his prison cell could not think ithout a pang of the children whom he had been preparing for their First Communion. He would never see them again, he said to himself. And what would they think of him? And the other members of his flock, would they really believe that their pastor was guilty of murder and theft? He aske for writing materials, and wrote a touch their First Communion and all hi parishioners; a letter which he desired to be read, if the Archbishop consented, on the Sunday after his execution. He also wrote to the Archbishop, to his dear friend Father Regent, and to the solicitor who defended him, expressing his gratitude to them and bidding them farewell. Finally he wrote a farewell them to spare him and themselves anguish of a last interview. Death would not separate him from them in spirit, and instead a painful parting on they should look forward to a joyful reunion hereafter. This letter he wished to be delivered at once; the others after his execution.

On the following morning the prison er was handcuffed and conducted from cell into a larger apartment. " Is it for execution?" he asked the warders who came to fetch him, turning very They replied that he would kno presently. Father Montmoulin found the officers of justice assembled in the room to which he was taken. The room to which he was taken. The clerk of the court again read the sent ence of death; he then said that, as the fixed time allowed for petitioning for a reprieve or a pardon had expired, the sentence now had the force of law. The President next inquired of the prisoner whether his not having appealed against his sentence was to be regarded as a tacit acknowledgment of justice

Against this the priest emphatically protested, solemnly asserverating his complete innocence. He was perfectly willing to allow, he said, that his judges had acted in good faith and had been mislead by circumstantial evidence through no fault of their own. But an any rate now, when he could no longer have any hope of saving his life by denving the truth, when he was in fact about to appear before the judge who cannot be deceived, they might believe his protestation that he had died inno-

The calm and innocent manner which he pronounced these words made a perceptible impression even upon the

Public Prosecutor. After a brief pause, the President drew a document from his pocket, explaining that with the unanimous concurrence of his colleagues upon the Bench, the majority of whom were of opinion that the guilt of the prisoner was not fully proved, and in consideration of the previous blameless life of the condemned man, he had thought it his duty to memorialize the Home Secretary on his behalf. His representations had had the desired effect, and the sentence of death was commuted to penal servitude for life, and transportation to New Caledonia. The clerk

would read the pardon, and the fresh entence, now in force, to the prisoner. But Father Montmoulin, who had istened unmoved to the sentence of listened unmoved to the sentence of death, was seen to change colour, and stagger as if he had received a blow. He would have fallen, had not one of the warders quickly stepped to his side and steadied him. They were obliged to let him sit down for a few minutes to recover himself; at length he so far regained his composure as to stammer forth a few words of thanks to the President for the trouble he had given himself on his behalf. "But whether this service that you have whether this service that you have rendered me, my lord, is really a boon, God only knows," he added. "I thought to lay down my cross to-morrow, or even to-day; and now a yet heavier one is laid on my shoulders, one which I must bear for it may be many years to com

The judge looked astonished and somewhat embarrassed. Addressing bis colleagues, he said: "This is the first time in all my experience that a prisoner condemned to death did not wish for a pardon. I do not think he is accept it so if the prisoner

Father Montmoulin interrupted him. "I think I am bound to accept the pardon, because I am innocent, and life and death are in my hands.
I guilty I should desire the rigor of the law as a means of expatia ting my crime. As it is, I believe I ought not to refuse the prolongation of life which is offered to me, however heavy a burden it may be."

The President and the inferior The Fresident and the inferior judges discussed this point, and agreed that the prisoner was right. At the same time they felt more than ever convinced of his innocence. A guilty man would have overjoyed at obtaining a pardon; at any rate, it was out of question that anyone would dissimulate so far as to feign indifference. But their private opinion could do nothing to alter an accomplished fact. The verdict could only be reversed another trial, and this would only granted on the ground of new and in controvertible evidence of the prisoner's innocence. Such evidence not forthcoming. So the Ponce more asked the question: So the President

"Prisoner, do you accept the par-don offered you?"

"I believe my duty requires me to

"Let the prisoner be handed over to the governor of the prison that the sentence of transportation may be car-

ried out according to law.' The order; was written out by the clerk, signed by the President, and stamped with the seal of the Court of Justice, to be delivered to the Governor. A sergeant of justice was deputed to accompany prisoner to Marsailles, whence vessel was to sail in the course of the week carrying convicts to New Cale

Father Montmoulin bowed to the officers of the law, and trembling in every limb, followed the sergeant to an apartment where he was ordered to strip off his clothes and put on the he was obliged to do this with the ser geant and one of the warders looking on. Tears rose to his eyes as he tool off his cassock. It was taken from him and tossed contemptuously into the corner. "There," the sergeant said, "we will give you a neat twill jacket instead of that black scare-crowthing." The linen Father Montmoulin had to The linen Father Montmoulin had to put on bore the convict stamp, and the number by which he was thenceforward to be known. "Your name is not Montmoulin any longer," they said to him, "it is number 5,348, and lest you should forget it, it is marked on every article of your clothing. We had a article of your clothing. We had a rascal here from Paris who always pulled off his jacket if anyone asked him his number, saying: I have no memory for figures; you can look for yourself. What is that you got on your shoulders ?

"It is my scapulars?"
"Off with it. I never in my life say

"Off with it. I devot."
such a thing on a convict."
Therewith the man rudely pulled the consecrated pledge of our Lady's proon with the striped jacket. What a fine fellow your Reverence looks in it Only your beard is a little stubby still

Anything more you want?" "I am under the obligation of re citing the Breviary every day, so must ask you to let me keep the one

The man laughed loudly. "I like that!" he said. "What next! Perhaps you would like to say Mass every day, and preach a sermon to your saintly comrades. It might be useful to them. Set your delicate conscience at rest; you will not see the inside of a Breviary again, and as for what you tions, you may say goodby to that tom coolery forever and a day !"

beg you will not speak so disre-ully of the sacerdotal office, spectfully Father Montmoulin rejoined indig nantly.

He thinks one ought to treat the like of him with respect! Are you ready "I am ready to own that appearance

are against me," the prisoner sorrow fully replied; he then added in a ton-of humble entreaty; "I may at leas take my rosary with me, I have said it day since my First Communion. " Nothing of the sort! The rules

do not allow convicts to carry any thing with them.' "It is also a remembrance of my

poor mother-The warder who had grown quite fond of the prisoner while under his charge, here somewhat timidly interposed: You may just as well let him keep the toy, Mr. Sergeant, he can do

with it.
"What business is that of yours He shall not take rubbish with him. his handcuffs, and the prescribed fetters on his ankles, while I go and see if the State carriage is ready for his Majesty."

So saying, the sergeant left the room. The warder seized the rosary

and thrust it into Father Montmoulin's pocket. "You shall not be deprived of the thing, if it will comfort you," he said kindly, "even if it costs me my place. As true as I stand here, I l lieve you innocent of the crime for which you are condemned. Forgive me for putting these fetters on your legs. I cannot help it. I trust it will not be reckoned to me as a sin, because my calling obliges me to treat a priest in this way."
"You need have no fears on that

score, my good man," Father Mort-moulin replied, "God will reward you for the kindness you have shown me Oblige me, if you can, by taking my farewell greeting to my mother and sister in the Rue de la Colombe. It seems to me as if I was to be hur-ried away so soon that I shall not have e of seeing them again. It is better that it should be so. perhaps better that it should be so. How it would grieve my poor mother to see me in these clothes. Please tell them I shall remember them every day in my prayers.

The entrance of the sergeant put an end to the conversation. Father Montmoulin was conducted into the presence of the Governor, who read the rules aloud to him, and warned him that in case he should make his escape, and be taken again on French territory, he would be publicly branded, and condemned to compulsory labor for life. He was then taken by an escort of police to the prison van ; one constable got in with him, the sergeant mounted the box by the driver, and away they went out of the prison courtyard to the

railway station.

The news that the priest had been pardoned, and was to Marseilles, soon got abroad in the town, and a crowd of the lowest of the people collected at the station to in-dulge in a few parting insults, since they could no longer hope to see him on the scaffold. When the prison van drew up outside the station, it was greeted with groans and hisses. The police had some difficulty in getting the prisoner out in safety.

string him up to the nearest lamp post," the people shricked, and a shower of stones was flung at the un post. offending clergyman. One stone, thrown by a street arab, struck him is the face, so that the blood began to flow; the police were obliged to hurry him into the building by a side door, and across the platform to the carriage awaiting him, before the doors were opened to the public. A basin of water had to be fetched to wash the blood off his face; it chanced that the guard who brought it was the very man who at the trial had tendered evidence so disastrous to the prisoner, namely that the sacristan had gone off by train on that momentous night.

The man started when he recognized the priest. "Sir, I said what I certhe priest. tainly believed to be the truth at the time," he said. "Since then I have time," he said. "Since then I have had misgivings, I may have been mistaken. Forgive me, if my evidence injured your cause."

I have forgiven you and everyone else long ago," Father Montmoulin replied, holding out his hand to the

The train soon started on its way. Through the iron bars of the narro window of the compartment set apart for the transport of convicts, in which Father Montmoulin travelled, he saw the towers of Aix cnce more, and be-hind them the rocky heights of Ste. Victoire, at the foot of which his own parish lay, which, as he thought, he was never to behold again in this life. He felt as if his heart would break

so over-whelming was his grief. Till now, since he received the pardon, he had not had time to think over and realize his fate. Now he could do so undisturbed, for the sergeant opposit him sat silent, smoking a short p He had imagined all so different himself; the short passage to the scaffold, the last absolution pronounced by the priest as he ascended the steps. a final declaration of his innocence be fore the assembled multitude; then a quick, almost painless death, and after that the entrance upon eternal felicity on which the teaching of the Church permitted him confidently to count And now, on account of this miserable pardon, just as he thought he was near ing the haven of peace, he was flang back amid the tempestuous waves of the ocean of life. And what a life! "Unhappy man that I am," he said to him self. "I was not worthy of the cloyious self, "I was not worthy of the glorious crown towards which I presumptuously ventured to stretch out my hand. For the first time he fully realized th awful burden which the seal of confes sion lays on a priest. He felt it in his case to be intolerable, and a kind of desperation came over him. With al With all deavored to struggle against it; and though his will was steadfast during this storm of temptation, he could not help feeling its terrible bitterness Everything seemed to him a disgust and a weariness, and the wish aross within his soul: "Would that some accident would happen to this train and all could be ended, once and for

"What the deuce! Just hear him But the devout priest checked this involuntary thought, and exclaimed with St. Peter: "Lord save me, or I perish!" And then he had recourse o prayer. In this dark night of desola tion bordering on despair, the words of the Psalmist rose to his lips; the cry of a soul in dire distress, sorrowfu even unto death. "Out of the depth or a soil in dire distress, sorrowill even unto death. "Out of the depths I have cried to thee, O Lord; Lord hear my voice. Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplica-" Save me. O God : for the tion." waters are come in, even unto my soul I stick fast in the mire of the deep and there is no sure standing. I are tempest hath overwhelmed me. I have labored with crying; my jaws are be-come hoarse; my eyes have failed while I hope in my God." no harm to himself or anybody else

Gradually peace returned to the troubled soul. The temptation detroubled soul. The temptation de-parted, grace conquered; and Father Montm oulin was able to make this further oblation of himself to God. It did not become easy, nor was it bereft of its exceeding bitterness; but it was rendered less difficult, less appalling,

by the remembrance of the Redeemer, Who for our sakes drank to its dregs the chalice of suffering, and endured the cruel death of the cross.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WELCOME OF BREEDYEN AT THE FORGE

"Thon'ill be Father Hugh comin' back again from ould John Nell's," remarked Pat Brian Ruadh, as the ring of the hoofs, on the road—iron to iron, for the frost was hard—made him hastily tumble the armful of "clods" had gathered into the turf-baket. he had gathered into the turf-basket, and straightened his old back to listen the bet er. "I wun'ther is the craethur away wi' it yit," he continued—to him away will tytt, he continued—to him-self evidently—for the hens on the roost above him after an indignant protest at the beginning of his sollioup had all gone to sleep again—"it's the road we'll all hev to go, an' in thoth out' John had his time out of it as wel as the rist—an' he needn't be com-plainin'. Be the hokey-sticks," said he, suddenly interrupting his philoso phical reflections and making for the door, "if the mare's not after lossin wan of her shoes. It's the height o'good luck that Martin's not quet. If it had ha' been a needin' wan a week ago I'm thinkin' his Riverince wudn't ha' caught him in the forge so handy at this hour of the evenin'. It's down in the hollow he'd ha' been." Old Pat glanced involuntarily a few fields down, where from a snug, white washed farm house the smoke curled into the frosty sunset sky. "An' more nor lekly it's where he'd be this very minit only for me-an' the hins.

A great big Orkney stirred on her roost, as Pat resumed the filling of the turf basket. "In troth you're the very lady," he chuckled, lifting his load with both hands, "only for your uncommon taste for sturshion seeds, Father Hugh's mare might go home lame fer all the chance there'd be of gettin' Martin to put a shoe on he

Father Hugh was walking his mare carefully 'round the "Crooked Bridge" as old Pat carried his basket of turf from the shed to the kitchen. He built up the fire with the firm black clods ('Where'd ye get coal to bate them,'
Pat was fond of asking, from strictly rhetoric considerations) and then the old fel low came and leant over the half-door to watch his Reverence and his mount slowly climb the hill.

He had to shade his eyes as he stood, for the sky behind the sweep of moor-land, which started from the bridge and lost itself on the curve of the mountain, was flery red. Patches of it were caught again in the bog pools and patterned the brown swell. Behind the hedge on the other side of the road, he could see the smoke from the solitary house in the "Hollow." A scurry of white wings once or twice suggested a belated wild duck. Nothing broke the stillness except the rhythmatic clang of the anvil. From the open door of the forge a shower of sparks fell on the mountain road like a cloud of seed from the sower's apron when he walks the

brown fields in the spring.

|||'Good evenin', Pat,''came the greeting in Father Hugh's cheerful voice as he and his horse approached, in the ghostlike mist of their own breath. "I hope Martin's about, for Kate, as you

"He is then, yer Riverince, by good luck—an' good guidance, too, for that matther—for it's me's sayin, it that shudn't."

"Dear me," said Father Hugh, "I didn't think he needn't much guidance now. It isn't so heard you braggin' It isn't so very long since I you braggin' him as the steadiest boy in the parish. An' now that you're gettin' him married—and that to the finest girl that comes to Glen, as I know to my own certain knowledge— I'd imagine he'd be even less trouble to you than ever.

"I'm thinkin' yer Riverince won't ha heer tell of what's after happenin," began old Pat. "Our Martin and her's

et spakin' entirely now."
'Since when?" asked Father Hugh, perfectly aghast, as well he might be, had got the "lines" him no later than the previous Satur day afternoon, and he was to marry the couple between the two Masses on the Sunday before Candlemas, in other words, "the Sunday eight days" from that glowing January evening when he at d his mare found themselves at the

door of the mountain smithy.

The clang of the anvil suddenly stopped and Martin himself appeared on the threshold. A regular giant of young fellow, he had to bend his black head as he passed under the lintel, but it was splendid to see how nobly he carried it and how unconsciously shoulders squared themselves as found himself in the spacious freed of the evening, whose royal colors draped the mountain and the sky.

"Good evenin,' your Riverince," said Martin respectfully, but with a curious inflection in his voice which Father Hugh's ear was quick to catch. "So the Mare's after lossin' a shoe lesse. Well, it might ha' happened on a worse road any way. Me father here 'ill hould her un' we'll hev her right

fer ye in a jiffy."
"Perhaps I'd better hold her mysolf, " said Father Hugh, " she's a little bit frisky, and—"

"An' is that all ye know about me father?" said Martin, with a comical look in his blue eyes. "Shure there isn't a playboy of a mare 'in the County of Derry, or in all Irelan' may be—an' that's a bigger word—but he'd settle her as fast as luk at her. "

"It' thrue fer ye, Martin, " said old at complacently. "I was a great Pat complacently. "I was a great when I was meself. Did yer Riverince niver hear tell of the day Peter Tam ony in the Hollow beyant (as dacint a man—good rest to him—as iver left as ould hav-rake of a woman behin' himan' that's you, Ann Bradley) and John Nell—an' that jist puts me in mind to ax ye what way he wuz when ye lift

him."

"He is dead," said the priest sol emnly, "and I trust on his way to heaven. He had full time to prepare and nobody ever made a better use of it.
"May the Lord ha' mercy on him,

said the two listeners simultaneously. "I was thinkin," said old Pat, "when I seen him about dinner time, that he wudn't last the day. I'm vexed I didn't go over again as I was aminded, but when I seen them Br. dleys about the place—"

Martin was very industriously en martin was very industriously engaged on the shoe at this point, but he managed to telegraph a look to the priest, which the good man was slightly puzzled to interpret.

"What's come over you about the Br dleys?" sit his Riverince at last,

Br.dleys?" s it his Riverince at last, turning to old pat. "I have always thought a good deal of Mrs. Bradley, but since I saw the beautiful charity of her and hers to the poor lonely creature who lies dead there in that wretched hovel in the bog-road, my opinion has gone up beyond anything I could say. And as for little Breedyen—the man who desn't appreciate the blessing that is his ngetting her for a wife, he doesn't deserve her, to say wife—he doesn't deserve her, to say the least of it. Do you mean to say, Martin Convery," said the priest turn-Martin Convery," said the priest turning, sharply on the young smith, "thay you're going to throw Breedyen Brad ley up — and she your promised wife and miles too good for you at that."

"So me father says," said Martin That peculiar inflection was again no ticeable in his voice, and once more his eyes telegraphed a message. This priest. The corners of his mouth all at once relaxed and something very like a smile flickered under his lashes. " The girl's right enough," said old

Pat sullenly, "and I'm not denyin' that there wuz a time when there'd ha' been a welcome before her father's daughter in under this roof. Poor Mary, God rest her soul, her heart was set on it too." Old Pat's eyes sudden-ly softened and his heart turned to the Hen where Martin's dead mother lying patiently-maybe waiting to hear the news. 'But where's the good of talkin',' he resumed, in the same sullen tone. "Do ye think I'd be apt to let a girl into me house, that her mother couldn't keep a civil tongue in her head? Threatenin' me poor hins wid pizer, no less, because the thure hoked up a when of her oul' rubbige o' seeds — common weeds I'd call them — no betther nor a parcel o' enweeds you'd burn in a fiel' to get shut o' them—an' to think of her even-in' me poor hins to the lake o' thon."

"But surely-" began the priest. A sudden lurch of the mare stopped him

— just in time, as it would seem from Martin's painfully laborious effort to indicate by dumb show that it would be better to let the old man have it his

own way—for the present.

