Catholic Record.

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EASTER.

Easter is a festival of triumph. We ge back in spirit and see the quaking temple, the riven rocks, the yawning graves, proclaim the power of the dying Redeemer. We behold the darkened sun and the soldiers who had dragged Him through the street, and those who had hounded Him to death the victim of wonder and terror. We note the procession to the garden in which there is a new sepulchre. A way from the cross, over the dank grass trampled 1st, go Joseph of Armathia, the scribe Nicodemus, the pious women and the Beloved Mother. Grave cloths are wrapped around the mutilated Body the tomb is sealed : the Roman guards patrol the garden. Two of them keep watch and ward while their comrades sleep. Saturday night goes by and just as the dawn begins to weave its brightness into the night the earth trembles and on the startled eyes of the soldiers flashes a vision of gleaming whiteness-an angel of God, and they fall as dead men. The angel rolls back the stone blocking the mouth of the sepulchre which bears the epitaph : "He is risen: He is not here." He has brought back the tide of blood to the lifeless heart. He is risen to begin His triumphal march adown the centuries. He is Risen-the King to steel. Whom every knee in heaven and on earth must bow: the Virgin's Son Whose love "smote the chord of self that trembling passed in music out of sight." He is Risen as the conqueror of sin and death. It was no dream or vision. The shadow of the cross was dispelled by the light of the empty sepplehre. It banished the doubt from the souls of the Apostles and made clear the path and clear the goal and

OUR EASTER.

He is loved : He is God.

endued them with courage that walked

anafraid with persecution and death.

The love which He claimed -that love

When alive He was deserted by His

by all and above all a woke in His tomb.

friends : condemned by His foes, but

after His death a world wide, sublime

and passionate love is His for all

time. Jesus Christ wished to be loved:

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Does the joy of the Church flad an echo in our hearts. Do we seek the things that are above as a proof that we are risen with Christ. Do we realize "that there is an eternal enmity between the world and the Church. Does it not despise the sacraments. Does it not blaspheme the awful Presence which dwells on our altars and mock flercely at our believing that what it calls bread and wine is that very same Body and B.ood and hung on the cross.

Are we selfish and obstinate and worldly and self indulgent: do we neglect our children: are we fond of idle amusements: do we scarcely think of God from day to day, for we cannot call our hurried prayers morning and night any thinking of Him at all.

We have a right to rejoice if we rise with Christ to a new life: otherwise our joy is vain.

LET US BE CONSISCENT.

Now and then some of our editors descant on the necessity of reverence for authority. Their preachments are correct and would have more effect i they themsolves had that respect which they advocate. We may not see eye to eye on current issues. But we need ignore neither the canons of social amenity nor be blind to the fact that our lawmakers, being in authority, should enjoy immunity from vulgar cartoon and ruthless vilification. Gentlemen can be at variance on political matters without using unpleasant words. Recent events are indications that the newspaper that mistakes personalities for arguments and judges measures by the standard of party is working its own destruction.

DEFINING IT.

sermon that occasioned, we are incriticism. Simple and diring the preacher defined it, not as an can make of it what they wish.

intimate relation between two persons of different sex, who love each other, go together on excursions, frequent dances, or spend the greater part of the evening alone at home, but as a sacred relation of two disengaged per sons who may marry and intend to marry each other soon. He warned his audit ors against flippancy of speech on this matter, which is of such a delicate nature that though perfectly clean in itself, is, owing to the evil tendency of the times, often made the prelude to the introduction of what St. Paul says should never be mentioned among Christians.

NOT TOO EARLY.

He condemned company keeping at too early an age. Therefore, not those children between the ages of thirteen and seventeen, who, through defective, vicious schooling, or careless, criminal home - training, have prematurely developed and are possessed of knowledge which indicates a tainted home atmos phere. To allow this is to prepare for them a dark future.

THE WAS RELS.

The young men who are improvident should be shown the face of parental disapproval. Likewise the female fool, pretty in face it may be, but silly, empty-headed, lazy, idle, and as incap able of serious thought and sustained exertion as mercury is of the temper of

THE DRINKERS.

Referring to the subject of alcoholic stimulants he advised parents to keep him out of the home. The young man who respects neither himself nor his own mother, will, as a rule, not honor his wife. The man who is deaf now to the pleadings of the one who loves him will pay little heed to the woman who is foolish enough to allow him to lead her to the altar. Marriage may reform a man, but the rule is that he who has been burned by alcohol and other things is too dangerous a companion for a life's journey.

THE FAMILY HONOR:

He exhorted parents to keep the family honor undimmed by even a breath of dishonor. How often do we hear it said that such and such a person were compelled to marry. The very frequency of this remark and the readiness with which it is believed ought to make parents most vigilant to keep this unwashable stain from the family escutcheon and to see that their daughters and sons kneel with well merited wreath of virginity at God's altar on their bridal

A PREPARATION.

Company keeping is a preparation for the sacrament of matrimony. Hence its reception bears a very close resem blance to the manner in which this sacred time has been spent. Many s marriage is a failure because its recip ients prepared for it, not in a Christian, but in a pagan way.

IN THE OPEN.

No secrecy in this matter. As the custodian of the family honor, the father should regulate company-keeping according to Christian principles. Courtship and sin are not synonyms. Whenever the man and woman look upon it as a private affair the preacher has no faith in their innocence and piety. Then the words of Scripture find an application ; a daughter causes secret vigils to the father and the care of her robs him of sleep. For, as Fenelon remarks, the devil is always the third at these secret meetings. If it is only a question, as some say, of friendship, why should the meetings be secret. But he says it is not a question of friendship but of flendship. And he declares that if he in. sists so much on this point, it is because years of close observation have convinced him of its importance.

The correspondent who insinuated A short time ago we were given a that we are "meddling in politics' should not weary his critical eve formed, when it was delivered, True, we have more than once alluded to distinguished Canadians, but we canect it deals with a problem of Chris- not see how this can be construed to tian life - a problem which, owing to mean meddling in politics. However, several reasons, we are accustomed to we make no apologies. What we have overlook. Speaking on company-keep- done we may do again and the critical

THE WEAK POINT.

The other day we read an account of the collapse of a large building. So far as the engineers could see it was strong enough to brave time and the elements for years. But to-day it is a heap of stone and steel and the experts are talking of structural defects. M ny a man is like that building. Outwardly strong, but within weak, and some day he is whirled off his feet by a gusty temptation and falls far. In building our house of eternity it is well to remember that a Christian has no to-morrow.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

God works through agents, and ithe adical blunder, says Bishop Spalding, s to imagine that He will do immeditely what He has made us capable of earn, in whatever part of the world they may live, than that it is vain and severe and constant discipline and the merely natural man is little more than animal.

NOT A GRAVE DIGGER.

"Basy thyself not," says the same writer, " with what should be corrected or abolished; but give thyself wholly to learning, loving and diffusing what is good and fair. The spirit of the creator is more joyful and more potent than that of the critic or reformer. Budding life pushes away the things that are dead; and if thou art a wellspring of vital force thou shouldst not be a grave digger. The test of a man's strength is not so much what he accomplishes as what he overcomes."

> CAN A CATHOLIC BE A SOCIALIST ?

A few weeks ago the Labor party in England declared for industrial so cialism. A large element of the Labo party is made up of Catholic working men and the discussion of the principles of socialism is now the order of the day a Catholic circles in England. English Catholic papers contain many articles pro and con on the question, "Can a Catholic be a socialist?" One of the clearest discussions of this subject is to be found in a recent issue of the London Tablet. As the conclusions of the writer apply to America as well as England

we give it entire:
The root principles of English socialism is the public ownership and management of the means of produc-tion, distribution and exchange. Socialists, Christian and other claim to be agreed on this point. They may differ on religion and on other points, but agreement on this is essential, it is the confirmation of the confirm one fundamental article of the socialist creed. They also affirm that this is an economic doctrine which has nothing to do with religion, and which, therefore, may be held by men and women of all religions and of none. Certain English clergymen of different denominations have publicly affirmed that socialism so understood is in perlect harmony with their faith, and they believe that its advocacy is sanctioned and indeed required by the implications

of the Christian religion.

In discussing the relations of Catholicism to English socialism, the main question is whether the collectivist rmula given above is in harmony with Catholic dostrine. If we take any other question, such as the position of vomen under socialism, we are in danger of being told that socialists themselves old different opinions on the subject, and that it lies outside the limits socialism. And so we must for the present limit ourselves to the question whether Catholicism is compatible with collectivism as defined above.

An instructed Catholic who knows

his religion and who is also familia edge that there is an element of truth in socialism. He will see in the move ualism which is one of the character istics of Protestantism. That individ ualism exaggerated personal independence and liberty. It asserted the right of the individual to work out is salvation without interference from Church or State. Any such interier ence with a man's liberty to do what be likes with himself and with his own was stoutly resisted as unwarran-table meddling. Socialism is a reac-tion from this exaggerated liberalism, and stresses the social side of human nature and the solidarity of the human race. The instructed Cath-olic, however, will see without diffi-culty that socialism follows the natural tendency of all reactions and errs on the opposite side. For socialism the state is everything, or almost everything, and the individual little or nothing. Mr. J. R. Macdonald, M. P., shall describe for us the socialist's conception of the state. This writer Socialism has sometimes been

moral effort which rests upon individ-ual will. Such a deficition is inac-curate. The community, acting through law, and organized into de-finite forms determining the lines of individual action, is an essential part of the socialist idea. The socialist considers that the state is an essential to individual life as is the atmos-phere, and he regards the evolution of political democracy as having been necessary in order to create a state which could respond to the common will" ('Socialism and Society," p. 133; 1907). According to this authoritative exponent of English socialism the state is an organism in which in-dividuals are as cells in the human bo'y. "A vital relationship," he writes, "between organs, not a bodily form containing these organs, consti-tutes an organism. Society is such an organism. Its organs are con nected by a living tissue of law, of habit and custom, of economic interdependence, of public opinion, of political unity; and these living connections maintain the stability of re doing for ourselves. Indeed, there is nothing which Catholies more need to learn, in whatever part of the world bedded as stones in line, but live as cells or organs in a body" (ib. p. 30). superstitions to hope that God in some The individual life is of small conse miraculous way will come to save them from the perils into which blindness, sloth and indifference may have thrown them. True manhood is the result of may have life, liberty and happiness is the social life. The likeness between society and an organism like the human body is complete in so far as society is the total life from which the separate cells draw their individual lite. Man is a man only in society" (ib. p. 16). The socialist, he tells us in another place, "cannot think of a community as only a crowd of individuals, each self centered, each pursuing his own ends, each endowed with natural and inviolable rights. The communal life is as real to him as the life of an organism built up of many living cells" (ib. p. 134). No wonder that a recent

writer has spoken of see alism as the deification of the state.

The Catholic is, indeed, familiar with the truth that society is an organism. He has learnt from St. Paul and from the catechism that he must attain salvation as a member of the Catholic Church, which is a visible and living organism, the body even and the Spouse of Carist. According to Catholic teaching, we regard ourselves not a isolated units answerable only to God for our actions, but as members of an organized society founded by God to look after our spiritual welfare. In our capacity of citizens, too, we know that we belong to another organized society called the state. The Catholic doctrine about the state, however, is very different from that of the socialists state, indeed, is necessary for man's complete development; human nature cannot attain to its full and proper perfection outside human soty, or, in other words, outside the of the state. But in Catholic thought it is the man that matters, not the state. Man has an immortal soul, and after this life on earth he enters ato the abode of his eternity. reached on earth, he was created for life eternal. His highest duty is ever to strive toward that end, a duty in sed on him by his Creator. He ceived from God the right as well as the obligation of ordering his life to ward the attainment of his end, and he has received from God the right to all end. Man himself, and the family in which he is born and reared, are antesedent to the state in nature and in aid man in his earthly career, it sup plies his deficiencies and assists his weakness. The state was instituted to defend and to protect those rights which has from nature and from God. The state exists for man, not man for the state. The not man for the state. The state has no soul, mortal or immortal; it has no life nor existence apart from the individuals who compose it. If we admit that it is an organism, we are conscious that we are using the term in sense only analogous to, not identical ith, that in which it is used of an imal or of a plant. There is no vital nciple in the state which subordines to itself and to its own end the men and women who compose it, as the es to itself the cells of which the ody is made up. If the State at ampted to do anything of the sort, it mpted to do anything of the sort, build be guilty of tyranny and injustce. It has power indeed to order the ives of its subjects in a reasonable manner as far as private and public good require it. It can exact contribuons in the form of taxes from the property of its subjects in a reasonable nner as far as private and public good require. It can exact contribu-tions in the form of taxes from the property of its subjects according to the rules of justice and equity as far as

public necessity requires it.

But it has no authority to interfere further with the natural rights of its subjects. It was instituted to protect those rights, and if it infringes them i acts tyrannically and unjustly. Private property is one of the rights which the State was instituted to defend. As Le XIII. said: "The right to possess pri vate property is derived from nature not from man; and the State has the right to control its use in the interests of the public good alone, but by no means to absorb it altogether. The State would, therefore, be unjust and cruel if under the name of taxation it were to deprive the private owner of more than is fitting." (Encyclical on defined in such broad terms as to in clude the philanthropic endeavor and the condition of the working classes.)

Here, therefore, the Catholic differs radically from the socialist. The state of the socialist arrogates to itself the power to take into its hands the owner ship and management of all the means of production, distribution and exchange, whether the present owners consent or not. Catholic doctrine denies that the State has authority to do this. Quite apart from the question as to how it is to be done, whether com pensation is to be made to those who are expropriated or not, we assert that such an act of spoliation would be simple robbery. We may dismiss the hypothesis of the owners giving their voluntary consent as chimerica. The collectivist scheme could only come into existence by a gigantic act of rob

bery and injustice. As Catholics then we have a fundamental objection to the socialist plan; it cannot be reconciled with Catholic ethics. Like many others we are convioce? that the attempt to realize socialism would lead to bloodshed and civil war. We are convinced that even civil war. We are convinced that ever if it could be established it would provworking classes themselves into deeper and irremediable misery. It would reduce all to the same dead level of slavery. But quite apart from our ob jections to it on account of its effects the very formula of socialism offends against Catholic ideas of right and

FRANCIS VEUILLOT ON THE FRENCH CRISIS.

Despite the opposition she has to encounter, says M. Veuillot in the Revue Generale, despite the active hos tility of the anti-clerical and masonic sects, despite her disabilities before the law and the adverse civil powers, the Church of France, confident of her future, continues her task of internal re organization and the reconquest of

lost souls.

To cries of hatred, she replies by works of love; to attempts at enslaving her, religious authority bars the way; to the iniquitous despoiling of her possessions, the faithful bring com-

The civil power is at the present mo-ment, on the contrary, the prey of a movement of dissociation, which is grad ually destroying its forces. In it there is no spirit of unity, as there is in the Church which has been the victim of

such brutal aggression.

Daring the past five months several significant things have happened to affect the position of the Church.

The schismatic elements have been

entirely routed. Vilatte has sunk into the slough of ignominy and discredit he so well deserved.

The so-called "National Church,"

of which Houx, of the Matin was to be the guiding star, has long since passed

into the limbo of matters obsolete.

The gravest danger of all, the Church has been successful in weathering, namely, that of Modernism, which at one time threatened to enter into the speculations of Frenchmen as a is one which finds them as they are, manifest reality. Even before the Papal Decree had launched its final condennation against these errors, however, a movement of reaction was tion of except the formula of the condennation against these errors, sire to be. Such a sermon is a revelaalready taking place in France, similar to the reaction which a vigorous temperament manifests under the iq-

and the episcopate, pressing and precise instructions, to which a faithful adherence had been given. Two solenn condemnations had been directed ality of His messenger." tained and encouraged modernistic views. The majority of the Bishops had issued grave warnings and to day they have loyally given their adher-

ence to the last Papal document. No one dare say that the entire evil is gone from our midst; the crucial period has, perhaps, yet to come, and more victims may follow, other remedies may have to be applied.

Y tif the scourge has not entirely passed, religious authority has declared itself, and the faithful know exactly where they stand and where the Mod

ernists stand.
And just as the Church is working for the maintenance of her unity of body and soul, so again the Church is building up, gradually, her new organization. The majority of the Bishops, baving constituted the work of the ization. Worship Fand, in order to provide for the most pressing wants, have decided upon the founding of parochial coun cils, in order to assist the cures in

These councils will give to the lay element, the legitimate satisfaction collaborating in a more than usually jutimate manner, in the life of the Church, while limiting, nevertheless, their action to within the desirable limits. This is indeed, a happy situa limits. This is indeed, a happy situation of difficulties which much perplexed the minds of all.

The work of the layman will be charitable, educational, social and, in a

measure, apostolic. One of the guiding spirits of this truly heroic movement, is Monsignor Amette. That his efforts have not fact that at the recent congress of the Catholic Association, over seventy thousand young men of France were represented by delegates.

It is impossible not to see the grow. ing results of this new revival. In the midst of the general indifference, a nucleus of Christianity is daily gathering strength and proportions. There is hardly a month in which some act of couching loyalty too, if not really heroic deed, is not to be recorded, showing that the Catholic spirit is still strong

And it is to be noted that even in the dark hour of crisis and ordeal, the hardest and bitterest of anti-clericals feel the force of the devotion and zeal that religion spreads around. Unfor-tunately the freethickers stand apart, only to damp the zeal of the masses, when they touch upon religion it is only to ridicule it and try to deprive the people of their most powerful con-solation.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

PROTESTANTS LIKE THE CATHO-

INTERESTING RESULT OF A SYMPOS. IUM CONDUCTED BY AN ENGLISH

SUNDAY SCHOOL JOURNAL. "The pulpit from time to time has ought to get from the pew an expressional to get from the pew an expression it likes." sion of the kind of sermons it likes," says the Literary Digest, and the statement is accurate when applied to the Protestant pulpit. The Catholic pulpit, it will be generally admitted. s concerned not with the likes, but with the needs of the pews in the matter of sermons. The remark quoted above is apropos a symposium conducted by the London Sunday School Chronicle and which has drawn from a number of laymen some rather fresh expressions on various kinds of sermons.

Several take the occasion to say that laymen in general do not like sermons of any kind, and others hint that the shorter the sermon the better. Most of the writers are inclined to speak first of what they don't care for-sermons which discuss theological or sermons which discuss theological or philosophical problems, especially when the preacher has not yet master-ed them; clever topical addresses prepared with a view to furnish good copy for the daily newspaper; literary criticisms on classic or current books; discussions of matters whose chief in terest is in their relation to common

Interesting to note, the sermon which met with a "genuine apprecia-tion" from the contributors to this Protestant symposium is one which might be described as the "Catholic ermon," as will be seen from the following enumeration of some of its

'It must be in the language of com-n life.'' these laymen say. "It must mon life," these laymen say. "It must be truth spoken with conviction, not qualified by desire to please or placate, nor uttered in a spirit to provoke opposition. The sermon which valued is one which shows men their temptations, and how to overcome them; which inspires men to trust God in the midst of business anxieties; which sustains them in the dark hours of adversity and loss and bereavement; which teaches and leads them to apply practical remedies for the sorrows of the afficted and the sufferings of the poor; which kindles their love for children, increases their confidence in the triumph of righteousness over evil in this world, and opens before them a vision of future blessedness with God in eternal joy and harmony with Him. In a word, the sermon which men like tion of experience spoken in language understood through experience of the association with Jesus Christ, looking The Sovereign Pontifinad, moreover, transmitted to the Catholic institutions is, the self manifesting God — become flesh, speaking not only through the

> The testimony of a number of Christian laymen to this effect, while not new, brings vividly home to the mind and conscience of the Church the conditions on which spiritual revival will be realized. - Palladelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

> > CATHOLIC NOTES.

In pursuance of a promise made when a boy to Right Rev. Mgr. Mullen, V. G., pastor of Immaculate Conception Church, Waceling, W. Va., Mr. Michael Owens has presented to that church a \$2,500 pipe organ.

English exchanges chronicle the death, on March I, of Rev. Caristopher J. Fitzgeraid, O. S. B., rector of St. Joseph's Church, Swansea, and greatgrandson of Daniel O'Connell. The leceased was born in 1366 at Kinneigh House, Southwest Kerry.

