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The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, Jan. 23, 1904.

AN OPEN QUESTION.

Our esteemed contemporary The Christian Guardian is disquieted over the speech of the Emperor William to some Hanoverians whom he complimented upon "the memory of the incomparable deeds of their ancestors

at Waterloo." That the English would have gained the battle without the timely aid of the Prussians is an open question. Certain it is that the Prussians, who lost seven thousand men, determined the victory. When we consider also that Wellington's army was composed of fifteen thousand British infantry and of Hanoverians and Netherlanders to the number of fifty-three thousand, we cannot impugn the Kaiser's knowledge of

THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

The sympathy for the Oblate Fathers is widespread. Citizens, irrespective of creed, have, with the broadmindedness of Canadianism at its best, cheered them in their hour of trial. All feel that the destruction of the University is Canada's loss, and this, with death adding its share to the sorrow, moves men to send, over the barriers both of race and creed, the message to be strong and to begin anew. If sympathy can lighten the burden of the Oblates they have it in generous measure. From non-Catholic institutions and from citizens everywhere comes the word of consolation, and in some sections of the country a desire to do something towards the erection of another university has been mani-

Rumor has it that the Dominion

Parliament will give some aid to the object. This may not be true, but we think that it would be a gracious act on the part of Parliament to extend the sorely-stricken Oblates some pecuniary assistance. It would not be viewed with disfavor by the majority of citizens, and, as for creating a precedent, themselves to poverty, chastity and such a calamity may not occur again in our history. Our readers will also remember that, from 1852 to 1868, the Oblates received a small money grant from the Government. We understand that members of Parliament are anxious to bring up this matter at the next session, and are hopeful that their efforts will be successful. We are very sanguine as to their success. Non-sanguine as to their success. Non-sanguine as to their success. Catholics have informed us that the question of the advisability of a grant has been discussed, and so far no serious objection has been made to it. Prominent educators are in favor of we can learn, are unanimous in admitttribute to the wisdom of our lawwork in the upbuilding of Canada. It has no political significance and is con-Fathers and with placing on an efficient basis once more an educational force good citizenship.

It is not easy, we confess, to estimate the weight of the burden that presses upon the Oblates. For the University of Ottawa stood for much more than could be divined by the average individual. It stood for endurance, and toil and love on the part of those who guided it from its modest beginning in 1848 to its University status. The group of edifices which erstwhile graced the Capital city of the Dominion represented years of unflagging labor, of difficulties and anxieties, of cares which harass those who give of their best for country and God. Every stone in it was testimony to the devotion and self-sacrifice of the Oblates. There were days, we have been told, when they despaired of success-days when hostile criticism and indifference of Catholics weighed heavily upon them. But they clung to their ideals; they worked and prayed and had the happiness of seeing the University in the front rank of the institutions of Ontario. In granting its petition for the rights and dignity of a Catholic University, Leo XIII.

"We know what advantages for the pursuit of the most advanced studies this great college has established in that most distinguished city of Ottawa. We also know with what zeal our beloved sons, the members of the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immacu-late have devoted themselves since the year 1848 to the proper education of the young, having willingly bestowed apon this noble work and its advance-

ment their possessions as well as their zealous care, and how much the super-iors of that Congregation have always aken it to heart to preserve and nurtaken it to heart to preserve and nurture, in a becoming manner, among their subjects, a devotedness towards the Holy See and the rulers of the Church, and to promote to the professorships of Ottawa College the prominent disciples of their congregation,—of whom several have been honored with the destorate at the Gregor. ored with the doctorate at the Gregor-ian College of the Society of Jesus in this august city."

We hope that the graduates will show their appreciation of what Alma Mater has done for them by generous contributions towards the erection of the new University. There is a goodly number of them here as well as in the United States who can prove their loyalty to those who fitted them for their work. And Catholics in general have another opportunity of showing they are not laggards in a cause which means much for the extension of God's Kingdom on earth. The CATHOLIC RECORD will have much pleasure in publishing the names of the donors.

A BIGOTED WRITER.

A correspondent has sent us a story that appeared recently in a New York paper from the pen of Joseph Hocking. He tells us that other works of this author has been reviewed favorably by a Canadian publication. Well-if anyantagonistic to the Church. Mr. Hocking's specialty is nuns and monks. He endows them with such fearsome stupidity that it is no wonder that a tourist at large has no trouble in perverting them. That the gentleman has no comprehension of the religious life matters little. His business is to demonstrate the several kinds of a fool one can be when he allows prejudice to direct his pen. If he had any decent argument against the religious life he might be worthy of criticism, but sickly twaddle is nauseating. And Mr. Hocking is a twaddler in a class by himself. He is too close to earth to understand why men and women vow obedience. Some kind friend should loan him Dr. Maitland's Dark Ages or Rationalism in Europe by Lecky. Says W. E. Chancy of the Church :

'Her missionaries who have carried

CAUTION TO WORKINGMEN.

We advise the laborers and mechanics in this country to guard against the the grant, and the citizens, so far as individuals who call themselves Socialists. They ought to see to it that they ing that a money grant would be a are not led into a course of action which will alienate the support of sensmakers. It is merely a question of ible Canadians. Let their leaders be enabling the Oblates to continue their men who have a stake on the country, Rome, and in many churches in Our nonentities who either play for their cerned only with befriending the hand, or who, judging from their talk, are unfit to direct any Union. They should be level-headed enough to know that has contributed not a little to that the labor boss must enjoy the respect of all classes of citizens. But the "boss" who frequents saloons, indulges in profanity and wild tirades against Capital, will not be respected, and will cause the Union to be viewed with suspicion.

Catholic workmen can get any advice they need from their priest. They are in sympathy with every rational movement, and their counsel therefore will be always for the best interests of the toiler. Trust them who are of the people and who know and love the people. But let them pay no heed to the windy demagogue who, whether he comes from abroad or from this country, is one of the worst enemies of the honest

Married Men Should be at Home Among some "things to be remem-bered" the Calender of St. Mary's Church, Lynn, Mass., gives the following: "That in order to make home—what a real home should be—pleasant, attractive and entertaining. parents themselves, both father and mother, should be in the midst of their mother, should be in the midst of their families, at their own homes, during the evening until their children will have gone to rest. That we can not too strongly condemn the habit of so many of our married men of absenting many of our married men during themselves from their homes during themselves from the week. That by the evenings of the week. That by such conduct they alienate the affections of their children from them; for the children as they advance in years, being cut off from the companionship of their father, gradually lose that filial love revenues and devation which is uneur father, gradually lose that filial love, reverence and devotion which is so natural to them, and which God, in the Fourth Commandment, inculcates upon them."

matters which have already been commanded, We have deemed it expedient to point out briefly the principles regulating sacred music in the functions of public worship, and to gather to



REFORMING CHURCH MUSIC.

PAPAL DOCUMENTS THAT WILL INTEREST AND INSTRUCT CHOIRS, ORGANISTS, COMPOSERS AND THE WHOLE MUSICAL

(Translated for the Freeman's Journal.) PIUS X., POPE. " Motu Proprio."

Among the cares of the pastoral office, not only of this Supreme Chair, which We, though unworthy, occupy through the inscrutable disposition of Providence, but of every local church, a leading one is without question that a leading one is without question that of maintaining and promoting the de-corum of the House of God in which the august mysteries of religion are celebrated, and where the Christian people assemble to receive the grace of the Sacraments, to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the altar, to adore the mo gust Sacrament of the Lord's Body and gust Sacrament of the Lord's Body and to unite in the common prayer of the Church in the public and solemn liturgical offices. Nothing should have place, therefore, in the temple calculated to disturb or even merely to diminish the piety and devotion of the faithful nothing that may give reason. thing like this story, the reviewer is faithful, nothing that may give reasonthing like this story, the reviewer is painfully incompetent, or mayhap is one of those brilliant Toronto crities who are eloquent in approval of anything of the House of Prayer and of the Majesty of God. We do not touch separately on the abuses in this matter which may arise. To day our attention is directed to one of the most common of them, one of the most difficult to eradicate, and the existence of which is sometimes to be deplored in places where everything else is deserving of the highest praise—the hearty ing of the highest praise—the beauty and sumptuousness of the temple, the splendor and the accurate performance of the ceremonies, the attendance of the clergy, the gravity and piety of the officiating ministers. Such is the abuse affecting sacred chant and music. And, indeed, whether it is owing to the very nature of this art, fluctuating and variable as it is in itself, or to the succeeding changes in tastes and habits with the course of time, or to the fatal influence exercised on sacred art by profane and theatrical art, or to the pleasure that music directly produces, and that is not always contained within the right limits, or finally to the many prejudices on the matter, so lightly introduced and so tenaciously maintained even among responsible and pious persons, the fact remains that there is a general tendremains that there is a general tend-ency to deviate from the right rule, prescibed by the end for which art is admitted to the service of public worship and which is set forth very clearly in the ecclesiastical Canons, in the Ordinances of the general and pro-vincial Councils, in the prescriptions which have at regions times emanated which have at various times emanated from the Sacred Roman Congregations,

aud from Our Predecessors, the Sover-eign Pontiffs.

It is grateful for Us to be able to acknowledge with real satisfaction the large amount of good that has been country, but in a more especial way among some nations in which illustrious men, full of zeal for the worship of God, have, with the approval of the Holy See and under the direction of the Bishops, united in flourishing Societies.

Special efforts are to be made to restore the use of the Gregorian Chant by the people, so that the faithful may again take a more active part in the ecclesiastical offices, as was the case in ancient times.

Special efforts are to be made to restore the use of the Gregorian Chant by the people, so that the faithful may again take a more active part in the ecclesiastical offices, as was the case in ancient times. men who have a stake on the country, kome, and it many churches way men of approved integrity, and not country, but in a more especial way Bishops, united in flourishing Societies and restored sacred music to the fullest honor in all their churches and chapels. Still the good work that has been done is very far indeed from being common to all, and when We consult Our own personal experience and take into ac-count the great number of complaints that have reached Us during the short time that has elapsed since it pleased the Lord to elevate Our humility to the supreme summit of the Roman Pontificate, We consider it Our first duty, cate, we consider it our first duty, without further delay, to raise our voice at once in reproof and condemnation of all that is seen to be out of harmony with the right rule above indicated, in the functions of public worship cated, in the functions of public worship and in the performance of the ecclesi-astical offices. Filled as We are with a most ardent desire to see the true Christian spirit flourish in every re-spect and be preserved by all the faith-ful. We deem it necessary to provide ful. We deem it necessary to provide before aught else for the sanctity and dignity of the temple, in which the faithful assemble for no other object than that of acquiring this spirit from its foremost and indispensable fount, which is the active participation in the which is the active participation in the most holy mysteries and in the public and solemn prayer of the Church. And it is vain to hope that the blessing of heaven will descend abundantly upon us, when our homage to the Most High, instead of ascending in the odor of sweetness, puts into the hand of the Lord the scourges wherewith of old the Divine Redeemer drove the unworthy

profaners from the Temple.

Hence, in order that no one for the future may be able to plead in excuse that he did not clearly understand his duty and that all vagueness may be eliminated from the interpretation of matters which have already been com regulating sacred music in the functions of public worship, and to gather together in a general survey the princi-

pal prescriptions of the Church against the more common abuses in this sub-ject. We do therefore publish, motu proprio and with certain knowledge, Our present Instruction to which, as to a juridical code of sacred music (quasi with certain knowledge, a codice giuridice della musica sacra)
We will with the fullness of Our Apos tolic Authority that the force of law be given, and We do by Our present handwriting impose its scrupulous observ-ance on all.

INSTRUCTION ON SACRED MUSIC.

I.—General Principles. 1. Sacred music, being a complementary part of the solemn liturgy, participates in the general scope of the liturgy, which is the glory of God and the sanctification and edification of the faithful. It contributes to the decorum and the splendor of the ecclesiastical and the splendor of the ecclesiastical ceremonies, and since its principal of fice is to clothe with suitable melody the liturgical text proposed for the understanding of the faithful, its proper aim is to add greater efficacy to the text, in order that through it the faithful may be the more easily moved to deful may be the more easily moved to de-votion and better disposed for the re-ception of the fruits of grace belonging to the celebration of the most holy

mysteries.

2. Sacred music should consequently 2. Sacred music should consequently possess, in the highest degree, the qualities proper to the liturgy, and precisely sanctity and goodness of form from which its other character of uni-

versality spontaneously springs.

It must be holy, and must, therefore, exclude all profanity not only in itself, but in the manner in which it is pre-sented by those who execute it.

It must be true art, for otherwise it will be impossible for it to exercise on the minds of those who listen to it that efficacy which the Church aims at obtaining in admitting into her liturgy the art of musical sounds.

But it must, at the same time, be

music that nobody of any nation may receive an impression other than good on hearing them.

II. - The Different Kinds of Sacred

These qualities are to be found, in the highest degree, in the Gregorian Chant, which is, consequently, the Chant proper to the Roman Church, the only chant she has inherited from the only chant she has inherited from the ancient Fathers, which she has jeal-ously guarded for centuries in her litur-gical codices, which she directly pro-poses to the faithful as her own, which she prescribes exclusively for some parts of the liturgy, and which the most recent studies have so happily restored

On these grounds the Gregorian Chant has always been regarded as the chant has always been regarded as the supreme model for sacred music, so that it is fully legitimate to lay down the following rule: The more closely a composition for church approaches in its movement, inspiration, and savor the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy is it of the

temple. The ancient traditional Gregorian Chant must, therefore, be largely re-stored to the function of public worship, and everybody must take for cer-tain that an ecclesiastical function loses nothing of its solemnity when it is accompanied by no other music but

4. The above-mentioned quarties are also possessed in an excellent degree by the classic polyphony, especially of the Roman School, which reached its greatest perfection in the fifteenth central production. tury, owing to the works of Pierluig da Palestrina, and continued subse quently to produce compositions of ex-cellent quality from the liturgical and musical standpoint. The classic poly-phony agrees admirably with Gregorian Chant, the supreme model of all sacred music, and hence it has been found worthy of a place side by side with the Gregorian Chant in the more solemn functions of the Church, such as those of the Pontifical Chapel. This, too, must, therefore, be restored largely in ecclesiastical functions, especially in the more important basilicas, in cathe-drals, and in the churches and chapels of seminaries and other ecclesiastical institutions in which the necessary

means are usually not lacking.

5. The Church has always recognized and favored the progress of the arts, admitting to the arts, admitting to the arts. mitting to the service of the cult everything good and beautiful discovered by the genius in the course of ages ways, however, with due regard to the liturgical laws. Consequently, modern music is also admitted in the Church, since it, too, furnishes compositions of much excellence, sobriety and gravity, that they are in no way unworthy of the liturgical functions.

Still, since modern music has risen mainly to serve profane uses, greater care must be taken with regard to it, in order that the musical compositions of modern style which are admitted in the Church may centain nothing profane, be free from reminiscences of motifs adopted in the theatres, and be not fashioned even in their external forms after the manner of profaue pieces.

6 Among the different kinds of mod-

tries of its very nature is diametrically opposed to the Gregorian Chant and the classic polyphony, and therefore to the most important law of all good music. Beside the intrinsic structure, the rhythm and what is known as the conventionalism of this style adapt themselves but badly to the requirements of true liturgical

III .- The Liturgical Text.

7. The language proper to the Roman Church is Latin. Hence it is forbidden to sing anything whatever in the vernacular in the solemn litur-gical functions—much more to sing in the vernacular the variable or common parts of the Mass and Office.

8. As the texts that may be rendered

in music, and the order in which they are to be rendered, are determined for every liturgical function, it is not lawful to confuse this order or to change the prescribed texts for others selected at will, or to omit them, either entirely or even in part, unless when the rubrics allow that some versicles of the text be supplied with the organ, while these versicles are simply recited in choir. However, it is permissible, according to the custom of the Roman Church, to sing a motett to the Blessed Sacrament after the Benedictus in a Solemn Mass. It is also permitted, after the Offertory prescribed for the Mass has been sung, to execute during the time that remains brief motett to words approved by the Church.

The liturgical text must be sung as it is in the books, without alteration or inversion of the words, without undue repetition, without breaking sylla-bles, and always in a manner intelligi-ble to the faithful who listen.

IV .- EXTERNAL FORM OF THE SACRED

10. The different parts of the Mass and the office must retain, even musically, that particular concept and form ecclesiastical tradition has assigned to them and which is admirably expressed in the Gregorian Chant. Different, therefore, must be the Different, therefore, must be the method of composing an introit, a gradnal, an antiphon, a psalm, a hymn, a Gloria in excelsis.

11. In particular the following rules

are to be observed:

(a) The Kyrie, Gloria, Credo etc., of the Mass must preserve the unity of composition proper to their text. It is not lawful, therefore, to compose them in separate pieces in such a way as that each of such pieces may form a plete composition in itself, and be capable of being detached from the rest and substituted by another.

(b) In the Office and Vespers it should be the rule to follow the Caerimoniale permits figured music for the versicles of the Gloria Patri and the hymn.

It will, nevertheless, be lawful on the greater solemnities to alternate the greater solemnities to alternate the service of the music, for the music is merely a part of the liturgy and its humble handmaid.

VIII.—Principal Means. Episcoporum, which prescribes the Gregorian Chant for the psalmody and

greater solemnities to alternate the Gregorian Chant of the choir with the so-called falsi-bordoni or with verses similarly composed in a proper manner.

It may be also allowed sometimes to render the single psalms in their entirety in music, provided the form proper ety in music, provided the form proper to psalmody be preserved in such com-positions; that is to say, provided the singers seem to be psalmodizing among themselves, either with new motifs or with those taken from the Gregorian Chant or based upon it.

The psalms known as di concerto are therefore forever excluded and prohib-

In the hymns of the Church the traditional form of the hymn is pre-served. It is not lawful, therefore, to

the fulness of a motett or a cantata.

V .- The Singers.

12. With the exception of the melodies proper to the celebrant at the altar and to the ministers, which must some particular instruction in the aesthetic side of the sacred art, so that be always sung only in Gregorian Chant, and without the accompaniment Chant, and without the accompaniment of the organ, all the rest of the litur gical chant belongs to the choir of levites, and, therefore, singers in church, even when they are laymen, are really taking the place of the ecclesiastical choir. Hence the music rendered by them must, at least for the rendered by them must, at least for the greater part, retain the character of By this it is not to be understood

that solos are entirely excluded. But solo singing should never predominate in such a way as to have the greater part of the liturgical chant executed in that manner; rather should it have the character of hint or a melodic projection (spunto), and be strictly bound up with the rest of the choral composi-

tion.

13. On the same principal it follows

13. It is already have a real lituration. that singers in church have a real liturthat singers in church have a real fitur-gical office, and that therefore women as being incapable of exercising such office, cannot be admitted to form part of the choir or of the musical chapel. Whenever, then, it is desired to employ the acute voices of sopranos and con-traltos, these parts must be taken by boys, according to the most ancient usage of the Church.

14. Finally, only those are to be admitted to form part of the musical chapel of a church who are men of known piety and probity of life, and should by their modest and devont bearing during the liturgical func-tions show that they are worthy of the

pecially in Italy, during the last century. This of its very nature is diambed in gratings when the choir is excessively open to the public gaze.

VI .- Organ and Instruments. 15. Although the music proper to 15. Although the music proper to the Church is purely vocal music, music with the accompaniments of the organ is also permitted. In some special cases, within due limits and within the proper regards, other instruments may be allowed, but never without the special license of the Ordinary, according to the carriery of the Carrieronial. ing to prescriptions of the Caerimoniale

Episcoporum.
16. As the chant should always have the principal place, the organ or instru-ments should merely sustain and never

17. It is not permitted to have the chant preceded by long preludes or to interrupt it with intermezzo pieces.

18. The sound of the organ as an accompaniment to the chant in preludes, interludes, and the like must be not only governed by the special nature of the instruments, but must participate in all the qualities proper to sacred

music as above enumerated. The employment of the piano is forbidden in church, as is also that of noisy or frivolous instruments such as

drums, cymbals, bells and the like.

20. It is strictly forbidden to have bands play in church, and only in a special case and with the consent of the Ordinary will it be permissible to admit a number of wind instruments, limited, judicious and proportioned to the size of the place—provided the composition and accompaniment to be executed be written in a grave and suitable style, and similar in all respects to that

proper to the organ.
21. In processions outside the church the Ordinary may give permission for a band, provided no profane pieces are executed. It would be desirable in such cases that the band confine itself to accompanying some spiritual canticle sung in Latin or in the vernacular by the singers and the pious associations which take part in the procession.

VII .- The Length Of The Liturgica Chant.

22. It is not lawful to keep the priest at the altar waiting on account of the chant of the music for a length of the chant of the music of a length of time not allowed by the liturgy.

According to the ecclesiastical prescriptions the Sanctus of the Mass should be over before the elevation, and therefore the priest must have regard to the singers. The Gloria and the Credo ought, according to the Gregorian tradition, to be relatively

short.
23. In general it must be considered to be a very grave abuse when the liturgy in ecclesiastical functions is made to appear secondary to and in a manner at the service of the music, for

has been herein laid down, the Bishops, if they have not already done so, are to institute in their dioceses a special commission composed of persons really competent in sacred music, and to this commission let them intrust in the manner they find most suitable the task of watching over the music executed in their churches. Nor are they to see merely that the music is good in itself, but also that it is adapted to the powers of the singers and be always well executed.