The mare was shod by this time and waiting for her rider. "She smells the Glen wather," said old Pat. "I'm thinkin' she'll make the road home as fast as ye'll want her.'

not want her to make it too hen," remarked Father Hugh; fast, then," remarked Father Hugh; "for there's some directions I want to give Martin here about the funeral and I'd be glad if he'd come with me as far as the lower cross roads."
"If he'd come!" Old Pat and Mar

tin were equally eager to oblige his Reverence. "Me father 'ill square up whatever's lyin' about," said Martin in that tone of easy companionship which seemed to exist between father and son. "An' if yer Riverince is

ready, I'll not keep ye waitin'."

Father Hugh mounted, Martin put is stalwart limbs into a motion which or all its ease, covered as much ground s Kate's gentle trot — and they were

At the foot of the hill they turned and saw the old man standing at the door, shading his eyes with his hand as his look followed them. Behind him gleamed the forge fire; the little whitewashed cottage looked cheery with the glow. Such a brave little so contented all by itself in the moorland and the frosty arch of

priest, "will you give me some expla-nation of the contortions you put your poor face through in the forge just now. What is it you're up to that you don't want your poor father to know about?'

"I'm thinkin' we'll hey to be bother in' yer Riverince on Sunday eight days after all," said Martin with comical sheepishness. Maybe it would be the better of bein' done a bit quater nor we maned at first-for her mother an misfortunate hins hokin' up the seeds and the old woman sayin' she'd se poison for them that they'll nayther o them hear tell of it now. But it wud take a good wheen o' hins, I can tell you, to make me give up Breedyen'— he said it with a warm, glad laugh whose rich echoes rang back from the mountains—'an' I'm thinkin'—'

"That Breedyen would rather have you than a handful of nasturtium seeds any day," said the priest, banteringly Martin looked up with a smile in hi said the priest, banteringly. dark blue eyes, and Father Hugh suddenly found himself examining with conscious admiration the noble build of his companion, from the handsome black head to the well-shaped foot.

"Upon my word, I don't wonder at it," concluded his Reverence, gravely. "I think I must have married worse

looking couples in my time."

Martin acknowledged the compliment only by his silence. "What had yer Riverince to say about the funeral?" he suddenly asked. "Av coorse me father an' me'll see to whatever to be seen till. Poor ould John, God rest his sowl, "he said musingly, "it was a poor life of it he had in thon wee hut of his — only for Breedyen and her mother doin' for the cratethur at the mother doin for the oracle and do, he'n had been in a bad way entirely, I'm thinkin' he'd ha' been as well if he had ha' married."

"It is his example which makes you

so determined to let nothing come be tween me and my job on Sunday eight days?" laughed the priest. Martin's eyes were engrossed in

critical examination of Kate's hind legs, but his mouth, after a hopeless attempt at rigidity, gave away the situa ion.

it's-only Breedven." THE BOLD FARMER BOY.

"O edyen." All the na all the sadness of life, all the tender, wistful, beautiful thoughts which come watted to us like a perfume from the lost garden—all the hope; and all the fears, all the strivings and yearnings of a soul created for a garden fairer still

— why should they crowd on a man as why should they crowd on a man as if at the call of the wonder music? How should two words hold them all? "Only Breedyen." "Only Breedyen." But what if the two words set them. selves to the gladdest of all glad music? The quick ring of Martin's shoe was captaing down a certain boreau. The echoing down a certain boreen. The bare ash trees which rose here and there from among the brown network of the thorn ledge tinkled in unison as it passed. Something better than spring itself was in the air—something akin perhaps to the clear sparkle of the stars above Glenshane—or the love in Martin's heart - pure, strong, con-"Only Breedyen." He stopped for a

"Only Breedyen." He stopped for a moment, leaning over the half door to feast his eyes on her. The red free light leaping through the brown kitchen showed her bending over the bakeboard. Here and there among the rafters and along the well filled dresses the shadows chased the fittul gleams of brightness almost as your as these leaves. brightness almost as soon as they leapt from the heart of the turf — but where Breedyen stood, the bright hair of her head caught every little straying flash and framed her shapely head like a pictured halo. The sleeves of her blue omespun dress were turned up high on two adorable young arms, and as she skillfully keeaded the snowy dough she sarg a quaint old song:

My love he is as fine a young boy as ever you He has two cheeks like rosies and teeth like ivorie;
He has two eyes like diamonds, and he is my
only joy;
Let him go where he will, he's my leve still,
My darling farmer bey.

My father came to the garden gate to hear what we would transport my love and deby and the said he would transport my love and deby prive me of any joy;
Let him go where he will, he's my love still,
My darling farmer boy.

"And now we have got married, as you may plainly see; We are the happiest couple in the whole coupterie We are the happiest couple, and he is my only Let him go where he will, he's my love still, My darling farmer boy,"

Another voice, very deep and rich and melodious, was helping her with the last verse. She stood for a moment, the scone she was carrying to the griddle balanced on her two small nands, her grey eyes all aglow - and

Martin was beside her.
"It's singin' that last verse over again we ought to be," he said looking down on her with a look in his eyes which made hers drop and brought the quick young color to her cheeks. ... 'We are the happiest couple in the whole counterie' - or anywa, we'll be it after Sunday eight days."

She had the scone on the griddle by this time and was bending over the bake-board again. (Why did the second scone need such a lot of patting?) And it seemed to Martin that some-thing bright and round and silent fell on its white circle. It might have been

a tear. He was near her and comforting her in an instant. "Why, acushla, do you. spoiled for a trifle between your mother an' my father? Do ye think that when we have spoke the word to Father Hugh we're goin' to draw back — brackin' our word to the praste o' God for an oul man and oui' woman's nonsense that ought to know the differ. I tell you, it cudn't be done—it's nayther right nor justice that it shud be done—an' as I hope for heaven I swear that I'll not let it be done.'

She was sobbing outright now, frightened by his vehemence. But the touch of his hands on her hair was very ender, and she rais

his in a long look of trusting love There was silence for a moment broken only by the slow trick of the grandfather's o'clock in the adjacent room. A moment to be remembered for all their lives—nay, for all the eter-nity which God created them to share together.

And then Martin raised the blushing ace, and with trembling lips she sealed the silent promise.

"Poor oul' John," said Martin to himself, as he lifted the latch of the watchhouse half an hour later, "he vas always a good friend of Breedyen's and mine. Only for him dyin' the day, how'd I iver have got her mother out o' the house long enough for me to show her the rights of it all-an' where the dickens cud we ha' made out our bit of a plan."

"A body wud think ye wur studyin' about somethin," said old Pat, handing his son the pipe he had prepared for

him.

"Mebbe they wudn't be too far asthray thin," said Martin, "for it jist come into me head about the 'Plan o' "Where's the use o' the 'Plan o'

Campaign' now since the trinits has bought out?" said old Pat.
"Divil a mind," replied his son and heir, "there's niver no use in fightin.

for what ye can get as a say without it.
But supposin' the 'Drapers' hadn't
been willin' to sell, it might ha' come

been willin' to sell, it might ha come in handy."

"Be the hokey sticks," chuckled old Pat, "if he's not turnin' out a politic-ianer on me hands. I still knowed he had brains—only for them—"

Mrs. Bradley emerged from the room at this moment with an empty tea pot. The subdued murmur of the matrons' voices followed her through the open door, but in the kitchen, the open door, but in the kitchen, which was was given over to the men, you could only hear the long-drawn sucking of clay pipes.

ON THE CROOKED BRIDGE. From where old Pat sat — on the Crooked Bridge, that is to say — you looked down into the nicest wee stream looked down into the nicest wee stream on the whole mountainside — golden in the shallows over the sand and as silver as a sixpence where it forces its way among the stepping - stones. The sun was shining on it very brightly this "Maybe it is," he said, "and maybe pleasant Sunday, and a furze bush had wakened up in the beams and glowed like a fame and the dark-green bilberry

shes and russet bracket.
Something in the air, in the Sunday brightness, in the gay bravery of the furze, took Pat's mind back to a certain Sunday many, many years ago—the first Sunday his wife had sat on the bridge beside him. He remembered how black her hair was, and the smile in her eyes, and how bravely a wee hand nestled in his, and the swell of his own heart as he felt it there!

The river had not changed, and Pat, looking down on it, sat and dreamed.
So absorbed was he that he forgot to

looking down on it, sat and dreamed.
So absorbed was he that he forgot to
wonder at Martin's non return from
Mass. Perhaps for the first time he
had forgotten his existence. He was
living again the old days with Mary, the days when the world was always bright, and there was nobody but the

two of them in it. He was startled by a ringing footstep. "Martin," he cried, but the newcomer was not Martin. It was young Mr. Walker of the Bank who, in spite of his Presbyterian upbringing, was by no means averse to a little Sunday sport

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after the mountain rabbits. whistled back his dog, which had started off on the other turning, and stopped to discuss the chances hare with old Pat, who was an acknowl-

edged authority.
Suddenly, however, a thought seemed to strike him, to which at first he could only give utterance in a prolonged whistle. "By Jove," he said at last, I want to know why you're not at the What wedding?" said old Pat.

"Why, your own son's of course," replied the banker, "didn't I see the ears driving down Bradley's loanin'?"

"If you seen them drivin' down
Bradley's loanin' it wern't my son's
weddin' any way," said old Pat
brusquely, but there was a certain suspicton in his heart that Mr. Walker

might be right.
"Well, perhaps I may have made a mistake," said the latter, "but I really thought the man looked uncommonly like Martin. I'll have to be off. Over

like Martin. I'll have to be off. Over by the Hannies you think ther'd be a chance of something? So long."

When he was gone, old Pat still sat on the bridge, but the brightness had all gone out of the day. He rose a little stiffly and walked slowly back to the house. The fire was but a poor affair. He built it up, and when it was burning brightly again, he sat down beside it and looked into its glowing denths.

He grew tired at last of what he saw there — or perhaps the tale it had to tell him was ended. He walked over tell him was ended. He walked over to the door, and then, almost uncon-sciously, down the hill again to the Crooked Bridge.

There were two people sitting on it,

looking into the river. The girl's hand was nestling in the man's, and old Pat knew how the man's heart was swelling as he felt it there. How was the river to know that it was not the same couple which had sat above it on just such an other Sunday, thirty years ago? How was the river to know, when old Pat ost mistook them himself?

He cleared his throat bravely, but even then his voice was a little steady, though his face wore its old

"If yez hav' no objection," said he, "there's a good fire on and the kettle's boilin', and maybe — maybe Breedyen would come home and make us some

as nice a one as ever came to Glen.

And it is recorded in the Annals of the Parish that as old Pat followed the young couple, in the place which etiquette consigned him by the side of Mrs. Bradley, he may be seen of the propos of the propo young couple, in the place will appear the side of Mrs. Bradley, he wore in his buttonhole something which closely resembled a nasturtium.—Eileen Walsh M. A., in the Rosary Magazine.

FRENCH BISHOPS ADDRESS THE FAITHFUL.

PREPARED FOR SPOLIATION AND POVERTY BATHER THAN BETRAY THEIR TRUST.

Paris, September 19. — The Figaro publishes the text of a pastoral letter addressed to the clergy and the faithful of France by the Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops who met in Paris to confer upon the Church and State separation law and the Pope's encyclistic and the Church and State separation law and the Pope's encyclistic and the P cal upon it. This letter, it is said, was sent to Rome for approval and has now been returned and will be read

from every pulpit next Sunday.

The letter begins by declaring that the hierarchy accepts the words of the Holy Father with filial obedience, afirms the union of the clergy around the Sovereign Pontiff and repeats that the separation law ignores the Catholic hierarchy. The Pope, says the letter, pointed out that he had no choice but to condemn the law. In this His Holi ness had no other object in view than the salvation of the Church.

Continuing the letter says the Bishops and Archbishops have no concern save that France shall not only have the name of being a Catholic nation, but shall have true liberty of religion. They have nothing to do with political interests. All they ask is that the constitution of the republic shall not contain falsehoods that are anti Christian. They desire to wash their hands tian. They desire to wash their hands of all responsibility for the calamity that is threatening France. The separation law, it is declared, deprives France not only of its name of a Catho-

rrance not only of its name of a Catho-lic nation, but of true religious liberty. After expressing the hope that France may be spared a religious war, the letter goes on to say that if the separation of Church and State shall be carried out at all costs Catholics ought carried out at all costs Catholics ought at least to be allowed the use of the church properties which belong to them and enjoy common liberty as it is enjoyed in really free countries. If an attempt is made, contrary to the wishes of the head of the Church, to establish congregations which can be Catholic in name only, none of the faithful will join them. The priests have submitted to spoliation and poverty rather than betray their trust, and all Catholics are therefore bound, according to their means, to support the church and the clergy.

LOURDES AND ONE OF LAST YEAR'S MIRACLES.

If in the whole wide world there i one spot whereat, more conclusively than at any other, the bankruptcy of science with which Brunetiere has taunted the oracular materialists of the age, is made manifest and glaring, that ot is Lourdes. The famous Grotto of Massabielle is a constant eyesore to the enemies, scientific or other, not merely of Catholicism but of any relig-ious system, because it is a permanent, obvious, and irrefragable proof of the existence of that supernaturalism which such enemies deny. The recent ex ploitation of the trumped up charges which M. de Bonneson has seen fit to make against the most wonderful of Our Lady's shrines—that Lourdes is a hotbed of infection, and that pilgrimages thereto are a menace to the public health, etc.—is merely the desperate resort of impotent antagonists to storm by the foulest of means a position which years of beleaguering by all other possible methods have shown to be absolutely impregnable. Of the charges themselves (notwithstanding the importance constructively given to them by their editorial discussion in Ameri-can papers, which ought to know enough to look with suspicion on present day Parisian dispatches about religious matters), any one who has visited Lourdes and is at all conversant with conditions there will be to say, with Prince Henry to Falstaff: "These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable."

In so far, however, as this latest organized attack has riveted public attention on the Pyrenean shrine, and reawakened cosmopolitan interest in the prodigies that are everyday occurrences on the banks of the Gave, it may really work for ultimate good. In any case, it will justify our mentioning here some of the most recent con-clusions arrived at by competent investigators of the Lourdes miracles, and may perhaps warrant a summarized narrative of one specific cure which was effected at the Grotto just a year ago, and which we do not remember having seen referred to at any considerable length in such of our exchanges as are published in English.

The latest important contribution to the literature of Lourdes to attract our attention is a study in the Revue Pratique d'Apologetique (July 1, 1906). The writer is Abbe Georges Bertrin, a distinguished professor of the Catholic Institute of Paris, and the author of an authoritative work on 'The Critical History of the Events at Lourdes.' In this supplementary study Abbe Bertrin maintains, and readers open to convic-tion will add, proves: first, that the reality of the cures operated at Lourdes is nowadays called in question only by superficial minds; secondly, that the number of such cures officially recognized is considerable; and, finally, that "suggestion," which, as is well known, limits itself to nervous maladies only, and which works slowly and progressive ly, can not explain so many cures of organic diseases that are remedied instantaneously. The Abbe cites in conclusion the statement of Dr. Vergez, of the Faculty of Montpellier, who has for a full quarter of a century made very close study of the occurrences at Lourdes. "I am asked," says Dr. Lourdes. "I am asked," says Dr. Vergez, "what I have seen at Lourdes. words will suffice for answer

wonders wrought by Our Lady at Lourdee, it is pertinent to quote here the candid declaration of Dr. Bernheim in his work on Hypnotisme, Suggestion, etc. (p. 502): "Suggestion addresses itself directly not to the lesion but to the functional trouble. It can, the organic state permitting, assuage suffering, restore sleep or the appetite, sunering, restore sleep or the appetite, augment the motive power, re establish sensibility and suspended movement, suppress spasms, cramps, and nervous agony, and regulate divers functions. But suggestion does not kill microbes, it does not do agent with threader. it does not do away with tubercles, it does not cicatrize ulcers of the stomach."

Quite in line with the conclusions of Abbe Bertrin, and with those inferentially to be drawn from the statement of Dr. Vergez, is the following argument put forward by the late Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., in his "Lourdes: Its Inhabitants, Its Pilgrims, and Its Minaley."

"In our investigation we shall have three different questions to examine :

"1. Can we find among the various cures wrought at Lourdes instances which are absolutely inexplicable on any other hypothesis except that of a

miracle?

12. In those cures which might possibly seem to be explicable in other ways, is there any special characteristic that renders such explanation

istic that renders such explanation inadmissible?

'3. Is the number of cures of an extraordinary kind sufficient to remove all possibility of fraud or of mere imagination, or of any other natural solution of the effects produced?

" If we can answer the first of these three questions in the affirmative, the reality of the miraculous character of reality of the miraculous character of the power that is at work at Lourdes will be sufficiently established. At the same time, if there were only one or two or even half a dozen such apparent miracles, standing alone and unaccompanied by a vast number of other cases which may possibly be explicable on natural grounds, we should be justified in regarding such exceptional cases with considerable suspicion. We should call them freaks of nature, and should look out for parallels to them (though we should look in vain) in the course of medical or other ordinary experience.

they stood alone as singular phenomena. But if, on the contrary, these absolutely inexplicable facts were accompanied by a crowd of others, not perhaps abso-lutely inexplicable, but yet so difficult to explain by any natural laws as to afford a very strong pre-sumption that they were miraculous, the proof would e not a little strengthened.

"If, moreover, there be added to these a further set of facts, which could indeed be explained naturally, and to which certain parallels might be adduced from the confessedly natural order, but which were nevertheless very wonderful and extraordinary when regarded in their collective entirety, then we assert that any man of sober sense, free from pre-existing prejudice and from any conscious or unconsciou determination not to believe, would accept those various facts as containing among them many true and genuine miracles. He would divide such facts into three classes : (1) Those undoubt edly supernatural. (2) Those probably supernatural, but not so clearly above the powers of nature as to enable us to found an argument upon them in them-selves This class would be valuable as affording evidence or confirmation the reality of the miracles belonging to the first class, but would have no other value. (3) Those which might indeed be explained on purely natural grounds, but which nevertheless, by reason o ome curious coincidence or concurrent natural character."

Of cures of the first class, those that were undoubtedly supernatural, The Ave Maria readers do not need to be reminded of Francis Macary, the cabi netmaker of Lavaur, of Pierre de netmaker of Lavaur, of Pierre de Rudder, and of the "Lupus of Metz," -to mention only a few of the more notable historical prodigies that have glorified Our Lady and nonplussed the devotees of agnostic science. Whether or not those readers will place in the same class the case of Marie Therese Noblet which we are about to relate, we know not; but we shall miss our guess if they do not decide that it belongs at least to the second class of facts enumer

Marie Therese Noblet, who is at present sixteen years of age, was born at Signy l'Abbaye, in the Ardennes, of worthy Christian parents. Left an orphan when six years old, she was placed in a boarding school at Rheims, where almost immediately she fell so dangerously ill that her grandfather, a physician of repute and an excellent Catholic, requested the chaplain to give her the last sacraments. Contrary to all expectations, the child recovered. all expectations, the call reversely.