Among recent Eiglish converts to the Church are Miss Nadine Beaushamp, daughter of Sir Reginald Beauchamp, who was received into the Church at Bournemouth by the Rev. J. L. Lynch. Lady E ien Lambart, sister of the Earl of Cavan, and Mrs. Afred Loder are two others who have recently entered the Church.

Miss Sarah Hovey, a postulant for the Sisterhood of Ail Saints, which is in communion with the Episcopal Church Mount Calvary, has left the order and become a postulant for admission to the Sisters of the Visitation, Park avenue and Centre street. Hovey is the daughter of Henry E. Hovey, rector of St. John Protestant Episcopal Church, Portsmonth. N. H.

On the feast of St. Joseph the Right Rev. Bishop Conaty dedicated the magnificent new home of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Los Angeles, Cal. The building and the land which it occupies is the gift to the Little Sisters of Mr. E. J. Le Breton of San Francisco, and it represents an expenditure of something like \$400,000, the largest individual donation to charitable work ever made in Lower Cali-

CHAPTER VI. CONTINUED. "You speak of the Lady Matilda, daughter of the Lord Robert de Bethune," observed Deconinck.
"How know you that?" inquired Adolf surprised.

Adolf surprised.

"I know yet more, sir. The Lady
Matilda was not brought to your house
so privily, but that Deconinck knew it,
nor could she have left it again unknown to me. But be not alarmed, for
I can assure you that but few besides

myself at Bruges are in the secret."

"You are a wonderful man, Master Deconinck. But now to the point. I feel that I may trust in your magnanimity to defend this young daughter of

our Lion, if need be, against any vio lence from the French."

Spring from among the people, De coninck was one of those rare geniuses who come before the world from time to time as the leaders of their age and country. No sconer has years ricened his capacity, than he called forth his brethren out of the bondage in which they slumbered, taught them to under-stand the power which lies in union, and rose up at their head against their tyrants. The latter now found it im ssible to resist the awakened energies possible to resist the awakened energies of their former slaves, whose hearts Deconinck had so roused and kindled by elequence, that their necks would no longer bear the yoke. Yet some times the fortune of war would favor the nobles, and the people for a time submitted, while Deconinck seemed to have lost at once his elequence and his aggacity. Nevertheless he slumbered sagacity. Nevertheless he slumbered not, but still worked upon the spirits of his comrades with secret exhortations. till a favorable moment came; then and again broke their bonds. All the political machinations of the nobles vanished into sm ke before the keen intellect of Deconinck, and they found themselves thus deprived of all their power over the people, without any possibility of permanently holding their ground. With truth it might be said, ground. With truth it might be said, that a chief share in the reform of the political relations between the nobles and the commons belonged to Decon-inck, whose waking thoughts and sleep ing drams were solely to the aggrand-isment of the people, who had so long groaned, so to say, in the dark dungeon and he vy chains of feudal bondage.

It was with a smile of satisfaction then, that he listened to Adolf of Nieuwland's appeal in behalf of the young Matilda; for it was a great triumph for the people whose represen-tative he was. In an instant he counted over the advantages which might be derived from the presence of the illustrious maiden for the execution of his

great project of deliverance.
"Sir Adolf of Nieuwland," he answered, "I am greatly honoured by this application. I will spare no effort ich may contribute to the safety of the illustrious daughter of the Flemish

Desirous of bringing the matter more entirely into the hands of the commons. he added, with cautious hesitation, "But might she not easily be carried off hence before I could come to her

This remark was somewhat displeas ing to Adolf ; for he thought he saw in it a disinclination on the Dean's part to take up Matilda's cause with heart and soul. He therefore replied: "If you cannot yourself give us efficient aid, I pray you, master, to advise us as to what is the best that can be done for daughter.'

"The Clothworker's Company is strong enough to stand between the lady and all fear of insolence," rejoined Deconick; "I can assure you that she may live as peacefully and safely at Bruges as in Germany, it you will take counsal of me."

is your difficulty, then?" Noble sir, it is not for such as me to make arrangements for the daughter

of my prince; nevertheless, should she e pleased to do as I shall recommend er. I will undertake to be answerable for her safety."
"I hardly understand you, master.

What have you to ask of the Lady Matilda? you would not carry her to another place?"

"O, no; all I desire is, that she should on no account leave the house without my knowledge, and should, on the other hand, at all times be ready to accompany me, should I judge it necessary. Moreover, I leave it to you to withdraw this trust from me the moment you feel any doubt of the loyalty of my intentions."

As Deconinck was universally held

in Flanders as one of their ablest heads, Adolf doubted not that his demand was founded on good reasons, and therefore made no diffi uity in granting all he asked, provided he would undertake to be himself answerable for the Lady Matida's safety; and, as he was not yet personally acquainted with her, Maria went to request her presence.

On her entering the room, Deconinck made a learned by the best personal to the control of the lady safety.

made a low and humble obeisance before her, while the princess looked at him with considerable astonishment, not in the least knowing who he could be. But while he thus stood before her, and she awaited an explanation of the scene, suddenly a noise of load disputing was

heard in the passage.
"Wait then!" cried one of the voices, "that I may inquire whether you can be admitted."

"What!" cried another voice of much greater power, "shall the Butchers be shut out while the Clothworkers are let in? Quick, out of the way, or you

The door opened, and a young man of powerful limbs and handsome features entered the chamber. His dress was made like that of Deconinck, but with more of taste and ornament; the great cross handled knife hung at his girdle. As he passed the threshold he was in the act of throwing back his long fair the act of throwing back his long tair hair from his face; but the sight that work! Let us just cut the knot with a mork! Let us just cut the knot with a tumpeter, dressed as a figure of Fame, good knife, instead of taking all this the door-way. He had thought to find there the Dean of the Clothworkers and some of his fellows; but now see that will not do. Caution, Breydel, is

THE LION OF FLANDERS. ing this beautiful and richly-dressed lady, and Deconinck bowing thus low before her, he knew not what to think. However, he did not allow himself to be disconcerted, either by the unexpected presence in which he found himself, or by the inquiring look of Master Roger. He uncovered his head, bowed hastily all round, and went straight up

to Deconinck; then seizing him familiarly by the arm, he exclaimed: "Ha, Master Peter | I have been look-"Ha, Master Peter! I have been looking for you these two hours; I have been running all over the town after you, and nowhere were you to be found. Know you what is happening, and what news I bring?"

"Well, what is it then, Master Breydel?" inquired Deconinck impatiently.

"Come, don't stare at me so with your cat's eye. Master dean of the Cloth-

"Come, don't stare at me so with your cat's eye, Master dean of the Clothworkers," oried Breydel; "you know well enough that I am not afraid of It. But that is all one! Well, then, king Philip the Fair, and the accursed Joanna of Navarre, are coming to Bruges to morrow; and our fine fellows of city magistrates have ordered out a hundred elethware forty hetchers. hundred clothworkers, forty butchers and I know not how many more of the rest, to make triumphal arches, cars

for a pageant, and scaffolding."
"And what is there so wonderful in that, that you should waste your breath

"What Master Dean! what is there in that? more than you think; for certainly not a single butcher will put his hand to the work, and there are three hundred clothworkers standing in front of your hall waiting for you. far as I am concerned, it will be long enough before I wag a finger for them. The halberts stand ready, the knives are sharp; everything is in order. You know, Master Dean, what that mean when I say it."

when I say it."
All present listened with curiosity to the bold words of the Dean of the Batchers. His voice was clear, and even musical, though with nothing of cooler judgment, meanwhile, soon perceived that Breydel's designs would if executed, only be injurious to the cause, and he answered:

"I will go with you, Master Jan; we will talk over the necessary measures together; but first, you must know that this noble lady is the Lady Matilda, the daughter of Lord Robert de Bethune

Breydel, in much surprise, threy himself on one knee before Matilda, lifted his eyes to her, and exclaimed: "Most illustrious lady, forgive me the random speech I have heedlessly

used in your presence. Let not the noble daughter of our lord the Lion remember it against me." "Rise, master !" answered Matilda graciously; "you have said nothing that I could take amiss. Your words were inspired by love for our country, and hatred against its enemies. I thank you for your faithful allegiance."

"Gracious Countess," pursued Brey-del, rising, "your ladyship cannot imagine how bitter are my feelings against the Lilyares and French taxgatherers. O that I could avenge the wrongs of the House of Flanders! — O that I could! But the Dean of the Clothworkers here is always against me; perhaps he is right, for late is not never; but it is difficult for me to keep back. To-morrow the false Queen Joanna comes to Bruges; but unless God gives me other thoughts than I have now, she shall never see France

again."
" Master," said Matilda, " will you promise me what I am going to ask of

you command me, and I will obey. Every word of yours shall be sacred to

me, illustrious princess."

"Then I desire of you that you shall do nothing to break the peace while the new princes are in the city."

"So be it," answered Breydel, sor rowfally. "I had rather your ladyship and called near the princess are the princess of the princess

had called upon me to use my arm or my knife; however, it's a long lane that has no turning, and if t -day is for them

fore the princess, he added. "I beg and pray of you, noble daugh-ter of our Lion, not to forget your servant Breydel, whenever you have need of strong arms and stout hearts. The Butchers Company will keep their hal berts and knives ready ground for your service.

The maiden started somewhat at an offer which savored so much of blood; but nevertheless she replied in a tone of satisfaction.

"Masters," she answered, "I will not

forget to make your fidelity known to my lord and father, when God shall restore him to me; for myself, I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to you." The Dean of the Butchers rose, and

taking Deconinck by the arm, they went out together. Long after they went out together. Long after they had left the house this unexpected visit were in the street Deconinck began : friend of the people; it is therefore our bounden duty to watch over his daugh-

ter as a sacred deposit.' "What need of so many words about it?" answered Breydel; the first o'clock in the morning, all was in read-frenchman that dare but look askance liness. at her shall make acquaintance with my cross knife. But, Master Peter, would it not be the best plan to close the gates, and not let Joanna into the

halberts stand behind the doors, and at the first word every Lilyard will be packed to-"Beware of any violence!" inter rupted Deconinck. "To receive one's prince magnificently is the custom everywhere; that can do no dishonor to the commons. It it better to reserve our strength for occasions of more importance. Our country is at present swarming with foreign troops, and we might very easily get the worst of it." "But, master, this is terribly slow

the best knife; it cuts slowly, but it never blants and never breaks. Suppose you do shut the gates, what have you gained then? Listen, and take my word for it. Let the storm go by a little, and things get quiet; let us wait till a part of the foreign troops are gone back to France; let the French and the Lilyards have their own way a little, and then they will be less on their little, and then they will be less on their guard."

No!" cried Breydel, "that must "No!" cried Breydel, "that must not be! They are already beginning to be insolent and despotic more than enough. They plunder all the country round about, and treat us burghers as though we were their slaves."

"So much the better, Master Jan! so much the better.

much the better." "So much the better! what do you mean by that? Say, master, have you turned your coat? and do you mean to use your fox's wit to betray us? I know not, but it seems to me that you begin to smell very strong of lillies!"

No, no, friend Jan! but just bet

think you, that the more there is to irritate, the nearer is the day of deliverance. If they closked their doings s little, and ruled with any show of jus tice, the mass of the people would sit down quietly under the yoke till they grew accustomed to it and then, adieu, once for all, to our hard won liberties: once for all, to our nard won hoeroes; Know that despotism is freedom's nurs ing-mother. It, indeed, they ventured to make any attempt upon the privileges of our town, then I should be the first to exhort you to resistance; but even then not by means of open force there are other means surer and better

than that.
"Master," said Jan Breydel, "I "Master," said Jan Breydel, "I understand you; you are always right, as though your words, stood written upon parchment. But it is a bitter pill to me, to have to put up so long with those insolent foreigners. Better the Saracen than the Frenchman! But you are right enough; the more a frog blows a misself, out, the sconer he burstel. nimself out, the sooner he bursts!
After all, I must confess that understanding is with the Clothworkers."

Weil, Master Breydel, I, for my part, acknowledge that it is the But-chers that are the men of action. Let us ever put these two good gifts, caution us ever put these two good gifts, caution and courage, together, and the French will never find time to make fast the irons about our feet."

A bright smile on the face of the

butcher acknowledged his satisfaction

"Yes," he replied, "there are fine fellows in our company, Master Pe er; and that the foreign rascals shall know, when the bitter fruit is ripe. But now I think of it, how shall we keep our Lion's daughter from Queen Joanna's knowledge?"
"We will show her here openly in

the light of day."
"How so, master? let Joanna of Navarre see the Lady Matilda? You

can never mean that in your sound senses! I think you must have some thing wrong in your upper works.' "No; not yet, at any rate. To mor-row, at the entry of the foreign masters,

all the Clothworkers will be unde arms; so will you, with your Butchers. What can the Frenchmen do then Nothing, as you know. Well, then, to morrow I will put the Lady Matida in a conspicuous place, where Joanna of Navarre cannot but notice her. Then I shall be able to judge from the queen's countenance what her thoughts precious charge.

"The very thing, Master Peter!
You are in very truth too wise for mortal man! I will keep watch over our
princely lady; and I should only like to ee the French (fier to harm or affront her: for my hands itch to be at them, and that's the truth of it. But to-day I have to go to Sysseele to buy some exen, so it will be your turn to keep

guard over the countess."
"Now, then, only be a little calm, friend Jan, and do not let your blood boil over: here we are at Clothworkers' Hall.

As B. eydel had said, a considerable group of Clothworkers stood about the door. All had gowns and caps of the same form as their Dean, though here o-morrow may be for us."

Then, once more bowing his knee be journeyman with longer hair, and something more of ornament about his apparel. This, however, was but an ex parel. This, however, was but an exception; for the company kept strict discipline, and did not permit in its members much of idle display. Jan Breydel spoke a few words more

with Deconinck in an under tone, and then left him in high satisfaction.

Meanwhile the Clothworkers had opened a passage for their Dean as he approached; and all respectfull, uncov ered their heads, followed him into the

CHAPTER VII.

The Lilyards had made unusual pre parations for giving a magnificent re-ception to their new prince, whose favour they hoped by this means to earn. No cost had been spared; the fronts of the houses were hung with formed a topic of conversation for its fronts of the houses were hung with inmates. As soon as the two Deans the richest stuffs the shops could furnish; the streets were turned into "Master Jan, you know that the green avenues, by means of trees Lion of Flanders has always been the brought in from the neighbouring friend of the people; it is therefore our woods and fields, and all the journeymen of the different companies had been employed in erecting triumphal

In the middle of the great square stood a lofty throne, erected by the Carpenters' Company, and covered with blue velvet, its double seat adorntown? All my butchers are ready, the ed with gold fringe, and furnished halberts stand behind the doors, and with richly worked cushions: two figures, Peace and Power, stood by, which with united hands were to place crowns of clive and laurel on the heads of Philip the Fair and Joanna of Navarre. Hangings of heavy stuffs descended from the canopy, and the very ground of the square was covered with costly carpets for some distance

At the entrance of the Stone street stood four columns painted in imita tion of marble, and on each of them a

erected a magnificent triumphal arch with Gothic pillars. Above, at the apex of the arch, hung the shield of the arms of France; lower, one on each pillar, those of Flanders and the city of Bruges. The rest of the available space was occupied with allegor ical devices, such as might best flatter the foreign lord. Here might be seen the black lion of Flanders humbly oringing under a lily; there were the heavens with lilies substituted for stars; and many other like images.

dun coloured palfrey, her apparel all one blaze of gold, silver and jewels. A long riding - dress of yold-stuff, and fastened there by a golden button, flattered a transparent veil bespangled which hung down upon her palfrey's which she and thousand ornaments. Both she and there palfrey were so beset with studs, she wore an upper garment of cloth of the most costly materials, that scarcely a single vacant spot could be perceived upon them.

Arrogance and vanity filled the soul of this princess, and it

heavens with lilies substituted for stars; and many other like images, such as a spirit of base truckling had suggested to these traitorous Flemings. If Jan Breydel had not been kept in restraint by the Dean of the Clothworkers, the people would certainly not have been long scandalised by these symbols of abasement. As it was, however, he awallowed his indignation, and looked on in dark and desper ate endurance. Deconinch had convinced him that the hour was not yet come.

The Cathelyne street was hung throughout its whole length with snow-white linen and long festoons of foli-age, and every house of a Lilyard bore of perfumes in beautifully chased vases and young girls strewed the streets with flowers. The Cathelyne gate, by which the king and queen were to enter the town, was decked on the out-side with magnificent scarlet hangings; there, too, were placed allegorica pictures intended to glori'y the stranger, and to throw scorn upon the lion, the ancestral emblem of victory. Eight angels had been secretly planted on the gatehouse to sound a

to the prince and announce his arrival. In the great square stood the companies, armed with their halberts, and drawn up in deep file along the houses. Deconinck, at the head of the Clothworkers, had his right flank covered with the egg-market; Breydel, with his Butchers, occupied the side towards the Stone street; the other companies were distributed in lesser bodies along the third side of the square. The Lilyards and principal nobles were as embled on a richly decorated scaffolding immediately in front of the town ball. town hall.

At eleven o'clock, the angels who were stationed upon the gatehouse gave the signal of the king and queen's approach, and the royal cavalcade at last passed through the Cathelyne gate into the town.

First rode four heralds on magnifi cent white horses, from whose trumpets hung the banners of their master, Philip the Fair, with golden lilies on a blue field. Trey sounded a melodious march as they went, and charmed all hearers with the perfection of their

playing. Some twenty yards after the heralds came the king, Philip the Fair, on a horse of majestic figure and paces. Among all the knights about him there was not one that approached him in beauty of features. His black hair flowed in long waving locks upon his shoulders; his complexion vied with that of any lady for softness and clear ness; while its light-brown hue imparted to his countenance an expression of manly vigour. His smil sweet, and his manner remarkably captivating. Added to this, a lofty captivating. Added to this, a lofty stature, well-formed limbs, and easy carriage, made him in all externals the most perfect knight of his day; and thence his surname, by which he was known throughout Europe, of Le Bel, or, as we translate it, the Fair. His dress was righty embedded with the same translate it, the Fair. dress was richly embroidered with gold and silver, yet not overloaded with ornament; it was clear that good taste, and not love of display, had guided the selection. The silvered helmet which glittered on his head bore a large plume, which fell down behind him to his horse's croup.

on at the magnifecent show.

On the other side of the king rode his son, Louis Hutin, a young prince of good dispositions, and who carried his greatness unassumingly. He regarded these rew subjects of his house with a compassionate air; and the eyes of the citizens ever found a gracious of the citizens ever found a gracious smile up in his countenance. Louis possessed all the good qualities of his father, unalloyed by any of the vices that might have been looked for in the son of Joanna of Navarre.

Imm diately after the king and queen

came their personal attendants,— gentlemen of the chamber and ladies of honour; then a numerous cavalcade of nobles, all magnificently arrayed. Among them might be distinguished Enguerrand de Marigny, De Chatillor, St. Pol, De Nesle, De Nogaret, and many others. The royal standard and numerous other banners waved merrily ever this princely company.

Last of all came a body of men-at arms, or heavy cavalry, some three hundred strong, all of them armed from head to foot in steel, and with long lances projecting above the r heads Their heavy chargers, too, were steel

barbed from counter to crupper. The citizens, every here and there gathered into groups, looked on in solemn silence; not a single cry of welcome ascended from all that multitude, no single sign of joy could any where be seen. Stung to the soul at the coldness of this reception, Joanna of Navarre was still more irritated at the looks of scorn and hate which she could perceive from time to time were turned upon her.

As soon as the procession reached the market-place, the two figures of Fame, planted on the pedestals, put their trumpets to their mouths throughout the square; upon which the magistrates and other Lllyards (of whom, however, there were but few)
raised the cry, "France! France!
Long live the king! long live the
queen!"

Still more intense was the inward rage of the proud queen, when not a single voice from the people or the companies joined in this cry, and all the citizens stood motionless, without giving the slightest sign of respect or pleasure! Still, for the moment she swallowed her wrath, and contrived so to command her features, that nothing of what she felt was perceptible on her

countenance.

A little on one side of the throne was stationed a group of noble ladies, mounted on the most beautiful palfreys; and all, in honor of the occasion, so bedecked with jewellery that the eye could hardly bear to rest upon them.