In the seminaries of clerics and 25. In the seminaries of clerics and in ecclesiastical institutions let the above mentioned traditional Gregorian Chant be cultivated by all with diligence and love, according to the Tridentine prescriptions, and let the superiors be liberal of encouragement and price toward their young subjects. the Gentori an allegro.

(d) The antiphons of the Vespers must be as a rule rendered with the Gregorian melody proper to each. Should they, however, in some special case be sung in figured music they must never have either the form of a concert method that the fulness of

to touch on those points which regard more directly the principles and laws of sacred music, and let an attempt be made to complete the doctrine with

the clerics may not leave the seminary ignorant of all those notions, necessary as they are for complete ecclesiastical culture. 27. Let care be taken to restore at least in the principle churches, the ancient Scholea Cantorum, as has been done with excellent fruit in a great many places. It is not difficult for a clergy to institute such Scholea even in the minor and country churches
-nay, in them they will find a very easy means for gathering around them both the children and the adults, to

their own profit and the edification of 28. Let efforts be made to support and promote in the best way possible the higher schools of sacred music where these already exist, and to help in founding them where they do not. It is of the utmost importance that the Church herself provide for the instuction of its masters, organists and singers, according to the true principles of sacred art.

IX.-Conclusion.

29. Finally, it is recommended to choir-master, singers, members of the clergy, superiors of seminaries, ecclesiastical institutions, and religious com-munities, parish priests and rectors of canons of collegiate churches and cathedrals, and above all to the diocesan ordinaries to favor with all so that the authority of the Church which herself has repeatedly proposed CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

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MARY LEE

or The Yankee in Ireland BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESO.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY. Dear reader, have the goodness to run your finger down the map of Ire-land to its northernmost point, or, if that be inconvenient, let your imagina-tion run down without it to the easternmost promontory of the County Done shall then have transported yourself without trouble or expense, and in a manner suitable enough for our purpose, to the spot where our

may happen, however, in this rambling age, that one day or other you would grow tired of travelling by the map and hand book, and make up your mind to quit the fireside and see the world for yourself — preferring your own eyes to your neighbors' spectacles. After a long tour through Europe you may yet, some fine evening in August or September, find yourself standing on the pier of Leith or Ounbarton heights, ng ocross the channel, and wishing you were in Ireland. Don't resist the temptation, we pray thee, but leaving your national prejudices behind you with your Scotch landlord, book yourself for Dublin, in the first packet, and with a good conscience and an honest heart take a trip over the water, and visit, were it only for a week, the land of poverty, gallantry and song. If, however, you happen to be one of

those very respectacle young gentle-men who go over to make pictures of Irish life, with the view of being stared at and lionized in village drawing rooms on their return—one of those talented and promising young men, who voyage in crowds every year for a supply of frish barbarisms and Romish superstition—if you happen, we say, to be of that class, let us reyou, dear reader, that the Mull mind you, dear reader, that the Muli of Cantyre is a dangerous sea, worse by odds than the Bay of Biscay. Don't venture through it by any means, but like a prudent young man, finish your tour with Ben Lomond and the Trosachs and return home to the States with as little delay as possible. As for the Irish peculiarities you would go in quest of, they are now very scarce and difficult to procure—we mean fresh ones for the old sets are bruised so much in the handling as to be entirely valueless; even the manufactureers of the article, who made so jolly a living on the simplicity of stripling tourist twenty years ago, are no longer in existence. They have passed away in existence. They have passed away as an effete race, and are now dead, gone, and forgotten. Pictures of Irish life are indeed very difficult to dispose of, at present, either to the pulpit, the Sunday newspapers, or even the Fo Benevolent Societies, unless they hap pen to be drawn by master hands. Such pictures, for instance, as the "Priest and the Bottle," the "Fiddler and the Beggars," the "Confessor and the Nun," have lost all point, since Mr. Thackeray's visit to that country, and are now grown as stale and flat as small beer drippings off a pot house counter. Twenty years ago, however, the case was very different. An Irishman then, in certain sections of the United States, was as great a wonder as Bengal tiger, or an Abyssinian elephant; and he felt so far below the ordinary standard of humanity in tho days, as to be considered unaccountable o human laws. We have ourselve been assured, on most excellent author ity, that certain ladies of Maine, ever within the time mentioned, actually went as a delegation to an unfortunate Irishman, who straved into their neigh orhood, and set about manipulating his head all over, in order to ascertain, by personal inspection, whether his horns grew on the fore or hind part of his cranium. The manner of their recep tion, by the courteous and gallant bar-barian, is still related by some of the actors in the little melodrama, and though quite characteristic of his race, would hardly be accounted edifying in this simple narrative. This much, how-ever, we may venture to affirm, that since the event took place, there has been but one opinion on the subject in that locality—that the Irish wear no horns of any description whatever either behind or before—are endowed with the ordinary feelings and senses peculiar to the human family—and ex-hibit arms and legs, hands and hair, precisely like their Norman and Anglo-Saxon neighbors.

axon neighbors.
But whilst they assimilate thus in all their physical developments, there are still certain national peculiarities which distinguish them from the people of all other nations. In the first place the brogue is very peculiar. It diffe the broque is very peculiar. It differs from that of the Scotch Highlander, the Vermonter and the German, in what is called intensity of accentuation—and it is very remarkable that this peculiar intensity of accentuation is most striking when they speak on subjects in any way connected with religion—the broad sound of the vowels, which they have still retained since their old classic days, exhibiting a striking contrast with the reformed method of pronunciation. The collocation of their words too, sounding so strange to unclassic ears—though admirable in the Italian and French —contribute perhaps in some degree to aggravate the barbar ism. But we must not venture on de or we should never have done; e it to say, that according to all accounts, and particularly the accounts of American tourists, the Irish are, one and all, the strangest people on the face of the earth. They never do anything, we are told, like other people. Whatever they put their hands to, from peeling a potato to shooting a landlord, they have their own peculiar way of doing it. Whether they eat or drink, walk or sleep, tie their shoes or pick their teeth, they are noted for their wonderful originality. And it is not the people only, but, strange to say, the very cows and horses in that re-markable country bellow and neigh quite differently from those of other nation and style being quite unique or, in other words, "peculiarly Irish.

Boston, returned from Ireland with the startling discovery that hens laid their eggs there in a manner quite different from that adopted by the hens of other countries. We may be allowed also to add, by way of appendix to the fact, that in consequence of the important nature of the discovery, a board of commissioners will shortly be sent over to investigate the matter, in order that investigate the matter, in order that the poultry fanciers of New England may take measures accordingly to pro note the interests of their excellent ssociations. Whether the country at large, however, will approve this new method is still a disputed question. Our own opinion is, the New England ers will reject it, not solely because it's frish, though that indeed would seem reason sufficient, but rather on account of the danger of propagating Popery in that peculiar way. We have heard of "treason" eggs (Mr. O'Connell and Marcus Costello were arrested over two pair of them in Horne's Coffee Room, Dublin, five and twenty years go, avowing their guilt), and if treason could be propagated in that fashion, we

ask, why not Popery?

Now, after all this nicety to which certain things are carried, simply because they are Irish, it is quite needless to say that the national peculiarities of that people are all but exhausted, consequently the young tourist fresh pect little there to requite him for the atigue and expense of such a journey. But, dear reader mine, if your heart

be in the right place and above the reach of paltry prejudice, if you be man enough to think for yourself, and instead of viewing Ireland in print-shop and pantomime, look at her face to face with your own honest eyes-if you be determined to see things in their colors and to avoid the vulgar blunder of mistaking the Irish broque for inveterate barbarism, and gold watch chains for genuine civilization—if you be one of that stamp—then in Heaven's name step abroad as soon as possible, for a crime it would be against your conscience to turn back within sight of the green old isle where Moore and

Griffin "wept and sang."

Once there, pass not hurriedly over it, for every inch is classic ground. Not a mountain, or valley from Cape Clear to the Citation Cape Clear to Cape Clear to Cape Cape Clear to to the Giant's Causeway but has its old tradition. If you ever read Banim of Morgan, Calianan or Griffin, ask the guide at your elbow to point out, as you ride along, the scenes they decribe and the monuments they chron cle. If you ever listened to the songs of Moore, and felt the sadness they in spire, stop for a moment and gaze on the venerable ruins to which they are consecrated, and they will seem to you nore sad and plaintive than ever. You may not weep over those mouldering walls and ruined shrines, like the returning exile revisiting once more the haunts of his boyhood, but still, stranger as you are, the very sight of them will do you good; the tottering tower, and the crumbling wall, and the holy well. and the broken cross, will bring you salutary reflections — will teach you that every country, to deserve a place in the record of nations, must have a past, and that, flourishing as the reoublic of Washington is now, its whole history up to this hour would hardly cover a single page in the future annals of the world.

dear reader, whenever you ramble through the old place, forget not to visit the scene of our story. It may not be so grand as the Alleghanies, so picturesque as the Hudson; but will repay you well, nevertheless, for your trouble. Moreover, it lies directly in your way from the moun-tains of the west to the famous Giant's Causeway—a wild, solitary spot to the east of those blue hills that shelter the fertile valleys of Donegal from the storms of the Northern Ocean.

CHAPTER II.

IS IN A SLIGHT DEGREE ILLUSTRATIVE OF INCIDENTS IN IRISH LIFE.

The country between Fanit or Araheera lighthouse and the village of Rathmulten, on the Lough Swilly, is an extremely wild and mountainous dis trict, being indeed little more than a succession of hills rising one above the other, and terminating at last in the bald and towering scalp of Benraven. Standing on this elevated spot, the traveller has a full view of the country for a distance of some twenty miles around. Beyond Araheera Point appears Malin Head, the northern ex-tremity of the farmed barony of Innislowen, running far out into the ocean and heaving back the billows in white foam, as they break against his dark and sulky form. Westward looms up whose frown a thousand vessels have perished, and close by its side the perisitet, and the rock called Me-famous opening in the rock called Me-Swine's Gun, thundering like the roar of a hundred cannon when the storm of a hundred cannon when the storm comes in from the west. Between these two landwarks, standing out there like huge sentinels guarding the coast, stretches the long white shore called Ballyhernan Strand, and between that and Benraven, the beautiful quiet little sea of Mulroy, with its countless islets lying under the long, deep shadows of the mountains. Close by the broad base of the latter—so close indeed that you can hurl a stone from the top into the water below is the water below is e water below-is the calm, quiet lake called Lough Ely, so celebrated for its silvery char and golden trout. As the traveller looks down from the summitt of Benraven, there is hardly a sign of human habitation to be seen elow, if, indeed, we except the light house itself, whose white tower rises just visible over the heads of the lessening hills. But when he begins to descend and pursue his way along the manor road, winding as it runs through the dark and deep recesses of the mountains, many a comfortable little homestead suddenly meets his view, and many a green meadow and wavy cornfield helps to relieve the barren and desolate character of the surrounding scene.

It was a fine evening in June, 185the sheep, after browsing all day long, were lying on the green, sunny slopes of the glens, and the hoodie crows, after It is but a few weeks ago since a certain their rambling flight, sat dozing here mr. Gustavus Theodore Simpkings, of and there on huge rocks by the road-

side, which the winter torrents had de-tached from the mountains, when a man might be seen wending his way slowly down the road towards Araheera lightdown the road towards Araheera light-house. He wore a short jacket and trousers, somewhat sailor fashion, and kept his hands thrust into his side pockets as he jogged along, whistling and singing by turns to keep himself company. Still, though he looked at first not unlike a seafaring man, there was that in his gait and general de-portment which smacked too strongly of the hill-side, to mistake him for one accustomed to walk the deck of a ship, or even to ply the oar in search of a livelihood. Moreover, he wore a rabbitskin cap jauntily set on the side of his head, and carried a stout blackthorn under his arm-both which indicated under his arm—both which indicates clearly enough that his habits of life were more landward grown than his dress and near proximity to the sea might have at first suggested. But whatever might have been his occupation in general, he appeared to have little to engage him this evening, in particular, for he loitered long on his way, seemingly quite disposed to take world easy, and break no bones in his hurry to accomplish his journey More than once did he stop to clap his hands and gaze after a hare startled from her form by his noisy approach, or fling a stone at a hoodie crow dozing on the rocks. In this careless manner he jogged along, whistling and singing as the humor touched him. At first the words of his song were confused by the echoes of the glens, but grew more dis tinct and intelligible as he descended nearer to the shore, till at length the following verse of a very popular ditty rang out clear and strong upon the

'Och ! the Sassanach villains - de ll tare They stripped us as bare as the 'poles:' But there's one thing we just couldn't spare

them
The 'Kidug' that covers our souls.
Right folderolol, la la, di di,
Right fala la, lee,'' &c., &c.

He sang this verse at least half a dozen times, at different intervals, and had just commenced to sing it once more, when all of a sudden the song and the singer came both to a full stop. Had a highwayman leaped from a hedge and held a pistol to the traveller's head, he could not have halted more abruptly. In an instant he stood still, gazing at something he saw round the angle of the road, and then buttoning jacket and clutching his blackthorn made a step forward in a belligerent attitude, as if an unlooked-for enemy had appeared and offered him battle. And so it was. The antagonist he so suddenly encountered had taken his position in the very middle of the road, and by his motions seemed resolved to maintain that position at every hazard. The traveller, on the other hand, was by no means slow to commence hostilities; for twirling his staff, without further parley he struck his adversary such a blow on the sconce as might have been heard ringing sharp and hard for half a mile and more along the echoing glen. That blow, however, was his first and last; for the next in stant he lay sprawling in the dust, struck down by the superior force of his enemy's weapon. Still, though prostrate, he parried off the blows of his assailant with remarkable adroitness and would, in all likelihood, have so risen and fully avenged his fall, had not a third party interfered to terminate the battle. The latter roughly seized the staff from behind, commanded the fallen man to forbear, and then, in a milder and more friendly voice, bade him get up on his feet, and not lie there, like a

CHAPTER III.

MR. WEEK'S TRIES HIS HAND AT FLY FISHING, BUT FINDS THE SPORT RATHER RELOW HIS EXPECTATIONS. LANTY HANLON LOOKS ON, AND DULGES IN MOST INDIGNANT CRITIC ISMS ON MR. WEEKS' MANNER OF

"Get up, Lanty," said the newcomer, "get up, man. Why you must be ravin mad to strike the poor witless crathur that way. Sure, it's only ould Nannie. Get up, man!'

"Nannie, or grannie!" ejaculated Lanty,—for so it seems the traveller was named,—" Nannie or grannie," he cried, turning short and shaking himself free of the speaker, "she's an ould limb o' Satan,—'the curse o

Cromwell on her i' "
" Pooh! nonsense, man! never mind

; it's only a way she has."
'A way she has! bedad, thin it's very oncivil way she has; let me tell you that. The villanous old schamer you that. The villanous old schame can't let anybody pass without quarrel. There's that Methody preacher, she pounded almost to death quarrel. last week, -one o' the civilest sowls in the whole parish. What kind a thrate ment is that, I'd like to know, for any dacent man to get; or is it neighbors in you, Else Curley, to keep such baste of a goat about your place to murther people without rhyme or

" Musha, thin, how can I help her

Lanty?"

"Kill her if ye can't—hang hershoot her—drown her—bad luck to her, she ought to be shot long ago."

"Och, as for that, she'll soon die,

any way. It's failing fast she is, pool thing."
"Die!" repeated Lanty, brushing the dust off his clothes; "die! she'll niver die, and it's a mystery to me if iver she came into the world right at

"Arrah, whilst with yer nonsense, exclaimed Else, "and don't talk such foolishness. Come away up to the house here, and take a draw iv the pipe

if you don't take anything better."
"I'll tell you what it is, Else Curlev." continued the discomfited Lanty: there's not a man or woman in the townland of Crowres but knows that my father was chased by that same goat—that very identical ould rascal there, the year before he was married, and that's just thirty good years ago, and the same token, he bears the marks of her horns on a part of his body to this day; and it's no great secret either, Else, that she was every bit as ould then as she's now. It's not even'n anything bad to ye I am, Else, but one thing is sartin as the sun's in the sky

-that goat don't belong to this

vorld. The old woman looked sharp at her companion, as if to read in her cour enance his real thoughts on a subjectenance his real thoughts on a subject that concerned her so nearly, and about which she lately heard so many un-pleasant surmises, but she could gather nothing from his looks. She saw he was excited by the fall, but she knew was excited by the fail, but she know him also to be one of the slyest rogues that ever put on a soberface—as full of deviltry as an egg was full of meat; and she doubted, therefore, whether he meant to plague or offend her.

"Lanty Hanlon," said she at last, "I don't know whether you spoke that

"I don't know whether you spoke that word in joke in earnest; if ye spoke in word in joke in earnest; if ye spoke in joke I forgive ye, knowing well what ye are, and yer father afore ye; but if ye spoke in earnest, I tell ye niver to say the word again in my hearin', for if ye do, by the blessed Cairn above there, "I'll be revenged for it, dead or alive." "Pheugh!" exclaimed Lanty, when the old woman had finished, "by the spots of the party of frighten a

"Phengh!" exclaimed Lanty, when the old woman had finished, "by the powers o' war, but you'd frighten a body out o' their wits this evening! What's the matter, woman? or are you so easy vexed as that with an ould friend?" and he shook her familiarly by the arm as he spoke, and pushed her on towards the cabin to which she had just invited him. "If you want to quarrel with me, Else," he continued, "you must take another day for it, as at present I'm engaged on particular business. So up with you to the house there, and bring me out a coal to light

my pipe."
Though Lanty spoke in banter, there

was still something in the expression of his face and tone of his voice that indicated misgivings of Else Curley after such a show of indignation. Not that he suspected her, for a moment, of any secret connection with the nether world, nor of keeping "Nannie" for any unholy purpose; but neverthe-less he was accustomed to hear strange reports about her, ever since he remem ered to hear anything, and was taught to regard her as a woman above the common, and one whose anger was to be propitiated at any sacrifice. Hence, if Lanty had his doubts of Else, they were doubts rather of the woman than of her acts, of her capacity to work mischief rather than of her actual guilt In a word, he never heard or saw augh of her but what was right and proper and yet somehow he always fancied she was "uncanny," and could be dangerous if she pleased. Perhaps the sharp thin features and large great eyes of th tall, shrivelled old creature, as she gazed steadily into Lanty's face, helped at that moment to aggravate his suspic ions. But be that as it may, he lost no time in trying to conciliate her, and his experience had already taught him,

manner would accomplish that end more effectually than any other formal apology he could offer.

The house or cabin to which Lanty and his companion now directed their steps (Nannie still following her mis tress at a repectful distance) was built on the southern side of a little green hill, called the "Cairn," named after a pile of stones upon its summit, which tradition says were thrown there to mark the spot where a priest had been

that his usual rollicking familiarity of

mark the spot where a priest had been murdered in the troublous times of Cromwell or Elizabeth.

From the top of this hill, which rises only a few rods above the roof of the achir a fewl rises had only the second results. rises only a few rods above the roof of the cabin, a full view is had of the lighthouse, and Lough Ely from its eastern to its western extremity. The lake, in fact, at one of its bends touches the base of the hill, and thence stretches to the lighthouse, a distance of little more than half a mile.

"And now, Else, avourneen," began Lanty, taking his seat on a flag outside the cabin door, (for the evening was warm,) "now that we settled that little difference, how is Batt him-self, and how does the world use him?"
"Well, indeed, then, we can't com-

plain much as times go," responded Else, drawing her stocking from her pocket, and beginning to knit in her usual slow, quiet way; for she was old, and her hands trembled as she plied the needles. "As for Batt, poor ould he's idle the most of his time, and barrin that he goes down to the shore there of an evenin' to ketch a trout or for the supper, it's little else he has to throuble him. "Still he gets an odd call now and

then, I'll warrant," observed Lanty, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and preparing to replenish it with fresh tobacco. "A man like Batt Curley can't want a job long if there's any

O, he gets his share, to be sure : but where's the benefit o' that, when there's nothing to be made by it?"

"Well, he makes a trifle over the price o' the tibakky and the dram any way; and what more does he want? Fiddlin's now not what it used to be in the words: "Have thou nothing to do ould times. Else."

"Indeed, thin, you may well say that. when half a crown she replied, a weddin's the highest he made this twelvemonth. The Lord luck down on us. I don'na how poor people can stan it that rate."

It's mighty hard," assented Lanty, handing the old woman the pipe, after wiping it on the breast of his jacket. mind the time myself when we cudn't shake a fut at a weddin' short of a shillin apiece to the fiddler. But sure the people's hearts in broke out and out, Else—why they haven't the courage to dance, even if they had the mains

"It's not that, Lanty, acushla! it's not that, but their hearts is gone in thim althegither. They're not the same people they used to be at all at Nothing shutes thim now sure but waltzin and pokin, and sailin over the flure like so many childer playin cutchecuthoo, and with no more spirit in thin

than so many puppets at a show."
"Bedad, it's no wondher you say it. Else—it's disgraceful, so it is."

"Disgraceful! No: but it's a scan-

dal to the country, that's what it is. There's big Jamie's daughter, of Drumfad, that was married last Thursday and lo, and behould ye, sir, when young Tom Connolly asked her out, she cudn't venture on a reel or country dance at all at all. O, no, no more than if she was born in the skies; let

alone at the hip of Graffey Mountain."
"Musha, bad luck to her impudence," exclaimed Lanty; "isn't she ence," exclaimed Lanty; "isn't she cockin? and her aunt beggin' her bit

and sup through the parish."
"Feen a word o' lie in it thin. She turned up her nose at the Foxhunter's Jig and the Rosses Batther, just as if she niver heard iv the like in her born life—and nothin would do her, savin yer favor, but go skatin over the room like a doll on stilts. Faith, it's well come up with the pack of thim."
"And as for poor Batt," observed

Lanty, "sich tunes are too new-fang-led for his ould fingers. He couldn't plaze her av course; O, no, he's too ould-fashioned for that."

ould-fashioned for that."