As she put it, herself, later on: "The Immaculate Virgin wished even then to show herself my Mother." Her health remained delicate, however, up to 1903. In that year she began again to experi ence notable fatigue, and her anæmic condition superinduced extreme weak-

In 1905 she took to her bed; and a specialist, Dr. Chipault, recognizing a localized vertebral lesion, ordered her to wear a plaster corset. This contriv ance, so speedily did the patient waste away, soon became too large. It was taken off, but within a week Marie Therese had to be encased in another corset of the same kind. The girl did not fail to notice that this secon was put on on Good Friday; and her remarking the coincidence emphasized her expertness even at that tender age in vanquishing suffering by sacrifice.

In May, 1905, the patient was taken to Avenay and placed in the convent of the Sisters of the Divine Redeemer. was the parish priest of Avenay who first conceived the plan of having Marie Therese transported to Lourdes. The project being broached to her, she

eartily applauded it.
"I am sure I shall be cured," was her

"And if you are not cured," said the Cure, "shall you become discouraged?"
"No. If the Blessed Virgin doesn't cure me, I shall easily resign myself; for I'll be certain that if she doesn't wish it for me, it would not be for my

So admirable a response from a maiden of fifteen will, at the outset, impress the ordinary Christian as pre-sumptive evidence of her fitness for our Heavenly Mother's favors. In the meantime, pending the date of the de parture for Lourdes, new complications parture for Lournes, new complications arose. Her left arm became paralyzed, her legs grew powerless, and her sufferings waxed all but intolerable. Nothing, however, could alter her determine to go Lourness here sale. mination to go to Lourdes; her sole anxiety was as to the probability of her anxiety was as to the probability of the becoming so extremely feeble that the journey would be forbidden her. "They tried to comfort me," she has since de clared, "by telling me that these pains were the last I'd have to endure; that the Blessed Virgin always augmented the sufferings of those whom she in-tended to cure. All the same, I was very much afraid of missing the jour-

Before setting out from Avenay, on August 28, 1905, it had been decided to make an opening in the plaster corset, so that the miraculous water might touch the afflicted portion of the body, and that the doctors might be able to verify any amelioration that might take

Marie Therese did not go directly marie Therese did not go directly from Avenay to Lourdes. The journey was broken at Ars, to the Blessed Cure of which town the young girl had a tender devotion. She had made several tender devotion. She had made several novenas in his honor, hoping for some improvement in her health; but she implored him chiefly to intercede for her to the Blessed Virgin. Naturally enough, the devoted clients of M. Vianney would like to magnify the role of their patron in the matter of Mdlle. Noblet's cure; but she herself says of that role: "That he helped and protected me I am firmly convinced, but it was at Lourdes I was cured."

The manner of her cure was this.

The manner of her cure was this. She reached the Pyrenean shrine in a state of such extreme fatigue and weakwe should look in vain) in the course of medical or other ordinary experience. We should say that they were very wonderful, and that we were completed by puzzled by them, and could not understand or explain them; but when we had said this and exclaimed, 'Very extraordinary indeed!' we should shake off the impression that they made, if

deep emotion and to the most atrocious

deep emotion and we have a sufferings as well.

Very, very slowly, with infinite precautions, Marie Therese was being borne back to the hospital, when, per ceiving the cortege, and thinking that the girl was worse, the Cure of Avenay came up. "My poor child," she ex claimed, "how you are suffering!' She burst into tears, quite overcome Then all at once she seized Abbe Dieu donne's arm, saying excitedly, "Father, bearers halted. Was the child going to die even before reaching the hospital? Not she. Her next words were: "Thank God, thank God! I am

The girl was actually transfigured; her countenance radiated the purest joy; her arms were stretched up toward heaven. As usual, doubting Thomases were not wanting to the scene; in default of others, the Cure of Avenay filled that role. "Tut, tut!" said he, 'you don't know what you are saying. Do you suppose 'tis here on the high way that the Blessed Virgin works The truth was miracles?" Cure really thought Marie Therese to be delirious. One of the bearers, how ever, answered him bluntly : fact, all the same, Abbe Dieudonne. I know what I'm talking about. Marie Therese is cured.'

In vain, nevertheless, did the girl assure him that if they would only set her on her feet she could walk quite well: the Abbe ordered her to be well: the Abbe ordered her to carried back to the hospital. Once there, and a witness of the fact that she could move her legs to which sensibility had been restored, the good rather perplexed and scarcely

knew what to say.

The next day Marie Therese again asked permission to walk. The Abbe once more refused. "That's all right," said he : " we'll see about it later. Even he, however, had to give in to the evidence of his senses. The girl smiled, walked, ate, and slept like a person in normal health. Later on, she slyly remarked to Abbe Dieudonne: "How can you expect me to obey you, who forbade me to obey the Blessed

Finally, Dr. Boissarie and the other physicians of the Board of Medical Verifications pronounced the cure to be perfect. The plaster corset was broken, and not a trace of the malady was visible. Meeting shortly afterward Canon Bonnaire director of the pilgrimage from Rheims, Dr. Boissarie said to

So 'tis to you that this girl belongs, Well, you may congratulate your-

"I do, of course," replied the Canon. " But is the cure a sure thing?" "Oh, yes, altogether certain!" rejoined the doctor.

Writing on July 11, this year, the Cure of Avenay said: "The health of Marie Therese continues to be perfect. She will return to Lourdes this year to make her thanksgiving.'

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING ?"

As we stand by the sea side and see the surging billows roll in and dash themselves against the shore, and as we hear their roar in the night's stillness we ask with the poet, "What are the wild waves saying?" Do they speak to us only of the vast and bound less ocean and its unfathomable depths? Do they tell of tempest tossed ships and lost mariners? Do they speak to us of monsters of the deep, or do they speak of better things in abundance and bounty, of which these abhorrent ones are but the exception, and so tell us of peace and plenty through the million barks plying from land to land freighted with the best things of earth? Do they tell us of the friendly intercourse of mankind, and how nation in terchanges with nation in the greetings of citizens, and that men learn to know and love one another as members of the one great family? Yes, they tell us these and many other things, but they tell us primarily of the great God, the Creator, who has made all things, and has made them, like all things of this earth, for man's use and benefit that, using them and considering them, he using them and considering them, he may turn them all to the honor and glory of God. The ocean tells of God's immensity, as likewise of His goodness and power. How vastits extent, covering, as it does, three-fourths of the earth, God's bounty is shown not only in the multitude of the fishes, whence man days much of their sustanges. men draw much of their sustenance but His goodness is manifested in the effects of the briny waters, as their salty savors purify the air and counteract the poisonous and baneful influences generated by the corruption of lands which they wash. But the power of God is displayed in restricting the waters to prescribed limits, lest they overflow the world and submerge in their rising the land and all who dwell

And yet the words which the wild And yet the words which the which waves are saying are not all contained in these. There is another sea more tangible than that which we behold. It is the sea of life in which we live and into which we come in mystic contact every day of our lives. That sea, indeed, which we cannot behold, but yet which we feel is all around us; that sea which oftentimes threatens to submerge us and in which the remains and in which we cannot be a submitted as a submitted which we cannot be a submitted as a submitted which we cannot be a submitted as a submitted which we cannot be a submitted as a submitted which we cannot be a submitted as a submitted which we cannot be a submitted which of the submitted which is all the submitted which is all the submitted which is a submitted which us and in which the unwise and the un us and in which the unwise and the dri-wary disappear by the thousands. Now running smooth, again turbulent and angry, always deep and dangerous. Man must course it but little and trail his bark, for this is the voyage of life. On whom will he rely? Not on himself, for that were rash; not on the waters, for that were vain; and whom but on for that were vain; and whom but on God, on Him "Whom the waves and the winds obey," and Who can say to the sea be calm and to the storm be still, and the danger will be stayed, and the rainbow of hope will light up the heavens and God's peace will be breathed in the troubled waters and



Church! How often have we seen the angry winds of men's passions rising in stormy revolt around her and driving her far out from them and the land on which they dwell! And, yet, high above the roar of storm and clash of the waves we have heard the voice of Pater's spacesconcelling mean the Lord Peter's successor calling upon the Lord and, the faithful taking up the cry, soon the love and the goodness of God is manifest and peace comes back to the world. The Church is reassured in the love and confidence of her chil dren and gains still more the regard and the respect of fair minded men.

How sad is life's experience as exemplified by many? There are those who know not God or who care not to know Him and who, when life's trouble come upon them, easily succumb.
These are they who have no faith or are faithless to it, and, therefore, have no hope, nor the fortitude which it generates, and so are easily overcome when the sea of life's troubles rises round them.

O that they had but the Christian faith animating their souls and felt the power of divine hope lifting up their souls! Then they would go through life's darkest and most uncertain waters with a strength and con tain waters with a strength and son dence that nothing could daunt, for they would feel with the psalmist that come what may, all would be well in the end; that God never will be wanting to those who put their trust in Hum, or, as the message runs, "Blessed is the man who hopeth in the Lord, for

He will not be confounded."
We see the need of strong Christian faith for the multitude, for where there is no faith there cannot be hope, and without faith and hope man has neither compass nor anchor with which to guide him over the rocks and shoals midst the many storms on the ocean of life. God is a good provider, and through His Cnurch He gives the means men need to bear them sifely through the winds and waves into the port of eternal life. Nay, more Christ Himself is in every bark as He was in that of Peter, the apostle. Let us confide in Him, knowing He knows all and can do all, and He will do all, if we but acknowledge in our meekness and cry out as often as danger threatens, "Lord save us, lest we perish !"

This then, is what the wild waves are saying. Let us hear and heed these words. They speak of God: not of His anger, but of His goodness; not have meath, but of His mercy. Let what the wild waves us be comforted at the thought and go us be comforted at the thought and go on bravely and resolutely, our faith generating our hope, and both prompt ing and sustaining our charity, till all is brought to a happy end in the bound less and eternal ocean of God's ever-lasting love.—Bishop Colton in Catho-lic Union and Times.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION, Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa. June 13th, 1906.

Apostonic Delegation.
Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.
To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD,
London Ont.
My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have
been a reader of your paper. I have noted
with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all. that it is imsued with a strong Catholic spirit. It streamously defends 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 county, and it will do more and more, as its
wholesome influence reaches more Catholic
bomes.
Litherefore agreeatly recommend the Catholic

I, therefore, earnestly recommend it to Cath

dic families.

With my blessing on your work, and besibles for its continued success,
Yours very sincerely in Christ,
Yours very sincerely in Christ,
DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus,
Apostolic Delegate.

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

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD,
London, Onl:
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 pleasure, I can recommend
to the faithful.

Ble ing you and wishing your commend.

the fathful.

Ble z ing you and wishing you success,

Believe me to remain,

Yours fathfully in Jesus Christ

† D FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa,

Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1908.

THE CATHOLIC CONFESSIONAL AND THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE.

BY REV. ALBERT MCKEON, S. T. L., ST. COLUMBAN, ONTARIO, CANADA.

This little book will do good. It is well written and within the resources of the most meagre pocket book. Father McKeon believes with Father Gerard, S. J., that we need a new school of writers to meet the needs of the twentieth century-men not less thoughtful or learned than those of old, but who, instead of folios, will write six penny tracts, and will write not with an eye to the pundits of the schools, but to the man in the street. Their language must be thoroughly modern and understood by the people so that he who runs may read, and reading, may comprehend. Hence there are no " purple patches" in this pamphlet. It is a business like work devoted to the exposition of a much misrepresented subject. It contains, so far as we can see, no attempts at religious controversy; and we are sure that the non-Catholic who accedes Father McKeon a fair hearing will give over some of n prevail, even in this enlightened age, respecting the confessional.

Father McKeon points out the neces sity of penance. He shows that confession is a doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures, not only in the New Testament, but also in the Old Testament. We know that the Book of Numbers v. 68, informs us "that when a man or woman shall have committed any or all the sins that men are wont to commit, they shall confess their sin and restore the principal itself, and the fifth part over and above to him against whom they have sinned." And in Proverbs we read: "He that hideth his sins shall not prosper, but he that shall confess and forsake them shall obtain mercy." Clearly and cogently are presented arguments to prove that the priests of the Catholic Church have the power of forgiving sins vested in them by Jesus Christ. Our readers remember what Christ said to the palsied man: "Son." he said. "thy sins are forgiven thee." The scribes and Jewish leaders who were not friendly to the Lord heard the words and forthwith branded him as a blasphemer. And the Lord reading their hearts and knowing that their question "Who can forgive sins but God only," added immediately : " But that you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (He saith to the sick of the palsy) I say to thee arise, take up thy bed and go into thy house. And the man arose . . and went to his home rejoic-The scribes were answered. They knew of course that God could forgive sin. But Christ performed a miracle to convince them that God had communicated this power to man. For He was a perfect Man-"the Man,

Christ Jesus. Now did Christ transmit this power

in (St. Matthew zviii, 18.) and St. Paul (2 Cor. v. 18,) etc., we come to the orable scene recorded by St. John (xx. 22.) It was the evening of the first Easter day. Jesus appeared to the Apostles assembled in an upper room for fear of the Jews and con ferred upon them the power of for giving and retaining the sins of all mankind. The words of Christ on this occasion need no comment. For ages they were accepted in their plain grammatical signification. Men indeed arose to despoil the Church of this power, but there outcries were drowned by the voice of an indignant Christen dom. Century after century we hear the fathers and doctors extolling the advantages of confession and proving by their practice and teaching the truth of the doctrine. And only when pride and lust became rampant did men set their faces against a truth for whose defence they who value their faith above wealth and broad lands, would shed their blood. They affected to be guided by a reverence for the word of God, but the true reason was that confession exercised a too great restraint upon their passions. It kept the young man earnest and upright; it taught the maiden and mother that purity was the crowning glory of womanhood; it guarded and sanctified the household; preserved intact the foundations on which rest the glory and prosperity of people. It was the impassible barries to the seething waves of impurity and corruption. Hence they cried out against confession, and over and over repeated the old-time question, "Who can forgive sin but God only."

There are many to day who, while they admire the Church as the custodian of much that is good, sbrink from admitting the doctrine of Confession. 'It is a mere invention." Remarkable invention, indeed, considering its power and obligations, that was ever invented by man. But when was it invented? Who was the author of the novelty? When and where did he live? But, though acute minds spurred on by hate, have exhausted all their powers of research to find it upon the pages of history, yet have they failed to disprove the fact that confession is as old

s Christianity itself. Again, it is said that this power is too sacred to be entrusted to the keeping of a man. No one understands this dignity better than a priest. Naturally he does not like to hear confessions But it is his duty-a most irksome duty and wearisome to both soul and body. With a deep sense of his impertections he bears the burden of the awful responsibility and he knows that it is by no right inherent, but that it is a gift of the Redeemer for the sanctification of souls. He knows that he is the descendant of the apostles, to whom was said: " Receive ye the Holy Ghost;" and he knows, also, that the power handed on to the Apostles that in the strength of Christ they might cleanse the soul from sin, endures in the Catholic priesthood. Hence with no faltering accents does he pronounce the words of absolution. So millions of Christians before the sixteenth century believed. This they were taught by the Church. Does any unprejudiced individual think that in a know what was the teaching of her Divine Founder, or that He failed to keep His word to protect the Church from error?

That this power is exercised by the successors of the Apostles is selfevident. As to the charge that sins are pardoned for money, or that licences to commit sin are sold Catholics by priests, we have but to say that the command not to bear false wit ness is still in vogue and that such stories are unsupported by any evidence. This of course is an old story. We do not think, however, that it would be voiced by any reputable individual to day, though time was, if we remember aright, when it was heard issuing from the precincts of Knox Col-

To the one who avers that he will not reveal his soul to a man, St. Augustine. who lived over fourteen hundred years ago, says: " O man why are you afraid to confess your sins? What you make known to me I know less than what I do not know at all. Why should you blush to confess your sins? I am a sinner, as you are. I am a man and account nothing human foreign to me. As you are a man confess to man : a sinful man, confess to sinful man. You are free indeed to choose which you prefer; do not confess your sins, and they will not be known, it is true, but known at the same time, that unless you confess you will be damned. For this reason God requires us to confess that he may free from his sins that man that humbles himself. He damns the man who does not confess to punish his pride. "

Anent the charge of the immorality of the confessional, it is difficult to say in seemly fashion what we think of it. The Catholic knows that the confess.

precaution that prudence can suggest And the non-Catholic who attaches credence to the statements of a certain type of controversialist, would get much needed information from a Catho lic catechism. Referring to the above slander the distinguished convert, Father Fidelia, said :

"I was a Protestant once but I thank God I never said anything of that kind There is something so low, so incredibly vulgar, not to say malicious, in respect-able, well educated ladies and gentle-men listening to the vile tales of so called escaped nuns and unfrocked priests and friars. They would be ashamed to go to a saloon or a bad house, but they will go and drink in these detestable, damnable lies."

The wonder is, that books saturated with these detestable, damnable lies, are published under the auspices of

Evangelical Protestantism. Christ came on earth to satisfy both mind and heart. If He came in answer to the prayers of mankind, must He not. for we have the same nature as they amongst whom He went doing good, have an answer for us? If He is to be a Saviour we must meet Him now. What consolation, then, is there for one who carries within the hideons blasting memory of crime? Tormented by the stings of a guilty conscience he must, for it is a law of his being, find by self-revelation that peace, and that may calm his troubled soul, and is found only in the Church that speaks pardon to the sinner and answers the question Who can forgive sin but God only.' We hope that Father McKeon's book will have a wide circulation. It is simple, concise, cogent, fortified by apt selections from Holy Writ, and it is

receipt of 25 cents. Address CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ont. THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

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CONCLUDED. Sara the wife of Abraham recognized his superiority over her, for speaking of him she said : " My lord," that is, my husband Abraham " is old." Saint Peter no less than Saint Paul teaches the inferiority of woman, for in his first letter, chapter 3rd, he says: "In like manner also let wives be subject to their husbands. . . As Sara obeyed Abraham calling him lord. Ye husbands likewise dwelling with them eccording to knowledge, giving honor to the temale as to the weaker vessel.' Down through all the centuries God selected man as his vicegerent on earth. All the priests and prophets of the old law were men appointed by God to teach, and offer sacrifice for the people to their Creator. And when the fulness of time had come the Saviour assumed human nature under the form of a man, He selected men as His companions during His earthly life, He taught them the mysteries of heaven. and commanded them to go and teach the nations the way of salvation. And these ordained other men to continue the divine mission entrusted to them by Christ. And the Church, which Christ built on Saint Peter, a man, has ever since sent forth men in the persons of her priests and bishops to preach the gospel entrusted to her by heaven. God did not select woman for this office, but appointed man as his only fit representative of God. Who created him to His own image and like ness. We cannot find fault with God for choosing the noblest of His creatures to represent Him in His earthly king dom, for do not earthly kings and potentates select men to represent them in all matters of importance and especially at the courts of other kings? This too proves the inferiority of woman, and ought to teach her one esson : that even those who cry for her emancipation from man are not disposed to trust her with matters of importance or confer on her the repre sentative offices of the nation. Even Christ Himself, Who loved His divine mother with a love and tenderness infinitely superior to any love that the most devoted son could show a mother, never gave her any office in His Church And although she was full of grace, although she had more grace in her soul than all the Apostles, saints and martyrs together, yet Christ conferred no dignity on her, she had no voice in His Church. From the altar of the Cross Christ taught the inferiority of woman, and the neces sity she had of man's protection. For Saint John tells us that Christ before He expired on the cross, seeing His mother and the disciple whom He loved standing near, saith to His

mother: "Woman behold thy Son.

