

The Catholic Record.

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

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EASTER.

Easter is a festival of triumph. We go 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. Away from the cross, over the dark grass trampled by the feet of the angels, 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 down the centuries. He is risen—the King to Whom every knee in heaven and on earth must bow: the Virgin's Son Whose love "amose 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 sepulchre. It banished the doubt from the souls of the Apostles and made clear the path and clear the goal and ended them with courage that walked unafraid with persecution and death. The love which He claimed—that love by all and above all awoke in His tomb. When alive He was deserted by His 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: He is loved: He is God.

OUR EASTER.

Does the joy of the Church find 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 unity 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 fiercely at our believing that what it calls bread and wine is that very same Body and Blood of the Lamb which lay in Mary's womb 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 CONSISTENT.

Now and then some of our editors dissent on the necessity of reverence for authority. Their proachments are correct and would have more effect if they themselves 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.

A short time ago we were given a sermon that occasioned, we are informed, when it was delivered, much criticism. Simple and direct it deals with a problem of Christian life—a problem which, owing to several reasons, we are accustomed to overlook. Speaking on company-keeping the preacher defined it, not as an

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 persons who may marry and intend to marry each other soon. He warned his auditors 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 atmosphere. 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 incapable of serious thought and sustained exertion as mercury is of the temper of steel.

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 veneration and virginity at God's altar on their bridal day.

A PREPARATION.

Company keeping is a preparation for the sacrament of matrimony. Hence its reception bears a very close resemblance to the manner in which this sacred time has been spent. Many a marriage is a failure because its recipients 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. Wherever 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 friendship. And he declares that if he in sits so much on this point, it is because years of close observation have convinced him of its importance.

A REMARK.

The correspondent who insinuates that we are "meddling in politics" should not weary his critical eye. True, we have more than once alluded to distinguished Canadians, but we cannot see how this can be construed to mean meddling in politics. However, we make no apologies. What we have done we may do again and the critical can make of it what they wish.

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. My 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 the radical blunder, says Bishop Spalding, is to imagine that He will do immediately what He has made us capable of doing for ourselves. Indeed, there is nothing which Catholics more need to learn, in whatever part of the world they may live, than that it is vain and superstitious to hope that God in some 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 severe and constant discipline and the merely natural man is little more than animal.

NOT A GRAVE DIGGER.

"Easy 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. Bidding life rushes away the things that are dead; and if thou art a well-spring 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 socialism. A large element of the Labor party is made up of Catholic working-men and the discussion of the principles of socialism is now the order of the day in 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 production, 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 one fundamental article of the socialist creed. They all believe 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 perfect 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 formula given above is in harmony with Catholic doctrine. If we take any other question, such as the position of women under socialism, we are in danger of being told that socialists themselves hold different opinions on the subject, and that it lies outside the limits of 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 familiar with socialist literature will acknowledge that there is an element of truth in socialism. He will see in the movement a reaction from the false individualism which is one of the characteristics of Protestantism. That individualism exaggerated personal independence and liberty. It asserted the right of the individual to work out his salvation without interference from Church or State. Any such interference with a man's liberty to do what he likes with himself and with his own was stoutly resisted as unwarrantable meddling. Socialism is a reaction from this exaggerated individualism, and stresses the social side of human nature. The instructed Catholic, however, will see without difficulty 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 says: "Socialism has sometimes been defined in such broad terms as to include the philanthropic endeavor and

moral effort which rests upon individual will. Such a definition is inaccurate. The community, acting through law, and organized into definite 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 atmosphere, 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 individuals are as cells in the human body. "A vital relationship," he writes, "between organs, not a holly form containing these organs, constitutes an organism. Society is such an organism. Its organs are connected 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 relationship between organs precisely as bodily form does. In that tissue the individual and the class are not embedded as stones in lime, but live as cells or organs in a body" (ib. p. 30). The individual life is of small consequence, the organism is the all-important matter. "The 'being' that lives," he says, "that persists, that develops, is society; the life upon which the individual draws that he himself 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 life. 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 inalienable 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 socialism 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 ecclesiasm 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 Christ. According to Catholic teaching, we regard ourselves not as 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 of the socialist, indeed, is necessary for man's complete development; human nature cannot attain to its full and proper perfection outside human society, or, in other words, outside the limits 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 into the abode of his eternity. The ultimate end of his being is not reached on earth, he was created for life eternal. His highest duty is ever to strive toward that end, a duty imposed on him by his Creator. He has received from God the right as well as the obligation of ordering his life toward the attainment of his end, and he has received from God the right to all the means that are necessary for that end. Man himself, and the family which he is born and reared, are antecedent to the state in nature and in time. The function of the state is to aid man in his earthly career, it supplies his deficiencies and assists his weakness. The state was instituted to aid and to protect those rights which are from nature and from God. The state exists for man, 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 a sense only analogous to, not identical with, that in which it is used of an animal or of a plant. There is no vital principle in the state which assimilates to itself and to its own end the men and women who compose it, and the vital principle in our bodies subordinates to itself the cells of which the body is made up. If the State attempted to do anything of the sort, it would be guilty of tyranny and injustice. It has power indeed to order the lives of its subjects in a reasonable manner as far as private and public good require it. It can exact contributions in the form of taxes from the property of its subjects in a reasonable manner as far as private and public good require it. It can exact contributions 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 it acts tyrannically and unjustly. Private property is one of the rights which the State was instituted to defend. As Leo XIII. said: "The right to possess private 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 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 ownership 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 compensation 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 chimerical. The collectivists' scheme could only come into existence by a gigantic act of robbery 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 convinced that the attempt to realize socialism would lead to bloodshed and civil war. We are convinced that even if it could be established it would prove unwelcome, and would plunge the working classes themselves into deeper and irredeemable misery. It would reduce all to the same dead level of slavery. But quite apart from our objections to it on account of its effects against Catholic ideas of right and wrong—True Voice.

FRANCIS VEUILLOT ON THE FRENCH CRISIS.

Despite the opposition she has to encounter, says M. Veillot in the *Revue Generale*, despite the active hostility 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 reorganization 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 compensation in the shape of alms.

The civil power is at the present moment, on the contrary, the prey of a movement of dissociation, which is gradually 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.

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

The schismatic elements have been entirely routed. Viatte has sunk into the slough of ignominy and discredit he so well deserved.

The so-called "National Church," of which Houss, 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 manifest reality. Even before the Papal Decree had launched its final condemnation against these errors, however, a movement of reaction was already taking place in France, similar to the reaction which a vigorous temperament manifests under the influence of morbid elements.

The Sovereign Pontiff had, moreover, transmitted to the Catholic institutions and the episcopate, pressing and precise instructions, to which a faithful adherence had been given. Two solemn condemnations had been directed against a book and a review which contained and encouraged modernistic opinions. The majority of the Bishops had issued grave warnings and to day they have loyally given their adherence 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.

Yet if the source has not entirely passed, religious authority has declared itself, and the faithful know exactly where they stand and where the Modernists 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, having constituted the work of the Worship Fund, in order to provide for the most pressing wants, have decided upon the founding of parochial councils, in order to assist the cures in matters of temporal administration.

These councils will give to the lay element, the legitimate satisfaction of collaborating in a more than usually intimate manner in the life of the Church, while limiting, nevertheless, their action to within the desirable 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 been without fruit, is shown by the 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 growing 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 touching loyalty too, if not really heroic deed, is not to be recorded, showing that the Catholic spirit is still strong in the hearts of the people of France.

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. Unfortunately the freethinkers 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 consolation.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

PROTESTANTS LIKE THE CATHOLIC SERMON.

INTERESTING RESULT OF A SYMPOSIUM CONDUCTED BY AN ENGLISH SUNDAY SCHOOL JOURNAL.

"The pulpit from time to time has ought to get from the pew an expression 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, is 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 philosophical problems, especially when the preacher has not yet mastered 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 interest is in their relation to common gossip.