'Plaze her! Ay indeed; after dancing in Derry City with her grand cousins, the manti-makers. Plaze her! No, Pegeliny himself, the great Dublin fiddler, couldn't plaze her. But it's the same all over the country; a man can't show a jug and glass in his windy nowadays, but his girls take airs on thimselves aqual to my Lady Leittreim—all merchants' daughters, if you plaze;" and Else laughed a dry, hard

laugh, and gave the leg of her stocking another hitch under her arm.

As she was yet speaking, a stranger passed down the road carrying a fish-ing rod in his hand, and stepping over ing rod in his hand, and stepping over a low fence, made his way slowly to a narrow tongue of land that stretched far out into Lough Ely, a spot much frequented by angiers, and particularly at that season of the year. He was a man apparently about thirty years of age, and wore a gray sporting frock, with can and gaiters to match. with cap and gaiters to match.

at's the strange gentleman, "se, "that comes down here from "That's

Crohan to fish so often."
"I saw him before," replied Lanty 'and bedad, if he knows as little about the gentleman as he does about the fisherman he's no great affair. I came across him yesterday at Kindrum, and he cast his line, for all the world, like a smith swinging a sledge hammer. 'Indeed, thin, myself doesn't know,

Lanty; but I'm tould he's come here from furrin parts for the good of his health, and is some far out friend to the Hardwrinkles of Crohan.' "I wouldn't doubt it in the laste,

for he's thin and sneaky, like the rest of the breed. Still he may be a dacent man, after all that." He's a quate, easy-spoken man,

anyway, whatever else he is."
"And plenty o' money to spend, I'll bail ye."
"In troth has he, and not a miser

"Humph! I see your acquest."

"Och! ay, he drops in here sometimes when he comes a fishin."

" And opens his purse when he goes out, oh, Else ?' O, thin, dear knows the gentleman id be welkim if he had never had a purse," replied Else. "It's not for that, but the quate, motherate way he

has. He comes in just like a child, and looks as modest as a lady, and sits there chattin ithout a bit pride in him nor one of oursels." Now d'ye tell me so? He's fond

of a shanahas, I see, furriner and all as he is. "Indeed, thin he's jist that same,

Lanty; he's mighty fond intirely say stories, and likes to hear tell of the 'Saldana,' how she was wracked here below, and the crew, how they were all buried in one grave in the ould churchyard in Rumalla, and about Captain Pecnam's ghost, that used to seen on moo nlight nights dressed all in white with a goolden sword by his side sittin on the Swilly Rock. And about Mr. Lee and his niece, and who they are, and how they came here, and how long since, and so on, and so on, till I'm a most tired of him myself

ometimes."
"Humph! Tired!" repeated Lanty; bedad, thin he must run you mighty

hard, Else, for may I niver—''
"Hould yer whist now," interrupted
the old woman; "I don't want any iv
yer side wipes;" and she pushed him playfully away with her thin, skeleton hand.
"Sure I didn't mane the laste offence

in life," muttered Lanty, leering round at his companion, and taking a smack from the pipe loud enough to be heard at the road below; "no, bat I was only jist saying that if the gentleman tired you talkin, why, he ought to be proud iv it, for after taking six covenanter ministers, besides a dancin master and two tailors, out iv yer house

"Hould yer tongue now, I tell ye," exclaimed Else; "hould yer tongue, or I'll slap yer in the face. Yer niver aisy but whin yer at some divilment. So, as I was tellin ye, he wanted to know all about the light-keeper here and his nece, and the wrack of the Saldaua, though, bedad, he seems to know himself more about it nor me. Why sure, Lanty, he tells me that Mr. Lee had a brother, or cousin, or some very near frind lost in that same ship, for he niver heerd tell of, livin or dead, since the vessel sailed from Bristol: and more nor that, Lanty, he was a high up officer, if you plaze, and a fine darin

bould gentleman to boot."
"Ha! see that now! Bedad, and it's only what I always thought myself of the same Mr. Lee, since the first day I laid my eyes on him; for he has the look of a gentleman in his very face, even if he is only a light-keeper; and what's better nor all that, Else Curley, he has the feelin of a gentleman in his

Ha, ha-look!" exclaimed Else. laying one hand suddenly on Lanty's shoulder, and pointing with the stocking in the other to the angler below; ha, ha-he's in a mighty pucker, poor man.

oor man."

"O, the bungler, the bungler!" exclaimed Lanty; "he's got his hooks tangled in the weeds at the very first east; look how he pulls! Why, it's a sin and a shame to let him use such beautiful tackling in that lubberly way. But whist! see! by the powers iv pewter, it's a trout he has, and a three pounder into the bargain-there he jumps like a salmon! O, meel-a-murther! did iver mortal man see the like !

all the world, as if he'd a grampus on a jack line;" and the speaker grew so indignant that he threatened to run down and snatch the rod from down and stated the foot of the foot of the stranger's hands; but Else Curley counselled him to "take it also, and interfere in nobody's business till he was asked; if the trout breaks the ' she added, " he has money

man's gear," she added, "he has money enough to buy more." By this time the fish had run out the greater part of the line, and kept back-ing and tugging with all its might, like a fettered partridge making a last effort to escape on the approach of the snarer. The whole strength of the trout was made to bear on the casting line; for the rod, instead of being held in a vertical position, allowing its supple point to play up and down as the fish plunged, was, on the contrary, grasped in both hands as horizontally as if he had caught a shark with a boatnook, and was actually dragging it ashore by main strength.

"The man's castin line," cried Lanty, "if he has any on at all, must be made of fiddler's catgut, or it never

could stand that usage."

The trout, after thus endeavoring to shake itself free of the hook, now dived, and making a desperate sheer, ran out the line apparently to its last turn on the wheel; and Lanty felt sure the trout the wheel; and Lanty left sure the trout had broken loose at last, and carried flies and casting line away with him into the deep. But he was mistaken; for hardly had the exhausted fish been down a moment, when he rose again, and sputtered on the surface like a wounded water ben. At this instant an object came suddenly into view which gave an entirely new feature to the scene. A light boat, carrying a small, light sprit sail as white as snow, shot round the point, and passed within two fathoms length of the angler

before he perceived it.
"Hilloa!" cried Lanty; "there goes Mary Lee. There she is in the stern sheets, handling her cockle-shell ike a water spirit. And there goes Drake, too, sittin in the bows, with his

cold black nose over the gunwale."
Old Else laid by her knitting and wiped her bleared eyes to look down at the scene. "Musha, thin, may I niver do harm but that's jist the darling herself, Lanty," she muttered; "there she is in her blue jacket and white straw hat, the best and gentle t girl

ver sailed on Ely water.' Hardly had Eise spoken, and raised up her fleshless hands to support her pointed chin, that she might gaze down more steadily on the scene below, when Drake, mistaking the sputtering fish for a wounded bird, sprang from the bows, seized it by the back before his mistress could prevent him, and then, snapping both rod and line at a single turned away from the confounded and astonished sportsman, and swam after the boat, snuffing the air and wagging his tail in an ecstasy of de-

light. "Well done, Drake," cried Lanty, starting up from his seat, and clapping his hands in such glee that the pipe fell from his mouth unobserved, and broke in pieces at his feet. "Well done, ould dog! well done, my gallant ould fellow—that's it, Drake!—that's just what he deserves, the blundering gawkie, to abuse such a fish in that way."

The light breeze from the south-east had been gaining for the last half hour or so, and now blew so fresh round the point that the little boat lay down allost gunwale udder, and swept past, before her fair pilot could bring her within speaking distance of the stranger. Once she tried to jam her up to wind-ward, probably with the intention of apologizing for Drake's uncivil be havior; but the little craft refused to obey, and then, waving her hand, she let her fall off towards the opposite shore, and was soon lost sight of behind the point.

All this took place in much less time than we have taken to describe it, the boat appearing and disappearing as suddenly as a moving picture in a panorama.

the fair occupant of the little boat as long as she remained in sight, and then, peering stealthily round to see if any one had witnessed his discomfiture, dis jointed the remainder of his fishing rod, and throwing it carelessly on his shoulder, walked away slowly and sadly from the shore.

"There he goes," said Lanty, button-

ing his green jacket; "there he goes, sneaking off like a fox from a hen roost. O, that he may niver come back, I pray Begorra, it's ducked he ought to be, if iver he has the assurance to cast a line in the wather again. But I must be off myself to the lighthouse, and coax Mr. Lee for a mallard wing for

Jerry."
"O, ay! to be sure, Uncle Jerry!
thora's no one like Uncle Jerry. E'r there's no one like Uncle Jerry. E' thin may be if the gentleman you're for ducking in the lough there was as free to you with his purse as Uncle Jerry, he'd just be as great a favorite, every But it's an ould sayin and a true bit. one, Lanty-Praise the fool as you find him. "Don't say that, Else Curley,"

plied Lanty, laying his hand on her shoulder, and speaking more earnestly than usual—"don't say that, for the heavens knows I wouldn't give one kind word of Uncle Jerry's lips, or one kindly feeling of his generous fine ould heart, for a million like him. And listen to me, Else Curley, for I'm going to tell ye a secret. I know that off an on for a month and more-not that was iver much in his company ; but I watched him, and watched vatened nim, and watened nim too for raisin o' my own—and I tell you plainly, Else, if he opened his purse to me ivery day in the year, and it full o' goold guineas, I cudn't feel it in my heart to touch one o' thim."
"Arrah, you cudn't now!" responded

Else, in a half-incredulous, half-jeering tone. "By my word, it's mighty big spoken of you, Mr. Hanlon. E' thin might a body make so bould as to ax yer raisins; faith, they must be powerful ones intigaly."

ones intirely."

"I have no particklar raisins," replied Lanty; "he niver did harm to me nor mine, that I know of. But I don't He'll smash everything—bad like him. There's something wrong scran to him, the omedhawn, why don't about him, and I feel it somehow when he give the fish fair play—he pulls, for I'm near him; there's a dark spot in

not lucky. Wh so often, I'd like "Why trout else?" replied "Pshaugh! you can't run 'cute and all as care a brass far in Donegal, fro Head. I see There's not a d in his body."
"O, no! no

don't go into t Jerry, at every the water. Hu "The fish h wather, Else C said Lanty, lay woman's should words into her "Ay, in tro

> id be aither, s turned out tha one Else Curle his hook for his The old won astonished at t was a faint sm mouth, she cou A stranger wo Hanlon was ar knew her bette "You needn"

and sorra much

replied Lanty cudn't consale too well, ould v about that ma mortal in this but yerself.' sacret! replied Else, t her thumb on

"a secret, ind wide world pu "The fairies " Indeed, th think ve come able stock yes more nor ye Else. "Well, good must go, for I

find my compa besides. But before I start. money out iv t willin to spend well and good to me, Else. thrifle wid a s -say but a wi very weasel'sence, Else I'll forget tha and my venge the clay cover
"Why, the
Lanty Hanlon
cudn't think l
"Think!"

no matter wha say;" and thoughts and turned from th tered to himse thorn under rabbit-skin ca once more, betray the I enough. And coorse she do iver saw God's

conscience sh barring ould before, in he hate her, the can't harm h there's a sart iv these part case she' thry it. So, world's big good enough go through i eart and an fear, my boy or land, cow and who car yer back, str without spot blessing o' C d've want? as ye hop forget to kee and thus th

fellow tripp singing the "The Sassana They strippe But there's or them-

THE QU BY BEV. BE

Father Be from many posed by no given by Fathers to truth who a Christ. entire field not merely with many church disc the very la plete and c ation to sa every non speaking w trust that among cler book gene Donohoe's For sale Office. Pr

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gging it all, must t it never voring to

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is in the ckle-shell here goes vale. itting and ok down at ay I niver ; "there and white atle t girl

nd raised pport her gaze down low, when ering fish from the before his and then, t a single confounded and swam asy of deed Lanty,

t the pipe rved, and t. "Well t. "Well my gallant e!—that's blundering sh in that south-east half hour round the y down al-wept past, bring her estranger. tention of ncivil be-refused to hand, she

e opposite t of behind ibe it, the pearing as in a pangazed after le boat as see if any fiture, dis-lishing rod, ly on his

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e he goes, hen roost. ck, I pray! cast a line must be off l coax Mr. for Uncle le Jerry! Jerry. E you're for was as free acle Jerry, ite, every

s you find

arley," reand on her e earnestly at, for the ve one kind-r one kind-fine ould that man mot that you plain-ourse to me l it full o' l it in my

'responded nighty big n. E' thin as to ax yer e powerful isins," re-

harm to me But I don't ing wrong ehow when ark spot in

him somewhere that the bright light

niver reached yit, Else."

"Humph!" ejaculated the old woman, looking sharply at her companion;
"you suspect him of something?"

"I do." " And what is it, Lanty ?"

"And what is it, Lanty?"
"I can't tell; it's a mysthery to myself. But he has that in his eye that's not lucky. What brings him down here so often, I'd like to know?"
"Why troutfishin, av coorse—what else?" replied his companion.
"Pshaugh! nonsense. Else Curley; you can't run 'Donal' on me that way, cute and all as ye are. That man don't care a brass farthin for the best fishin in Donegal, from Onea River to Malin in Donegal, from Onea River to Malin Head. I see it in his very motions. There's not a dhrap o' sportman's blood

in his body."

"O, no! not a dhrap, because he don't go into the doldrums, like Uncle Jerry, at every fin he sees rising above the water. Humph! pity but he wud."

"The fish he's after don't live in wather, Else Curley, and you know it," said Lanty, laying his finger on the old woman's shoulder, and whispering the words into her ear.

"Ay, in troth, jist yourself, Else, and sorra much iv a parish wondher it id be aither, some o' these days, if it turned out that he was trying to buy one Else Curley o' the 'Cairn' to bait his hook for him into the bargain."

The old woman endeavored to look astonished at the accusation, but there was a faint smile in the corner of her mouth, she could not entirely suppress. A stranger would possibly have called it a contortion of the lips; but Lanty Hanlon was an old acquaintance, and

knew her better. knew her better.

"You needn't try to consale it, Else," replied Lanty, "for do yer best you cudn't consale it from me. I know ye too well, ould woman. There's a sacret about that man and the Lees, and no mortal in this neighborhood knows it

but yerself.' sacret! tut, you're dhramin," "A sacret! tut, you're duranin, replied Else, turning away and laying her thumb on the latch of the door; "a secret, indeed! arrah, what in the wide world put that in yer head?"

'The fairies." "Indeed, then, Mr. Hanlon, one id think ye come from that same respectable stock yerself, ye know so much more nor yer neighbors," retorted

"Well, good evenin, Else Curley. I must go, for I've business to do, and I find my company's growin troublesome, besides. But take a word of warnin before I start. If yer bent on makin money out iv this stranger, and if he's money out it this stranger, and it he swillin to spend it ton you and yer sacrets, well and good; I'm content But listen to me, Else. Make the laste offer to thrifle wid a sartin person you know of,—say but a wrong word—breathe but a single bad breath, was it as low as the single bad breath, was it as low as the very weasel's—and my hand on my conscience, Else Curley, from that minute I'll forget that we were iver acquaint, and my vengeance will purshue ye till

and my vengeance will pursue ye that the clay covers ye."

"Why, the heavens presarve us, Lanty Hanlon; what d'ye mane? You cudn't think!'d betray—"

"Think!" repeated Lanty; "well, no matter what I think; I've said my card, and again, wishing, her fair

no matter what I think; I ve said my say;" and again wishing her fair thoughts and a pleasant evening, he turned from the door.

"Ah, the ould schamer," he muttered to himself, as he jerked his black.

thorn under his arm, and tossed his rabbit-skin cap on the side of his head once more, "the ould schamer, she'd betray, the Pope if the bribe was big enough. And still she loves her—av coorse she does—and small blame to her aither; for there's no Christian crathur iver saw God's good light that shouldn't iver saw God's good light that shouldn't love her; and after all, I b'lieve in my conscience she's the only livin thing, barring ould Nannie, she iver did love before, in her life. But love her or hate her, there's one small raisin she can't harm her, and that's just thister there's a sartin Misther Lanty Hanlon, iv these parts, won't let her—even set in case she'd be wicked enough to thry it. So, rattle away, Lanty; the world's big enough for ye—ay, and good enough, too, ye thief, if ye only go through it as ye ought, with a stout least each as heat of the crowd as you do,"

In her lurs and velvets, and even to last and even to ask her with a nudge, to move up and make room. That is as it should be, ask her with a nudge, to move up and make room. That is as it should be, ask her with a nudge, to move up and make room. That is as it should be, ask her with a nudge, to move up and make room. That is as it should be, ask her with a nudge, to move up and make room. That is as it should be, ask her with a nudge, to move up and make room. That is as it should be, isn't it?"

"No doubt, no doubt, "agreed Maria Dolores, beginning to pace backwards and forwards over the lichen-stained and forwards over the lichen-stained marble pavement (stained as by the hand of an artist, in wavy veins of yellow or pale green, with here and there was a great favorite in his diocese. He knew ever arranged in two lines against the larger part of those present wall. They were mostly of the working class, although some were fashionably dressed. There were many priests, monks and students among them, and the larger part of those present should not like to kneel quite in the here are covered with these inscriptions. It is a unique collection; less the arms, studded with miles of wall area covered with these inscriptions. It is a unique collection; and along the base on either side are involved are accorred with these inscriptions. It is a unique collection; where a covered with these inscriptions. It is a unique collection; where a covered eart and an honest conscience. Don't fear, my boy; ye have neither hous or land, cow or calf, penny or purse, and who cares!—ye have clothes on yer back, strength in yer arm, a heart without spot or flaw in it, and wid the essing o' God to back ye, what more d'ye want? So dance away, Lanty, and as ye hop through the figures, don't forget to keep your eye on the fiddler" and thus the reckless, light-hearted fellow tripped along the glen, still singing the old ditty as he went:

"The Sassanach villains—de il tare them!— They stripped us as bare as the 'poles;" But there's one thing we just couldn't spare

them— The 'Kidug' that covers our souls. Right fol de lol oi," &c. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE QUESTION-BOX ANSWERS.

BY BEV. BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C. S. P

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JOHN'S LITTLE LESSON.

THE PERSISTENT ATTENTION OF THE OLD

DOPPELGAENER. By Henry Harland.

By Henry Harland.

Of course there are no such heretical inventions as pews in the parish church of Sant' Alessina. You sit upon the orthodox rush-bottomed chairs, you kneel upon orthodox bare stones. But at the epistle side of the altar, at an elevation of perhaps a yard from the pavement, there is a recess in the wall, enclosed by a marble balustrade and hung with faded red curtains, which looks, I'm afraid, a good deal like a private box at a theater, and is in fact the tribune reserved for the masters of the castle. In former days those masters were the Sforzas. So, from this ters were the Sforzas. So, from this tribune, the members of that race of iron and blood, of fierceness and of guile, have assisted at the mystical sacrifice of the Lamb of God! Heretofore, during John's residence at the presbytery, the tribune had stood vacant. To day it was occupied by Maria Dolores and Frau Brandt. Maria Dolores, instead of wearing a hat, had adopted the ancient and beautiful use of draining a long year of these large.

adopted the ancient and beautiful use of draping a long veil of black lace over her dark hair.

John knelt in the middle of the church in the thick of the ragged, dirty, unsavory villagers. When Mass was over, he returned to the cloisters, and there, face to face, he met the lady of his dreams.

of his dreams. She graciously inclined her head.
"Good morning," she said, smiling, in
a voice that seemed to him full of morn-

ing freshness.

"Good morning," he responded, wondering whether she could hear the tremor of his heart. "Though, in honest truth, it's rather a bad morning. isn't it?" he submitted, posing his head at an angle, dubious and reflective, that seemed to raise the question to a

level of philosophic import.

"Oh, with these cloisters, one shouldn't complain," said she, glancing indicatively around. "One can still be out of doors, and yet not get the wetting one deserves. And the view is so fine, and these faded old frescoes are so droll."

"Yes," said he, his wits, for the instant, in a state of suspended animation, "the view is fine, the frescoes are droll."

She looked as if she were thinking

about something.
"Don't you find it," she asked, after a moment, with the slightest be-puzzled drawing together of her eyebrows, "a trifle unpleasant, hearing Mass from where you do?"

John looked blank.
"Unpleasant? No. Why?" he

asked.