After that He saith to the disciple :

Behold thy mother. And from that

hour the disciple took her to his own."

Now Christ was God, and as such He

was Master of the universe, hence He

had it in His power to provide for His

mother and make her independent of

the rest of mankind. But as He tells

us Himself that He came not to destroy

the law but to fulfil it. He preferred to

leave her to the care of man, thus ful-

well as of the divine law. Incidentally we may remark that the only title Christ ever conferred on the Blessed Virgin was that of Mother, and that, as we have just seen, when He was about to expiate the sins of mankind. That title He baptized in His own blood, and sanctified it, so that it would be for all future generations an ever glorious title for the daughters of Eve.

There are innumerable other passages in Scripture which teach the inferiority of woman to man, but it is not neces sary to quote them, for they are all found ed on the natural law. And those who would deny that law, instead of honoring woman, they would be degrading her, for they would be making her unnatural.

Even the very pagans believed and taught woman's inferiority to man. Aristotle, speaking of the duties of wives, lays down the following precepts for them:

1. "Woman should put away her own will altogether and obey her husband. She should be for him heart. eyes and tongue: she should laugh when he laughs, and console him in his sorrows ; she should not be a flatterer or a hyyocrite, but a companion for him, having one spirit with him,

2. The economy of the home de mands that she should not tolerate idleness either in her children or servants, for work turns the mind away from evil thoughts, which very easily find their way into the hearts of the idle."

3. She should not allow any one to visit her home without the knowledge of her husband. Neither should she make known the secrets of the fireside.

4. She should instruct her sons and daughters, and keep watch over them, never allowing them to absent themselves unnecessarily from home. And she should strictly prohibit all indecent conversation and song.

5. She should never mix in the public affairs of the nation

6. She should avoid all family con tention and live in peace and harmony with her neighbors. She should not to peevish with her husband, nor given to curiosity, backbiting, drink or gluttony. She should not be care less about herself, yet not too vain about her dress, otherwise she will be a spectacle for others to look at and criticise, and thereby become a source of uneasiness to her husband."

While these precepts of the old pagan philosopher may be considered somewhat strict by the women of this age and country, yet any wife who would court the reputation of being all that she should be, must practise them. They inculcate nothing but what Christianity teaches and insists on that: in those things which are honest and comnendable a wife should be the echo o her husband. Man's superiority is a law of his nature, for God made him master of the earth and told him to rule 'all living creatures that move upon it." The jurisdiction that Adam received from God was universal, there was no exception made for woman, consequently she is subject to him, and must remain so until God decrees otherwise. What is taught by nature, revelation and philosophy is confirmed representative, for man by reason of by the history of nations. In that ments, discoveries and inventions have been made by man from the building of the ark by Noah to the invention of wireless telegraphy by Marconi. It would indeed be vain to look amongst women for a Homer, a Demosthenes, a Plato or an Aristotle, al Dante, a Michael Angelo, a Colombo, a Schiller, a Goethe. a Saint Thomas, a Duns Scotus, a Napo leon, a Bossuet, a Fenelon, a Shakes peare, a Milton, a Bacon, a Washington, a Webster, a Brownson, an O'Connell, a Burke or a Grattan. These are only a few of that galaxy of men whose brilliancy no woman ever yet equalled, and none need hope to surpass. Men have philosophized on this matter, and have put forth various reasons for woman's inferiority, but we prefer to affirm that it is solely a law of her nature, depending primarily on the will of God, and secondarily on the prior creation of man.

Woman, generally speaking, is not adapted to transact business; she is slow to take counsel, she is timid, weak and given to domesticity : while man is naturally more perspicacious, prudent, expeditious, of body more robust, and in everyway better adapted to transact the affairs of life.

That woman stands in need of the protection and assistance of man is pro claimed by the natural and divine law, and consequently man is naturally and by divine appointment head of the

family. The duties of motherhood demand that woman should attend to the internal administration of her home of which nature has crowned her queen. The moment she steps down from her domes tic throne, to mount the rostrum and deliver harangues to an unthinking public, that moment she brings woman

ing. Custom, nature and God have made man the defender of the public weal. It is he who must pass sleepless nights and restless days defending his country. It is he that ploughs the and and sea. It is he that turns the wilderness into fertile plains. It is he that builds cities and nations and frames their constitutions. "It is he that makes thrones totter and crowns fall off, and makes earthly purples pale." Woman was created not for the public but for man, while man was created not for himself but for the public. He is, as God proclaimed him to be, lord of the universe. Man then is the only fit representative of the race man, and when woman assumes that Amazonian boldness that dethrones her defender and sustainer, she is no longer worthy of respect, for she tramples on her own nature and constitution, and the laws of nature and of God she holds in con-

tempt. But some one may say: Is not the consent of woman necessary to give man such authority in domestic life and if it is, is she not his equal? We answer that the consent given by woman to become the wife of any man, does not create that authority; it is merely a condition of its existence. Thus a woman may or may not become the wife of any man, but once she does it is not in her power to drive man from

the position in which nature and God have placed him. Neither is it in the power of man to renounce his prerogative as leader and ruler of the family He might as well try to change his own nature, for he is the head and the divinely constituted authority in the family. That authority presupposes a certain inferiority in the members, it

must necessarily demand obedience to However, sometimes we meet with

some women who are surerior to some men in every sense of the word, but it should be remembered that since such superiority is merely accidental, and not a law of their nature, it can never make woman equal to man; it can never give her the same rights as man. This inferiority of woman is not born of prejudice, nor of education; it is simply a law of her nature. Morever, that natural modesty, which God has so lavishly bestowed on woman, renderher more fit to fulfill the duties of wite

and mother than those of public harang

uer or plat form lecturer. From this may be seen how absurd are the efforts of those who would emancipate woman from the power of man. They may rest assured that until they have changed her nature, until they have destroyed the very idea of maternity, until they have made her the most hideous monster in crea

tion, they shall never succeed. This inferiority which we are obliged to attribute to woman on account of her nature does not make her the slave of man. No, she will always be in every well regulated society what God intended her to be, a companion for man, destined to share his joys and sorrows, destined to work with him, so that the ends for which God instituted the family may be attained.

MISSIONARIES WANTED.

For several years past there has denominations that there is a great shortage of men to work in the ministry, and this complaint is made not only in Canada, but also in Europe.

This subject was debated at the recent General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. The causes to which the fact of this shortage was attributed were chiefly two: the first being that insufficient salaries are paid to clergymen, and there is, therefore, no desire on the part of young men to study for the ministry. This was held to be a serious matter, as it led to the suspicion that the clergy are not as ree from the vanities of the world as they should be, though it was conceded on the other hand that they ought to be paid better for the simple reason if for no other, that a high education should be given to the clergy, which requires a large expenditure to obtain and deserves a higher remuneration on that account, and young men are not disposed to run the risk of not being able to lay up something for the rainy day.

siderable number of Presbyterian clergy have forsaken the ministry for other more profitable fields, which bears out the statement that monetary considerations are a considerable reason for this state of affairs, and if such be the case we cannot see how any remedy will meet the situation, which is so alarming that it was stated a few days ago at the meeting of the executive of the Presbyterian Home Mission Board in Knox Church, Toronto, that there are in the Canadian North West fifty three localities in which no clergyman is obtainable, and there are about twenty-six mission fields in Manitoba and British Columbia which are attended by too few missionaries, so that about two or to other men? Passing over proofs ional is hedged round about by every filling the demands of the natural as | hood to shame and motherhood to loath. | three mission fields are attended by one

We have noticed that of late a cor

or two missionaries, who are quite insufficient for the work they have to do. Another cause for the deficiency was mentioned which gave considerable alarm, which was that the young men who would be disposed to be students do not believe the doctrines to which they are obliged to profess adhesion before they can be ordained. Honest young men would not make a profession of faith under such circumstances, This is a state of things which are like. ly to become more and more alarming as time goes on.

We have not learned that there is any falling off among candidates for the Catholic priesthood from either of these, or from any other cause.

WHAT THE PEOPLE ARE READING.

A question of the day that ranks with the most important is the quality of the literature placed in the hands of our people. In this category we include books, newspapers and magazines. We have in mind a class of these publications, the study of which is elevating in its tendency, but, unfortunately, this is not the kind that succeeds in winning the great mass of readers. Most timely, then, was the sermon preached in St. Mary's Church, London, on Sunday, October 7, by Rev. J. V. Tobin. The rev. gentleman prefaced his remarks by stating that each month His Holiness the Pope asks the prayers of the faithful for some papal intention to uplift mankind, and this month the Catholic Church is using its best endeavors, by prayer, advice and deed, to have nothing but moral literature in the homes."

The preacher was quite within the truth when he stated that the " great proportion of the sins of the day can be traced to evil literature." There is a terrible responsibility resting on the heads of families in this regard, and very apt was the statement that " the father who will not allow his child to meddle with poisonous drugs will heedlessly allow in his home the insidious novel or newspaper which corrupts the vouthful mind."

We remember very well a case which occurred in London some years ago. A Catholic father of a family had no Catholic books or papers in his home. Having been admonished to provide for his children literature that would have a tendency to incline the minds of the little ones towards the pursuit of the good and the true, he replied that he could not prevail upon them to read anything but an illustrated paper published in New York. This weekly was devoted to the portrayal of the most horrible crimes that took place in that city. A few years afterwards he was forced to get out a warrant for one of his grown up boys, for, as the indictment read. "kicking him out of the house." Those who knew the circumstances felt very little pity for him. Perhaps one of the greatest abuses of the printing press of the present day is the average American Sunday paper. It is a great heap of literary garbage. The illustrations are usually pictures of great criminals of every grade, such as the murderous thug and the faultlessly-groomed and highly educated robber who has be-

come wealthy, and has erjoyed the fat

swindling, the details of which meet one's eyes in the columns of almost

f the lan

every daily paper. Perhaps one of the most pitiable specimens of humanity to be met with is the boy in his teens and the full grown man who is to be seen each Sunday waiting for the arrival of the yellow Sunday paper. What a horrible occupation the reading and studying of the matter contained therein on the day set apart by our Divine Lord for rest and worship! The time will come, and the sooner the better, when the law will be invoked to protect our people from this awful pestilence; furthermore, we are firmly of the opinion that some means should be taken to prevent the sale of a certain class of literature to be found in too many of our bookstores and news-stands. The dime novel and the Jesse James literature has worked untold mischief amongst the youth of Canada, and many a criminal has been started on a career of crime by this means. We know this is a difficult matter to deal with, but most certainly some effort should be put forth to protect the rising generation from poisonous reading matter. We hope Father Tobin will keep up the good work he has begun.

WE HAVE received from the publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., London, New York and Bombay, a charming volume, bearing the title, "Early Essays and Lectures," by Canon Sheehan, D. D , author of "Luke Delmege." This work should have a very extensive sale, containing, as it does, the brilliant and fascinating thoughts of this great Irish writer. The price is \$2.00. We shall be pleased to fill all orders with which we may be favored.

The just man liveth by faith.—(Rom. 117.)

THE POPE'S HEALTH.

We have frequently called attention to the false reports, which are from time to time sent, especially from the capitals of Europe, concerning the Catholic Church in various countries, and we have usually been able to discover within a very short time the truth of these matters, which was almost always something very different from the reality.

It is a strange fact in connection with this matter that the Toronto Mail and Empire has most frequently the contemptibly false stories to which we refer, and they are to a very great extent to be found under the heading 'Over our own leased wires." "Over our own leased wires" often means made up in our own sanctum."

We are told that the reports of the Holy Father's illness are officially denied, and yet that he is no longer what he was when he was elected to the Pontificate. Pius X. was elected four years ago to the Supreme Pontificate, that is to say, in July, 1902. His age was then sixty-eight years. He is now seventy two years old, and it is not an extraordinary thing if he is weaker than he was four years ago, for his advanced age is enough to make him more feeble from year to year. Still, according to the official announcements made from time to time, of his health, he appeared to bear his age remarkably well. But the last report of the Mail and Empire is to the effect that he is becoming corpulent, gonty and inert, and that he drinks wine to excess, contrary to the orders of his physicians. In fact he is described to be incomprehensibly inert which evidently means that he is idle, and is becoming a wine bibber.

This story is incredible. The Holy Father's activity was previously always described as very great for so aged a man. He receives pilgrims, preaches to the people, patronizes science and the arts, besides encouraging athletics among the young men. The Holy Father has passed through all the gradations of the hierarchy most ably, and no one can know better than he all the needs of the Church in every department ..

He has been an assistant, a parish priest, a canon, a Bishop, an Archbishop, a patriarch, a Cardinal, and now he rules benignly the whole Church of God. We have no hesitation to say that the whole story of the Mail and Empire is a makeup without a word of truth in it.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S VISIT TO CAN-ADA.

Having had a very enthusiastic reception in some of the large cities of the United States, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., paid a visit to the Dominion of Canada. His reception by the Irish men of Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto was enthusiastic. He was accompanied by the Hon. Daniel O'Connor of Australia. The reputation of the distinguished Parliamentarian and litterateur had gone before him, and it was expected that his country men in this part of Her Majesty's dominions would extend to him that warm welcome which he, who has ever been true to Ireland, so richly deserves. Of course the principal topic of discussion by Mr. O'Connor in his public utterances was the prospect for Home Rule. As to this he took a most hopeful view: "There were two methods," he said, "of governing a people against their will. One was by force, and the other by the creation of a de bauched governing class, and both systems had been tried in Ireland; but the latter had turned, and now many of the official class were finding that self government was not only not disreputable, but fashionable, and they were getting ready to turn their coats.' Mr. O'Connor went on to say that the Government will next year introduce a measure dealing with the question of self government. There is some fear, however, in the minds of many of the best friends of Ireland that this concession will be of such a meagre character that it will not be accepted even as an installment of self - govern ment. We sincerely hope this will not be the outcome of what the present ministry calls "administrative Home Rule." Mr. O'Connor said he wished it understood that the Irish Party have assumed no responsibility whatever for the proposal of any such makeshift. No doubt the House of Lords will figure conspicuously in this legislation. Only too many of them will be guided by reasons other than a desire to promote the peace and glory of the empire. Those who may doubt this statement will, we feel convinced change their minds if they investigate to what an extent many of the peers hold estates in the Emerald Isle. If the House of Lords stands in the way of a fair measure of Home Rule, we doubt not the powerful influence of good King Edward, and the voice of the people, emphatically expressed from press and platform, will cause

them to take a course more in accord

with the spirit of the age, and with that measure of freedom which prevails in every portion of the empire outside of Ireland.

At the meeting in Ottawa the Premier of the Dominion, Sir Wilfred Laurier, contributed \$50 to the Parliamentary fund. He also moved a vote of thanks to the two O'Connors, and proclaimed himself a home ruler. He added that he did not know a true Canadian who was not. Sir Wilfred endorsed the sentiment enunciated by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, that the granting of Home Rule was the best method of paving the way for Imperial unity. A mighty roar was given in response to Hon. Daniel O'Connor's request for "three cheers for one of the greatest men in the British Empire, Sir Wilfred Laurier."

Success to you, T. P. O'Connor May your turn to your native land, buoyed up with the reflection that the Irish in America are one with you and one with your noble companions in the grand fight you are making for long denied justice to Ireland and the Irish.

A WORD FOR THE IRISH.

How few there are who know what a glorious history Ireland has had in the ages gone by. If the maxim "might is right " had not been acted upon by her semi-civilized neighbors who were more powerful, the Ireland of to day would most likely be one of the most prosperous as well as one of the most cultured nations in Europe. Would that we had more men of the stamp of Theodore Rossevelt, the President of the United States. Alluding to his forthcoming article on the "Celtic sages," he declared "that his study of them had made him realize more than ever the high place Ireland occupies in the story of learning and civilization, and that no man, especially with Irish blood in his veins, could fail to have his respect for himself and his race enormously heightened by such studies."

Those who are prone to cast aspersions upon Ireland and the Irish are invariably found to belong to the shadow class whose reading has been confined to the newspapers and the magazines of the inferior sort.

FRENCH AFFAIRS.

A recent despatch from Paris announces that a largely signed open letter has been addressed by the people of Brittany to Interior Minister Clemenceau, informing, the Minister that his threats against religion made in a public speech the Sunday before last will not be obeyed by the people of Brittany. The address says: "The Chouans are not dead. If you attempt to unite the Jacobins of 93, to close our churches, prescribe our priests, cr prevent the celebration of our sainted religion, we will rise against the infamore tyranny and die with enthusiasm for God and the King of our Fathers."

We cannot say at the present momen whether or not preparations have been made to carry out these threats, but the Bretons of a century ago did not hesitate to take up arms against the persecutors of the Church, and they would probably have succeeded in overcoming the Jacobin enemies of religion, if they had acted in unison with the Vendeans.

We will not venture to predict what may be the outcome of the predictions of confident prophets in regard to these matters, but we would recall the course of the people of over a century ago to preserve religion, which though not immediately successful, was so within a short time after. It is very generally conceded that the enemies of religion are even now but a minority of the people, and when their spirit of true Christianity is evoked, it is not unlikely that the maintainers of religion may triumph over the secret so

cieties which now rule the country.

A FAR FAMED priest. Rev. Father Francis M. Keilty, died a few days ago in St. Louis. Mo. He had been fifty years in the holy priesthood. His people came from the west of Ireland, the same locality from which came the parents of Rev. Father Keilty, the estimable parish priest of Douro, Ont., diocese of Peterborough. The report of the life and death of this notable priest we publish at Father Keilty's request. There is a striking resemblance, we have been told, between the parish priest of Douro and his illustrious namesake of St. Louis who has just passed away, and for whose eternal welfare we supplicate the goodness of Him who is a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech.