Interesting to note, the sermon which met with a "genial appreciation" from the contributors to this Protestant symposium is one which might be described as the "Catholic sermon," as will be seen from the following enumeration of some of its qualities:

"It must be in the language of common life," these laymen say. "It must be truth spoken with conviction, not qualified by desire to please or placate, or uttered in a spirit to provoke opposition. The sermon which is 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 afflicted and the suffering 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 is one which finds them as they are, and shows them how they can become what in their best moments they desire to be. Such a sermon is a revelation of experience spoken in language understood through experience of the hearers. It is the outcome of intimate association with Jesus Christ, looking on men as He looks on them, the best in his hearers. It is the Word—that is, the self-manifesting God—become flesh, speaking not only through the mouth, but through the whole personality of His messenger."

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.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

In pursuance of a promise made when he was elected to the office of Rector of Immaculate Conception Church, Waukegan, W. Va., Mr. Michael O'Connell has presented to that church a \$2,500 pipe organ.

English exchanges chronicle the death, on March 1, of Rev. Christopher J. Fitzgerald, O. S. B., rector of St. Joseph's Church, Swansea, and great-grandson of Daniel O'Connell. The deceased was born in 1806 at Kinnelagh House, Southwest Kerry.

Among recent English converts to the Church are Miss Nadine Baan-champ, daughter of Sir Reginald Baan-champ, who was received into the Church at Burnmouth by the Rev. J. L. Lynch. Lady Ellen Lyabart, sister of the Earl of Cavan, and Mrs. Alfred Loder are two others who have recently entered the Church.

Miss Sarah Hovey, a postulant for the Sisterhood of All Saints, which is in communion with the Episcopal Church of Mount Calvary, has left the order and become a postulant for admission to the Sisters of the Visitation, Park avenue and Centre street. Miss Hovey is the daughter of Rev. Henry E. Hovey, rector of St. John Protestant Episcopal Church, Portsmouth, 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 Boston of San Francisco, and it represents an expenditure of something like \$100,000, the largest individual donation to charitable work ever made in Lower California.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONTINUED.

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.

"I know yet more, sir. The Lady Matilda was 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 violence from the French."

"Sprung from among the people, Deconinck was one of those rare geniuses who come before the world at a time to time as the leaders of their age and country. No sooner has years ripened his capacity, than he called forth his brethren out of the bondage in which they slumbered, taught them to understand the power which lies in union, and rose up at the head against their tyrants. The latter now found it impossible to resist the awakened energies of their former slaves, whose hearts Deconinck had so roused and kindled by eloquence, that their necks would no longer bear the yoke. Yet some times the fortune was against him, and the nobles, and the people for a time submitted, while Deconinck seemed to have lost at once his eloquence and his sagacity. Nevertheless he slumbered not, but still worked upon the spirits of his comrades with secret exhortations, till a favorable moment came; then the common rose against their tyrants, and again broke their bonds. All the political machinations of the nobles vanished into smoke 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, that a chief share in the reform of the political relations between the nobles and the commons belonged to Deconinck, whose waking thoughts and sleeping dreams were solely to the aggrandisement of the people, who had so long groaned, so to say, in the dark dungeon and heavy 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 representative 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 honored by this application, I will spare no effort which may contribute to the safety of the illustrious daughter of the Flemish prince."

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 aid?"

This remark was somewhat displeasing 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 the safety of our noble Count's daughter."

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

"What is your difficulty, then?" asked Adolf.

"Noble sir, it is not for such as me to make arrangements for the daughter of my prince; nevertheless, should she be pleased to do as I shall recommend her, 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 the ablest heads, Adolf doubted not that his demand was founded on good reasons, and therefore made no difficulty in granting all he asked, provided he would undertake to be himself answerable for the Lady Matilda's safety; and, as he was not yet personally acquainted with her, Matilda went to request her presence.

On her entering the room, Deconinck 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 at a distance the scene, suddenly a noise of loud 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 shall rue it!"

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 hair from his face; but the sight that met his eyes checked him suddenly in the door-way. He had thought to find there the Dean of the Clothworkers and some of his fellows; but now see-

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: "Well, 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 eyes, Master dean of the Clothworkers," cried 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 accused Joanna of Navarre are standing in front of your hall waiting for you. As far as I am concerned, it will be long enough before I was a finger for them. The halberds stand ready, the knives are sharp; everything is in order. You know, Master D, what that means when I say it."

All present listened with curiosity to the bold words of the Dean of the Butchers. His voice was clear, and even musical, though with nothing of womanish softness in it. Deconinck's cooler judgment, meanwhile, soon perceived that Breydel's design 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, daughter of the Lord Robert de Bethune."

Breydel, in much surprise, threw 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 Breydel, rising, "your ladyship cannot imagine how bitter are my feelings against the Liliars and French tax-gatherers. 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, I shall have now, she shall never see France again."

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

"Promise you, lady? say rather that 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, sorrowfully. "I had rather your ladyship had called upon me to use my arm or my knife; however, it's a long lane that has no turning, and if -day is for them to-morrow may be for us."

Then, once more bowing his knee before the princess, he added: "I beg and pray of you, noble daughter 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 halberds and knives ready ground for your service."

The maiden started somewhat at an order which favored 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."

Master Jan, who knew that the Lion of Flanders has always been the friend of the people; it is therefore our bounden duty to watch over his daughter as a sacred deposit."

"What need of so many words about it?" answered Breydel; "the first Frenchman that dare but look askance 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 town? All my butchers are ready, the halberds stand behind the doors, and at the first word every Liliard will be packed to the wall."

"Beware of any violence!" interrupted Deconinck. "To receive one's prince magnificently is the custom everywhere; that can do no dishonor to the commons. It is 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 work! Let us just cut the knot with this time to untie it; you understand me?"

"I understand you well enough; but that will not do. Caution, Breydel, is

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

"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!"

"No, no, friend Jan! but just be thinking of the more there is to irritate, the nearer is the day of deliverance. If they cloaked their doings a little, and ruled with any show of justice, the mass of the people would sit down quietly under the yoke till they grew accustomed to it, and then, adieu to the insolent foreigners. Better you know that despotism is freedom's nursing-mother. If, indeed, they ventured to make any attempt upon the privileges of our town, then I should be the first to exert you to resistance; but even then not by means of open force — Eight angels but means surer and better than that."

"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 himself out, the sooner he bursts! After all, I must confess that understanding is with the Clothworkers."

"Well, Master Breydel, I, for my part, acknowledge that it is the Butchers that are the men of action. Let 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 at the insolent foreigners.

"Yes," he replied, "there are five 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, no, friend Jan! to-morrow, at the entry of the foreign masters, all the Clothworkers will be under 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 Matilda 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 are, and how far we have to fear for our precious charge."

"The very thing, Master Peter! You are in very truth too wise for mortal man. I will leave it to you, my princely lady; and I should only like to see the French (for 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 Syssele to buy some linen, so it will be your turn to keep guard here. I'll be back in an hour."

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

As Breydel had said, a considerable group of Clothworkers stood about the door. All had gowns and caps of the same form as the Dean, though here and there might be perceived a young journeyman with longer hair, and something more of ornament about his apparel. 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 respectfully uncovered their heads, followed him into the hall.

CHAPTER VII.

The Liliards had made unusual preparations for giving a magnificent reception to the princess, whose favour they hoped by this means to earn. No cost had been spared; the fronts of the houses were hung with the richest stuffs the shops could furnish; the streets were turned into green avenues, by means of trees brought in from the neighbouring woods and fields, and all the journey-men of the different companies had been employed in erecting triumphal arches. On the following day, by ten o'clock in the morning, all was in readiness.

In the middle of the great square stood a lofty throne, erected by the Carpenters' Company, and covered with blue velvet, its double seat adorned with gold fringe, and furnished with richly worked cushions; two figures, Peace and Power, stood by, which with united hands were to place a crown upon the head of the Lion 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 round.

In the entrance of the Stone street stood four columns painted in imitation of marble, and on each of them a trumpeter, dressed as a figure of Fame, with long wings and flowing purple robes.

Over against the great shambles, at the beginning of the Lady street, was

erected a magnificent triumphal arch with Gothic pillars. Above, at the apex of the arch, hung the shield of the arms of France; lower, on each side, those of Flanders and the city of Bruges. The rest of the available space was occupied with allegorical devices, such as might best flatter the foreign lord. Here might be seen the black lion of Flanders humbly arising under a lily; there were the heavens with lilies substituted for stars; and many other like images, such as a spirit of base treachery 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 scandalized by these symbols of abasement. As it was, however, he swallowed his indignation, and looked on in dark and desperate endurance. Deconinck had convinced him that the hour was not yet come.