"I should think it might be disagree-

cance as well as its bad. It's one of the many signs of how genuinely democratic and popular the Church is in Italy — as it ought to be everywhere. It is here essentially the Church of the people, the church of the people of t

"You are a delicate and sensitive woman," he reminded her. "I am a man, and a moderately tough one. However, I must admit until rather recently. The description of the sensitive works and the sensitive works are sensitive. enousyer, I must admit until rather re-cently, I had your feeling. But I got a lesson." He broke off, and gave a vague little laugh, vaguely rueful, as at a not altogether pleasant reminis-

What was the lesson?" she asked. "Well," said he, "if you care to know, it was this. The first time that I attended Mass here, desiring to avoid the people, I sought out a far corner of the church, behind a pillar, where there was no one. But as I had got myself well established there, up bobbed a deformed and lame old man, and plumped himself down beside me, so close that our coat sleeves touched. I think he was the most repulsive looking old man I have ever seen; he was certainly the dirtiest, the grimiest, and his rags were extravagantly foul. I will spare you a more circumstantial portrait. And all through the Mass I was sick with disgust and sore with resentment. Why should he come and rub his coat-sleeve against mine, when there was room in

plenty for him elsewhere? "The next time I went to church I choose a different corner, as remote as m ght be from my former one; but again, no sooner was i well installed, than, lo and behold, the same unspeakable old man limped up and knelt with me, cheek by jowl. And so, if you can believe it, the next time, and so the next. It didn't matter where I placed myself, there he was sure to place him-self, too. You will suppose that, apart from my annoyance, I was vastly per-plexed. Why should he pursue me so? Who was he? Who was he after? And enlightenment, I addressed myself to Annunziata, 'Who is the hideous old to sponsibility. Finally there was a sponsibility of the contrary that I always the line a third of a mile, for that is least to finally there was a sponsibility. Finally there was a sponsibility of the contrary that I always the line a third of a mile, for that is Donohoe's Magazine.

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There seems to be no art of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discerning when to have done.—Swift.

See Bad not noticed anyone asked her. She had not noticed anyone kneeling beside me, she said; she had not noticed anyone the said; she had not noticed anyone asked her. She had not noticed anyone through the said; she had not noticed anyone the stream of the discretion. It will prodoc Lips.—Ds Sota, the line a third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for the purpose of discovering the light of the corridor.

There seems to be no art of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discerning when to have done.—Swift.

So we went to Mass, and sure enough no crowd which told us that His Holiness which make the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely a versual content.

The WILL PROLONG LIPS.—Ds Sota, the stream of the digestion.

It will prolong the intent wilds of Florida. Whither he went for the purpose of discovering the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at the unknown country.

There seems to be no art of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discorring the light of the corridor.

"Pretty soon we could see a group of glistening spears over the heads of the light of the corridor.

"Pretty soon we could see a group of glistening spears over the heads of the light of the curring which exist in the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at third of a mile, for that is the line at the unknown country.

The light of the curring the light of the c

sooner had I found a secluded place, than my old friend appeared and joined me, dirtier and more hideous, and if possible more deformed than ever.

"Yes?" said Maria Dolores, with interest, as he paused.

"When we came out of church I asked Appunging who he was." continued

Annunziata who he was," continued John. "And she said that though she John. "And she said that though she had kept her eyes open, according to my injunction, she had failed to see anyone kneeling beside me—that, on the contrary, she had seen me," he concluded, with an insouciance that was plainly assumed for its dramatic value, "kneeling alone, at a distance from everyone." from everyone.'

Maria Dolores' face was white. She frowned her mystification.
"What!" she exclaimed, in a half-

"What!" she exclaimed, in a half-frightened voice.
"That is precisely the ejaculation that fell from my own lips at the time," said John. "Then I gave her a minute description of the old man, in all his ugliness. And then she administered my lesson to me."

"Yes! What was it? questioned Maria Delegase her interest acute.

Maria Dolores, her interest acute.
"Speaking in that oracular vein of hers, her eyes very big, her face very grave, she assured me that my horrible old man had no objective existence. She informed me cheerfully and calmly that he was an image of my own soul, as it appeared corrupted and aged and deformed by the sins of a lifetime, to God and to the saints. And she added God and to the saints. And she added that he was sent to punish me for my pride in thinking myself different to the common people, and in seeking to hold muself aloof. "Since then," John brought his anecdote to a term. "I have always knelt in the body of the church and I have never again seen my Doppelgaenger."—"My Friend Prospero," in McClure's Magazine.

A TOUCHING SIGHT.

A PERSONAL VIEW OF THE RECEPTION OF POPE PIUS X. TO HIS LOYAL CHILDREN OF VENICE—HE KNEW EVERY CHILD AND EVERY CHILD LOVED HIM BLESSES HIS OLD NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS.

William E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald, gives a very graphic personal narrative of the picturesque occasion on which the Pope received his old friends from Venice, when they went down to Rome, two thousand strong, to see for themselves how "Don strong, to see for themselves how "Don Giuseppi," as they affectionately cali him, is getting on as Pope. The rail-ways gave them reduced rates, they brought a band of music and a choir or singers with them, and his Holiness made them a fatherly, neighborly speech from a platform, which had been erected in the court of Damascus, called after the thirty-ninth Pope, who reigned from 366 to 384 A. D.

"I should think it might be disagreeable to be hemmed in and elbowed by those extraordinarily ragged and dirty people," she explained. "It's a pity they shouldn't clean themselves up a little before coming to church."

"Ah, yes," he assented, "a little cleaning up wouldn't hurt them; that's very certain. But," he set torth, "it's not the custom of the country, and the fact that it isn't has its good significance as well as its bad. It's one of the most impressive and interesting spectacles of his life.

"Long before the hour appointed for the Pope to appear," he says, "the pligrims were conducted into the pligrims were conducted into the pligrims are conducted i

several delegates from organizations of the local churches of Venice—charitable and literary societies-which brought their banners and other objects to be blessed. Many had gifts in their hands, some had money in en-In their hands, some had money in envelopes, others little keepsakes, books, pieces of embroidery, caps, slippers and other remembrances for their beloved pastor. One lady dressed in deep mourning scored a triumph by bringing a white biretta, which his Holiness in a most amiable manner accepted in exchange for the one he was wearing. And she carried the old one away with an air of satisfaction that away with an air of satisfaction that no woman ever felt before. The Pope's sisters came with the crowd and stood with their former neighbors. They were dressed in plain black gowns, with cheap lace scarfs or mantillas over their heads and no one would have taken them for anything but what they are, honest, intelligent country women. But you can imagine how they must have felt when they Giuseppi in his saw their brother white robes surrounded by the guards

receiving the adoration of the people.
"There was perfect order. Swiss marcs were stationed at intervals along the line to keep the people in their places, and they scolded a good deal at those who became impatient and were running back and forth. It was a long wait, and it seemed much longer than it really was. We could hear the band outside in the court yard playing lively airs which were scarcely appropriate to a clergyman's Sunday reception. Several of the papal chamberlains were on duty—Romans of high rank in full evening dress, with white ties and nosegays in their buttonholes. One of them had a big gold chain around his neck

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gestion and Salt Rheum.

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W. H. Wedder

was coming our way. He moved very slowly. Msgr. Della Chisa, his major domo, came first, with half a dozen chamberlains and gentlemen in wait-

ing, who cleared the way and pushed the crowd back into line, and was fol-lowed by three of the Swiss guards

backward, with their long spears in their hands, and looked very fierce and formid-

able. There was a striking contrast between their medieval gorgeous-ness and the sweet gentleness of the beautiful old man whom they

were there to protect. His snow-white hair was a good deal mussed and he looked tired, as if he had not slept well the night before.

the night before. But the affectionate tenderness with which he greeted his former parishioners was affecting. He stooped to shake hands with every one

he knew; he patted the children on the head and listened attentively to the messages that were repeated to him, and sometimes they brought tears into

his big eyes.
"Several Bishops were with him in
"Several Bishops but nobody saw

kisses. Many tried to follow him, but the four sediaria, or chair bearers, in

constantly commanding the people to be quiet and remain in line.

"The Pope was dressed in his usual

robes of white, with a big gold chain twice around his neck, from which a cross, at least six inches long and four

inches across the arms, studded with

FACTION.

Rome Correspondentthe Freeman's Journal.

Naples: "To-day at the cathedral were inaug-

urated the feasts on the occasion of the sixteenth centenary of the death of St. Januarius. The faithful proceeded in

pilgrimage from all the parishes to the Duomo. At 11 o'clock the phials con-

taining the blood of St. Januarius were

borne processionally from the Chapel of the Treasure of St. Japuarius to the

high altar, and, after five minutes, the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood took place amid the profound emotion

of the people. Afterwards a procession was formed in which Cardinal Prisco,

the clergy, the entire aristocratic depu-tation of St. Januarius and the Catho-

Here in Italy we take as a matter of

course the annual repetition of this

miracle, which has gone on for hundreds

lic associations took part.'

of years.

procure.

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diceases which have defied the m dical world and grown worse with age. We care
not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package.

Theo. Noel, Geologist. C. R. Dept. Yonge ST. Toronto, Ont.

If I Don't Conquer a Failing. I must strive with all my heart to overcome -but if I do not succeed, not

clad in the extraordinarily fantastic uniform which is said to have been de-signed by Michael Angelo. They moved Let us not be content with avoiding sin, let us avoid also those things which at first sight appear indifferent, but little by little lead to sin.—St. John

petulance, nor anger, not bitterness, but contrition, humility, and courage.

Chrysostom. "Right is neither male nor female, knows nothing about sex, and is one and the same thing in man and in woman."

"What humanity wants most is not money, but sympathy, comprehension, enlightenment, uplifting."

WAKEFUL BABIES.

No baby cries for the mene fun of the thing. It cries because it is not wellgenerally its little stomach is sour, its bowels, congested its skin hot and fev-erish. This is very often why babies are wakeful and make nights miserable for the parents. Relieve the little one "Several Bishops were with him in gorgeous purple robes, but nobody saw them. Every eye was fixed upon the benevolent face of the successor of St. Peter. Every knee bent as he approached, and every lip touched a big red stone set with pearls in his ring. It was too large and lusterless for a ruby, so we thought it might be a cornelian. Some of the women clung to his hands and covered them with kisses. Many tried to follow him, but and among these mothers is Mrs. James Farrell, Banberry, Ont., who says: "I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for little ones. My baby was cross and gave me a good scarlet liveries, who closed in behind the Pope to protect him against any possible danger, pushed them rudely back, and the harsh voice of the captain of the Swiss guard could be heard deal of trouble, but since using the tablets I could not wish for a healthier or better natured child."

Stronger praise could not be given, and the mother has a guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by medicine dealers or sent post paid at 25 cent a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE WAR WINDS



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To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood. IN NATURE'S STOREHOUSE THERE ARE CURES.—Medical experiments have shown coaclusively that there are medicinal virtues to even ordinary plants growing up around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that Nature provides a cure for every disease which neglect and ignorance have visited upon man. However this may be, it is well known that Parmete's Vegetable rills distribed from roots and there are a sovereign remedy in curing all disorders of the digestion.

IT WILL PROLONG LIFE.—D. Sota, the

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.
Ottawa, Canada, March 7th. 1900.
ditor of The Catholic Record,

e Editor of This condition on the midon. Ont: in direction of the past I have read references. The Catholic Record, settmable paper, The Catholic Record, settmable paper, and upon the manner in

ne faithful.

saing you, and wishing you success.

Believe me, to remain,

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,

† D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa

Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, Jan. 23, 1904.

AN IMMINENT WAR CLOUD.

Negotiations between Russia and Japan to avert a war between these two powers are progressing very slowly, and at the present moment the situation is so strained that the lapse of a few hours may precipitate a war between them, the consequences of which it is impossible to forsee.

The alliance between France and Russia which has now been in force for many years, and which has been supposed to be so cordial and close that these powers will be found fighting on the same side should the war break out which is new imminent, is asserted not to be so close as has been believed. The alliance between Japan and Great Britain is understood to be of such a nature that if a third power should take the part of Japan's opponent in a war between Japan and some other power, Great Britain would step in to give Japan substantial assistance. It is now believed that this agreement has operated to prevent France and Russia from uniting in a war on the Island empire.

The assertion has been recently made that under the administration of Premier Combes there will be no joint attack upon Japan; but that Japan and Russia will be left to fight be- test for the mayoralty of the city of tween themselves the issue now at stake. Cordial relations have, in fact, sprung up recently between France and Great Britain such as have not existed since the establishment of the Republic thirty-three years ago, resulting in the recent treaty between these ber of Branch 28, of the C. M. B. A., two powers, to settle by arbitration and almost since its inception has been such differences as might under other circumstances be settled only by force. All these circumstances have tended toward the continuance of peaceful relations so far as France and Britain are concerned, and it is thus understood that their own differences are to be settled in a peaceful manner. It is scarcely to be supposed that they will flicting interests of two foreign nations, when it is easily seen that the trouble arises from the greed of conquest or of extending their respective authority over nations which ought not to be under the sovereign control of either

The present occupation of Manchuria by Russia is a gross violation of the Chinese sovereignty. It has lasted ever since the Boxer's insurrection which was suppressed by an alliance of to Russia a cloak under which the oc- work. cupation of Manchuria took place with no attempt at concealment, but since then Russia has been constantly making profession that it was always intended to evacuate Manchuria so soon as the attacks of the Chinese Boxers upon foreigners should cease through the united action of the then allied powers. These promises have not been kept, and it is this persistence of Russia in retaining the territory then occupied and since then in pushing forward its outposts and immediate cause of the present war

Japan has been indignant enough because of Russia's actual refusal to evacuate Manchuria; but even now she is willing for the sake of peace to let Manchuria provided an open door be mas eve, by dispensation of forbidder given to the commerce of the world, and time, and difference of worship. that she be left free to exercise control to Corea, and herein lies the trouble. Nice on the subject answered that the talk. Then he produces a casket which

The occupation of any part of Corea by Russia would be regarded by Japan as a menace to her existence.

The Japanese-Chinese war was fought out to establish the independence of Corea as against China, and the suzerainty of Japan over that kingdom or empire. The rights of Japan thus acquired, the progressive Japanese are disposed to assert, even should it be necessary to fight Russia in order to naintain them, and it seems that the time has come when this alternative must be taken. The greatness of Russia's military

ower cannot be denied, but Japan, which met so courageously the whole strength of the Chinese empire with its 400,000,000 of people, has complete confidence in its own strength, and is not to be cowed by the great strength of Russia with its population of 150,000,000. Powerful as Russia is, it will have to fight this issue many thousands of miles away from its centre of authority, which will be a disadvantage which ought not to be underestimated, especially inasmuch as Russia has numerous interests at stake in other parts of its empire, which will prevent it from concentrating its forces in the attempt to meet Japan so far east.

What the result will be should the imminent war cloud burst, it is difficult to forecast, but the issue is one of great interest to us in Canada, and indeed to all parts of the British Empire, as it is quite within the range of possibility that the Empire may become involved in the issue. The tendency of Russia to extend its territory in every direction is a danger to British rule in India and Burmah, and Britain cannot look on with indifference should Japan be worsted in the coming complications. There is therefore not only a possibility, but even a probability that before many weeks elapse, perhaps even before many days, Great Britain may declare herself a determined ally

of Japan. The interests of China are undoubtedly on the side of Japan, which is aiming solely to stop Russian encroachments. The Chinese have not courage themselves to say nay to the Cossack invaders, but they may take courage when they see a plucky nation like Japan offering alone to meet and check the Russian advance, and it is by no means unlikely that there may be so powerful a combination as Japan, Great Britain and China united to oppose that advance which is a defiance thrown out against all these powers together, and we may almost say against the whole world.

THE OTTAWA MAYORALTY.

A highly esteemed friend sends us the following in reference to the con-

Mr. John J. Enright, who, with Mr D'Arcy Scott, suffered defeat in the recent elections at Ottawa, was a member of the Separate School Board for nearly twenty-five years, and chairman for many years. He is a charter memprominently connected with St. Patrick's Asylum, the leading Irish Catholie charity of Ottawa. Mr. Enright's aldermanic career extended over eight rears, and his friends better right than Mr. Scott to ask the suffrages of the Catholics of Ottawa, and that it was not Mr. Enright but Mr. Scott who should have withdrawn

from the contest. In justice to Mr. Enright we have engago in a war on account of the con- much pleasure in publishing the We are indeed glad to know that he has been such a useful member of the community. However, looking at the matter as an outsider, and with no desire to interfere in the local differences of our friends in Ottawa, we sincerely trust that we will never again witness the spectacle of one Irish Catholic opposing another in this manner. As to the remedy-well, it is for the Irish Catholies of Ottawa to apply it. And in the all the Great Powers of Europe, to- future those who endeavor to promote gether with Japan and the United a spirit of unity and friendliness States. The Boxer's insurrection was amongst them will be doing a noble

> AN IRREGULARLY CELEBRATED MARRIAGE.

The Rev. Joseph H. McMahon of New York City writes to the Freeman's Journal contradicting a statement made by Senator Depew and his wife whom he married at Nice, France, to the effect that the priest at Nice had not been deceived in regard to a Protestant marriage which was celebrated after the Catholic marriage by the acquiring new territory which is the priest. Mr. Depew is a Protestant, and his wife, nee Miss Palmer, is a Catholic, and the Catholic cure of the parish of Notre Dame, Nice, married the couple, who were afterwards married by a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. This Russia continue its occupation of double marriage took place on Christ-

The cure of Notre Dame Church in Corea. But Russia's designs extend being interrogated by the Bishop of

fact of the intended second marriage was not made known to him, otherwise he could not and would not have assisted at the first marriage.

The Cure declares that he did not comply culpably, as the intention to contract the second marriage was concealed from him.

The Bishop of Nice on being in formed of all the circumstances declared that there was a grave error contrary to the customary procedure in the case of mixed marriages, and he certainly seems to imply that the cure was careless in the matter which his Lordship says, is "a cause of scandal to the Catholic world."

The other requisite conditions for a mixed marriage were complied with, as it was agreed that the children born of the marriage shall be brought up as Catholics.

The Cure says in his own justification " It is only through the papers that learned that a Protestant marriage followed the ceremony by me, and it was then one of my assistants who gave me the paper. I live in my church and do not occupy myself with the outside I was not acquainted the parties to be married, and have not had relations with their circle of I could not, therefore, know their plans, especially on account of the reticence on the part of those interested, for which I absolutely decline to assume the responsibility.'

HERR SUDERMANN AND THE ANARCHISTS.

A very amusing episode has occurred in the German literary world, from which the inference is drawn by the critics that the well-known writer Hermann Sudermann has been converted from his former strongly expressed radical and Socialistic, and we may even say Anarchistic views.

The writer named has produced a comedy which has been played before a Berlin audience, creating considerable surprise at the "moral" therein conreyed, and perplexity that a writer, who has been hitherto regarded as almost, if not quite an Anarchist, should in a serio-comic drama insinuate that the Socialistic party which has greatly grown in strength in Germany during the last few years, is insincere, and could be readily dissolved by the easy purchase of its most irreconcilable leaders, at the cheap price of a few very small favors from the Government.

The play is called "Der Sturmgesede Socrates," or "Storm-Club Socrates." It describes proceedings of the "Storm-Club" which consists of a number of revolutionists of '48 who have retained their old opinions, but only as a theory, as it is perfectly well understood that their radicalism will never attempt to overthrow the existing civil order of

things. The members of the Storm-Club meet regularly in a small inn where they discuss the current political questions of the day over their beer. They call themselves by fanciful names to show their radicalism, such as "Cato, Brutus, Bruno," etc. The leader of the party is called "Socrates," his real name being Hartmeyer. He is a dentist by trade, and the other members all practice some legitimate profession, one of them being even a minister of the national Church.

While the club is in session one evening, an attendant comes in to tell that the Landrath or chief magistrate wishes to see "Socrates." There is general consternation at this, as it is naturally inferred that they are all to be arrested for treason; yet the Landrath is admitted to the meeting and is warmly welcomed by the whole party, who were all afraid of the conequences of showing him anything but a friendly exterior. The purpose of the visit is then made known. It is not to arrest the members, but it is to obtain the services of the dentist President of the Association under peculiar circumstances. A prince of a royal house is at the moment visiting the town, and one of his dogs has the toothache, and needs the services of a skillful dentist ! Socrates is asked to cure the animal, and he will, of course, be well rewarded,

The ex-revolutionist leader indig. nantly refuses. He would cure an ordinary dog; but to do this for a princely dog would be against his most cherished principles!

The magistrate knows all about the workings of the society, and makes a mild threat that the refusal of the leader may lead to much unpleasant ness to himself and his comrades. But to no purpose! Socrates is incorruptible, and persists in his refusal.

Socrates, however, has a son who belongs, indeed, to the society, but whose principles are not so stern as those of his father, and he cures the

The father is the one who is most exasperated by his son's treason, and insists on the son's expulsion, which takes place.

Now the magistrate moralizes and gives some salutary advice to the members to be more moderate in their

contains a decoration. The prince has sent a riband to the father for the service rendered by the son in curing the dog!

What is to be done now? Shall Socrates accept? His principles forbid this, but vanity is strong, and his wife urges his acceptance. He yields and puts on the decoration. He next repents his weakness, and weeps; but the wife's persuasion coupled with his own vanity unite in leading him to believe that after all the present regime may be the best thing for the country.

Hermann Sudermann's hit has given many the impression that one who knows so thoroughly the present status of Socialism and Anarchism would not have written such a play were he not convinced of the hollowness of the vaunted fraternity of the Anarchists and irreconcilable upholders of radical-

DEATH OF A NOTED PRIEST.

The death of the Very Rev. Dean Kilroy-a sketch of whose life we publish in another column-brings grief to many a heart in this diocese and elsewhere, but more particularly to the good people of Stratford, in whose midst the venerable Dean labored during nearly a third of a century. The late Dean Kilroy was a remarkable man in many respects, but in a special manner for his magnificent work in everything that had for object the advancement of the interests of God's holy Church. His was a great and noble and warm heart which went out in love in an abundant measure to all his fellow-beings. He was at all times loyal and obedient to his Bishop, posessed a loving consideration for his brother priests, and had a sincere regard for the welfare of the people committed to his care. Father Kilroy was blessed with a full share of nature's gifts and as a preacher he was wont to to touch the hearts of those to whom he appealed. May we not hope that his good works having gone before him that he is now in the enjoyment of the eternal reward promised to those who follow in the footsteps of the Master.