With the Hebrew children we de voutly acclaim Thee, O Christ! crying:
"Hosanna to the Son of David!
Gosanna in the highest!" Hail, King of all the world, Saviour of the Hous of Israel, Whose coming the prophets had foretold since the beginning of the world. Whom the people of the Jews on this day joyfully greeted with their songs of praise!

FATHER KIELTY, FAMED AS WIT. DIES OF OLD AGE.

St, Louis Post D spatch. of the Church of the Holy Angels, La Salle street, and well known as a scholar and a wit, died Saturday at St. Anthony's Hospital.

more than a half century Father Kielty had been a priest in St. Louis. For thirty four years he had been pastor of the little church at St. Anne's venue and La Salle street. But in that time Father Kielty ac-

quired a reputation that spread beyond the confines of his parish—a reputation not only as a devout churchman but as an eloquent speaker.
Until stricken with his illness two

years ago, he retained his unfailing sense of humor. Father Kielty was born in Boyle,

County Roscommon, Ireland.
Archbishop Keurick twice nominated Father Kielty for a bishopric, once of Memphis and once of Peoria, Ill. In the first case Rome gave the honor instead to the late Bishop Patrick A. Feehan, subsequently Archbishop of Chicago and in the latter instance to

the distinguished Bishop John Lancaster Spaulding.

When Father Kielty was made pastor of Holy Augels' Parish, the congrega-tion was wealthy and fashionable. In recent years nearly all the wealthy families removed from the parish, which is now practically "downtown." But the old parish remained as dear to Father Kielty as in its palmier days. He never took a vacation, it is said, in the thirty four years of his pastorate. "God is at the Holy Angels," he is quoted as frequently remarking, "I'll

stay right there."
Father Kielty began his sermon one Sunday morning by announcing in a voice rich with pathos that he had a confession to make.

"I might as well make a clean breast of it. I've been sued for alimony, and you'll have to pay it," he said.

As the audience gasped, he waved in the air a document, signed and sealed,

to resemble an order of court. "Yes, I mean it," he continued, as if to kill any lingering doubts, and then pointing through one of the stained glass windows continued. "That alley but there has been paved, and the city

has sued me for ally-money."

Father Kielty enjoyed joking with brides who called to arrange to be mar-

"I want you to marry me, Father Kielty," the young lady would say.
"Tut, tut," the venerable priest would reply; "that is impossible. You ought to know that I can't marry

you."
"Oh, Father Kielty," the blushing bride would protest, "I don't mean it that way."
"Yes yes I know" he would reply

Yes, yes, I know," he would reply, "but it is out of the question for two reasons. First, because I am a priest, and second, because I wouldn't marry girl that looked like you, anyway." Then, having the young lady properly "flustered," he would consent to tie the nuptial knot.

Not every priest that was mentioned for a bishopric received the approbation of Father Kielty. Once, when two St. Louis priests were named as prob able candidates for episcopal honors — one a short man and the other very tall

-Father Kielty said : "They won't do. One's head is too high from the ground, even when he's sitting down, and the other's coat-tail sn't far enough away, even when he's

standing up."

Father Kielty once told the story of "A good old Irishman who came to me

to take the pledge." "Will you keep the pledge if you take it ?' I asked him.

take it?" I asked him.
"I'll try to keep it, yer riverence,"
he replied. 'By the grace o' God I
may keep it—and I'll do me best.'
"'Look,' said I, pointing to a funeral that was waiting for me at the
charch over there. "That's what we
must all come to. Think of it, and
make up your mind to be a sober man
and take good care of your mile and and take good care of your wife and children for the rest of your life, that yonder is what we all must come to at the end of it.'
"The old Irishman looked at the

waiting carriages and hearse in front of Holy Angels' Church.
"'Aye, yer riverence," he said at last. That's the thrian that none of

us can be too late for, thry as we may."
"It was wit," commented Father Kielty, smiling as he told the story, 'And it was the truth. 'The thrain

that none of us can be too late for.' Then, after a moment's pause : "That was the same Irishman, and on the same occasion, that took me down a peg or two when I thought I was doing a mighty charitable thing. He was shaking for need of a drink when he me to take the pledge and I

knew that a little whiskey would be medicine for him then. So I says to him:
"'Now,' says I. 'You're about to take the pledge, and I want you to keep it when you take it, but you need a drink or two to pull yourself together and here's a quarter for you to buy it with. The only thing I insist on is that you don't get drunk when I give

you the money. "He looked at me gratefully, but with a laugh on his tace.
"'Ah, yer riverence,' he said, 'did
ye ivver know an Irishman that could

get dhrunk on a quarther?' "This eggnog," he said to a visitor in his sick room, "is made of game eggs, I have my game chickens still, and some of their eggs I use. It's good for me—it gives me some of the courage they have. Oh, you may laugh as you please, but there's virtue in game when it's pluck you need!

In the first serious illness of my life, they told me to travel. no recollection of raving. I said to · Of course you have them afterward. i't,' they replied. 'If you remembere wouldn's have been raving. it, you

And maybe that's so "What I do remember is that, when they came and prayed with me, I asked

had finished, thinking I was dying, I said to him: "Thank you kindly, Father, and may it be many years be-fore I do the same for you!"

FERVOUR IN DEVOTION.

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

body and the soul of man are so closely and intimately associated to gether that they each affect the other in their minutes' operations, so that if one of them becomes defiled by sin or impaired by excess, the result cannot fail to make its mark in some kind of

way upon the other.

The body is the instrument of the soul in its relations with the material world, and may be compared to a mad ine, and the soul to the power which sets it in motion. If anything goes wrong with the engine of a machine, the latter will either stop working, or else it will work but slowly, torpidly and heavily. If there is anything and heavily. If there is anything wrong with the machine itself, it will either stop working, or else it will be come out of gear and will perform its operations ineffectually.

Comparing then the human body to an intricate machine, and the soul to

the engine which sets it working, let us see what are the causes which so often prevent them both from working in harmony with one another and per orming their respective operations in full vigour. The first and greatest cause of obstruction is mortal sin; this cuts off both the body and soul from union with their common source of operation which is God Himself, and antil they are re-united, it impedes all progress in virtue. But apart from this, there are other causes, which do not cut off the soul from union with God, but which nevertheless render both body and soul weak and fee their operations towards God and towards men. This feeble state is called lack of fervor, ' and the results ensuing from it are as follows: Devotions become difficult and heavy, and are speedily and carelessly made, confess ons are made without sufficient careful preparation, and the realization of the biding presence of God, and of sacred truths. becomes dim. There may be no mortal sin at the root of it all, and it may sometimes even be that such a state is not always entirely due to the person's own fault, but owing to temporary physical infirmity for which he is in no way responsible; but it is more frequently due to intemperance in the body, or rather to immoderation in the use of those things which are in themselves perfectly lawful. Over indulgence in food, love of material comforts, and the undue use of narcotics and stimulants are very often the cause of ack of fervour in the soul. The bod becomes as it were clogged up by ex cesses is these things, and a state of spiritual torpor is the result, and the brain, which is a very inportant and powerful instrument of the soul, be omes clouded, and loses that finelystrung delicate touch upon the body which it should rightly perform, and is unable to sound the chords of the soul in a manner audible to the spiritual

The body, then, gains an ascendancy over the powers of the soul, and the powers of the soul lie dormant: hence we notice the difference between the saints who mortified their bodies, and the ordinary Christians who feed their bodies, often to excess, whilst neglecting to feed their souls. Many of the saints were frequently in a state of ecstasy and conscious enjoy-ment of the presence of God in their souls, for the reason that they fed their souls in preference to their bodies, or at least kept up an even balance of the two in such a way that they did not allow the action of the body to dull the powers of the soul. This latter is the most healthy condition for ordinary Christians; for there is sometimes element of danger in rigorously mortify ing the body, by fasting, except when our holy mother the Church enforces it, unless it should be practised under

But the body and soul may be said to re act one upon another, in the sense that whilst acts of immoderation by the body are a cause of lack of fervor in the soul, the lack of fervor in the soul body. The reason is as follows lack of spiritual fervor is the lack of filial adoration and devotion due to God. the source of all spiritual progress, and where this falls short, so also is there a somewhat corresponding falling short of the fulness of the blessing to be be stowed upon fervent souls? for our Lord expressly states that "unless we

abide in the vine, we can of ourselves bear no fruit. To abide in the Vine, then, means, not only to receive the Blessed Sacra ment, which certainly is the most vitally essential and effectual way of all, but it is to love our divine with all heart, with all our minds, with our soul, and with all our strength. In order to love Him with all our strength, it is incumbent upon us to keep the body always in a state of temperance and moderation, so that by such means we may the better be enabled to love Him with all the fervor

of our souls.

This state of fervor of soul is greatly enchanced by temperance or modera-tion in the body, and when produced it lifts the soul into closer and more co scious touch with God Wno strengthens it with His life giving spirit, and causes it to re act with a ten-fold power upon the body, which latter, refined by temperance or moderation, possesses an increased facility to receive the light produced in the soul, and to respond to and act in submission to its superior-

In conclusion, fervency of spirit must be practised hand in hand with moder ation in the body, so that each may reciprocally enlighten and cleanse

other.

Fervency in spirit should be practised in every devotion in which the Christian is called to take part, for it draws the soul each time nearer to its source of strength. the soul worthily approaches its divine Lord through the channels of the holy

greater and deeper becomes its love to Him, and the deeper that its love to Him becomes, the greater also is the strength which it receives from Him to bring the body into subjection, and as body becomes more and more securely brought into subjection, se also does self-seeking fade away, and man learns more truly to fulfil the royal law of God, "To love his neighoor as himself."

"LOVER'S OF THE ROSARY."

A TITLED EARNED BY CATHOLICS IN A PAGAN LAND, WHO CHERISH THIS DEVOTION AS A PRECIOUS LEGACY. Written for The Catholic Standard and Times

Of all the devotions which color and hue the Catholic faith, the rosary of the Biessed Virgin Mary seems to hold the first place. Simple in form but grand in nature, its charm is taking and its beauty fascinating. Its popular ity is bounded only by the horizon of the vast surface of the globe, over which the enlightening rays of the Catholic faith are daily shining. faith has been sown, and wherever it has borne fruit, the resary of the Blessed Virgin has followed in its wake as a second crop and has flourished in every land, in every clime under the sun. And it is but fair, as the illus-trious Lee XIII., of hallowed memory, most fitly says: "So will the love of Mary continue to swell and throb in the vast arteries of humanity, the veins of true Christians, thus shall Catholic ism cause it to overflow lips and hearts. Fervent invocations and sublime devot edness resound in an immense concert, echoing from North to South, from East to West, to accomplish the prophecy which fell from the lips of the Lily of Israel ages ago: "All genera-tions shall call me blessed."

The missionaries who preached the Catholic faith were themselves devout cataone latth were themselves devont clients of the rosary and naturally enough when, with the help of God, they succeeded in making converts to the faith of which they were the her-alds, among other valuable practices of piety they bequeathed to their spiritual children the rich legacy of the Holy Rosary. This devotion, passing from father to son in faithful and uninter-rupted succession, has always been cherished by every sincere and warm hearted Catholic as a most precious in-heritance left to him by his forefathers. Such at least is the case in this small corner of the globe, this diocese of Mangalore, which counts a Catholic population about eight thousand strong, who are so enamored of their rosary as to be deservedly styled 'Lovers of the Rosary." It is to the tireless labors of the Prince Apostle of India—St. Francis Xavier-that our ancestors owed their conversion to the true faith—a grace which it is absolutely not in our power to sufficiently value if we cast a sad look on the unfortunate bulk of the pagan population, groping in the darkness of their absurd religious tenmere drop in the ocean. The resary of the Blessed Virgin taught by the early missionionaries has been transmitted to us by our ancestors, and of all the devotions current here the resary is the one most appreciated and best gone

through. can be, it goes without saying that neither learning nor skill is required True, it is made up of the grandest and most majestic prayers with which our holy faith is nursed, and the constant recitation of them is well calculated to awaken and instill in us the strongest sentiments of piety and devotion. We have to chronicle and devotion. We have to chronicle with pleasure the fact that even the most ordinary people here, literally an unlettered set, living in the remotest crannies and crevices of the villages, practically shut out from the civilized influences of town life, do possess a rosary and recite it. One of the commonest ornaments on the persons of females, either at home or when they necks. As a rule people in the villages use rosaries, of which the beads are strung together on a strong thread, which answers their purpose better than wire. For if the thread give way they knot it up and they have

their rosary repaired, while they are at a loss to do the same with wire.

In every family an extremely edifying sight is the daily recitation of the rosary by all the members of the family in common before their little unpretentions home altars. In the parish churches the rosary is publicly recited by the congregation which as the Sunday Mass. poorer set of people who do not know how to read whenever they drop into the church for some function or other can always be seen reciting the rosary quietly slipping their beads between their fingers while they devoutly lisp the "Hail Mary." In fact, one of the commonest and most usual manner of praying, whether at home or abroad, is the rosary.

Whenever a procession is held the rosary is generally recited or sung by those who take part in it. While the people walk in two rows accompanying a funeral to the church a decade of the resary is recited after each verse of the Miserere till the church is reached.

During the months of May and October—dedicated in a special manner to the honor and glory of Mary-the rosary is daily recited in several churches, and thus the impulse given to it by the late Pontifi receives a vigorous stress as days go by.

Another fact which reflects credit or

Lovers of the Rosary the Cathedral of Mangalore is dedicated Our Lady of the Rosary, and its titular feast is celebrated in a grand style preceded by a novena. There is also among the parishioners a confraternity of Our Lady of the Rosary counting many pious Catholics within its beautiful ranks.

Certain feasts of the Blessed Virgin are heralded by 'Salve Devotions' for eight days, which open every day at sunset with the singing of the rosary, at sunset with the singing of the rosary, in which the congregation takes part. On all souls' day all the members of a the priest to pray aloud, that I might sacraments it abides in Him, and the hear him and answer. And when he more fervently it abides in Him, the decades of the rosary for the souls in the grace of God.

Best Kidney Remedy Known To Science

For pain in the backscanty urine-highly colored urine - irritated bladder irregular bowels-bad stomach - there is nothing that will bring such quick relief and so certain a cure as FRUIT-A-TIVES.

These marvelous tablets are nature's natural remedy for irritated or weakened kidneys. They act directly on the kidneys—soothe the irritated membranes -clean, heal and strengthen the organs -and help them to new vigor

—and help them to new vigor with their work.

Often kidney trouble is not due to any organic defect in the kidneys. If the bowels are constipated—if the skin does not throw off the tissue waste of the body—then these impurities are carried to the kidneys. In a vain endeavor to rid the system of impurities, the kidneys are overworked—the blood vessels are dilated—the nerves inflamed. That causes a host of kidney troubles.



not only heal and strengthen the kidneys but they also increase the action of the skin, and act directly on the liver, thus

curing the constipation.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are the natural and logical cure for all kidney troubles. They are made of fruit and tonics—are pleasant to take—and a guaranteed cure when faithfully used, soc. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not headle they.

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purgatory, chiefly of relatives, friends and acquaintances. While imploring Divine assistance in time of plague, famine or drought and the thousand and one ills to which flesh is heir, the rosary is the pet instrument with which the help of God is imploringly be-seeched and effectively obtained by the faithful of this place. The rosary is often seen twined round the hands often seen twined round

which are joined on the breast of a dead body decently got up for burial. These edifying features which characterize the devotional feelings of a community of people living midst of a pagan atmosphere plainly show how well the lovely appellation of "Lovers of the Rosary" suits them. That the rosary is a form of prayer, which is singularly pleasing to the Blessed Virgin is too well known to need any proof, and as to the showers of blessings both of soul and body that have been generously lavished by her on those devout clients who honor her by this devotion, the religious march of events and the lives of saints bear ample testimony. The burning words of Leo XIII—the Pope of the Holy Rosary-while they echo from pole to pole, keep constantly ringing ears of a Catholic flock, the breath of whose nostrils and the very chorus of whose prayerful supplications is the "rosary" and "the charming rosary." As the rosary has proved itself a priceless treasure and a wealthy boon wherever it is faithfully recited, it is needless to say that it is and that corner of the world, dark though it is with the thick clouds of pagan practices and superstitions, and therefore the Blessed Mother of the Rosary is sure to cherish with a motherly affect

overs of her rosary in a pagan land. O Maria sis Mihi propitia. St. Joseph's Seminary, Mangalore, South Canara, British India.

CATHOLIC HOSPITALS.

A sermon preached at the First Baptist Church, this city, recently, by the Rev. Francis H. Rowley, D. D., in aid of the New England Baptist Hospital, says the Sacred Heart Re view, recognizes that hospitals are not the outcome of Protestantism, but that they existed in Christendom Protestantism, was thought of. The

preacher said :-Our modern hospitals, however, are the developments of those monastic arrangements whereby the various monasteries of earlier Christendom sought to provide for the sick and poor. Each monastery had its infirmary where not only the sick and convalescent were cared for, but the aged and the blind and the incurable. In the course of time separate buildings were erected for this purpose, and special revenues set apart for their

A Beautiful Memorial

Miss Margaret Gardner, a wealthy Baltimore women who died about three years ago, left \$100,000 to the Catholic University, and jewels valued at \$1,200 to Rev. W. E. Russell of the Baltimore Cathedral disposed of as he should Father Russell sold the jewels and then nade a contract with a silver manuacturing firm to furnish him twenty r chalices. They will be ready in weeks and it is Father Russell's silver chalices. intention to present one to each of the twenty churches with the provision that in each of these churches prayers will be said for the repose of Miss Gardoul. The chalices will be fourteen inches high and about each will bear an individual ineach will Miss Gardner's name, and the purpose for which the gift is made.

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not ask for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle; but you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the rich-ness of life which has come in you by ys inggi Lesson

Nestle's Food requires no milk -no sterilizing. Just add water and it's ready for the bottle.

nd it's ready for the bottle.

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protects babies against stomach troubles and summer complaints—gives to mothers a food that they know is absolutely pure and wholesome for babies.

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THE LEEMING, MILES CO. Limited, MONTREAL.

ONE OF MANY HUMBUGS.

Many of our readers may have noticed,

in one at least of the daily papers, a peculiar advertisement, a picture of a man with a high and broad forehead,

deep set eyes and white choker, under-neath which in large type there is first "The Weary Sick," then comes this information.

