

The Catholic Record.

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

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FOUND THE TRUE FAITH.

A Former Episcopalian Tells the Story of Her Conversion.

I had just left school when a great event, to me, happened in our family. My second brother, an officer in the United States navy, was about to marry. His affiancée was a young lady of Baltimore and a Roman Catholic. Great was the distress of my mother, who had brought us up in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and with the strictest regard to truth, honor and morality, but with a strong prejudice against the Catholic Church. The less she understood of its doctrines the more she was opposed to them, and I thoroughly sympathized with her and with the Protestant teachings of the young ladies' school from which I had just been graduated at fifteen. I had never come in contact with Catholics, except as servants. Believing sincerely that this poor sister-in-law could not be saved if not converted from what I considered a cruel, superstitious, bigoted faith, unworthy of the enlightened Christian of the nineteenth century, I thought that a plain duty lay before me—that of redeeming and saving this otherwise lost soul who had entered our holier and better instructed circle.

In the futerance, however, of this duty, which, at first, in the fervor of the moment, seemed so very easy, I found a great obstacle at the very outset. How combat theories of which I was unacquainted? How contest the dogmas of a religion of which I was totally ignorant? Evidently the first step was to inform myself thoroughly in regard to the beliefs and practices of this religion before I could hope successfully to confute them.

Not having any works at hand on the subject, it occurred to me that, notwithstanding this, I might betray at once the ignorance and blind superstition inculcated by the Catholic Church by questioning the Catholic servants in our house. Filled with the importance of my mission, and with great confidence in my superior education acquired in an aristocratic Protestant school, and fresh from my Protestant histories, I confess I felt rather as Goliath may have felt when he attacked little David, and I feel bound to record that the result was not very different from the termination of that memorable battle. Seeking one of these handmaids, therefore, I determined to attack what I considered one of the most outrageous of Catholic practices and beliefs, so far as I understood it in Protestant authority, and diving into the midst of things, I asked her, "What is an Indulgence?"

"An Indulgence?" said she, looking up from her work. "Why, miss, an Indulgence is a remission of punishment due for our sins in this world."

"How much do you have to pay for one?"

"Pay for one?" she queried, looking at me in astonishment. "Why, miss, you cannot pay for an Indulgence."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that you cannot go to a priest and pay him to let you commit sin, and that, if you pay him enough, he will not give you permission to do so?"

I shall never forget the expression on that poor girl's face as she turned to look at me: it was a mingling of pity, astonishment and disgust. But she only answered: "Certainly not, miss. To gain an Indulgence you must first go to confession and confess all the sins you have been guilty of, and then, if the priest thinks you sincerely repentant, he absolves you; then you have to perform the conditions of the Indulgence, which are the repeating of certain prayers or Litanies, required to obtain it, and to receive Holy Communion."

I was astonished at this clear and concise answer. Where was the terrible sin in all this? I felt considerably abashed, but nevertheless went on questioning.

"Why do you worship the Virgin Mary and her pictures and statues?"

"We never do."

"Don't worship the Virgin Mary? Why you make her equal to the Saviour, do you not?"

"No; we only ask her to join her prayers to ours, because having been His mother in this world and the holiest of all women, we believe her prayers to have great influence."

"And the saints?"

"And the saints also, as they are in the presence of God and see Him always."

This was all so intelligent, and so different from the confused answers I had expected, that I turned away with far greater respect for this poor servant than an hour before I had thought ever possible, and with a feeling of shame that she had answered these and many other questions that I put to her far more clearly than I could have done had she asked me some questions concerning my own belief; for in our single congregation I knew there were different opinions upon some vital points, and I had even heard young men who attended the same church declare that they had no religious belief whatever. I knew, also, that what were called "High Church" and "Low Church" persuasions were widely different on essential points, though entertained by persons sitting under the same preacher and worshipping to-

gether in the same edifice. This was very disturbing, yet did not convince me that Protestantism was wrong or Catholicism right. I still considered it my duty to attack the Roman Catholic faith, and for this purpose set to work at once to read up the most celebrated works on both sides of the question. And I read with such intensity of purpose, and remembered the arguments on both sides so well, that I frequently amused myself by taking opposite sides of the question according to whatever might be the views of my opponent, for later on I became acquainted with some very learned Catholics, and on the other hand I argued with my Protestant friends for mere argument's sake.

Notwithstanding all this, the replies I had received from the poor Catholic servant of whom I have spoken made me chary, at first, of attacking my sister-in-law when she arrived at our home, together with a sense of want of breeding in such a course.

One afternoon, as I was sitting in the drawing-room playing on the piano, the door opened and a visitor was announced. I had not heard the ring of the bell, and was a little startled at seeing an entire stranger enter the room, in the dress of a Roman Catholic priest. His presence was explained, however, when he asked for my sister-in-law. He was one of the most majestic and elegant of men, certainly the handsomest man I ever saw either before or since. The expression on his face was that of great dignity and sweetness, with a tinge of sadness that awakened at once a sympathetic feeling and drew one towards him with an unquestioning confidence and assurance that they were in the presence of a noble nature. A terrific thunder-storm coming up almost immediately after his entrance, and no one else being at home, I enjoyed a *tête à tête* with my distinguished-looking guest for nearly an hour. I asked him many questions about his religion, and, above all, why priests did not marry, which amused him very much, this being another mystery of the Catholic faith to me which I thought highly un-Christian. After his explanation, however, I regarded priests more as martyrs than as the mysterious propagators of a mysterious religion.

The storm being ended and a brilliant sun illuminating the horizon, my visitor rose to take leave, promising to renew his visit at an early opportunity. Thus commenced an acquaintance which soon became a strong friendship, ending only with death.

Probably most persons would think that here was the cause of my conversion, but so far as that from the truth that my very admiration of this noblest of men prevented me from becoming a Catholic for years, lest I should be influenced in so exalted a decision by the exalted friendship I could not help entertaining for one of the purest and loveliest natures that has ever been my privilege through a long life to meet. And, again, he never endeavored to convert me to his faith, saying that, although he would answer any question I put to him, yet that my parents having received him in all good faith, he would consider it a breach of that faith should he do so without their knowledge and permission. His death occurred while I was abroad, and so much was he beloved by our late Cardinal that he desired that he alone should preach his funeral sermon, and a glowing tribute it was to that most holy and admirable life. A kind hand sent the panegyric to me in my then island home more than six thousand miles away.

To return, however, to my sister-in-law. On her learning of the visit she had missed, she said she should return it very shortly, and offered to take me with her—an offer which I readily accepted.

It was at the house of this admirable man that I met for the first time Mother Jerome, very soon afterwards Superior of Mount St. Vincent. She, more than anyone, attracted me towards the Catholic faith because, a plain, simple woman in appearance, humble in station and doubtless of humble origin, I saw that the gentleness of manner, the sweetness of character, the overflowing charity which characterized and shone in her face, and lent to it at times a halo that elevated its expression beyond all mundane beauty, could come only from the deep and beautiful faith that animated the soul within; and while I looked with wonder on this marvellous effect I acknowledged that in the devotees of no other religion had I seen the same transformation. I became sincerely attached to Sister Jerome, and thought I should like to become a Sister with her. She laughed at the idea of my leading such a life, and said I could never endure its privations and exertions, but that persons in the world and in society could do as much good in other ways, by acts of charity, leading exemplary lives and repressing evil tendencies in the thoughtless around them, as they could in devoting themselves to the life of a religious. I begged, however, to go with her sometimes on her errands of mercy, and this she did not object to, and I accompanied her on several occasions, to my great delight. But coming

one afternoon to visit her I found the Sisters all in tears and most moved. I was astonished, and entreated to know the cause of their commotion. Alas! their beloved Mother Jerome had been appointed to a new field of action. She was to be the Superior of Mount St. Vincent, and there, after the successful labor of years, having brought the institution to a standard far beyond its original scope, she died shortly before the Cardinal, who had for her the sincerest friendship.

After her removal to Mount St. Vincent I never saw her again. My entrance into society drew me for a time away from all such thoughts though at certain moments an unsatisfied longing after the infinite would take possession of me, which even the blandishments of society could not still. Questioning my reverend friend very earnestly one day in regard to the Catholic belief of transubstantiation, he referred me to the sixth chapter of St. John and to the eleventh chapter of First Corinthians, verses 27, 28 and 29. It was strange, as often as I read and heard read these words before, their real meaning had never occurred to me! I felt that seeing, I had not seen, and hearing, I had not heard. A new light dawned upon my soul, and I said, only the Church which recognizes these words as St. John evidently understood them (and who better than the beloved disciple, who leaned on Jesus' breast at the Last Supper, could understand them?) can be the true Church, that Church of which Christ said, "I will be with you always."

Oh! all other beliefs seemed trivial in comparison with this, and the hitherto perplexed feeling with which I had asked myself, why the Son of God was called upon to undergo such cruel sufferings merely to be as one of the prophets, teaching and predicting only as they did, vanished. Now I understood the great and glorious benefits of that ineffable sacrifice. Only the eternal God could institute such a sacrifice to unite our mortality to His immortality. And should I throw away this great boon which had at last been placed before me so clearly, with testimony so indubitable? Should I also say, "This is a hard saying, who can hear it?" No, never. I, too, will taste of this bread of eternal life—and live!

I was determined to let doubt and the distraction of contending polemics influence me no longer.

The Rev. Dr. Forbes, who was then a convert to Catholicity, having been of my own Church, I was recommended to him as most apt to understand the difficulties I might find in my way. Accordingly, I called upon him, and discussed with him many different points of belief, such as confession, penance, etc. After a long debate he said he thought the best thing I could do would be to make a general confession to him. This proposition surprised me very much, but I told him I did not object, and at once knelt down and made a confession of all the sins of my life that I could remember. His exclamation when I finished, to my great surprise, was: "Would to God every life were so blameless!" He requested me to call again, but I was not favorably impressed, and did not do so. I afterwards learned that his proceeding was very irregular. I decided now to go at once to Archbishop Hughes, then Archbishop of New York. He received me with the utmost courtesy, and undertook the task of my instruction himself. He made appointments to receive me, and went with me through the whole catechism, stopping with gentle patience at whatever was a stumbling block to me, and reasoning and explaining away with his clear brain all doubts and misunderstandings.

Those were very happy hours spent with this illustrious man, who did not disdain a witicism on either side, or a little gaiety when the lesson was over. I remember on one occasion he asked me if I had ever seen his pictures, and upon my answering in the negative, led the way into his large drawing-room. We passed picture after picture, none, I am constrained to say (though of pretentious size), having particularly attracted my admiration; he at last stopped before "The Flight into Egypt," which he informed me was said to be a Murillo. After looking a little at the picture I turned to him with an incredulous smile.

"What," he said, "you do not think it a Murillo?"

"I do not think," I replied, "Murillo ever saw it."

He laughed and said: "Likely. It was given me by an officer in the navy, however, who believed it to be by that distinguished Spaniard."

I inquired who the marble busts in the hall represented, and learned they were those of St. Peter and the Holy Father.

He then asked me if I would like to see a bust taken lately of himself, and took me into the rear drawing room, where the bay window had been draped entirely in red in order better to display what the sculptor doubtless considered his *chef d'oeuvre*. I did not like to say it was not a good likeness, so only remarked, "I see your Grace has left St. Peter and His Holiness in the hall, while you occupy a canopyed space in the drawing room." "Oh," said the quick-witted prelate, "I

keep them there to keep out evil spirits."

"I see, however," I replied, "they have been ineffectual in my case."

"That," said he, "is because all evil spirits left you when you entered."

These studies were twice interrupted, however—once by the death of my noble father, and a few months afterwards by my marriage. All doubts in my mind having been removed, the Archbishop sent me to Father Deluynes, of St. Francis Xavier's, for my confessor, and here I found a true comforter and adviser, with whom I held intimate correspondence during my travels in foreign lands, and at last, after eleven years' absence, returned in time to receive his blessing once more before he left us forever.

Returning from a walk one morning, I was accosted by a gentleman, shortly after my conversion, who said: "I wish to speak to you; here is my house close by. You see I have moved." I looked up and beheld the Rev. Dr. Forbes. In great amazement I went with him. Entering the house, which was a handsome one, more comfortably furnished than the one he had left, he said: "Do you remember the afternoon you called upon me, and our conversation?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, do you know your arguments had a great effect upon me?"

I felt horrified. That a man of his age, supposed solid education, and superior mind could become a convert to any religion upon convictions so unstable as afterwards to doubt them, and that I should be in any way mixed up with such vacillation, even in the remotest degree, shocked me beyond expression. I regarded him with sorrow and astonishment.

"I have left the Church," said he.

"And I," I replied, "have joined it. I wish you good morning." And I immediately left the house.

MARGIOTTA'S LEMMI.

III.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Before proceeding with the history of the revolution in Central Italy let us glance at the doings of the agitators in the South. Lemmi's double attempt to murder Ferdinand II. of the Two Sicilies having failed, Mazzini sent Crispi, the present Prime Minister and Dictator of Italy, on the same errand. Crispi, an intimate friend and co-laborer of Lemmi, was born in Sicily, October 4, 1819.

From his youth he took part in all the insurrectionary movements against the Bourbons, acting with truly diabolical hatred according to the motto of the caputious degrees of Scotch Freemasonry: "Destroy the lilies (the Bourbon emblem) by crushing them under your feet." In 1849 he fled to France, whence he was expelled after Ossini's bomb throwing, to join Mazzini at London, the seat of the international Masonic revolutionary committee. Mazzini had secured a man trusted and honored at the court of Naples to poison the king. He administered the poison in a slice of melon and slowly brought the king to a horrible death—May 22, 1859. His son, Francis II., was too young and inexperienced to govern the kingdom with a firm hand, and, unfortunately, trusted his generals, especially Nunziante, too implicitly.

Now Crispi carried on an agitation throughout the island, teaching how to make explosives and bombs. In September he returned to London to render an account of affairs and then went again to Messina. Lemmi was in the meantime engaged by Cavour to watch things in Central Italy. After the abolition of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, public opinion there leaned towards autonomy rather than to annexation with Piedmont. Parma, Modena and the Legations favored a central Italian league. Lemmi directed the local revolutionaries according to orders from London, and succeeded to gain the cause of annexation, by means of bribery and violence. Then he was ordered to join Crispi, in Sicily. But before leaving Parma he instigated a mob to murder Anviti, a brave officer, who had publicly declared that the murder of Duke Charles III. was the work of Masons—October 6, 1859. Then he went to Sicily, where an attempt of revolution, on the 12th October, failed. Maniscalco, the director of police, instituted an investigation, and received a threatening letter from Lemmi, to withdraw at once from the island. The police director did, of course, not obey. Three days later he was stabbed in the heart while promenading a much-frequented street of Palermo.

On May 11, 1860, Garibaldi, General Grand Master of the Masonic rite of Memphis and Misraim, landed at Marsala on his "campaign of the Thousand." This campaign would have failed had not the principal officers of Ferdinand been bought with Piedmontese gold. Cavour publicly disowned Garibaldi's expedition, which was prepared by Dr. Bertain, but secretly he furnished the necessary funds.

William de Rohan, the United States Commodore, brought a second expedition of three thousand four hundred Garibaldians, to Sicily, and then returned to Genoa to carry a third detachment of volunteers to Palermo.

But Bertain, the organizer, assured Rohan that he had no funds. Rohan went at once to Turin, saw the King, Victor Emmanuel, personally, and received from him a letter saying: "Commander: Enclosed are two letters to the Medici (Garibaldian General), put them in other envelopes and deliver them to Cavour. I have already given three millions to Bertain. Go at once to Garibaldi to tell him that I shall send him Valerio instead of De La Farina, and that he must advance immediately on Messina. Francis, the king of Naples, is about to give a constitution to Naples."

"Your friend,"

"VICTOR EMMANUEL."

These facts were related by Commodore Rohan himself and published in the newspaper *Fanfulla*, of Rome, in 1881, without a protest from any one.