Matilda, the fair young daughter of the Lion of Flanders, had her place in the front row, and was the very first that fell under the queen's eye. She was most magnificently attired. A high pointed hat of yellow silk, copiously trimmed with ribbons of red velvet, sat lightly and gracefully upon her head: light'y and gracefully upon her head; from under it fell a flowing mantilla of Beside him rode his consort, the imperious Joanna of Navarre, upon a manufacture of the finest lawn, which, shading her cheeks, covered neck and shoulders, and reached down below her waist;

dun coloured palfrey, her apparel all one blaze of gold, silver and jewels.

A long riding dress of gold-stuff, secured in front with a lace of silver cord, fell in heavy folds to the ground, and glistened as she went with its thousand ornaments. Both she and her palfrey were so beset with studs, buttons and tassels of the most costly materials, that scarcely a single vacant spot could be perceived upon them.

Arrogance and vanity filled the whole soul of this princess, and it might be seen in her countenance that the pomp of her entry had filled her heart with pride. Full blown in insolience, she cast her haughty looks over the conquered people, who filled the windows, and had even climbed upon the roofs of the houses in order to look on at the magnificent show.

On the other side of the king rode his son, Louis Hutin, a young prince of good dispositions, and who carried his greatness unassumingly. He resgain, it would shade off into green.
On her bosom, where the two ends of a string of the finest pearls met, shone a plate of beaten gold, with the Black Lion of Fianders artistically carved apon it in jet. A girdle, also bespangled with gold, and with silk and silver tassels, was fastened round her waist by a class in which silver tassels.

waist by a clasp, in which flashed two rubles of great value.

The harness of the palfrey, profusely enriched as it was with studs, drops, and tassels of gold and silver, corresponded in magnificence with the of the rider; and with like splendor were the other ladies attired in change ing stuffs of every varied hue under

The queen, with her retinue, rode slowly up, and turned her eyes with piteful cariosity upon these Fienish dames, who glittered so brilliantly in the within a certain distance, the ladies rode up to her at a stately pace, and greeted her with many courtly speeches. Matilda alone was silent, and regarded Joanna with a stern unbending countenance. It was impossible for her to show honor to a queen who had thrown her father into prison. Her feelings were plainly traceable on her features, and did not escape Joanna's notice. She looked Matilda imperiously in the face, thinking to make the Flemish maiden quail beneath her frown; but in this she found herself mistaken; for the young girl proudly threw back glance for glance, without lowering her eyelids, even for an instant, before the angry queen, whose displeasure at the sight of so much magnificence had no become too great to be concealed. With evident annoyance she turned her horse's head, and exclaimed, while casting a look of scorn upon the band

"Look you, gentlemen, I thought that I alone was queen in France; but methinks our Flemish traitors whom we hold in prison are princes one and daughters dressed out like queens and

princesses.' These words she spoke alond, so as to even by some of the citizens: then with cealed vexation, she inquired of

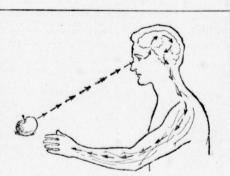
the knight who rode next her:
"But, Messire de Chatillon, who is this insolent girl before me, with the Lion of Flanders upon her breast; what

doth that betoken? De Chatillon, drawing nearer to her,

replied:
"It is Matilda, the daughter of Robert de Bethune." And with these words he put his finger to his lips, as a sign to the queen to dissemble and keep silence—a sign which she well understood and accepted with a smile-a smile full of treachery.

hatred and revenge. Any one who might have been obser-ring the Dean of the Clothworkers at this moment could not have failed to his eye was fixed upon the queen : not the slightest shade had come or gone

Some Mysteries of the Nervous System Explained.



There is so much mystery associated with the nerve force which controls the organs of the human body that it can best be likened to electricity, of which we know so very little and yet make such

By referring to the accompanying illustration we want to point out some things that are known in regard to the workings of the nervous system and emphasize the necessity of keeping up the supply nerve force in order that the various organs of body may perform their functions and health be maintained. Of the two sets of nerves in the human body, this sketch illustrates those which have to do with external objects, and control seeing, hearing,

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The cut shows how at sight of an apple the message is carried by the optical nerve to the brain, which receives, thinks and decides on some form of action, and then sends out its command through the nerves which lead to the hand.

You cannot even brush a fly from your forehe, d without this process being carried out, though the frequency with which the act is performed lessens the amount of thought required. Simple as it may seem to see and pick up an apple, this act cannot be properly carried out if there

anything wrong with any of the nerves involved. Injury to the optical nerve means defective sight or blindness, disease of the brain may mean paralysis of the nerves which control the movement of the arm, or even the tiny nerves of the fingers may be defective, so that the fingers are not under control of the brain.

Cures

The brain is the source of all nervous energy, for here it is that blood is converted into nerve force, and for this purpose fully one-fifth of all the blood of the human body is consumed. This explains the necessity of looking to the condition of the blood at the first sign of nervous trouble, and shows how it is that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great blood-builder, is so remarkably successful in curing

Diseases of the Nerves.

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apon her brow, but Deconinck had noted it down upon the tablet of his memory. In her features he had plainly divined her anger, her wishes, and her plans; he knew, moreover, that De Chatillon was chosen to be the instrument of her designs; and he immediately occupied himself in devising the readiest means for defeating their the readlest means for defeating their attempts, whether made by stratagen

The king and queen now dismounted The king and queen now dismounted from their horses, and ascended the throne which had been erected for them in the middle of the great square. Their equires and ladies of honor arranged themselves in two rows upon the steps; the knights remained on horseback, and drew up round about the scaffolding. When every one was in his place, the magistrates came forward with the maidens who were to represent the city of Bruges, and offered present the city of Bruges, and offered the foreign rulers the keys of the gates upon a costly velvet cushion. At the same moment the two figures of Fame blew a fresh blast upon their trumpets, and the Lilyards again cried, "Long live the king! long live the queen!"

All this time a dead silence reigned among the citizens; it seemed as th they affected indifference, that their dissatisfaction might be only the more thoroughly apparent; and in this they attained their aim, for Joanna was already turning indignantly in her mind how she might most effectually punish these insolent and disloyal

King Philip, who was of a less irritable temper, received the magistrates most affably, and promised to bestow his most affably, and promited to bestow his best consideration on all that might tend to the prosperity of Flanders. And this promise was no mere deigning; he was a generous prince and true knight, and might, under other circumstance, have been the blessing of his people both in France and But there were two causes which completely neutralised all his good qualities. The first and worst of these was the influence of his imperious wife, who, whenever his better nature was about to prevail, came in like an evil spirit to turn him from good to Toe other cause was his pro digality which drove him on to use all means, whether good or bad, in order to provide for its gratification. Evan now, his plans and resolves were all for the good of Flanders; but what uld that avail, when Joanna of N svarre

After the delivery of the keys, the king and queen remained for some time listening to the adoresses of the magistrates; after which they left the scaf-folding. They immediately took to horse again; and the cavalcade rode slowly through other streets on their way to the building called the Prince's Court, where a banquet was prepared for them, to which the chief men of Bruges and the principal Lilyards had been invited. Meanwhile, the members of the companies returned to their homes, and the public festival was

Night had now set in : the guests had ong since departed, and Queen Juanna was alone with her waiting woman in her chamber. Already she had laid aside a great part of her cumbrous magnificence, and was busied in disarraying herself of all her jawellery. The hasty movements of her hands and the irritable expression of her countenance, evinced the most violent im patience. The attendant in waiting uld do nothing aright, and got from her mistress only sharp and angry words; necklaces and earrings were thrown hither and thither, as things of naught : while expressions of annoyance

wed incessantly from her mouth.
In a loose white robe the enraged neen kept pacing her chamber to and fro in deep thought, while her flaming eyes wandered flercely around. At last attendant, quite disconcerted at strange manner and violent gestic ulations, approached her, and respect-

main up any longer? Shall I go for a fresh light?"

To which the queen answered im-

patiently. "No, there is light enough! Cease to annoy me with your tiresome questions. Leave me alone; begone, I tell you! Go to the ante-room, and wait there for my nucle De Chatillon. Let him come to me forthwith—go!" While the damsel proceeded to

execute the orders thus rudely given, Joanna sat down by a table and rested her head upon her hand. In this position she remained for some minutes, thinking upon the insult she had re ceived; then, rising, she paced the violently gesticulating with her hands. e spoke in a suppressed voice:

"What! this paltry insignificant cople to put scorn upon me, the Queen of Francel an insolent girl to stare me out of countenance! And shall I quietly put up with such an affront?" A tear of anger glistened upon her burning cheek. Suddenly again she raised her head, and laughed with the malicious joy of a flend as she con-

"O ye insolent Flemings! you do not yet know Joanna of Navarre! you know not how fearfully her vengeance can fall! Rest and sleep without dread in your rash scratiny! I know of means hat will give you a fearful awakening. What a cup of bitterness shall my hand mix for you! What tears shall I not make you shed! Then at least you shall know my power! Crawl before me you will, and supplicate me, insolent slaves! but you shall not be heard! With joy shall I set my foot upon your stubborn necks. In vain shall you weep and cry; for Joanna of Navarra is in exorable. That you know not yet,— but you shall know it."

Hearing her attendant's step in the passage, she now hastened to compose herself; and standing before the mirror, she gave her countenance a calmer ex-pression, while her whole bearing assumed a more tranquil air. In the art of dissimulation, that great accom-plishment of bad princes, Joanna was s perfect adept.

TO BE CONTINUED.

portress went promptly to the door, and found there a youth of nineteen years whose flushed face and eyes that burned in their sockets like living coals told at a glance their story of desperate ill-

ess.
"I want to see the superior," said

The superior was called, and the young man, who had been given an arm chair, handed her a letter, a communication from the principal physician on the hospital staff, requesting the superior to admit the bearer and place him in the isolated ward, as he had every symptom of the dread small-pox.

Now, at the time of which we write

there was no municipal hospital in the city, nor was there what is called a "pest house." All diseases were sent to the Sisters Hospital, and were there, as is always the case, humanely and properly treated. The reason why this Sisters' Hospital had an isolated smallpox ward was as follows: There was no marine hospital in the city, and the authorities had contracted with the Sisters to care for the marines, or the river men, who worked for the Government. Some ten months before a packet had come up the river and was stranded nad come up the river and was stranded in low water. Eight or ten hands, all Negroes, had remained on board, wait-ing for the water to rise. Idling away the days, small pox broke out among them, and all were stricken. Applica-tion was made at the Sisters' Hospital, and in pursuance of their contract the Sisters accepted the cases, prepared a ward entirely apart from the hospital proper and appointed the nurses to care for the loathsome disease. Several of the men succumbed, and under the religious care of the Sisters their deaths were holy and happy. The mintiple of the number got well, however, and the ward had been cleaned out and fumigated, and had been vacant for some time. But here was an occupant, and no time was lost preparing clean, comfortable bed for

prepare for a bot bath.

"There is no use," said the young man, "for me to take remedies, for will die to night. I only came here to

was conducted to the ward and told to

see a priest.' "Bat," said the Sister who was placed in charge of the patient, "the priest does not live at this hospital. He has finished his duties here and gone to the parish house, and will not return until early morning, when he will say Mass. We shall bring him to you as

soon as he comes.
"But it will be too late," said the young man. "I shall not be living then. I must see him to night."

"Why, the doctor did not say you were in a dangerous condition," said the Sister. "Had you not better submit to treatment and wait until morn

"I beg you," said the patient, " implore you to send for a priest. I assure you I will be dead in the morning. am dying now, though you do not

He did not seem in the slightest danger of immediate death, but his manner startled the nun, in spite of her convictions. She spoke through the tube used for that purpose (for she, too, was isolated) to the superior, and urged her to send a messenger for the hospital chaplain. The superior rather reluctantly complied, thinking the re quest some what unreasonable, yet wishing rather to err on the safe side.

When the nurse told the young man the priest had been sent for, he was greatly relieved, and when the Sister her and said:

"I want to tell you why I want the vancing towards her. priest. I am an orphan since I was twelve years old and am bound out to a farmer who sends me to the market every day with a load of produce. This morning I came in as usual, and was taken with this sickness. Some friends brought me to the doctor, and he gave ne the letter I brought here. me the letter I brought here. When the doctor said I was going to be pretty sick, I told him I knew it, but I wanted first to see a priest. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll send you where you will see a priest and all your religious needs will be attended to. I'll send you to the Sisters' Hospital.' I was glad to come, because I believe in Catholic teachings, and was afraid I had waited too long before—"

"Then you are not a Catholic?" ex claimed the Sister, in amazement. "No; I am not of any religion. The people I live with have no religion, either. But I want to tell you something before I die." The

Here the Sister smiled, for while the young man was flushed and fever ish, there was no other visible sign of the disease,

and least of all of death. "You don't think I will die? Well, time will tell. There is sonething within me that speaks louder than words."

"But how did you come to want a priest so much?" said the Sister, feel-

ing strangely moved.
I had two friends, Catholic boys of my own age. We met every market day, and they took me to their Mass. It was a poor little place, their church, but the priest was a fine man; and when he spoke it went to my heart, and I liked to hear him. And when Church was over the boys explained what the priest said about saving your soul. I often thought about it, but had no chance to ask gary one. About three weeks ago this priest told the people that the crowd was getting more than the little church could hold, and he wanted to build a new church. said every little would help, and that even a dollar would go into the fund and get God's blessing. 'And besides,' said he, 'I will pray every day at my Mass for those who will make their offerings to the building of God's house

that they may have as their reward a happy life and a holy death." The patient paused a moment, as if hesitating about his next communication.

"And what else ?"

"Well," said the young man. "I had only a dollar of own, and I walked up to the priest after Mass and said to him, 'Father, this is all I have, but I hope you won't refuse it because I am poor and not of your way of believing. I'd like to see that church built.' He oked into my face, took my hand and you are of our way of believing. Ishall pray for you every day at Mass that you may become a good Catholic.'

"I didn't tell my two friends any thing about it, but when I found myself getting deadly sick this morning I put the horse and rescent it the horse. the horse and wagon in the hands of people that I know, and when the doctor said I should come here, I was deterniged to see a priest first of all and find out the way to die in the true

Just here the messenger announced through the speaking tube the chaplain had arrived, and was about coming to the patient. The Sister told the young man, and he was overjoyed.

She went to the little room adjoining the ward and met the priest, to whom she briefly told the circumstances.

The chaplain was soon at the bedside of the patient. A few questions brought out the fact that he had never been baptized, and as he insisted, with a pertinacity that was remarkable and impressive, that he was going to die, the chaplain, after asking a few questions, baptized him.

"There are some other sacraments," said the young man "I heard them talked about in church. Can't I be an-ointe³, and could I receive Holy Communion?

The chaplain was amazed. He questioned the young man, and obtained a detailed account of his life; and after instructing him for some time, proposed waiting until the morning, as there was no apparent dauger, and he would come a little earlier to say his Mass. It was now after 11 o'clock

"Father," pleaded the young man, "I want so much to be an entire Catholic; it will be too late in the morning. Something tells me so. Won't you do everything before you go?"

The priest hesitated, and then, unable to withstand his own conviction that here was a most extraordinary case, told the patient he would anoint him and give him Holy Viaticum.

Most reverently did the poor youth receive these sacraments. When all was over and the priest was about to leave, he suggested some aspirations that might comfort the patient during the night. Finally he said:
"I will see you early in the morning.

Good night, my son.' Good night, Fither, and good by.

And I thank you from my heart.'
The priest did not speak, but left the

The Sister sat quietly at a little dis tance from the bed, her beads in her hands. The clocks chimed out mid night, and then the small hours. Every now and then the young man would re peat aloud the aspirations the priest had suggested over and over again. About 3 o'clock he was silent, and the Sister went over to the pillow, hoping he had fallen asleep. One glance told her practiced eye that the agony of death was there. She repeated the prayers for the departing soul, and within the brief hour he had passed away in his white baptismal robes to the presence of his Father in heaven, Who had won this guileless soul, and by wass men can never understand brough him through the dark valley of death surrounded by all the graces of redemp

The Sister closed his eyes, folded his hands over the crucifix that lay on his breast and softly left the room, breath ing a " De Profundis."

It was nearly 5 o'clock as she passed bathed his feet and saw that he had the great timepiece in the corridor. remedies and went to bed, he turned to and although it was so early, she saw the familiar figure of the chaplain ad

"I could not get our patient out o my head all night," said the priest so I have come early. How is he this

'He is with God," reverently said the nun. "He died at 4 o'clock."

Was it because he was a lonely orphan that our Father in heaven opened His arms and gave him this intuition of death? Was it the clean, nonest example of those Catholic work ing boys that made him think of his soul? Was it his own humble charity that prompted him to help with his mite the building of God's temple? Or, most of all, was it the divine effl cacy of the holy Mass, wherein his name was mentioned, that procured this

happy death?
We know not, we dare not say. But we know that all of these things are tremendous forces impelling the soul towards a glorious salvation.

Let those who read ponder over this true story.

EASTERTIDE.

We are in the joyful Eastertide and it will last till Ascension day. It is a time full of the happiest assurances, for the music of its peace and its alleluias are consequently ringing in our ears and causing our beart to leap wit the anticipated joys of heaven. For as here in America it is as in the clim of Jerusalem itself. Winter has spen its force and spring smiles genially upon all, and brings the gladness of its baimy breezes and grateful sunshine And so Nature unites with grace in litting up the Christian heart to high est hopes, and making glad and peace ful the passing time of our pilgrimage.

It is thus the heart which is ever longing for its God has its yearnings satisfied and its hopes sustained by His goodness, for be it ever remembered that God is a God of love and that in

all the years of his exile man is the object of His affection and sympathy.

either by presuming on His goodness or despairing in His mercy. But the true and faithful Christian has a right true and faithful Christian has a right conception of his duty to God and finds his joy in keeping His holy law, for, as the apostle soys, "To serve Him is to reign." Thus, while so many men are miserable and unhappy, the faithful Catholic is proving to himself the joy of serving God and realizing what the holy seriptures assure, namely, the happiness of loving Him, when they

happiness of loving Him, when they bid us "Taste and see how sweet the Lord is." We see the faithful Catholic, for unless he be faithful, the Catholic, ore than any other, must want peace nd joy, for such a one has the pain which remorse ever brings for in fidelity to the clamors of conscience. for the worldling the seasons of God's grace come like a Christmas and an Easter, and they feel a little of their joy from the overflow of happiness with which the Christian heart is filled, but is short lived and soon passes away. But even this momentary pleasure is denied the careless Catholic, for he

never can get away from conscience, which debars him from feeling any peace or joy until he returns to the

Him, strangely live only to offend Him,

ve and service of God. The Eastertide is God's way of pre paring all the well-disposed for their sternal union with Him in heaven. Our Lord remained with His apostles forty days after His resurrection, en lightening them and preparing them for their mission to go forth and save the world. In every Eastertide He renews the same to every willing heart.
And so He speaks to the soul in the words of the apostle and says, "If you will arise with Me then seek the things that are above and not the things of this earth."

This is the lesson we should learn from Him and put in practice in our daily life. We must not expect the in fidel to heed these words, for he has no faith. But men who profess belief in od should certainly give ear to them and make them the controlling prin-ciples of their conduct. And yet while this should be the rule, it is often violated and even by those who should be most faith'ul in observing it. There are all too many, even of the house-hold of faith, who are lukewarm in their duty to God and to their souls. They may be charged with presuming, since they think so lightly of that burn ng love and generous service every ue and faithful Christian should give

And when this is the practice of atholics, can we expect that the rest of mortals who profess belief in God and Christ the Red emer will be as loud in professing it or as open in manifesting it, as they would be if we urselves were more fervent and exemplary. And so God is deprived of glory by us who should be eager hat He receive it most abundantly. But there will always be those who wi scandalize the weak. They should re member what our Lord said, "Woe to them from whom scandal cometh." thanks be to God, there are those, and their number may be counted by

millions, who are conscious of their Christian dignity and who live up to its high ideals. Nor are they to be sound in the religious state alone, but a goodly number are in the world in every state age and condition of lifeoble fathers, queenly mothers, prince ly sons and daughters who, faithful to Gud's gifts and His graces, are leading lives of highest Christian virtue. These are they who are a glory to their Church and are a light to draw the attention of the earnest and thinking to look at the beauty of its teachings only in time to enter its communion.