"Jesus healed the sick, not because they were good, but because they were suffering. He told his followers to "heal the sick," and has greatly honored our efforts to obey the gracious

that the Rev. G. A. Schram must have

ing and worse phrasing. It details the patient's symptoms and expresses complete trust in the healer's power,

complete trust in the neater's power, adding that she has saved up \$63 and doesn t want her husband to know that she is writing to Schram. The latter's reply, which is also published in full,

requires ten dollars a month, paid in advance. Schram advises the sending

give her some other directions; but she must understand that distance

is no obstacle, "I have healed persons more than fifteen hundred miles away."

question why do not the law officers of

the Crown take action in a matter of

Boston's Name.

ton, then to Botston, and finally to Boston. John Cotton came to Ameri-

ca from that town, and named the New England capital after his native

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 Younge Street, Toronto, Canada. References as to Dr. McTaggart's profession-l standing and personal integrity permitted

by:
Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice.
Hon. G. W. Ross. ex-Premier of Ontario.
Rev. John Potts D. D., Victoria College.
Rev. Father Teefy, President of St. Michael's

ollege, Toronto. Right Rev. A. Sweatman, Bishop of Toronto Rev. Wm. McLaren, D. D., Principal Knox

village.

-Winnipeg Central Catholic.

李小龙的女儿,大学被探察的是一种

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty first Sunday after Pentecost.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

I wish to give a short instruction on sacrament of matrimony this morn-

If a marriage with a merely nominal If a marriage with a merely nominal Catholic be fraught with dangerous consequences, and be the cause of much disturbance and anxiety to one who wishes to be a Christian in dead as well as in name—and that it is so I think all will agree—what shall we say think all will agree-what shall we say of a mixed marriage, as it is called—of the union of a Catholic with one who holds religious views opposed to the faith of the Church, or who, perhaps, has no belief or religion at all? How can any true harmony or peace be expected where there is discordance in pected where there is discordance in the matter of religion, which lies near est to the heart, and is more thoroughly interwoven in all the ideas, opinions,

interwoven in all the ideas, opinions, feelings, and practices of a practical Catholic than any other whatever?
Sympathy, union of interests and desires, of plans, hopes, and efforts, must exist in all true friendship; nay, more, without it association or compan more, without it association or companionship of any kind soon becomes a burden. There is no remedy for this except by dropping or putting in the background those aspirations and affections which are not shared by the other party. And what is true of all friend ship is, of course, true above all of that which should be the highest, nearest, and dearest of all friendships—namely, that of marriage. The only way for a Catholic to be at all happy in a mixed marriage is to put religion in the background; to regard it, as, unfortunately, to many do are a matter of rown little. too many do, as a matter of very little importance; as something to be pro-lessed, indeed, and occasionally practised, but which is to have no special influence on the general course and tenor of one's life. How can a Catholic wife, for instance,

who is earnest about her religion be really happy with a husband who cannot attach any importance to, or see any sense in, her practices of devotion; to whom Holy Mass, Benediction, the to whom Holy Mass, Benediction, the sacraments, the veneration of the saints and angels, and many other things which are her great helps and consolations in life, are mere idle mummeries and superstitutions; who looks contemptuously on her observance of Lent, of Fridays, and fast days; who considers all the teachings and laws of the siders all the teachings and laws of the Church an imposition and a fraud, to be done away with as far as possible; who, in short, either looks forward to nothing at all beyond this life, or, if he nothing at all beyond this life, or, if he hopes for heaven, has a different one from hers, and seeks for it in a different way? The only plan that can be followed to secure even a seeming peace and agreement is to bring down the Catholic religion to its lowest level, to make out that it is not very different from Protestantism after all: to be ent from Protestantism after all; to be content with Mass on Sundays; to eat meat on Fridays whenever it is more meat on Fridays whenever it is more convenient; to let the Pope and the Church generally get on as best they can, and to say no more about them than can be helped. Yes, this mixture even in the Catholic party of Catholic and Protestant is only too likely to be the result of a mixed marriage. the result of a mixed marriage.

I know that it may be said, and with I know that it may be said, and with truth, that Protestants are not always prejudiced against our religion; that sometimes a Protestant husband is not only willing but anxious that his Catholic wife should attend thoroughly to her religious duties; and we find cases of Protestant wives even becoming Catholics, mainly, as it would seem, to induce by their example a more faithful practice of religion in their Catholic husbands. But these are results which one indication of receiving the Sacraments with proper dispositions is progress. If people who receive the Sacraments are needed to sacraments be no right to expect—no, not they are promised beforehand to often we find a state of things and marriage much worse than have described. We find, in the most solemn promises made and, a bitter and shameless bands. But these are results which we have no right to expect—no, not we have no right to expect—no, not even if they are promised beforehand. And too often we find a state of things in a mixed marriage much worse than what I have described. We find, in beforehand, a bitter and shameless persecution; Mass and the sacraments forbidden; children denied not only Catholic instruction, but even the grace of baptism; the priest not allowed in the house even in time of sickness, and nearly all hope gone of receiving the last rites of the Church at the hour of death. We do not wish to blame the Protestant party too much in these cases; he may be acting according to his conscience, but such a conscience, though perhaps good enough for him, is not one which a Catholic should run the risk of being governed

TALKS ON RELIGION.

THE SACRAMENTS -SIGNS AND CEREMON

No one will claim that it was neces sary for our Lord to make use of spittle and clay to cure the blind man of Siloe. Why then did He make use of that cere mony? To draw special attention to the miracle and to teach that God may make use of material things as instru-ments of His power.

The miracle illustrates the Sacra

The miracle illustrates the Sacra mental system; that it is God's will to connect great interior or superna tural effects with the use of very simple things. It was not necessary for the Lord to send Naaman, the Syrian, to wash seven times in the river Jordan. He could, by a simple word, have cured him on the instant.

Man is a being both spiritual and corporal, a mixture of the visible and invisible. Hence it appears to have been God's will to use external sym-

been God's will to use external symbols to instruct him and to impress bols to instruct him and through his through his senses and through his mind lessons upon him.

That God attached great importance

to the ceremonies and rites He estab-lished in the Old Law, is evident. He said: "Keep, therefore, the precepts and ceremonies and judgments which I command thee this day to do." (Deut.

In the New Law our Lord has done the same thing by establishing His Secraments as external signs of grace. For the external part of the Sacra ments three things are required—matter, form, minister. In the Sacra ment of baptism, the pouring of the water is the matter. So in Confirmation, the imposition of hands and the and the matter. The matter of a subsec.—Katherine E. Conway.

Sacrament is some external thing, or some rite or action, which is percept ible to the senses, and which represents manner, the grace conveyed to the

In addition to the matter, In addition to the matter, or with the matter there must be form. The form consists of words, of some words which give to the matter a definite significance or scope. The mere pouring of water would have no definite meaning or significance of itself. But when the words are joined to it, as: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," there is then the outward sign of the there is then the outward sign of the inward grace conferred on the soul.

That the outward actions may really That the outward actions may really exist as the matter and form of the Sacraments, there must be some one to apply them. This person is the minister of the Sacrament. In case of necessity any one may be the minister of baptism. Each sacrament has its proper minister. A bishop is required for Confirmation and for Holy Orders. In the other sacraments a priest is the In the other sacraments a priest is the

ordinary minister. cipient of a Sacrament should lisposed: "Blessed are those be well disposed: "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after justice for they shall be filled." Those who approach the sacraments with these dispositions will receive abundantly of distinct greece.

divine grace.
There are three Sacraments which been validly conferred—Baptism, Confirmation and Holy Orders. They impress an indelible mark or character on the soul. Each of these marks is, in the soul. Each of these marks 18, in effect, a new dignity conferred on the soul, an elevation to a new rank. Hence the person baptized is as it were of a different caste than the one not bap tized. Possibly here we may get an inkling of why the Church maintains as St. Paul did that the marriage of a bap tized with an unbaptized person is only a fictitious marriage when no dispensa tion has been obtained.

The new dignity or rank conferred by the Sacraments can never be lost in the sense that it is eradicted. It may, it is true, be turned into a mis-fortune by persistent sin or apostacy,

may, it is true, be turned into a misfortune by persistent sin or apostacy,
and thus give us an illustration of a
blessing turned into a curse.

Baptism gives us the rank and the
rights of the children of God. We
may become prodigals but we never
actually cease to be children of God.
This rank will ultimately be for our
glory in heaven or for our ignominy in
hell.

The Sacraments are sometimes divided into Sacraments of the living and sacraments of the dead. The dead can receive no Sacrament ; the term Sacraments of the dead has reference to baptism and penance as these Sacraments remove sins which cause the death of the soul inasmuch as these sins deprive the soul of supernatural life or of sanctifying grace. The other Sacraments are called Sacraments of the living, be are came a sacraments of the living, because they are not intended to bestow the first grace but to increase sanctifying grace in the soul. Hence anyone who receives any of the Sacraments of the living must at the time be free from mortal single. mortal sin.

To receive the Sacraments profitably, to receive abundantly their treasures we must hunger and thirst for them, to we must hunger and thirst for them, to be in such dispositions that there will be in us nothing of "the hard and stony ground." Then we will be filled with the "good things," the graces and treasures of which the Sacraments are the chanels.

One indication of receiving the Sac

ministers, or that they can be changed to others by the pastors of different churches, let him be anathema " or cursed. These ceremonies are a safe guard for the essential rites on which the efficacy of the Sacraments de-

pends.

How beautifully the "white garment" and the "burning light" explain the effects produced by the Sacrament of Baptism.—Catholic Universe.

A BISHOP IN ENGLAND'S HOP FIELDS.

The Bishop of Southwark, England, dock Wood, the great hop centre in Kent. The London Daily Mail thus

describes the event:

"The unusual spectacle of a Bishop in full canonicals in the Kentish hop fields was witnessed yesterday at Paddock Wood. Clad in violet cassock and biretta, the Bishop of Southwark wandered through the hopper's encampments, and many were the speculations as to his ecclesiastical status and personality. The Bishop's vestments as to his ecclesiastical status and personality. The Bishop's vestments deeply impressed the hoppers, and all the children were called up to look at him. The purpose of the Bishop's visit was to celebrate Mass, and hun dreds of hoppers gathered round the Roman Catholic mission tent, where a primitive altar had been erected. A table covered with cloths formed the base, ginger beer bottles disguised base, ginger beer bottles disguised with paper and filled with dahlias took the place of vases, a tin saucepan held the holy water and the consecration stone was mounted on some bricks. Behind the altar was a large red cross raised on the top of a hap pole. The congregation of hoppers formed a curious and motley collection, but they were most devout and evidently fully conscious of the honor which the Bishop had done them."

Oh, it pays to be true; it pays to be faithful; it pays to respect the hearts and hopes of our fellow creatures of every sort and condition. Only he with one fixed and high standard of honor can make and keep that friendship and good will of his fellows which no one can dispense with, and which it

CATHOLICS AND CATHOLICS.

A hearty admiration for the great work of missions to non Catholios need not keep us from being thorough ly in agreement with the following comment of the Sacred Heart Review upon a recent address of Archbishop

"We have heard a great deal lately about converting New England. Apparently the conversion was to be effected by speeches and social functions. The courtiers of King Cannte were never more fulsome or sickening. But ithe Archbishop, as effectively as Canute taught them a needed lesson in this address. The duty of the hour, according to the Archbishop, is, not the conversion of New England but the instruction of Catholics. Our first obligation, he believes, is to keep what we have. He sees our men young and old being led astray by immoral political principles. He sees dishonesty condoned, or even praised, providing it helps our side." He judges rightly that our first concern should be to denounce this rascality; to tell the whole world that no man "We have heard a great deal lately out converting New England. should be to denounce this rascality; to tell the whole world that no man can do these things and be a Catholic. This is the gospel that will save Catholics, and, at the same time its practice will conduce more than speeches or social functions to convert New England."

There is nothing that does more to

There is nothing that does more to keep non-Catholics out of the Church than the bad lives of Catholics. They than the bad lives of Catholics. They see Catholics dishonest in business, or engaged in traffic which no decent man should soil his hands with; they see them corrupt in politics; and they ask, Can the tree be good which produces such evil fruit? There is immorality in business deeper and more morality in business deeper and more far reaching than the use of false weights and measures; and our people do not hear enough about it from the pulpit. We have often thought that if the Catholic preacher concerned himself as much about the Seventh Commandment as he does about the Commandment, our people would be as much superior to their neighbors in honesty as they are now admittedly superior in chastity. And besides business honesty, there is And besides business nonesty, there is political honesty to be considered, Wnen a St. Louis priest drove a corrupt political "bcs;" from his parish by his denunciations of him from the altar, all his brethren thought he had gene too far. In our opinion, the fault lay with the others who did not go far enough. Such a man should be afraid to enter a Catholic church till he mended his ways, for fear of hearing himself named from the pulpit.—An-Next we find in bold capitals the tigonish Casket.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

Next we find in bold capitals the words, "Wilt thou be made whole?" Finally appears the business ending: "For particulars address with stamp, Rev. G. A. Schram, 445 Cumberland Ave., Winnipeg, Man. Phone 2720." As this displayed advertisment must cost a good penny and has been appearing for some time, the natural inference is that the Rev. G. A. Schram must have Ireland's annual pilgrimage Croagth Patrick this year was greater than ever before. Pilgrims from near and from afar directed their steps and from alar directed their steps towards the holy mount which had been sanctified by the footprints of Saint Patrick. The numbers and piety of the thousands testified eloquently to the allegiance of the Irish to their that the Rev. G. A. Schram must have found it profitable. But, unfortunately for him the editor of Town Topics has caught him in a clever trap. He got a friend to concoct a letter purporting to come from an uneducated woman in Crystal City, Manitoba. The letter, which was published in Town Topics of last week, is a masterpiece of bad spelling and worse phrasing. It details the

religion and traditions. religion and traditions.

Down along the ages, since the introduction of Christianity, the Irish people have been remarkable for their great adherence to the sacred cause of great adherence to the sacred cause of religion. Through the bitter years of famine and persecution they have followed the pure white flame of faith which was enkindled in their breasts by their national apostle well nigh 1,500 years ago. The Irish Rosary, in a cleverly written article, inspired by this pilgrimage, goes on to say something on this point which should warm the cockles of the heart of every true Irish American: "Cajolery, bribery, worldly preferments, and the other allurements which the material held out to their views were of no avail. of one ten dollar bill or two fives, and adds: "That will pay for a month, but I can't promise that you will be healed in a month and yet you may be healed in less than a month." He enjoins secrecy, quoting the words of our Lord. "See thou tell no man." When she has sent the money, he will let her know the time at which he will engage himself with her case, each day, and he may give her some other directions; but thing on this point which should warm the cockles of the heart of every true lrish. American: "Cajolery, bribery, worldly preferments, and the other allurements which the material held out to their views were of no avail. Priest hunting and penalizing proved equally futile. Empires might pass away; materialism, with his attendant satellites, might stalk abroad, and grub among the garbage of ungodly places; away; materialism, with his attendant satellites, might stalk abroad, and grub among the garbage of ungodly places; the pillars of society might rock and sway, but the grand edifice of Irish religious fervor remained stable as the bed-rock of the Catholic Church. If more than liteen hundred miles away.

After this clever exposure, the "sanctimonious shark," as Town Topics aptly
styles him, will probably cease to make
Winnipeg the centre of his scheme for the ped-rock of the Catholic Church. If our sneering economic experts, and our prejudiced national apologists took a more rational view of the spiritual side of the Irish character they would arrive at a clearer understanding of the problem which they have essayed to solve."—Boston Pilot. obtaining money under false pretences. Most people will naturally ask the

Month of the Rosary.

this kind where a fraud is very evident. October is always one of the best and nost enjoyable of the twelve months in Are they waiting for some one to make this country. Its days are generally magnificent ones, full of sunshine, light a complaint? If the law requires this there is in it a big loop hole which magnificent ones, full of sunshine, light and happiness; and what prettier pictures could be desired than those the woods present to the gaze now, with the scarlet and golden colors of the changing leaves? To the Catholic however, October has other charms than those with which nature invests should be filled up without delay. The publisher of the newspaper admitting such matter to his columns should also be prosecuted. - Editor CATHOLIC its delightful days. It is the month set apart by Catholic devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary and the Guardian Boston owes its name to a Catholic saint. Early in the seventh century a Catholic monk named Botolph founded Angels. a Catholic monk named Bottoph lounded a church in what is now Lincolnshire, England. As the years went by, a town grew up around the church and was called Botolphstown, This was shortened for convenience into Botolphs

Whoever serves God with a pure neart, and, setting aside all individual and human interests, seeks only His and human interests, steas of the glory, has reason to hope for success in all he does, and especially under circumstances when, according to human judgment, there is no help; for the divine works are above human aloftic. prudence, and depend upon a loftie principle—St. Charles Borromeo.

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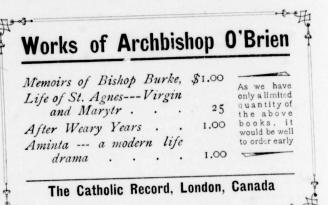
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THE CATHOLIC RECORD London, Canada

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. The Young Man's Responsibility.

The thirty-second annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union was held in New York Sept. 25 and 26. The president, Rev. Walter J. Shanley, permanent rector of St. Peter's Church, Danbury, Conn., de livered the following address on "The Young Man's Responsibility:"

distinction between the young man's responsibility and that of ther man is not marked, nor is the difference wide.

The young wan has, however, a distinctive responsibility, which has its reason in his obligation to form, early in life, habits which will mould his character, and have a bearing on future

conduct.

The ideal may not be easy of attain-

ment in its perfect form, but it should be an object of earliest effort. Habits of thought and action are easily developed in the period of young manhood, with its bright hopes and enth asm, which frequently the young man on the breast of a full tide over rocks and shoals to suc-Many qualities go to define the man's responsibility. It will be fficient to discuss a few.

Generosity, courage and energy, are dispositions which ought to be brought into exercise by the young man, in order to faithfully discharge his responsibility to society and to himself. Gen erosity finds its exercise in contribu-ting to the weltare of society. He is a social being, not a solitary. He has duties toward his fellow men. He is dependent on his elders and upon men of his own generation. Others depend on him and expect service at his hands

The dominant principle of Christian society is. "No man is intended to live for himself." If one has the true spirit of generosity, he will, in some measure, live for others, and live for himself in order the more effectually to live for his fellow-men. The better we are equipped, the more serviceable can we be to others.