The Government organs always protested that Victor Emmanuel was forced to act against his will, but the facts prove that he and Cavour had pre-arranged and directed everything in the Garibaldian campaign of 1860. But appearances had to be saved, and Russia and Austria had to be deceived. Nunziante, the Neapolitan General, was bought by Cavour, for 4,000,000 francs. Other leaders at the Court of Francis II. were similarly bought, or had already been, as Masons, in secret understanding with Garibaldi and Mazzini. Thus Cavour and Lord Palmerston dethroned the Bourbons of the Two Sicilies. Garibaldi, with his revolutionary friends, would never have succeeded without men, money, arms and ships from Piedmont.

They were, indeed, working under the belief that they were leaders, and with the object of establishing a republic; but in reality they were only used as tools by Cavour, for whom Lemmi was forced to act as a most important agent, as will be shown later on.

Freemasonry influence brought about all the agitation and revolution in Italy. The three principal actors were Grand Masters. Lord Palmerston, the patriarch of Freemason politics, directed their operations throughout Europe. Under him Cavour and Mazzini worked in Italy for the destruction of the Papacy and the Bourbons and the unification of Italy. Cavour wanted the union, but under a constitutional monarchy of the house of Savoy. Mazzini desired union, but under a republic. When he failed, in 1848, he had to bow to Cavour and Palmerston, and await more favorable circumstances to realize his projected republic. Garibaldi, another Grand Master, was merely the tool of the military captain of Mazzini, and consequently of Cavour and Lord Palmerston. As to Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel, the former proceeded against his will. He regretted his oath as Carbonaro, and still was forced to obey the secret society masters. Yet in doing so he alienated the sympathies of the Catholics, whom he wished to conciliate. This strange position explains Napoleon's conduct, so full of hesitation, doubt and contradiction, which ended at Sedan. The latter, Victor Emmanuel, works boldly and zealously at the unification of Italy, for his own benefit, and, through Cavour, skillfully uses Mazzini and Garibaldi to pull his chestnuts out of the fire. Cavour's principal secret agent is Carloti, while Mazzini uses Lemmi. As soon as the Grand Duke of Tuscany was put out of the way Lemmi established himself at Florence as banker. In the service of Kossuth he had made some little money. This he skillfully increased by his frands during the Crimean war, and when the government plundered the Church Lemmi got a good share of it as his own. Mazzini and Kossuth, who always had plenty of money, either from the Masons or from Lord Palmerston, used Lemmi to handle most of these secret funds—to be sure, at a fair commission. As banker he is known to have made as much as 200 and 300 per cent. interest per annum. At the same time he did not neglect politics. When Garibaldi had become master of the Two Sicilies, Lemmi directed him to issue a scandalous decree, giving a national pension to the family of the assassin, Agessiano Milano. At this period Victor Emmanuel feared very much that Garibaldi and his republican friends would cheat Piedmont out of the fruits of the revolution. Moreover Garibaldi and his friends wished to take Rome at once, while Victor Emmanuel feared at this moment to offend the Catholic powers if he allowed Rome to be attacked.

Garibaldi is said to have declared: "We will make Italy, even with the aid of the devil!" Lemmi, who heard it, replied: "Indeed, above all, with the aid of the devil." But Cavour cut short their plans. Mazzini and Garibaldi, as well as Crispi, were ordered to leave Naples. Lemmi, who was very devoted to Mazzini and the republican cause, was left to himself, but closely watched. Cavour feared him. But having found out his crime in Marselle he requested Napoleon to furnish him with authentic documents proving that crime and the sentence imposed for it. These documents were Cavour's means of checking Lemmi in his republican ardor

and directing him according to the wish of the Piedmontese. To anticipate: When Crotti fell on account of the bank scandals Lemmi, who hated to see those documents in the government's hands, offered Crispi to make him Prime Minister if he would give him up those troublesome papers. Crispi entered into the agreement. But when made Prime Minister, those papers had been spirited away into the hands of Miss Diana Vaughan, for the price of 30,000 francs. This lady had them photographed, and placed into the hands of the delegates at the Grand Convention of Rome in 1893, to thwart Lemmi's election as Supreme Pontiff of Freemasons and Luciferians, as indicated in a former article. But in vain.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION AT LORETTO ABBEY.

Among the many enterprises undertaken at Loretto Abbey for the furtherance of educational development, the convention held during the past week has proved the grandest achievement of all. The system of education is at present undergoing such a revolution as will undoubtedly be classed among the glorious advances of the period in which we live; consequently religious as well as secular teachers must grasp the situation and realize that the vocation to ascetic life does not, of necessity, presuppose the ability to instruct youth in this age of modern improvements. Fully conscious of this fact, the ladies of Loretto have ever encouraged the attaining of knowledge requisite to cope with the present requirements, therefore the convention was held to analyze the various methods of imparting knowledge, consistent with this enlightened age.

Beginning with Mr. White, to whose wise and systematic arrangement the success of the proceedings is mainly due, we do not hesitate to say that the learned lecturers on the different subjects were persons whose names alone give assurance of success in school matters.

The opening discourse by Rev. F. Ryan, on the manner of imparting Christian doctrine, was delivered in his usual charming manner, and could not fail to be useful, instructive and interesting.

The Hon. Minister of Education addressed his appreciative audience on the necessary qualifications of a successful teacher. He spoke in a most entertaining manner, interspersing among the serious facts such happy reminiscences, such pleasant illustrating anecdotes, that he was listened to with rapt attention. Mr. Tilley's lectures on Psychology were fascinating. His charming delivery and genial manner, his delightful way of dealing with his intensely interesting subject, made him the recipient of a cordial welcome.

Mr. Scott's lectures on school management were admirable. Speaking from a long experience, he is fully competent to deal with such an important subject; and his ideas, if fully realized, convert the proverbially tiresome school days into halcyon days. "The Reign of Terror" in school is a thing of the past, and our rising generation should merge into men and women ruled by a law of love. The grandeur and dignity of the vocation of teacher, portrayed by Mr. Scott, filled his audience with enthusiasm. His lectures on teaching elementary subjects were likewise very interesting and instructive.

Mr. White also treated of the elementary branches in words replete with wisdom, eminently practicable. Mr. Houston on literary analysis and Mr. Prendergast on annuities imparted much wholesome knowledge on these subjects in a most entertaining manner.

The Sisters were highly complimented by the Hon. Mr. Ross and his colleagues, also by Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V. G., and Rev. F. Trefy, on the zeal they manifested in the work of education, thus contributing to make the educational system of Ontario surpass that of her sister provinces, and even of the United States.

The convention closed in the most interesting manner possible. The lecturers expressed themselves highly pleased with the marked appreciation evidenced by the Sisters throughout, showing in the most convincing way their zeal in the good cause, for which they have nobly sacrificed all worldly advantages, devoting themselves wholly to their high vocation.

PROFESSOR EWING, of Notre Dame University, delivered a very interesting lecture on Magna Charta and the Church, before the members of the Columbian Summer School. The professor explained the part Pope Innocent took in the dispute between King John and the Barons. Innocent declared the Magna Charta null and void, for the reason that it was extorted from John by unjustifiable means. He did not condemn the contents of the Charta, nor did he judge the rightfulness or wrongfulness of the demands of the Barons. He simply proclaimed that revolt against lawful authority is not only treason in the eyes of men but is moral guilt in the eyes of God.

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OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?**

By Christine Faber. Authoress of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER VIII.

When Hannah Moore had returned to her fellow-servants, Margaret, clinging to Hubert's arm, whispered:
"I am strong again, Hubert; once more I can bear anything for you."
He did not answer, but suffering her to cling in that wild way to him, ascended heavily to his room. As he ascended and unlocked it he turned suddenly and withdrew himself almost fiercely from her hold.

"Despise me, Margaret, hate me—do anything save love me as you do," he whispered; "for this love of yours is an added torture. Good God! that I, foul, loathsome thing as I am, should be loved by innocence, and should dare to accept that love. But no! I shall have none of it; I shall go down to my doom without dragging you further."

And, precipitating himself inside, he closed and locked the door against her piteous cry of:
"Your promise, Hubert, your promise!"
But he was deaf even to her frantic knock and after a moment, during which he seemed to have crossed to the bed and thrown himself on it, not a sound was heard.

When she had listened for some time, she heard the domestics repairing to their rooms.
They were talking in suppressed tones as they ascended the stair, and she hastened to her own apartment lest they should discover her standing at Hubert's door.

But when they had passed, and their respective doors were closed, she came forth again to listen at Hubert's room. The wildest fears possessed her, and horrible images presented themselves before her. At one moment she was picturing the mysterious agent of "Noquiere" obtaining an entrance to the house, and dragging off Hubert in manacles the clank of which she seemed to hear distinctly; at another she saw her cousin in a bloody corpse, the victim of his own rash hand. And so she waited, listening in agony, for the slightest sound that might betray what was doing.

Hannah Moore, who had remained below to attend to some little preliminary of the next day's duties, was now ascending, and Margaret at the first sound of the slightly creaking step, again ran to her room and waited till it had passed.

But Hannah Moore, her mind already whetted by a secret knowledge of something connected with Miss Calvert's suffering, had heard the rustle of the garments and the light tread of the flying feet as they dashed to the room above Hubert's, and, instead of retiring, the sympathetic woman left her door ajar and listened for further sounds from Margaret's room.

In a few moments the white, rustling form was abroad again and down at her cousin's door, and the cook, leaning softly over the balustrade, watched with bated breath for a realization of her own shrewd conjectures.

Poor, distracted Margaret! she could only stand wedged against the door as if she had been some marble statue set in its arched way, but feeling within her all the fire of a madly burning fever. Not a sound came from the apartment, and, at last, when the very stillness suggested a score of frightfully alarming things, she began to pace the hall that the sound of her own steps might bring a relief from the dreadful, death-like silence.

Hannah Moore, leaning far over the balustrade to watch the white-robed, pacing figure, and when she saw it pause once and press its hands wildly to its head, the kind-hearted woman covered her own face and murmured, inaudibly:
"God help you in your agony this night; it's not sick you are but sore with the secret that's laying heavy on you. God comfort you!"

And then, as if unable to bear longer the sight of the young creature's evident suffering, she turned back to her room.

Alas! for Margaret Calvert; there was no help for her on all earth, and heaven she herself had shut against her. Turn where she would, only black despair loomed before her. If there was but one to whom she might have told that wretched tale; if there was but one whose faithful breast she might have sobbed out the grief that was killing her. Under the influence of a wild feeling that impelled her to seek companionship somewhere, without pausing to think even of the propriety of changing her dress, she descended to her aunt's room.

The attendant motioned to signify that Madame Bernot slept, and Margaret, going gently forward, dropped noiselessly on an ottoman just in front of the invalid's chair, so the first object upon which she woke from her light slumber was that white-draped, slender form, with its wealth of curls, amid which yet gleamed the pearls that had been placed there a few hours before.

"Margaret," she said fondly.
The girl caught the old lady's hands, and rested her head on the invalid's lap.

"I am so tired, aunt," she said.
"Then why have you come to me instead of retiring, my dear child?" responded Madame Bernot, who did not know that the return from the ball was earlier than had been intended.

"Because I am so tired of it all," said Margaret, nestling closer to the invalid's lap, "and because you must release me from my promise to go into society any more. My place is here with you, with suffering and sorrow."
"Margaret!" said Madame Bernot, in tones of sorrowful surprise, and Margaret lifted her head and met the glance of the pitying eyes above her, "you talk strangely for one of your years, and my heart misgives me that there is something the matter with you."

A shudder convulsed the girl's form for a second.
"Long ago, when that deep, black we came to me, when God's hand was laid heavily on me in affliction, I fancied by the total severance from the world and its doings, to appease God's future wrath and to satisfy Him for the crime that had been committed; but I fear in doing so I have forgotten other duties—my duty to you. I promised to be a mother to you, but I have not fulfilled my pledge."
"You have more than done so," interposed Margaret, pressing burning kisses on the hands she held.

"Nay, my dear girl, for I have neglected to teach you to give me your confidence."
"Alas! I have no confidence that I can give," wailed Margaret.
The invalid's tones became lower and more earnest.

"I had forgotten, Margaret, that you were young and had youthful aspirations; but you, also, must meet that which comes sometime into every woman's life—love: is it that, my darling? In the society into which you have lately gone has any one won your young heart? Tell me? Remember I hold your dear mother's place."
"No, no, no!" passionately protested Margaret. "I have met no one. I have nothing of the kind to tell. I am free—oh, how free!"

She said the last words bitterly, and buried her face again in her aunt's lap.
Not the shadow of a suspicion of the truth dawned upon the invalid's mind. She deemed the regard which Hubert and Margaret bore for each other but such as an intimate brother and sister might have; and, though still not quite satisfied, because of the tone in which her niece had last spoken, she forbore to press further, only said:
"Well, my dear girl, we will not talk of this any longer at present; and now you had better retire, as, Hubert I suppose, has done already."

Margaret left the ottoman and knelt beside the invalid's chair:
"Promise me, aunt, that you will seek no more to make me go into society. There is nothing there to satisfy my heart."
Madame Bernot's eyes were on the sacred picture opposite.

"Since you wish it so much,—no; and now, my dear girl, leave me; I shall receive Communion in the morning, and have my meditation to make."
And Margaret went forth slowly, painfully, listening long at Hubert's door, but there was only the same dread silence. Arrived in her room, she flung off, with feverish impatience, the costume which had excited the envy of more than one belle, and donning a morning robe, she walked the floor till the garish dawn peeped through the half-opened blinds.

He who lay upon his couch in the room below, with his face pressed into the pillow and his hands flung wildly above his head, heard the incessant tread above. It worked itself into the startling panorama, which his distracted mind was picturing until it became the tread of officers of the law, who were escorting him to the scaffold. It worked itself into the panorama, until it became the tread of a gaping crowd who surged about him on his way to the place of execution. It worked itself into the panorama, till it became the creaking of the very steps of the gallows which he was ascending.

Till the gray, cold dawn peeped into his room he lay, trying to force himself to meet this inevitable doom—to meet it even before it should clutch him in its iron grasp.
But the thought of the dishonor it would bring upon his name, and the blow it would give to his mother, rendered him powerless as a child to give himself up. He thought of flight—of secretly burying himself in some distant corner of the earth—but he knew only too well that God's justice would find him out even there, for his was a secret which earth would not keep. He would have flung down his wretched life gladly, but he could not meet the dishonor which such a sacrifice would entail.

A demon whispered self-destruction; one swift, sure blow which would engender a painless end, but the threats of his religion rose up and drowned the demon's voice.
When at last slumber visited these two suffering souls, it was but to continue the torture of the past waking hours.

On the bright morning which succeeded that miserable night the sun shone into Margaret's room, streaming aghast her face, and walking her up to wonder what it was that lay so heavily upon her heart. She remembered in an instant, and she hastened to make her toilet that she might descend to allay her anxiety about Hubert.

"Who is there?" he asked in response to her knock, and her heart

gave a little throb of relief, she had so feared the worst.
"It is I—Margaret."
"Very well," he replied, "I shall be down to breakfast and see you then."

She turned away to her aunt's room, and finding there the clergyman who visited Madame Bernot at regular intervals, withdrew softly till he should take his departure.
Knowing that he would soon leave, she waited in the hall, thinking sadly as she leaned her burning forehead against the cold wall, if she could but pour out her heart in such a confidence as she had not monthly made—if she but dared to pour her tale into his priestly ear, now that her anguish was greater than it had been.

He came out suddenly, almost brushing with thick silvery hair, and a face worn with the cares of his sacred calling, but whose expression reflected the patience and charity with which he strove to do his Master's will.
A fierce, overmastering impulse seized the sorrowing girl—an impulse to ask him to hear her confession, and the impulse grew stronger when the kindly old man saluted her pleasantly as he passed to the hall-door.

She sped after him, and a trembling "Father" had already issued from her lips when a sound on the stairs caused her to look back.
Hubert was descending, and in full view of the clergyman and herself. The words stopped short upon her lips.

"Did you wish to speak to me, my child?" said the priest.
"No," she gasped; and she hurried to open the door.
The clergyman looked at her with an expression half of pity, half of surprise.