The Catheline street was hung throughout its whole length with snow-white linen and long festoons of foliage, and every house of a Liliard bore an inscription of welcome. On little four cornered stands burned all kinds of perfumes in beautifully chased vases and young girls strewn the streets with the crimson petals of the rose, by which the king and queen entered the town, was decked on the outside with magnificent scarlet hangings; there, too, were placed allegorical pictures intended to glorify the stranger, and to throw scorn upon the enemy, the most emblematic of victory. Eight angels had been secretly planted on the gatehouse to sound a welcome to the prince and announce his arrival.

In the great square stood the companies, armed with their halberds, and drawn up in deep file along the houses. Deconinck, at the head of the Clothworkers, had his right flank covered with the crimson petals of the rose, by which the king and queen entered the town, was decked on the outside with magnificent scarlet hangings; there, too, were placed allegorical pictures intended to glorify the stranger, and to throw scorn upon the enemy, the most emblematic of victory. Eight angels had been secretly planted on the gatehouse to sound a welcome to the prince and announce his arrival.

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 Catheline gate into the town.

First rode four heralds on magnificent white horses, from whose trumpets the banners of their master, Philip the Fair, with golden lilies on a blue field. They 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 wavy locks upon his shoulders; his complexion vied with that of any lady for softness and clearness; while his light-brown hue imparted to his countenance an expression of many vigour. His smile was sweet, and his manner remarkably 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 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 glittered on his head, bore a lance which fell down behind him to his horse's crop.

Beside him rode his consort, the imperious Joanna of Navarre, upon a

dark 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, let 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 material, 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. Fall blown in insolence, 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 regarded these few subjects of his house with a compassionate air; and the eyes of the citizens ever found a gracious smile upon 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.

Immediately 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 Regnerand de Marigny, De Chastillon, St. Pol, D. de Mele, De Nogaret, and many others. The royal standard and numerous other banners waved merrily over 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 their heads. Their heavy chargers, too, were steel backed 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 and blew a blast of welcome that resounded throughout the square; upon which the magistrates and other Liliards (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 all 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 throng 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; from under it fell a flowing mantilla of the finest lawn, which, shading her cheeks, covered neck and shoulders, and reached down below her waist;

while, suspended from its point, and fastened there by a golden button, fluttered a transparent veil bespangled with thousands of gold and silver points which hung down upon her palfrey's back, and waved to and fro, following her movements as she turned her head. She wore an upper garment of cloth of gold, reaching only to the knee, and open at the breast, where it showed a corset of blue velvet laced with silver. From beneath this vestment descended a robe of green satin, of such length that it not only covered her feet, but reached down over the flank of her palfrey so as at times even to sweep the ground. An almost magical effect was produced by this stuff, which changed its color with every movement of the wearer; at one moment it would seem, as the sun shone upon it, all yellow, as if it were woven of threads, then it would turn to blue, and then, again, it would shade off into green. On her bosom, where the two ends of a string of finest pearls met, shone a plate of beaten gold, with the Black Lion of Flanders artistically carved upon it in jet. A girdle, also carved and spangled with gold, and with silk and silver tassels, was fastened round her waist by a clasp, in which flashed two rubies of great value.

The harness of the palfrey, profusely enriched as it was with drops, and tassels of gold and silver, responded in magnificence with the dress of the rider; and with like splendor were the other ladies attired in changing stuffs of every varied hue under heaven.

The queen, with her retinue, rode slowly up, and turned her eyes with pitiful curiosity upon these Flemish dames, who glittered so brilliantly in the sun's rays. As soon as she had arrived within a certain distance, the ladies rode up to her at a stately pace, and greeted her with many courteous 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 quit beneath her frown; but in this she found herself mistaken; for the young girl proudly threw back her glance for a moment, without lowering her eyelids, even for an instant, before the angry queen, who was displeased at the sight of so much magnificence, had not become too great to be conceited. With evident annoyance she turned her horse's head, and exclaimed, while casting a look of scorn upon the band of ladies:

"Look you, gentlemen, I thought that I alone was queen in France; but methinks our Flemish traitors whom we hold in prison are princesses and all; for here I see their wives and daughters dressed out like queens and princesses."

These words she spoke aloud, so as to be heard by the nobles about her; and even by some of the citizens; then with ill concealed vexation, she inquired of the knight who rode next her:

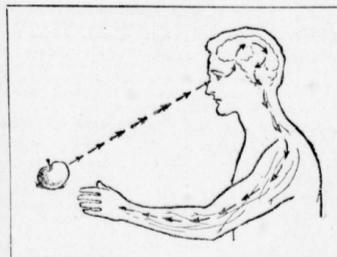
"But, Messire de Chastillon, who is this insolent girl before me, with the Lion of Flanders upon her breast; what doth that betoken?"

De Chastillon, 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 observing the Dean of the Clothworkers at this moment could not have failed to perceive the steadfastness with which 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 varied uses.

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 of nerve force in order that the various organs of the 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, feeling, moving, etc.

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 forehead 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 is 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

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the modern woman who means to "make the most of life." Poor youth, with money in his pockets overflowing, he vainly imagines he is taken for himself and chosen for his personal attractions. In due course, he finds himself ruined, either on the race-course or at the card-table, and the Woman of Smart 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 card-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.

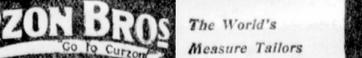
Gambling, says Father Vaughan, is in some form or other the vice of the day. If we really have at heart the well-being of our fellows, and if we are in downright earnest, and are resolved to rise to a sense of our responsibilities as citizens and as Christians, let us tear out of our being, no matter what it costs to flesh and blood, that special evil thing, be it betting, or be it avarice, or be it sensuality, or be it jealousy or bookbinding, which is thwarting God's designs in our souls. - N. Freeman's Journal.

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THE MODERN PRIGDIAL 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 Society" to grow weary of the company of their parents, to avoid them as much as they can, and all because they imagine their elders have grown far too much out-of-date to afford pleasurable or even profitable companionship.

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 tattered and "hobo" with the furrows of hardship strongly marked upon his battered countenance, and a disconcerting doubt in his heart as to what his reception might be at the hands of a possibly irate parent.

We all know the story, and many a mother's son among us has experienced 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 lot of all young men who have large wealth at their disposal. Has not the evidence of the fact come strongly before us within the past few years. On the threshold of life, a young man sees the pleasing picture of worldly pleasure lying 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 unenvied path is in the long run the happiest, 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 hand and point out the "dangers 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 cowardly thing upon God's earth." That the Prodigal Son exists to day in the modern society of all capitals is 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 Set. These women, he says, are little better than savages, nor 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 in five minutes, a man who had once come for much into her life. Yet a man who has once lodged his pure affection in his heart will invariably hold it there till the close of life.

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

Him, strangely live only to offend Him, either by presuming on His goodness or despairing in His mercy. But the 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 says, "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 scriptures assure, namely, the happiness of loving Him, when they bid to love Him.

"I taste and see how sweet the Lord is." We see the faithful Catholic, for unless he be faithful, the Catholic, more than any other, must want peace and joy, for such a one has the pain which remorse ever brings for in fidelity to the clamors of conscience. For the worlding 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 it 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 love and service of God.

The first step is God's way of preparing all the well-disposed for their eternal union with Him in heaven. Our Lord remained with His apostles forty days after His resurrection, en lighting them and preparing them for their mission to go forth and save the world. In every Easter-tide He renews the same to every willing heart. 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- visible world, in every willing heart. But men who profess belief in God should certainly give ear to them and make them the controlling principles of their conduct. And yet while this should be the rule, it is often violated and even by those who should be most faithful in observing it. There are all too many, even of the household of faith, who are unmindful of their duty to God and to their souls. They may be charged with presuming, since they think so lightly of that burning love and generous service every true and faithful Christian should give God.