How happy is Easter for such who, being pure of heart always see God Then is heaven brought nearer and the alleluias which they hear ringing out on all sides on earth, come back in sweetest tones from the blessed who reecho them from heaven. With each year their fervor increases, for as the years roll on they become more consurer of realizing them forever in

heaven. Easter then, is the day which the Lord Himself hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it. Its happiness up to fitly commemorate it. And so the peace and joy of Easter day and Eastertide will remain with us if we but strive to live up to and make everlasting the redemption and resurrec-tion it hath brought us. Our Easter peace will then be real and lasting, our union with Ged will begin and grow stronger with our years. Our hearts stronger with our years. Our hearts will be one with God and He will be always speaking with us on the way, guiding and comforting us as we will know, as did the disciples on Emmaus road, for our hearts will be burning within us by His presence reigning in our souls. — Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

Would do Well to Copy.

In the course of a revival at Grace Methodist Episcopal Church in Day-ton, Rev. M. B. Faller, the pastor, spoke in the following terms of the Catholic Church: "The Roman Catholic Church has

produced some of the greatest saints on earth: Jerome of Prague, Francis of Assisi, St. Augustine and others I could mention. The Protestant churches would do well to copy after the Catholic Church in her punctuality, regularity and loyalty in attending Mass and her services. As I come to our Sunday school in the morning I see a great number of people pouring from the doors of Sac red Heart Catholic Church. What is their Mass but the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper? I believe in the cross, it is the symbol of Christianity and it is the last thing the Catholic sees when dying."

Consider the incomparable love with But, alas His goodness is largely defeated by the indifference and wickedness of many. Some strangely have no thought of God and live like animals who are to give no accountability for their lives. Others, while thinking of Thy love in our memories!

THE MODERN PRODIGAL IN SOCIETY.

There is a tendency on the part of modern young people, Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J, suggests to us in his "Sins of Seciety" to grow weary of "Sins of Society" to grow weary of the company of their parents, to avoid them as much as they can, and all recause they imagine their elders have grown far too much out of-date to afrd pleasant or even profitable com-

panionship.

It was something of this spirit that moved the Prodigal Son of old to leave the paternal homestead, and go forth at first a festive wanderer upon the pleasant places of the globe, only to return in due course, a tatterdemalion "hobo" with the furrows of hardship strongly marked upon his battered countenance, and a disemboweling countenance, and a disemboweling doubt in his heart as to what his re ception might be at the hands of a pos sibly irate parent.

We all know the story, and many a

feelings more or less akin to what the Prodigal felt when he arrived at the home he had deserted. This, Father Vaughan tells us, is commonly the tot of all young men who have large wealth at their disposal. Has not the evidence of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers as the state of the fact come attempts hefers and seminaries. Natural stellars and professional studies college or Arts course—preparation and professional studies. As the college or Arts course—preparation and professional studies. As the college of the course of the course of the college or Arts course—preparation and professional studies. As the college of the course of the college or Arts course—preparation and professional studies. As the college of the college or Arts course—preparation and professional studies. As the college of the college of the college or Arts course—preparation for degrees and seminaries. As the college of the college mother's son among us has experienced feelings more or less akin to what the the fact come strongly before us of the fact come strongly better the within the past few years. On the threshold of life, a young man sees the pleasant picture of worldly pleasure lying for many a long year before his iying for many a long year before his eyes and mind. And the sight seems all the more inviting when his conscience whispers to him that the uninviting path is in the long run the hap piest, and assuredly the best. It is at such a juncture in a youth's life that the fair-weather friends gather round to counsel the undecided one, to take him in aand and point out the "dan-gers of life" to him. How many a useful life has been lost

to the world, if not to a higher service by such counsel, who shall say? And yet for the most part, they in the end give way, and accept a world which, says the Jesuit, "is the embodiment of a lie; its principle of action is expediency: its measure of rightness is success. It is the cruelest and most quite certain.

They become, says Father Vaughan, just as they enter upon a worldly career the victims of the women of the so called Smart Sot. These women, he says, are little better than savages, not less cruel, and far more cunning. For woman is not as man and, you can never know how the Smart Set Woman will act. The Smart Woman is wont to boast that she can toss out of her life five minutes, a man who had once come for much into her life. Yet a man who has once lodged a pure affection in his heart will invariably hold it there till the close of life.

much, then, for the poor Prodigal Son of to day, in his dealings with Educational.

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the modern woman who means to "make the most of life." Poor youth, with morey in his pockets to overflow ing, he vainly imagines he is taken for himself and chosen for his persons actractions. In due course, he finds himself rained, either on the race course or at the card-table, and the Woman of Smart Society, not the man. woman of Shart Society, not the man, is invariably his undoing. It might be well, says the Jesuit, if some of these gambling harpies could be given what are called "Woman's Rights," for under these conditions men would have a chance of seeing that they "played the game."

Nor have young men alone been ruined at the ca d-table. Young women too, says Father Vaughan, have been forced to make the most repulsive of sacrifices in order that their debts should be paid by their aggressors.

Gambling, says Father Vaughan, is That the Prodigal Son exists to day in the modern society of all capitals is in cownright earnest, and are resolved to rise to a sense of our responsibilities as citizens and as Christian let us tear out of our being, no matter what it costs to flesh and blood, that special evil thing, be it betting, or be it avarice, be it sensuality, be it jealousy or backbiting, which is thwartng God's designs in our souls .- N. Y



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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa. June 18th, 1905. Mr. Thomas Coffey:

My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is insued with a strong Catholic spirits. It strongusly defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands timily by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic himes. I herefore, carnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success,

Yours very sincerely in Christ.

Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus,

Apostolic Delegate. Mr. Thomas Coffey :

Mr. Thomas Coffey :

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, The CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit servades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success believe no to rough.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ. † D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1908.

THE RESURRECTION. The feast of to morrow, Easter Sun-

day, is the pledge and seal of all our holy religion and all our highest hopes. For if Christ be not risen from the dead our faith is vain; and if in this life only we have hope in Him then we are of all men most wretched. Sweet it is to raise our thoughts to the dizzy heights where repose our hopes in the glory and exaltation of the risen Saviour. Sweet as sunshine after rain and budding spring after mournful winter to contemplate our Lord, the king of glory, on this dawn of His everlasting triumph when He springs from the grave, the conqueror of death and the head of all angels and men. It becomes our duty in days when the resurrection is denied and the divinity of Christ ridiculed, to make reparation for this want of faith and supernatural hope. We are not preaching a sermon, simply said. The difficulty about these central or turning mysteries is that they lie so far down in the depths of wisdom and holiness and omnipotence that we, which wings its way from the hidden poor shallow-minded creatures, have no plumb or line to fathom their abyss. and flight to the morning air by the Science-modern science-will not ad mit the resurrection of our Lord as a press and the press to the world. fact or our own as a possibility. It | Thought crowns the world of matter, sees in this mystery of our religion the rules it partially at least, is its bighmisdirected action of faith and enthusiasm and the distortion which the in fact based upon the strongest contem. purely spiritual nor corporal-wonder mitted by the Jews themselves - an ad- in the dualistic contradiction between versary who will not allow that the the elements of his being. We empha tion just as in the Areopagus soul to the body may be looked at from the same subject the Epicureans and Stoics and Academicians laughed him | thrown into confusion by errors con to scorn. No fact, unless it was His death, was so clearly foretold by the prophets, as well as by our Lord Himself, as His resurrection. The greatest precautions were taken so that the disciples could not make away with the and Galilee. All that might be con- is again to miss the term of happiness. tends the other way. It is not likely. Master was gone, they did not have He had come to establish a kingdom and they saw as yet no sign of it. His enemies had conquered thus far that grave will the authority be complete they had done Him to death. They and the influence eternal. would be most vigilant lest any deception should be practised. They took precantions-all that they deemed necessary; a guard of their own, the We admit that they are an improvesealed grave and the doubt and ex- ment upon Materialism, which is the pectation raised by our Saviour's distinct word, that He would build up the both spirit and its superiority over temple in three days. Science was not matter. They are inclined to go to there to watch. It comes in late to excess, and not practically admit doubt and deny. Nearly two thousand the action of matter upon matter. years have passed-and the one inde- Through this mistaken view Christian structible fact amidst the crumbling Scientists run into absurd errors upon

or no miracle, the desire of the heart is for the divine, not such as can be attained by our own feeble efforts or in this world with law of members fighting against the law of the mind-but the yearning which is answered by Him Who rose for our justification, the searning which longs for unending joy and andisturbed peace and the triumpi eternal of the spirit over the flesh, and the hymn of praise to God's mercy as the sound of many waters. Miracle it is notwithstanding the impotent denial of science. It is the omnipotence of God controlling and shaping the dust of death to the shrine of life and the temple of glory. It is the wisdom of God preserving man's body to share in that immortal life which belongs to man; for man is neither beast angel. As wisdom created man, body and soul, so does it wish to conserve him. Sin might for a time break the harmony between these two -the soul and the body. Sin is a vio lation of law, a trespasser upon order. Law will triumph and be vindicated : order will be restored and disorder punished. Wisdom will not allow sig to triumph forever-nor will it preserve pure inanimate material. It will reward virtue, punish vice, conserve forever the animated body of man and give it a share in joy or punishment according as it lived in obedience and purity here, or in disobedience and sensuality. This flesh shall see God-and we shall be sated with glory when He, the type of our own resurrection shall appear-for we shall be like to Him. In His resurrection human nature is repaired, death is beaten, life triumphs, soul and body embrace each other. The principle is established. The head lives; the members will live. Faith yields to vision, grace to glory; hope is fulfilled- ove finds its term, its peace and everlasting reward. There is no glory for self in it all-not in works. nor in the struggle, but in God Who has had mercy, and Who has loved us and raised us up together with His only begotten Son. Joy to you all, good readers, on this happy Easter Day, Alleluia, He is risen as He said. Alleluia.

SPIRIT AND BODY.

A sentence in our article upon Emmanuelism, a short time ago, seems to worry a friend of ours. The sentence was, except the interjection, a quotation from a minister's account of Emmanuelism. It reads: "These thoughts operate on the sub conscious mind-save us from Modernism - and gathering a bouquet to place at the influence the body." Our corresponopen tomb-lilies of Easter joy and dent thereupon asks if the Church does roses of love because He rose as He not believe that thought has an in fluence on the body? Certainly the Church believes it, and we not only believe it but practise it. The idea nest of the mind gives forth its song pen which sends its message to the priest and sovereign-uses it to praise the Creator of both and for the benevented story gave to history. To argue fit of the whole. Man is made up of the resurrection with science is all but the two, spiritual and corporal, so comneeless. An adversary who denies a bining as to form a third being neither porary evidence, disinterested and ful in his capacity, debased in his simple : evidence which was clearly ad frailty, and strangely contradictory event was possible must be taken size once more our belief in both body in some other way than by argu and soul and the finfluence of the latter ment. They mock at the resurred upon the former. The relation of the at Athens when St. Pani spoke of a physical, a moral or a supernatural standpoint. This triple order has been cerning grace as well as ethic. To regard the moral as identical with the supernatural order is to misunderstand the whole Christian religion. To place perfection in the physical order, or to expect that many of the ills which flesh body, and fabricating a story, deceive is heir to can be relieved by a desire the inhabitants of Jerusalem and Judea of the soul or a distraction of the mind sidered as evidence upon the subject | Far beyond all the influence a soul car exercise over the body lies the pleniconsidering the way the apostles acted tude of grace-helping us rather to throughout the Passion, that they bear suffering than to get rid of it, would venture upon any story. Their showing us that there is more happiness in sorrow, more strength in weak Him to encourage and console them, ness than in the proud influence which we bring to bear upon the one slave we each possess-and that beyond the

Our friend dissociates this influence from religion. Herein is the objection to Emmanuelism or Christian Science. other extreme in so far as they admit sands of history is the resurrection of the use and necessity of medicine. The

striving to draw a hard and fast line Not only did religious fervor mark the between diseases in which organs are steps of Jesuit and Recollet mission flected and other complaints. It is aries. Champlain was one of the best essentially the same error as that of and boldest of these pioneer voyageurs. the Christian Scientists making too much of spirit—and that not in the right say that the salvation of one soul is of way. For the soul to exercise a proper influence over the body, to observe the order which God has established and which our Lord has repaired we must have the grace of Christ in humility, faith and love. Christian Science and Emmanuelism relying upon efforts of self and upon one's own power of thought and will, all the soul with pride-are perfectly useless and even injurious for the higher work of justifisation and salvation—the only influence we wish our soul to exercise over our body; for we seek not so much physical health as sanctification. Our friend's thought that the Blessed Virgin would aid him is all right; but it is entirely different from the suggestions o' Emman uelism. Supernatural grace and faiti are far above the low lying misty vales of unregenerated endeavors at better ing our conditions on earth and in time

ANSWERS.

A correspondent wishes to know the origin of the beads. The practice of using beads or pebbles or something of the kind as a help to memory in reciting certain number is of very ancient origin. It was a common practice amongst the anchorites of the East, from whom much of the devotion of the Church first took form. We read in Palladius, a writer of the fifth century. that an Egyptian Monk put three hundred pebbles in his lap, and threw away one as he finished each of the three hundred prayers he was saying. Again, about the year 1040, Godiva, who founded a religious house at Coventry, left a circle of gems strung together on which she used to tell her prayers, and that this might be hung upon a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Thus in the earl ier ages these beads were for different prayers. During the eleventh century instances began to increase of fixed numbers of Hail Mary's being recited and counted on beads. As many as one hundred and fifty to correspond to the number of psalms were recited by monks and others every day. It was St. Dominic who added to the Aves fifteen Our Father's. He gave the Rosary its present form. There is a tradition that St. Dominic learned the use of the Rosary from our Blessed Lady who ap peared to her servant and gave him a set of beads explaining the use which she wished to be made of them. The story has been accepted by severa Popes, and is the tradition of the relig ious Order of Preachers of which the

great saint was the founder. The second question regards the oft repeated calumny and fable of the Popess or woman-Pope. As a Church historian remarks: "This constitutes one of the most delicious morsels ever fered for the delectation of the credulous children of Protestantism." Our best answer is to give Darras' remarks, rather than enter upon the many other writers who have touched upon the subject. If our correspondent wishes more we refer him to Parsons' Studies in Church History, Vol. II. Darras says : " A calumnious fable, accredited by the ignorance and bad faith of the age, seeks to thrust upon the Pontifical throne, between the reigns of Leo. 1V. and Benedict III., the famous Pore Joan The defenders of the calumny pretend, though without quoting a single con temporary authority in their favor that a woman of superior genius, named Joan, a native of Mentz, had succeeded ir hiding her sex, and entered int orders under the name of John of Eng land. Raised by her talents to th highest ecclesiastical dignities she had been elected Pope in 856, under the title of John VIII. The story here runs into a strain of gross obscenity The fable was at first eagerly examine by the Luther and Calvin, but has since been triumphantly refuted by the mos enlightened Protestants." It is an ex ample, and undoubtedly the worst ex ample of that disgraceful extreme to which party spirit sometimes leads its

FRANCE AT QUEBEC CELEBRA.

TION. No nation after our own has so clearly a right to share in the due celebratio of the third centennial of the settle ment of Quebec by Champlain as France It was France that sent him out to the new world to lay the foundations not of a city only but of a people whose build ing would perpetuate what the explorer so courageously and prudently began. It was France which imparted to the young colony racial and lingual character never since lost. It was France that sent out its explorers with some thing higher than greed for gold. The spirit of the crusaders seemed to revive in their descendants who sought in America a field for zeal in converting the aborigines since they could not win Jesus Christ from the dead. Miracle Emmanuelists, as we pointed out, are in the East the crown of martyrdom.

He was a noteworthy man. He used to more importance than the founding of a new empire. He was intrepld in danger, stern in justice, yet ruling with mercy. His family was a long line of sailors whose life was spent on the sea as fishers and mariners. As a young man he had come out to New France with his uncle several years before. Now it is the memory of Champlain as the establishment of Quebec which will torm, and rightly form, the piece de re sistance in the approaching centennial. The foundations which he laid have been built upon his lines. The mustard seed which he sowed has grown to a wide-spreading tree. Many a ship with old river past the quaint old city where Champlain landed to establish at the Narrows of Quebec a fort and station for the fur trade. Many a change has taken place. Some things remain the same, as lasting as the rock beneath the city. They are the faith and the language and the spirit of Quebec-nct of far beyond where an industrious Catho lic people are making frugal homes for themselves. The descendants of Champlain are not to be found in France to-day for it is no longer the land of chivalry and faith and energetic colonization. There are epresentatives in France whose presence would be most welcome, whose Catholic sentiments would find a cordial response from all classes and whose eloquence would be a lesson and a revival. There are others whose visit would hardly pass without some unpleasant reminder. Expelled religious are numerous enough to escort Briand or Combes, if they come, from the ship to their hotel. What great pride the present French government can take in the celebration remains to be seen. There is less similarity between the French Canadians and the French politicians of France than between the latter and the Orange faction of Toronto. One point should be borne in mind in making the program of the whole celebration : it should be Catholic. Quebec was Catholic in its earliest days when founded by Cham plain and educated by Bishop Laval, And if the British flag floats over its citadel to-day it is also due to the patriotic faith and guidance of the Catholic priesthood.

OUR IMMIGRANTS.

A chance remark by one of the clergy has set us thinking on what will be the probable results to the Catholic Church from the large influx of immigrants into Canada that has taken place during the past few years.

The following figures were culled from the report of the Department of The Interior and they give rise to interesting deductions and influences. The total number of immigrants into Canada during two years and nine months ending March 31, 1907, was 437,833 Among the figures given of the nationalities represented the follow ing are the most interesting to us: English 155,138; Scotch, 38,319; Irish. 12,420; Galician, 14,234; Italian, 16,-546; French, 4,705; Austrian, 2,719; Belgian, 2,552. Speaking without absolute knowledge, but just with the knowledge born of interest in the immigrant in the mass, one would be inclined to say that a very small proper tion of the English or Scotch immi grants are Catholics. It would also probably be correct to say that a large proportion of the Irish immigrants are Protestants, because we know that in these days not many of the Catholic Irish come to Canada. Their faces are turned toward the United States. For some reason the Irish have conceived a distrust of Canada, as is well borne out by the following figures furnished from an official source in Britain: " Of 39. 000 Irish emigrants in 1907, 4,276 went to Canada.'

It is probably true, as before sug gested, that a good proportion of these were Protestant Irish from Ulster.

In order to get an approximate idea of the relative proportions of Catholics and Protestants among our new citizens we will credit the English and Scotch to Protestantism, the total being 193,-457. Then if we allow the Irish, the Galacians, the Italians, the French, the Austrian and Belgian to Catholicism we have a total of 53,176, or a little as is over 20 per cent. of the total. There in are still 191,200 immigrants to be accounted for, but it is not likely these would materially alter the result. During the two years and nine months under consideration there were 136,319 immigrants from the United States and it is probable we would have our proportion of these. The balance were made up of Welsh Swedes, Norwegians, Finns, Dutch and Russians, most of whom would be Pro- dime for the seats, and the heating always be consoled and strengthened.

testants; and Hungarians and Poles would be almost entirely Catholic. Therefore, on the most favorable calculation the immigrants coming into Canada at the present time are about 20 per cent. Catholic. These, it must be remembered, are not, like the bulk of the English-speaking Catholic popula. tion, of the Irish race, who kept the faith under stress of persecution in the Old Land and who handed down to their children that blessed heritage as token not only of their religion but of their nationality. These Catholics who are coming to us now speak a different language to the older Catholic population—in fact they speak several different languages-and this is a cause of estrangement. They have not been called upon in their own country to make the sacrifices for their faith that the Irish have made and it may numan freight has passed up the grand be that they hold it more lightly -who can tell? At all events three hundred years ago Samuel de they are among us and have to be reckoned with. The Irish and French Catholic population of Canada will for the future grow only by natural increase. The increase in the other Catholic populations will be relatively large by reason of immigration. There is a bond of union in the mere city, but of the Province, and | Catholic worship which causes a Catholic to feel at home wherever he may go, but differences in language and nationality sometimes cause a lack of sympathy, and that we should guard against.