"Should you want to see me, you know where to find me," he said, in a whisper; and, with a kindly, good morning, he went his way.
She turned back to the tottering form still descending the stairs. The night's vigil had told more painfully on the wretched young man than on her, for, while she bore only heavy eyes and a weary look, his face was drawn into an expression of suffering that made him look twenty years older, than his age. He clutched the balustrade for support, and looked like a man that was groping in the dark.

"You are too ill to have left your room," Margaret said, when she reached his side.
He put out his hand and caught her shoulder, leaning upon it almost too heavily for her slender strength.
"My staff," he whispered, "I can use you for just this once, for in a little time a great, great grief will be between us. Oh, Margaret! Margaret!"—again that cry, though in subdued tones, for they were near the dining-room.

While Margaret sought, in a troubled way, for words with which to reply to him, he had calmed himself and was stern and cold. She watched him closely during the whole of that nearly tasteless meal, but saw only in that white haggard face the expression of one whom no persuasion, no force could move from a stolid agonized waiting for his doom.

"Are you going out to-day?" she asked, when he rose from the table and was about to leave the room.
"Perhaps," he replied; "I know not yet."
She repaired to his side, and when they had reached the hall, closed the dining-room door behind her, that no ears might hear, while she whispered:
"I remark should be passed about me on my strange conduct last night, what will you say?"

"Oh, a kind of nervousness to which you are sometimes subject," he answered, coldly.
He was breaking from her grasp.
"A moment more, Hubert, you will be careful not to betray yourself?"
He answered, bitterly:
"I am too much of a coward to betray myself." And, wrenching himself from her grasp, he went up to his mother's room. He always studied to conceal from the poor invalid everything that might lead her to suspect his suffering, but this morning she was too absorbed in her meditation on the pious work in which she had been engaged, to do more than smile and bless him.

Two or three hours later brought Louise Delmar and her fashionable mother with lavish inquiries and sympathetic expressions from which Margaret shrank as much as she did from her own torturing thoughts, but she forced the semblance of a smile to her lips while she carelessly answered them.
"And are you sure, my dear girl, that you are quite well now?" asked Mrs. Delmar, rising at last to depart.
"Quite well," Margaret replied though her face contradicted her tongue.

"You gave us such a fright last night," said Miss Delmar glancing complacently at her reflection in the mirror, "we conjectured all sorts of terrible things about you, but now that you assure us it was only nervousness, we shall feel quite relieved. Of course you will be sufficiently recovered to attend our *colerie* next week."
"Sufficiently recovered, but I shall be unable to attend, nevertheless," replied Margaret; which reply brought a volley of protestations and eager demands to know the reason of such a determination, from both mother and daughter.

"I have no reason save that my nervousness will be better treated by remaining awhile from society," was the response; "so pardon me, my friends if I absent myself even from you, for quiet and solitude are absolutely necessary for me."

She had not intended to say so much, but the words forced themselves out of her full heart.
Miss Delmar was shocked. The idea of shutting one's self away from society, which, in her puerile imagination, was the sole thing that made life endurable, seemed to her absurd, while Mrs. Delmar, with an assumption of matronliness which was incapable of feeling, endeavored to shake Miss Calvert's determination. But the girl was very firm in her quiet way, nor could all the artful and insinuating questions, which the fashionable dame asked, elicit more from Margaret than she had already told. So, vexed with her own failure, and Miss Calvert's provoking reticence she desisted at last, saying very coldly as she extended her hand in adieu:
"Has your cousin also formed this determination?"

Margaret looked unshrinking into the keen gray eyes bent on her, as she answered:
"As he does not suffer from my illness the same remedy is not necessary for him; further than that he has said nothing to me about it."
Mrs. Delmar sought to learn no more, and her daughter with such a caress as she might have bestowed on her spaniel, said pityingly:
"I am sorry for you, Maggie,—obliged to immerse yourself in this dull house; but may not I invade your solitude some time?"

Miss Calvert muttered a reluctant assent, and the ladies swept out to their carriage. A little later and the fashionable circle in which the Delmars moved had a fresh supply of gossip, for driving directly to the most fashionable of their friends, Miss Calvert and her strange determination were discussed with all the ardor of scandal-loving dispositions. The sage dames of the world formed many conjectures, and offered many opinions of Miss Calvert's character. As much of her life as was known to them was discussed; her connection with the strange murder of eighteen months before revived, and the stream of scandal flowed once more.

"She knew the murdered man," said one; "the papers said that she admitted she did."
"Yes," said another, accompanying her reply with a shrewd shake of the head, "and who can tell what she knew and how she knew it—I am afraid—with a still more knowing shake,—that we have been guilty of an imprudence in admitting her to our society."
"That is true," responded a third gentle voice, "and if you remember, I disclaimed against her from the first. There was something about her one could never approach."

Everybody agreed with the last speaker; and then commenced without the semblance of an effort to spare her, the destruction of Margaret Calvert's character. They did not accuse her of complicity in the murder, they did not even allege against her a knowledge of the perpetrator of the deed, for these "fine ladies" shrank from so coarse and revolting a thing as a bloody crime, but they gave utterance to other and as foul suggestions about the unhappy creature.

But while they sullied remorselessly her fair fame they were equally careful to uphold the character of her cousin—for, was not he immensely wealthy, and did not the heart of many a matron having eligible daughters glow with the hope that in the future the elegant Hubert Bernot might assume a near and dear relation to herself? But Margaret, simply a cousin—a dependant, as it were, of the Bernots—and having already by her beauty and the preference with which the distinguished Mr. Plowden treated her, excited the envy of those less fair and fortunate than herself, she was a good mark at which to fire their poisoned arrows. They even went so far as to pity the Bernots for having in their house one whose character must certainly be unknown to them, and to censure Plowden for his blind devotion to one so unworthy.

No one imagined that there existed between the cousins more than a consoling affection; for it was known that the Bernots were strict Catholics, and, further, angling mammals did not wish to believe Hubert so far removed from all their baits.
Mrs. Delmar had taken a very warm part in the conference, and when at last the exciting topic had well nigh worn itself out, she drew her daughter to her, with:
"We must blame Louise here for having Miss Calvert made so much of. Poor child; her heart is such a generosity one it goes out freely to everybody. I hope, my darling, that your acquaintance with her has not injured your reputation."
"I think not, mamma," and Miss Delmar glanced complacently at her jeweled fingers.

"And now ladies," concluded the fashionable matron, "since Miss Calvert has voluntarily withdrawn from our circle, I propose that we refuse to accept her when she chooses to return; in short, that in any accidental meeting or intercourse with her, we show by our manner that she is no longer worthy of our favor—my daughter and I shall do so on every occasion."
The proposition was unanimously adopted, the proposition which would inflict upon her, the guiltless one, the full rigor of their jealousy, their envy, their wrath, while he whose heart was black with the guilt of a secret crime, was to continue to be received by the fashionable world with open arms and flattering tongue.

TO BE CONTINUED.

As long as we live in this world we cannot be without tribulation and temptation.—Imitation.

THE LITTLE RED EMBLEM.

Boston Pilot.

The "Little Red School House" is being used for all it is worth financially, by the newly-made "patriotic" societies. As an emblem it sells readily for about seven times the cost of making it; but it is especially a penny Savings Bank that it is put upon the market by thrifty "patriots" who are bound to save the country if they can get some salvage money out of the job. And yet the Little Red Savings Bank is not an American idea. It came, like Orangeism and Apatism, from dear Mother England, the fruitful parent of latter-day American "patriots." As long ago as 1780, when the mad Scotch fanatic, Lord George Gordon led 60,000 bloodthirsty ruffians in the great no Popery riots in which four hundred and fifty people were killed, one of the emblems of the bigots was a Little Red Brick House, used as a Savings Bank precisely as it is used to day by their descendants. Dickens refers more than once to the emblem in his stirring novel of Barnaby Rudge. Mrs. Varden, the pious, lazy, ill-tempered foolish wife of honest Gabriel, kept a Little Red Savings Bank, and—

She held that, in such stirring and tremendous times as those in which they lived, it would be much more to the purpose if Dolly became a regular subscriber to the *Thunderer*, where she would have an opportunity of reading Lord George Gordon's speeches word for word, which would be a greater comfort and solace to her than a hundred and fifty Blue Beards ever could impart. She appealed in support of this proposition to Miss Miggs, than in waiting, who said that indeed the peace of mind she had derived from the perusal of that paper generally, but especially of one article of the very last weeks as ever was, entitled "Great Britain drenched in gore," exceeded all belief; the same composition, she added, had also wrought such a comforting effect on the mind of a married sister of hers, then residing at Golden Lion Court, number twenty-seven, second bell-handle on the right-hand door post, that, being in a delicate state of health, and in fact expecting an addition to her family, she had been seized with fits directly after its perusal, and had raved of the Inquisition ever since; to the great improvement of her husband and friends. Miss Miggs went on to say that she would recommend all those whose hearts were hardened to hear Lord George themselves, whom she commended first, in respect of his steady Protestantism, then of his oratory, then of his eyes, then of his nose, then of his legs, and lastly of his figure generally, which she looked upon as fit for any statue, prince or angel, to which sentiment Mrs. Varden fully subscribed.

Mrs. Varden having cut in, looked at a box upon the mantel shelf painted in imitation of
A VERY RED BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, with a yellow roof; having at top a real chimney, down which voluntary subscribers dropped their silver, gold or peace into the parlor; and on the door the counterfeited presentment of a brass plate, whereon was legibly inscribed "Protestant Association;" and looking at it, said that it was to her a source of poignant misery to think that Varden never had, of all his substance, dropped anything into that temple, save once in secret—which she afterwards discovered—two fragments of tobacco-pipe, which she hoped would not be put down to his last account. That Dolly, she was grieved to say, was no less backward in her contributions, better loving, as it seemed, to purchase ribbons and such gauds, than to encourage the great cause, then in such heavy tribulation; and that she did entreat her (her father she much feared could not be moved) not to despise, but imitate, the bright example of Miss Miggs, who flung her wages, as it were, into the very countenance of the Pope, and bruised his features with her quarter's money.

"Oh, mim," said Miggs, "don't re-lude to that. I had no intentions, mim, that nobody should know. Such sacrifices as I can make, are quite a widdler's mite. It's all I have," cried Miggs with a great burst of tears—for with her they never came on by degrees—"but it's made up to me in other ways; it's well made up."

This was quite true, though not perhaps in the sense that Miggs intended. As she never failed to keep her self-dignity full in Mrs. Varden's view, it drew forth so many gifts of caps and gowns and other articles of dress, that upon the whole the red-brick house, was perhaps the best investment for her small capital she could possibly have hit upon; returning her interest, at the rate of 7 or 8 per cent., in money, and fifty at least in personal repute and credit.

"You needn't cry, Miggs," said Mrs. Varden, herself in tears; "you needn't be ashamed of it, though your poor mistress is on the same side."
Miggs howled at this remark, in a peculiarly dismal way, and said she knew that master hated her. That it was a dreadful thing to live in families and have dislikes, and not give satisfactions. That to make divisions was a thing she could not bear to think of, neither could her feelings let her do it. That if it was master's wishes as she and him should part, it was best they should part, and she hoped he might be the happier for it, and always wishes him well, and that he would find somebody as would meet his dispositions. It would be a hard trial, she said, to part from such a misset, but she could meet any suffering when her conscience told her she was in the rights, and therefore

she was willing even to go that lengths. She did not think, she added, that she could long survive the separations, but, as she was hated and looked upon unpleasant, perhaps her dying as soon as possible would be the best endings for all parties.

"Can you bear this, Varden?" said his wife in a solemn voice, laying down her knife and fork.

"Why, not very well, my dear," rejoined the locksmith, "but I try to keep my temper."

"Don't let there be words on my account, mim," sobbed Miggs. "It's much best that we should part. I wouldn't stay—oh, gracious me!—and make discussions, not for a annual gold mine, and found in tea and sugar."

Lord George, Gashford, the renegade, Sir John Chester, the polished scoundrel, and Geoffrey Haredale, the Catholic gentleman, came together in the next chapter, and the great English master of fiction never wrote a more dramatic passage than that describing their encounter.

One evening, shortly before twilight, he (Haredale) came his accustomed road upon the river's bank, intending to pass through Westminster Hall into Palace Yard, and there take boat to London Bridge as usual.

There were many little knots and groups of persons in Westminster Hall; some few looking upward at its noble ceiling, and at the rays of evening light, tinted by the setting sun, which streamed in a slant through its small windows, and growing dimmer by degrees, were quenched in the gathering gloom below.

Mr. Haredale, glancing only at such of these groups as he passed nearest to, and then in a manner betokening that his thoughts were elsewhere, had nearly traversed the Hall, when two persons before him caught his attention.

In the abstract there was nothing very remarkable in this pair, for servility waiting on a handsome suit of clothes and a cane—not to speak of gold and silver sticks, or wands of office—is common enough.

"It is," he returned impatiently; "yes—a—"

"My dear friend," cried the other, detaining him, "why such great speed? One minute, Haredale, for the sake of old acquaintance."

"I am in haste," he said, "Neither of us has sought this meeting. Let it be a brief one. Good night!"

"Fie, fie!" replied Sir John (for it was he), "how very churlish! We were speaking of you. Your name was on my lips—perhaps you heard me mention it? No? I am sorry for that. I am really sorry.—You know our friend here, Haredale? This is

really a most remarkable meeting!" The friend, plainly very ill at ease, had made bold to press Sir John's arm, and to give him other significant hints that he was desirous of avoiding this introduction.

"The friend, therefore, had nothing for it but to muster up the pleasantest smile he could, and to make a conciliatory bow, as Mr. Haredale turned his eyes upon him.

"Mr. Gashford!" said Haredale, coldly. "It is as I have heard, then. You have left the darkness for the light, sir, and hate those whose opinions you formerly held, with all the bitterness of a renegade.

"The secretary rubbed his hands and bowed, as though he would disown his adversary by humbling himself before him. Sir John Chester again exclaimed, with an air of great gayety, "Now, really, this is a most remarkable meeting!"

"Mr. Haredale," said Gashford, stealthily raising his eyes, and letting them drop again when they met the other's steady gaze, "is too conscientious, too honorable, too manly, I am sure, to attach unworthy motives to an honest change of opinions, even though it implies a doubt of those he holds himself."

"Yes, Sir!" he rejoined with a sarcastic smile, finding the secretary stopped. "You were saying—"

"Gashford meekly shrugged his shoulders, and looking on the ground again, was silent.

"No, but let us really," interposed Sir John at this juncture, "let us really, for a moment, contemplate the very remarkable character of this meeting. Haredale, my dear friend, pardon me if I think you are not sufficiently impressed with its singularity.

"Add to the singularity, Sir John," said Mr. Haredale, "that some of you Protestants of promise are at this moment leagued in yonder building to prevent our having the surpassing and unheard-of privilege of teaching our children to read and write—here—in this land, where thousands of us enter your service yearly, and to preserve the freedom of which we die in bloody battles abroad in heaps; and that others of you, to the number some thousands I learn, are led on to look on all men of my creed as wolves and beasts of prey, by this man Gashford.

"Oh! you are hard upon our friend," replied Sir John, with an engaging smile. "You are really very hard upon our friend!"

"Let him go on, Sir John," said Gashford, fumbling with his gloves. "Let him go on. I can make allowances, Sir John. I am honored with your good opinion, and I can dispense with Mr. Haredale's. Mr. Haredale is a sufferer from the penal laws, and I can't expect his favor."

"You have so much of my favor, Sir," retorted Mr. Haredale, with a bitter glance at the third party in their conversation, "that I am glad to see you in such good company. You are the essence of your great Association, in yourselves."

"Now, there you mistake," said Sir John, in his most benignant way. "There—which is a most remarkable circumstance for a man of your punctuality and exactness, Haredale—you fall into error. I don't belong to the body; I have an immense respect for its members, but I don't belong to it; although I am, it is certainly true, the conscientious opponent of your being relieved. I feel it my duty to be so; it is a most unfortunate necessity; and cost me a bitter struggle.—Will you try this box? If you don't object to a trifling infusion of a very chaste scent, you'll find its flavor exquisite."