A SURPRISING APOTHEOSIS.

"An impressive memorial service in Central Presbyterian Church to-day in memory of the members of the congregation who passed to their reward during the last year. There were twenty names on the honor roll, the first one being that of Hon. A. T. Wood, who died about a year ago. Rev. Dr. Lyle preached an appropriate sermon."

The above item is taken from a Hamilton despatch of 10th inst. to the Toronto Mail and Empire. And for what religious purpose was such a memorial service held? It was certainly not to pray for the dead," or to better heir condition in any way. It was the practice of the Jews for ages before the coming of Christ "to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins," as we learn from 2 Macc. xii. 42 etc., where the sacred writer declares :

" For if he (Judas Machabeus) had hoped that they that were slain should not rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead. And because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness had great grace laid up for them.'

This practice continues to the present day, being one of the most solemnly preserved features of the ancient Jewish religion; and we may be sure that it was for this "holy and wholesome thought" of praying for the dead, that King David ordered and observed a fast for his general Abner, and not for the useless purpose of pro-

claiming Abner's greatness. The practice of praying for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins was, in truth, approved by Christ Himself when He made it understood that some sins shall not be forgiven in the world to come, as when He says:

"And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man, it shall be for given him: but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him neither in this world nor in the world to come." (St. Matt. xii,

But Presbyterians are strictly forbidden to pray for the dead.

"We are to pray for the whole Church of Christ upon earth . . . but not for the dead." (L. Catechism, 183. Conf. xxi. 4). We must infer, there fore, that the 'impressive memorial service' above referred to was not the useful anciently revealed and scripturally approved practice of praying for the dead. On the contrary, the item itself gives us to understand that it was merely to put on "the honor roll" the dead of the Central Presbyterian Church for the past year. It was for the purpose of honoring dead men, not of benefitting them or honoring God. It was, therefore, rather a worship of man than of God which is something we should hardly have expected from a Presbyterian congregation, in view of the strenuous warfare carried on by John Knox against what he was pleased to call the " superstitious worship of dead men."

Surely times have changed greatly since the days when the Covenanters fought on many a field for the simplicity and purity of religious worship!

The Catholic Church pays due hono to God's saints who are His special friends, in accordance with St. Paul's words: "Honor and glory to every one that worketh good ;" but she does not attempt and never has attempted a general apotheosis of all who have died in her communion.

DOWIEISM.

After all that has been said concerning the departure of John Alexander Dowie for Australia for the purpose of starting a branch of his sect there, it is now stated that he will not for the present go to that colony, though it has been several times announced that the purpose of his wife in going thither is to prepare the way for the establishment of a Dowie Church and settlement.

The Chicago Elijah is said to be no investigating Matagorda island in the Gulf of Mexico on the Texas coast for a site for a new "Eternal City," to be conducted pretty much on the same plan as Zion City near Chicago. Should ne not deem the island a suitable place for his operations, he may select a site or them within the boundaries of Mexico. His plan is to start extensive stock farming and factory work. He is said to have an option on Matagorda island, embracing thirty thousand acres, and he announces that he may transfer thither his entire following from the state of Illinois.

Mexico has already allowed Mormons to make settlements within its borders, and if it opens the door to the Dowieites also the country will soon have on its hands cranks enough to give its legislators work for many years to come in suppressing their idiosyncracies. Far better will it be for Mexico if the pseudo-Elijah finds a suitable site for his second Zion within the territory of the sovereign state of Texas.

> For the CATHOLIC RECORD. THE PAULIST FATHERS.

The extended notice of the late Venrable Paulist Father Very Reverend George Deshon brings to the mind of the present writer one of the earliest Missions preached by the then newly founded Order of St. Paul the Apostle. The mission was opened in St. Patrick's church in the city of Quebec on the Sunday following St. Patrick's Day in 1858 or '59, Ilcannot say which. The preachers were Rev. Fathers Hecker (Superior), Hewitt, Baker and the lamented Father Deshon.

At the High Mass on the day named Father Deshon announced the order of the service; and audible was the smile that went around amongst the congregation at his pronounced "American accent '-something new in that pulas well as at his peculiar gestures-every exhortation being enforced by his arm, which he extended down at full length below the pulpit.
As has been said, he was not an orator in accepted meaning of the term, but his instructions previous to the even ng sermon, as well as, betimes, in the early mornings, were always practical and effective.

If memory serves, Father Hecker's work was confined more to the instructions, especially in the early mornings, than to the set evening's sermons. He always had a story to tell. One always had a story to tell. about had ridden man miles to some one of the misin some country sions, apparently in some country place. Arrived at the desired point he hitched up his nag," went to confession, and afterwards mounting the animal, said: "Get along now, Ned, ou are three hundred pounds lighter!"
Father Hewitt preached sometimes at

the evening services. His style was very quiet but withal convincing. The orator of the band was certainly Father Baker, whose death occurred not long after the mission in Quebec. He was of an ascetic appearance, and this was heightened by a gas light which was at his back—the pulpit beng at that time affixed to the gospel

gallery.

The missioners arrived in Quebec some days before, but the opening mission was postponed at the desire of the patriotic pastor, so that it might not interfere with the celebration of the national festival. He also placed them in the hands of the late Rev. Father Ferland, the historian, and their time was occupied in visiting the dif-ferent historic points of the city and surroundings.

Returning to Father Hecker, many a time has the writer been told of his going through the corridors of St. Patrick's presbytery in the early morning swinging the large dinner bell— that bell which so often called to their repast the occupants and the hosts of visitors who were the guests at the always hospitable board of the pastor, the regretted Reverend Father Bernard McGauran, who, having retired from the active ministry, died at the residence of his nephew, Rev. Father Bernard Watters, in Goderich, Ont., in 1882, and whose remains were brought to Quebec by the Rev. Fathers Watters and Connolly (now of Ingersoll), laid in the family lot in St. Patrick's cemetery, attended by almost the entire congregation as well as by citizens of nominations. Requiescat in pace!

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone. —Thomas Scott Can it be true, as is so constantly affirmed, that there is no sex in souls I doubt it exceedingly—Coleridge.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

Preached in the Paulist Fathers' Church New York City. February 1, 1903. DSPEL IN THE STILLING OF THE STORM AT

"At that time; Waen Jesus entered into the boat, His disciples followed Him. And behold a great storm arose at sea so that the boat was covered with the waves; but the wasleep. And His disciples came to Him, and awaked Him, saying; 'Lord save us; we perish!' And Jesus saith to them: 'Why are you fearful, Oh! you of little faith!' Then, rising up, He commanded the winds and the sea; and a great calin ensued. But the men wondered, asying; 'What a One is this, for the winds and the sea obey Him!' (Matthew 8, 23 27.

We are told by some of those who visit the Holy Land in our own time, that there is nothing in the world quite so desolate as the Lake of Genesareth by night. There is not one single town of any consequence within the wide circumference of the hills. The smiling fields and fertile acres of the people that our Saviour loved have Galilean shore have been blotted out, The Roman villas, and their cities on the heights, have long since crumbled into dust. The very mountains, with the passing of the centuries, have changed. There is nothing now the same, except the sky above the restless waters and the waves There may be seen from time to time a fishing vessel, still engaged in what was once the principal industry of the greater part of the population. But the descendants of that people, once the proud possessors of the been scattered Land, have dust before the tempest. The very language that they spoke is seldom language that they spoke is seldom heard. And yet the little incident, which happened on that lake by night so many centuries ago is still remembered, and gives promise of remaining in the minds of men until the end

It was after many busy months had been spent in the neighborhood of Capernaum, upon the Galilean shore boat by night, in company with His disciples, and with the intention of crossing over into the country of Gerasens. Soon they saw Him fast asleen in the stern of the little vessel. The sails were set to catch the rising wind. Mile after mile they journeyed on.
And then the signs of an approaching storm began to appear. The stars went out above them, and the lights along the shore. The waves rose higher and the darkness came. The thunders echoed in the mountains, and the lightnings played among the hills.

The tempest came upon them in its dreadful lury, down the dark defiles of Hermon. The sails were dropped. Hermon. The sails were dropped. The struggle for their very lives began. The winds were singing requiems above them, and the waves were opening sepulchres beneath. Their courage failed them as they thought how many a boat went down on such a night.

The spray was dashing on the sleeping form of the poor wanderer in the stern. They watched and waited. They prayed in silence until human nature could stand the strain no longer. One mighty wave, that carried death in its momentum, broke over them. There came the fearful shriek from drowning men in the darkness of "Lord, save us; we perish!" Then, standing up, He raised His hand above the frightened waters; and the wave went down. He looked into the whitened faces of the twelve and said "Why are you fearful, Oh! you of little faith?" And then the stars came out above them; and the lights began to twinkle along the Eastern shore. They plied their oars, and soon the boat was beached. The sun was rising in the country of the Gerasens. And Jesus Christ had taught the world another and a needed

storm on the lake by night. There is no lesson more needed in this world of ours than the lesson of confidence in our Creator. There are so many things to take away the hopes of childhood and to kill the aspirations of our youth. There are so many of our efforts that are fore-ordained to failure, and so many of our plans that never can succeed. There are so many never can succeed. difficulties to contend with, and there are so many enemies to fight against us in their selfish and unscrupulous way There is life itself with all its cares and hardships. There is death all its sadness and uncertainty. And men and women cry out in the darkness of the night of despair, and express the vain wish that death could only end it all. But no, there is eternity. And then the dreadful thought that with all. But no, there is eternity. all our failings, we cannot by any, even the remotest possibility, be counted in with the elect. How many men and women are there in this congregation who have said in the silence of the hearts: "If I had only died before ever did commit a mortal sin! If I had only died the day when I received my First Communion! If I had nevel even dreamt of the sins that I have committed since! If I had only died when I was still God's friend, and have to face all the trials and the diffculties of this life that yet remain, then death; after that I have to stand before my Creater, with nothing but the record of misspent life in my hands !"

There is one of the motives for want of confidence in the minds of many persons. They have done so many things against their Creator in past, that they think they have for eited His interest in them. Every trial of life that comes is a punishment for their past sins. Every sickness that comes, is the consequence of these sins Every time death comes, it remind them that the vengeance of the Creator is still unsatisfied. They believe in the gospel of destruction. They can hear the echo of the Old Law down through all the ages: " Moses in the Law commands that such a one be put to death." And they have more confidence in Moses, and the Pharisees interpretation of him, than they have in Christ. They have made for them selves another god, a god of vengeance and they worship him by fear. How many men and women are adrift on this wide ocean of despair! They know for an absolute certainty that they are

doomed because of their past sins

Paulist Fathers' Church ty. February 1, 1903. ILING OF THE STORM AT SEA, When Jesus entered inspires followed Him. And rm arose at sea so that the with the waves; but He was disciples came to Him, and ing: 'Lord save us; we saith to them: 'Why are you of little faith?' Then, manded the winds and the balm ensued But the men ; 'What a One is this, for sea obey Him?' (Matthew

by some of those who Land in our own time, thing in the world quite the Lake of Genesareth uence within the wide of the hills. The smiling ile acres of the people iour loved have disap-lewish villages along the have been blotted out, llas, and their cities on we long since crumbled e very mountains, with of the centuries, have he sky above the restless he sky above the restless, the waves themselves, seen from time to time a, still engaged in what principal industry of the of the population. But the of that people, once the presence of the Proping ts of that people, once ssessors of the Promised the tempest. The very t they spoke is seldom yet the little incident, ed on that lake by night

aries ago is still remem-

ives promise of remaining of men until the end of

r many busy months had in the neighborhood of apon the Galilean shore, ne Redeemer went into a ht, in company with His di with the intention of into the country of Gerathey saw Him fast asleep of the little vessel. The t to catch the rising wind. t to catch the rising wind.
mile they journeyed on.
e signs of an approaching
t to appear. The stars
over them, and the lights re. The waves rose higher ness came. The thunders the mountains, and the played among the hills, tt came upon them in its y, down the dark defiles of the sails were dropped. e for their very lives began ere singing requiems above the waves were opening beneath. Their courage as they thought how many t down on such a night, was dashing on the rm of the poor wanderer in They watched and waited. d stand the strain no longer. wave, that carried death in um, broke over them. Ther earful shriek from drowning eartil shriek from drowning e darkness of the night: ve us; we perish!" Then, p, He raised His hand above ened waters; and the waves He looked into the aces of the twelve and said e you fearful, Oh! you of ?" And then the stars above them : and the lights

twinkle along the Eastern

ney plied their oars, and soon was beached. The sun was was beached. The sun was he country of the Gerasens. Christ had taught the world nd a needed lesson in that he lake by night. s no lesson more needed in I of ours than the lesson of in our Creator. There are od and to kill the aspirations outh. There are so many of its that are fore-ordained to nd so many of our plans that succeed. There are so many succeed. There are so many s to contend with, and there ny enemies to fight against us elfish and unscrupulous way. life itself with all its cares ships. There is death with dness and uncertainty. And women cry out in the darkness tht of despair, and express th that death could only end it no, there is eternity. dreadful thought that with ilings, we cannot by any, even test possibility, be counted in elect. How many men and elect. How many men and re there in this congregation e said in the silence of their "If I had only died before commit a mortal sin! If I had I the day when I received my ommunion! If I had never ommunion! If I had never eamt of the sins that I have ed since! If I had only died was still God's friend, and owas mine! To think that I face all the trials and the diffiof this life that yet remain, th; after that I have to stand ny Creater, with nothing but ord of misspent life in my

is one of the motives for want dence in the minds of many They have done so many against their Creator in at they think they have for-His interest in them. Every life that comes is a punishment r past sins. Every sickness that s the consequence of these sinst time death comes, it reminds at the vengeance of the Creator unsatisfied. They believe in pel of destruction. They can be echo of the Old Law down all the ages: "Moses in the mmands that such a one be put h." And they have more con-in Moses, and the Pharisees etation of him, than they have st. They have made for themanother god, a god of vengeance ey worship him by fear. How een and women are adrift on this cean of despair! They know for colute certainty that they are because of their past sins.

is no use making any effort. It is no use praying to God. It is no use trying to receive the Sacraments. The fight is over; and the day is lost. There

Only God Himself can realize the sadness of the consequences of sin.
And there are no consequences more
terrible than the disappointment and discouragement that result from it.

Men sometimes do their level best to Men sometimes do their level best to pretend that they are happy in their sins. But all the world can see that there is falsehood in the vain pretence. Sometimes indeed, sin becomes so much a habit that there is little attention paid to any saparate offerce. One may a nabit that there is little attention paid to any separate offence. One may go on in such a state for months or years. The sun has actually gone down in the heavens of a man's life, and he does not know it. He is in darkness; and he begins to forget that he was and he begins to forget that he was ever able to see. But little by little the light steals into his life again. It the flash of Heaven's lightning over the dread ocean of despair. It may be a cloud far up in the zenith, from which there is still reflected a little of that brightness from another day now gone apparently forever. But little as it is, and quickly as it passes, it couldes him and quickly as it passes, it enables him to realize the danger of his position. has almost given up the hope man has almost given up the hope of ever becoming reconciled, when his Creator knows that some day there will be a reconciliation! It reminds one so forcibly of the little group of lepers standing frightened, at the hill beside the gate of the city crying out: "Unclean." They did not have the heart to ask for restoration. They simply cried the warning word: "Unclean." And Jesus Christ, our Saviour, put a new interpretation on the word. He made it read: "We would be clean. made it read: "We would be clean. We would be restored to health." And then He answered the prayer by restering them. So it is full many a time with those who are discouraged by their past sins. They are standing at a distance; and they are crying out: "Unclean." The world calls them lepers: or they know themselves that they are afflicted. But the Saviour does not turn aside. They are His people; and He has come to save His people from their sins. The world solve the saviour deed He ever performed. See the angels calling Him, the Prince of Peace. See the Wise Men kneeling beside Him then He answered the prayer by repeople; and He has come to save His people from their sins. The world tells them and they tell themselves that they are incurable. But the Saviour says: "If your sins are as red as scarlet, I will make them as white as snow."

"Go and show yourselves to the says: "If your sins are as red as scar-let, I will make them as white as snow,"
"Go and show yourselves to the priests." Only God Himself can realize the sadness of the consequences of sin. And the saddest of all these consequences is discourage-ment. There is nothing that the disappointed man needs more than con-Creator. The stars are fidence in his darkened in the heavens; and the lights are dead along the shore. There is a human soul adrift upon the dark ocean of despair. There is a cry from out the darkness of the night: "Lord, save darkness of the night: There is the ready we perish!' immediate response : are you fearful, Oh! you of little faith? And then the stars come out above them, and the lights begin to twinkle

sinners. I have come to save my people from their sins." Confidence in God is necessary because of past sin. Confidence in God is necessary for many other reasons. I shall call your attention this morning

along the Eastern shore. The sun is rising, where they thought the sun

could never rise again. And Jesus Christ, the Saviour, has taught the human soul another needed lesson.

'I am not come to call the just, but

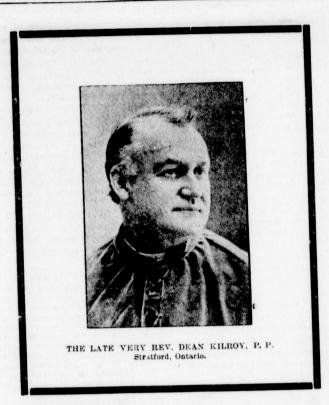
and difficulties. The man or woman who lived ten thousand years ago was just as well entitled to an answer to the questions of the human soul. Where is the answer? No one but God can solve the greatest difficulties of the human mind. When the mother sees her little one dying in her helpless arms, she needs confidence in her Creator. When she sees the little one not dying, but dead, she needs more confidence. When you and I stand be side the open grave, and see the sad earth falling on the remains of one we loved, we need confidence in our Creaing to receive the Sacraments. The ing to receive the Sacraments. The gift is over; and the day is lost. There are only a few more years of life; then death, then judgment and the everlast-death, then judgment and the severlast-death, then judgment of sin. Do you know what that state of mind is. That state of mind is despair is the of mind is despair. And despair is the of mind is despair is the of mind is despair is the of mind is despair. And despair is the of mind is despair is the of mind is despair. And despair is the of mind is despair. When you and I stand be less arms, she needs confidence in her despair. When you and I stand be less arms of one we for death of the open grave, and see the sad destruction, not the gospel of the Christ of the saccinetation of the luman mind. When the mother of the human mind. When the mother of the beafter those who seeds to those who sneered at Him and made little of His associates: "I have not come to scorn them for their manifold weaknesses. I have not come to come to come to resent the wrongs they do against Me. Even though they entered in the intervention of the li little faith. One morning they entered a church. Theze was a Requiem Mass being sung. The dead body rested in the aisle before the altar. The Deprofundis and the Dies Irae made the air of mystery in the sacred place still more profound. The time of Consecration came. Then the elevation bell began to ring. The relatives and friends were on their knees beside the silent form of the dead. At the Elevation every head was bowed. The man who was almost an unbeliever, saw a little girl step quietly out from the pew where she was kneeling. No one noticed her for a moment. The elevation of the Host was made. Then the elevation of the Chalice followed. The bell stopped ringing. The tones of the organ had been stilled. The child had thrown herself prostrate over the casket. She could not cry. It was the dead body of her mother; and her little heart was broken. But the silence of that temple echoed with shild had over the casket. Such that the casket was broken. But the silence of that temple echoed with one of the oldest sounds in any landary the altar stopped the prayer: "Do thou, O Lord! be mindful of thy people." He heard the cry. He listened. So was every ear intent. And from the little prostrate form came the words: "Oh! Mamma, am I ever words: "Oh! Mamma may be the dawn of grace upon the Eastern horizon of hope. It may be the flash of Heaven's lightning over the drard occar of degrees. It may be the flash of Heaven's lightning over the drard occar of degrees. apparently forever. But little as it apparently forever. But little as it apparently forever is ight enough for the moment to enable him to appreciate the darkness that surrounds him. And a cry comes up, from that darkness: "Oh, my God! To what a depth have I failen! Can my prayer still be heard? Am I beyond the reach of Thy saving grace? Art thou still my Creator, and am I still Thy child. Am I beyond are the reach of Thy saving even the reach of Thy mercy?" There is a cry from out the darkness of the night. There is some poor soul that has not yet become reconciled to the life without God, to the life that in nothing more than death. And into the darkness of that abyss that men have made by mortal sin, the eye of the Lord is ever turned. He is watching for the flash, that speaks of hope out that all is lost when God knows that the death sentence againsta a poor, erring fellow-mortal, when God Himself, and the words kept of the man wan and the words kept of the man wan to comfort the human soul in nothing more than death. And into the darkness of the man who have made by mortal sin, the eye of the Can be accounted to the lash, that speaks of hope on yet. How many times have men cried out that all is lost when God knows that all is not seen turned, He is watching for the flash, that speaks of hope on yet. How many a mere sinful human being is prepared to speak the death sentence again ?" The child was quieted, and the Holy Sacriton the words kept on any in the words kept on any in the child. There must be answer: Sumely be someone more intelligent and more than a salve. The darkest cloud the world ever saw hung over the world ever saw hung to be someone more intelligent and more a crimin because we all have stood at some time beside the open grave, or knelt beside our dead before the altar. "This sickness is not unto death." "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Your brother shall rise again." "I know it; in the judgment on the last day." "I am the resurrection and the life. Martha, do you believe this?" And out of the depths of a woman's broken heart, came the most sublime act of faith in God that was sublime act of faith in God that was sublime act of faith in God that was ever made by a human being: "Yes, Lord, I have believed, and I have known that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." And He con-Son of the Living God." And He confirmed that faith, and gave her even greater confidence by raising the very dead to life. And yet we have not confidence in Him.