> WE DIRICT the attention of the farming community to an article entitled " The Farmers' Little Friends," which appears in this issue, from the pen of Rev. I. J. Kavanagh, S. J. It will be found of unusual interest Anything that helps the farmers will be of benefit to the country at large. The good Jesuit priest appears to have a most intimate knowledge of the ideal method by which successful farming may be carried on.

> Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

The new convert, having now been duly received into the company of the faithful by baptism, begins to feel a laudable curiosity as to the use and meaning of the various appurtenances and ornaments of the church edifice, and their bearing upon Catholic de votions.
What, he asks, are the uses and

meaning of these holy water stoups? Though holy water is a great bugbear to non Catholics its use is very ancient. to non-Catholics its use is 100 Cld Law. It was foreshadowed in the Old Law. (Num. 5.17 and 8. 7) The holy prophets also sanctified water, as we see by 4 Kings 2.20 (Prot. Bible 2 Kings 2.20) St. Alexander 1., A. D. 109, mentions it as being in common use by Christians. It is also Scriptural, for the pool of Bethsaids (St. John 5. 2) was used as holy water by God's ancient people in the very presence of our Lord Himsef. When holy water is used with faith it excites the soul to used with faith it excites the soul to desires whereby it may obtain grace, or its increase, from God's gratuitous mercy. It reminds us also of our bap tismal obligations, and that we should tismal obligations, and that we should appear holy before God, and when appear holy before G about to pray to Him.

The bells in the tower-I've heard they are "baptized" How's that? They are not baptized, for only rational eings may receive a sacrament. only a popular expression. But they have been set aside for holy uses by special prayers and ceremonies. (I Tim a name given to each bell before wit nesses, the incorrect term "baptism"

is sometimes used in speaking of I have not been accustomed to such quiet and recollected behavior in church as I see about me. Even the little children display it. Is it mere etiquette? No, it is more. Politeness alone would sanction it, but faith de mands it, and reverence for the real presence of Jesus compels it. Holy Jacob of old, having held personal communion with God in the wilderness, he raised there an altar stone saying Surely the Lord is here and I knew it not. How dreadful is this This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven !" (Gen. 28, 16). If the altars and temples of the New Law transcend those of the Old in holiness and sanctity, even as the sacrifice of Christ excelled the sacrifice of lambs, how imperative it is that we should demean ourselves with reverence, and show that we know, in the words of St. Paul. ought to behave ourselves in the house

I have been used to softly cushioned

pews and no kneeling benches. Here you have none of the former and plenty of the latter. Why? Cushions are

not supplied, nor needed, for you come

Why? Cushions are

a suppliant and worshipper. and not to lounge in comfort as at entertainment. Catholics kneel, else stand, when they pray, for if it would be most unseemly to merely crouch in a seat when offering a petition to a mere earthly king, how m so when petitioning the King of Kings, non · Catholic church churches ? pews are free and unappropriated at early Masses, but those who are able to contribute are "cheap" Christians if they withhold their offering at the collection. Pews are a modern luxury, and no parish is really bound to furnish them. They were unknown in the Church for sixteen hundred years, and

and lighting and other expenses, for sooner or later your presence will be compelled by a just Judge, from Whom you received all you possess, at a terrible Audit of Accounts.

I see men and women, and many I see men and women, and many childres, too, coming here even on week days, for prayer. This is practically unknown in non-Catholic churches. What known in non-Catholic churches. What is it mostly that brings them? It is because they know that, though God is everywhere, He is not, to them, as it were, dispersed through space, or in some far off astronomic heaven, but that He is in a special and sacramental manner, personally and tangibly present upon the altar in the Blessed Encharist and they come to pray to and commune with Him. Some also have many distractions in their homes, and here they can resort daily, where all is quiet and suggestive of holy things, and offer up their prayers, their sorrows and joys, their thanks givings and promises: for our Lord has said "My house shall be called a house of prayer."

What is the use and meaning of the little red light suspended before the high altar? It's use in the Church is universal, and it signifies that Jeen Christ, who is the "Light of the World," is sacramentally present in the tabernacle" of the altar under the appearance of bread. It is another star of Bethlehem pointing out the earthly dwelling place of the Incarnate Redeemer to those who would seek Him to adore. Here come the poor and o acore. Here comple shepherds of a wly, even as the simple shepherds of Judea came to the infant Saviour. Judea came to the infant Here also come the exalted on earth even as the wise men of the East, guided by the star, came to worship the new born Messiah. To the weary mariner on the storm tossed of life the light is, as it were, a li friendly beacon which seems to say "Come in hither. This way only is the path of safety. Here cally is that baven where you would be, and where you will find comfort, and rest, and

Some fourteen representations of the sufferings of Christ, each surmounted by a cross, are suspended about the church walls. For what are they used? They are called the "Way of the Cross" or "Stations of the Cross" and have for their object meditation on the passion and death of our Lord. This evotion began at Jerusalem with the devotion began at Jerusaiem with the first Christians who frequently went to venerate the sacred spots along that "Sorrowful Way" trodden by Jesus on His painful journey to Mount Calvary. From Jerusalem this religious exerc gradually spread throughout Christen-dom. This was effected by the erection in each church of fourteen separate "stations" in visiting which the faithful, like the devout persons who go in person to Jerusalem, do make this journey in spirit, whilst they meditate on all that the Holy Redeeme endured for our sins. Some prayers may be, and should be, offered, but the main, indispensable meditation on those sufferings of Christ assigned for contemplation at each station. The devotion is richly indulgenced by the Church in order to encourage such meditation. How many non Catholics there are who suppose the object is merely to decorate the walls just as one might a private house; and how many there are who, as soon as the real design is explained, promptly admit not only its propriety, but its practical Christian usefulness.

I have observed in many churches poor boxes labeled Bread." What are they? They are for the reception of donations intended to feed and clothe the destitute. St. Anthony of Padua during his short and holy lifetime was a patron of the poor, and was gifted with miraculous powers in healing diseases, stilling tempests and particularly in restor-ing lost articles. Many people in distress from these can praying to God, humbly beg the aid and intercession of this great saint, and promise special donations for the poor upon receiving the help

for. And so efficacious do they -these combined intercessions of saint and sinner—that God is often pleased to grant appeals that seemed hopeless; so remarkably is this the case that many non-Catholics have thereby overcome their inherited pre-judice to the invoking of saints, and are well disposed to are well disposed to embrace other holy truths taught by the Church. Needless to say the donation boxes for St. Anthony's Bread" receive steady contributions for God's poor.

But do not such promises savor of offering bribes to God for granting petitions? No. Such a perverted idea would not occur to a Cath c. He who already devotes reasonable share of his income olic. to the needy is not thereby precluded from voluntarily promising more on conditions which are always left subject to God's will. A striking example is that of Jephte (Judges 11-30, 31) in the old Testament. Although the Mosaic Law, so far as the official order of public worship was concerned, was abrogated by the death of Christ, it does not follow that every motive and principle of personal worship, and every detail of man's private approach to God became thereby abolished, and sinful and superstitious, as you were always practically led to suppose while you were a non Catholic. On the con trary these, except for the necessary conformations to the Gospel of Christ remained in full force, were amplified and enriched by the precepts and example of Christ, and were given greater

scope and action. POLYCARPUS. TO BE CONTINUED.

Come often and faithfully to visit Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; come to satisfy His delight to be with the children of men; come to unite your life, your heart, your soul, your pray They were unknown in the ers, your joys, your sufferings, sorrows in for sixteen hundred years, and and trials, to Him; come to love Him and tonsole Him, bless Him, thank Church for sixteen hundred years, and to this day the greatest cathedrals of Christendom are without them, except a few chairs for the infirm and aged.

Everybody stands or kneels. Contribute then, if possible, at least your the seats, and the heating the for the seats, and the heating the seats. prayers, r thanks-our Lord

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be with the unite your l, your prayings, sorrows to love Him ial intention always find ice, you will strengthened. CONVERT SONS OF WEST POINT. LING LIST OF DISTINGUISHED AMER. ICAN WARRIORS WHO ENTERED TEE CATEOLIC CEURCH.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Supplementing a recent article on
the curvert sons of Kenyon College
quoted in these columns a few weeks
ago, Mr. Scannell O'Neill enumerates
in the current number of the Rosary
Magazine the impressively large list of
converts who have attended the U.S.
Military Academy at West Point.
General Abbott Hall Brisbare, othe

Engineer Corps, was the earliest studen at West Point who afterwards became Catholic. He was graduated there in 1825, and after serving on topographical duty, and in the Indian wars, acted as engineer-in-chief in the construction of railroads in the Southern States.

Later on, General Brisbane was ap-Later on, General Brisbane w?s ap-pointed professor of English in the South Carolina Military Academy, (General Brisbane's widow is remem-bered in religion as Sister Mary Borgia, of the Visitation Convent, Georgetown.

JOINED ARMY OF THE CROSS. After Brisbane came Lieutenant Jas. Clark, a classmate and intimate of General R-bert E Lee, graduating in the same class (1829). He resigned his position in the army in 1830 to become a soldier in the illustrious Company of Jesus. Father Clark was one of the ablest of all the American Jesuits. He was for a time president of Holy Cross College, Worcester, and Georgetowr,

One year after the conversion of Clark was graduated Lucius Bellinger Northrop, classmate and life-long friend of Jefferson Davis. General Northrop came of a family of converts, including his mother and sisters and his brother, Claudian, father of the Catholic Bishop

Keyes was graduated from West Point in 18-2 Like all of his family, General Keyes was a convert to the Church. He came of a staunch old Puritan stock. but when well advanced in life he became a Catholic. He tells us in his "Autobiography" (a most delightful book) that, while serving in the North western country he met Father Jaset, a Jesuit priest, who instructed him in the Catholic religion. He says it was primarily due to that good priest's infinence that, at a subsequent date, he turned Catholic. Dr. Edward L. Keyes, of New York, one of the most celebrated physicians and scientists of the United

Another fine type of a convert was the late Major Henry S Turner, grad-uate of West Point in 1834, hero of the Maxican and Chill was a second to the M xican and Civil wars and sometime

Assistant U. S. Treasurer at St. Louis.

CONVERTED BY CONTROVERSY.

One day there arrived at West Point from Whitefield, Me, a young lad of sixteen, Eliakim Parker Scammon by name, who was destined later to adorp high place among model Catholic merican laymen. He graduated American laymen. He graduated seventh in a class of forty six in the ceded. Scammon resigned his position of principal in the Polytechnic College, Cincinnati, and offered his services to the government. He performed bril liant and valiant services in West Virginia, at the second battle of Bull Run, and at South Mountain and Antietam. With two regiments he held the enemy in check at Bull Run bridge during the retreat of General Pope. For this gallant service he was made a brigadiergeneral, and at Antietam commanded a

He was received into the Catholic Church in 1845 in old St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, New York. So long ago as when at West Point, Car Wiseman's lectures on the Holy first step in his conversion was taken, although it was seven years before the final one was made. While deeply engaged in the study of doctrinal subjects, the General carried on a contro versy, through the medium of the Churchman, New York, with a writer questions. Neither writers knew the Scammon, after his condemation by Archbishop Hughes, made known to him that he was the author of the Pro-testant part of the discussion and expressed a wish to learn the name of the pressed a wish to learn the name of the writer of the other side, whose articles he frankly owned, had hastened his conversion. Those who knew General Scammon can realize his delight when the Archbishop disclosed bimself as his

One of the first acts of General Scammon's Catholic life was to apologize publicly for his articles in the Churchman against Papal infallibility. He came of a very anti-Catholic stock; his brother, Jonathan Scammon, was a Swedenborgian and the founder of the Chicago Inter Ocean, also of the Hahn-

Major - General Andrew Jackson Smith, graduated in 1838, waited until his deatherd to make his submission to

the Church. The class of 1839 turned out Major The class of 1839 turned out major-General Henry J. Hunt, the distin-guished artillery officer of the Civil War, and a son of Captain Thomas Hunt, of the Revolutionary War. Gen eral Hunt was in charge of all the cavalry at the battle of Gettysburg, where he made a great charge, and was chief artillery officer of the Army of the Potomac until the end of the war. General Cullom says that as a writer, General Hunt had no equal in the army and on his death, in 1889, the Secretary of War said of him: "It is need less to recite his deeds; the army of to day knows them; the army of the future will find them in history."

DISTINGUISHED OHIOANS. In the class of 1841 were the pious and lamented Garesche, Don Carlos Buell, and Amiel Weeks Whipple—

crans, another convert son of Ohio. In the class of 1842, of which General the class of 1842, of which General Rosecrans was a member, were two other famous men who afterwards became converts to the Church—Major General John Newton, U. S. A., and Lieutenant General James Longstreet, of the Confederate Army.

One of the most remarkable achievements to applicate actions the content of the confederate Army.

history was the blowing up of Hell Gate channel and other points on East River, New York, in the '70's by Major General Newton.

FATHER DESHON, THE PAULIST.

Father Deshon, the last survivor of the founders of the Paulists, was a son of West Point. He graduated second of west Point. He graduated second in military engineering and first in artillery in a class of thirty nine mem bers. Twenty four of these became generals in the army. At West Point ne was a classmate and room-mate of General Grant. For ten years he was an officer in active service in the regular army. He resigned from the army on October 31, 1851, and four years afterward, to the day, he became a Catholic criter.

years atterwater to grade a Catholic priest.

The next year the class he'd two men who are numbered among Rome's recruits—Lieutenant Thomas Jefferson Cura and General Daniel M. Frost, C.

Lieutenant Curd had a short and pathetic life. He was a native of Kentucky, and entered the military aca demy while still very young. He re-signed his commission in the army on becoming a Catholic in 1847. He entered the Jesuit novitiate, and was for a time a professor at Holy Cross Col lege. Worcester. He died at the novitate of St. Ignatius, Frederick, Md., at the early age of twenty-five.

A PERSECUTED PATRIOT.

We now come to the history of much abused man, the late General Charles Pomeroy Stone, engineer-in-chief of the Bartholdi statue, New York He was descended from a line of Puri-tan ancestors who had taken part in every battle in which the American people had been engaged, and hence by heredity he was a soldier. Stone was graduated from West Point in the year 1845 with a fellow convert, General E. Kirby Smith, of the Confederate Army. Like all soldiers of his day, Stone served in M xico, and for a time was a professor at West Point. While in Mexico he made the ascent of Popocatepetl, and planted, at the risk of his life, the American flag on the very summit of the volcano.

" He was held responsible for the blunders at Ball's Bluff, arrested and incarcerated in Ft. Lafayette, N. Y. without any charges against him, de-nied all intercourse with others, and treated as a common felon " (General Cullom). And Mr. Blaine writes: "His case will stand as a warning against future violations of the liberty which is the birtbright of every American and against the danger of appeasing popular clamor by the sacrifice of an innocent

Oa his release from prison General Stone entered the service of the Khedive of Egypt, where he rose to a posi tion corresponding to that of a British field-marshal. Thus was he obliged to give to a foreign power the service which his own country refused. We know of ne gloomier page in the gloomy history of our Civil War that this chapter dealing with General Stone and the authorities at Washington. General Stone and his sister Fanny Cushing Parker, were converts to the Church.

OTHER NOTABLE SOLDIER CONVERTS. The class of 1846 graduated Major General John Gray Foster and Gene Samuel D. Sturgis, two men whose names are written indelibly across the pages of the history of the Civil War who were also to find their way

into the Church of their God.

Another distinguished convert was Washington C. Tevis, colonel of the Third Maryland Cavalry, in command of a regiment, Department of the Gulf, during the Civil War; he went to against the Italians. Then there were General William Cabel, C. S. A., General David Sloan Stanley, General Thomas Vincent, General Robert Tyler, General John S. Bowen, C.S.A., Colonel Elmer Otis, Colonel Joseph Tilford, Lieutenant Joseph C. Ives, General Hardie, C. S. A., General Hugh Judson Kilpatrick, General Martin D. Hardin, Colonel Bullitt Alexander, Lieutenant Thomas Stockton, M. ior Edward M. K. Hudson. General Charles MacDougall, M. D., surgeon at West Point, and his son, Captain Thomas MacDougall. His brother, Colonel William C. Mac Dougall, the celebrated geologist and author, followed him into the Church.

ALWAYS THE BEST POLICY.

Closing a review of Father Hughes' 'History of the Society of Jesus in North America,' the Rev. T. J. Camp

bell, S. J., writes:

"Of course it upsets the prevalent fiction about Lord Baltimore, but that was unavoidable and quite beside and beyond the intention of the writer of the 'History of the Society of Jesus in North America.' He is only one of the collaborators of a much more exten-sive work embracing the history of the Jesuits in all parts of the world, and it could not be expected that men dealing with such world wide interests could suppress facts which might con-flict with preconceived notions of this or that individual. When the Soverhave worn the tiars, lesser characters cannot hope to be immune. Moreover, it is much better that such revelations Bueil, and Amiel Weeks Whipple—
these last two destined to find their
may into the Church, influenced, no
doubt, by the example of their Catho
lic classmate. General Whipple was
a New Englander. Major-General
Buell was another of the many great
sons of Ohio to find the true faith. For
failure to follow Bragg, whom he had
driven to Cumberland Gap, Buell was
ordered to turn over his command to
Major General William Starke Rose-

EXCOMMUNICATION.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE IMPOSITION OF THIS EXTREME PENALTY.

The word "excommunication" has been in the air lately, but not all have clearly understood what the term means. We have met with Catholics dim and hazy, and we may therefore be doing them and others a service if we state the salient points of the teaching of theology on this subject.

The Church, as all the world knows,

s a body corporate, and enacts laws for its maintenance and welfare. To enforce these laws, sanctions are required, and among the sanctions employed by and among the sanctions employed by those responsible for the government of the Church are included what are technically sailed "censures." Cen-sures may be defined as a spiritual petalty, imposed for the correction and amendment of offenders, by which a baptized person who has committed a crime and is contumacious is deprived by ecclesiastical authority of the use by ecclesiastical authority of the use of certain spritual advantages. A censure therefore presupposes not only guilt, but observacy, and, moreover, affects only those who by baptism have become subjects of the Church.

The crime which is visited with such grave penalty must evidently be itself grave. Common sense tells us that punishment must not be disproportion ate to the offense, rather punishment "must fit the crime." Hence theolog-ians assert that to incur a censure the crime must be a mortal sin, either of its own nature or on account of prob abili y of dangerous consequences, such as scandal or schism, or, again, because those in authority may have an important end in view in dealing thus severely with a particular matter, and their wishes under the circumstances must be respected. Further the crime must be external. Internal crimes belong to the "forum interium" of the tribunal of penance, whereas the "forum ex-ternum" takes cognizance of public acts only. Lastly, the crime must not be merely plotted, premediated or designed, but must have been carried into execution—in a word, it must be an accomplished fact.