"I ask your pardon, Sir John," said Mr. Haredale, declining the proffer with a motion of his hand, "for having ranked you among the humble instruments who are obvious and in all men's sight. I should have done more justice to your genius. Men of your capacity plot in secrecy and safety, and leave exposed posts to the duller wits."

"Don't apologize, for the world," replied Sir John, sweetly; "old friends like you and I may be allowed some freedoms, or the deuce is in it."

Gashford, who had been very restless all this time, but had not once looked up, now turned to Sir John, and ventured to mutter something to the effect that he must go, or my lord would perhaps be waiting.

mony, when he was stayed by a buzz and murmur at the upper end of the hall, and, looking in that direction, saw Lord George Gordon coming in, with a crowd of people around him.

There was a lurking look of triumph, though very differently expressed, in the faces of his two companions, which made it a natural impulse on Mr. Haredale's part not to give way before this leader, but to stand there while he passed.

He had left the House of Commons but that moment, and had come straight down into the Hall, bringing with him, as his custom was, intelligence of what had been said that night in reference to the Papists, and what petitions had been presented in their favor, and who had supported them, and when the bill was to be brought in, and when it would be advisable to present their own Great Protestant petition.

When they were very near to where the secretary, Sir John, and Mr. Haredale stood, Lord George turned round and, making a few remarks of a sufficiently violent and incoherent kind, concluded with the usual sentiment, and called for three cheers to back it.

"I should have known that, had I been ignorant of his lordship's person," said Mr. Haredale. "I hope there is but one gentleman in England, who, addressing an ignorant and excited throng, would speak of a large body of his fellow subjects in such injurious language as I heard this moment. For shame, my lord, for shame!"

"I cannot talk to you, sir," replied Lord George in a loud voice, and waving his hand in a disturbed and agitated manner; "we have nothing in common."

"We have much in common—many things—all that the Almighty gave us," said Mr. Haredale; "and common charity, not to say common sense and common decency, should teach you to refrain from these proceedings. If every one of those men had arms in their hands at this moment, as they have them in their heads, I would not leave this place without telling you that you disgrace your station."

"I don't hear you, sir," he replied in the same manner as before; "I can't hear you. It is indifferent to me what you say. Don't retort, Gashford, for the secretary had made a show of wishing to do so; I can hold no communion with the worshippers of idols."

As he said this, he glanced at Sir John, who lifted his hands and eyebrows, as if deploring the intemperate conduct of Mr. Haredale, and smiled in admiration of the crowd and of their leader.

"He retort!" cried Haredale. "Look you here, my lord. Do you know this man?"

Lord George replied by laying his hand upon the shoulder of his cringing secretary, and viewing him with a smile of confidence.

"This man," said Mr. Haredale, eying him from top to toe, "who in his boyhood was a thief, and has been from that time to this a servile, false and truckling knave; this man, who has crawled and crept through life, wounding the hands he licked, and biting those he fawned upon; this scoundrel, who never knew what honor, truth or courage meant; who robbed his benefactor's daughter of her virtue, and married her to break her heart, and did it with stripes and cruelty; this creature, who has whined at kitchen windows for the broken food and begged for halfpence at our chapel doors; this apostle of the faith, whose tender conscience cannot bear the altars where his vicious life was publicly denounced—Do you know this man?"

"Oh, really—you are very, very hard upon our friend!" exclaimed Sir John.

"Let Mr. Haredale go on," said Gashford, upon whose unwholesome face the perspiration had broken out during this speech, in blotches of wet; "I don't mind him, Sir John; it's quite as indifferent to me what he says, as it is to my lord. If he reviles my lord, as you have heard, Sir John, how can I hope to escape?"

"Is it not enough, my lord," Mr. Haredale continued, "that I, as good a gentleman as you, must hold my property, such as it is, by a trick at which the State connives because of these hard laws; and that we may not teach our youth in schools the common principles of right and wrong; but must be denounced and ridden by such men as this! Here is a man to

head your No Popery cry! For shame! for shame!"

The infatuated nobleman had glanced more than once at Sir John Chester, as if to inquire whether there was any truth in these statements concerning Gashford, and Sir John had often plainly answered by a shrug or look, "Oh dear me; no." He now said, in the same loud key, and in the same strange manner as before:

"I have nothing to say, sir, in reply, and no desire to hear anything more. I beg you won't intrude your conversation, or these personal attacks, upon me. I shall not be deterred from doing my duty to my country and my countrymen, by any such attempts, whether they proceed from emissaries of the Pope or not, I assure you. Come Gashford!"

They had walked on a few paces while speaking, and were now at the hall door, through which they passed together. Mr. Haredale, without any leave-taking, turned away to the river stairs, which were close at hand, and hailed the only boatman who remained there.

But the throng of people—the foremost of whom had heard every word that Lord George Gordon said, and among all of whom the rumor had been rapidly dispersed that the stranger was a Papist who was bearing him for his advocacy of the popular cause—came pouring out pell mell, and, forcing the nobleman on before them, so that they appeared to be at their heads, crowded to the top of the stairs where Mr. Haredale waited until the boat was ready, and there stood still, leaving him on a little clear space by himself.

They were not silent, however, though inactive. At first some indistinct mutterings arose among them, which followed by a hiss or two, and these swelled by degrees into a perfect storm. Then one voice said, "Down with the Papists!" and there was a pretty general cheer, but nothing more. After a lull of a few moments, one man cried out, "Stone him!" another, "Duck him!" another in a stentorian voice, "No Popery!" This favorite cry was re-echoed, and the mob, which might have been two hundred strong, joined in a general shout.

Mr. Haredale had stood calmly on the brink of the steps, until they made this demonstration, when he looked round contemptuously, and walked at a slow pace down the stairs. He was pretty near the boat, when Gashford, as if without intention, turned about, and directly afterwards a great stone was thrown by some hand in the crowd, which struck him on the head, and made him stagger like a drunken man.

The blood sprang freely from the wound, and trickled down his coat. He turned directly, and rushing up the steps with a boldness and passion which made them all fall back, demanded:

"Who did that? Show me the man who hit me."

Not a soul moved; except some in the rear who slunk off, and, escaping to the other side of the way, looked on like indifferent spectators.

"Show me the man who did it. Dog, was it you? It was your deed, if not your hand—I know you."

He threw himself on Gashford as he said the words, and hurled him to the ground. There was a sudden motion in the crowd, and some laid hands upon him, but his sword was out, and they fell off again.

"My Lord—Sir John," he cried, "draw, one of you—you are responsible for this outrage and I look to you. Draw, if you are gentlemen." With that he struck Sir John upon the breast with the flat of his weapon, and with a burning face and flashing eyes, stood upon his guard; alone, before them all.

For an instant, for the briefest space of time the mind can readily conceive, there was a change in Sir John's smooth face such as no man ever saw there. The next moment he stepped forward and laid one hand on Mr. Haredale's arm, while with the other he endeavored to appease the crowd.

"My dear friend, my good Haredale, you are blinded with passion—it's very natural, extremely natural—you don't know friends from foes."

"I know them all, sir; I can distinguish well—" he retorted, almost mad with rage. "Sir John, Lord George—do you hear me? Are you cowards?"

"Never mind, sir," said a man, forcing his way between and pushing him towards the stairs with friendly violence, "never mind asking that. For God's sake, get away! What can you do against this number? And there are as many more in the next street, who'll be round directly."—indeed, they began to pour in as he said the words—"you'd be giddy from that cut in the first heat of a scuffle. Now do retire, sir, or take my word for it, you'll be worse used than you would be if every man in the crowd was a woman, and that woman Bloody Mary. Come, sir, make haste—as quick as you can."

Mr. Haredale, who began to turn faint and sick, felt how sensible this advice was, and descended the steps with his unknown friend's assistance. John Grueby (for John, it was) helped him into the boat, and giving her a shove off, which sent her thirty feet into the tide, bade the waterman pull away like a Briton; and walked up again as composed as if he had just landed.

besides Lord George's livery, they thought better of it, and contented themselves with sending a shower of small missiles after the boat, which plashed harmlessly in the water; for she had by this time cleared the bridge and was darting swiftly down the centre of the stream.

From this amusement they proceeded to giving Protestant knocks at the doors of private houses, breaking a few lamps, and assaulting some stray constables. But, it being whispered that a detachment of Life Guards had been sent for, they took to their heels with great expedition; and left the street quite clear.

END OF THE LITTLE RED EMBLEM. When the mad, murderous conspiracy finally culminated in violence, Gabriel Varden as a loyal Englishman went forth to fight the wretches who were dishonoring the name of Protestantism. Before he left, his apprentice, "Sim Tappetit," a valiant member of the A. P. A. of the period, handed him a paper which read as follows:—

"All good friends to our cause I hope will be particular, and do no injury to the property of any true Protestant. I am well assured that the proprietor of this house is a staunch and worthy friend to the cause."

"What's this?" said the locksmith, with an altered face. "Something that'll do you good service, young feller," replied his journeyman, "as you'll find. Keep that safe, and where you can lay your hand upon it in an instant. And chalk 'No Popery' on your door to-morrow night, and for a week to come—that's all."

"This is a genuine document," said the locksmith, "I know, for I have seen the hand before. What threat does it imply? What devil is abroad?"

"A fiery devil," retorted Sim; "a flaming, furious devil. Don't you put yourself in its way, or you're done for, my buck. Be warned in time, G. Varden. Farewell!"

Now Mrs. Varden (and by consequence Miss Miggs likewise) was impressed with a secret misgiving that she had done wrong; that she had, to the utmost of her small means, aided and abetted the growth of disturbances, the end of which it was impossible to foresee; that she had led remotely to the scene which had just passed; and that the locksmith's time for triumph and reproach had now arrived indeed. And so strongly did Mrs. Varden feel this, and so crestfallen was she in consequence, that while her husband was pursuing their lost journeyman, she secreted under her chair the little red brick dwelling-house with the yellow roof, lest it should furnish new occasion for reference to the painful theme; and now hid the same still more, with the skirts of her dress.

But it happened that the locksmith had been thinking of this very article on his way home, and that, coming into the room and not seeing it, he at once demanded where it was.

"Show me the man who did it. Dog, was it you? It was your deed, if not your hand—I know you."

"Yes, yes," said Varden, "of course—I know that. I don't mean to reproach you, my dear. But recollect from this time that all good things perverted to evil purposes are worse than those which are naturally bad. A thoroughly wicked woman is wicked indeed. When religion goes wrong, she is very wrong, for the same reason. Let us say no more about it, my dear."

So he dropped the red brick dwelling-house on the floor, and setting his heel upon it, crushed it into pieces. The half pence, and sixpences, and other voluntary contributions, rolled about in all directions, but nobody offered to touch them, or to take them up.

"That," said the locksmith, "is easily disposed of, and I would to heaven that everything growing out of the same society could be settled as easily."

You cannot say that you have tried everything for your rheumatism, until you have taken Ayer's Pills. Hundreds have been cured of this complaint by the use of these Pills alone. They were admitted on exhibition at the World's Fair as a standard cathartic.

The Magic Touch OF Hood's Sarsaparilla You smile at the idea. But if you are a sufferer from Dyspepsia And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim, "That Just Hits It!"

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"It happens very fortunately, Varden," said his wife, with her handkerchief to her eyes, "that in case any more disturbances should happen—which I hope not; I sincerely hope not—"

"I hope so too, my dear."

"That in case any should occur, we have the piece of paper which that poor misguided young man brought."

"Use it!" cried the locksmith. "No! Let them come and pull the roof about our ears; let them burn us out of house and home. I'd neither have the protection of their leader, nor chafe their howl upon my door, though, for not doing it, they shot me on my own threshold. Use it! Let them come and do their worst. The first man who crosses my door-step on such an errand as theirs, had better be a hundred miles away. Let him look to it. The others may have their will. I wouldn't beg or buy them off, if instead of every pound of iron in the gold, there were a hundred weight of gold."

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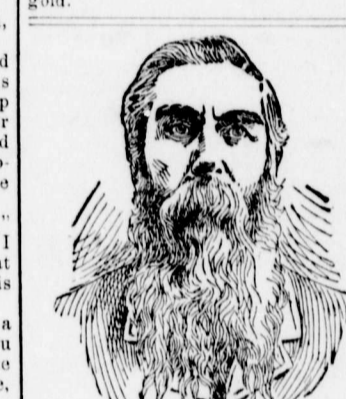
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EVOLUTION.

Quite a sensation has been created among the newspaper critics by a lecture delivered by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Zahn, at the Columbian Catholic Summer School recently held at Madison, Wisconsin.

The subject of the lecture was Darwin's theory of Evolution, and Father Zahn seemed to most of his hearers to favor the theory, and he has been reported in most of the journals as having done so.

Father Zahn did not maintain that the theory of Evolution as propounded by the late Mr. Darwin is true, though from the tenor of his lecture he appears to be inclined to believe in it. He only maintained that the theory is not inconsistent with revealed truth, especially with the account given of the creation in the first and second chapters of Genesis.

We do not by any means advocate Mr. Darwin's theory: yet we are ready to say that as far as Dr. Zahn's positive assertions go in his lecture, as we understand them, we do not find fault with them.

"Let us make man to our image and likeness: and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth, and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth. And God created man to His own image: to the image of God He created him: male and female He created them."

There is nothing in this to oppose the gradual formation of man's body by its passage through various stages, as Darwin's theory requires. But man's soul is of distinct formation. It is represented in Genesis to be the formation of a distinct act of God's will:

"And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth, and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

Now from this we infer that what ever may have been the manner of God's formation of man's being, as far as his body is concerned, it is expressed that the soul was created or formed in a different way, and by a distinct act.

On the mere strength of what is said in Genesis, it cannot be positively asserted that God created man's body in a moment and by a single act. We may, therefore, without running counter to revelation, admit the theory that the human body was formed by degrees, and by passing through intermediate organizations. This is what the Darwinian theory proclaims, and what Father Zahn believes to be not against revelation. But the soul of man is distinct from, though united to, the body, and it does not appear possible that it enters into the body in obedience to any fixed law of crystallization, or that the union of body and soul takes place on account of, or as a result from, some peculiar organization of the particles of matter.

We do not consider Mr. Darwin's theories proved. Professor Virchow of Berlin declared them to be not only unproved and unprovable, but also most improbable. There is not in nature anything to show that organizations, animal or vegetable, grow one from the other. All species differ from each other so essentially, that it is a mere assumption to suppose that one has grown out of another of lower degree, improving through natural selection and the survival of the fittest: and though nature gives evidence that there are varieties in species, and that these varieties can be in some cases

perpetuated even by methods within the power of man, there is not a particle of evidence that any one species has ever been formed by development from another.

The differences between mere varieties, whether animal or vegetable, and species, are such that human intelligence has not yet been able to explain or account for them. Organizations do vary within certain limits; but it is equally certain that no human power, and no force in nature has yet been discovered which will change one species into another; and it does not appear that man can tell, or will ever be able to tell, why these things are so, or to what limit these energies of development extend. Yet it is not against Christian faith to believe that such developments have taken place, and it seems to us that this is all which Father Zahn has affirmed. He says: "At all events, whatever one may be disposed to think of the theory, it is well always to bear in mind that it has never been condemned by the Church, although it has been publicly discussed and defended for full five and twenty years."

"Evolution is not opposed to revelation, as is often imagined, but to certain interpretations of what some have imagined to be revealed truths."

Darwin was himself an agnostic, or unbeliever in revelation, and his theories were seized upon by the race of unbelievers as being sufficient to explain creation without admitting the need of a Creator. But even if these theories were true, a Creator would be necessary as the Great First Cause. It is creation all the same, whether God made existent beings directly, or that He instituted certain laws by the operation of which those beings come into existence in the multitudinous forms they assume; and the power which makes the laws of nature operate, and which instituted those laws, is as necessarily infinite as if it produced each organized being by a direct act of will. Hence, even if evolution were true, the existence of God, and of an original creation, would still be a necessity. The evidences of design in the universe would be just as striking in one case as in the other; and therefore the existence of God, infinite in power and wisdom, would be none the less provable, as the Great First Cause of all existence.