And when this is the practice of Catholics, can we expect that the rest of mortals who profess belief in God and Christ the Lord, ever will be as good in professing it or as obedient to them from whom scandal cometh." But thanks be to God, there are those, and their number may be counted by the millions, who are conscious of their Christian dignity and who live up to its high ideals. Nor are they to be found in the religious state alone, but in every state and condition of life - noble fathers, queenly mothers, princely sons and daughters who, faithful to God'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 alleluia which they hear ringing out on all sides on earth, come back in sweetest tones from the blessed who re- ceive them from heaven. With each year their fervor increases, for as the years roll on they become more conscious of these things and make the earnest 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 eternal and all time should be given up to glorify and commemorate it. And so the peace and joy of Easter day and Easter-tide will remain with us if we but strive to live up to and make everlasting the redemption and resurrection it hath brought us. Our Easter peace will then be real and lasting, our hearts with God will begin and grow 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 Dayton, Rev. M. B. Fuller, the pastor, spoke in the following terms of the Catholic Church: "The Roman Catholic Church has produced some of the greatest saints and heroes of the world. 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 coming from the doors of Sacred 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 which Jesus Christ our Lord has suffered so much in this world, but especially in the Garden of Olives and upon Mount Calvary, for your sake. O my God, how deeply ought we to imprint this Thy love in our memories!

ONE NIGHT IN THE ISOLATED WARD.

A TRUE STORY. Written for The Catholic Standard and Times by Rev. Richard W. Alexander.

It was 7 o'clock in the evening, and the hospital bell chimed loudly. The 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 illness. "I want to see the superior," said he.

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 small-pox 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 in low water. Eight or ten hands, all Negroes, had remained on board, waiting for the water to rise. Lying away the days, small-pox broke out among them, and all were stricken. Application 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 majority 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 a clean, comfortable bed for him. He was conducted to the ward and told to prepare for a hot bath.

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

"But," 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."

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

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 request somewhat 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 bathed his feet and saw that he had remedies and went to bed, he turned to her and said: "I want to tell you why I want the 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 me the letter I brought here. When the doctor said I was going to be pretty sick, I told him I knew it. '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?" exclaimed 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."

Here the Sister smiled, for while the young man was flushed and feverish, 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 something within me that speaks louder than words."

"But how did you come to want a priest so much?" said the Sister, feeling 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 any 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. And he even a dollar would go into the fund and get God's blessing. 'A red bosides,' 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.

upon her brow, but Doonlock 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 Chastillon was chosen to be the instrument of her design; and he immediately occupied himself in devising the readiest means for defeating their attempts, whether made by stratagem or by force.

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 equities 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 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 though they affected indifference, that their dissatisfaction might be only the more thoroughly apparent; and in this they fully attained their aim, for Joanna was a steady turning indignantly in her mind how she might most effectually punish these insolent and disloyal subjects.

King Phillip, who was of a less irritable temper, received the magistrates most affably, and promised to bestow his best consideration on all that might tend to the prosperity of Flanders. And this promise was no more than what, whenever his better nature prevailed, he was a generous prince and true knight, and might, under other circumstances, have been the blessing of his people both in France and Flanders. 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 evil. The other cause was his pride, which drove him on to use all means, whether good or bad, in order to provide for his gratification. So now, his plans and resolves were all for the good of Flanders; but what could that avail, when Joanna de Navarre had already otherwise determined?

After the delivery of the keys, the king and queen remained for some time listening to the addresses of the magistrates; after which they left the scaffolding. 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 also been invited. Meanwhile, the members of the companies returned to their homes, and the public festival was at an end.

Night had now set in; the guests had long since departed, and Queen Joanna was alone with her waiting woman in her chamber. Already she had laid aside a great part of her cumbersome magnificence, and was busied in disarranging herself of all her jewellery. The hasty movements of her hands and the irritable expression of her countenance, evinced the most violent impatience. The attendant in waiting could 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 flowed incessantly from her mouth.

In a loose white robe the enraged queen kept pacing her chamber to and fro in deep thought, while her flaming eyes wandered fiercely around. At last her attendant, quite disconcerted at her strange manner and violent gesticulations, approached her, and respectfully inquired: "Will your majesty be pleased to remain up any longer? Shall I go for a fresh light?"

"To which the queen answered impatiently. "No, there is light enough! Cease to annoy me with your tiresome questions. Leave me alone by myself, I tell you! Go to the ante-room, and wait there for my uncle De Chastillon. 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 matter she had received; then, rising, she paced the room with hasty steps, at the same time violently gesticulating with her hands. At last she spoke in a suppressed voice: "What! this petty insignificant people to put scorn upon me, the Queen of France! 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 fiend as she continued: "O ye insolent Flemings! I do not yet know Joanna of Navarre! you know not how fearfully her vengeance can fall! Rest and sleep without dream in your rash scolding! I know of means that will give you a fearful awakening. What a cup of bitterness shall I 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! I 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 Navarre is inexorable. 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 expression, while her whole bearing assumed a more tranquil air. In the act of dismounting, that great accomplishment of bad princes, Joanna was a perfect adept.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Agents for Newfoundland, Mr. James Power

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have

been a reader of your paper. I have noted

with satisfaction that it is directed with intelli

gence and ability, and, above all, that it is im

partiality defends Catholic principles and rights,

and stands firmly by the teaching and author

ity of the Church, at the same time promoting

the best interests of the country. Following

these lines it has done a great deal of good for

the welfare of religion and country, and it

will do more and more, as the wisdom and

influence reaches more Catholic homes. I

therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catho

lic families. With my kindest regards to your

family, I am, Sir, very sincerely yours,

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

Mr. Thomas Coffey

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

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

permeates the whole. Therefore, with glad

ness, I recommend it to the faithful.

Believing you and wishing you success believe

me to remain,

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,

1. D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Latisna,

Apost. D. Leg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1906.

THE RESURRECTION.

The feast of to-morrow, Easter Sunday,

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

gathering a bouquet to place at the

open tomb—lilies of Easter joy and

roses of love because He rose as He

said. The difficulty about these cen

tral or turning mysteries is that they

lie so far down in the depths of wisdom

and holiness and omnipotence that we,

poor shallow-minded creatures, have no

plumb or line to fathom their abyss.

Science—modern science—will not ad

mit the resurrection of our Lord as a

fact or our own as a possibility. It

sees in this mystery of our religion the

misdirected action of faith and enthu

siasm and the distortion which the in

vented story gave to history. To argue

the resurrection with science is all but

useless. An adversary who denies a

fact based upon the strongest contem

porary evidence, disinterested and

simple; evidence which was clearly ad

mitted by the Jews themselves—an ad

versary who will not allow that the

event was possible must be taken in

some other way than by argu

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 fight

ing against the law of the mind—but

the yearning which is answered by Him

Who rose for our justification, the

yearning which longs for unending joy

and undisturbed peace and the triumph

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 de

niation 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

nor 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 vi

olation of law, a trespasser upon order.

Law will triumph and be vindicated;

order will be restored and disorder

punished. Wisdom will not allow sin

to triumph forever—nor will it pre

serve pure inanimate material. It

will reward virtue, punish vice, con

serve forever the animated body of

man and give it a share in joy or

punishment according as it lived in ob

edience and purity here, or in disobe

dience 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 full

filled—and 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.

Allcilia, He is risen as He said, Alle

luia.

SPiRIT AND BODY.

A sentence in our article upon Em

manuelism, a short time ago, seems to

worry a friend of ours. The sentence

was, except the interjection, a quota

tion from a minister's account of

Emmanuelism. It reads: "These

thoughts operate on the sub-conscious

mind—save us from Modernism—and

influence the body." Our correspon

dent thereupon asks if the Church does

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

which wings its way from the hidden

nest of the mind gives forth its song

and flight to the morning air by the

pen which sends its message to the

press and the press to the world.

Thought crowns the world of matter,

rules it partially at least, in its high

priest and sovereign—uses it to praise

the Creator of both and for the bene

fit of the whole. Man is made up of

the two, spiritual and corporal, so

combining as to form a third being nei

therly spiritual nor corporal—wonder

ful in his capacity, debased in his

frailty, and strangely contradictory

in the dualistic contradiction between

the elements of his being. We empha

size once more our belief in both body

striving to draw a hard and fast line

between diseases in which organs are

affected and other complaints. It is

essentially the same error as that of

the Christian Scientists making too

much of spirit—and that not in the right

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,

and love. Christian Science and

Emmanuelism relying upon efforts of

self and upon one's own power of

thought and will, fill the soul with

pride—are perfectly useless and even

injurious for the higher work of justifi

cation 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 of Emman

uelism. Supernatural grace and faith

are far above the low lying misty vale

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

a 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 hun

dred 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 ear

lier 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 palms were recited by monks

and others every day. It was St. Dom

inic who added to the Ave fifteen Our

Father's. He gave the Rosary its pres

ent 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 several

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

Pope or woman-Pope. As a Church

historian remarks: "This constitutes

one of the most delicious morsels ever

offered for the delectation of the credu

lous 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, during the reigns of Leo. IV,

and Benedict III., the famous Pope Joan.