The stronger, the higher one is, the more effectively can he raise others to a higher plane, and tortify them in that position. The world is a selfish world, and is mainly influenced by the principle—"Every man for himself." Men ciple-"Every are generous when self interest requires of them an open and a helping hand. few make sacrifices for the welfare of others, with no view a ulterior personal compensation. Generosity implies sacrifice, high motive, kindness, which if not Christian charity, endable-an afterglow of the

True, sterling generosity is not foreign to courage. The young man should be a man. He is no longer a child. He should not think as a child, under stand as a child, nor speak as a child. He should put away the things of a child, as St. Paul advises. Defects which are among the tempers of mind which are childish, should be elimin ated from his life. Human respect, cowardice, fear of ridicule, should have no part in him. Self denial is a powertul means. Self-respect, strength fortitude, self mastery, which are th elements of Christian manhood, should be fostered by him. Unless the young man is a mere child in disposition and habit, he ought to be able to deny him-self. An occasional effort will not suffice. He must take up his cross

The world admires men who are called great, who have achieved distinction by some heroic act, or exceptional success, which has subdued the popular mind and compelled applause, but who in private life are veritable slaves to passion. No man is truly great who is not master of himself. There is no slavery like unto the thral dom, in which passion or caprice holds sway. True liberty has its foundation in the subjection of the will to God's Human instinct as human passion is not man's guiding principle of conduct. Man has passions which will de stroy him unless he destroys them should be the master, not the slave.

A young man may succeed in life without social prestige, or without edu-cation, but he cannot succeed without

self-mastery.

The history of mankind has proved that self-control will succeed with one talent, while self-indulgence will fail with ten.

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts.' Energy is the necessary accompaniment of courage in the development of ment of courage in the development of character. Man naturally dislikes ex-ertion. His tendency is downward. He seeks the easiest way. The indis-pensable condition of success in life is effort. Without effort there can be no true development. The duty of the young man is to find out what he is able young man is to find out what he is able to do, and having found it, to do it with all his might. He may not have great ability, but if he has the genius of labor, he can do wonders. Labor is a kind of omnipotence. It is the philosopher's stone that turns common material into gold. There is no excellence without labor. It is God's wonder worker. It is the condition of success. "Excellence in any department."

"Excellence in any department," said Dr. Johnson, "can be obtained only by the labor of a life time; it is not to be purchased at any lesser price."

Michael Angelo said of Raphael: "One of the sweetest souls that ever breathed, he owed more to his industry than to his genius." This great artist died at the age of thirty-seven, yet he left two hundred and eighty-seven pictures and over five hundred draw-

ings.
"People sometimes attribute my success to my genius," said Alexander Hamilton, "all the genius I know about is hard work."

On his seventieth birthday, Daniel Webster told the secret of his success "Work has made me, what I am. I never ate a bit of idle bread in my life." When William Gladstone was approaching four score and ten, he paid tribute to work: "The gray angel of success. I early formed the habit of industry, and it has been its own reward. The young are apt to think that rest means

a cessation from all effort, but I have found the most perfect rest in changing effort."

"I find my greatest pleasure," said Edison, "in the work that precedes what the world calls success." The old German inscription on a key: "If rest, I rust" should be every young

man's maxim. man's maxim.

Man is inclined to try the path of least resistance, the cheapest, the easiest route. There is no growth, no development without resistance and development without resistance and conflict. conflict. To cease to struggle is to let go, and drift down the stream.

The young man should have no mean opinion of his ability, for if he is energetic, he is able to do more than he dreams. Labor is the law and condi tion of progress, realizing day by day esterday's impossibilities.

The land is filled with young men who

can find nothing to do, because they do ly well. The fine skill which places u in the front rank can be acquired by patient, assiduous labor, and in no other way. It is God's law of progres giving dignity and charm to life, a law of liberty and inequality. We are what we make ourselves by the free use of

'We have but what we make, and ever good Is locked by nature in a granite land, Sheer labor must unclench."

In all this the young man must not lose sight of the end for which he ex-ists. His first and highest duty is to "seek the Kingdom of God." His generosity, courage and energy should be directed to the fulfillment of the purpose for which he came into being. His greatest responsibility is based on his relation to his Creator. Natural qualities will avail little, unless they are informed by grace.

"Cheer up."

The world, says the writer in The Bundle of Sticks, is taking your photograph.

Look pleasant. Of course you have your troubles-troubles you can not tel to a policeman A whole lot of things bother you. Of course. Business wo ries or domestic sorrows, it may be, or what not. You find life a rugged road, whose stones hurt your feet. Never

It may be your real disease is selfishness, ingrown selfishness. You imagine your tribulations are worse than others bear. You feel sorry for yourself—the meanest kind of pity. It is a pathetic illusion. Rid "Cheer up." Rid yourself of that-and

What right have you to carry a pic ture of your weebegone face and funeral way among your fellows, who have troubles of their own? If you must whine or sulk or scowl, take a car to the unfrequented lanes.

Your ills are mostly imaginary. If you were really on the brink of bank-ruptcy, or if there were no thoroughfares through your sorrows, you would clear your brows, set your teeth and make the best of it.

You are making a hypothetical case of your troubles and suffering from a self-inflicted verdict: you are borrowing trouble and paying a high rate of

'Cheer up.

interest. Why, man! In ten minutes' walk you may see a score of people worse off than you. And here you are digging your own grave and playing pallbearer into the bargain. Man alive, you must do your own work. Smile even though it be through your tears—which through your tears-which speed-

ily dry-and Cheer up." Ay, cheer up! Why not? Is not the world a good place to live in? Think the matter over and see if you cannot find some way of better for yourself and those around you, nor forget the generations who will follow you.—Trades Unionist.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Mirror of Fate.

Here is a legend which I heard in Venice. I offer it to all among you who are fond of solitude and silence. I offer it to you as I would offer a flower which has blossomed amid sombre shad-

ows on a sleeping lagoon:
Ghita Gherardini was the niece of the doge. Poets whose names we have for-gotten, but who were renowned at that gotten, but who were renowned at that time, had composed innumerable songs in her honor. They praised in them the tresses of the young girl, black as night, in which pearls gleamed like milk white stars. They also sang about the radi ance of her dark violet eyes and about the two roses which formed her lips. In truth, Ghita Gherardini was very beautiful. She had, however, listened too earnestly to the passionate words of the singers, and an immense pride took possession of her young soul.

One night she heard beneath her win dow the yearning sob of a lute. Stand

dow the yearning sob of a lute. Stand ing in a motionless gondola, a lovestck page was singing to her. Tender was the music, and the water and the darkness added something to the sweetness. of the strains and to the passion in the voice of the singer. The young page was glorifying her as the most radiant

was glorifying her as the most radiant among all women.
Ghita heard him, and a delightful tremor ran through her. Without waiting to light the torches, which had gone out, she took her mirror and ran to the window, through which the moonlight shone into her room. Thereupon in this mysterious light she saw that she was strangely beautiful; that her beauty was indeed almost supernatural. The moonlight revealed her pale and transparent, like the princess of a poem.

parent, like the princess of a poem.
Intoxicated with her charms, she let the seductive mirror slip from her hand, and a sigh of admiration and of eestacy escaped her as she cried: "I am beautiful! I am beautiful!"

Thenceforth Ghita Gherardini spent Thenceforth Ghita Gherardin spent all her time marveling at her own beauty. She did not desire to fall in love, for she fancied that there was no man living who was worthy of her. Those songs which had no words of praise for her eyes and her hair she treated with contempt, and to the mysteries of religion she never gave a thought.

thought. She went to High Mass solely for the

purpose of being seen by the people and of being flattered by them as they whispered to one another about her. The restless eyes were never turned

toward the altar.

She thought of nothing save her own triumphant beauty and of the jewels which set it off in sumptuous fashion.

One day Ghita Gherardini slipped a iittle mirror beside the first page of her Mass book, which had been delicately illuminated by a pious artist. And while her attitude of devotion edified the whititude stated her for a constant of the stated of the stat the multitude she studied her face en

shrined in the book of prayer.

The dogs's niece had torgotten that the Creator alone is worthy of worship and not any of his creatures. She had also forgotten that pride is an abomin able sin-aye, perhaps the most perilous of all sins—since it was the cause of the rebellion of the archangels and the downfall of Lucifer.

Ghita Gherardini was inently studying her face in the little nirror between the holy leaves of her Mass book, and suddenly she uttered a loud cry of terror. Through the large building g it rang, drowning the solemn voice of the priest, the responses of the congregation and the sonorous murmur of the organ. And straightway the doge's niece fell to the ground in a faint. She had seen reflected in the mirror, the sacrilegious mirror, not her own countenance, but that of

death. There is to day in the Church of San Giorgis Maggiore, where this miracle was accomplished, the statue of a was accomplished, the statue of a woman, who is seated and looking at herself in a mirror. Very beautiful is this woman, as beautiful as Ghita Gher ardini was formerly. The story goes that this statue is the work of a famous sculptor, but the people believe—and their legends contain a good deal of truth-that it was once Ghita Gher ardini herself and that her body was turned into stone by the terrible vision.

To all those who love the silence of lead cities I offer this legend. I found it at Venice as one occasionally finds a flower which has blossomed amid somber shadows on a sleeping lagoon.—Helene de Zuylen de Nyevelt in European Edition New York Herald.

Made Mother Happy. "Mother's cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie:

'Then it is the very time for you to
be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal in the night with the

poor baby.' "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that if nyone spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry or out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will!"

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat tending a fretful teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the

He stopped fretting and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother?" she asked.

such a nice morning."
"I should be glad if you would," said her mother. e little hat and sack were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his

ride.
"I'll keep him as long as he is good,"
said Maggie; "and you must lie on the
sofa and get a nap while I am gone.
You are looking dreadfully tired."

often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and

given her time to rest.

She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words, "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—True

The Ideal for Boys.

It is the ambit on of all boys to be men. Do they think what constitutes manhood? The idea of most boys is

Boys should be taught that these things are not all that constitute man hood. It is something more than mature years and size or parental free-dom. True manhood is made up of character, of human excellence, of good behavior, gentlemantiness, of honesty, of truthfulness, of desire and ability to do good. Whatever that person's calling, his first thought should be to be a man, a useful man, a true man in every respect and at all times. He may be a poor man, so far as the possession of this world's goods is concerned, and yet be an ideal man, a pure man in thought and action, standing before God and man as one determined to do is whole duty to his fellow creatures far as circumstances and ability permit. A man clean in mind and body pay defy the world and be respected by ery one. Let boys keep an his kind of manhood ever before then and endeavor to imitate him in his vir-ues and they will be likely to spend heir days in happiness and possess an deal family and home. -- Intermountain

Shakespeare a Catholic.

The Osservatore Romano prints in tail a story which is causing no end comment in literary circles. The ory is entitled "William Shakes-bare a Roman Catholic." Then it roceeds: "The learned critic De agemont has published the authentic stament of the great poet Shakes-

eare, which begins with the words:
"In the name of the Father, of the on, and of the Holy Ghost, of the lessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, the archangels, angels, patriarchs, rophets, evangelists, apostles and artyrs of the whole court of Heaven, ad of my angel guardian, I William hakespeare, unworthy member of the ly Catholic, apostolic and Roman re on, etc., etc.

Thus finishes," continues the note, every pretension substained with such persistency by Protestants, that was born, had lived and died out-

Already two trustworthy Protestants, Richard Dawies (Davies?) and Prof. Signoers, had asserted that William Shakespeare was a 'Catholic pist,' as was said at that time; and suizot affirmed that the father of Shakespeare, who bore the name of John, was a Catholic, and hence educated his son in a Catholic manner.'

AN EDIFYING LIFE AND DEATH.

A beautiful hidden life was that of the late Mrs. Craigie, better known as "John Oliver Hobbes," author of "The School for Saints," "Robert Orange" and other clever and popular

When her lifeless body was found,' says the Tablet, "her rosary was in her hand and her crucifix on her She constantly wore a gold breast.' locket containing a pink slip of paper on which she had written the parting words addressed to her when leaving convent school by the Mother erior: "Be very silent. Trust Superior : greatly in the Sacred Heart, and not nch in anything below it's least of all friends. When the sur goes in they in friends. change color. But the Sacred Heart is

the same yesterday, to-day, forever."
Her death was sudden, but not unprovided, we may be sure. Craigie was a convert, and though prominent in the social and the literary worlds, she rejoiced in the secret consolation of religion.

ARE THEY IN THE SWIM?

Father Phelan, of the Western Watchman, wants to know what becomes " of the sons of the Catholic millionaires in New York and San Francisco, where You are looking dreadfully tired."
What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down the walk. She had done real good. She had given back a little they were edifying member

society.
"Where are all the young Mackays and Kellys, and Crockers and Phelans and Olivers and O'Briens and Floods and hundreds of others that we might and numerical of others that we might mame? They have dropped out of the Church and dropped into the polluted swim. The elergy of San Francisco tell the world that the benefactors of the Church of other days have left no heirs, and there are only the very poor men. Do they think what constitutes manhood? The idea of most boys is that a man is one grown in years and size and free to come and go and act without parental or other restraint. Hers, and there are only the very poor left to rebuild the ruined structures of the past. The young Catholic millionaires have no money to spare, as their style of living demands every penny of

enough if this was all that could be said to their discredit. These Catho lic young millionaires are as corrupt nearly as their Protestant companions are doing their full share towards corruoting the rising generation of boys and girls. Their life is a round of dissipation, and the trail of their

PURE SOAP kinds.

In Newm n' Wake.

nents.'

immorality is drawn over the five conti-

According to the returns of the American Statistical Society, the per-sons who have embraced Catholicity since the Tractarian movement in 1850 include 445 graduates of Oxford, 213 of Cambridge and 63 of other universities besides 27 peers, 244 military officers, 162 authors, 139 lawyers and 60 physi cians. Among the graduates were 446 clergymen of the Established Church.

It is those friends of Jesus, who are most dear to Him, who are wont to be tried the most. If Christ sought not Himself, but became obedient, and ready to undergo all that was most vile and painful, why dost thou shrink, as thou dost, from toil and distress?



Daily Spasms.

St. Jacon's, Ont., Nov 28, 1899.
Since a child 6 years old I was subject to St. Yius Dance and Spassas, and seeing an advertivement of Pastor Koenig's Nerve To at every raided to try it. Its effect has been wonderfulfor before using I had spasms almost daily, but since taking this remedy have not had an attack has twelve days, and shall continue its use. MISS LYDIA RUDY.

Mr. W. F. Hackey, of Bathurst Village, N. Br. mys that his little girl had from two to three attacks of fits a day for five or six months, but since she took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic had only one in to months and none since.

Mr. C. Noyes, of Brockville, writes that he didn't have a fit in 13 weeks since he took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, while before that he had attacks every week.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine. Prepared by the REV. PATHER ROBNIC, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the

KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada:—The Lyman Bros, & Co., Ltd., Toronto; The Wingate Curmical Co., Ltd., Montreal.



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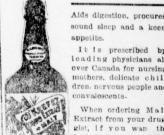
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Catholic Record, LONDON,

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Bread that Builds Bone and Muscle Retailed everywhere throughout the Great Dominion WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., Limited Mills at Winnipeg, Coderich and Brandon

We have reached Paris, and have spent a lew days amidst its churches, convents, palaces and beautiful gardens We left London in good shape, having a better idea of the immensity of the world. We were very much interested in the innumerable places in and about London, immortalized by We have reached Paris, and have spent a lew days amidst its churches, convents, palaces and beautiful gardens. We left London in good shape, having a better idea of the immensity of the world. We were very much interested in the innumerable places in and about London, immortalized by historians and writers. During the twenty centuries gone by there have been enacted in that huge metropolis, deeds, the most glorious, the most heroic, the most patriotic and the most heroic, the most patriotic and the most beneficent: likewise crimes public and private, the bloodiest, most disgraceful and tyrannical, many of which acts, whether glorious or ignoble, still live

seats are made of wood, light a d mov-

seats are made of wood, light a d movable, enabling worshippers to use them at pleasure. On reaching the Church and Seminary of St. Sulpice, we presented our letters and were received most kindly by the good Fathers, who made us feel as perfectly at home as if we were in the Grand Seminary at Montreal. This home like friendship was I can assure you fully appreciated.

was, I can assure you, fully appreciated, and I wish to put on record this tribute of our gratitude to the saintly priests

are clad in cassock, cincture and Roman

hat. All are busy in their churches and everything goes on quietly and with great devotion. We attended solemn High Mass in Notre Dame and other churches. The grandeur of the vestments, the attendants clad in unit

form, the altar boys so perfectly trained

all of one opinion regarding the policy of the Church and the Government. The situation does not seem to them ser-

ious, they say our newspaper reports should not be relied upon. We saw one church, St. Eustatius, near the big

market, where the sacristy door was split open to make the inventory. The

people made resistance but no one was injured. Whoever has visited Paris at this season of the year will understand what a wealth of beauty meets one's eye. The palaces and boulevards are

eye. The palaces and board in their brightest array, the flowers, in their brightest array the groves have

In the heart of the city are the palaces of the Louvre, filled with treasures of art, of science, of antiqui-

Through a maze of drives, we pass

groves, fountains, gardens, etc., until we come to the "Palace of St. Cloud,"

then on for twelve miles reaching the Palace of Versailles, both magnificent

in conception and execution. The Chamber of Deputies (House of Com-

mons) is also a costly and luxurious array of buildings. The Hotel des Invalides contains the grand National Royal chapel, attended by several priests. In an adjoining chapel, under

the grand dome is the circle, containing the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte, in a massive Sarcophagus, with emblematic

statues standing sentinel. This rich creation of polished and glittering art,

with the superb, high altar, reflects its

Ville-is one of the most interesting

cent monument erected to Lafay -

buildings in Paris, historically

his satisfaction, when he said.

CALUMNIATORS PUNISHED.

press of Italy receives and publishes

the reputation of a worthy and zealous priest by setting affoat slanderous re-ports, the victim of their calumny,

Rev. Don Ratti, resolved to spend his

Rev. Don Ratti, resolved to spend his last cent to obtain justice. The matter was investigated by the civil tribunal behind closed doors, and the criminals have met with their deserts. After a long and patient hearing, the judges sentenced Joseph Calandrone and Alcide Naser to six months' imprisonments and beautiful the chief deliment.

ment each, while the chief delinquent.

Simon Volta, is to have the special sur-

veillance on the part of Italian detec-

splendor of autumnal tints.

were guillotined.

and the solemn plain chant impresses us profoundly with the beauty of the old religion "ever new." The priests are

in gold or marble.

One of my companions stopped at the one of my companions stopped at the head of Westminster Bridge, before a fine statue of Queen Boadicea in her war-charlot, who so long and valiantly resisted the Roman Invasion, and gazing intently, my friend respected the propher with telling and even on the streets they are to the propher with telling and even on the streets they are to the propher with telling and even on the streets they are to the propher with telling and even on the streets they are to the propher with telling and even on the streets they are to the propher with telling and even on the streets they are to the propher with telling and even on the streets they are to the propher with telling and the propher with telling and the propher with and gazing intently, my friend re-peated the poetic prophecy with telling

When the British warrior Queen. Bleeding from the Roman rods, Sought with an indigeant mien Counsel from her country's gods,

Rome shall perish! Write that sentence Ever biazoned on her crest. Death, destruction, swifter vengeance, Shall transfix her haughty breast."