How completely was that promise of the Child fulfilled! He was in the temple at the age of twelve, intent upon His Father's business. And the business of the Father was to save His people from their sins. Down through all the story of His wonderful life, there is the snirit of the Saving One, conis the spirit of the Saving One, contrasted with the spirit of the Scribes and Pharisees. There is the gospel of salvation preached against the gospel of destruction. There was no provision made in His mind for such a thing as an outcast. "This woman was even now taken in adultery; and Moses in the Law commands, that such a one here." trasted with the spirit of the Scribes the Law commands that such a one be put to death." "Let him that is without sin amongst you cast the first stone at her." "The Law of Moses is against her," said the men, who were nothing more than sinners themselves. "The Law of Jesus Christ is with her," said the Sinless One, Who came to save His people. Just think of the hope of forgiveness raised in the minds of those who listened to these words, spoken in favor of one who had been such a sinner!

What better way to gain the affection of a people than by showing regard for their children? The Pharisees cried out against the presence of the

showed faith by asking Him to work a miracle. He did the act of kindness in either case with equal willingness, and gained the confidence of both.

to one of these reasons. It might be expressed in this way: We need confidence in our Creator, because there are so many questions that arise in the human mind and that can be answered satisfactorily only by one possessed of of supreme intelligence. There are those questions about life itself. There are all those questions about death and things that follow after death. There are any questions about death and things that follow after death. There are so many questions about death and things that follow after death. There are so many questions about death and things that follow after death. There are all those questions about death and things that follow after death. There are so many questions about death and things that follow after death. There are so many questions about death and things that follow after death. There are so many questions about death and things that follow after death. There are so many questions about death and things that follow after death. There are so many questions about each and the problem of the



U. S.; Rev. D. J. Downey, master of ceremonies.

The following clergy were also present:
Rev Fathers J. Kirroy, of Lennox, Menigan,
a consin of the deceased Dean; L. V. McBrady,
President of Assumption College, Sandwich;
R. v. Fathers John O'Neil, Kinkora; Jno, Con
noily, Ingersoll; P. Corcoran, G. R. North
graves, Seaforth; J. T. Aylward, Rector St.
Peter's Cathedral, London; Jos. Kennedy,
Sarnia; P. Quinlan, West Lorne; Daniel
Forster, Bothwell; P. Lennon, Brantford; P.
McCabe, La Salette; J. Cook, Woodstook;
Juo Ronan, Mitchell; C. E. Magee, Maidatone;
P. L'Heureux, Simoe; T. Noonan, Dublin; A.
Pinsonneault, Clinton; Jno. Stanley, London;
Juo, Tobin; J. Rousselle, Startford; Albert
McKeon, St. Columban; D. J. Egan, London;
J. Hegan, Strathroy; Michael O'Neil, St.
Thomas.
At the end of Mass, His Lordship, Blabon

consigned to their last resting place,
The pall-bearers were: Dr. Deviin, Messrs,
Jas. O Loane, Edward Flaherity, John Way,
John B. Capitaine, Martin Kennedy, Martin
Conway and John Goettler.
May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

DEATH OF REV. D. J. LAVIN, PAKENHAM.

The part of the control of the contr

St. Joseph's Court No 370.

On Thursday, January 14th. 19'f. the following effixers were installed by Bro. Le Febvre of Sp. Puiline's court. Toronto, Deputy High. Chief Ranger: — Spiritual Director. Rev. Fa her Cameing; Chief Ranger Thomas J. W. O Councy: Vice-Chief Ranger, Thomas Smith; O Councy: Vice-Chief Ranger, Thomas Smith; Past Chief Ranger, J. J. Ryan; Recording Scorctary, P. J. Murchy: Financial Secretary. Brooks; Trustees, George West, John Culliton, and Henry Soman; Senior Conductor, Mr. O Neilt; Junior Conductor Mr. Brodie. O Neilt; Junior Conductor Mr. Brodie. There was a large number of members present. A feature of the meeting was a presentation of an illuminated address to L. V. Mc. Brady, K. C., High Trustees of the Order for Canada in recognition of the valuable services rendered by him to the Catholic Order of Foresters and particularly to the Order in the Province of Oniario. Mr. McBrady in accepting the address made a very suitable reply, and promised to continue his work in the interest of the Order. Addresses were delivered by Reverend Father Canning, Bro. M. F. Mogan and Bro. Le Febvre.

Successful Entertainment in St. MARY'S HALL.

McKeon, St. Columban; D. J. Egan, London; J. Hegan, Strathroy; Michael O'Neil, Si. Thomas.

At the end of Mass, His Lordship Bishop McEvay told the immense throng which were assembled for the purpose of assisting at the funeral rites, that it was the strongly expressed wish of the deceased Dean several times repeated, that there should oe no sermon at his funeral, and for this reason no sermon would be delivered. Nevertheless, his Lordship said that the Very Rev. Dr. Kilroy had been a virtuous and zealous priest who had done his duty. He loved greatly and with special affection the children of his parish, and his efforts in providing for their education had been incessant. He had finished his work, and completed his course in such a manner as gained for him the love and respect of his fellow priests and of his Bishop. He then exherited the people to follow the good advices which their beloved deceased paster had frequently urged upon them, and to fulfil the good resolutions he had often suggested to them. He asked them to pray fervently for the repose of their late pastor's soul.

The final absolution was then given by His Lordship, and the funeral proceeded to the cemetery, where the last prayers prescribed by the Catholic Ritusl were recited, and the remains of the Very Reverend E. B. Kilroy were

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHO OLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCLXXXV.

A Catholic paper, of the same city with the Diary, complains that the Baptists hate the Catholics with peculiar animosity, and that the Diary hate them with peculiar animosity even for

The Diary does not seriously dispute the charge. Indeed, it seems rather to glory in it. It assures its Catholic neighbor that Baptists in general and the two editors in particular never lose out of mind what befoll the Admiral and the other French Protestants. More er, it assures the Catholic paper that beyond doubt the Church of Rome, had she her old power, would deal with Protestants in her old fashion, they themselves mean to keep on watching and hating the Papists in the good old evangelical style. The phrases are not quite so plain as I have put them, but the substance is plain enough.

Now a good memory is a very convenient thing, and these two editors

venient thing, and these two editors have an uncommonly happy one, for their purposes. They are equally ready, as we have seen, to remember things that have never happened, and to forget things that have, but which it is not expedient to remember. That surely is a peculiarly felicitous memory which, where it has nothing to recoilect, can invent, and where recollection is awkward, can sublimely forget.

We will presently examine some in-ances of this editorial faculty of the Diary. However, postponing that for just now, I will say that, on their own showing, I do not see why they need concern themselves particularly about the Catholics. There are dangers nearer at hand. They cite with sympathetic approbation somebody's re-mark that there are only two schools of Christian thought, the Baptist and the Romanist. Sometimes, they re-mark, other Protestants try to show some slight difference of trend between themselves and the Catholics proper, but they intimate that these efforts to make out a difference where there is none to speak of amount to very little. Now since in their view "Romanism"

is persecuting in its very essence, and since, as they have it, all Christians but themselves are Romanists, they ought to be in mortal terror lest Paedo-baptist Protestants, Catholics and Greeks should temporarily suspend their trifling differences—as these view them—and jointly address themselves to exterminating the Baptist heresy. Yet as Protestants have long since given up the effort, and Catholics mostly let the Baptists alone, and even Russsians rather persecute them politically than theologically, I do not see but that they ought to make out that "Roman-' whatever it may have been in the fierce old days, is now a very mild and harmless thing, of which they need not be at all afraid.

be at all arraid.

Certain it is that they freely admit

Protestant Pædobaptists, whom they
explain to be only slightly differenttiated "Romanists," to their pulpits, and freely join with them in devotional meetings, and in all manner of philanthropic and religious endeavors that do not involve sacramental intercommun-Then as they declare Protestants ion. Then as they declare Protestants generally to be only Romanists with a slight variation, it follows that they are bound to regard Roman Catholicism as also a good and Christian thing, and to also a good and Christian thing, and to look for a speedy interfusion of all pious efforts with it, excepting only Baptism and the Communion, which they reserve to themselves as the Urim and Thummim of their specific high-priestly pre-eminence in Christendom.

It is certain that, logically, they ought either to declare that Protestantism—except their own—isofa persecut.

ism-except their own-is of a persecuthold to differ so little from it, is They ought either to speak of olics as "our beloved brethren, rejoicing with us in the light and truth to certain obscurations of its fulness, such as we find also in Presbyterians and Methodists," or they ought, like shall take up each later on in detail. the earlier Scottish Baptists, to refuse to have anything to do, religiously, with Pædobaptists of any description what-

Nevertheless, whoever should expect that he could bind these two leaders of the Baptist synagogue by any congruity of logic would find that he had entirely mistaken their character and purposes. Their fundamental purpose, doubtless, is to sell their paper, and if calling other Protestants, one week, slightly disguised Romanists, and the next beloved evangelical brethren, will fill their pocketbook, they will go back and forth between the two styles of speech as often as they find it opportune.

Their secondary purpose is, to promote the interests of a sullen, growling mote the interests of a sullen, growling sectarianism, unamiable towards other Protestants, and mendacious and malignant towards Roman Catholics. They do not any more believe that the difference between Protestants and Catholics is slight. But if they wish to make other Protestants feel uncomfortable—as they often do—then these are Romanists with a listle differ. these are Romanists with a little differ-On the other hand, when they wish to vent their spitefulness on the Catholics, they can easily forget all this, and represent Protestantism as blessed and unanimous brotherhood of "evangelical light and truth"

—a phrase which I borrow from a private note of one of the editors-before whose invincible power the black and bloody forces of "Romanism" are soon to go down.

The Free Baptists, a much smaller body, are a plain people, who make few pretensions to high social cultivation. Yet they are so pervaded by the spirit of fraternity towards other Christians that, although they reject aspersion and infant baptism for themselves, they scruple even to call them invalid. The prefer saying, with the Morning Star: These are invalid to us, but they are valid to our Pædobaptist brethren. Therefore they admit Pædobaptists freely to intercommunion, and to most of the rights of church membership.

And while they are very intense Protestlants, I have never found any difficulty

n moving them to historical correct tions, or to favoraale restatements of Catholic doctrine. This is what it is to have the real instinct of Christian

On the other hand, the Diary is not content to say—which would give no cause of offence—that infant baptism, happy without saying that it is ridicul-ous. The editors know that this epithet has no force of argument, and that it is ised against men and women who are as good Christians as any Baptists, as well grounded in Scripture, and as honestly desirous of following the mind of Christ. But blackguards will be blackguards, and these two men are blackguards through and through. holy Isaiah says, (in a mitigated version): Let favor be shown to the churl, yet will he still deal churlishly.

Of course, as I have said before, these

remarks are not to be applied to other editors, or to the professors of Baptist colleges and seminaries, or to the very many thousands of firmly convinced, but genuinely Christian Baptists, of

The Diary assures its Catholic neighbor that Baptists, especially these two editors, do not ever forget what happened to the Admiral. True. They take great pains not to forget it, as is their night. their right. Only they take great pains not to remember that Coligni—a great and noble man—in his death was only reaping what he had sown in his life. Ten years before, by his own avowal, he had long entertained in his camp the fanatical Protestant Roltrot, who signified to him, and to all the camp, his fixed intent to murder the great Duke of Guise, a man whom the Protestant Guizot places, for grandeur and worthiness of character, on very much the same plane as the Admiral, except that he seems never to have been an accomplice in assassination. Coligni said nothing to encourage Poltrot, and he owns that he said nothing to dissuade him. He owns to have given him a hundred crowns to buy him a switt horse, in the hope — which proved futile—of escape after the deed of blood. I treat Coligni's evasions as confessions, in view of his public glory-

ing over the murder.

This is the seed, planted by Coligni's own hand, which after ten years came up in his own death, and which it is known was not in the original thought of Catherine or the younger Guises, in in St. Bartholomew's massacre. This terrible event has three chief authors: Catheaine dei Medici, Henry Guise and Gaspard de Coligni.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

When these brief reviews were first undertaken we have some misgivings as to the manner in which they would be received. But their republication by our contempories, as well as the expressions of satisfaction by many readers, give assurance that they are not inopportune. Although many subjects have been treated, there are still many remaining, some of them of much interest and importance. All will be reached in proper order, according to which next comes the Ten Command.

Herein man finds the excellence and perfection of all law. It is the rule of life given him by God, having for its bor. And this is the substance of the whole law. It is the most excellent and most perfect law: first, because God is the Author; secondly, because of the things it contains, and, thirdly, because its end leads to life eternal. the enjoyment of God.

From what has already been said, it will be readily perceived that the Commandments are divided into two tables.

The one relating to God, the other to our neighbor. Our duties to God are taught us in the first three of these commandments, which make up the first table. Our duties to our neighbor we find in the second table, which is made

Men, however, who do not go so far as to deny their Authorship, have been heard to contend that the keepng of the Commandments was impossible. Such is absolutely not the case. To admit such a proposition is to con-fess that God has imposed impossible tasks upon His creatures. If such were the case God's very purpose in giving the law would be defeated. Law is a rule of action. But a law which is impossible of performance permits of no action, hence destroys re-sponsibility. But as our enjoyment of eternal life depends upon our keeping the law, there can be nothing im

possible in the task. Aside from this, we know that with God's grace it is not impossible to keep them, from the fact that many have done so in the past. The beatification of many holy men and women by the Church is the best evidence of this conclusion. But over and above this, we have the convincing proof in the words of Our Lord Himself, Who tells us that "My yoke is sweet and my burden light." Those, therefore, who would do the will of God on earth, and by doing it enjoy Him forever in heaven, must while while here keep His Commandments.—Church Progress

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

THAT THERE IS NO BEING SECURE FROM TEMPTATION IN THIS LIFE Set not thyself to seek for much rest, out for much patience.

Seek true peace, not upon earth, but in heaven; not in men nor in other things created, but in God alone. Thou must be willing for the love of

God to suffer all things, namely, labors and sorrows, temptations and vexations anxieties, necessities, sicknesses, injuries, detractions, reprehensions, humiliations, confusions, corrections and con tempt.
These things help to obtain virtue;

these try a novice of Christ; these procure a heavenly crown.

I will give an everlasting reward for this short labor, and glory without and for transitory confusion.

FIVE-MINUTES SERMON.

Third Sunday after Epiphany.

MIRACLES. As the Gospel of to day relates one of the miracles Our Lord performed, I am led to say a few words about miracles as used in evidence of the truth of the Divine doctrine of Jesus Christ. Certainly Our Lord appealed to miracle sometimes as proof that He had Divine sometimes as proof that He had Divine power, but that was by no means the rule. The miracle of changing water into wine was performed for no such purpose. On other occasions He bade those whom He healed to say nothing about it. And St. Matthew expressly said that the reason why He wrought not many miracles among those who knew Him best was because of their unbelief: the very reason we would think why He ought to have worked miracles before their eyes so as to oblige them to believe in Him. And St. John also intimates that Our Lord did not place much reliance upon belief that only de-pended upon miracles; for he says, "Many believed, seeing the signs that He did. But Jesus did not trust Him self to them, for He knew what was in man." If we read the Gospels attentively we shall see that it was true then, as it has been all through the history of Christianity, that the triumph of His Divine truth has not been due to miracles, but rather in spite of them.

If there was then, or has been since, anything which the world hates to learn of, and obstinately refuses to credit, it is a miracle. "The idea of God or any messenger from God pretending to do things a man cannot understand! Don't I know nature well enough to know that even if God made it He cannot change it? acknowledge God knows what I cannot That is the way men think, if they do not speak out their thoughts quite so plainly. There have always been miracles, plenty of them, enough to convert the whole world to Christianity if that were the means intended by Almighty God to bring about conviction and conversion. A man con-vinced against his will is of the same opinion still; and miracles convince men against their will—the will of their proud, self conceited, rebellious heart. They see them plainly as you and I do. but they won't believe them. The triumph of Our Lord's holy religion, therefore, has not been due to miracles of healing. These are the things urbe-lievers hate, as they do every other sign of Christ that demands their submission. But what conquers the world despite itself is Love and the sacrifices that it makes. They cannot stand out against the sight of Our Lord's love,

even unto death, nor gaze upon the

love of those who through all genera-tions have taken His place, and spoken, prayed, preached, suffered, and died in His name, without being won to belief.
So, my brethren, if you are anxious to convert anybody to our holy faith, never mind about miracles; and do not be astonished if they pooh-pooh arguments as strong as the reasoning of Thomas. Go and show them a little of the unselfish, charitable, self denying, suffering love of Christ. Let them see how sweet-spoken and kind you are to the poor, how patient you are in affliction, how nobly you conquer your pas-sions for God's love, and resist temptations to drink and steal and gratify desires of the flesh. Did I say never mind about miracles? I made told you. I am inclined to think some of you will be doing as great a miracle as there is on record. You that are stingy, give freely. You that dislike the poor, go and serve them. You that are complaining of God's providence, submit to your lot like a man and a Christian. You that are a drunkard, Christian. You that are a drunkard, take the pledge and keep it. You that are living like a beast, get honorably have hands getting hot for hell with ill-gotten money, make full restitution. be miracles-miracles of grace; and against such miracles un-belief never will have any argument, or power to resist either conviction or

back to God, and that is a greater mir acle than raising a dead man to life. Where Peace is Found.

conversion. And then you can say to the unbeliever: If you will not believe

in the Catholic religion for its truth's

sake, look at me, and believe it for the

work it can do. It can bring a sinner

All our best life, all our spiritual life, is nothing but a succession of visi-tations, visitations from Mary bringing Jesus with her; but nowhere is the Jesus with her; but howhere is the similitude so faithful as it is in the Blessed Sacrament. How often, when we come near to the tabernacle, a ecret fire comes forth, and our hearts burn within us without apparent cause Cares fall off, tears are dried, doubts melt away, temptations are paralyzed, anxieties are allayed, our soul is bathed in quiet, sudden jubilee. Joy, exulta-tion, praise, delight, the sense of forgiveness, and the spirit of worship — these are exactly the fruits produced within us. - Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.

All for Our Good.

That we may be able to practice na tience with advantage in all our trib-ulations, we must be fully persuaded that every trial comes from the hand of God, either directly or indirectly through men: we must therefore render God thanks whenever we are beset with sorrows and accept with gladness of heart every event prosperous or adverse that proceeds from Him, knowing that all happens by His disposition for our welfare.—St. Alphonsus Rodriguez.

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IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

GUARDS THE FLOWERS.

I want to know who is the timekeeper and warden and night watchman of my is not light because whilst it is yet light, light enough to read with ease

things, never mind us! We are going to sleep, for we are so tiny and humble, why should we keep watch and ward over the mighty Universe?"

And again, who has bidden my crocuses wake up from their wintry sleep, whilst the frost is on the grass, and the snow is yet hiding in the corners of the garden buds? And here, my little snowdron, so pure and fragile. little snowdrop, so pure and fragile, braves the keen arrows of frost and sleet, and pushes its pure blossoms out of the iron earth! This is the bulb of a hyacinth: this is the bulb of a gladiolus or a dahlia, But the former wakes up in the early Spring, and hangs its sweet bells, on the pure virgin-air, while the latter sleep on through the cold of Spring and the blazing heat of Summer, and only wake up when all Nature is dying around

Who is the watchman of the flowers? Who holds the timepiece in his hands, and says: "Sleep on, O dahlia! Sleep though Spring should call for universal though Spring should call for universal allegiance, and Summer winds challenge thee to resurrection; but, awake, narcissus, and tremble at thine own beauty!" It is not the atmosphere. The Spring might be warm, and the Autumn chilly, or vice versa. It is not townsprayure for the most fragile things. temperature, for the most fragile things flourish in the cold. What is it? Who hath marked their times and seasons, and warns them when their hour has struck? Who but Thou, great Warden of the Universe?

Freeman's Journal.

Carnegie Hall:
"In, Manila they have two universities (established by the friars), one of which has turned out more graduates than Harvard.

The most barbarous, rude and un-

ARE MERELY SYMPTOMS OF DISEASE AND MUST BE TREATED THROUGH THE BLOOD.

If you suffer with pain-any kind of pain—keep in mind that pain is but a symptom, not a disease; that what you must fight is not the pain but its cause; that liniments and oils for external application are absolutely useless. To plication are absolutely useless. To overcome the cause of pain internal treatment is necessary. Pains, no matter where located, will disappear when you purify and enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves. Aches and pains disappear as if by magic when Dr. Williams Pink Pills are used. Every dose actually makes new, rich, red dose actually makes new, rich, red blood, which drives disease from the system and banishes pain. Thousands and thousands of grateful people have given their testimony to prove this. Mr. George Cary, Tilbury, Ont., says: For a whole summer I suffered -"For a whole summer I such terribly from sciatica. The pain was something awful, and I could scarcely been to have anything touch my leg. I bear to have anything touch my leg. I took medicine from two doctors, and tried a number of recommended remedies, but derived no benefit. Then was advised to try Dr. William's Pink
Pills, and this medicine helped me
almost from the start, and soon released trouble, and I since had a twinge of it. I therefore have great reason to praise Dr. Wil-liam's Pink Pills."