Many theories which have been held by scientists from time to time have been afterward abandoned as untenable. They were mere guesses at the truth, and were wrong guesses. We are yet of the opinion that Darwin's guess at the origin of man through progressive development of the monkey or the tadpole or the "moner" is fantastic. The links which he imagined to exist as proving that man has been formed from some low form of animal life, are purely imaginary. It has never been proved that such links exist; and Mr. Darwin himself acknowledged that there is a "missing link" between man and the monkey tribe, which ought to be discovered before his theory would be satisfactory to himself.

That link is still missing, and is likely to remain so for generations still unborn.

The gorilla and other animals to which the name troglodytes has been given, as having some resemblance to man, and which were supposed at one time or other to be the link which on being investigated would confirm the Darwinian theory, have all been carefully examined by the best anatomists, and the result of the investigation has been that not one of them could be regarded as an intermediate form through which man was developed from a monkey.

Professor E. Hull, late Director General of the Geological Survey of Ireland, dealt with the question of the missing link in a paper read at the May meeting of the Victoria Institute, London. The essay of Mr. Hull was on "Early Man," and in it the writer examined all known instances of so-called "missing links," including the last one discovered by Dr. Dubois, in Java, and he declares that not one can at all be regarded as the missing link. They all differ essentially both from all the other species of monkeys known and from man, and in no case can these animals be regarded as the intermediate missing link through which the monkeys passed when the process of evolution was raising them upward to become men. We may fairly suppose that the missing link, so much sought for, will never be discovered.

The children of the Crusaders will not fall back before the sons of Voltaire. So says Monsig. d'Halst. He is ready to begin a campaign of resistance to the iniquitous laws of the Government. Prudence has ceased to be a virtue in France.

A BRILLIANT LEGISLATURE.

The Smith Garb Law, which was recently passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature on demand of the Apapists of the State, is not working so smoothly as its promoters desired and expected. It was aimed at Catholic nuns, who, under it, cannot be employed as teachers in the Public schools unless they doff their religious garb; but it so happens that the nuns do not wish to teach in the Public schools, and as far as they are concerned the law has no application. There was only one town in which three or four nuns were employed in teaching the schools, and they have left their positions, in obedience to the law; but they would have left in any case for other reasons. Surely the mountain in labor has given birth to a ridiculous mouse when the sole effect is no more than to deprive three or four ladies of their position; and even now Catholic ladies will teach in the schools from which the nuns have been shut out, so that Apapism will gain little by the new order of things.

But this intolerant law is having an effect which was not anticipated by its promoters. Pennsylvania has thousands of young men and women teachers who wear the Quaker and Dunkard garb, as a matter of conscience, and the new bill is being applied to prevent these from obtaining situations, or retaining them where they are already employed!

The Christian Statesman complains bitterly of this application of the recent legislation; but since it is now the law, why should it not be applied to all who come under its provisions? By all means let this monument of A. P. A. fanaticism and folly be vigorously enforced. Its outrageous character will thus be made patent to those who have hitherto been blind to its effect, and the public may become aware of the wisdom of entrusting the task of legislation to a set of drivelling fanatics, whose sole capacity for doing men's work is their invincible ignorance of the meaning of words, together with the spirit of hatred which controls all their acts.

Pennsylvania is certainly blessed with a model Legislature, with its brilliant intellect and ardently Evangelical charity! May that State long enjoy the beatitude which has come to it with its present rulers! It is needless to add that by its incompetency the Legislature has made itself a laughing-stock for the nation.

POLYGAMOUS CHRISTIANITY.

The question of the admission of polygamist converts into the Church without requiring them to give up their polygamous contracts in India and Africa is still agitating the Presbyterian Church of America. The American Church has control of a number of missions to the heathen in these countries, but the missionaries have found that they cannot obtain converts unless they allow their new Christians to retain all their wives, and so in practice they have done this. But there is trouble in the camp on account of the matter. The General Assembly is still unwilling to assert by positive decree that it has power to change the law of God, which, according to the Westminster Confession, forbids polygamy, yet the Synod of India asks that each missionary Synod be permitted to deal with the matter as it deems prudent.

The question was before the General Assembly at its recent meeting at Pittsburgh, but was left undecided. In the meantime the missionaries are receiving the polygamists into the Church, thus swelling the figures of their lists of conversions. There are protests, however, and recently a pamphlet was issued by some of the missionaries in India opposing the reception of such converts as will not consent to select one of their wives and dismiss the rest.

The Indian Standard, which is looked upon as an organ of Presbyterianism, discusses the matter warmly, holding that this alternative would be both cruel and anti-scriptural. It maintains that it would be a grievous wrong to break up polygamous families, and that such an evil must not be done that good may come from it. It desires that freedom be granted to the missionaries to receive such converts; but if the Church refuses this, then let the converts be allowed to live as Christians outside the visible Church, for the fact of polygamy cannot be undone, and, after all, it will not be an obstacle to their salvation. It says: "They will still be saved if they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."

In the face of such a fact as this, the Canada Presbyterian not long since asserted that Rome presents a cham-

eleon like creed according to the circumstances with which it finds itself surrounded. Rome has never held that it has authority to tamper with or abolish the law of God, or to change it in the least degree. It has been reserved to the Presbyterianism of the nineteenth century practically to make this claim.

There have been no more bitter denouncers of Mormonism in America, than the Presbyterians, who have hitherto maintained that the polygamy which prevails among the Mormons shuts them out from all fellowship with the Christian Church. But if polygamy is to be accepted as a Christian practice in India and Africa, what is to prevent Mormonism on this continent from being recognized as a branch of Presbyterianism?

A. P. A. DOINGS.

We already mentioned in our columns the reaction which has taken place in Omaha, Nebraska, against the A. P. A. municipal council which was elected by the people to manage the affairs of the city this year. So outrageous were their proceedings, and so much boodling was discovered in their transactions, that the people are heartily sick of their rule, which they must now endure until their term of office shall have expired. The city treasurer, who was a defaulter, and who pretended by writing a letter to that effect, that he intended to commit suicide, has been condoned, and the council makes no effort to prosecute him or to recover the money he has embezzled, because he is of the same mould with them.

There have been some new developments in the A. P. A. rule more recently. Contrary to law, the Council at one swoop endeavored to establish a new A. P. A. police force and a new set of police commissioners, but the Citizens' League, which has been formed to counteract their designs, obtained an injunction from the court to prevent the new appointees from taking office. Plans were then laid by the council to take possession by a coup d'etat, but the citizens were prepared to resist the attempt, by force against force if necessary. As a consequence bloodshed was feared, but the council were fearful of making the attempt to get possession of the offices and were compelled to abandon their militant designs: so they are now awaiting the action of the Supreme court, to which the matter has been appealed.

The Citizens' League is for the most part composed of Protestants who now desire to undo the harm which they did by their votes at the election. It remains to be seen whether by the steps they are now taking they will be able to repair the evil done.

The intensity of the feeling aroused against the Apapists in consequence of their intolerance and boodling may be judged from the strong speech delivered on independence day by the Hon. E. Rosewater, editor of the Omaha Bee, and a Protestant, denunciatory of the A. P. A. and its principles. He told his fellow-citizens that the danger which is now threatening the country arises from the secret oath bound societies and political clubs which aim at barring from all positions of honor and trust the men who were born on foreign soil or who profess a particular creed. He called upon his audience to mark that, in the declaration of American Independence, it is one of the complaints made by the colonists against the tyranny of George III. that "he has endeavored to prevent the population of these States, for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners, and refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither." The A. P. A. are following the same traitorous and treacherous course.

He stated that "the Pope has not as much ground outside of St. Peter's Church, as we should consider large enough for a cow pasture," and ridiculed the notion circulated by Apapists that the Holy Father has any expectation or hope to make America a papal province. "There are," he continued, "clubs and organizations promulgating this theory, and such talk is indulged in all over the country, being no longer the talk of a few ignorant people."

We have had such talk as this on our own side of the boundary line, and it has been encouraged by such persons as the leaders of thought among the Presbyterian and Methodist divines and by such men as Mr. Attorney General Sifton of Manitoba, who all endeavor to propagate the notion that the Catholic hierarchy of Canada aim at taking the government of the Domin-

ion into their own hands so that they may oppress Protestants.

Mr. Rosewater showed that Catholics have been identified with the cause of their country equally with Protestants, and that they are quite as loyal to its laws, and as patriotic in sustaining them. By undeniable statistics, he refuted the assertion that the illiteracy of the United States is to be found among the foreign population. Such facts as the following had a telling effect:

"In South Carolina there are 3 per cent. foreign born, yet of 59,415 whites not negroes, who in 1880 could not read and write, only 362 were foreign born. In Tennessee, only 1,233 were foreigners out of 214,994 who could not read and write, while Nebraska, with over 125,000 foreign-born citizens, stands at the front for a better general education than any State in the Union."

The hon. gentleman concluded an eloquent address by saying that "no particular race of men, and no particularism in creed has any pre-emptive right to set itself up as American, to the exclusion of other races and creeds. One God, one country and one destiny—This is the gospel of American Nationality."

Mr. Rosewater is a thorough American and a lover of his country, and his noble denunciation of the proscription attempted by the A. P. A. against Catholics should cause all those who have taken the oath of membership in that organization to blush for shame. In his reference to the state of education in Nebraska he is probably correct; and it is said that Omaha had excellent schools until this year, when they have fallen under A. P. A. management. Politics was not, heretofore, an element in the management of the schools, and the teachers and school superintendent were doing their work well, but the A. P. A. school commissioners have dismissed the superintendent and several of their best teachers to give an opening for A. P. A. substitutes, and now, as the Springfield Republican states:

"No educator of standing and reputation can afford to accept the position (of superintendent) under such conditions as exist in Omaha at present. It is in this way this professed and self-appointed defender of the Public schools proves a power for mischief against them as dangerous as party politics or the rivalry of cheap bosses wrangling for teachers' positions as spoils."

Of course the cause for the getting rid of the teachers was that they are Catholics, and the superintendent, Dr. A. P. Marble, was dismissed because he refused to recommend their dismissal. Dr. Marble has only been a year in his office at Omaha, but his twenty years of experience in the same position at Worcester, Massachusetts, made him a most efficient incumbent of the office, and since the dismissal the schools of the city are demoralized. No successor to Dr. Marble has been secured, the position having already been refused by one gentleman who would not take it owing to the circumstances which created the vacancy. Besides the Catholics, one Protestant teacher is among the dismissed, because he was heard to remark that there are two kinds of bigotry, Protestant and Catholic.

Reports from other parts of the great West show that elsewhere beside in Nebraska the people are growing disgusted with Apapism. In many places the A. P. A. branches have broken up as they have done in Hamilton and other parts of Canada. It was in the West that this fanatical movement originated, and though it occasionally still makes a spasmodic effort to exert an evil influence, it is surely dying out in its very cradle. There is in Kansas City a popular movement similar to that of Omaha to break it down, and from many other parts of the West the same information comes, showing that it has run its course.

It is generally thought that in the New England States Apapism is exceptionally strong, and that Massachusetts especially is completely under its control. This thought led the New York Evening Post to say recently that

"The favor that has been lent the A. P. A. movement in Massachusetts is discredit to the intelligence and character of the people. It is a revival of Know-Nothingism for which there is absolutely no excuse, and which can work only harm to the community."

And referring to the exhibition of Orange and A. P. A. emblems in the 4th of July celebration, the Post adds: "When the movement reaches the point of fanning race and religious prejudices into such flames as raged on Thursday, it is time for the rest of the country to let the Bay State know how contemptible such a course is in this age of the world."

We already stated in these columns that we have no sympathy with those

who allow themselves to be excited into attacking a street parade even though it exhibit obnoxious emblems; but the Boston parade was intended to excite a quarrel, and it succeeded too well. The riot was precipitated by the sneers of the paraders, but it was a sudden and unpremeditated outburst for which the paraders were chiefly blameable; and so the Boston Herald holds, saying, at the same time, that Apapism is by no means so powerful and widely spread as many imagine: and surely it is well informed on the point. It says:

"We are not aware that the A. P. A. movement has had very much more countenance here than in several other states of the Union. It has tried its hand in politics, but those it has elected to office have been very few, and the amount of legislation it has put upon the statute books is absolutely nil. Its chief achievement is in the establishment of a secret society which has had greater success in getting itself talked about than in anything else. There is something of truth, however, in the Post's remark that there are 'people in the State, and particularly in Boston and its suburbs, who have been half crazy for years over the danger of the subversion of our institutions by the Roman Catholic Church,' though these are fewer in number than the Post supposes."

THE LORD'S DAY.

W. S. proposes to us the enquiry: "Would you kindly explain when the Church changed the Sabbath to the first day of the week? By what Council was it decreed, and what was the object of the change?"

St. Augustine informs us in his sermon 251 that "The Apostles and Apostolic men appointed that the Lord's day should be kept with religious solemnity because on that day our Redeemer rose from the dead. It is called the Lord's day that by abstaining from earthly works and the allurements of the world we may devote ourselves on it to divine worship."

For as the Lord rose from the dead, so we also hope to rise." Elsewhere the same saint and doctor remarks that the same day was the first day of creation, on which angels and the elements of the world were formed. From this we see that the chief reason why the Sunday or Lord's day is observed by Christians as the weekly day of rest is that we may commemorate the resurrection of Christ, which is regarded by the Church as the most important event of the work of our redemption, and the basis of our faith and hope. Other important events of Christianity took place on the Lord's day, among which we may mention the descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles, and the beginning of their missionary work. It is also asserted by most writers on the subject that our Blessed Lord was born on that day.

We do not find any mention of the institution in the acts of the Council of Jerusalem, the meeting of which is recorded in the 15th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and there was no General Council of the Church held after this till that of Nice in A. D. 325. The institution of the Sunday as the chief Christian festival must, therefore, have arisen from the practice of the Church rather than from any Conciliar act, and in all likelihood, from the mandate of the Apostles, though not recorded in any positive act of theirs. The day was certainly observed from Apostolic times, as the very earliest Fathers of the Church speak of its universal observance at their date. It is mentioned by Ignatius in his letter to the Magnesians thus: "No longer keeping the Sabbath but living in the Spirit of the Lord's day." The Epistle of Barnabas also states that "we celebrate with devotion the eighth day on which Jesus rose from the dead," and the writer seems to indicate that the Ascension (which we celebrate on a Thursday) also took place on the same day. Justin Martyr, Melito, and Dionysius of Corinth during the same century also indicate that "the day of the sun," or the "Lord's day" was the weekly festival of Christians.

An edict of Constantine the Great ordered the Sunday to be strictly observed, and the order was repeated by the Council of Laodicea in 364, but the observance of the day was evidently much earlier than the dates of these ordinances. From the early and general designation of the day as "the Lord's day," we may reasonably infer that it was the same Lord's day when St. John the Evangelist was "in spirit" and on which he was commanded to write the Apocalyptic vision. Apoc. i. 10. This, however, cannot be construed as a general command to Christians to observe the day; so that we must say its

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observance arises from the usage of the Church, and not from any clear scriptural precept.

It should also be observed that it is an error to confound the "Lord's day" with the "Sabbath," as many of our separated friends do, and as our correspondent does.

A PUPIL OF MRS. SHEPHERD.

Some of our contemporaries have devoted considerable space to criticisms of what is termed a sermon delivered by a person named Coburn, who calls himself a Methodist clergyman, before a meeting of True Blues, in Woodgreen Methodist Tabernacle, Toronto.

"Kit," the brilliant Irish Protestant lady who edits the woman's department of the Toronto Mail, thus pays her respects to the "rev. gentleman" in question:

"The most grievous thing about the Rev. Mr. Coburn's preaching was not the rubbish he spoke, but the fact that the decent, respectable Lady True Blues listened to it—and applauded. I think Toronto—taken all round—is the most provincial city of its size in the world.

The Toronto Globe of the 17th also refers to the matter, in the following terms:

"While the attack made upon Catholics in the sermon preached to the True Blues here was much to be regretted, there is cause for unmingled rejoicing in the expression of public opinion which the incident has evoked. There has been a good deal of editorial comment, and several letters have been written to the press, and not a word has been spoken save in condemnation of attacks on Catholics and of slanders against those self-sacrificing men and women who devote their lives to religion and to those works of charity which are the noblest fruits of religion.