History so often repeats itself and

At the great Cathedral of Canter-At the great Cathedral of Canterbury, our thoughts reverted to King Ethelbert, St. Augustine and to the long line of saintly Archbishops of Canterbury and Primates of England—then to Henry II. and to the Martyred a Becket, to Henry the VIII. and his willing tool, Thomas Craumer, of unhappy memory—then to poor Cardinal Pole and to the subsequent history of this far famed edifice. St. Martin's church in Canterbury is said to be the oldest church in England, having been built during the Roman occupation, built during the Roman occupation,

their richest hue, and the groves have added to their peerless green, the early in the 5th century.

From Dover to Calais is fifteen miles, across the straits of Dover. This is the historic passage between England and France since Caesar led the Roman tressures of arc, of science, of another ties. Surrounding them on three sides is the city proper, with buildings ex-actly uniform, fronted with long rows of pillars and open porticoes. We were shown the exact spot in the Tuilleries. Legions from Gaul to the Conquest of

Britain 55, B. C. The passage was quite rough; how ever, we escaped all inconvenience by following a friends advice, to stay on deck, keeping to the centre as much as possible, watching the bow and plunging with the boat. Calais reminds us of Quebec, built on the side of a high cliff. On landing we realized we were beyond the confines of the British Empire, and in France

"The chosen home of chivalry The garden of Romance."

shown the exact spot in the Tuilleries, where stood the palace of Napoleon III. from where the Empress Eugenie escaped in 1871. Continuing without interruption, are the Elysian Fields (champs Elysees), and boulevards extending from the Temple of Concord to the place where the obelisk of Luxor marks the fated spot where Louis XVI. and his the beautiful Queen, Marie Antoinette, with thousands more, were guillotined. Everything French-language, build ings, manners, costumes and money.

At Amiens we had time to visit its noble Cathedral, one of the largest in Europe, its ceiling being higher than the summit of the cross on St. Mary's Church spire, London, Ont., while its control is more than twice that high. spire is more than twice that high. In another hour we reached Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy, said to be the next most interesting city in France, after Paris. The spire of its great Cathedral is more than 100 feet higher than that of Amiens reaching 465 feet. Its front portals are pro-fusely decorated in Roman architectural and emblematic designs, and the rich rose windows in both these Cathedrals re remarkable and date back to the thirteenth century. It was in this city that poor Joan of Arc was burned, 1431.

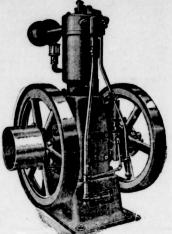
gold and jewelled decorations in the flood of brilliant light from the lofty dome. We visited the Bourse Stock A water fountain surmounted by her statue marks the spot, and, as we read the inscription, we feel a thrill of sadthe inscription, we feel a thrill of sadness. It is consoling, however, to know that she has been canonized and her colden status manufactures and selling stock, and sending and recolden status manufactures. ceiving messages on the fish poles of the attendants. The City Hall—Hotel de golden statue mounted on a golden charger, waving her white silken banner towards Orleans, graces the superb gardens of the Louvre in Paris.

At last we reached Paris, by swiftly moving and crowded train, landing at the Gare St. Lazare. What can we say of Paris? We were delighter than the Communes in 1871, it was rebuilt grander than ever. At the magnificant we have the control of the ed with Dublin, were charmed with Edinburgh, were bewildered with London, but we are enchanted with Paris. Being refreshed by a good night's rest, we started out next morning and soon met the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Here is a stately, magnificent edifice, the pride of Paris, with its ponderous towers, its heavy walls and pillars, its grained marble ceiling, its flying bull resses, its graceful central spire and its

richly decorated Gothic architecture.

It has twenty eight inner chapels richly furnished with works of art. Everything, however, bears the impress of time, most of it being built about seven hundred years ago, and thou h it shows the durability of time it does not reflect the brightness — I dare not say the beauty-of our modern churches. In this sanctuary, took place in 1805 the coronation of Napoleon Bonaparte and the Empress Josephine in presence of Pope Pius ViI. and a host of Cardinals, Prelates and Nobles, a most brilliant scene, forming the subject of Ruben's greatest painting in Louvre. We were shown the treasures of the Church, rich with royal munifi-cence; souvenirs of saints and sainted martyrs, among which are the blood-stained robes of Archbishop Dar-boy, executed by the Commune during the Red Rebellion of 1871. Notre Dame stands on an island in the middle of the Seine, and almost in the heart of the city, surrounded by many other stately buildings on the same island. I think there are at least a dozen churches, within five minutes walk of it. Most of the churches in Paris are vast and costly structures, rich in outward finish, grand and imposing in their interior, such are the Madeleine and churches of St. Angela, Clotilde, Francis and the Sacred Heart, this church being the head quarters of

League of the Sacred Heart." I said Mass one Sunday on a side altar, in the church of Notre Dame de Victoires where a miraculous cure had taken place during the previous week. A young girl had made a pilgrimage to Lourdes without receiving the use of her limbs which had been crippled for years. On her return she visited this church still hopeful, when she was suddenly restored to health, walked through the Church, and threw herself at the foot of this altar. Judging from Times. **Could You Use It?**



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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA

CHICAGO, U. S. A. ASSUMPTION COLLEGE.

Sandwich, Ont., Oct. 8, 1906. Editor of CATHOLIC RECORD:

Dear Sir-The annual meeting of the lumni Association of Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont., will be held in the college club rooms on Oct. 18, 1906. The program for the occasion will be

Solemn Mass at 9 o'clock.
Celebrant—Rev. L. Goldrick.
Deacon—Rev. P. McKeop.
Sub deacon—Rev F. Le Fevre,
Master of Ceremonies—Rev. P. L'Heureux,
Censer Bearor—Rev W. J. Fitzoatrick.
Acolytes—Rev. E. Taylor, and Rev. J. Koelter. Sermon-Rev. F. Van Antwerp.

The meeting of the alumni will be neld in the club rooms immediately after Mass. A banquet will be given at 12.30

The toast master for the occasion will be Rev. J. Hally of Wyndotte.
The toasts and responses will be as

"The Holy Father"-Response by Right Rev. Bishop McEvay of London.
"Alma Mater" -Response by Rev. E. Caldwell "The Alumni"—Response by Right Rev. Dean

OB-ien.
"Old Times"—Response by Rav. P. Corcoran.
"The Staff"—Response by Very Rev. R.
McBrady. All old students of the college are

invited to attend. C. COLLINS, Sec.

UNIVERSITIES SPRANG FROM THE MONASTERIES.

ette and George Washington, in the garden of the Tuilleries, we met a friendly and interesting party of American travellers with whom we spent some time, talking and even The University of Aberdeen (Scotlaughing in English, which was a great treat, after having heard nothing but and) is about to celebrate the fourth centenary of its foundation. Of course the institution was founded in Cath olic times and by Catholics, though it is now Protestant. This latter fact, French for several days. French is not quite necessary for a traveller in Paris but it is very useful. As many Englishmen and Americans do not understand French we find ourselves acting as inhowever, does not deter His Holiness Pope Pius X. from sending to the Uni-versity authorities a letter congratulatterpreters. We met one Irishman, evidently in trouble over a "deal," not being able to understand the French salesman. We arranged the matter to bissection which has a london paper, the Daily Chronicle, thus observes: "Well, thus observes :

sir, these Frenchmen sometimes make you mad, but meeting a good Irishman always makes you glad." " The Pope, in congratulating Aber deen University by autograph letter upon her approaching fourth centenary, is performing something more than an act of high official courtesy; he is dis closing an early illuminated page in the history of the Pontificate itself. The avidity with which the liberal (2) Universities, as we all know sprang from the monasteries, and long after they had lost their purely ecclesiasticalumnies against ecclesiastics is now almost equalled by the celerity with which they are refuted. The arrest of a North Italy curate on the charge of having poisoned the chalice of his parish priest is still fresh in our memories. His liberation and vindication with a thousand apologies scarcely compensated for the agony suffered by the accused. This week a similar instance has taken place in Savona. Some malicious individuals having conspired to ruin

tives for one year. We give the above decision because, though calumnies against Italian clergymen frequently find their way into the American press, the refutation of the same rarely follows.—Philadelphia Catholic Union and

CATHOLIC CONFESSIONAL AND THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE.

We present this week to our readers the following additional testimonials regarding the book lately published by Rev. Father McKeon, P. P., St. Columban, Ont. Barrie, Ont., Oct. 4th, 1996.

My Dear Father McKeon —I have read a great many treatises on the Confessional but none of them meets the wants of our times as yours does. It is a complete refutation in a pepular, incisive and instructive style of all the objections that have been brought against this institution of mercy and at the same time it is a profound dissertation on the unchanging principles of revealed ethics.

I congratulate you on this brilliant treatise and wish you every success.

Rev. J. J. Eagen,
Dean of Barrie.

Dean of Barrie.

My Dear Father McKeon — We are all simply delighted with the style and treatment of your unanswerable thesis on . The Catholic Contessional. It far xeels any other treatise on the subject that we have read. Needless to say that your friends at . The Pines' are proud of you, and we all appland the flattering commendations of good Bishop McEway and Cardinal Gibbons, as a just meed of praise.

May your booklet do an Aposite's work, and may we soon have another from your gifted pen.—The . Pines "Ursuline Academy, Chatham, Ont.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

PARISH OF WALLACEBUR

PARISH OF WALLACEBURG.

During the past two months Rev. Father Brady the earnest and zealous pastor of the Church of "Our Lady of Help" of this town has been busly occupied in having his church completely renovated. It now stands "A temple of grandeur to the Lord" being equalled in besury by few of the churches in this country and surpassed by none.

While the decoration was in progress the parishioners pered eagerly through the scaffolding to catch a glimpse of the work being so defuly carried on by the two most noted church decorators of America, Charles Del Guerico and Jerome Caracelli, but not one glimpse might be had so completely did the scaffolding hite the secret from expectanteyes.

When the framework was removed a complete picture was revealed, a picture that can very poorly be described in words.

On entering the front door your gaze is immediately drawn to the sanctuary, you can not tell just why at first but on closer study it is perceived that this was the intention of the artist. Here the most prominent colors are used in greatest contrast. The central figure over the main altar is that of "Our Lady of Help" holding in her arms her Divine Child. On either side of the main figure is an angel presenting to the Blessed Virgin the Cross, spear, lance and sponge, symbols of Christ's passion. The whole central group is enthroned on clouds so natural that at times they seem to move. The light shadow below the clouds though simple in itself, is a master stroke as it throws into prominence the entire group and gives it the appearance of being suspended above the silar. Below the clouds are arranged by consummate artistic skill, a soft velvety drapery of rich but delicately blended tints, which surrounds the white marble of the main altar, all of which with the green carpet of the sanctuary make a most harmonious blending of tints and render prominent the entire group is the consummate artistic skill, a soft velvety drapery of rich but delicately blended tints, which surrounds the white marble of the main

of the sanctuary make a most harmonious blending of tints and render prominent the entire sanctuary.

Reluctantly your eyes turn from this spot of exquisite beauty in search of further detail. Gradually your follow down from panel to panel, scanning the mysteries of the calling almost spellbound by every individual figure. The coloring here is unique, the medium shades being used in the joyful and the dark colors, in the sorrowful mysteries on the side panels, while the warm, bright tints, suggestive of light and glory, are employed in the glorious mysteries in the central panels.

After hours of close scrutiary comparatively little has been examined, and as the eye turns from the inspiring beauty of the mural decorations, it is attracted by the beautiful windows, the subjects of which are taken from the most distinguished artists of the present day.

When details have been grasped to some extent, the entire work presents itself as a grant mosaic, each part set in perfect proportion with the most exquisite blending of colors even to the minutest border detail. The persenctive is perfect, the figures all life size rendered smaller by distance from view.

Too much cannot be said in praise of this work which could be accomplished but by artists of very superior talents as Charles Del Guercio and Jerome Caracelli have proved themselves. Nor can enough be said of Rev. Father Bridy for having completed in so short a time this great undertaking. In speaking to the reporter, he said. "It is my great desire ever since I came here to have this church decorated in a manner worthy of its object and of my devoted parishioners who have made so many sacrifices for the glory of God. Now I am satisfied." And who can but marvel at the energy and tacs that were necessarily called forth in managing this supendous work, every detail of which required special attention.

pendous work, every detail of which required special attention.

The people of the parish are not behind in expressing their gratitude. From all sides we hear the loudest praise and deepest appreciation of the devoted pastor's exertions.

Through the instrumentality of the contractor, Mr. B. N. Devereaux, of Detroit, the service of these eminent artists was secured, to whom too much praise cannot be given for being always prepared to give his numerous customers the very best work since he constantly has in his employ the most skilled artisans.

THE CONSECRATION OF THE MARBLE ALTAR.

artisans.

THE CONSECRATION OF THE MARBLE ALTAR.
On Friday af ernoon His Lordship, Bishop
McEvay, of London, came to town for the pur
pose of offliating at the ceremonies which
were to take place during the next twe days.
On Saturday at 7 o'clock accompanied by a
number of priests the Bishop entered the
sanctuary and began the consecration of the
altar. The ceremony was a most impressive
one and lasted about two hours. Then followed
a Mass, said by His Lordship for the generous
donor of the altar and all who helped to defray
expenses.

a Mass, said by this and all who helped to defray exornses.

The altar is erected to the memory of Mr. and Mrs Lawrence and Patrick Dayle by the children of the former, Messra, Patrick and Mathew, and Misses Elizabeth, Nellie and Market Dayle. The altar is a massive structure and is in perfect harmony with its surroundings. The generous donors are to be congratulated on their munificent gift.

The contractors for the altar were Blonde Bros. of Chatham and the altar builder Mr. Eugene Thibodeau.

THE REOPENING OF THE CHURCH.
On Sunday morning at 8 o'clock Hs Lordship Bishop McEvay said Mass and administered First Holy Communion to over seventy children who presented a most devotional appearance as they went through their exercises in a most orderly manner.

At 10.30 Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Bobler, of St. Charles Barromeo

At 10.30 Solemn High Mass was sung 03 rev-Father Bobler, of St. Charles Barromeo Brooklye, a sisted by Rev. Father Aylward, Rector of the Cuthedral London, as deacon, and Rev. Father McBrady. President of Assumation College, Sandwich, as sub deacon. After Mass His Lordship the Bishop adminis-tered the sacrament of condit mution to a large class of children and a number of adults.

Universities, as we all know sprang from the monasteries, and long after they had lost their purely ecclesiastical character the Pope exercised the right of vesting them with their privileges. Before the Reformation no university in Europe could confer a degree in any faculty except by the authority of a Papal bull. A berdeen has a special interest for the Vatican, inasmuch as at least two hundred years before the university was founded, a monastry flourished in the old town in which theology, the canon law, and school philosophy were taught."

And so to the "lazy monks" the world is indebted for all the most famous universities of Christendom.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Sober Truth.
Catholic Abstainer.

Avoid the "fizz" that spoils the "phiz."

A blue-law Sunday prevents a black-and-blue Monday.

There is personal liberty and individual merit in the pledge. There is neither in the enforced total abstinence of a jail.

Thirteen is an unlucky number at table—if intoxicants are served. The same is true of any other number under like conditions.

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Mahoney and John O'Donohue were assistants to the Bishop on the throm. On Monday morning at 7 clock|His Lordship blessed the Ursuline Convent and offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the chapel. KEHOE.—At Strathcona Ont., Oct. 3rd, 1906, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kehoe a daughter.

MARKIAGE.

MacTavish Murphy—At FortWilliam Onton Sept. 13, 1906, by Rev. Father Primeau, 3, J. Joseph Angus MacTavish, son of the late Alexander MacTavish, formerly of Mount Forest, to Miss Nellie Murphy, second daughter of Eugene Murphy of Mount Forest Ont. Graduation and Presentation at St.
Joseph's Hospital, Chatham.
Graduation exercises were held in the Lecture Room of the Hospital on Thursday evening. Oct. 4th, on which occasion, Miss Eugenie Belleperche, Walkerville, Ont. received her diploma and medal and was also presented with an address, a volume of Nursing Literature and flowers by the nurses
The Loture Room was tastefully decorated in yellow and white, the nurses wearing school colors of the same
A very interesting programme of instrumental and vocal music was rendered, Little Miss Edna Chadwick, dressed as a senior nurse was maid of honor and gave a recita-Graduation and Presentation at St.

McGuire - At Trenton. Ont., Mr. Francis J. McGuire, native of the County Leitrim, Ireland. Aged eighty-six years, May his soul rest in peace!

WANTED FOR CATHOLIC SEPARATE School S. Sec. No. 4. Bromley, female teacher, holding second class certificate. Salary 8300 Must have experience. April 100 J. W. Sheedy, Secretary, Osceola, Ont. 1460-2

seemital. Bray L L D . gave a short sketch of the progress and growth of the hospital and the wark since its foundation and of the urgent the model of increased accommodation to meet the demands of the public, and of the training school, which though recent, already numbers

himseen graduates.

Rev Father James. O. F. M., acting as chairman, took occasion on behalf of the Sisters to thank the medical staff for their valuable assistance in theoretical instruction, and that they would gratefully appreciate a continuance of their kinaly interest and co operation.

SHEET STEEL BRICK

The following rate of assessment for each \$1900 benefit payable by each regular member according to age and class of risk, in the C. O. F., monthly is:—

Hazardoo Class

If Between Years Class

Postponed. The Golden Jubilee Tombola and Bezaar in aid of St. Francis X vyler Church in Brockville, which was to have taken place in the last week of October, has been postponed until the week beginning January 21st next.

WOMAN'S \$15 Fall - tailored Suits, \$6.95. Send for fashions, cloth samples and catalogue showing everything you use, wholesalcloth samples and cata-logue, showing everything you use, wholesale. SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., Dept. 12, LONDON, ONT. Just Out

MARRIAGE.

DIED.

C. M. B. A.-Branch No. 4, London,

Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every nonth, at 8 o'clook, at their hall, in Albion Block, Richmond Street, Rev. D. J. Egan' President; P. F. Boyle, Secretary.

The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penance. By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L. CATHOLIC REGORD, LONDON, CANADA

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Beautiful Lace *** **Pictures**

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Provided, however, that the rate for a benefit of \$500 shall be one half of the above rates and where such division makes it neces sary one-half cent shall be added in order to make such half rate even cents.

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