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GREAT WARDEN OF THE UNIVERSE WHO Rev. P. A. Sheehan—"Under the Cedars and the Stars."

flowers. It is not the sun, because they are awake before the sun, and after his rays shoot high above their heads. It light, light enough to read with ease and pleasure, behold my little flowers close their eyes ever so softly and silently, as if they feared to disturb the harmonies of Nature; and as if they would say: "We are such little things, never mind us! We are going to sleep, for we are so tiny and humble,

them and seems to be calling, calling, for another proof of its immortality.

A Fact. Fact stated by Father Chidwick in

Non-Catholic, anti Friar papers, copy and digest.

learned times have been most subject to tumults, sedition and changes.—Bacon.

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"Note the presence of poverty in any locality, and ask the reason of its existence," says the Catholic Forum. "Unerringly will the answer come existence. that three-fourths of it is due to intemperance. Now is a good time to 'swear off.'

Go through the whole Scriptures, and thou shalt find the servants of God, the path of suffering.—St. Antoninus.

Do not delay getting relief for the little folk Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

COSTIVENESS—Costiveness consumers at hand?

COSTIVENESS—Costiveness to perform their duties regularly from contributing causes usually disordered digestion. Particle's Vegetable Pills prepared on scientification of the properties are so compounded that certain ingredies are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

There are so many cough madeines in the market that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any effliction of the threat or longs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who who bave used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

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CHATS WITH

JANUARY 2

Starting out in li

The Ifluence Everybody has he

father who wanted companionship and was ordered to exam lo! the bad apple that it touched! I persuaded the lad t ship of a youth generosity had ca whose lack of mon We, who are no not need to be to companionship, for tremendous. We h tremendous. We h

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settled according Tell me who are v tell you who you are Evenings a Nightfall comes es ill winter air make we gather around which in the sur nost strangers. Sasation ever work of the long days, a blessings which om the family life a f the old roof tree. Evenings at home em can never be ing and benign. The tered more into the r nhood than all the chool or college. T rich treasure o ad high purposes. such evenings their light emp nd music are at tie for should we omit oks. A home v hem is infinitely bet

the banker's. hor of "Dream! me Elysian fields v e dead converse, a mortal may venture may walk and talk v queens of thought on They do not ask how ossess, what was lothing, or what i ouse you dwell in. eing eye and li But not every boy

med to the charme e. Parents shoul pervision over th nildren read on the

Grow with

As the New Year need of confider rength, light, nd the blessed as ves are tending al worth seeking, essess Him in the leaven, a true appreads to Him. We rebout us are so indi many are heartle arity above all preme habit of ch tolerate and ex narity grow with our

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Starting out in life, every young man seeks comrades, being eager to gratify that longing to love and to be loved that fills his heart. In that search he needs guidance. He will find it here.

The Ifluence of Companions.

Everybody has heard the story of the father who wanted to give his son a practical lesson on the influence of companionship and who told him to put one rotting apple among a barrel of ripe ones. After a few days the boy was ordered to examine the fruit; and, lo! the bad apple had corrupted all that it touched! Easily, then, the man persuaded the lad to give up the friend-ship of a youth whose liveliness and generosity had captivated him, but whose lack of mortals made him like

whose lack of more as made him like the rotting apple.

We, who are no longer children, do not need to be told that the power of companionship, for good or evil, is tremendous. We have heard of it from the experience of our elders. We have

een it ourselves.

A word of caution, a look of praise, a bit of help, have changed a destiny. An evil thought, one day with a bad associate, a foul book have sent legions

to perdition. If comparative trifles thus have, often. a prevailing influence over a career, what effect must not daily association, for weeks, months and years, with one chum or with one set of acquaintarces have on one's thoughts, principles, pur

poses and nables?

An old proverb says: "If you live with wolves, you'll learn to how!." Its meaning is that we inevitably become

ike those whose society we frequent.

There is urgent need, therefore, for one one to make good friends or one. One bad apple will rot the whole barrel. And good men will influence

others to goodness.

Let our young men join Catholic societies. There are excellent organizations to suit all tastes and to provide for all needs—the St. Vincent de Paul Society for instance, the beneficial fra-ternities, the national organizations, the young men's clubs, etc.
And every young man, mindful of the terrible power of example, should con-

sider the sort of influence that he is exerting day after day on all who come n contact with him. Is he clean of gentle, considerate, honest, kind? Are his actions in line with the Christian life? Is his influence beneficial or detrimental to his acquaintances?

There is a wonderful restraining ower over us in the presence of a friend whom we respect for virtue. We would not do anything wicked then. We even refrain in his absence from actions that would displease him, lest he should hear of our misconduct and

ose his love for us. We cannot always choose those whom we shall have to work beside durng business h urs. But we do not have to become intimate with them. We do not need to disclose our soul to m, nor to accept their confidences, to cultivate their acquaintance. We can be civil to them, and charitathem at a moral distance; we can silently resist their evil influence of speech or ion; we can be near them in body

out most remote in soul. The question of companionship is one that should be early considered by every young man, and it should be settled according to the principle: Tell me who are your friend and I'll tell you who you are!

Evenings at Home.

Nightfall comes early now, and the nill winter air makes a good fire twice rateful. The lamps are lighted and, we gather around the table, a sense which in the summer time we were nost strangers. So the law of com-strangers. We are robbed of the long days, and of much of the blessings which are inseparable m the family life and from the shadow

f the old roof tree.
Evenings at home! What we owe to them can never be computed. Their influence has been powerful, far-reaching and benign. They have often entered more into the making of a perfect nhood than all the days and years at chool or college. They have furnished the rich treasure of blessed memories nd high purposes.

On such evenings the lads should ave their light employments. Games and music are at times indispensable should we omit to enumerate good A home vell stocked with beas. A nome ven stocked with hem is infinitely better than a balance to the banker's. "Books," says the ather of "Dreamthorp," "are the true Elysian fields where the spirits of led deed convenient with the spirits with the spirits of led deed convenient with the spirits with the sp dead converse, and into these fields mortal may venture unappalled. You say walk and talk with the kings and eens of thought on a perfect equality. they do not ask how much money you ossess, what was the cost of your lothing, or what is the size of the cost you dwell in. They only want to bring an understanding heart, ing eye and listening ear, and by will make you feel perfectly at

But not every book should be weled to the charmed circle of family Parents should exercise a wise ldren read on these peaceful even-

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OFFICE,

Grow with Confidence.

As the New Year begins, we have need of confidence. We all need ngth, light, courage, comfort the blessed assurance that our s are tending toward the only worth seeking, God, and, until we sees Him in the clear vision of eaven, a true appreciation of all that ads to Him. We need faith when all bout us are so indifferent, hope when many are heartless and despairing, rity above all things and the the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all things and the grave consideration how of retrieval to the party above all the party above all the party above and the party above and the party above all the party above and the party above all the party above and the party above and the party above all the party a reme habit of charity which makes tolerate and excuse in others the

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. COAINA, THE ROSE OF THE ALGONQUINS.

> By Anna H. Dorsey. CHAPTER II.

The Festival of the Assumption closed with the singing of the Litany of Loretto by the congregation, the sacred melody being led by the powerful and flute-like voice of Ccaina. Swelled to a volume of rich sound, the holy chaunt loated out upon the calm evening air, its solemn echoes lost, in low reverberations, in the shadowy forest. Purple shadows, cast by the mountains, lay upon the lake and shore while the pines and firs along the ridges were fringed with the gold of sunset. Ere long, the inhabitants of the village assembled in a grove surrounding the great lodge, where the chief men were accustomed to hold council, and debate on any question which arose respecting the interests of their people. The chiefs and the old men, with Father Etienne in their midst, sat around the door of the lodge, placidly smoking, telling traditions of the old fierce wars with the Hurons and Mohawks, going over again the thrilling adventures of their great hunting expeditions to the north-west, or listening so Father Etienne's thrilling narratives of the early French missions in Canada. Old Ma-kee, over missions in Canada. Old Ma-kee, over whose head the snows of nearly eighty winters had fallen, formed one of the group. Scated upon the grass near Father Etienne, wrapped in his blanket, with his chin upon his breast, he listened. He seldom spoke, for as he declared with his breast was hearned. clared, "his breast was heavy at the degeneracy of his people, who had be-come women;" and when he did, it was to scoff at the new creed they had adopted, which he emphatically called the "smoke of foolishness." But the claws and fangs of the old lion were gone;

among his people, with a comfortable support, in the hope that, ere he died, his pagan darkness would pass away, and he, at least, receive the purifying sacrament of baptism. Maskee had sacrament of baptism. Ma-kee had great faith in, and respect for, Father Etienne, whom he knew to be a brave as well as a good man; but he did not he little to tell him, on occasions, that more beautiful than Winonah, that she there was no reason or so...

there was no reason or so...

taught, because no man could understand it. And in this the old pagan was no worse than the materialist of this, our day, who reject the mysteries arose the fear or presentiment that the superior attractions of her niece would frustrate all of her plans for her child's restrate all of her plans for her ch lous escape of the French missionaries, nearly two centuries ago, and many of their catechumens, from the house of Saint Mary's, of Ganentaa, just when the Onondagoes had conspired with the Mohawks to massacre every soul of them. He described, with great spirit, the ingenuity and courage of the missionaries in effecting their escape, and when they found the house so mysteriously abandoned. All listened with

he was harmless, and out of Christian

charity he was allowed a place of honor

he was pierced with lighted spinners, torn with scourges and hacked with hatchets, many of the prisoners around by many a sneer, taunt and slight, aroused every indignant emotion in a soundered her life. hatchets, many of the prisoners around him, who had likewise been tortured all night, begged him for baptism. He had no water, none would give him a drop. The day dawned; at sunrise they were all to be put to death. The prisoners begged for baptism; there was not a drop of water. Brebeuf litted his hands and eyes to the Great Spirit and prayed. Just then, my grandmother, very young at that time, came from the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and tassels were dripping with dew; it empty to the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and tassels were dripping with dew; it empty to the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and tassels were dripping with dew; it empty to the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and tassels were dripping with dew; it empty to the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and tassels were dripping with dew; it empty to the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and tassels were dripping with dew; it empty to the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and tassels were dripping with dew; it empty to the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and tassels were dripping with dew; it empty to the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and tassels were dripping with dew; it empty to the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and tassels were dripping with dew; it empty to the field with the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and tassels were dripping with dew; it empty to the field with the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and the field with the field with the fields with her a

over their heads with the maize, and so they were baptized with the dews of heaven and his own blood. I think that was enough. But Brebenf was a brave man. He died like a warrior; he should have been an Indian, ugh ! Having spoken, the dusky old pagan wrapped his blanket about him, and again dropped his head upon his breast, leaving his hearers variously affected

by his simple and true parrative. At some little distance from the great lodge, and nearer the lake, were the women, the young people and chil-dren of the village, standing or sitting in picturesque groups under the trees and along the shore. Some exercised themselves by running, dancing and leaping; others sought amusement in more quiet ways, while many played simple games with shells and plumstones, peculiar to their customs. Blithely arose their cheerful voices in pleasant converse and innocent laugh ter, while each face wore a look of con-tentment and enjoyment. We said that every face wore a glad expression; that was a mistake, for Altontinon, who sat apart from the rest, gorgeously attired, as usual, looked dissatisfied; but no queen ever wore her royal robes more proudly than she wore her coronal of blue and scarlet feathers, her necklace and earrings of silver beads, and her embroidered scarlet moccasins and mantle. She was the widow of the deceased sachem of her people, and, in default of a son to inherit the dignity and title, had the mortification of see ing it pass to the son of her husband's brother, the present chief, Tar-ra hee, whose baptismal name was Cyril. Bitterly disappointed, and obliged to

bear, not only her own mortification, but that of her kinsmen, it became a grave consideration how to retrieve the

this idea became the ruling motive of her life; she was prepared to sacrifice everything to its accompilishment, and so pledged herself to her kinsmen, who gave it their hearty approval. Altontinon kept up a kind of state around herself, which no one cared to interfere with: for although she was a Christian. with; for although she was a Christian. she was not a saint; in fact, so far from being a saint, she was—I don't know whether there is a name in any Indian dialect for it—but, in plain England, she was a termagant. This woman had taken Coaina, who was left an orphan at a very early age, and nursed her at her breast with her own child, who was, to a day, of the same age. Strange to say, she had loved Coaina, and although

she stormed at her now and then, and set her to drudgery that she spared Winonah, she was, upon the whole, kind to her. In the perilous journeys of the tribe to the distant hunting grounds, so full of hardships and privation, she cared as tendent and tion, she cared as tenderly and con-stantly for the young Coaina as for Winonah, and ever took the same pains in teaching her those arts and accomplishments so necessary to the complete training of an Indian girl. Coaina was skilful and expert in them all. She exskills and expert in them all. She ex-celled all of her young companions in domestic handicraft; she was more ex-pert in dressing skins and dying quills and feathers; more skilful in fishing and hunting; more agile in running and climbing; more ingenious in em broidering and fashioning the garments, which she made with such celerity

books she was permitted to read than any young person in the vil-lage. Her school tasks were never neglected; her religious duties never omitted, and as she grew towards womanhood, there was developed in her character so much purity, virtue and excellence that she was not only the favorite of the village, but was confavorite to their

and more quick in acquiring knowle

from the

exception of one, no heart felt malice. envy or ill-will towards her, and that heart was Altontinon's, who had noticed and whose chagrin was now completed

union with Tar-ra-hee. Henceforth her jealous misgivings gave her no peace, and on several occasions, when she fancied indications on the part of the young chief of admiration for Coaina, she became almost frenzied with rage. Coaina felt keenly the change in her aunt's conduct towards her, and al though her unkindness cost the poor child many a bitter tear, she remained the speechless amazement of their foes when they found the house so mysteriously abandoned. All listened with profoundest interest, the twinkling of at the feet of Mary, towards whom she keen black eyes and an occasional had ever cherished the most reverent profoundest interest, the twinking of keen black eyes and an occasional grunt of approval expressing their deproval expressions and tender devotion, by whose life she and modelled her own, and whose gracing the constantly implored. light. When Father Etienne ceased speaking, old Ma-kee lifted up his head and spoke: "My grandmother," he said slowly, "remembered John Brebeuf. She was a Huron. When he was dying under the torture; when his fingers and thumbs were cut off; when he was pierced with lighted splinters,

of maize stalks. The long leaves and tassels were dripping with dew; it hung upon them like rain-drops. He saw it, and asked her for one of the stalks. He spake our language. She had helped to torture him, but she was a woman. She gave him two or three. He grasped them with joy; he bade the prisoners look up; he sprinkled them; he signed the closs in the air over their heads with the maize, and so the closs in the air over their heads with the maize, and so the closs in the air over their heads with the maize, and so the closs in the air over their heads with the maize, and so the closs in the air over their heads with the maize, and so the closs in the air over their heads with the maize, and so the closs in the air over their heads with the maize, and so the closs in the air over their heads with the maize, and so the closs in the air over their heads with the maize, and so the cause of bitter envy and jeal over, and there some her since Vespers." I have not seen her since Vespers." I tion to the Superior of the Convent of Notre Dame, who not only received them kindly, but introduced them, at the hour of recreation, to the religious of the house, and also to the lady pensioners of the academy. The beauty of the two Indian maidens, the artless grace and modesty of Coaina, the proud mien and wildly bright eyes of Winonah, their excellent French, their low, sweet modulated voices and unsophisticated expressions, won upon every heart. The lady pensioners were half wild with admiration of these beautiful Algonquin princesses, and purchased everything in their baskets, besides making them presents of pictures and little ornaments in gold and precious stones, which they took from their way.

stones, which they took from their own ears and fingers.

Not very long after this visit, Father Etienne received a letter from the lady superioress of this convent, in which she spoke of the visit of Coaina and her cousin, and after expressing the most friendly sentiments towards both, offered to receive Coaina at the academy as a pensioner for six months; at the expiration of which term, she would also receive Winonah for the same period. After due consultation with her friends and kinsmen, it was agreed that Coaina should accept the advantages offered by this kind invitation, and Father Etienne accompanied her, himself, to Montreal. Altontinon would have prevented it, had she dared, but she had made up her mind, that in all that she intended doing to carry out her plans, no agency of hers should be apparent; she was too proud, and prized the position she held too highly, to be the position she held too highly, to be willing to lose caste, so she gave a cold assent to Coaina's going, while she fumed in secret, and poisoned still more Winonah's mind against her innocent cousin. She told her, under a sacred promise of secrecy, all that she designed to do for her advantage, and found in the ambitious girl a willing ally.

"No, the stars do not shine for me when Coaina is away," replied the young chief, with a proud nod. "It grows always dark."

"Coaina no longer heeds me; she is beginning to have lovers. Adheek, the Iroquois, has been around my lodge lately. Perhaps if you can find him, Coaina will not be far off," said Altontinon.

and took great pains in assisting her through her tasks. Quick and appre-clative in everything they taught her, above all she showed such a passion for music, and so astonishingly was her talent developed by a little instruction, that she was regarded almost as a prodigy. Her voice was of such surpassing sweetness and compass, so full of a certain wild life, that ere long she was permitted to sing in the chapel choir, where her heart overflowing with the love of leave and Manusch the love of Jesus and Mary, she sang the Salve Regina with such sweetness and fervor that the notes soared and Moated with thrilling effect above the

grand thunder tones of the organ.

When the six months had expired, the good Sisters of Notre Dame would fain have detained her; they were un-willing to lose their beautiful favorite, but she desired to go, that she might take the place of Winonah in her aunt's lodge, and be to her indeed a daughter, in the place of her absent child. So she returned to the "Lake of the Two Mountains," and to her home, the same humble-minded, light hearted, simple child as she left, and forgetful of the past, she remembered only the debt of gratitude she owed her benefactress, nd determined to be mare scrupulous than ever in the discharge of the dutie she owed her. There was great joy in the village when she came back. Old and young had a pleasant greeting for her; Father Etienne gave her his bless ing with his welcome; the children brought flowers and birds for her ac-

ceptance, and the old pagan Ma-kee lifted up his head and said: "The sunshine has come back to us, and the song of birds. It is good."

Winonah was kindly received at Notre Dame, but having no talent for maning and but little article to the sunshine has been supported by the sunshine to the sunshine has been supported by the sunshine to the sunshine has been supported by the sunshine to the sunshine has been supported by the su music, and but little aptitude for study, the little she gained served but to in favorite of the village, but was constantly held up by parents to their full of anger and ingratitude against the good Religieuses, because she had failed to learn what they found it impossible to teach her. This, so far from possible to teach her. This, so far from possible to teach her own want of capacity, crease her self-conceit and vanity : and imputing to her own want of capacity, she charged to their indifference. This added fresh zest to the hatred of Altontinon for the innocent Coaina; but she dared not, as we said before, brave public opinion by open acts of violence to her; therefore, like the wily, malicious woman she was, she bided her time, and watched for her opportunity to give crushing effect to her revenge.

Thus matters stood in the village of the " Lake of the Two Mountains," to the day on which our little narrative opens, and we are happy to say that no more digressions will occur, having put our patient readers in possession of all the necessary facts to enable them to comprehend as mournful a tragedy as was ever written, crowned by as saintly

Altentinon sat alone, still watching her daughter who was sporting with other girls of her age on the margin of the lake, and wondering what had become of the young chief, Tar-ra-hee, whom she had not seen since Vespers. Her keen, restless eyes had been seek yet he had not appeared, either amon the chief men at the grand lodge, with the young people on the shore. She became impatient, and was about to rise up from her seat, to walk round in search of him, when some one suddenly approached her, and asked, in a quick, impatient tone: "Altontinon, where is Coaina?"

She started round, and Tar-ra-hee the young chief stood before her.

"Is she not with her companions down there by the lake ?" she asked.

blind man's buff," said one.
"We are waiting for her to dance.
Tar ra-hee is asking for her," said another.

"We want her to sing for us?" said the children. "We can't get along without Coaina!"

cried one. "Everybody wants her! where is she?" screamed another. Almost beside herself with fury, Al-

tontinon, who constrained herself with difficulty, professed to be entirely ig-norant of the whereabouts of Coaina and she was finally left alone, but not long; for presently little Tony strag gled up and asked the so oft repeated question: "Where is Coaina?" and received for answer a rousing slap, full on the side of his tawny cheek, which sent him roaring away. Soon after Tarra-hee came back, his gay feathers nedding over his head his idle and the sent him to be a sent him t nodding over his head, his silver orna ments, and a gold medal sent him by the English queen, glittering in the last glimmer of sunset—so full of life and courage, so graceful and noble in his bearing that, for an instant, Altontinon was lost in admiration: but his words recalled her to her own train of thought, and again plunged her into the abyss of her own malicious intentions, for he asked if she had yet seen Coaina.

"I have not seen her; can't the stars shine without Coaina? can't the wind blow?" she answered, in sup-

pressed rage.
"No, the stars do not shine for me



proud to question his tormentor. Alcontinon thought, " he will now seek Winonah," and watched eagerly to see if he went towards her, but he strode off in quite another direction, and she

lost sight of him.