The defenders of the calumny pretend,

though without quoting a single con

temporary authority in their favor,

Not only did religious fervor mark the

steps of Jesuit and Recollet mission

aries. Champlain was one of the best

and boldest of these pioneer voyageurs.

He was a noteworthy man. He used to

say that the salvation of one soul is of

more importance than the founding of

a new empire. He was intrepid 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

form, and rightly form, the piece de

resistance 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

CONVERT LISTS OF WEST POINT.

LONG LIST OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN WARRIORS WHO ENTERED THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The following is a recent article on the convert lists of West Point. 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 Brisbane, of the Engineer Corps, was the earliest student at West Point who afterwards became a 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.

After Brisbane came Lieutenant Jas. Clark, a classmate and intimate of General Robert 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.

One year after the conversion of Clark was graduated Lucius Bellingier 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, Claudius, father of the Catholic Bishop of Charleston.

Major General Erasmus Darwin Keyes was graduated from West Point in 1822. 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. His name is in his "Autobiography" (a most delightful book) that, while serving in the North western country he met Father Jasset, a Jesuit priest, who instructed him in the Catholic religion.

Another fine type of a convert was the late Major Henry S. Turner, graduate of West Point in 1834, hero of the Mexican and Civil wars and sometime Assistant U. S. Treasurer at St. Louis.

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 adorn a high place among model Catholic American laymen. He graduated seventh in a class of forty six in the year 1837.

When the Southern States seceded, Scammon resigned his position of principal in the Polytechnic College, Cincinnati, and offered his services to the government. He performed brilliant and valiant services in West Virginia, at the second battle of Bull Run, and at South Mountain and Antietam.

crans, another convert son of Ohio. In the class of 1812, 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 in engineering science known to 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 in military engineering and first in artillery in a class of thirty nine members. Twenty four of these became generals in the army.

The next year the class held two men who are numbered among Rome's recent "Lions." Thomas Jefferson Clark and General Daniel M. Frost, C. S. A.

Lieutenant Curd had a short and pathetic life. He was a native of Kentucky, and entered the military academy while still very young. He resigned his commission in the army on becoming a Catholic in 1817. He joined the Jesuit novitiate, and was for a time a professor at Holy Cross College, Worcester. He died at the novitiate of St. Ignatius, Frederick, Md., at the early age of twenty-five.

We now come to the history of a 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 Puritan ancestors who had taken part in every battle in which the American people had been engaged, and hence by heredity he was a soldier.

Another distinguished convert was Washington C. Davis, colonel of the Third Maryland Cavalry, in command of a regiment, Department of the Gulf, during the Civil War; he went to France, where he became a brigadier general, and then to Egypt to hold a like position. Finally he fought for Pope Pius in that Pontiff's struggle against the Italians.

Another distinguished convert was General William Cabell, C. S. A., General David Sloan Stanley, General Thomas Vincent, General Robert Tyler, General John S. Bowen, C. S. A., Colonel Elmer Ois, 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, Major 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.

Closing a review of Father Hughes' "History of the Society of Jesus in North America," the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., writes: "Of course it upsets the prevalent notion 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 extensive work embracing the history of the Jesuits in all parts of the world, and it could with such world wide interests could suppress facts which might conflict with preconceived notions of this or that individual. When the Sovereign Pontiff wishes the full glare to be thrown even upon the great men who have worn the tiara, lesser characters cannot hope to be immune. Moreover, it is much better that such revelations should come from ourselves than that our enemies should taunt us with perversions of truth. It may cause us to abate our self conceit a trifle, but it is better to be honest than rich, and the lesson that may be read in this and other lights of history is that all the hardships the Church has to endure did not come exclusively from those who are outside the battlements."

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 even whose notions on the subject are 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, is a body corporate, and enacts laws for its maintenance and welfare. To enforce these laws, sanctions are required, and among the sanctions employed by those responsible for the government of the Church are included what are technically called "censures." Censures may be defined as a spiritual penalty, imposed for the correction and amendment of offenders, by which a baptized person who has committed a crime and is contumacious is deprived of ecclesiastical authority of the use of certain spiritual advantages.

The crime, as we visited with such grave penalty must evidently be itself grave. Common sense tells us that punishment must not be disproportionate to the offense, rather punishment "must fit the crime." Hence theologians assert that to incur a censure the crime must be a mortal sin, either of its own nature or on account of its ability 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.

Censures are divided into excommunication, suspension, and interdict. 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 all 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 heathen and the publican." (Matt. xviii, 17.) But what is meant precisely by being cut off from the Church? To answer this question we must distinguish between those who belong to the soul and those who belong to the body of the Church. The aggregate of those who are living on the earth at any particular moment in the state of grace belong to the soul; the aggregate of those who are in external and visible union with the Sovereign Pontiff belong to the body. The latter, 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 soul of the Church, but only those mortal sins which incur a censure exclude also from the body. It may, perhaps, seem strange to say that an excommunicated person may still belong to the soul of the Church. It is a very exceptional case, we admit, but we have only to bear in mind that ecclesiastical judges are human, and as "humanum est errare," pronounce a sentence which is unjust because the person is supposed to be contumacious, while, as a matter of fact, he has been disposed to make amends for his fault and have sought reconciliation in the sacrament of penance. It may also happen that the excommunicated person may have repented after the imposition of the penalty, but has been unable as yet to obtain the relaxation of the censure.

With regard to the effects of excommunication, we need only mention a few. Several of those set forth in standard theological works no longer obtain in practice, and have fallen into desuetude. In the first place, he who has been publicly excommunicated and by name derives no benefit from the common 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 all 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 fruit. They merit an increase of eternal glory, they merit part or whole of the temporal punishment due to sin, and they have an intercessory value by which they obtain blessings, natural and supernatural, from God. Now the members of the Church militant all participate in the intercessory effects of the good works of the members of the Church. The excommunicated, however, has no share in these, and in particular cannot obtain an indulgence. Secondly, he is forbidden the reception of the sacraments and attendance at divine service till he has been released from excommunication. Thirdly, he cannot be buried in consecrated ground.

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 a society is a sad calamity, but far sadder must be for a Catholic—a sorrow's very crown of sorrow—to be placed under the ban of an excommunication, and be thus sent out from the Church, God's paradise on earth, to wander an exile among heathens and publicans.—Catholic Home Journal.

SMAGGLES 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, unfortunately, sometimes, they have not the grace or courage to ask for one.

"The face of this stranger attracted me, and I asked the nurse who he was, and she told me that he was a Protestant preacher, and that he had come down pretty low when he had to be taken to a ward in a City Hospital."

"Where does he belong?" said I. "Oh I know that," said I, "but we are both ministers of the Gospel, and in that way we are not strangers!" He drifted at once to other topics, spoke fluently and well of the events of the day, and showed such an intelligent grasp of affairs in general and particularly, that I felt quite interested in him, and said so.

"It isn't often one meets a man like you, in a hospital ward! I have been very agreeably surprised, and I sincerely hope you will soon recover. May I call to see you again?" "If you wish," said he, "I have not many friends! Life is made up of many bitter things! Such, at least, has been my life, but pray for me!" I left, but as I pressed his hand I said, "Trust in God! He is our best friend—and never forsakes us! You know that! Good bye!"

HE LOOKED AT ME WITH A DESPAIRING LOOK, AND THEN HE TURNED HIS FACE AWAY.

"What?" said I, "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 rallied against it in public and in private. I have been blacker 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 orderlies 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 my stole and oil stock in my pocket, 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.—The Missionary.

HOW GENEROUS IS GOD!