And the Toronto World has this to say: "The young man Coburn, known as the 'Boy Preacher,' who delivered a sermon at the Woodgreen Methodist church yesterday, exceeded all bounds of decency. A report of his sermon will be found elsewhere. We print it so that managers of churches may know what to expect when they are asked to allow this young gentleman to occupy their pulpits."

He appears to be a second edition of "Peck's Bad Boy," lacking the good qualities of that celebrated character.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE ARE pleased to be able to state that fourteen miraculous cures, attested by eye-witnesses, took place at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre in connection with the recent pilgrimage conducted by Rev. M. J. Stanton, the popular parish priest of Smith's Falls.

SOME OF our contemporaries are in the habit of asserting that the Pope's influence over Italian Catholics is very slight and is waning, and to prove this they refer to the fact that the Catholic party is unrepresented in the Chamber of Deputies. It is not from weakness of the Catholic party that it has no representation in Parliament, but because by mandate of the Pope the Catholics abstain from voting.

THE conciliatory policy of Pope Leo XIII. toward the Oriental Church has already borne fruit in several directions in Europe, Asia and Africa. In Africa many of the Copts, with their pastors and some Bishops, are already taking steps to become reunited with the Church, and in Europe the concordat recently made with the Prince of Montenegro has resulted in most cordial relations between the Pope and Prince Nicholas.

THE intelligence has reached us from Toronto that Rev. Father McSpirit parish priest of the Gore of Toronto, has gone to his reward. He had been ill for some time, and was recently compelled to give up his charge.

A NEW secret society is being established, with headquarters in Hamilton, Ohio, which is to be called "The American League." The first branch, or lodge, consists of fifty members, who are for the most part dissatisfied members of the A. P. A. and the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, which resemble each other in their objects and methods.

olies, but will rather do good, as the members of new orders like the League are persons who leave the older ones through dissatisfaction, and new recruits are scarce, or they are men who remain members of one or more of these orders. The only result of the multiplication of orders and distinctive titles will be divided counsels and mutual exposure of the disgraceful methods of operation.

THIS is the age of Congresses. There is much talk and brotherly feeling *in evidence*, which is certainly a significant and consoling omen of better things to come. They also increase the words at our disposal, as bear witness the reports of the Pan-American Congress.

PORTUGAL is throwing off her apathy and indifference with regard to religion. The old faith is becoming energetic. The power of Freemasonry is but a shadow of its former self. The rank and file of the people are beginning to understand that the source of healthy material life springs from religion, from fidelity to God.

CARDINAL MANNING used to say that Englishmen were robbed of their faith: "It was not the people who broke up the unity of the faith but a sovereign, court-hungry man, who desired the land and gold of the Church of God, false teachers, high minded men inflated with false science and puffed up with a notion that they were destined to be the teachers of mankind."

A VERY fine sample of Ppaim appeared before the police magistrate of this city a few days ago. His name is Levi Lattimer. His wife, who is a Catholic, caused his arrest for ill-treatment. The Free Press thus refers to the matter:

"Mrs. Lattimer told a pitiful tale of abuse on the part of the man who had promised to love and cherish her. They were married nineteen years ago, she being his second wife. All went well for a while, but Mrs. Lattimer is a Roman Catholic and her husband is a Protestant. She desired to attend church service, as she had been wont to. But Lattimer objected, and the trouble grew. He would not even go to a church of any kind himself."

OUR excellent contemporary, the Antigonish Casket, thus pays its respects to Hon. Clarke Wallace:

"Liberty of conscience and the free exercise of religion lies at the very root and foundation of Orange principles."—Hon. N. Clarke Wallace.

"Does he? Well, they is not the only thing about Orangeism that lies. Either the above sentence or the history of the past two hundred years lies most egregiously."

"I do not believe that the people of Manitoba would tolerate the infliction on any class in that Province of a real, tangible, manifest grievance in the matter of the schools."—Hon. N. Clarke Wallace.

"Now in the name of all the gods at once when is this 'bancombe' going to stop? What have the members of the Manitoba Government, who know only too well that they have the majority of the 'people of Manitoba' at their back, been declaring all along but that they will never, NEVER cease to inflict upon the minority the 'real, tangible, manifest grievance' which the very highest authority in the empire declares they have inflicted? You don't believe it, Mr. Wallace, eh? Well, your distinguished friend, Mr. Joseph Martin, M. P., who knows something about these matters, quorum pars magna fuit, is not quite so skeptical on this point. Have you forgotten his recent letter to the Ottawa Citizen, in which he characterizes the School Act as 'most unjust to

Roman Catholics' and a piece of 'rank tyranny'?"

THE PAPACY FROM A PROTESTANT POINT OF VIEW.

The Fortnightly Review for July has a noteworthy article on "The Papacy: Its Position and Aims." The writer endeavors to account for "the unmistakable renewal of strength and vitality of the Papacy" in our day. In attempting to explain the fact, which he recognizes as not less remarkable than unexpected, he makes the mistake of looking upon the Catholic Church as a purely human institution. Like Macaulay, he failed to see that the causes he assigns for the recuperative power of the Church themselves need to be accounted for.

After the loss of the temporal power a quarter of a century ago, the non-Catholic world believed the influence of the Papacy was at an end. The cry from the pulpits was: "Babylon has fallen." The Pope became a prisoner within the walls of the Vatican, to some an object of pity and commiseration, to others an object of contempt and derision. But now, says the writer in the Review, "after a lapse of a few years, we behold the Church of Rome making strides toward the recovery of all that had been lost, at a rate which, if continued, must, within a measurable space of time, tend considerably to change the existing state of affairs not only in Europe but in the United States of America and the great South American Republics."

For this "not less remarkable than unexpected" change the writer attempts to account by attributing it to two causes—the policy of the Church and the genius of Leo XIII. To meet and control the Radical, Socialistic and Anarchistic spirit of the times, the writer tells us, is the aim and destiny of the Church, according to the view of churchmen. According to him, these churchmen "hold they are in a better position to do this than the statesman, who is always, more or less, the puppet of faction, or the member of Parliament who is paid, or wants to be paid, for his services, and is therefore no longer a free agent."

THE writer is an admirer of Leo XIII. Comparing him to Gladstone, he says: "The two most striking instances of personal influence in our day are Leo XIII. and Mr. Gladstone. Of the latter the statement will be generally accepted by any who have come within the witchery of that statesman's charm of manner and power of persuasion, whilst of Leo XIII. the same can be unhesitatingly said, though it is more difficult to measure the effect in his case, seeing that the Pope is still actively at work, whilst Mr. Gladstone has made his mark for good or ill: and also from the fact that, whereas the Pope's influence stretches over nearly the whole civilized world, Mr. Gladstone's has been practically confined to the advancement or ruin of his own country. To those to whom the privilege of conversing with Leo XIII. has been extended, to those who look below the surface of things and realize that everything the Pope says, does, thinks, or writes, is the outcome of deep and earnest thought, exercised by one of the most powerful minds of our day, a dim adumbration of his influence and its consequences reveals itself. The frequenter of the Vatican instinctively learns that no one within those walls differs from that wonderful old man: that the mind lingering in that frail tenement of flesh and blood is keen, alert and self-reliant."

This Pope is a great power—a far greater potentate than the king who sits in his palace on the other side of the Tiber. * * * To the Catholic, the delicate life hanging by a thread in the attenuated frame; is nothing but a miracle, as it is indeed to others who only take a material view of the fact: whilst that the mind of this aged man is still capable of bearing the strain of incessant labor fills many with amazement. This is no fancy being miraculously prolonged is now very generally accepted by the faithful, and even by medical men it is looked on as phenomenal that so light a spark should not have been extinguished at least twelve or fifteen years ago. Reason as we may, blink facts as much as we like, the Pope, in the silence of his austere furnished room, with his simple fare of pasta and cold water, is a power in shaping the destinies of the world greater than the Czar, greater than Emperor William, greater than all the Foreign Secretaries who fret and fume on the political stage in the length and breadth of Europe.

Leo will die, but the Pope will live under another name, while the Church moves on in the accomplishment of her mission and her Founder, Jesus Christ, will abide with her till the end of time. —N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

STRATFORD.

A Stranger in the City Visits St. Joseph's Church during the Forty Hours.

IT was my good fortune to be in Stratford last week, when the beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours was held in St. Joseph's church. The first instruction of the devotion of the Forty Hours was due, as far as can be ascertained, to Father Joseph, a Capuchin of Milan, who died 1556. He arranged the Forty Hours of exposition in honor of the time that our Lord spent in the tomb. In 1560 Pius IV. approved the custom of an association called the Confraternity of Prayer or of Death. They exposed the Host for the forty hours every month. In 1592 Clement VIII. provided for the public and perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altars of the different churches at Rome. The Forty Hours in one church succeed to those in another, so that the Blessed Sacrament was always exposed in some church the whole year round. Earlier than this, in 1556, the Jesuits in Macerata exposed the Blessed Sacrament for forty hours, in order to meet the dangers or disorders prevalent at the time, and St. Charles adopted this devotion for Carnival with great zeal.

At present the Forty Hours' prayer is observed successively by all the parishes in the diocese of London. The devotion in this form was ordered last year by our zealous Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor; hence it was the second time the Forty Hours was an annual season of prayer was observed in Stratford. Dr. Kilroy and Father Downey were assisted by Fathers Kelly of Irishtown, and Gnam of Hesson.

Father Downey was celebrant of the High Mass last Sunday; and after the usual solemn procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament the monstrance containing the Sacred Host was placed upon the throne of Exposition above the tabernacle, surrounded by a wealth of beautiful flowers, and, "The sweet ethereal odor of many a waxen light."

Dr. Kilroy preached the sermon of the Mass. The learned doctor explained the devotion, its origin, and history and the great graces granted to the faithful who paid a visit to the church, and spent at least one hour of this holy season in mystic union with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament of Exposition.

On Sunday evening the church was filled by a pious throng of worshippers. Father Gnam sang Vespers, and gave Benediction. Father Kelly preached. He took for his text, "I am the Bread of Life." Father Kelly spoke of man, his creation, his fall and his redemption by the Son of the Most High, who, before He offered the sublime sacrifice on Calvary, gave to us His Body and His Blood in the Adorable Sacrament of the altar.

"It is the personal, visible presence of Jesus on our altar that gives the Catholic strength to resist and overcome the temptations and trials of his daily life. It is the worthy reception of this sacrament that gives him new life to combat with the world, and the evil one. To priest, as well as layman, it is the Divine aid of the Holy Eucharist that keeps him in the path of rectitude and the fear of God."

On Monday the Mass of the day was said at 9 o'clock. Father Gnam was celebrant. Dr. Kilroy preached an impressive sermon. In the evening Father Kelly officiated in the sanctuary, and gave Benediction. Father Gnam preached. Father Gnam is an earnest speaker. His words carried conviction of the solemn duty of the hour, to the hearts of his audience. His merit as a forcible speaker was evident by the close attention of his listeners to every word of the discourse.

Thursday morning Dr. Kilroy sang the solemn High Mass. In the evening Father Gnam gave Benediction, and Father Kelly preached on the worthy reception of the Holy Eucharist—the peace it brought to the world worn sinner, who left his burden at the tribunal of penance, to the sick man about to cross the great river, to rise or fall alone before his God, to the Christian who came to Him who gave His Body and His Blood for the remission of sin until the consummation of time.

Wednesday morning the usual Masses were said at 5:30 a. m., 6 a.

m and 6:30 a. m. The High Mass was said at 9 o'clock, Father Gnam being celebrant. Dr. Kilroy spoke a few words to the congregation. Again the Blessed Sacrament was borne in solemn procession through the church, and after Benediction was returned to the altar of repose within the tabernacle. The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary was represented in an especial manner as Guard of Honor during the Forty Hours.

The choir, under the direction of the organist, Miss Carlin, must be complimented for attendance and efficiency at the daily Mass, and the evening Benediction. The exquisite taste shown in the altar and the sanctuary decorations was due to the Ladies of Loretto and their assistants, supplemented by the generosity of the ladies of the parish, who gave flowers and potted plants for the church during the devotion. The sincere piety of the congregation brought a large number of worshippers in constant attendance before the altar of Exposition. About one thousand persons received holy Communion, which reflected the zeal and labor at the altar, in the pulpit and in the confessional of Dr. Kilroy, Father Kelly, Father Gnam and Father Downey during the limited time of the Forty Hours' devotion at Stratford. M. C. K.

ROME AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

New York Sun. The surprise with which some Protestants in this city have received the recent declarations of an influential body of Roman Catholics against the liquor traffic and in favor of the Sunday closing of liquor saloons, is anything but creditable to their intelligence. It would seem that because there are liquor dealers and liquor drinkers who are nominally Catholics, and because politicians of both parties who support the liquor interest profess the same faith, the inference has rashly been drawn that the entire Roman Catholic Church is in sympathy with them. Rum and Romanism are assumed to be close friends and allies.

Those who make this mistake ought to remember that Roman Catholics are Christians no less than Protestants. The Protestant faith, in essential moral points, differs in no respect from the Roman, and both claim to be founded upon the teachings of Christ and the Apostles. Now, primitive Christianity was nothing if not a religion of austerity and of the subjugation of the fleshly appetites. Christ Himself was abstemious to asceticism. He discouraged by example and by precept all forms of gluttony and riotous living, and inculcated a renunciation of the pleasures of this world as the price of happiness in the world to come. The early Church followed in the same path. Celibacy was set above matrimony, poverty above wealth, and abstinence above indulgence. By its fundamental principles, therefore, the Roman Church is pledged to discourage the abuse of alcoholic drinks as pernicious to the welfare of the soul.

The strict observance of the Lord's Day as the successor to the Jewish Sabbath is also a Roman Catholic peculiarity which Protestants have retained. Indeed, when Rome, after the fourteenth century, began to relax the severity of the regulations she had previously enforced, forbidding not only servile work but amusement on Sunday, the Puritans of King James's time adopted them without modification. No doubt, it would horrify our strait-laced Sabbatarians to be told that their pet ideas are but cast off "rags of Popery," but so they are. There is not a blue law of the bluest dye that cannot be paralleled by the Sunday laws of the Roman Catholic rulers of England and of France from the sixth to the fifteenth century. Any one who doubts this may have his doubts removed by consulting Hesse's "Sunday" and Neal's "Feasts and Fasts."

When, therefore, such sturdy Protestants as Theodore Roosevelt and William L. Strong appeared before the Catholic Total Abstinence Union to speak for the enforcement of the existing laws restraining the sale of intoxicating drinks, and were received with applause, neither they nor their audience were guilty of inconsistency. Both stood upon common hereditary ground, and they advocated principles common to both. Whether the non-religious world approves their position is another thing, and it remains to be seen whether the advocates of greater freedom for the liquor traffic are more or less in number than those who are opposed to them.

A Highly Successful Separate School.

It is always agreeable to record the advancement of our Catholic schools. The success of the Arthur Separate school is indeed highly gratifying. Last year a pupil of this school headed the list at the High School entrance examination held for this district. Nine out of ten of the candidates who applied having passed this year, the record is still better. Eleven pupils presented themselves, and all passed: one of them, Catharine Drake, heading the list, with a total of 576 marks. Here is the rank of the Separate school pupils in the various subjects: Kate Cassin and E. Coughlin first in reading; Albert Neff second in drawing; Catharine Drake second in spelling, first in grammar and first in arithmetic; Albert Neff first in geography; Kate Cassin first in history; Ambrose Carroll, second in history, and Patrick Thompson first in composition. Father Doherty the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Catholic people of Arthur are to be congratulated on this splendid educational achievement.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

A Lecture by Prof. W. F. P. Stockley.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

The property of religious communities was already taxed to its full value and paid as much to the treasury as any other property.

And as to the practical justice: "One method of illustrating the hardship of the new tax is to compare the case of the religious congregations with that of the most wealthy civil society in France, whose chairman is Baron Rothschild."

As you may know, the Parisian Public schools have excluded the name of God from all their books.

A certain time is allotted to "civic and moral instruction."