A further restriction to the imposi-tion of a censure exists in the fact that the authority in whose hands such power is vested is required to give the delinquent due warning. Canon law indeed requires a triple warning, or at least one which it must be expressly stated is meant to take the place of three. In case the censure is incurred by a delinquent on the commission of an act ipso facto, the law already prom sufficient warning, though even in this case the culprit commonly receives a personal warning, that he may have the opportunity of defending himself if

Censures are divided into excom munications, suspensions and inter-dicts. We are dealing with the first of these only, and with that special form of it in which the offender has been excommunicated publicly and by name. Excommunication, then, is an ecclesiastical censure by which a subject is cut off from the communion of the Church and deprived of the benefits of fellowship. He becomes, in the eyes of the Church, a heathen and a publican: "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heather and the publican. (Matt. xviii., 17.) But what is meant precisely by be ing cut off from the Church? To answer this question we must distinguish be-tween those who belong to the soul and those who belong to the body of the Church. The aggregate of these who are living on the earth at any particu lar moment in the state of grace belon to the soul; the aggregate of thos who are in external and visible union with the Sovereign Pontiff belong to the body. Those, consequently, who are in the soul of the Church may not be in the body, and those, conversely, who are in the body may not be in the soul. For all mortal sins exclude from the France, where he became a brigadier general, and then to Egypt to hold a like position. Finally he fought for Pope Pins in that Pontiff's struggle seem strange te say that an excommun icated person may still belong to the soul of the Church. It is a very excep tional case, we admit, but we have only to bear in mind that ecclesiastics errare," pronounce a sentence which is unjust because the person is suppose to be contumacions, while, as a matter of fact, he may have been disposed to make amends for his fault and hav sought reconciliation in the sacrament penance. It may also happen that the excommunicated person may have re pented after the imposition of the pen alty, but has been unable as yet to obtain the relaxation of the censure. With regard to the effects of excom-

munication, we need only mention a few. Several of those set forth in stand few. Several of those set torse in a stain and theological works no longer obtain and theological works no longer obtain and theological works no longer obtain in practice, and have fallen into desuc-tude. In the first place, he who has been publicly excommunicated and by name derives no benefit from the com-mon suffrages of the Church; that is to say, from prayers offered by the public ministers of the Church or by private individuals on behalf of the faithful in general. The doctrine of the communion of saints teaches that the members of the Church triumphant, the Church suffering and the Church militant are sall members of one great family, all subjects of one great King; that all the members of the Church militant have a share in the good work of the rest as far as possible. All good works done in the state of grace have a threefold profit. or that individual. When the Sovereign Pontiff wishes the full glare to be thrown even upon the great men who have worn the tiars, lesser characters. an intercessory value by which they obtain blessings, natural and supernatural, from God. Now the members of the Church militant all participate in

No Catholic, therefore, can fall to see that excommunication is a penalty that carries with it terrible consequences. To incur a social stigma and to be out-casted from society is a sad calamity, but far sadder must it be for a Catholic -a sorrow's very crown of sorrow—to e placed under the ban of an excom munication, and be thus sent out from the Church, God's paradise on earth,

SNATCHED FROM THE BURNING.

Written for The Missionary by Rev. Richard W. Alexander

Passing through the long lines of beds in a western hospital I found an intelligent looking man of middle age,

lying on one of them.
I had been on a sick call, and was about leaving, but before doing so I generally look about to see if other parties need a priest, for, unfortunate y, sometimes, they have not the grace or courage to ask for one. The face of this stranger attracted

ne, and I asked the nurse who he was.

"It's a Protestant preacher, sir," said he, "he has come down pretty low when he had to be taken to a ward n a City Hospital !"
"Where does he belong?" said I.

as sone few friends. They bring him lagazines and books." When I returned to the ward I went

the stranger, and saluted him "I suppose you know I am a Catho-ic priest," said I, "but I always like o say a friendly word to those who are unfering, even if they are not Catho-

"" I am not a Catholic," said he.
" Oh! I know that," said I, " but
se are both ministers of the Gospel, in that way we are not strangers!' He drifted at once to other topics. ooke fluently and well of the events of ne day, and showed such an intelligent grasp of affairs in general and particuar, that I felt quite interested in him, and said so.
"It isn't often one meets a man like

ery agreeably surprised, and I sincerehope you will soon recover. May I

"If you wish," said he. "I have ot many friends! Life is made up of any bitter things I Such, at least, as been my life, but pray for me!"

I left, but as I pressed his hand I aid, "Trust in God! He is our best clend—and never forsakes us! You mow that! Good bye!"

I went again to the hospital, but my riend seemed worse each time! He was seized with dreadful shivering fits. He trembled from head to foot. ry bed shook. It was distressing to k at him. I could not get him out mind. One day, going to see him, I set a man at the hospital gate.
"You seem interested in Mr. P—,"

"The Protestant minister ?" said I. "Yes, he is such an intelligent man, I

feel quite sorry he grows worse!"
"Protestant minister!" he lated, "why he's only a renegade Catholic, who went west, lived wild, and turned to preaching eventually for a living! He thinks nobody knows him here; but, in his younger days he was a fairly good Catholic. He hasn't long to live, poor fellow. I go there to see a friend of mine, and he knows I know him !!'

I didn't say a word, but hurried to the ward. The poor man was in one of the terrible nervous fits, shaking as if he had an uncontrollable chill. perspiration was standing out on his orehead and rolling on the pillow. The shadow of death was on his face.

I sat down on the chair, close to him, and taking his clammy hand, I said : my pocket.

He looked at me with a despairing look, and then he turned his face away.
"What!" said 1, "you are going to refuse this last grace?"
Father," said he, "there is no

salvation for me, I have been a traitor of the deepest dye. I have disgraced my family. I have broken my mother's heart. I have left the church of my childhood and railed against it in publie and in private. I have been blacker to wander an exile among heathens and publicans.—Catholic Home Journal. than Judas because I have betrayed all that I loved with greater knowledge and with bitter malice "—and just then another one of those uncontrollable chills seized hold of him, and lest he would injure himself some of the order lies came over and held him down.

When he became quiet, I spoke calmly and soothingly to him. His frank acknowledgment had all the effect of confession to his soul. It broke all the rigid barriers of pride and despair. It was enough. I saw my opportunity and I availed myself of it with all the tact I possessed, with the result that he poured out his soul in a flood of humble and unreserved confession. It was like the rushing of many waters and when it was gone it left his soul purified from all stains and in peace. A sweet holy calm seemed to possess him and he lay there as a babe sleeping. While I ministered unto him the sacred unction, great tears rolled down his cheeks. When I was through and was placing he opened wide his eyes in a look of ineffable joy and confidence he said:
"God is good. No truer word did you
ever utter, Father, than when you said
He was our best friend."
I warmly pressed his hand and turned
to go. As I looked around I saw the

large burly negro orderly, who with difficulty held the sick man's feet a half hour before, leaning on his mop, silently and reverently watching the whole proceeding; for it was in the open ward. I took my departure, promising to return next day, and on my way home marvelled at the goodness and mercy of God Who had sought out this wandering sheep and brought him back to the pastures he had deserted. I went back early next morning, but the weary stranger had gone to his rest, the prodigal had found his Father. Death had come in the night. had come in the night. The Missionary.

HOW GENEROUS IS GOD!

It was a social gathering. Not an ffair," in the exaggerated sense of the word, such as the "last set," or I had better say, "the exclusive set," call it, but a dignified, elegant assem bly, of prominent ladies and gentlemen, ecclesiastics, United States Senators and their wives. Among the latter, was a charming woman, a cultured lady in the highest sense of the word. As she moved through the crowded rooms, many admiring eyes followed her, as is generally the case when a high bred aristocratic woman surpasses her peers in social life. Suddenly a Bishop of the Catholic Church appeared the royal purple and the episcopal ring distinguishing him from all around nim. The lady paused in her smiling conversation, and advancing towards the prelate gracefully and reverently knelt and kissed his ring. There was a lull in the polite hum of subdued con-versation, and when this splendid wo man said, "I want your blessing, Bishop," the prelate himself was alled with surprise.

"Certainly, my child; but I did not

know you were a Catholic.' "Indeed, I am not a Catholic, Bishop, but I was reared at a Convent school, and my training there was so beautiful, and the influence of the Nans so holy that I keep up some of their teachings,

"And did you never it quire into the religion that was the inspiration of all these beautiful teachings?" said the

and they are insuperable."

ALMOST GIVEN UP

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" SAVED HIS LIFE

Mr. Dingwall was Superintendent of St. Andrews Sanday School in Williams town for nine years and License Comnissioner for Glengarry — and Tax Collector for Charlottenburg—for burteen years continuously. Read how trongly Mr. Dingwall comes out in favor of "Fruit-a-tives."



Williamstown, Ont., April 5th., 1907. I have much pleasure in testifying to derived from taking "Fruit-a-tives." I was a life long sufferer from Chronia Constipation and the only medicine I "Fruit-a-tives." This medicine cured me when everything else failed. Also, last spring, I had a severe attack of 'Ernit-a-tives' cured these complaints me had practically given me up. I am now over eighty years of age and I can tronghly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" or Chronic Constipation and bladdes and kidney trouble. This medicine is mild like fruit, is easy to take, but most effective in action.

Sed) JAMES DINGWALL "Fruit-a-tives" -- or "Fruit Liver Tablets" are sold by dealers at 50c a box -6 for \$2.50-or will be sent on receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

"But you still revere the Catholic Church, at least in its ministers,

"Oh, yes!" said she, "I always salute a Bishop when I meet him, as I have done you; and, Bishop, I say the prayer the Nuns call the 'Angelus' every morning, noon and night, I think it so beautiful; I suppose my piety ceases after that."

The Bishop looked his surprise, but in giving his blessing, he said: "Continue, my child, to say that beautiful prayer—the Angelus—ard your difficulties about the Real Presence will soon vanish."

With a graceful gesture the lady disappeared, but the Bishop thought how hard it is for wealth, and beauty, and society—in a word—how hard it is for the worldly to turn their whole hearts to God. But he prayed for her, and saw her frequently after that.

Years passed or. She was stricken with a lingering illness. God's time was at hand, and the reward of that little act of reverence, and the fruit of her triple Angelus was-coming to her. In a moment of grace, she responded to God's call; she sens for a priest, was instructed fully in the faith she had ignored, and with most edifying sentiments died a holy and happy Catholic death.

Surely the Master rewards even s cup of cold water, the widow's mitekneeling for a Bishop's blessing—all brought their reward. But let us not "My friend, you are going to die, and you know I am a Catholic priest.
You are a Catholic and I want you to make your confession. I will help you all I can!' and I took my stole out of substantiation. My difficulties are there.

"O', yes, indeed, Bishop," said the brought their reward. But let us not forget the missionary uses of even the missionary uses of a Convent school, whose actual results are here related.—
Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the

This will Keep the Boy on the Farm

It Will Give Him a Real Start in Life

QUIT worrying about how you're going to how you're going to "give the boy a better chance in life than his father had." Let up wondering how you're going to man-age to give him a start. Fix it so he can make his own start - and have fun doing it. He will stay on the farm if you go at it the right way.

This way: Any normal, healthy boy likes to "fool 'round" with live things—chickens for in-stance. Make him work at it, and he'll tire of it quick. But give him a little business of his own,-set him to raising chickens on his own hook,and he won't let up till he makes a success of it.

I can arrange the whole thing for you,-teach your boy how to succeed at poultryraising for profit,-show him where to save work and worry doing it,-stand right back of him and coach him along,and find him a good, quickcash buyer who will pay the highest prices for all the poultry he raises or the eggs he



In a word, I will make a BUSINESS poultryman of your boy,—and I don't want a cent for doing it. I want you, for your part, just to help give the boy a start,—like

Send for my free book-"When Poultry Pays," That will give you an idea of what there really is in up-to-date poultry raising,—of how much money anybody with hustle and gumption can get out

And the book will tell you what kind of an outfit will get the most money out of poultry, quickest and easiest, and surest,-my Peerless outfit,-the Peerless Guaranteed Incubator, and the Peerless

Then I will tell you just how matter. Get the free book

You Needn't Hurry in Paying For It

boy—either the big size (200 eggs in the incubator—200 chicks in the brooder) or the minor size-(120 and 120)-

Without paying a cent on the outfit until a year from now. By the time that first payment is due, the outfit will have earned far more than it cost, and the boy will know enough about the poultry-raising game to want to stick to it.

I know plenty of young folks who are earning their college money this way-and learning hard business sense as well—learning things that will make them succeed in other lines later in life.

I can show you why that's so. Write to me and ask me why the Peerless makes a worth-while present that will earn the biggest kind of dividends for you and for the boy, -or for the girl, for that

Write To-day To The Manager of The LEE-HODGINS COMPANY, Limited

354 Pembroke Street, Pembroke, Ontario

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East ing sp with a system of the second of t

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Peace be to you. " (35. John's Gospel xx

It was the evering of the first bright Master day. The accounts of the rising grown the dead of Him whom they had Arous the dead of Him whom they had Zaped should redeem Israel were being discussed, in that upper room where they had celebrated the Passover, by the disciples. Suddenly Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them and said to them: "Peace be to you."

He who burst the bands of death, He who is the Author of life, came back to

Carth with the same message with which He first came—the message of peace. The angels over the plains of Bethle good will," but to day is heard that word of Peace of which theirs was but the fa nest echo. When God, the mighty One, chants His pre in of trimph, well may all created things be

My brethren, our Blessed Lord has for us a message of peace this day.
For three years He went up and
down the hills and vales of dis native Mand, and His whole pilgrimage there seemed but a warfare. Men scorned His teachings. They despised Him and His words. He died, and it seemed as if a great light had been enting mished. But when He rose triumphase aished. But when He rose triumphant over death, when by His death He overcame him who had the power of death, then came vistory, and with

Victory came peace. this the case with your hearts to-day, my dear brethren? Has our Lord, who perchance lay, as it were, dead in your soul—has He, I say, risen in you again? Are you in Him risen up to a new and a better life this glorious Easter morning? If such be the case,

peace is yours.

For six long weeks you have been preparing for this day. To this hour you have locked forward. Lent has been a preparation for it. You piously entered on the performance of certain duties which you took upon yourself.
You engaged to battle in a special way
with sin You have fought the battle
mobly, and with the aid of the Sacra ment yours is the victory, and Jesus mow stands in our midst. He is in your very breasts, and says: "Peace be to you."

What means this word? It means a victory won in your hearts. It means that, having overcome, and being in a state of grace by co operating with the grace of God, you are now so strong that you can say: "I never will, with the help of God, commit mortal sin again." It means that you have the again." It means that you have the power to live new lives. So put into continual practice those means which you found so helpful in Lent. Did you gray regularly in that time? Do not leave off the practice now. Did you receive the Sacraments often then?

Why not keep on in the same good smatem?

Ahi so many people when Lent is over ruin all the good they gained by leaving it all behind them. But the person who will put into practice all the good deeds, all the prayers and devotions, which he used in Lent for the rest of his days, he is the one who may be said to have obtained the great and inestimable gift of peace-our Lord's

benediction on Easter Day.

Neither is peace exactly the same thing that we mean when we speak of a peace being concluded between two mations who have been at war.

We are still at war with sin. There is me truce, there can be no truce with There is not and there never can he any cessation of hostilities. It is mothing else, then, than the firm purpose of amendment of life, put into daily practice, by efficaciously using the spiritual weapons which Jesus Christ in His mercy so lovingly pro-

Be not discouraged then, though you have yet to fight and wage war. Peace is yours, because He is on your too, will conquer. What care you for such battles when Christ Himself fights for you? Your souls are in peace, for He is dwelling in you. Such, my dear breth en, is the gift of peace which our Divine Redeemer bestows upon you this Easter morning. And I can wish you no greater happiness than that when soon or late, He may stand in your midst, your ears may rejoice to hear those blessed words—"Peace be to

THE FARMER'S LITTLE FRIENDS.

Written for The Casket By Rev, L. J. Kavanagh S. J. M. A. B Sc.

Loyola College, Montreal. They are small indeed, these minute Wies of the agriculturist, a thousand of them would have ample promenading riads, they make the difference be-tween big harvests and bad ones. They are of the great but not very well or very favorably known family of the bacteria, which we, in our self sufficiency class among the lower forms of vegetable life.

SOIL MAKING.

In large measure, they are the soil makers, helping out the weathering and chemical actions, breaking down the minerals into substances the plants need and can assimilate, enriching the soil by inducing decomposition of the organic matters in it and also, through suring the nitrogen of the air. This last most marvellous and beneficent metion is the main topic of these re meseks.

SOIL IMPOVERISHMENT. It is clear that continuous cropping tiends to impoverish the land, the soil mears, and is the poorer by the amount and mature of its contribution. If it ret a rest it will recuperate : or, since different crops require different feeding and therefore draw upon the soil differently, it may be that a judicious rotatheir of crops will enable the soil to their to be deterval between two similar harvests, the specific food elements this crop re-

FERTILIZERS. Another wa, of keeping up the sup ply of food is the use of fertilizers,

such as common canure, guano, nitrate of soda, etc. The cost of these ferti farmer, who is normally in a condition of stringency in regard to ready money. The value of fertilizers lies in their containing nitrogen and their being able to supply it in an available form to the growing plant. ATMOSPHERIC NITROGEN.

The plant absolutely requires nitrogen, but why should the farmer be put to the necessity of purchasing it in the shape of expensive fertilizers, when it forms four fifths of common air. On every acre there lies thirty seven thousand six hundred and thirty five tons of this valuable gas! Why then cannot the plant drink in through its million mouths this vital fluid which encompasses it all around? No one encompasses it all around? No one can tell why; all we know is that the common green plant cannot assimilate nirrogen in the gaseous form. Hay may contain all the essential elements of human to d, still, in the case of a man a diet of hay would have an unsatisfactory outcome. Because green clasts cannot about gaseous nitrozen. plants cannot absorb gaseous nitrogen, farmers have to administer it in the shape of expensive fertilizers.

CALCIUM CYANAMIDE. So expensive indeed are these, that the anxious farmer will hear with plea sure that the Niagara electric furnace sure that the Niagara electric furnace has succeeded in capturing the atmospheric nitrogen and confining it in calcium cyanamide which may turn out to be a cheap and effective ferbilizer. But alsa for our vanity, this splendid achievement of the electric furnace has been forestalled by the purple work of the real bacteria the humble work of the soil bacteria, farmer's little friends. Here is story from the beginning.

FERTILIZING ACTION OF CLOVER. The fertilizing value of a crop of clover, or of any other legume, such as bean, pea, etc., has always been recognized. In the days of the Ro mans, according to Pliny, it was known that to take a crop of clover off a vine-yard was equivalent to manuring the vineyard, the crop left the soil richer rather than poorer. This seeming paradox has been explained only witha score of years, and here is the explanation. THE SECRET.

If the roots of a clover plant be ex-amined, there will be found upon them a number of small nodules. Upon further examination these are found to be made up of nitrogenous matter, and to be filled with millions of bacteria. It is a case of infection brought on naturally, or artificially by the farmer. HELPFUL FRIENDS NOT PARASITES.

It is a disease, but a most beneficial disease, it I may say so, for comparison shows that the clover plants, which are nost abundantly provided with these nodules, are the healthiest and the most prosperous. These bacteria are not gna wing parasites, they are profit able and well paying roomers. Like the mushrooms and fungi, they have the wonderful power of extracting directly from the air its nitrogen com ponent and of storing it up in the soil, so that a crop of clover from seed properly infected at a nominal expendi ture of money and trouble, will do as much good to an acre of land as eight handred to a thousand pounds of nitr. of sods at a cost of \$25! This is good news for the farmer who puts up with poor crops for lack of capital to pur-chase fertilizers, and it doss away with all excuse for the "worked out" farr. SPEED THE PLOUGH.

Last year the farmers of three of our North-West provinces produced \$125-000,000, and those of the United States near six times as much. On this scale, again of five bushels an acre is an enormous increase in the country' assets and when we remember that this vinced of the national economic import-ance of agriculture, and of the wisdom of a liberal expenditure of public monies on the scientific investigation of investigation of such a question as soil bacteriology is a matter of national importance, as is also the production of plant varieties ficted to local conditions. The work is beyond the resour-ces of the individual farmer. The United States Agricultural Department has studied this question, while in Ontario the Agricultural College at Guelph has done most effective work along these lines. The soil constitutes the one great and inexhaustible natural resource; from among the men who till it, there come, as a rule, our best citizens both mentally and physically, and therefore it is the part of a wise and practical Government to foster agriculture in every way and to see that the farmer meet with opportune belp and fitting reward in the exercise of his important function.

A HINT FOR CATHOLIC READERS.

"It is certain," says the Catholic "that whatever books Ca h olics wish to read will and must be placed in public libraries. The most conspicuous characteristic of Catholic books at present to be found in the libraries is the virgin whiteness and uncut freshness of their pages. Catholies form a large! reading public, but not a Catholic reading public, and our gaule matters in it and also, through gaule matters in it is time that the clergy of the United States were relieved of the sole support of Catholics to read Catholic books. to cater to the laity. So far the bulk of the issue from Catholic presses has been in the line of juvenile fiction and manuals of theology. And this is not the fault of the publishers. Like the librarians, they are only too glad to supply what is demanded. It is hardly to be expected of them that they will publish books for the plenishing of their stockrooms or the adornment of their catalogues. In their eagerness to be 'broad,' Catholics should aim to cultivate a taste at least Catholic enough to read their own literature.
—Sacred Heart Review.



THE NEW JESUIT SHRINE.

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE OF APRIL 11.