It was a social gathering. Not an "evening" in the exaggerated sense of the word, such as the "fast set," or I had better say, "the exclusive set," call it, but a dignified, elegant assembly 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 him. 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 conversation, and when this splendid woman said, "I want your blessing, Bishop," the prelate himself was filled 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 Nuns so holy that I keep up some of their teachings, you see."

"And did you never inquire into the religion that was the inspiration of all these beautiful teachings?" said the Bishop.

"Oh, yes, indeed, Bishop," said the smiling lady, "but I stopped short when it came to your doctrine of Transubstantiation. My difficulties are there and they are insuperable."

Write Today To The Manager of The LEE-HODGINS COMPANY, Limited 354 Pembroke Street, Pembroke, Ontario

ALMOST GIVEN UP

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" SAVED HIS LIFE

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



Williamstown, Ont., April 5th, 1907.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the almost marvelous benefit I have derived from taking "Fruit-a-tives." I was a life long sufferer from Chronic Constipation and the only medicine I ever secured to do me any real good was "Fruit-a-tives." This medicine cured me when everything else failed. Also, last spring, I had a severe attack of bladder trouble with kidney trouble, and "Fruit-a-tives" cured these complaints for me, when the physician attending me had practically given me up. I am now over eighty years of age and I can strongly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" for Chronic Constipation and bladder and kidney trouble. This medicine is mild like fruit, is easy to take, but most effective in action.

Sgd 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, I see."

"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 pretty coarser sister that."

The Bishop looked his surprise, but in giving his blessing, he said: "Continue, my child, to say that beautiful prayer—the Angelus—and 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 on. 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 a God's call; she sent 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 a little thing done for His love. The cup of cold water, the widow's mite, kneeling for a Bishop's blessing—all brought their reward. But let us not forget the missionary uses of even the little instructions of a Convent school, whose actual results are here related.—Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary.

This will Keep the Boy on the Farm

Advertisement for Peeler's Guaranteed Incubator. It includes an illustration of the incubator and text describing its benefits for raising poultry. The text says: 'It Will Give Him a Real Start in Life' and 'You Needn't Hurry in Paying For It'. It also mentions 'The No. 2 (120 Egg Size) 1908 Peeler's Guaranteed Incubator'.

Write Today To The Manager of The LEE-HODGINS COMPANY, Limited 354 Pembroke Street, Pembroke, Ontario

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

PEACE
"Peace be to you." (St. John's Gospel xx. 19)

It was the evening of the first bright Easter day. The accounts of the rising from the dead of Him whom they had hoped 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 earth with the same message with which He first came—the message of peace. The angels over the plains of Bethle hem sang "Peace on earth to men of good will," but to day is heard that word of Peace which theirs was but the faintest echo. When God, the mighty One, chants His psalm of triumph, will may all created things be silent.

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 this native land, 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 extinguished. But when He rose triumphant over death, when by His death He overcame him who had the power of death, then came victory, and with "Victory came peace."

Is 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 looked 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 nobly, and with the aid of the Sacrament yours is the victory, and Jesus now 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 power to live new lives. So put into continual practice those means which you found so helpful in Lent. Did you pray regularly in that time? Do not leave off the practice now. Did you receive the Sacrament often then? Why not keep on in the same good custom?

Alas! 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 nations who have been at war. We are still at war with sin. There is no truce, there can be no truce with it. There is not and there never can be any cessation of hostilities. It is nothing 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 provides for you.

Be not discouraged then, though you have yet to fight and wage war. Peace is yours, because He is on your side who overcame and by whom you, 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 brethren, 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 you."

THE FARMER'S LITTLE FRIENDS.

Written for The Casket.
By Rev. I. J. Kavanaugh S. J., M. A., B. Sc., Loyola College, Montreal.

They are small indeed, these minute allies of the agriculturist, a thousand of them would have ample promencing room on a pinhead, but, in their myriads, they make the difference between 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 a power they share with none, by capturing the nitrogen of the air. This last most marvelous and beneficent action is the main topic of these remarks.

SOIL IMPROVEMENT.

It is clear that continuous cropping tends to impoverish the land, the soil gives something to the crop it bears, and is the poorer by the amount and nature of its contribution. If it gets 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 rotation of crops will enable the soil to retrieve its loss by collecting in the intervals between two similar harvests, the specific food elements this crop requires.

FERTILIZERS.

Another way of keeping up the supply of food is the use of fertilizers, such as common manure, guano, nitrate of soda, etc. The cost of these fertilizers is a considerable drain on the 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 can tell why; all we know is that the common green plant cannot assimilate nitrogen in the gaseous form. Hay may contain all the essential elements of human food, still, in the case of a man a diet of hay would have an unsatisfactory outcome. Because green 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 pleasure 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 fertilizer. But alas for our vanity, this splendid achievement of the electric furnace has been forestalled by the humble work of the soil bacteria, the farmer's little friends. Here is the 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 Romans, according to Pliny, it was known that to take a crop of clover off a vineyard was equivalent to manuring the vineyard, the crop left the soil richer rather than poorer. This seeming paradox has been explained only within a score of years, and here is the explanation.

THE SECRET.

If the roots of a clover plant be examined, there will be found upon them a number of small nodules. Upon a 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, if I may say so, for comparison shows that the clover plants, which are most abundantly provided with these nodules, are the healthiest and the most prosperous. These bacteria are not growing parasites, they are profitable and well-paying roomers. Like the mushrooms and fungi, they have the wonderful power of extracting directly from the air its nitrogen compound and of storing it up in the soil, so that a crop of clover from seed properly infected at a nominal expenditure of money and trouble, will yield as much good to an acre of land as if it had been a thousand pounds of nitrate of soda at a cost of \$25! This is good news for the farmer who puts up with poor crops for lack of capital to purchase fertilizers, and it does away with all excuse for the "worked out" farmer.

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's 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 of a liberal expenditure of public monies on the scientific investigation of agricultural problems. Therefore the investigation of such a question as soil bacteriology is a matter of national importance, as is also the production of plant varieties fitted to local conditions. The work is beyond the resources 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 help and fitting reward in the exercise of his important function.

A HINT FOR CATHOLIC READERS.

"It is certain," says the Catholic Universe, "that whatever books Catholics 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 the freshness of their pages. Catholics form a large reading public, but not a Catholic reading public, and our chief need is not of Catholic books but of Catholics to read Catholic books. It is time that the clergy of the United States were relieved of the sole support of Catholic publications, and that Catholic publishers found it profitable 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 pleasing of their stockholders 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.

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THE NEW JESUIT SHRINE.

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE OF APRIL 11. A PREVIOUS HEIRLOOM.

If there be one thing prominent 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 impossible, it is Duceux's inset map, defective though it be in some of its outlines. A photo engraving of it, slightly enlarged, is given in the Ontario Archaeological Report for 1907, 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 out well in the western portion, but are quite distinct in the eastern, together with the outline, which is all we need for our present purpose.

A guess at which will show us, to ward the west, "S. Maria" (The Old Fort), on what is now Mad Lake, and a stream, the modern Wye, draining into it the waters of two lakes, Cranberry and O's. To the east of this stream are two others, basing at present the names of Hogg, Surgeon and Coldwater. Thus far all cartographers agree; but beyond this point, Mr. Hunter parts company with all those, who, to my knowledge have ever touched upon this subject. This he has 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 truth either historical or otherwise. All depends upon the nature of the facts established and the validity of the inferences drawn.

Mr. Hunter's contention is that the fourth stream, in the order above followed, is the North River, and that the lake it drains, as marked on Duceux's map is Bass Lake, while Lake Couchiching is omitted. Those with whom he does not agree hold that on Duceux's map the North River and Bass Lake are ignored, and that the smaller lake, lying north of "Lacus Oseantaronius" (Lake Simcoe), is Lake Couchiching, while the river draining into it is the Severn. The latter moreover 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 "S. I. Baptista," which extends squarely across the neck of land between the two lakes.

THE CONTRADICTION "EVIDENT."

It is not an easy matter to prove what seems plain enough to be self-evident, for one is puzzled how to find anything more convincing than the mere inspection or consideration of the evidence, surely there must be some criterion existing by which a decision may be reached. Of this, later on.