But, for the popular rulers of France to day, the Cardinal and V. Hugo and M. Renan are all "Jesuits" together.

So are all our good Protestants Jesuits in this sense, for those to whom in France they unwittingly give their support.

Is it possible that some amongst us will reflect on the progression: anti-Jesuit, anti-Catholic, anti-Christian, anti-natural religion, anti-moral law?

People reflect so much on it in France; and either say nothing (fearing the consequences of their own thoughts, or frankly acknowledging that their hesitation is but a weak bulwark against passion, private or public), or else speak out on one side or the other, as Catholics, or more or less consistently as naturalists.

Everyone knows, for instance, that the modern attitude of the literary world is as a whole logically incompatible with any such notions of moral responsibility as are implied in Christianity, or indeed in any form of Theism.

Joubert says: "The good of books, and their only good, is to make men wiser as to their lives and more capable of self-mastery."

Books do a great deal of harm when, instead of moderating our minds, they disturb us or deprave us in casting a glamor over what is the worse, that is excess, and disorder, and obscuring what is the better, that is moderation and order and law.

Where, outside the Church, is this now the spirit of the higher education?

But if you wish to see things worked out study France. "What about sin?" someone said to a French non-Christian philosopher.

"Oh, well, in my system, we just suppress sin." And so, not long since, in a medical school in Paris, much applause greeted a lecturer when he ridiculed the notion of moral sanctions and of certain acts being sinful.

This following picture of thought or confusion of thought in France is as true of other places, where, perhaps, the confusion of thought is less realized.

"How many men, who think themselves enlightened and learned, are struck down by every piece of false reasoning and carry about its conclusion in their minds like a shaft which no armor has beaten off and which the unskilled or fearful hand does not know how to pull out.

How many intelligences are blinded, stilled, under the mass of errors which they have neither accepted, nor rejected but just tolerated. Every mind is but the reflection of what is without, where reigns the license of saying everything. Every sophism is let rise up in us without being judged, and as soon as a sophism is tolerated for a moment it soon usurps right to dwell with us, just as much as reason: the mind within itself has no longer any authority or mastery, and the central power of reason is no longer a free force and an independent power, but becomes the victim of anarchy in words, arguments, images, illusions and falsehoods, of the whirls of passion, of crimes of thought; and it falls under the wild flood and under the stirring of the invisible multitudes that are struggling within every mind.

There is an end to repressing any intellectual movement, there is no inward tribunal, no just sense against what is absurd, but rather an absolute toleration of what is false, freedom to think error and equality before the mind of what is absurd and what is true.

When we have reached that point when we turn in dizziness from every affirmation to its contrary; nothing is steady, everything is a matter of doubt and questioning; and one asks what is truth, and can truth be known, and is any science possible, and does reasoning prove anything, and has speech really any sense, do words correspond to objects, or are they only vague signs? No one can tell; and no one one cares to know." (Gratry, v. sup. p. 4.)

Again: "Philosophy, instead of being an active and living principle, is only like a dead branch of general literature. Systems are studied to be known and talked of, but are neither adopted nor rejected, only just brought together and restored as works of human intelligence more or less learned and curious, but not of any other value.

Much as in a museum we look at and admire the workmanship of the statue of the god, but do not think of the god himself." (Fragments de philosophie: Louis Peisse.)

How these men make light of irrational temporary compromises that may be suggested with modifications from time to time.

As regards such we may quote in substance the grave and profound Burke when he says, speaking of the Established Church in England, "It were indeed great folly to suppose that this or any other Protestant Church would survive if the Catholic Church ceased to exist."

France, then, is logical; and so French Catholics, being both Frenchmen and Catholics, have a double reason for being so.

They, even above all, know what is meant by education in its bearing on life.

And so we find in Paris already one-third of the children go to the school under the Religious, thus paying twice over; and the proportion is daily on the increase.

In some places in the country there will be ten times as many, I think, in the school under the Christian Brothers or the nuns as in the State school, which alone receives public support, though few or almost none wish to attend.

As you may know, the Parisian Public schools have excluded the name of God from all their books.

The substitute for Almighty God is "the State." That is the answer to all questions as to the source of blessings or of right.

A certain time is allotted to "civic and moral instruction."

There is a general cry from teachers and inspectors that this is the least satisfactory part of the routine.

"We do not know what to teach." "Morality must be confined to the two half hours a week"—and so on.

If you ask to hear a lesson in this you will hear: "When are you a Frenchman?" "What is a Frenchman's first duty?" "Answer: Military service." And so on.

The contemporaneous facts are that juvenile crime seems to have doubled.

Read what I said by Paul Bourget, the French novelist, who has just visited America, as to the moral habits of the government *l'epose* as contrasted with the Jesuit colleges: just as he notes that he believes that "the classes who practice the Catholic religion are free from the moral disorders I have depicted in my books."

As to the present non-religious system of education in France M. Lichtenberger, Dean of the Protestant Faculty in Paris, prepared for the Paris exhibition (1889) a volume containing the opinions of leading educators that the system was a failure.

In the Protestant *Kirchenzeitung*, a well-known newspaper of Leipzig, in the sixth issue of this present year there is a collection of the opinions of influential Frenchmen to the same effect.

M. Berenger, vice-president of the Senate, who was connected with that excellent citizen, the late Protestant minister, De Pressense, in the struggle against public immorality, writes lately: "The immorality which is increasing in France at such a terrible rate must be ascribed chiefly to three sources: the absence of all religious instruction in the education of the children, the lack of moral education and the lack of discipline."

The *Temps*, the Paris newspaper supposed to represent Protestant interests more than any other daily, says: "The programme has been for more than ten years, under the semblance of religious neutrality, to make the ethical education in the schools, to consist in the morality of scientific Positivism, i. e., in the affirmation of the dignity of man, in the teaching of patriotism, in the worship of mankind when a child thus fitted with the exalted ideas of the dignity of mankind entered life, and in public assemblies, in the shop and in the walks of life, suddenly found out that man was a bad and wicked being (*animal*) that in his fatherland intrigues and injustices prevailed, that human society was full of passion and wrongs, what was the inevitable consequence? What a contrast between what it learned in school and what it learns in actual life! This is the great disappointment which the morality of Positivism ever produces. Man was Auguste Comte's god; but man is a kind of god who puts an end to faith as soon as we become acquainted with his real being."

It is so wearisome and silly to suppose there can be a reconciliation between two fundamentally distinct judgments on life and all its actions.

As to divorce, which was established by law of the State in 1830, the statistics of seven years mark a gradual rise to seven times the number of the first year.

The artisan class gives 42 per cent. of the whole; the peasant class only 7 per cent. Paris has the highest percentage, a third of the whole 40,000. Bretagne and the most Catholic districts, of course, give hardly any.

Everyone knows in France how theory and practice are bound up and how one effects the other. But you may see an example of the same thing in a vaguer, less systematic way across the Channel in the struggle the Church of England is making in such matters as these of education and divorce; and again in the purely Protestant league lately formed in the United States to fight the degradation of marriage. No doubt the Church may here say, "He that is not against us is on our side."

If you read a little in the French radical journals you will find that on the same page with denunciations of clerical immorality are denunciations of clerical severity and checking of natural instincts and so on—what they call "Jesuitism." And such gross bad

faith makes one suspicious at the outset.

And so one finds the frank admission that this spiritual teaching must be put down. "It has always been our plan," says *l'egalite*, "never to discuss things at all with Jesuits (*sic*), to refuse altogether to discuss these matters concerning the religion of Jesus."

We shall not discuss things with them; we shall stamp them out."

Each side understands what principles are at stake.

"It has come about at last that the Christians, and especially the Catholics, a great many of whom in the last century used to be afraid of science and liberty, are convinced now that if you give only the premises of enlightened reason and true liberty, then the triumph of full Christianity, that is of Catholicity, is certain."

"What is wondrous to behold, too, is that those who openly attack Christianity are convinced of this themselves. 'Voltaire,' they say, 'attacked faith in the name of reason, but in his writings he has kept principles enough to bring him again to Catholicism. He is really, they say, on the side of Catholics; his principles are the same, and you will end in Catholicism if you admit Deism. Those who admit the fundamental point, the distinction of good and evil and the notion of the moral law, really throw in their lot with Christianity. The only real opponents of all this religious imposture are ourselves and our doctrines purely and radically negative.'"

And so, as le Pere Gratry continues: "It is boldly avowed that whoever admits speculative reason with its immediate datum, the existence of God, whoever admits moral reason with its immediate datum, the distinction of good and evil, is sure to see Catholicity rise again on that basis."

The lecturer summed up what had been said of (1) history, (2) present condition, (3) causes of this: and spoke of the parties, political and ecclesiastical, in France and of the recent acceptance by the Pope of the fact that France seemed to have broken finally with monarchical tradition.

Again, all the Church needs is freedom for her own work.

A sketch was given of what the Republics have meant for the clergy in France—their ferocity, or intolerance, or injustice. Hence much irritation and much indiscretion, however natural, on the part of the clergy, as many of them are very willing to confess.

"When the Church entirely ceases to be political she will be invincible," someone said of France. But, indeed, it is there, often, a very case of wolf and lamb. One indiscretion seems a justification for a mass of oppression.

Why not sever Church and State? (1) The Church would be too strong, many say; you must first wean the people from Christianity and Theism, say the French Freemasons. (2) There are the necessities of support of public worship and institutions.

As to what is seen in French churches, you can see every Lent in Paris at many churches, congregations from 500 to 1,500 men only, every week at evening sermons; and at Notre Dame, where, of course, there is a great preacher, some 3,000. And there you can see, too, on Easter morning, 6,000 men at Communion. These are not great figures for a large town. Still, compare with other towns in other countries.

Further, people do not, in France and Germany, ask you about going to church; and many people might be fulfilling their religious duties and saying nothing to you about it. And then, services in Paris churches begin at 4 and 5 a. m.

There are many sides to most questions.

The lecturer spoke, at the close, of the responsibility of speaking on any such subject, when it is considered what the claim is that is made by the Church in the world.

And he concluded by saying that though to submit one's opinions absolutely to any man or any body of men was desperate and irrational, still to submit one's expressions about revealed truth to the organ of truth, if such there be, was to make the highest use possible of reason, the forerunner of the further knowledge through faith.

True Charity.

The question, — how to relieve poverty without creating worse evils? — is perhaps of all the problems of society the one which comes the most closely home to the consideration of every intelligent and sympathetic person.

At this time when want and destitution are found on every hand, it is socially binding upon each one of us to give to it his or her most thoughtful attention.

One cause of the harmfulness of charity is that so often only material needs are considered in its activity. Certainly the sufferings of hunger appeal immediately to every feeling heart, whatever their causes; and as surely the pressing needs which they imply must be satisfied before any higher faculties can be aroused. Yet if the thought and the desire of the donor go further than such satisfaction, he need not congratulate himself that he is doing any permanent good. Probably he is only fostering the causes which brought on the misfortune, and strengthening habits of dependence and thriftlessness. It is not his heart which is too tender, but his reason is too torpid. He has not too much of the benevolent impulse, but too little thought to guide it, too little wisdom to lead it into really beneficent channels.

It is true that busy people are not able to look up every case of distress

that comes under their notice, or to study deeply perhaps into the problems they present. Yet it takes a certain expenditure of time, money and feeling simply to listen to a tale of woe and to drop a thoughtless coin into the hand of the beggar.

If, instead of this careless and somewhat selfish indulgence of the benevolent impulse, they would devote even that small amount of time and means to some wiser and more hopeful method of charity, they would far better fulfill their responsibilities in this matter.

"Lead Kindly Light."

In the May number of the *Strand Magazine* Mr. Francis A. Jones tells the story of some of the most popular of English hymns. He confides to the reader the fact that he has been hymn-hunting for a considerable time; and he gives the result of his discoveries:

The original MS. of "Lead Kindly Light," owing to the circumstances under which it was composed, is one of the most interesting in the collection. The hymn was written during the summer of 1833, at a time of much mental distress, and the words are a very echo of the author's own loneliness.

In his "Apologia pro Vita Sua," Cardinal Newman tells the story of how the hymn came to be written. While traveling on the continent he was attacked by a sudden illness, which necessitated a stay at Castro Giovanni. Here he lay weak and restless for nearly three weeks, the only friend at hand being his servant, who nursed him during his illness. This occurred early in May, and on the 27th of that month he was sufficiently recovered to attempt a journey to Palermo.

"Before starting from my inn," he wrote, "I sat down on my bed and began to sob bitterly. My servant, who acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer, 'I have a work to do in England.' I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the churches, and they calmed my impatience though I did not attend any services. At last I got off in an orange boat bound for Marsailles. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was that I wrote the lines, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' which have since become well known. I was writing verses nearly the whole time of my passage."

A Correct View.

The *Arroe* (Protestant-Episcopal) of July has the following very pertinent paragraph:

"Why cannot Anglicans leave Catholic countries alone? Brazil, Mexico and Spain, each is the seat of a petty so-called reform movement endeavoring to Protestant-Episcopalianize the country. We hope converts are scarce in this un-Christian work. Other things being equal and an *Arroe* and *Pater* in Spanish will go further than a Lord's Prayer in English, because it implies a more complete grasp of the faith. Few persons are narrower than those who think that the English channel is the only road to heaven."

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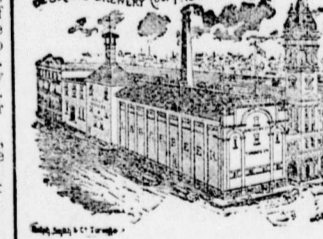
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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.

THE SUCCESSFUL CHRISTIAN.
A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among robbers. St. Luke x. 30.

This man described in today's Gospel, my brethren, is a type of mankind. Suppose any one who had determined to climb a mountain, and had made all his preparations, were to say, after he had gone for a few hundred feet, "Oh! this is too hard work; I will go back." Do you not think his neighbors would laugh at him? Yes. "Surely," they would say, "here is one who has no energy; he never will amount to much!" So it is with the world. The man who surely mounts to the pinnacle of fame or wealth or honor to which he aspires is called great, and has the respect and admiration of the world.

The very first thing we notice in the parable in today's Gospel about this man is that he had turned his back on Jerusalem and was going down. It is evident that one must go either up or down on the road to heaven; one cannot stand still.

But notice, my brethren, the consequences of this backward journey; as he went further and further away; at last he fell among robbers. So it will be in the Christian life. If men do not keep their minds constantly set on heaven and its attainment, they will begin committing little venial sins deliberately, going down, down, and before they know where they are mortal sin has taken them. They have fallen into the hands of that robber chief, Satan, and he has despoiled them of their treasure and has left them in the hope that they may die before help comes.

There is but one way to avoid this fate, and that is by keeping one's self free from sin; by preserving ever a high standard of right and sticking to it. Don't get started on the downward track, for it is too easy to go on it, and the end is disastrous if you are not stopped. By the aid of prayer, with the help of the sacraments, and all the other assistances which the Church provides and suggests, climb to the top of the mountain of perfection and reach heaven as your everlasting reward. Never turn your back on heaven to go down hill, lest when accounts are squared up at the last day your lot may fall with the unsuccessful ones.

The Little Red School House.

Alderman Dever in speaking at the meeting of the Boston Board of Aldermen recently on the recent trouble in East Boston said, among other things: "Mr. Chairman, this 'little red school house and Old Glory,' reminds me of a good deal of a little squib I saw in a circular issued as an advertisement by one of our little Roxbury merchants. He recites the story of the villain in 'Kit, the Arkansas Traveller' where the villain steals the child of Kit, and Kit follows him and finds him; and when the villain is within range of his musket, like the villains these people are who used the 'little red schoolhouse and Old Glory,' for a cloak—he picks up the child and places it in front of him, knowing that the father will not shoot. That is the kind of people, Mr. Chairman, who are telling us about the little red schoolhouse. I don't believe one of them ever entered the Public Schools of this city—not one of them. Why, Mr. Chairman, the other day they came and asked us for permission to use Faneuil hall. Oh, it was a golden opportunity for me, Mr. Chairman, to have it in my power to say 'No, Faneuil hall never was built for such people as you, and while I am a member of the Government you will never get my vote to occupy that hall, with or without the usual fee.'"—N. Y. Catholic Review.