Tar-ra-hee wandered listlessly and moodily on, heedless of whither he was going, when he suddenly halted and bent his head in a listening attitude; then a gleam of joy lit up his swarthy features. He was within a short dis-tance of Altontinon's lodge, and had heard Coaina's voice singing, in low sweet tones, one of the hymns of the sweet tones, one of the hymns of the mission. He sprang forward, and swiftly made his way thither. It was, indeed, Coaina, seated at the door of the lodge, with the soft moonlight falling upon her upraised face. She heard advancing footsteps; the next moment Tar-ra-hee stood beside her. A deep blush crimsoned her cheeks; she arose and saluted him, with down. she arose and saluted him, with down

cast eyes.
"I have come for you, Coaina. Your companions await you on the shores of the lake. Come!" he said. "Did my aunt send for me?" she asked.

"I cannot come ; do not wait." "I will wait. You shall come!" he said quickly.
"Cyril!" exclaimed Coaina, who

always called him by his Christian "Forgive me, Coaina; come!" he

pleaded.
"No; I cannot go. You must re up | turn to th

"I shall stay here," he said, in a determined tone. "Don't-don't! you must go away!"

"Don't—don't! you must go away!" she said, earnestly.
"I must go away!" he said, angrily.
"Do you send others away? Why must I go?"

"Ah, Cyril, go, and do not be angry, my friend," she said, while big tears rolled over her cheeks. "I have something to do—a duty which I must not neglect—and should you stay away and be found bear and should you stay away and e found here with me! ah, Cy on't you see how ill it would look?

"Listen, Coaina," said the young chief, gravely; "I will obey you now, but give ear to my words and open your heart to take them in. My lodge is empty, and before another moon I will rise up in the council, and ask for you to be my wife." A soft blush suffused Coaina's lovely

face, and a dreamy smile chased the tears from her eyes, but she only said: Go, now, Cyril, my brother ; leave

"I go, Coaina," but when the moon rises to the height of yonder red star," he said, pointing to one overhead, "you will hear my flute not far off from the lodge; will you listen to what it

tells, Coaina?"
"I will listen, my brother," she promised, Then he turned, and moving swiftly away, was lost among the shadows of the night.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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OBITUARIES.

PATRICK FLANAGAN, HAMILTON TP.

MRS. MATTHEW YOUNG SPARROW LAKE ONT.

overy.

The funeral, which took place on Tuesday,

Penitence is the daughter of hope, the re-nouncement of infidelity and despair,—St-John Climachus.

An old Ouebecer Fatally Injured.

C. M. B. A.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

REFORMING CHURCH MUSIC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

them, and now inculcates them, may not fall into contempt.
Given from Our Apostolic Palace at the Vatican, on the day of the Virgin and Martyr St. Cecilia, November 22, 1903, in the first year of our pontificate.

PIUS X., POPE.

A NEW PRELATE IN MICHIGAN.

RIGHT REV. WILLIAM DE BEVER SOL-EMNLY CLOTHED IN HIS ROBES OF OFFICE LAST WEDNESDAY.

PATRICK FLANAGAN, HAMILTON TP.

As the cycle of time passes on we are tealled upon to chronicle the death of one by one from our midst. On Wednerday, 6 h Jan., 1961, the soul of Patrick Flanagan passed peacefully into the hands of his Maker. He illness was of about a year's duration, and despite the mest assiduous care and kind nursing his life could not be prolonged. He was born in Ireland eighty years ago, and immigrated to this country while yet a boy. His wife's mailen name was Sasan McNamara, who predeceased him some three years. He was a man of good qualities, and like many others, labored hard to accoure a home for himself and family in the early days of this country. He was a good neighbor, ever ready to lend a helping hand, and many are the regrets expressed at his removal from our midst. He was consoled and fortified by the last rites of our holy religion, administered by Father Murray, parish priest of Cobourg. He leaves to mourn the loss of an affectionate father, four sons and four daughters—viz. Patrick and John of Duluth; James of the Western States; Mrs. Capt. Sammon. Sault Ste, Marie; Mrs. Ryan, Mt. Morris, N. Y.; Mrs. Neill, Buffalo, N. Y.; William and Miss Mary Flansgan at home. A unique ceremony for this part of A unique ceremony for this part of the country, took place at the beauti-ful chapel, of the Home of the Aged Poor in Detroit, on the feast of the Epiphany. Right Rev. Bishop Foley, of the diocese of Detroit presided, as-sisted by his Vicar General, Chancellor, the Deeps and a number of clerymen. the Deans and a number of clergymen, ratified the wishes of Our Holy Father Partified the wishes of Our Holy Father Pope Pius X. in clothing the Venerable Monsignor DeBever with the Roman purple and investing him with the rights of membership in the Papal Household. The Rt. Rev. Bishop in full pontificals sat before the altar surrounded by his attendants. surrounded by his attendants. The venerable priest clothed in his black casvenerable priest clother in his above assock entered, and after making a profession of Faith with the usual ceremonies, retired to the vestry to don the purple, which everyone thought was very becoming. After the Solemn Mass the coming. After the Solemn Mass the Right Rev. Bishop delivered a discourse, congratulating the new Prelate, and wishing him many happy years enjoyment of the new honors conferred. The chapel was beautifully decorated, and the music befitting the occasion. After the services, Right Rev. Mgr. DeBever entertained the Bisht For Bishop and elegy at a ban Rev. Mgr. DeBever entertained the Right Rev. Bishop and clergy at a ban quet, the usual toasts and responses being made. The Augustinian joins, of friends of this worthy the myriads of friends of this worthy Prelate, in praying and wishing for him every success. Mgr. DeBever is seventy three years of age, and is nearly fifty years a priest. He has done a great amount of missionary work in the diocese of Detroit, erecting a number of churches. He was formerly chaplain of Nazareth Academy, Nazareth, Kalamazoo Co., Mich., and is now chaplain at the Home of the aged poor, Detroit. "Ad Multos Annos."—Kalamazoo Augustinian.

MISSION TO NON-CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND.

The non-Catholic mission movemen has taken root in England. It is a new departure in that country. Zealous priests eager for souls were quick to perceive the benefit of the missions to non-Catholies, which have been a feature of Catholic activity in this country for the past decade, and they have introduced the idea into England.

atholic activity in this country for the sat decade, and they have introduced ac idea into England.

A mission to non-Catholics recently iven at Rugby was crowned with success. The plan which is so well known by those who have attended similar missions. given at Rugby was crowned with suc to those who have attended similar missto those who have attended which this country was followed. The course of lectures was upon similar instructive subjects. The "question box"

was also employed, and to advantage for the solution of honest difficulties. One of the local papers said of the mission: "So large have been the attendances that not only have all the seats been occupied, but chairs have had to be provided in the airles. Moreover, the occupied, but chairs have had to be provided in the aisles. Moreover, the questions put into the question box in dicated a real desire to know more of the Roman Catholic religion." The spread of this good work to England cannot but be most gratifying to those who were the pioneers of this laudable vement in this country.—Baltimore

CHARMING INCIDENT OF HOLY FATHER'S SIMPLICITY.

An Italian newspaper tells a most charming story about Pope Pius X. which shows his childlike simplicity in

everything.

The Pope recently received in audience Monsignor Scalabrini, Bishop of Plaisance, one of the richest and most widely known Italian prelates.

widely known Italian prelates.

During their conversation His Holiness drew forth his watch, an old worn blackened time piece in the simplest of nickle cases, worth perhaps two dollars the most. at the most.

Mgr. Scalabrini could not repress a mile, and being an old friend of Cardinal Sarto, he said; "Your Holiness, permit me to exchange watches with you; we will both gain by the transactiod."

With these words he pulled forth a magnificent gold watch, studded with diamonds and respectfully handed it to

the Pope.

But Plus shook his head and exclaimed: "I should part with my old nickle watch? Never! I value it more than anything I possess. It is a remembrance of my dear, poor old mother; it marked the hour of her death, and I wendly not mer, with it for death; and I would not part with it for all the riches in the world."

And the Bishop says that he saw tears in the eyes of the venerable Pon-

Anthony Schneider: Recording Secretary, George Herrit gor: Assistant Secretary, Joseph D. Schnett; Financial Secretary, Chas. Schurter: Treasurer. Alexander Kramer; Marshal. Louis S. Diemert; Guard, Albert Braehler; Trustees, A. F. Misen, Charles, Buhlman, Thomas Godfrey. Anthony Schneider and Hy. Keelan. Meetings second and fourth Thursday of each month.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE. St. Columban, Jan. 5, 1904.

BESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

Sh. Columban. Jan. 5, 1994.

At the regular meeting of Branch 361.

C. M. B. A., St. Columban, held Jan. 5 h.
1894, the following resolution of condolence
was unanimously based
Moved by Frank McQuade, seconded by
John Lane, whereas it has plr-ased an all wise
Providence to refrove by death Bro. Stephen
Downey, a methor of Branch 361 bet
Resolved enther of Branch 361 bet
Mighty God. Who doeth all things for the best
wish to extend to the bereaved widow and
family of our late Brother our beartfelt sympathy and condolence in this the h-ur of their
affiliction, and pray that God will comfort and
console them.

Resolved this the charter of this Branch be
draped for thirty days:

The acopy of this resolution be inscribed in
the minutes of this branch, a copy presented to
the family of decessed, and sent to The Canadian and Catholic Record for publication,

REV. J. T. AYLWARD HONORED.

St. Peter's Court, 695 London, paid a grace ful tribute to the Rev. Father Aylward, Rect. r of the Cathedral, at their last regular meeting Wednesday evening, Jan. 13. After the regular business had been transacted Mr. T. J. Murphy read the following address, while Mr. J. Dromgole made the presentation: Reverend John T. Aylward, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ontario:

Mr. J Dromgoie made the presentation:
Reverend John T. Aylward, Rector of St.
Peter's Cathedral, London, Ontario:
Reverend and Dear Father — St. Peter's
Court of the Catholic Order of Foresters in its
present indunshing condition gravefully and
loyalty to our good Bishop and Holy Mother
Church to the untiring and zeas out and dialoyalty to our good Bishop and Holy Mother
Church to the untiring and zeas out and the court was first organized. Many of us well
remember the trying position you well remember the trying position you then occupit a and haw finally you gave our Society its
name and annehed St. Feter's Court with the
biessing and approval of the Church, without
which no Catholic Society can prosper or
flourish.

Though unrecegoized in any formal way
your effort on behalf of our Society have not
been for got en, and while tonight we specially
desire to acknowled sy your generous and earnest strices in the formsten for cur Court in
London weaks y deer, a kind friend and a Christian gentleman.

That our awkshes for future success in your
divine callon may be expressed in a tangible
manner we be given to acknowless our may lead to a the
remother and bless us.

Signed on behalf of our love is not fidelity.

We have been you to accept together with
the kindex sentiments of our hearts this little
pure as a token of our love and fidelity.

Not all that you may long be espared
to remother and bless us.

Signed on behalf of the efficers and members of St. reter's Court. No. 635 of the Catholicol of the court and bless us.

Signed on behalf of the efficers and members of St. reter's Court. No. 635 of the Catholicol of the process of the Catholicol of the court and offer, r. Father A, Huhard made a feeling and
elequent reply, thanking the Court for their
kindly remembrance. The reve gentleman
stated that the value of the purse was the
east consideration in the pleasant event which
he desire the dear the process of the Catholicol of the remarks to the practice the Court has
of good to be processed t

Mrs Matthew Young Sparrow Lake Ont.
It is with deep regret that we have to chronice the death of an old and highly respected woman, in the person of Mrs. Matthew Young, who, fortified by the last rites of the Catholic Church, passed to that land from whence no traveller returns, on Sunday, January 3 at the ripe age of eighty years. By her very kind and loving manner she won for herself many friends, who now sympathiz, with the bereaved husband and family in this their great loss.
The funeral, which took place on Tuesday, January 5 was well attended, showing the high esteem in which deceased was held.
She leaves to mourn her loss, two sons and two dauchters, viz., Mrs. O'Connor. North Bay; Mrs. Robert Gregg, on the homestead and James and William also at home. To these, we extend the sympathy of the community in their sad effliction.
May her soul rest in peace!

Daniel Hallinan, Who for thirty-five veers or more has been a resident of Carleton.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION TO REV. D. A Parkhill Post, January 14.

May her soul rest in peace!

DANIEL HALLINAN. CARLETON PLACE.

Mr. Daniel Hallinan, who for thirty-five years or more has been a resident of Carleton Place, passed quietly to his one rest years or more has been a resident of Carleton Place, passed quietly to his one rest years. The decessed was born in County Mayo. The decessed was born in County Mayo. The decessed was born in County where the last of the control of the country should be a feel the state of the country should be decessed where the moved to the coremony taking place at Smith's Falls, shortly afterwards the young couple removed the coremony taking place at Smith's Falls, shortly afterwards the young couple removed the coremony taking place at Smith's Falls, shortly afterwards the young couple removed the coremony taking place at Smith's Falls, where the company of the coremony taking place at Smith's Falls, where the country afterwards the young couple removed the carden of the core of the couple of the coremony taking place at Smith's Falls, when the shortly afterwards the young couple removed the had enjoyed good health until about six weeks ago when he sustained a heavy fall at the kitchen door. He never recovered from the shock, and a fortnight ago he was taken to bed collapse being rapid after he was once taken down. He leaves to mourn, b. sides his wife, three sons and two daughters. The sons are Edward at West Superior, Daniel A. and Peter at home. The sangator, and Minnie at home. Two sons are dead, John of Otawa and Patrick of Smith's falls The funeral took place yesteroay to St. Mary's church and cemetry and was largely attended. The palibearers were Mesars, J. Jennings, Spencerville; J. Morricy, of Jasper; J. I. Murphy, Jos. Girouard, G. A. Cornell, and P. Duffy. Among the mourners was sister Mary Authony, of Kingston. who accompanied Antie home, and who nursed the elderly patient during the last few days of hillures.—Carleton Place Herald, Jan. 12.

Mr. JONES GRAVENHURST.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Jones of th's settlemen Parkhill Post, January 14.

For some time dast many of the local Catholics have known that their pastor. Rev. Farher McRae, would not be adverse to a change of pastorate which would tighten the burdeus which devolved on himhere, and about a week ago it legan to be whispered that a change weak of the standard that they were about to lose the legan to be whispered that a change weak of the standard that they were about to lose the legan to be whit per a bout to lose which come the legan to be whispered that a change weak of the standard that they were about to lose the legan to be standard to be standard to the legan that they were about to lose the legan to the legan that they were about to lose the legan that they were standard to standard that the present of the legan that t MR. JONES GRAVENHURST.
We regret to announce the death of Mr.
Jones of th's acttlamen', which occurred on
saturday morning January 9 The deceased
had been alling for some time, but, no one considered his case at all serious, and everyone
looked anxiously forward for his speedy re-

of his life in God's vineyard is made a mappy and restful one.

Father McRae leaves behind him two substantial monuments to his work here in the Forest and Bornish churches, both of which were built entirely under his supervision.

On Tuesday evening about thirty members of the West Williams congregation ascembled at Father McRae's house here and presented him with the following address, accompanied by a heavy purse of gold.

An old Quebecer Fatally Injured.
Many old Quebecers, who still remember the
family well, will be pained to read the following extract from a letter lately rec ived by our
old former fellow citizen. Mr. M. F. Walsh,
now of Ottawa, from his son Mr. James M.
Walsh, who is actually in a place called Cananes, in Sonora, Mexico. The letter is dated
lat of January, 1994, and young Mr. Walsh
writes as follows:
Charley McDonaid, son of the late W. M. lst of January, 1993, and young Mr. Walsh writes as follows:
Charley McDanald, son of the late W. M. McDanald, painter of Q lebec, who has been iving in this part of the country for the last few years, was so badly burnt last night that his recovery is extremely doubtful. He was iving, like a good many more here, in a kind of tent as house accommodation is so searce that one has to take what he can get. The tent took fire early this moraing, and, as I have said, he is so badly burnt that the only chance for him now is that "as long as there is life there is hope." I wired to Mrs. George Humphrey at Trenton, Oat., as she was the only relative whose address any of us knew of. Willie McDonald is in New York, but his address is not known Charley is kept under the influence of morphine to relieve the pain and so he cannot give us any information."—Quebec Daily Telegraph, 8.h inst. by a heavy purse of gold.

To Rev D. A. McRae:

It is with profound regret that we, the particular of the Columba's Church. Bornish, hear of your removal from our midst. We halled with joy your coming among us, and now we deeply deplore your departure for many seasons. You were a panetasking priest, always and at all times ready to sacrifice your energy for our spiritual and temporal welf are for period extending over twenty years. Regardless of inclement weather you were always ready to administer to the sick and dying, the first of our Holy M ther Church. Nay, more; you have raised the standard of our morality to a higher elevation than it heretofore attained. You have demonstrated your ability as an economists of the greatest magnitude by the many improvements you have made since toning among us, principally the church which you have erected for us at a small cost and which shall stand as an everlasting memorial to your zeal and generosity. Also the school adjoining the churchis a gem of architecture. To Rev D. A. McRae :

school adjoining the churchils a gem of architecture.

You have by your good example taught us to be tempera e, particularly in the mateer of intoxicating liquor. You have overlooked our imperfections and shortcomings. You worked hard among us to save our expenses—some thing we appreciated. You knows and integrity was without limit. In fine, you were a model of perfection. Kindness has been one of your chief characteristics. We pray that God may bless, protect and govern you throughout this life's pligrimage and that your new field of labor may be an easy one. We ask in conclusion, that you accept this purse as a slight tangible evidence of our careen.

Signed on behalf of the congregation, John Morrison, Arch Morrison, J. O. McDonald, Boy. Eather McRae, although almost over-C. M. B. A.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Orangeville, Jan 11, 1994

The annual meeting of Branch 88, Orangeville and Brampton. was held at Orangeville on Monday, Jan 11, when the following officers were elected and installed for the current year. President, Jan Garvey Mono Mills; 1st 2se 19 President, Jan Garvey Mono Mills; 1st 2se 19 President, John McCornack, Galedon; Spiritual Director, Rev. H. Scaney Citar act; Recording Secretary, John J. Orangeville; Treasurer, F. McEaney Citar act; Recording Secretary, John J. Dunne, Orangeville; Marshal, M. Flaherty, Binkham; Guard, J. Mungovan, Orangeville; Pinnucial Secretary, John J. Dunne, Orangeville; Marshal, M. Flaherty, Binkham; Guard, J. Marshal, M. Flaherty, Treasteer, Owen Finnecan, Alton; John J. Dunne and Jos. Jan Grangeville; auditors. Thos logoldeby, Mayfield; and J. McCornack. Mr. Ingoldeby was appointed d-legate to the Grand Gouncil and Mr. M. J. Bench of St. Cutharine and J. McCornack. Mr. P. J. Woods and Mr. Goo, J. Woods of Mimico who are becoming members of a branch about to be established at that point, were granted transfer cards. A healution was unanimously passed thanking Mr. P. J. Woods who is a charter member of Branch Ss, for the valuable services he has rendered the branch, and expressing regret at the severance of long existing and cherished ties.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 70, C. M. B. A., Midmay, the following officers were installed: Spiritual Adviser, Rey. Father Lehman; President, Peter Sauer; 1st Vice President, Thomas Godfrey 2nd Vice President,

Rev Father McRae, although almost over come by his feelings made a short but suitable reply, reviewing his work among them and asking the blessing of God on all their actions.

FATHER DUNN AT PARKHILL.

PATHER DUNN AT PARKHILL.
Parkhill Post, January 14.
Rev J. P. Dunn of London arrived here on Monday evening, and will take charge of Parkhill and Bornish congregations, at least temporarily Father Dunn, who is an old Wyoming boy, was ordained a year ago last Christmas, and has since been stationed at St. Peter's Cathedral, London. We trust that his stay here, whether the Bishop deides that its belong or short, will be a murually pleasant one for himself and the interested congregations.

FATHER STANLEY LEAVING GODERICH.

bers of the congregation presented him with the following kindly and appreciative address:

Dasr and Rev. Father Stanley:

In the short time you have been our pastor you have endeared yourself to every member of the congregation.

Though we were told by His Lordship the Bishop that you would only come to us temporarily, since we have had an opportunity of knowing your sterling character your zeal and energy your elequence and executive ability and your genial manner, we had already begun to cherish the fond hope that your appointment as our pastor would be made permanent. Your departure causes universal regret, but your valuable services here will be gratefully remembered by us, and we will follow your career with deep interest, and will expressly pray that our great expectations of your success may be fully realized.

We hope that wherever your sacred duties may call you, you will remember us of, en in the Hely Sacrifice of the Altar.

On behalf of the congregation, B. Doyle, Jos Kidd, A. M. McGegor J. A. McIntosh, I. D. O'C nnell, Richard Phalen, Joseph Gidin, Henry Young, James Dean and Jno. B Kelly,
Goderich, Sunday, Jan 10th, 1904.

In reply Father Stanley expressed his grateful thanks for the kindly token, and modestly

Goderich, Sunday, Jan 10th, 1991.
In reply Father Stenley expressed his grateful thanks for the kindly token, and modestly disclaimed any marits which entitled bim to The fact that he goes to an important position on the staff of the Church at London is some compensation to those who would otherwise desire his retention here.

The C.M. B. A., members have also prepared an address and will secompany it with a gold headed cane, suitably inscribed.—
Goderich Star. Jan. 15

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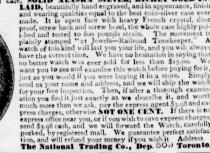
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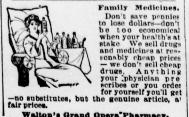
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