When Mr. Andrew Hunter advances a statement or makes a declaration unsupported by proof, which not infrequently happens, it can legitimately be met with a flat denial: quod gratis assentit gratis negatur. On page 10, in his Monograph on Oro, Mr. Hunter gravely informs us: "In the Narrows issue of the Jesuit Relations, vol. 20, p. 365, I identified Bass Lake with the small lake on Duceux's map, which may have been confused with Lake Couchiching. The small lake mentioned in Champlain's narrative as lying near Champlain's 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, not that he himself pronounced the thing evident, surely there must be some criterion existing by which a decision may be reached. Of this, later on.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

Reference is made to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice. Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario. Hon. N. B. H. President, Victoria College. Rev. Father Teofy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto. Right Rev. A. Sweetman, Bishop of Toronto. Rev. Mr. McLaren, D. D., Principal Knox College, Toronto. Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, Catholic Reform. Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are head first, safe inexpensive treatments. No hypodermic injections; no publicity; no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

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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.

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, and so forth.

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.

And how long shall they go on in this way—spending fifty one week in the service of the devil and one week in the service of God?

Men, if you don't purpose to sin no more, don't go to the altar for a resolution to resist temptation, and 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.

Do not let your troubles this year, because the fewer people who know of the things that have handicapped you, the better it is for you.

Then, again, every time you repeat the story of your misfortunes, your troubles, your trials, your failures, you etch the dark picture a little more in your own mind; make a little more real to you what ought to cease forever.

Many people hang on to their old troubles; it is clinging to their old sorrows and misfortunes, and their failures, their past sufferings, until they become a terrible drag, a clog, a fearful handicap to their progress.

It is a good time to resolve that whatever has happened to you in the past, which has caused you unhappiness, 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 will clean house, that you will only take with you the things which can brighten, cheer and help you.

Whatever else you resolve to do, determine that nothing shall enter the door of the new year, which cannot in some way help you add to your happiness, your efficiency. Resolve that you will leave all of the old enemies of your success and comfort and happiness behind.

Why will people insist upon clinging to these 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 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 unfortunate experiences you only revive the sad memories, and make them so 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.—Success.

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

By Rev. George Hampfield. 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.

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 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 Michael, 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 between them." And Martha cried, and pointed, 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 holidays," said one. "You little fool!" said Hardwin, "if you went away you should have kept away; you are a muff."

"Welcome back!" cried Jagers in oratorical attitude, and with outstretched hand, "thrice welcome, unhappy 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 attending to his needs.

"Hallo! Johnny," cried Mrs. Reddill the matron, "why! what brings you in here again? Back like a bad penny! What is it? Bernouisey had oranges? Why! you goose—" but suddenly, as she spoke, the look of the good woman changed. Rough she was in tone somewhat, and ready at times with the hand, but a better heart was not in woman, nor a more skillful 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, Thompson, air that pair of sheets, quite warm, and come along after me—the bed in the inner room, and upstairs 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."

A few minutes had not passed before a bright fire was blazing in his bedroom and he snuggled in a warm and comfortable bed; and for three weeks during which Johnny lay between life and death, Anne Reddill never took off her clothes, nor closed her eyes at night, but watched his every sigh and every change. Sickens brought all the true woman out. No other duty neglected because for nights and nights she had not closed her eyes. The tongue that sometimes spoke so roughly had now no harsh words to say. No selfish worry from other children betrayed her into snappishness. Sickens is a sacramental, well nigh a sacrament, to a woman. A special grace, a special power, is given to them, and their acts are heroic, 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 had received the last Sacraments, "please Father, do you think I shall die?" "My poor little son," said Father McReady, smoothing the hair from the boy's forehead, "you are very ill, and this is a sorry road to be lying in for long day after day. What a bright happy place heaven must be, Johnny! all the angels, and your own guardian angel who is now beside you—"

"Bat, 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 familiar prayers with him and left him quiet, with a happy look upon his white washed face. Poor little John! he was as penitent for his troublesome naughtiness as if he had been the greatest sinner in the world, and his penitence made him peaceful."

That night Johnny was restless and 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," all thinking that she was his real mother in his wandering, and half-conscious state that she was playing a mother's part, "mother, put your arm round me," and so leaning back on Mrs. Reddill's arm he dropped off to sleep. Minutes passed on and still he slept; it was no mere stretch of sleep, but a deep, peaceful sleep, as if he had been lulled by the soft music of a lullaby, and the room was left in darkness, until the pale cold light of the wintry morning gradually crept in adding to its discomfort. Still she must not stir; the arm imprisoned in that painful position was cold and numb and stiff, her whole body full of pain from the strained attitude; but if she sleeps he lives, and she will not stir; they come in to light the fire, but she hushes them out again, until at last he wakes; "O! mother, what's this?" he says, "take your arm away," for it was cold and stiff, and he could not stir; for the time it was useless and paralyzing.

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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, "O! mother!" he said, "how kind you are!"

CHAPTER XVII. CORNEY TELLS A TALE. There is nothing in this world so pleasant as getting well. So at least thought Johnny as he was recovering from his illness. First the sense of health, and purity, and lightness, every part of the human frame working red and white with ease; the complete rest which was not mere 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; it was no longer with his schoolfellows; "that young scoundrel, Popwich," but it was no longer in poor little Johnny; "or how's Pop?"

"Poor little Poppy! I'm glad he isn't croaked, though he is such a mischievous young dog," said Wrangle. "As though you weren't!" said Wrangle. "Corneius 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, exclaiming with a laugh, as Corney's arm shot viciously out.

But it was not only from his school 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 she could not bring them, a basket of delicacies—jellies of piquant flavor, ginger-bread tins, crisps and cracklings, 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, fresh butter, from her Ladyship's own dairy, specially crusted up into exquisite white curls for the "poor little sick boy" by Mary, the gentle-hearted dairy maid. Even Lord Crankie came to look on him, and with half a tear in one eye at least, said in that Crankie fashion which pretended not to feel,

"Well! you know where I live," said Corney, "down by the sea, and they must get some good trimmings before they make much of a cask of me. 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 they must get some good trimmings before they make much of a cask of me. But I'll tell you, Johnny, if you want to know. It's a long story."

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"So, my boy, you've missed heaven have you? Better luck next time." What sight more innocently gay, more like the blithe, sweet spring itself, than to see an entire Catholic congregation emerge from Church on Palm Sunday, each man with his own 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 Saviour's path, only to have them trodden under foot, as it were, on His path to Calvary hill? Oh, they are cutting in the present fact, even now 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 irrefragable jubilee and gladness. All day long, and into the evening, from one shrine to another through our cities go the faithful, visiting our 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 indeed, but is now alive forevermore.

Good Friday is Good Friday verily; but it begins with the sacramental procession of the living Christ in the morning; 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—everything, in fact, proclaims it: "The Living Christ of the Living Church is with us all days even to the consummation of the world." Only a Catholic knows 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 one heart, and especially that which has for its object the life and passion of our Lord. By making Him the frequent subject of your meditation, your whole soul will be replenished with Him; you will lumbe His spirit, and frame all your actions according to the model of His.—St. Frances de Sales.

A remarkable contrast exists between 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 crucifixion and its precedent events, and of the burial of the Saviour and His resting in the tomb. Catholics, too, commemorate all these events of profoundest and most pathetic meaning. Statues and crosses are veiled in purple; the mournful Tenebrae are sung on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings; on Good Friday occurs the unique and extraordinary Mass of the Presentation, while only the officiating priests and the sick in the 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.

Nevertheless, there exists in the Catholic Church, through Holy Week, a peculiar, pulsating, irrefragable 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 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 unable to repress for any length of time the perennial and unending delight that this reality generates in her holy society of the faithful.

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

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

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 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 deep-rooted instinct of false 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 oppositions; while it is the function of the spirit of Christianity or of Catholicity to minimize such distinctions, at least as soon as any common interest or good object comes in view.

4. The clique spirit gives birth to aloofness, want of mutual knowledge or understanding, suspicion, jealousy, touchiness and hostility, each party regarding another as a rival and an enemy, each working exclusively for the glory and narrow interest of its own section, and distrusting the co-operation or advances of the rest.

5. The remedies for the clique spirit are as follows: First, those who realize how great an evil it is, and are motivated enough to abandon it, must take care not to allow themselves to be drawn into that spirit by the fact that others are so acted by it.