Christian Unity.

A Rome correspondent writes: "From the Pope, Cardinal Gibbons learned the condition of the new encyclical letter which Leo XIII. contemplates addressing to the whole English-speaking world and which is intended to make toward unity of belief and communion. This important document will treat chiefly of the doctrinal aspect of the conditions of unity, and will assert the primacy of the Roman See. It will lay that fact down as the great basis for the reunion of the Christian churches." The Catholic Church could not alter or abandon one of its dogmas for the sake of bringing back to its fold every believer in Christ not now in its communion. The great basis for a reunion of Christendom will be the fact that Christ established one Church which was to last until the end of time; that membership in that Church is necessary for salvation; that that one Church cannot consist in three hundred warring sects.

Not one complaint has ever been made by those using Ayer's Sarsaparilla according to directions. Furthermore, we have yet to learn of a case in which it has failed to afford benefit. So say hundreds of druggists all over the country. Has cured others, will cure you.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A big result produced by small means is seen in the fact that lead pencil users have whittled away several big forests of cedar trees in Europe, and the supply of wood suitable for lead pencils is practically exhausted in the old world. An order has just been placed by a noted German firm of pencil makers with a California lumber company for a large quantity of sequoia wood, which is found to be the best wood now available for pencils. The sequoia is the big tree of California. It seems too bad that the grand old giants should be sacrificed, and especially that their end should be lead pencil shavings.—Geyer's Stationer.

Anecdote of Nelson.

A very pretty anecdote is told of Lord Nelson, the hero of the battle of Trafalgar. Besides being a great commander and a brave man, Nelson was one of the truest of friends, and while he was as fond as all other remarkable men of the praise which his good and heroic deeds merit, he knew so little of jealousy that he always wished others to have their meed of praise as well as himself.

Presented to King George III. of England at one of the royal levees, his Majesty congratulated the Admiral upon his tremendous victories, closing with a few sympathetic remarks about the Admiral's loss of his arm.

Nelson bowed his acknowledgments, and then, turning about, presented his friend and companion in many hot fights, Captain Berry.

"The loss of my arm, your Majesty," he said, "is not so great as you imagine, for here is my right hand."—Harper's Young People.

He Wanted the Mark Removed.

"I'd give a \$1,000," said a well-to-do New Yorker the other day, "to have that mark removed," and he held out a well-shaped and well-cared-for hand, on the back of which between the thumb and first finger, was tattooed a big blue anchor. "When I was a little boy at school, with my head full of stories of adventure, my highest ambition was to go to sea. An old sailor who lived in the village tattooed about a dozen of us on the sly and I remember the lies I told my mother, as I kept my hand done up in a rag, pretending I had cut it, till the sore healed. Then she gave me such a thrashing as broke up my plan, fortunately, to have a fine red and blue heart done on the back of the other. The disfigurement has caused me no end of annoyance since and has cost me considerable money for gloves, which I always wear, winter and summer, though I detest them in warm weather. But a man can't wear gloves at the table, and often at restaurants I catch people staring at my hand and I wonder if they think I have served my term in the fo'c'st'le of some oyster scow or lumber schooner."

Some Queer Habits of a Familiar Bird.

No doubt many of you have noticed during the summer months a small bird like a swallow, who circles in the air around the house tops sometimes uttering a harsh note, which sounds something like the word "Bohechip!"

We see him all through the summer evenings, and sometimes late at night. He is industriously catching his supper of insects. A favorite place for finding a dinner is close around one of the electric lights which stand in our large cities. He is in search of the little bugs and moths, which are always attracted by their lights.

This bird is called the night-hawk, although it is but an ordinary hawk. It belongs to the same family as the whip-poor-will. This bird has several peculiarities. One is what is called its nesting habit. And its habit is not to have a nest at all. It chooses a warm place to lay its eggs. And in the city a favorite spot is upon the roofs of houses, close up beside a warm chimney. This makes it possible for the old birds to leave the eggs alone sometimes while they are away searching for food. In the country the bird lays its eggs in the same way on the open grass or in a thicket, or perhaps on the old stump of a tree. It very seldom makes any semblance of a nest whatever.

Another curious habit of this bird is its manner of sitting upon a tree or a fence. You have noticed the way your canary sits upon a perch, with its body extended across the perch and holding on with both feet to its support. Well, the night-hawk always sits lengthwise, that is, with its body in the same direction as the branch or rail upon which it sits, and lying close against it.

Naturalists say that the reason of this is that the legs of the hawk are so weak and small that it could not support itself in any other manner.

The Well-Bred Young Girl.

Nothing gives either a woman or a girl a better position than the reputation for being well-bred. It includes so much. Such a one has a pleasant, gracious manner, is cordial at all times, and speaks, and tries to think, kindly of every one. She never sees what another would hide, and is slow to believe evil. Her behaviour is always that of a gentlewoman.

One sometimes hears it said of a young girl that she has the gift of thoughtfulness. And sometimes a gift it is! It is born in some people; others, with an equally kindly nature, have to acquire it by a painful diligence. But once acquired it is an accomplishment of the first rank.

A girl can force herself to become thoughtful by exercising a little attention and will-power. By absorbing herself less in her own concerns, and

directing her thoughts to the lives of others, she may give her mind that pose, so to speak, whence the paying of delicate attentions, the doing of gracious acts, will come of themselves. She will learn to know by subtle intuition just when a little note, a few flowers, or a message will strike the right chord. Her delicacy is rarely at fault. She comprehends just when she is not wanted as well as when she is most wanted. Simply because she has formed a habit of thinking of others, she finds it perfectly easy to put herself in their places, and to feel as they would feel at a given time. On the other hand, she does not allow herself to be over-sensitive or quick to imagine a slight, although, at the same time, she considers this in regard to others. She is the girl who never disappoints. One may always depend on her.

The very essence of good manners is precisely that attitude of the mind that never loses sight of the likes and dislikes, the preferences and the distastes of others. One day, it may be the inquiry as to a favorite dog, cat, or bird, or a pet hobby, which particularly touches and pleases one person; another day the little visit of a few moments to the ailing friend, who has every virtue but the one of fortitude in sickness; and so on; but why enumerate them? They count by the hundreds in every community, these idiosyncrasies of our acquaintances and friends.

We are all too prone not to regard the little courtesies of life as courtesies. The most subtle thought is often shown in the smallest attention. How often a girl receives a courtesy extended to her by a young man, as her right, not as the courtesy that it is! How often she receives an offer of hospitality, and gives it a laggard acknowledgement or possibly none at all, if she cannot accept it, instead of giving it the prompt and grateful reply which it merits. How often she receives letters of congratulation or of condolence, and allows them to go unanswered.

It is the underbred girl who exclaims "Oh, people must not expect to have attention paid to all their whims! That sort of thing does not pay nowadays!"

That is a grave mistake! It does "pay." It is like Portia's definition of the quality of mercy—it "blesseth her that gives and her that takes." She begins by wanting to be gracious and attentive and helpful to her fellows because of the moral right and beauty she sees in it; she ends by finding herself a genuinely and deservedly popular girl, to say nothing of her increased personal charms. For unconsciously her voice has softened and become musical in its gentle intonations; her face has grown sweet in its expression of ready sympathy; in its glow of her eyes reveals the happiness that lies in her heart.

It is not gush that makes a girl popular; it is not beauty, nor money, nor brains, alone; not even a good heart and a sunny, good-tempered disposition, but it is this sincere, thoughtful, and tactful sympathy with the lives of others, and that, too, in the little things of life. It is the little things that count. And well they may. They are the hardest.—Household Companion.

Prof. Huxley.

Speaking of the late Professor Huxley, the London Tablet makes this striking observation: The evolutionary hypothesis is no longer held by its votaries, as it formerly was, to be the master key to all the riddles of creation, and the solution of many of the problems raised by it must be looked for in directions far outside the limited range of its own possibilities of explanation. Professor Huxley himself practically admitted this in the celebrated Romanes Lecture at Oxford some two years ago, when he explicitly declared that the ethical side of man's nature could never have been produced by any process of animal evolution, since it not only gave no assistance to the organic development resulting from the struggle for existence, but was actually a hindrance and impediment to it. To acknowledge that the entire set of moral faculties which differentiate humanity from the rest of creation must have had some source external to the physical causes working to the perfection of the organic structure, would seem to necessitate the abandonment of the whole theory of the Descent of Man, so closely identified in popular estimation with the energetic advocacy of the philosopher himself. Professor Huxley, however, remained stationary at this stage of partial recantation and never published the views thus formulated to their logical results. There could not be stronger proof of the obscuration of the reasoning faculties induced by a long course of scientific partisanship than such a refusal of the mind to follow a clue of which it has already grasped the initial section. It would have been a triumph of grace if Mr. Huxley had so far overcome the pride of intellect and the dread of what the world would say, as to recognize and accept the revelation made by God to man through Jesus Christ. But, so far as is known, he died as he had lived. Poor man, poor man!—Catholic Review.

Did You Ever Think

That you cannot be well unless you have pure, rich blood? If you are weak, tired, languid and all run down, it is because your blood is impoverished and lacks vitality. These troubles may be overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure, rich blood. It is, in truth, the great blood purifier.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY

IN DEEP DESPAIR.

A Montrealer Relates His Wonderful Experience—He Had Tried Foreign and Local Physicians and was Operated Upon Without Success—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured When All Other Medicines Failed.

From the Montreal Herald.

Instances of marvellous cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are numerous, but the one related below is of special interest, owing to the peculiarity of the illness, and also to the fact that in the present instance the gentleman is well known in Montreal. Mr. Charles Frank, inspector of the mechanical department of the Bell Telephone Co., at 371 Argyle street, and who resides at 54 Argyle Avenue, in an interview with a Herald reporter, related the following wonderful cure by the use of Pink Pills. Mr. Frank, who is twenty five years of age, is a Russian by birth, exceedingly intelligent, speaks several languages fluently, and is now apparently in good health. "My illness came about in a peculiar way," said Mr. Frank. "Up to three years ago I was in the best of health. About that time, while in Glasgow, Scotland, where I was employed as a clerk in a hotel, and while sailing on the Clyde, a storm came up, and I had a pretty rough time of it for a while. I evidently must have injured myself internally, although I felt nothing wrong at the time. On my way home, however, I fell helpless on a cab, and had to be conveyed home in a cab, as my legs were utterly unable to hold me up. I was confined to bed for several days in the same helpless condition. When I rallied, but found that my urine was of a strange reddish hue.



Caught in a Storm on the Clyde.

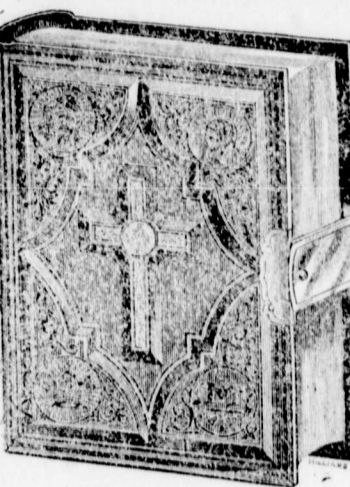
I called in a physician, who prescribed, but did me no good. I then called on Sir George McLeod, M. D., who also prescribed and advised me to go to the hospital. I was averse to doing this, and he advised me then to try a change of climate, telling me that my bladder was affected. I acted on his suggestion as to change and came to Montreal. I did not do anything for about a year, as I wished to get cured. All this time my urine was tainted with blood, although I was suffering no pain, but this abnormal condition was a source of continual anxiety. I finally went to the General Hospital, where the physician in charge advised me to stay, which I did. After remaining there for five weeks with no benefit, a consultation of physicians was held and an operation suggested, to which I this time agreed. After the operation was performed I was no better, my condition remaining absolutely unchanged. From this out I was continually trying medicines and physicians, but derived no benefit from anything or anyone. I was in despair, as the physicians who had operated on me could not decide as to my trouble. I visited the hospital once more, and they said they would operate again; but I did not care to undergo a second and perhaps equally unsuccessful operation. Some physicians thought my trouble was consumption of the bladder, others that it was Bright's disease, but none could cure that strange bloody condition of my urine.

"Finally I went to work for the Bell Telephone Co., some two years ago, where I worked myself up to my present position. But I was in a state of constant anxiety, as I felt myself getting weaker all the time, and was list-

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ing to the Clementine edition of the Scriptures, with annotations by the Rev. Dr. Challoner, to which is added the History of the Holy Catholic Bible, and Calmer's Illustrated and Explanatory Catholic Dictionary of the Bible, each edited by the Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and Liturgy in the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, and prepared under the special sanction of His Grace the Most Rev. Jas. F. Wood, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. With references, a historical and chronological index, a table of the epistles and gospels for all the Sundays and Holydays throughout the year and of the most notable feasts in the Roman calendar, and other instructive and devotional matters. With elegant steel plates and every appropriate engravings. This Bible will prove not only useful in every Catholic household, but an ornament as well. The size is 12 1/2 x 10 1/4 inches, weighs 12 pounds, and is beautifully bound. For SEVEN DOLLARS (cash to accompany order) we will send the Bible by express to any part of the Dominion, charges for carriage prepaid; and besides will give credit for one year's subscription of THE CATHOLIC RECORD. The Bible and The Record for a year for Seven Dollars. Subscribers who live where there is no express office can have book forwarded to the one nearest their residence. Please note that if, on examination, anyone is dissatisfied with the purchase, the book may be returned at our expense, and the money will be refunded. Bibles similar to these have for years been sold by agents for ten dollars each.

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less and sleepy and weak in the legs. I was also pale, and ill-looking, no doubt owing to loss of blood. From a naturally cheerful man I became morose, and gave up all hopes of ultimate recovery. One Saturday, some months ago, while walking along Bleury street, having seen the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the Montreal Herald, I stopped at John T. Lyons' drug store, and bought a box. I had tried so many medicines that I said to myself, 'if they don't cure me I can't be any worse off than before.' After taking the first box I felt stronger and more cheerful, although there was no change in the bloody condition of my urine. But I felt encouraged and got three more boxes, determined to make a thorough trial of Pink Pills. After I had finished the second box I found my urine was getting clearer, so I continued the use of the pills, taking two after each meal. When I had finished the third box my urine was quite clear, for the first time in three years. I was delighted, and continued taking the pills until I had finished six boxes. I am strong now and have had no recurrence of the trouble, and as you can see, the flush of health shows itself in my face. To think that I was cured by the use of \$3.00 worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after trying a number of physicians and undergoing an operation in vain, is a puzzle to me, and I am sorry that I didn't know about this grand medicine before. I would have willingly given \$200 or \$300 to have been guaranteed a cure by anyone."

"I am willing," said Mr. Frank, in conclusion, "to see anyone who wishes to verify this interview, as I consider it my duty to my fellow men and a matter of gratitude to the marvellous cure their medicine has effected. I have come to the conclusion that Pink Pills are the best blood builders in existence, and I think everyone should try them."

Weakness is the symptom, impoverished blood the cause, Hood's Sarsaparilla the cure. It makes the weak strong. "It is a Great Public Benefit," these significant words were used in relation to DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knees, of three or four years standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonary and corrective.

Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Extermination. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

Ave Maria from Protestant Lips. Even the stubborn heart of the infidel sometimes brings its rose bud to Mary's shrine. Here we have the testimony of the talented leader of modern unbelief, Mr. Holyoake: "Of all the religious devices, the worship of the Virgin (devotion) is to my mind the most graceful and enchanting. In all the literature of sentimental piety there is nothing so full of true pathos as the evening prayer of the Catholic maiden:—

"Oh, Mother of Christ! Star of the Sea! Pray for the wanderer—pray for me."

"Why did Protestantism, by the brutal hand of Luther, cut off from human worship the sweetest element of half human nature?—Compared with the old religion, whose antiquity, glory and splendor fill the soul, enchant the senses, gratify the affections, and call forth heroism stronger than death, what is our cold, heartless Protestantism, with its scant tradition, without dominion, divorced from art, barren and bare? What charms have new opinions and reformed religions compared to those ages crowned with glories?"

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