A PRECIOUS HEISLOOM. If their be one thing precious more than another among the historic relics bequeathed to us by the past, and without which the reconstruction of the map of Old Haronia would border on the taposable, it is Dacretz's inset map, detective though it be in some of its out-lines. A shore engraving of its out-lines. its out-lines. A photo engraving of it, slightly enlarged, is given in the Ontario Archaeological Reportor 1902 at p. 96; and an engraving, about the same size as the original, on page 56 of Mr. Andrew Hunter's monograph on Medonte. The names have not come

Medonte. The names have not come out well in the western portion, but are quite distinct in the eastern, to gether with the outlines, which is all we need for our present purpose.

A glauce at either will show us, to wards the west, "S. Maria." (The Old Fort), on what is now Mud Lake, and a stream, the modern Wye, draining into it the waters of two lakes, Cranberry and Ocr's. To the east of this stream are turse others, barring at present the names of Hogg. Sturgeon present the names of Hogg, Surgeon and Coldwater. Thus far all charto graphers agree; but beyond this point, Mr. Hunter parts company with all those, who, to my knowledge have ever touched upon this subject. Tais he has toused upon this stoject. This is has as a perfect right to do, for one solitary authority may bring forward more cogent reasons to support his opinions than a host of others taken singly or collectively. Just as it is not the will of the majority which constitutes right, so also it is not the mere word of the many which constitutes trath either historical or otherwise. All depends upon the nature of the facts established and the validity of the inferences

Mr. Hunter's contention is that the Mr. Hunter's contention is that the fourth stream, in the order above fol lowed, is the North River, and that the lake it drains, as marked on Dacreux's map is Bass Lake, while Lake Couchiching is omitted. Those with whom he does not agree hold that on Ducreux's map the Nor h River and Bass Lake are Ignored, and that the smaller lake, lying north of "Lacus Ocentaronius" (Lake Simcoe), is Lave Couchiching, while the river draining it is no other than the Severn. They it is no other than the Severn. They oreover hold that if the Narrows are not marked it was owing either to an oversight of the engraver, or because, if marked, it would blur the lettering f "S. I. Baptista," which extends equarely across the neck of land between the two lakes.

THE CONTRADICTORY "EVIDENTS." It is not an easy matter to prove what seems plain enough to be self-evident, for one is puzzled how to find mything more convincing than the mere inspection or consideration of the thing itself. And it is much the same in the present case where one would naturally suppose that a mere tyro in lake, and the river that drains it, the Severn. But when one is confronted

the small lake on Ducreux's map, which may have been confused with Lake Conchiching. The small lake men-tioned in Champlain's narrative as lying near Cahiague also becomes identical with Bass Lake.

MR. ANDREW HUNTER "IDENTIFIES. When a serious author states that he has identified a place, or geographical feature hitherto indeterminate, a serious reader takes him to mean, n that he himself pronounces the thing evident, but that he makes good the identification by conclusive proofs, especially when his new theory is subversive of what has previously received as exclusively correct. Mr. Hunter has a different way of appreciating his own merit, and thinks it amply sufficient that he should so far conde cend to assure the reader that it is as he says, that is, evident. That I am in nowise exaggerating or misstating the case, let us see wast Mr. Hunter ad vances in the reference given, to justify the statement that he has identified smaller lake on Ducreux's map with Bass Lake.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

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

Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice. Hon. G. W. Ross ex-Premier of Onteric, Ray, N. Burwash, D. D. President Vict

Rev. Father Teefy. President of St. Michael's

College, Toronto.

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

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that the Arendsenronous were forced by the Iroquois to abandon their country and then this final statement by Mr. Hunter appears: "One of their vil-lages in the vicinity of Biss Lake even shows indications, in its rensins, of having been attacked."

lake on Dacreux's map as Bass Lake, referred to with his wonted self-suffi itent assurance in more than one passage of his writings: Simmered down it amounts to this: "I say that it evi dently is the one now called Bass Lake; dentity is the one now cannot be say that Lake Couchiching and the Severn are several miles farther east than the river and lake set down by spond so well with the refer nces in spond so well wind the refer nees in the text; it is superfluous to go to the trouble of presenting any proof, you have my word fir it." Which word, no doubt, Mr. Hunter considers "evid-ence, at first hand." In spite of the reverential awe due to Mr. Andrew Hunter's august personality, I mos emp atically deny every one of these

nasupported assortions.

Luckily our 'conpetent person,' never attempts to develop, I do not say prove, a proposition without in the very act, hopelessly compromising the thesis act, hopelessly compromising the thesis ne intends to uphold. What did we read just now: "I identified [we hat e seen now, Fr. J] Bass Lake with the small lake on Duareux's map, which may have been confused with Lake Couchiching. The small lake mentioned in Champlain's narrative as lying near Cabiasté also becomes identical near Cahiageé also becomes identical with Bass L. ke." Monograph on Oro, p. 10.) Does it indeed? And by the same process? Let us ee.

THE EXPERT'S "EVIDENT." A GEOGRAPH

If ever Mr. Andrew Hinter made an negard mable blunder, for a "compet et person," you have it here richly set in the sort phrase of his, just quoted. It is a gem of the first was er, and commands our wentering admira tion. W. a does Champlain say? On August 17, I arrived at Cahiagué (Liverdiere's "Onavres de Champlain" map reading, would even at first sight (Liverdiere's "Onvres de Champlain" pronounce the lake, lying north of Quebec, 1870 Vol. 4, lower pagination, "Lacus Olentaroniu", Couchishing 520) At this village Champlain took up his quarters and tarried to give time to the Haron warriors to assemble. He continues: "We left the village on assets and when we remember that this wealth is not a profit at the expense of someone else, but that it is an actual creation of values, we ought to be convinced of the national economic importance of agriculture, and of the wisdom When Mr. Andrew Hunter advances that the very opposite sevident, surely there must be some of a little lake three leagues distant may be reached. Of this, later on.

When Mr. Andrew Hunter advances fisheries are carried on, the fish being a statement or makes a declaration un supported by proof, which not in frequently happens, it can legitimately circumference, emptying into the small be met with a flat denial: quod gratis asseritur gratis negatur. On page 10, in his Monograph on Oro, Mr. Hunter gravely informs us: "In the Barrows Re issue of the Jesuit Relations, vol. 20, p. 305, I dentified Bass Lake with the small lake on Dagraphy's man with the small lake on the small lak met with a flat denial: quod gratis one at a place where the taking of the ber of stakes (t e., a weir) which all but close the narrows, leaving only a few small openings where they set their nets and the fish are caught. And these two lakes are discharged into the fresh water sea." (op 522 523) This is not an elegant but a literal transla-

"St. Jean Baptiste was almost if not quite, identical with the Cablague described by Champlain. Ducreux places it near a small labe,—evidently that now called Bass Lake, in the N. E part of Oro township, the outlet of which is North River; in the vicinity of this lake are many regains vicinity of this lake are many remains o Heron vi lages Martin and Lache identity St. Jean Boptiste Cablague, but mistake Bass Lake and North River (as indicated on Duor ux smap) for Lake Couchiching and the Severn. But the latter are several miles 'arther east [o proof given. Fr. J]; the vicinity of those waters was less nabi able, from a Huron point of view; and they do not correspond so well with the references in the text. [ao references vouchsafed, Fr. J.]" (Relations, Cleveland Edit., Vol. 20, p. 305). There are seven more lines in the paragraph wherein Reguences is quoted as stating that the Arendsenronnons were forced at the learning stating that the requirements of the requirements.

And this is Mr. Andrew Hunter's famous "identification" of the smaller

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is not an elegant but a literal translation, just an has needed.

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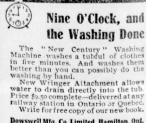
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Easter has come again. The awakening spring, arising out of the torpor of winter, symbolizes the renewal of life. With it come warm winds, bright suns, birds, buds, grasses and flowers, as bests a season of gladness. Nature rejoices, after the gloom of the season of anow, and smiles in her most winsome mood. The dead past is forgotten and new life has begun.

So when the God-man resolved to conquer death, after apparently being

So when the God-man resolved to conquer death, after apparently being conquered by it and lying, cold and wan and rigid, in a tomb for three days, his soul, that from Friday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon until dawn on Sunday, had been in Limbo, if not also in other places, glided back into his corpse. At once the ascred body felt the influence of the returned spirit, and throwing off the gyres of death, awoke and arose to new life.

a new life.
Similarly young men, who now make their Easter duty, recall their souls from death. Physically they have been alive, but spiritually they have been dead. The devil has profaned the temple of their minds, that should have been the dwelling of the Holy Ghost. Darkness, cold, bitterness, doubt and hopelessness have beset them. Now they return to the sacraments. The sload of Christ washes away their sins. d of Christ washes away their sins. The power of the evil one over them is broken. Peace takes the place of dis quietude. The angels are willing once more to come near them. Their dead

onls have been restored to life. What then? Shall they now return to their old ways? Shall they not avoid the occasions of sin? Shall they tempt God to let them fall again : Shall they stay away from the strength giving sacraments until next Easter? To intend to do so, is to resolve to return to sin, for as a rule, no one car keep in the state of grace who does not go to Holy Communion often.

And how long shall they go on in this way—spending fifty one weeks in the service of the devil and one week in the service of God? What is their conversion worth? Is not their rece; tion of the sacraments a sacrilege?

If the Prodigal Son, after returning to his father, had resolved to go away again as soon as he got rested and re freshed, and had returned to his profligate life, what would have been thought of him? And if he had described. of him? And if he had done this, not once, but a dozen times, what would have been thought of him? And if he had made a practice to do so every year rioting the most of his time with vicious companions and then going back to his father for forgiveness and the fatted call, expecting to stay at home only few days what would be thought

Men, if you don't purpose to sin no to go there without sorrow and without a resolution to resist temptation, is to a resolution to resist temptation, is to get no good from the sacrament, but rather to add to one's transgressions, and to sink deeper towards hell. But if you do intend to sin no more

and have at least attrition for your past offenses, go, in God's name, and go soon. Then, with a new life, begin to oppose the world, the flesh and the devil. Live for God with God. Stay united to Christ. Let His thought be your thoughts, the words that He would have you utter, the only ones you will speak, and the actions that please Him, the only ones you will perform."—B. C. Orphan Friend.

Do not tell your troubles this year

because the fewer people who know of the things that have handicapped you the better it is for you. You will then be spared the influence of the unfortu-nate suggestions which your hard luck stories make upon other people's minds.

Then, again, every time your repeat
the story of your misfortunes, your troubles, your trials, your failures, you etch the dark picture a little deeper in your own mind; make a little more real to you what you ought to erase forever. What cannot be cured should be erased forever. What cannot help us, what can only hinder, should be forgotten, discarded once for

rows and misfortunes, and their failures, their past sufferings, until they become a terrible drag, a clog, a fearful handicap to their progress.

The only thing to do with a bad

piece of work, with an unfortunate mistake, with a sad experience is to let it go, wipe it out, get rid of it forever. Never allow the hideous image to come to your presence again to mar your

happiness or sap your strength.
It is a good time to resolve that whatever has happened to you in the past, which has caused you unhappi ness, which has disgraced you, which has made you think less of yourself, and made others think less of you, you will drop it, you will not drag it through the door of the new year, that you will lock it out with the old year, that you lock it out with the old year, that you will clean house, that you will only take with you the things which can brigthen, cheer and help you.

Whatever else you resolve to do, de termine that nothing shall enter the door of the new year which cannot in some warm help.

some way help you add to your hap piness, your efficiency. Resolve that you will leave all of the old enemies of your success and comfort and happi-ness behind.

Why will people insist upon clinging Why will people insist upon clinging to the disagreeable, the unfortunate; upon dragging along with them such loads of fear, of worry, of anxiety; such loads of mistakes and blunders and failures and misfortunes? Why do they insist upon keeping the things alive which should be dead, buried and forgotten?

No matter what slips you have made, No matter what slips you have made, no matter if you have made a fool of yourself this last year, forget it, blot it all out of your mind. Remember that every time you rehearse the un fortunate experiences you only revive the sad memories, and make them so much more real to you and so much

much more real to you and so much harder to get rid of and to forget. It is wonderful what a strange fascination one's mistakes, failures and unfortunate experiences have for most people. I know people who seem to

take a morbid delight in sitting for hours and thinking over the terrible things that have happened to them; rehearsing their old troubles, their misfortunes, their mistakes. A wound which is constantly probed never heals.—

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

> By Rev. George Bampfield CHAPTER XVI. CONTINUED.

And flogged he was, and well.
"Don't flog until the boy makes you,"
was the Thornbury maxim, but if he
makes you, flog him soundly. Strike
weakly, and you will have to strike a
hundred times and do no good: strike
strongly, and you need strike but
once."

once."
Michael Popwich had known that the flogging was to be. "I give him up to your Reverence;" he said, "I know your Reverence has a strong hand and strike. Keep a strong hand and a kind one; you can stroke as well as strike. Keep a strong hand over him. for he mustn't go wrong," and Michael's eyes overflowed.

He was a weak man, was poor Mich ael, and obeyed his wife like a good dutiful husband; but it had gone to his heart that a father must answer for his child, and on this point he was firm. "Father McReady shall do what he likes, Martha;" said he, "don't you, woman, dare to step be tween them." And Martha cried, and pouted, and sulked, until Michael,— for we write a veracious history and cloak not the good man's fault—dashed his pipe into the fire place with an oath and went out, to return from the "Travellers" mad with drink, and beat his wife for the first and only time in their wedded life.

Johnny felt the flogging, but he felt more the many gibes and jeers of his young companions.
"Hallo, Poppy, back from the hol-

idays," said one.
"You little fool! said Hardwin, "if

you went away you should have kept away; you are a mufi."
"Welcome back!" orled Jagers in oratorial attitude, and with out stretched hand, "thrice welcome, un happy wanderer, to your sorrowing country. And if an oppressive and superfluous flagellation — "
"Shut up, Jagers!" cried Corney

Wrangle, coming on the scene, "you talk like a blown up paper bag, all wind and pop. Hallo! Johnny," said he in changed tones, and putting his arms round the boy's neck—" What's the matter? This won't do, come along

with me to the matron."

Corney's friendly eye had seen at once that the boy was ill. When he ran away he had got thoroughly wet through, and his mother had thought more of stuffing and petting him, and abusing his school, than of really at

abusing his school, than of really at tending to his needs.

"Hallo! Johnny," cried Mrs. Reddilip the matron, "why! what brings you in here again? Back like a bad penny! What is it? Bermondsey bad oranges? Why! you goose—" but suddenly, as she spoke, the look of the good woman changed. Rough she was in toruge somewhat, and ready at in tongue somewhat, and ready at times with the hand, but a better heart

times with the hand, but a better heart was not in woman, nor a more skilful knowledge of children's ills. Rough skins hide often the soundest fruit.

"Here," said she catching the boy in her arms, for he was on the point of fainting, "here, Thomp-on, air that pair of sheets quickly, quite warm, and come along atter me—the bed in the inner room," and upsta'rs she hurried with the big boy in her arms as if he were a feather's weight. "Jones," she cried out to another boy, "run and fetch Brother Cuthbert; we want the doctor here at once," the doctor here at once,"

A few minutes had not passed before

bright fire was blazing in his beda bright are was blazing in his bed-room and he snug in a warm and com-fortable bed; and for three weeks dur-ing which Johnny lay between life and death, Anne Reddilip never took off her clothes, nor closed her eyes at night, but watched his every sigh and Many people hang on to their old troubles; they cling to their o'd sornights she had not closed her eyes. The tongue that sometimes spoke so reughly had now no harsh words to say

and the priest said some familiar prayers with him and left him quiet, with a happy look upon his white wasted face. Poor little John! he was as penitent for his troublesome naught-iness as if he had been the greatest sinner in the world, and his penitence

could find no posture in which to lie. "Mother," he said at last, for he had got into the way of calling the matron, ' Mother,' half thinking that she was his real mother in his wanderings, and half conscious that she was playing a in to light the fire, but she hushes them out again, until at last he wakes;

There is nothing in this world so pleasant as getting well. So at least thought Johnny as he was recovering from his litness. First the sense of health, and purity, and lightness, every part of the human frame working read ily and with ease; the complete rest which was not now idleness but a duty, and utter freedom from task or care. And then the luxury of kindness from everybody around him. The cloud that had gathered over him in the school was scattered like his illness; school was scattered like his illness; it was no longer with his schoolfellows "that young scoundrel, Popwich," but it was "how is poor little Johnny?" or "how's Pop?" Even Jagers dropped his big words and came out with "Poor little Poppy! I'm glad he hasn't croaked, though he is such a mischievous young dog."

"As though you weren't!" said mischievous young dog."
"As though you weren't!" said

viciously out.

But it was not only from his school-

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had received the last Sacraments, "please Father, do you think I shall die?"

die?"

"My poor little son," said Father McReady, smoothing the hair from the boy's forhead, "you are very ill, and this is a sorry room to be lying in for long day after day. What a bright happy place heaven must be, Johnny l all the angels, and your own guardian angel who is now beside you——"

"But, Father, I am afraid to die. I've been so naughty and so tranhle.

"But, Father, I am afraid to die.
i've been so naughty and so troublesome," and the child burst into tears.
"I don't think you meant it all quite,"
said the priest, soothing him, "and our
dear Lord has forgiven it all."
"No! I didn't mean it," said
Johnny, "I don't know how it was;"
and the priest said some familiary.

made him peaceful.

That night Johnny was restless and

malf conscious that she was playing a mother's part, "mother, put your arm round me," and so leaning back on Mrs. Reddilip's arm he dropped off to sleep. Minutes passed on and still he slept; it was no mere snatch of sleep, no arufeial sleep brought on by drugs, but the calm natural easy sleep that was probably the saving of life. Hours passed on, and still he stirred not, and she must not stir. The candle burned down low, and flickered and sputtered and went out; the fire died away and the room was left in darkness, until the pale cold light of the wintry morning ittel, Johnny was happier when he was the room was left in darkness, until the pale cold light of the wintry morning gradually crept in adding to its disconfort. Still she must not stir: the arm imprisoned in that painfal position was cold and numbed and stiff, her whole body full of pain from the strained attitude; but if he sleeps he lives, and she will not stir: they come in to light the free, but she purpose.

"On! mother, what's this?" he says,
"take your arm away," for it was cold
and stiff, and har!; but she could not;
for the time it was lifeless and paraly chap?

But her son was saved, and when he was really awake, and at last she had been able to rise, he looked up into her face with returning life in her eyes.
"Oa! mother!" he said, "how kind

CHAPTER XVII.

CORNEY TELLS A TALE.

Wrangle.
"Cornelius Wrangle!" retorted Jagers solemnly, "when your merits are decorated, as they deserve, with the Judicial Ermine, I will permit you to pass sentence on my character; until then—no! you don't," said he, escap-ing with a laugh, as Corney's arm shot

fellows that the kindness came. Many were the enquiries made from without for the poor little blue eyed boy: one brought some oranges, and another a little wine, and even Lady Crankie herself brought almost daily, or sent if went neglected because for nights and ginger-bread nuts, crisp and crackling made by her Ladyship's own hands (for Lady Crankie belonged to that better age when ladies were not ashamed to prepare delicate meats for their household), above all real, actual, freshbutter, from her Ladyship's own dairy, No selfish worry from other children betrayed her into snappishness. Sickness is a sacramental, well nigh a sacrament, to a woman. A special grace, a special power, is given to them, and their acts are beroic, beyond the heroism of man's utmost bravery in battle, or other deeds of manly courage.

"Please, Father," whispered poor Johnny to Father McReady, after he

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little, Johnny was happier when he was

beard," Johnny had been lying still and silent for a long time, when he suddenly stretched his hand out of the bed to Corney; "Corney," he said,
"what makes you such a changed

"Changed ; Johnny! What do you

"On! you know! you used always to be in trouble with the masters, and Father McReady used to shake his head at you, and every row that came up Cornelius Wrangle was always the first name called out; but now you are nited discount. quite different." Well! you know I'm a Church

well' you know i'm a charen student now—I want to be a priest."