Secondly, to kill out of self the "analytic spirit" which accentuates the difference of things and issues in controversy and fighting; 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 morosely upon it to the detriment of good; and especially abstains from laboriously emphasizing and magnifying or even inventing evil, and consequently imputing it without scruple grounds, which, in any case, rarely tends to put evil in the background and turns preferably to the good which can be set against it.

Fourthly, 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 courtesy, and to be ready to listen to explanations and to accept them favorably where it is possible to do so.

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 to secure a fourth of our own schemes—which you at least consider to be greater and better—fall to win the approval and acceptance of your fellows.

6. So far for the positive causes of disunion; now for the negative causes of failure to secure 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 realize the needs and advantages of co-operative activity. It is to be removed by earnestly and actively bringing the matter before the notice of all, showing the disadvantages of the present state of things and the advantages of a movement in such a way as to excite interest without causing resentment or giving reasonable offense.

You will find peace only in the acceptance of God's holy will. Rest your questions and your troubles there in peace.

IS A BAD CATHOLIC BETTER THAN A GOOD PROTESTANT?

"Critic" writes as follows to Rev. John Price, who conducts the "Question Box" in The Observer of Pittsburgh.

In a late issue you answered rightly that a bad Catholic is not better, but worse than a Protestant who has committed the same sins because the Catholic 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, and hence in the end has a good prospect of being admitted through the grace of God and of the sacraments to eternal life. (I do not speak of one who is guilty of presumption.)

A good Protestant, on the other hand, has not the sacraments nor the blessings with which God has enriched His Church, and even though good in a general sense, and in good faith, it is most probable that at some period of his life he has committed a mortal sin, perhaps many such sins. But the only means he has of obtaining pardon is perfect love of God, which is most difficult to have, especially when one is badly instructed and little versed in spiritual matters.

Considering these two facts, I think that the bad Catholic has a better chance of salvation and hence, though he is not better than a Protestant, he is better off as regards salvation.

Hence as a good philosopher you should have distinguished the proposition involved in the question.

I would prefer to be a fallen or even a bad Catholic than to be a Protestant even though I were sincere and strove for eternal life; for as a bad Catholic I would still have within my reach the ordinary means of salvation, which blessings, I would not have as a good Protestant.

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 replies:

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 soul.

Our critic says that as a "good philosopher" we should have made the distinction which he makes when we were discussing the original proposition.

Here was the original proposition, put interrogatively: "Is it true that the worst Catholic is better than the best Protestant?"

Now precisely because we know 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 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 CRUISING ENERGY.

"High speed living" is the designation under which Father Bernard Vaughan has delivered his latest denunciations of the vices of society's "Smart Set," in commenting on which a London paper, the Daily Telegraph, pays a noteworthy tribute to his "crusading energy" of the eloquent 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 speed, are we but plunging 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, although in other terms, by the eloquent preacher who seems determined to play what may be called the part of the Savonarola of society.

Whatever may be thought of the opinions of Father Bernard Vaughan, there is no doubt of the crusading energy and pectoral aid power with which he has been gifted. He may be accused of over-coloring his themes, but if we want the preacher's effect to be of moral force, instead of a mere dramatic enjoyment for those who come to listen to him, we must pardon some exaggeration in the pulpit.

As to sermons in general, the Telegraph remarks that those that are dull are of little more value than preachers who are dead, and in the face of a world always clogged with apathy with respect to the greatest moral issues which concern it, it is, above all, necessary that mankind should be roused by the dynamic energy of men who are in earnest, and have lost themselves to accomplish somewhat. It is a misfortune 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 own time a tendency that has been noticeable in all the Christian ages. He did not hesitate to denounce the merely correct preachers of his own day as "holy lumps of ice; and he added, with one of his most famous strokes of humor, "I do you think that sin is only to be removed from man as Ere was taken out of the side of Adam by casting him into a deep slumber?"

We have long since learned to condone the vehemence 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

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denunciations simply because they are framed with a vigor to which the pulpit in this country has long been unaccustomed. If he confines himself to the careful study of social facts, to the penetrating diagnosis of modern psychology and its malices, then 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. Freeman's Journal.

"THE CONFESSIONAL"

To Rev. A. McKeon, S. T. L., St. Columban, Ont.

My Dear Father McKeon—I have read with great pleasure your little book on the "Confessional" 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 London.

"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—I read so evenly that one could pursue 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" by "sinners go free," your dear reader is carried along more or less certainly, till bon gré and gré, he hies himself into that blessed cabinet forth from which he comes with soul 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 readers in the English speaking world? REV. A. P. DUMOUCHEL, C. S. B., Former President St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.

HOPE LIES IN CATHOLICITY.

The Rev. Newman Smyth, pastor of Center 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 created new churches and now creeds. But for a hundred years we have been breaking up creeds rather than making them, and we now are in a third stage, facing the question, 'What is Christianity?' How can it be realized on this earth?"

The crowning achievement of Protestantism is that it won victory for ever for the splendid spiritual liberty of the individual man. But now it has failed, although I would not say its failure in any direction is complete. "Protestantism is losing mastery over the controlling forces of modern life. It has lost the old authority of the Church, even in its own families. Catholicity has authority in the family from birth to death, from baptism to 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 worldliness is coming in, but that much religion is withdrawing from the churches. Protestantism does not attract many minds. "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 rope at its human end is frayed out in many threads. No single strand is strong enough to move the whole social mechanism; at best one thread may move only a few wheels."—Central Catholic.

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DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS.

In the community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Mount St. Joseph, Paderborn, on Tuesday morning, Mar. 24, at 9:30, occurred the death of their beloved Sister M. Pulcheria, after an illness of some weeks.

Sister Pulcheria had succeeded in practicing so perfectly her religious life, that she will ever be remembered as a model religious by all who knew her. Right Rev. R. O'Connor, D.D., celebrated the Solemn Requiem Mass on Thursday morning at 8 o'clock. Rev. Doctor O'Brien and Rev. Father Kelly, both of the Cathedral, assisted as deacon and sub-deacon.

His Lordship addressed in a few touching and consoling words, the Sisters and sorrowing friends bidding them in spite of the tears caused by natural affection, to rejoice and be glad for "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." These 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 given up long before all that the world held dear to her, the faithful, fervent religious, looks forward with joy to the supreme moment when death shall unite her forever to her beloved Spouse, Jesus Christ for whom, by being, during life, her every thought, and word and act."

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

Sister Pulcheria was known in the world as Miss Catherine 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 my, O my, the years go by Like sheep the dogs are harry'n'; But later I have seen my father, An' now he talks o' marry'n'; Lord bless me! but he has the strut O' one that's grand an' knows it; No less so prim that looks at him As 'fats' 't would do your heart good, too. To hear him at the blarney; But 'fats' 't would see him pass But wears a smile for Barney— Our Barney— A wifely smile for Barney.

The Cupid lays out snarers these days When Barney goes philanderin'; An' all his traps hold gears, perhaps, None that's grand an' knows it. An' none as yet, but there's a net That will, one day or other, An' net 't will see you know it. Is one like me, his mother, Ay, I sure as fate, he'll take for mate Sweet, roguish Nora Kearney. Who meets his wifely with scornful smiles, As once I did with Barney— My Barney. The father of "our" Barney. —T. A. DALY.

BEFORE A CRUCIFIX.

BY WITTEN-BYNNER.

At dawn dawning Thee, at dusk we'll Thee Still at Thy feet, through the many years from that sad night to this. Contented know Thy 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 we'll crown Thy head, and nail Thee with Thy loss. Yet wide Thine arms in agony open their sanctuary. Forgiving us until at last of cruelty we're Jesus, O son of Mary! —McClure's Magazine.

DIED.

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

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TEACHERS WANTED. Applications will be received by the undersigned for a teacher to teach in St. Patrick's School, No. 5 Normandy, Gray Co., until Apr. 15. Duties to commence immediately after Easter holidays. This school is situated in a first class farming community 3 miles from the village of Ayton and 1 mile from the village of Newcastle. Average attendance about twenty pupils. Applicants will please state salary length of experience and references if any. Address all communications to John MacInnes, Ayton P. O., Ont. Sec.-Treas. Sep. 5, 8, No. 5, Normandy. 1898-2

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