'Ah! I know; but what made you want to be a priest? you didn't use to seem the sort of stuff they made cas socks out of."
"Didn't I?" said Corney with a

laugh. "I don't think I am now much; they must get some good trimmings beore they make much of a cassock of But I'll tell you, Johnny, if you want to know. It's a long story.
"Go on," said Johnny, leaning back

on his pillow.
"Well! you know where I live,"
said Corney, "down by the sea, and
there's a river runs into it just about there's a river runs into it just about half a mile from where I am, with a great sand bank at the mouth that makes it always rough."

1 thought it was a harbor," said

Johnny. "So it is, a little kind of harbor : ships come into it—but not big ones— they get over the sand bank when the tide comes in; full of eggs and oranges.'

oranges."

"Oh! jolly!" murmured Johnny.

"I've told you about that harbor and the bells, haven't!!"

"Bells! no," said Johnny.

"Well! you know you can't go up the river very far, it's only a little bit of a thing, and when you've gone about

of a thing, and when you've gone about six miles up there's no more room for your boat. Well! just at the top of the river, where you can't get any further, there is an old castle on the top of a hill, and just on the hill side under the castle for safety sake, like a little boy keeping close to a big one, there's a church, and its only got seven bells in it instead of closh?" in it instead of eight.

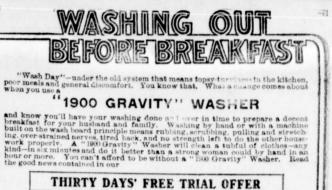
aid Johnny, " how's that?" TO BE CONTINUED.

HOLY WEEK.

A remarkable contrast exists be tween the celebration of Holy Week in Protestant communities and in the Catholic Church. Among Protestants who keep that week, whether in greater or less degree, it is a week of gloom, of continual commemoration of the crucifixing and its procedent. the crucifixion and its precedent events, and of the burial of the Savior and His resting in the tomb. Catho lics, too, commemorate all these events of profoundest and most pathetic mean ing. Statues and crosses are veiled in purple; the mournful Tenebiæ are sung on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings; on Good Friday occurs the unique and extraordinary Mass of the Presanctified, while only the officiating priests and the sick in danger of death, receive Holy Communion. On Good Friday, too, the tabernacle door of our altars stands open; the Blessed Sacrament is hidden in some secret place; and, in the evening, in thronged and dismantled churches, great sermons are preached on the Passion, and the multitudes flock to kiss the crucifix, and thus testify their allegiance to their crucified Redeemer. ing. Statues and crosses are veiled in fied Redeemer.

Nevertheless, there exists in the

Catholic Church, through Holy Week, Catholic Church, through Holy Week, a peculiar, pulsating, irrepressible emotion of living joy. To a convert, this fact comes with a sensation of vast emotion, which settles finally into the proved evidence of a vital truth, namely, that the Catholic Church is the Living Church of the Living Church of the Living Christ. Who, according to His own Christ, Who, according to His own promise, does actually abide with her all days even unto the end of the world, and therefore she is wholly un-able to repress for any length of time the perennial and unfailing delight that this reality generates in her holy society of the faithful.



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What sight more innocently gay, more like the blithe, sweet spring itself, than to see an entire Catholic congregation emerge from Church on Palm San day, each man with his palm branch in his hand? How many then are saddened within them, do you think, be cause once the Hebrew children strewed palm branches in the Savior's path, only to have them trodden under foot, as it were, on His path to Calvary's hill? Oh, they are exulting in the present fact, ever new with each new Holy Week, that they have received their blessed palms once again from the priests of Jesus, from His own faithful priests in His own faithful Church of to-day.

Holy Thursday is to the Catholic a day of irrepressible jubilee and gladness. All day long, and into the evening, from one shrine to another through our cities go the faithful, visiting our care mental length in the heavity. sacramental Jesus in the beautiful repositories, surrounded with glorious lights and fairest flowers. Silence, silence is everywhere; but it is a silence that is loud, and musical, and harmonious to His hearing, for it is thrilled with innumerable acts of love and adoration from His people's adoring hearts. They come not from obligation to visit Him, but from love; and the Thursdays of our Holy Weeks are among the very happiest and most memorable days in all the Church's year, We have Jesus with us, among us, our living Jesus, Who died once in-deed, but is now alive forevermore.

Good Friday is Good Friday verily ; but it begins with the sacramental pro-cession of the living Christ in the morn ing; and the pent-up heart of the Church His Spouse can not wait until Sunday to proclaim that He is not really dead. On Saturday morning the Gloria and the Alleluia run to meet and to forestall the "He is Risen" of the angel; the organ breaks out into an ecstasy; the new fire and the Easter water respond to unveiled statues and the gay flowers again; the Mass with the gold and white vestments—every-thing, in fact, proclaims it: "the Liv-ing Christ of the Living Church is with get over the sand bank when the comes in; full of eggs and what it is to be a Catholic, to be the child of Him Who was dead, and Who is arisen, and behold! He is alive forevermore.

> I who live, who feel, who think, I live with Jesus Christ, I feel with Jesus Christ, I think with Jesus Christ. He raises me above myself. He purifies me, He gives me that which nothing in this world has ever given me; He is then more than myself, more than the world, more than the soul. He is God .- Pere Lacordaire.

I recommend to you mental prayer, or the prayer of the heart, and especially that which has for its object the life and passion of our Lord. By msk-ing Him the frequent subject of your meditation, your whole soul will be re-plenished with Him; you will imbibe His spirit, and frame all your actions according to the model of His.—St. Frances de Sales. PROFESSIONAL

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OBSTACLES TO CATHOLIC UNITY . THEIR RELATIVE CHANCES. IN ACTION.

THE CLIQUE SPIRIT-DISTINCTIONS OF CLASS, RANK OR RACE - REMEDIES SUGGESTED.

The Examiner, of Bombay, Rev. In The Examiner, of Bombay, Rev. E. R. Hull S. J., closes a series of valuable papers on "Catholic Union and Combination" with a summary which might well be published as an appendix to the by-laws and constitutions of our Catholic societies, large

deep-rooted instinct of failen humanity to elevate—or rather to degrade—distinctions of class, rank or race into so many exclusive parties or cliques, and to accentuate them into divisions and to accentuate the minto divisions and to accentuate the minto divisions and to accentuate the accentuate and into accentuate and into accentuate and success of accentuate and into accentuate and success of accentuate and into accentuate and in

5. The remedies for the clique spirit are as follows: First, those who realize how great an evil it is, and are nobleminded enough to abandon it, must take care not to allow themselves to be drawn into that spirit by the fact that others are ac usted by it. In thus re-sisting the influence of infection, they will by example show the more excellent way, which in the long run will have its good effect by shaming the clique spirit out of existence. Secondly, to kill out of self the "analytic spirit" which accentuated the difference things and issued in controversy and aghting; and to cultivate instead the synthetic spirit," which loves to dwell on the likenesses of things and tends to unification and harmonization.

Thirdly, to follow the rule of charity
which "thinketh no evil;" that is to say, faces and recognizes the evil which is ascertained to be a fact, but does not dwell morpely upon it to the detriment of good; and especially abstains from of good; and especially assets from laboriously emphasizing and magnify-ing or even inventing evil, and conse-quently imputing it without secure grounds, which, in any case, rather tends to put evil in the background and turns preferably to the good which can be set against it. Further, even where the justinet for thinking evil cannot be eradicated, at least to re-press it and prevent it from flowing into our deliberate thoughts, feelings, words and actions. In other words, we must sesert our better and rational self, and make a sincere pro'ession of dealing candidly and frankly and honestly and courteously with all—both before and behind their back—in the before and behind their back—in the true Christian spirit of charity and brotherhood. By degrees this profes-sion will work its way backwards and inwards and redeem us from the slavery the archaic instinct of dog-like jealousy and animosity. Fifthly, where there is any clash of interests or any seeming grievance, not to allow this to lie in a vague and abstract condition, but to analyze it, to reduce it to the proportions required by ascertained facts, to state these ascertained facts with precision, moderation and cour-tesy, and to be ready to listen to extions and to accept them favorably where it is possible to do so. Sixthly, to merge individualism for the sake of collectivism; that is, to subor-dinate our own views and feelings or those of our party, with a view of securing combination and agreement in the prosecution of the end in view.

Lastly, not to lose the substance by grasping at the shadow. In other words, to accept willingly and to co-operate with every minor good which is practically attainable through mutual

of a movement in such a way as to excite interest without causing resentment or giving reasonable offense.

Secondly, it is to be removed by dealing with the question of progress piece

To the general interests of religion that the ordinary sermon has become very largely a matter of routine,
seldom inspired by fresh and living
force. Sydney Smith deplored in his initial result in the direction aimed at.

Nou will find peace only in the acceptance of God's holy will. Rest your questions and your troubles there in peace. The venemence and originality of the street crusade inaugurated by the Salvation Army, in consideration of the sincerity of its purposes. We shall not quarrel with Father Vaughan's

IS A BAD CATHOLIC BETTER THAN A IS A BAD CATHOLIC BETTER THAN A
GOOD PROFESTANT?
"Critic" writes as follows to Rev.
John Price, who conducts the "Question Box" in The Observer of Pitts-

barg.
In a late issue you answered rightly

that a bad Catholic is not better, but

valuable papers on "Catholic Union and Combination" with a summary which might well be published as an appendix to the by-laws and constitutions of our Catholic societies, large and small.

1. The failure to attain unity and union in a Catholic community is due, or may be due, to several causes, some positive, some negative.

2. The positive obstacles are the spirit of disunion, jealousy, rancor, rivalry or mutual opposition between different sections of the community—all of which can be roughly, though conveniently, summed up under the term "the clique spirit."

3. The clique spirit comes from a deconvoiced instinct of failen humanity deconvoiced instinct of failen humanity to the sacraments nor the blessings with which God has enriched the same sins because the worse than a Protestant who base committed the same sins because the distribution of the same sins because the same sins against the light. But I think that in one sense we may affirm that a bad Catholic is better off than a good Protestant.

A bad Catholic has always the great privilege of having within reach the means of salvation, especially the sacraments to eternal life. (I do not speak of one who is guilty of presumption.)

A good Protestant.

"the clique spirit."
3. The clique spirit comes from a deep-rooted instinct of failed humanity to elevate—or rather to degrade—distinctions of class, rank or race into so many exclusive parties or cliques, and most probable that at some period of this life he has committed a mortal sin, have been smany such sins. But the only

ordinary means of salvation, which blessings, I would not have as a good

About a Catholic, even though fallen very low, I would have hopes; about a Protestant, once he has fallen, who can give us assurance?

To the foregoing Father Price re-The above letter is such a good exposition of the relative chances of salvation enjoyed by a Catholic and a Protestant, that it is worthy a place in this department for the succinct, clear, theological information it imparts and for the comfort it may possibly bring to some fallen and troubled one. Our critic says that as a "good philosopher' we should have made the distinction which he makes when

we were discussing the original pro position. Here was the original proposition, put interrogatively: "Is it true that the worst Catholic is better than the

best Protestant?" best Protestant?"

Now precisely because we knew a little "philosophy" we saw that the question was one that required a positive answer. There is not the slightest room for a distinction. It involved the question of the here and now moral condition of the Catholic. The question was: "Is he better?"

There was no question of which had the There was no question of which had the better chances or means of salvation "Critic" takes up a quite different question, and it is needless to say he is correct in its treatment.

FATHER VAUGHAN'S CRUFADING

ENERGY. "High speed living" is the designation under which Father Bernard Vaughan has delivered his latest de nunciations of the vices of society's "Smart Set," in commenting on which a London paper, the Daily Telegraph, pays noteworthy tribute to the "crusading energy" of the elequent Jesuit. As to the "high speed" it asks, to begin with: Are we living fatally too fast for the best interests of the race, and is it impossible to check the insane momentum of the modern career! For all our vaunt of check the insane momentum of the modern career! For all our vaunt of speed, are we but p'unging like the Gadarene herd down the steep place of folly, into an abyss of moral and physical destruction? These, the writer goes on to observe, are questions which have just been pronounced with characteristic energy though in other terms, by the eloquent preacher who Lastly, not to lose the substance by grasping at the shadow. In other words, to accept willingly and to cooperate with every minor good which is practically attainable through mutual agreement and co-operation, and not to quarrel or stand aloof because foresooth your own schemes—which you at least consider to be greater and better—fall to win the approval and acceptance of your fellows. Still less should you run down and oppose the good efforts of others because they do not appeal to you, or because they do not appeal to you, or because they seem to you not to be on the best lines.

characteristic energy though in other terms, by the eloquent preacher who seems determined to play what may be earth?

characteristic energy though in other terms, by the eloquent preacher who seems determined to play what may be called the part of the Savonarola of the opinions of Father Bernard to the opinions of Father Bernard to the crusading energy and pictor ial power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtical power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of overtic e on the best lines.

6. So far for the positive causes of pulpit. As to sermons in general, the disunion; now for the negative causes Teiegraph re narks that those that are of failure to scoure union. The chief is apathy or want of interest in the cause of progress or improvement. This want of interest often comes from failure to apathy with respect to the greatest moral issues which concern it, it is, by carefully and effectively bringing the matter before the notice of all, showing the disadvantages of the present state of things and the advantages complish somewhat. It is a misfortune of a movement in such a way as to ex to the general interests of re-

ameal, so as to show its feasibility when own time a tendency that has been noticeable in all the Christian ages. the mind by putting too large an enterthe mind by putting too large an enterprise forward at once. Lastly, by this means to arrive at a definite and wall-thought-out scheme of present action, in such a way that each individual will see exactly what is to be done by him hit of numerical actions in order to arrive at some like at numerical action. The state to denounce the merely correct preachers of his own days as "holy lumps of ice; and he added, with one of his most famous strokes of humor, "Do you think that is in is only to be removed from man as hit at numerical action of the side of Adam him into a deep alumbar 2." by casting him into a deep slumber? We have long since learned to condor the vehemence and originality of the street crusade inaugurated by the



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denunciations simply because they are denunciations simply because they are framed with a vigor to which the pulpit in this country has lorg been unaccustomed. If he confines himself to the careful study of social facts, to the penetrating disgnosis of modern psychology and its maladies, then the more trenchant the results are stated the

better.

Manifestly Father Vaughan carefully studies the "social facts" and is not wanting in the will and power to trenchantly state them and emphasize their cause and effect.—N. Y. Free-

"THE CONFESSIONAL."

To Rev. A. McKeon, S. T. L.,

My Dear Father McKeon-I have read My Dear Father McKeon—I have read with greal pleasure your little book on the "Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penance," and I hope it will have a large circulation and thus remove much ignorance and prejudice.
Trusting you will continue the good work on other Catholic subjects, I am,

dear Father McKeon,
Yours very sincerely,
Rt Rev. F. P. McEvay,
Bishop of Loudon.

"Your 'Confessional' will be productive of the most salutary results among Catholics and non Catholics." Rt. Rev. D J. SCOLLARD

Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie. "With much else to take up my time and attention at first, I read your 'Confessional' quite hurriedly—it read so evenly that one could peruse it even in a hurry. But I took it up since, and read it leisurely and with considerable care. I confess I had not before read a tractate on the subject with nearly so much satisfaction and pleasure. From 'this earth is not our true home' to 'sinners go free,' your dear reader is carried along most entertainingly, till bon gré mai gré, he hies himself into that blessed cabinet forth from which he comes with soil refreshed, ready to do victorious battle with flesh, world and devil.

I congratulate you, and may I be allowed to express the wish that there were as many copies as there are before read a tractate on the subject

were as many copies as there are readers in the English speaking

REV. A. P. DUMOUCHEL, C S. B. Former President St. Michael College, Toronto, Oat.

HOPE LIES IN CATHOLICITY.

The Rev. Newmann Smyth, pastor of enter Congregational church, of New Haven, the oldest non Catholic church in Connecticut, and a member of the Yale corporation, said in a sermon delivered in his church on Sunday of last week that Protestantism was passing away, and was destined to be merged into

Catholicity. He said:
"Protestantism has passed already
through two distinct stages. First, in Luther's time it protested against the Church then existing. Then it constructed new churches and new creeds But for a hundred years we have been breaking up creeds rather than making them, and we now are in a third stage, ity? How can it be realized on this

extreme unction. Protestantism has also lost the voice of authority in the State. Our churches as churches are

not counted as political powers.
"More than this, Protestantism, as organized, or rather as disorganized has lost control over the large areas of religious thought. It is not that world liness is coming in, but that much religion is withdrawing from the churches. Protestantism does not a

tract many minds.
"With all, this, Protestantism has with all, this, Protestantism has utterly lost the unity of the Church. The Catholic Church is a strong cable, one end of which is bound to the Eternal Power and the other fastened to the whole mechanism of human life. It controls the world and it moves whither it will In Protestantism the same with the controls. whither it will. In Protestantism the roje at its human end is frayed out in many threads. No single strand is stron enough to move the whole social mechan ism; at best one thread may move only a few wheels."—Central Catholic.



DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS.

I the community of the Sisters of St. Joseph. at Mount St. Joseph Peterborough on Tuceday morning Mac. 24, at 9:30, occur red the death of their beloved Sister M. Pulcheria, after an illness of some weeks.

Sister Pulcheria had succeeded in practising so perfectly the rules and virtues of the religious by all who knew her.

Right Rev. R. A. O'Connor, D. D. celebrated the Solenn R quiem Mass on Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, Rev. Doctor O'Brien and Rev. Father Keily, both of the Cathedral assisted as deacon and sub-deacon. His Lordship addressed in a few touching and consoling words, the Sisters and sorrow ing friends bidding them in spite of the tears caused by natural affection, to rejuice and be glad for 'Bleesed are the dead who die in the Lord'" 'Bleesed are the dead who die in the Lord'" 'Bleesed are the dead who die in the Lord'" 'Bleesed are the dead who die in the Lord'" 'Hose words, 'he continued, 'are addressed to the just but they are especially applicable to religious, who are compensated at death for the sacrifices they have made during life. Having siven up long before, all that the world held dear to her, the faithful, fervent religious, looks forward with joy to tha supreme moment when death shall unite her forever to her beloved Boouse, Jesus Christ for Whom, has been, during life, her every thought, and word and act.''

I similar terms His Lordship continued for some minutes to encourage all to serve their Divine Master with as great joy and fidelity as did the one who had now been called to her reward.

reward.

The funeral procession was then formed and the remains were laid to rest in the Sister's plot in the cemetery.

Sister Pulcheria was known in the world as Misa Catharine Brady, and she leaves to mourn her loss, besides the members of the community, three brothers and three sisters, belonging to the parish of Lindsay.

Requiescat in pace!

THE SON OF HIS FATHER

- O I my, O! my, the years go by
 Like sheep the dogs are harryin';
 But late I had a lispin'lad
 An' now he talks o'marryin'!
 Lord bless me I but he has the strut
 Of one that's grand an' knows it;
 No lass so prim that looks at him
 But likes his cut an' shows it.
 An' faix, 'twould do your heart good, too,
 To hear him at the blarney;
 There's scarce a lass that sees him pass
 But wears a smile for Barney—
 A wistful smile for Barney.

- Tho' Cupid lays cute snares these days
 When Barney goes philanderin'.
 An' all his traps hold geese, perhaps,
 None takes this bold young gander in.
 An 'l none as yet, but there's a net
 That will, one day or other,
 An' aer I'd name to bott the same
 Is one like me, his mother.
 Aye ! sure as fate, he'll take for mate
 Sweet, roguish Nora Kearney,
 Who meets his wiles with scornful smiles,
 As once I did with Barney
 My Barney.
 The father of "our" Barney.

 —T. A. Daly.

BEFORE A CRUCIFIX

BY WITTER BYNNER.

At dawn denying Thee, at dust we sell Thee with a kiss—
Still art Thou, through the many years from that sad night to this.
Content to know the comfort Thou shalt bring us when we weary, O Jesus, Son of Mary!

We nail Thee, Christ, all seven days upon another cross.
With thorns again we crown Thy head, and hail Thee with Thy loss;—
Yet wide Thine arms in agony open their

Yet wide Thine arms in agony open their

Yet wide Thine arms in secony open their Forgiving us until at last of cruelty we weary, Jesus, O Son of Mary!

-McClure's Magazine.

DIED.

BUCKLEY — At Sarnia, Ont., on April 2 1908, Mae Helen Buckley, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Buckley, in her seventeenth year. May her soul rest in peace!



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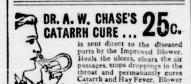
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